Chapter II

Consequences of Partition

The theme of partition and its aftermath violence becomes the focal point of many of the writers, during the border partition. One among them is Sidhwa who scrutinizes the phase of the border division and vividly brings the segments of the partition violence into limelight. Through their works the history of the subcontinent paves way for the readers to understand the harmony and the sturdy concord among the people and obviously exhibits how the motherland nurtures everyone with passion and humanity. In the British India they joined their hands once to fight against their one enemy, the British Empire, though they belonged to different religions, castes and creeds.

Suddenly things turned down with the spark of communal hatred induced by the border division, which made people turn against one another in the communal disturbances during the partition of the subcontinent. They lost their collective dreams from their way of accord, which was maintained for more than two hundred years in peace. They got diluted from their way and forget their brotherhood, which made them to brawl against each other during the violence. They desired not only freedom from the British colonizers but a separate state under the canopy of religious hatred.

The transformation in their synchronization is clearly evident with their insufficiency with the freedom, which they once encompassed as their mutual ultimate aim. In this context, the Britishers along with some Indian political leaders played their game of shrewd politics with the people which resulted in the separation of the Indian subcontinent. The independence
movement subsequently misguided, which gave an outcome of the partition of India. In that time, many of the political leaders purposefully withdrew thus India was cracked. Consequently the British lawyer Cyril Radcliffe created two new independent nations on the subcontinent’s map, which resulted in the violence:

Radcliffe was given the chairmanship of the two boundary committees set up with the passing of the Indian Independence Act….He was faced with the daunting task of drawing the borders for the new nations of India and Pakistan in a way that would leave as many Hindus and Sikhs in India and Muslims in Pakistan as possible. Radcliffe submitted his partition map on 9th August 1947. The new boundaries were formally announced on 14th August 1947—the day of Pakistan’s independence and the day before India became independent…. Some 500,000 people died in the violence that ensued after independence, and millions more were injured. (Wikipedia n.p.)

This partition gave birth to a new nation, Pakistan and this tectonic shift was a remarkable tragic event in the history of the Indian subcontinent. The border was drawn between the people under their communal difference, thus the nation was broken into two, India and Pakistan. Because of partition, not only a peaceful nation gets cracked but the hearts of the people also get irreparable cracks. It created scars in the minds of the people and mercilessly claimed many innocent lives both in India and in Pakistan.
The unrivalled communal massacres resulted in mass migration and millions of people lost their near and dear ones during vehemence caused by the partition. It crucially played with the harmony and brotherhood of the Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs of the Indian subcontinent. This tragic geographical division between India and Pakistan drastically changed many people’s destiny.

India became free from the 350 years of colonial rule, but this partition devastated all the efforts taken for the Indian Independence which claimed many lives. Houses got looted and numerous women victims got raped and used as instruments of power by either side in the riots that followed the partition. More than fifteen million refugees poured across the borders to regions completely foreign to them. They were uprooted from their homeland and threw into a new place without their identities.

Partition brutally sketched the full account of human demonness and meanness. It meant the leaders' lustiness and religious fanaticism. This saga of pain is a canvas of shattered physical and emotional experience of people during the separation. It unveiled the leaders’ lustiness for power in their political game in the name of freedom struggle and independence. The terrible anguish of violence in those days in the Indian subcontinent meted out with the barbaric balance of revenge as: an eye for an eye, massacre for massacre, rape for rape and blind malice for blind malice.

With the birth of the two new nations, communal riots flared up from the most unthinkable quarters of the country. Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs slaughtered each other by stopping trains of refugees fleeing to either side of
the sub-continent. They raped women and murdered children, property left behind was seized. Women who got humiliated were refused their place back in their families and were retreated into self-exile in ‘fallen women’ camps. People saw in each other an enemy who was to be destroyed before he managed to destroy the other.

The catastrophic events of the partition’s dislocation, migration and the communal clashes are documented by the historians these are recorded, labeled and categorized, but what is not recorded is that the impact of the event on the personal or individual point of view. And also the individual experiences of men and women who lived, suffered, survived and perished during the violence of the partition is not brought into focus.

The stories of struggle and survival still ring aloud in the memories of those who experienced it but the tales which get passed on through generations, remain largely unknown to many people in the society. Quoting from the recordings of the 1947 Partition Archive, Ravi Chopra, in his article “Stories of Partition in the words of the survivors”, exposes the deserted condition of the inhabitants as follows:

I was eight when Partition took place. Nobody imagined that such a holocaust would take place... We had to catch the mail train to take us to India. On the way what we saw was heart breaking. You could see young girls jumping into the well to save their honour because people would catch them and rape them. The houses were on fire....You could see bodies, hands cut, legs cut. And then the train came. There was firing... There
were bullets flying around and one hit me on my left leg...
There was no bandage, nothing to sterilise it. My grandmother
was in tears. She didn’t know what to do. She tore off the only
dhoti she was wearing. But how to sterilise it? She soaked it in
her urine, cleaned the wound and put a bandage. (Sandhu 1)

The above passage sensibly reveals the agonizing pain which people
endured during the disastrous partition days. The religious fury and violence
that it unleashed caused the gruesome deaths of numerous Hindus, Muslims
and Sikhs in the communal clash. It is not only the parting of a nation but that
of emotion, brotherhood and harmony of the acquitted citizens of the
motherland. The partition is such a monumental tragedy where the ego clash
between these communities led not only to the brutal deaths of millions of
people during the vehemence, but also the on-going subsequent conflicts
between India and Pakistan from the decades to the present.

As this chapter deals with the theme of partition it is appropriate to
give the reference about the partition literature. The corpus of Partition
Literature has rightly been termed as the Literature of Anguish or the saga of
pain. It is a fabric of secularism in the face of communalism. Such literature
highlights different aspects of partition issues. This literature is the chronicle
documents of human mistakes which deeply spread in the system of society.
And the partition literature is also well-known as ‘Riot Literature.’

Riot literature provides an account of historical events of partition and
depicts the horror pictures of the subcontinent during the violence. It is a
painful collection of various forms of human tragedy. It paints a very
mysterious and shocking account of human dilemma. The term discloses the dark times during the partition period and also the series of trauma. Many writers represent traumatic experiences of partition in their short-story, poem, novel, drama and also in autobiographies.

The work which deals with the dimensions of partition literature is called partition novel. Such novel is a unique multiple combinations of historical, political, topical and tragic aspects, and fully portrayed human psychology which represents the violence and bloodbath. These novels cover a large period of century and hence it renders a wider perspective of the largest man made migration in the history of mankind.

In this way, a partition narrator brings out the holocaust of partition before the eyes, to the present day generation. Many Pakistani and Bangladeshi writers signify the theme of partition and explore the saga of pain in their sensible works. The partition novels are significant historical fictions which play an important role not only in highlighting the mere event, but also to render its political and human facets, as to how people coped with the trauma and how they rebuilt their lives after the great dislocation.

Though 65 years have passed since India is parted, yet the dreadful memories of the partition still haunt the minds of the people. Certainly lots of discussions and studies have been made from a colonial state to post-colonial democracies. Rajendra Prasad’s *India Divided*, Gauba’s *Consequences of Pakistan* and Ambedkar’s *Thoughts on Pakistan* are all the non-fictional narratives, particularly historical ones which trace reasons and effects of the partition and
are basically committed to the facts. These writings record the political issues of the partition but completely neglect the sensitive human dimensions.

In this regard, fictional works are much significant and appropriate to realize and recognize the terrible divide and its traumatic impact on the people. Partition fiction not only constitutes the history of a society but the history of the individuals. It vividly articulates the sensible situation of the individual and it also concedes the victim’s inner voice which is unheard by the domination of facts and histories. The first half of the twentieth century produces numerous fictional works based on the theme of India’s freedom movement. The books of this period such as Mulk Raj Anand’s Coolie, Abbas’s Inquilab, Raja Rao’s Kanthapura and C. N. Zutshi’s Motherland were the mirror of the movement.

Partition of the Indian sub-continent is the most traumatic socio-political problem just after Indian independence. British rulers meanly divided people on the basis of their religion, which caused a widespread violence, murder of thousands of people and rape of hundreds of women. The ordeal of partition stirs the creative minds of some novelists in the sub-continent which paves way for the outcome of the following works on the theme of the partition of India and its palpable violence during the border division.

This unforgettable historical moment is captured by the writers in the Indian subcontinent. Khushwant Singh remarks the distinction of being the first to capitalize on partition as the core theme in his first novel Train to Pakistan, likewise Chaman Nahal’s Azadi, written on an epic scale presents a vast account of partition. In the same order, Attia Hosain’s Sunlight on a
Broken Column, Manohar Malgonkar’s A Bend in the Ganges, Gill’s Ashes and Petals and Kartar Singh Duggal’s Twice Born Twice Dead are the novels that offer the dramatic import of historical and political phenomenon of the holocaust of partition.

On the other hand, in Pakistan, Bapsi Sidhwa, as a partition novelist, becomes a prominent name with the publication of the partition novel Ice-Candy-Man, upon which, South Asian film director, Deepa Mehta, made a film entitled Earth 1947. Like most of the other Partition novels, Ice-Candy-Man, can also called as Cracking India for the understanding of the international readers, presents the horrifying details of cruelty, human loss and dislocation but it does so with a subtle irony, witty banter and parody. It divulges the readers to desist from sensitive reactions and to concentrate more on the capricious nature of human behaviour in the time of riots.

This novel not only presents the barbaric details of carnages perpetrated by one community over the other but it also delineates various manifestations of triviality and perverted values of humans which hollow the inner strength of the society. The focus of this chapter is to analyses both the novels, Ice-Candy-Man and The Pakistani Bride, in which Sidhwa vividly exhibits before and the aftermath atmosphere of the partition.

On the whole Sidhwa portrays the events and experiences of the people before and after the partition in an impartial and pragmatic way of narration. In most of her fictional works, Sidhwa ventures to portray the history which is manifested in her own experiences of life and tried to share them with her readers through her creative writing. Sidhwa blends history and fiction in her
novels that help her readers to understand every political movement from an individual perspective.

She portrays some real life characters in her novels that make her novels as realistic one. With slight changes, the novelist gives them the personality which they had in their real life and also she used the real life events to give life to her novels. In this sense, *Weekly Mail* praised the novel *Ice-Candy-Man* as: “The brilliantly created Indian characters in this novel are made with a real face that turns at times into a mask of horror and at others into a peal of laughter. . .” (Qtd in *ICM*).

All her major novels present the history of the Indian subcontinent as its background. Accordingly, the treatment of history and the historical events like partition become an essential artistic condition in her novels. Sidhwa has picked up the events she witnessed and emphatically placed them in an artistic manner into her fiction. Thus, her novels *Ice-Candy-Man* and *The Pakistani Bride* present an incorporation of history pertaining to the partition of the Indian subcontinent.

*Ice-Candy-Man* describes the harrowing tale of partition days when the lofty ideal of nationalism was suddenly bartered for communal thinking, resulting in unprecedented devastation, political absurdities and deranged social sensibilities. This novel presents the horrifying details of cruelty, human loss and dislocation but it does so with subtle irony, witty banter and parody, forcing the readers to desist from maudlin sensitive reactions and to concentrate more on the inscrutability of human behaviour. This novel lifted its curtain with the following poetic lines of Iqbal’s poem ‘Complaint to God,’
where the novelist complains about the time that changes the minds of the people,

The fire of verse gives me courage and bids me no more to be faint.

With dust in my mouth, I am abject: to God I make my complaint.

Sometimes You favour our rivals then sometimes with us You are free,

I am sorry to say it so boldly. You are no less fickle than we. (ICM 1).

Seen through the prism of an eight year old Parsi girl Lenny in Lahore, this novel, *Ice-Candy-Man*, focus on the deteriorating communal climate of the partition days. In the above mentioned poetic lines from Iqbal, Sidhwa complained the capricious nature of the humankind to God because of the degraded unity among the people due to the religious hatred in the society after partition. Sidhwa exposes her own childhood memories through Lenny’s eyes which gives the novel further depth and resonance. Sidhwa effectively holds the wicked world up to the mirror of the young girl’s mind.

Sidhwa showcases the unity among the people and the ensuing change among them due to the partition violence in the novel through the character of Lenny’s Ayah Shanta, an eighteen year old maid, who is a flame of sensuousness. She is the centre of attraction in the novel and frequently surrounded by a cosmopolitan group of thirteen admirers from various communities. Because of the lameness of the narrator, Ayah always assists Lenny and Ayah’s admirers frequently visit Lenny’s house for Ayah’s sake.
Here the novelist compares Lenny’s Ayah with the Indian subcontinent, which initially in the novel represented the close-knitted and emotionally stable communal relations before independence, which later became a cross-section of the differences and religious intolerance after partition. And through the horrifying dreams of Lenny, the novelist hinted some caveat to the readers about the gory tragic event which is approaching the subcontinent in the name of partition. Lenny had some nightmares where a zoo lion breaking loose and sinking his fangs into her stomach which was horribly expressed in the following lines as

…That is, provided the zoo lion does not roar. If he roars – which at night is rare – my daydreams turn into quaking daymares: and these to nightmares in which the hungry lion, cutting across Lawrence Road to Birdwood Road, prowls from the rear of the house to the bedroom door, and in one bare-fanged leap crashes through to sink his fangs into my stomach. My stomach sinks all the way to the bottom of hell. (ICM 23-24).

From the above mentioned nightmare, Sidhwa uncovers the association between the hungry lion and the inhuman beast inside the human beings under communal riots during the partition violence. The hungry lion foreshadows the lust for blood and the murderous cruelty with which people of different communities will badly treat one another at the time of the mutinies. With these personal nightmares of Lenny, Sidhwa sets the stage for lurid facts of real violence in the society.
As the action of the novel unfolds, the readers can find a pattern of communal amity where the three communities: the Hindus, the Muslims and the Sikhs are still at peace with one another. But the intimation of destruction reflects in the symbolic significance of Lenny’s nightmares which indicates the transformation in the harmony of the citizens because of communal insecurity in the subsequent part of the novel. In this regard, the novelist depicts the change in the communal climate through Lenny’s visit to her cook Imam Din’s home village, Pir Pindo. Both Pir Pindo, and its adjacent village Dera Tek Singh, standout for their thick harmony and concord between the Muslim and Sikh communities respectively. But the pattern of communal relations between Lenny’s first and second visit to Pir Pindo is poles apart.

During her first visit, both Muslims and Sikhs from the two villages gathered together in Dera Tek Singh for the Baisakhi festival, sat together and shared their concern for the subcontinent’s tricky situation under the mounting border struggle in the independence movement. Jagjeet Singh, a Sikh priest expresses his harmony with the Muslim friends, whom he considers as his own brothers through his kind words as “‘Brother,’...’our villages come from the same racial stock. Muslim or Sikh, we are basically Jats. We are brothers. How can we fight each other?” (ICM 56).

Sidhwa reveals the deep brotherhood and unity between the Muslim and the Sikhs apart from their communal difference through the following conversation between the village Chaudhry and Mullah during the gathering:

‘I am prepared to take an oath on the Holy Koran,’ declares the Chaudhry, ‘that every man in this village will guard his Sikh brothers with no regard for his own life!’
‘We have no need for oaths and such,’ says the Mullah in a fragile elderly voice. ‘Brothers don’t require oaths to fulfill their duty.’ (ICM 56-57).

Over this generous conversation, it is clearly visible that how people led their life in harmony, where humanity sparkled in their words as well as in their thoughts. That human nature kindled the helping tendency of the people to save their fellow folks and make them blind for communal sights.

The Sikhs of the village also oppose the decision of the Akalis, a Sikh political group, to divide the East Punjab in order to drive the Muslims to the newly formed Pakistan. They did not want their Muslim friends to leave the nation and it exhibited how they lived in friendly pace with them though they had different ways of worship and cultural rituals. This aspect of attachment is revealed through the words of the Sikh priest, Jagjeet Singh with Dost Mohammed:

…‘They talk of a plan to drive the Muslims out of East Punjab. To divide the Punjab. They say they won’t live with the Mussulmans if there is to be a Pakistan. Owlish talk like that! You know, city talk. It’s madness. It can’t amount to anything but they’ve always been like that. Troublemakers. You’ll have to look out till this evil blows over.’ (ICM 107).

But things change consequentially during Lenny’s second visit to Pir Pindo, where the communal conflicts have infected the sanity of the villagers mind. Accordingly the novelist recites the inhuman change in the people with the lines from the poem Iqbal, “The times have changed; the world has changed its mind. The European’s mystery is erased.” (ICM 111). Sidhwa
aptly highlights the poetic lines of Iqbal to disclose the inscrutability of the human mind which easily gets contaminated with the religious fury during the violence.

The villagers gather at the mid of Pir Pindo and rigidity prevailing in their hearts because of the violence around the nearby villages. The villagers and the Chaudhry wait for Dost Mohammed who went to gather the updates about the communal riots around the other villages. Dost Mohammed’s words frighten the villagers especially the Muslims and it is narrated by Sidhwa in her writings as: “Casting a shade across his eyes with a hand that trembles slightly, speaking in a matter-of-fact voice that disguises his ache and fear, he tells the villagers that the Sikhs have attacked at least five villages around Dehra Misri, to their east.” (ICM 197).

He warns the village Muslims about the insane violence around them in order to make themselves safe from mob violence. It is evident from his words:

…Their numbers have swollen enormously. They are like swarms of locusts, moving in marauding bands of thirty and forty thousand. They are killing all Muslims. Setting fires, looting, parading the Muslim women naked through the streets – raping and mutilating them in the centre of villages and in mosques. The Bias flooded by melting snow, and the monsoon, is carrying hundreds of corpses. There is an intolerable stench where the bodies, caught in the bends, have piled up. (ICM 197).
And the target of the infuriated mob with Pir Pindo is also revealed by Sidhwa as “The mobs, determined to drive the Muslims out, are prepared for the carnage…. They roll towards Pir Pindo like the heedless swells of an ocean.” (ICM 198).

During the violence women become the easy object in the trail and were brutally abducted by the infuriated mob. They celebrate their victory on women’s corpses because they think that a woman represents the pride of a clan. And thus the village older woman begs the villagers to save their women and children with the words of appeal as “Hai! Hai!…Never mind us . . . save the young girls! The children! Hai! Hai!” (ICM 198).

The village women consider their purity bigger than their life hence they decide to burn themselves with kerosene in the Chaudhry house in order to save themselves from the shame and this is exposed by Sidhwa as follows:

They have been over the plan often enough recently. The women and girls will gather at the Chaudhry’s. Rather than face the brutality of the mob they will pour kerosene around the house and burn themselves. The canisters of kerosene are already stored in the barn at the rear of the Chaudhry’s sprawling mud house. The young men will engage the Sikhs at the mosque, and at other strategic locations, for as long as they can and give the women a chance to start the fire. (ICM 198-199).

Sidhwa describes the partition which played a crucial role in the emotion of the people, who were forced to leave their native lands to the newly divided foreign land. Sidhwa narrates it through an incident, where three military
vehicles lumbered into Pir Pindo in order to evacuate the Muslims from the village. The Gurkha soldiers announce through a megaphone as “Those Mussulmans who want to go to Pakistan had better get into the truck.” (ICM 110). One of the villagers, who get puzzled, question the Gurkha soldiers that, “‘What?’...‘Is Pakistan already there’” (ICM 110). With this simple but meaningful question of the villager, Sidhwa represents the wounded emotional phase of the citizens because of the sudden division in the subcontinent.

The village peasants, who cannot leave their soil and their dear lands, which they consider as their soul, have poured their formidable questions with the Gurkha soldiers as “‘And what about our harvest?...And the crop we have just sown?...Who will evacuate them?’” (ICM 110). Though the soldiers officially answered them, the villagers who cannot withstand the evacuation, were not in bound to co-operate with them. Sidhwa expresses the wounded emotions of the people during the mass displacement as follows:

“‘Do you expect us to leave everything we’ve valued and loved since childhood? The season, the angle and colour of the sun rising and setting over our fields are beautiful to us, the shape of our rooms and barns is familiar and dear. You can’t expect us to leave just like that!’” (ICM 111).

After a long time of interrogation between the villagers and the soldiers, the Muslims were ordered to leave their native lands, without any concern for their emotions. And Sidhwa exhibits this heartbreaking incident in the novel as “And to uproot themselves from the soil of their ancestors had seemed to them akin to tearing themselves, like ancient trees, from the earth.” (ICM 198).
The villagers not only get evacuated from their native lands forcibly, but also get victimized during the unkind violence. The Sikh mob shows their cruelty on the village Muslims without considering their past brotherhood and concord with them before the division in their motherland. The novelist pertinently portrays the Sikh mob’s attack on Pir Pindo through the following passage:

The attack came at dawn. The watch from the mosque’s single minaret….The panicked women ran to and fro screaming and snatching up their babies, and the men barely had time to get to their posts. In fifteen minutes the village was swamped by the Sikhs – tall men with streaming hair and thick biceps and thighs, waving full-sized swords and stenguns, roaring, ‘Bolay so Nihal! Sat Siri Akal!’ (ICM 199).

Through the character of a small boy Ranna in that village, Sidhwa represents the sufferings of hundreds of abandoned children during the partition violence. She renders the shock of the small boy who witnesses the murder of his own parents and relatives during the riot. Sidhwa details the gruesome death of Ranna’s father, Dost Mohammad with the lines:

Suddenly the noon light smote their eyes. Dost Mohammad stepped out and walked three paces. There was a sunlit sweep of curved steel. His head was shorn clear off his neck. Turning once in the air, eyes wide open, it tumbled in the dust. His hands jerked up slashing the air above the bleeding stump of his neck. (ICM 201).
Sidhwa also showcases the emotion of the parents who want to save the life of their children even during their time of death. It was clearly expressed through the following words of Dost Mohammad, a few minutes before his death with the exasperated Sikh mob, when they tried to open the door where many small children got hidden: “And in the deathly stillness, his voice echoing from his proximity to the door, Dost Mohammad said, ‘Kill us . . . Kill us all . . . but spare the children.’” (ICM 201).

He even begs the Sikh mob to convert the children in order to save their lives but the mob stand only as a symbol of inhuman behaviour before him. Dost Mohammad pleads with them with his last words of request that, “‘I beg you in the name of all you hold scared, don’t kill the little ones,’ Ranna heard his father plead. ‘Make them Sikhs . . . Let them live . . . they are so little . . .’” (ICM 201). This incident of torment exposes the animalistic behaviour of the people during the mutinies for the sake of religion and border.

The novelist uncovers the beast inside the human beings during the time of communal riots and how without any mercy they killed each other in the vehemence of partition. Sidhwa moves the readers in an effective manner with her portrayal of the pathetic scenes in the mob violence and it is as follows,

A teenager, his cracked voice resounding like the honk of geese, started wailing: ‘I don’t want to die . . . I don’t want to die!’ catching his fear, Ranna and the other children set to whimpering: ‘I don’t want to die . . . Abba, I don’t want to die! (ICM 200).
Through the eyes of Ranna, Sidhwa depicts the barbaric scenes of the violence for the reader’s visualization. Ranna pretends himself as a corpse with the crowd of corpses in order to save his life from the swords of the mob. And this act is revealed by Sidhwa as “...Ranna fell just inside the door on a tangled pile of unrecognisable bodies.... Every time his eyes open the world appears to them to be floating in blood.” (ICM 202).

The Sikh mob also conquers the Chaudhry’s house where the women and girl children get accumulated to save themselves from the rape and abduction. But they get captured by the mob and without any little kindness the women and children get peeled in the rigid hands of the mob. Shouting and screaming of the women have been lingered everywhere in the air and Sidhwa states it in the following passage:

The shouting and screaming from outside appeared to come in waves: receding and approaching. From all directions. Sometimes Ranna could make out the words and even whole sentences. He heard a woman cry, ‘Do anything you want with me, but don’t torment me . . . For God’s sake, don’t torture me!’ And then an intolerable screaming. ‘Oh God!’ a man whispered on a sobbing intake of breath. ‘Oh God, she is the mullah’s daughter!’ The men covered their ears – and the boy’s ears – sobbing unaffectedly like little children. (ICM 200).

On the other hand, Sidhwa portrays the form of partition violence in a gradual manner where Lahore once indulged in a cool climate of communal friendship, later get devastated by the communal frenzy after partition. Sidhwa publicize the early note of partition through the following conversation
between Lenny and her Ayah in a light domestic context, when they heard about the initial news of division in the subcontinent:

There is much disturbing talk. India is going to be broken. Can one break a country? And what happens if they break it where our house is? Or crack it further up on Warris Road? How will I ever get to Godmother’s then?

‘No one’s going to break India. It’s not made of glass!’ ‘They’ll dig a canal. . .’ she ventures. ‘This side for Hindustan and this side for Pakistan. If they want two countries, that’s what they’ll have to do – crack India with a long, long canal.’ (ICM 93).

But without digging a canal they divided the nation with boundaries and borders, and the remarkable division of the Indian subcontinent took place in the history of mankind. A new independent nation called Pakistan was born and India has been operated with the knives of the unfaithful surgeon Radcliffe. Sidhwa remarks: “The Radcliffe commission deals out Indian cities like a pack of cards. Lahore is dealt to Pakistan, Amritsar to India. Sialkot to Pakistan. Pathankot to India.” (ICM 140).

With her usual way of innocence, Lenny questions about the tragic historical division of the subcontinent as “A new nation is born. India has been divided after all. Did they dig the long, long canal Ayah mentioned?” (ICM 140). The novelist depicts the political situation of the subcontinent with the following legal radio announcement of the border division and the newly formed Pakistan through the words of the political leader Jinnah:

…And then we sit around the radio listening to the celebrations of the new Nation. Jinnah’s voice, inaugurating the Constituent
Assembly sessions on 11 August, says: ‘You are free. You are free to go to your temples. You are free to go to your mosques or any other place of worship in the State of Pakistan. You may belong to any religion or caste or creed, that has nothing to do with the business of state . . . etc., etc., etc. Pakistan Zindabad!’

(*ICM* 144).

Sidhwa effectively showcases the cruel nature of violence through some carnage during the riots, who were once close associates of Lenny. The ignites starts with the murder of the Inspector General of Police, Mr.Rogers and Sidhwa reveals it through Lenny as “Slavesister warms some left-over curry and gives me the news that the Inspector general of police, Mr.Rogers is dead. Murdered. His mutilated body discovered in the gutter.” (*ICM* 112).

The murder of Mr.Rogers initially affects Lenny’s heart and she feels some grief for that Englishman. This incident makes her to understand the difference between a natural death and a murder due to violence. It is because, the term ‘murdered or mutilated’ were unfamiliar to Lenny, who lived in a peaceful environment once. Sidhwa reflects this thought of Lenny in the lines: “I know of death: a grandfather died in Karachi and his remains were consigned to the Tower of Silence. Moti’s relatives are forever dying . . . But they weren’t murdered or mutilated. And they weren’t people I knew!” (*ICM* 112).

The border division fuels the communal revulsion between the major communities especially with the Muslims and the Sikhs. And it is revealed with the speech given by the Sikh political leader, Master Tara Singh, in the Queen’s Garden. Lenny clearly narrates the powerful words of Tara Singh
which induced the Sikhs against the Muslims under the possession of Lahore. Sidhwa exhibits the speech of Master Tara Singh as follows:

He gets down to business right away. Holding a long sword in each hand, the curved steel reflecting the sun’s glare as he clashes the swords above his head, the Sikh soldier-saint shouts: ‘We will see how the Muslim swine get Pakistan! We will fight to the last man! We will show them who will leave Lahore!’ (ICM 133-134).

There comes the expected conflict between the two communal groups where the Sikhs milled about in a huge blob, wildly waving and clashing their swords and hockey-sticks. And they roar their prevailing voice as “‘Pakistan Murdabad! Death to Pakistan! Sat siri Akaal! Bolay se nihaal!’”(ICM 134). Obviously the Muslims roar in the opposite direction with their own mighty slogans and reverberated as “‘So? We’ll play Holi-with-their-blood! Ho-o-o-li with their blo-o-o-d!’”(ICM 134).

Here Sidhwa focus the ironic attitude of the people who lost their sense under the brutal violence. They want to play Holi with the blood of their enemies and Sidhwa paints the horrific nature of the mob as follows:

The terror the mob generates is palpable – like an evil, paralyzing spell. The terrible procession, like a sluggish river, flows beneath us. Every short while a group of men, like a whirling eddy, stalls – and like the widening circles of a treacherous eddy dissolving in the mainstream, leaves in its centre the pulpy red flotsam of a mangled body. (ICM 135).
Sidhwa also reveals the revenge attitude of the people with the lines: “We hear the ubiquitous chanting of the mobs in the distance: ‘Allah-o-Akbar!’ comes the fragmented roar from the Muslim goondas of Mozang. ‘Bole so nehal: sat siri akal!’ from the Sikh goondas of Beadon Road. (ICM 154).

The novelist sketches the brutal violence during the partition and the following is one of the restive incidents, where Lenny witnesses the riots before her eyes in Bhatti Gate. Both Lenny and Ayah are accompanied by Ice-candy-man to see the fire which accidently gets struck in Bhatti Gate. Things happened there severely affected the mind of the little girl and she explains them as follows:

...And on their heels a mob of Sikhs, their wild long hair and beards rampant, large fevered eyes glowing in fanatic faces, pours into the narrow lane roaring slogans, holding curved swords, shoving up a manic wave of violence that sets Ayah to trembling as she holds me tight. A naked child, twitching on a spear struck between her shoulders, is waved like a flag: her screamless mouth agape she is staring straight up at me. A crimson fury blinds me. I want to dive into the bestial creature clawing entrails, plucking eyes, tearing limbs, gouging hearts, smashing brains: but the creature has too many stony hearts, too many sightless eyes, deaf ears, mindless brains and tons of entwined entrails. . . (ICM 135).

This brutal incident made Lenny frightened and with wide eyes she left the place with a heavy heart. And the way Lenny gets affected is properly conveyed by Sidhwa in the lines as “The whole world is burning. The air on
my face is so hot I think my flesh and clothes will catch fire, I start screaming: hyst receives sobbing.” (ICM 137). Subsequently Lenny hears news about the fires in various parts of Lahore and with a broken heart she exposes her grief as

How long does Lahore burn? Weeks? Months...Despite the residue of passion and regret, and loss of those in panic fled – the fire could not have burned for . . . Despite all the ruptured dreams, broken lives, buried gold, bricked-in rupees, secreted jewellery, lingering hopes . . . the fire could not have burned for months and months . . . (ICM 139).

Sidhwa also reveals the psychological impact of the violence in a human mind with Lenny’s hard behaviour with her dolls. She wants to reflect the brutal behaviour of the mob violence with her dolls in order to pour out her grief and anger, which she is not able to show in face with the brutal mob. It is clearly narrated by Sidhwa as follows: “I pick out a big, bloated celluloid doll. I turn it upside down and pull its legs apart. The elastic that holds them together stretches easily. I let one leg go and it snaps back, attaching itself to the brittle torso.” (ICM 138).

Lenny is not able to resist the anger infuriated by the vehemence and it made her wild with the dolls. The mob mentality in violence is keenly depicted by Sidhwa, where Lenny ordered her brother Adi to join with her in brutalizing the dolls. Adi, who is stunned and shocked by the unusual cruel behaviour of his sister, follows her orders with bewildered eyes as

‘Pull, damn it!’ I scream, so close to hysteria that Adi blanches and hastily grabs the proffered leg...Adi and I pull the doll’s
legs, stretching it in a fierce tug-of-war, until making a wrenching sound it suddenly splits. We stagger off balance. The cloth skin is ripped right up to its armpits spilling chunks of greyish cotton and coiled brown coir and the innards that make its eyes blink and make it squawk ‘Ma-ma’. I examine the doll’s spilled insides and, holding them in my hands, collapse on the bed sobbing. *(ICM 138-139)*.

From the above incident of the children’s harsh approach with the dolls, the novelist effectively depicts the general psychology of human beings under violence. Sidhwa points out that violence evokes raw emotions in simple people even in small children. That the brutalities which she witnessed makes Lenny behave in a cruel manner, reflects the wickedness of the violence which slowly but steadily turns the citizens into extremists under communal hatred.

Through some conversations with the neighbours of Lenny, Sidhwa also illustrates the wounded emotional phase of the citizens who has been forcibly uprooted from their native lands to other foreign places in the name of border division. It is evident when Mr.Singh’s family bid farewell with Lenny’s parents and their helpless emotions is exposed by Sidhwa as “Mother’s eyes grow moist. Mrs.Singh discreetly wipes the tears that have rolled into the recently acquired indigo smudges beneath her eyes. *(ICM 145)*.

Mr.Singh expresses his words filled with indirect grief in their farewell as “‘The Mehtas have gone! The Malothras have gone! The Guptas have gone!...’ I don’t think there are any Hindu families left on Warris Road.” *(ICM 145)*. They also request Lenny’s parents to safeguard their properties which
they are unable to carry in a sudden rage. And it is remarked in the following passage:

‘Can you store a few things for us? Furniture and what we can’t take? says Mr. Singh. ‘You know, houses are being looted. Empty ones especially. They haven’t come to the better neighbourhoods yet, but who knows? I’ll come back for them later. Things have to subside.’ Mr. Singh spreads his hands in a confused and helpless gesture. (ICM 146).

The above cited incident exhibits the sensitive sufferings of the citizens who are suddenly forced to leave their lands in the division of the nation. Hence Sidhwa reproduces song lyrics from a popular film of Nur Jehan, to make the readers understand the paradoxical situation in the communal climate. The song lyrics played by the gramophones indicate the irony of the subcontinent’s brotherhood and unity in the lines as follows:

*Mere bachpan ke sathi mujhe bhool na jana –

*Dekho, dekho hense na zamana, hanse na Zamana.

Friends from our childhood, don’t forget us –

See that a changed world does not mock us. (ICM 159).

With this paradoxical situation Sidhwa intensely expresses the harmony and the concord of the subcontinent which lies in the heart of the people with the turbulent division.

Through the protagonist Lenny, Sidhwa exposes the consequent change in the communal climate of Lahore through the deterioration in the number of admirers who visit Ayah frequently in Queen’s Garden. And it is uttered through the words of Lenny as “Things have become topsy-turvy.
We’ve stopped going to the Queen’s Garden altogether…. There is dissension in the ranks of Ayah’s admirers.” (ICM 147).

Sidhwa minutely weaves a comparison between the Indian subcontinent and the character of Ayah, where both the motherland and Ayah had their own admirers, even though they belong to various caste and creed, but later after the partition there come changes in their harmony and gradually get declined. This point is promptly explained through Lenny:

‘I am disturbed. So is Ayah. ‘Where is everybody?’ she asks Masseur: meaning the Government House gardener, the wrestler, the butcher, the zoo attendant, Ice-candy-man and the rest of the gang. Even Yousaf and Imam Din appear to have become less visible. (ICM 152).

The novelist logically narrows down the mob violence at a national level to an individual’s domestic level of pains, through the docile transformation with the character of Ice-candy-man because of the violence. A single incident transforms the cool headed Ice-candy-man into a rough fiend, whose broad mindedness is reduced to the wicked quality of revenge attitude. Through his transformation Sidhwa clearly represents the indirect cruelty of the violence which make people forget their sense of humanity and turn them lose their senses totally under the communal discord.

And the dreadful incident which stands as the root cause for the revolution with the character of Ice-candy-man is sensibly detailed by Sidhwa through Lenny’s point of view as: “…we hear the rattle of a bicycle hurtling up our drive at an alarming speed. We grow still, expectant. And emerging from the night like a blundering and scraggy bird,…Ice-candy-man comes to
an abrupt and jolted halt.” (ICM 149). Lenny along with Ayah, Masseur and Sher Singh get shocked with the sight of the nervous Ice-candy-man, the face which they have not seen before. With bewildered desperate eyes he narrates the barbaric incident as follows:

…He is breathless, reeking of sweat and dust, and his frantic eyes rake the group. They rest for an instant on the Sikh, and flutter back to us. ‘A train from Gurdaspur has just come in,’ he announces, panting. ‘Everyone in it is dead. Butchered. They are all Muslim. There are no young women among the dead! Only two gunny-bags full of women’s breasts! Ice-candy-man’s grip on the handlebars is so tight that his knuckles bulge whitely in the pale light. (ICM 149).

The ferocious incident drains his harmony and brotherhood with his friends from other religions, the only thing he wants lies with the revenge. And it is relevantly mentioned by Sidhwa through the deadly glances of his eyes towards Sher Singh in the lines as “The kohl lining his eyes has spread forming hollow, skull-like shadows: and as he raises his arm to wipe the perspiration crawling down his face, his glance once again flits over Sher Singh.” (ICM 149). Lenny keenly observes the variation in the attitude of Ice-candy-man towards his friends, which she expresses in her words of astonishment: “He appears to have grown shades darker, and his face is all dried up and shriveled-looking. I can see that beneath his shock he is grieving.” (ICM 149).

Lenny reveals her observation on Ice-candy-man with the indifferent way of his glance towards his own friends and it is conveyed by Sidhwa: “I
cannot believe the change in him....Ice-Candy-man has acquired an unpleasant swagger and a strange way of looking at Hari and Moti.” (ICM 154). Sidhwa confirms the alteration in Ice-candy-man’s attitude with the incident where Ice-candy-man indirectly warns his own friends to leave Lahore or to indulge in conversion to Muslim or Christian faith in order to save their life.

Sidhwa realistically narrates, when Ice-candy-man says Moti, when he admits about his idea of conversion to Christianity, that “Quite a few of your people are converting....You’d better change your name, too, while you’re at it.” (ICM 157). And also he explodes during the conversation when the Government House gardener, who questions him about his indifferent rage, with his own words of confession as:

‘What it to you, oye?’...’If you must know, I was! I’ll tell you to your face – I lose my senses when I think of the mutilated bodies on that train from Gurdaspur...that night I went mad, I tell you! I lobbed grenades through the windows of Hindus and Sikhs I’d known all my life! I hated their guts...I want to kill someone for each of the breasts they cut off the Muslim women...’ (ICM 156).

The above confession reveals his involvement with the enraged Muslim mob that makes unkind attacks in the name of taking revenge. Sidhwa also intensely depicts the broken friendship between Ice-candy-man and his friends through the painful words of the Government House Gardener with Hari:
‘You’ll find some place to go’,…‘When our friends confess they want to kill us, we have to go . . .’ He makes no move to wipe the tears running in little rills through his grey stubble and dripping from his chin. The red rims of his eyes are blurred and soggy and blend into the soft flesh as if he has become addicted to weeping. (ICM 157).

This pathetic situation among friends makes the readers understand the poisonous impact of the violence which poisoned the minds of the people and made them sightless towards kindness and compassion. Here Sidhwa incredibly mentions the point that the violence during partition not only destroyed people, houses and properties but also the humanity of the people too got devastated under communal revulsion.

It is aptly represented with the transformation in the character of Ice-candy-man, where once he valued his innocent friendship and brotherhood beyond caste and creed. And it is revealed with Ice-candy-man’s words of compassion with Sher Singh, before his alteration, as follows: “Oye, you donkey,”…”So what if you’re a Sikh? I’m first a friend to my friends . . . And an enemy to their enemies . . . And then a Mussulman! God and the politicians have enough servers. So, I serve my friends.” (ICM 122).

Sidhwa reveals the real aspects of partition history with the events of conversion into other religious faith during the border division in the history of the Indian subcontinent. Obviously Hari converts into Muslim faith and it is recited by the novelist as “Hari has had his bodhi shaved. He has become a Muslim.” (ICM 161). In order to save their lives, people get converted into a
foreign religion with the total banishment of their own traditional faith and rituals, which lived along with them from their childhood.

Lenny inspects all the changes and conversions around her after the partition and she reveals the changes in the lines as “Hari has adapted his name to his new faith: he wants us to call him Himat Ali. He has also changed his dhoti for the substantial gatherings of the draw-string shalwar.” (ICM 162). Lenny also declares the alteration in her surroundings in the following lines, where Lahore seems to be colourless before her eyes because of the missing of the Sikhs and Hindus, who once added multi colours to the city:

Beadon Road, bereft of the colourful turbans, hairy bodies, yellow shorts, tight pyjamas and glittering religious arsenal of the Sikhs, looks like any other populous street. Lahore is suddenly emptied of yet another hoary dimension: there are no Brahmins with caste-marks – or Hindus in dhoties with bodhis. Only hordes of Muslim refugees. (ICM 175).

The novelist depicts the migrated population of the people during the border division. As Sidhwa writes: “Within three months seven million Muslims and five million Hindus and Sikhs are uprooted in the largest and most terrible exchange of population known to history.” (ICM 159). And also she tremendously mentions some political indifference and cunning aspects of the Britishers during the border division.

As a Pakistani writer, Sidhwa naturally sketches many positive aspects of Muhammad Ali Jinnah. It is not recited to favour him but she has mentioned some rare aspects of Jinnah which are not usually focused in the books of the Indian leaders like Gandhi and Nehru. And her affirmative
viewpoint about the founder of Pakistan are mentioned in the following lines, “And today, forty years later, in films of Gandhi’s and Mountbatten’s lives, in books by British and Indian scholars, Jinnah, who for a decade was known as ‘Ambassador of Hindu-Muslim unity’, is caricatured, and portrayed as a monster.” (*ICM* 160).

Sidhwa also conveys her impression on Jinnah with the fine reference to him by the Indian Poetess Sarojini Naidu in her own words as follows:

...the calm hauteur of his accustomed reserve masks, for those who know him, a naive and eager humanity, an intuition quick and tender as a woman’s, a humour gay and winning as a child’s – pre-eminently rational and practical, discreet and dispassionate in his estimate and acceptable of life, the obvious sanity and serenity of his worldly wisdom effectually disguise a shy and splendid idealism which is of the very essence of the man. (*ICM* 161).

These lines depict the different aspect of Jinnah which is unknown to the public because of the evil depiction of the leader by the writers who gave much importance to Gandhi. Obviously in this novel the writer expresses an unusual reflection of Jinnah in a Pakistani outlook, who narrates the story of the Indian subcontinent in a Pakistani viewpoint.

Sidhwa also states the political favour of the British people’s partiality with Nehru during the division of the subcontinent into India and Pakistan. It is clearly exposed in the following lines as “For now the tide is turned – and the Hindus are being favoured over the Muslims by the remnants of the Raj.
Now that its objective to divide India is achieved, the British favour Nehru over Jinnah." *(ICM 159)*.

It is also clear to the readers that, being a Parsi, Sidhwa does not support or oppose any other particular community too much. And it is naturally because of the Parsis neutral charisma. Thus the way she analyses the political indifferences before the eyes of the readers is very effective and it is vividly narrated in the following lines as “Nehru is Kashmiri; they grant him Kashmir. Spurning logic, defying rationale, ignoring the consequence of bequeathing a Muslim state to the Hindus: while Jinnah futilely protests: ‘Statesmen cannot eat their words!’ *(ICM 159)*.

The community problems which have been ignited by the leaders in their political game result in the somber communal riots between the people of Indian subcontinent; where once they lived in concord. And the cruel deaths and brutalities of the partition are appropriately depicted by Sidhwa with the events of Masseur’s death. The gruesome incident is detailed by Sidhwa when Lenny and Hari accidentally witness the body of Masseur in the roadways: “It is only a bulging gunny-sack....The swollen gunny-sack lies directly in our path. Hari pushes it with his foot. The sack slowly topples over and Masseur spills out.” *(ICM 174)*.

Lenny and Hari are desperately shocked by the unexpected murder of their friend. When Hari opens the sack with his own hands, obviously gets emotional and poured his feelings as “‘Oye, pahialwan. Oye, my friend,’ ...What have they done to you?’ And he strokes Masseur’s arm with his trembling hand as if he is massaging Masseur.” *(ICM 175)*. And Lenny expresses her grief in her words as follows: “But they look at Masseur as if he
is not a person….He isn’t. He has been reduced to a body. A thing. One side of his handsome face already buried in the dusty sidewalk.” (ICM 175).

The novelist not only lists the wounded bodies of the people but she also brings into limelight about the fractured minds of the people during the savagery of the partition. She reports the subsidiary psychological sways of the people, around Lenny, which make them the victims of the violence. Apart from the fires and murders around Lenny, one incident extremely affects her soul and it is the abduction of her Ayah by the incensed mob during the riots.

Sidhwa enunciates the evil nature of the violence which plays a crucial role in the emotions of the people with the following incident. That incident is exhaustively elaborated by Sidhwa through the bewildered eyes of Lenny in the following passage:

And then one morning we again hear the rumble of carts and the roar of men shouting slogans on Warris Road….From the very first instant I sense danger: we all do. Perhaps it is the speed of their approach: perhaps the aim of their intent buffeting us in threatening waves. There is a heightening in the noise and a shift in the clatter of horseshoes on the tarmac: a slowing that defines their target. It is either the house in front of ours, or ours…. (ICM 178).

With the above lines, Sidhwa reveals the frightened mind of Lenny who senses the forthcoming danger to their house and as she guesses the angry Muslim mob will attack their house in order to evacuate the other community people.
At first Lenny gets foolishly jumbled with the sudden absence of Ayah around her, when the mob enters their house. Then she makes herself clear with the meaningful hide of Ayah in order to save her life from the mob and it is described through Lenny as “Ayah is not on the Veranda. She has disappeared….Ayah is Hindu….She must hide. We all have a part to play. My intelligence and complicity are taken for granted.” (ICM 179).

The Muslim mob forcibly enters the house and questions the name plates of the house which is engraved as Shankar and Sethi. With a gutted voice Imam Din appears from the kitchen and answers the mob with a powerful tone that, “The Shankars took off long ago . . . They were Hindu. The Sethis are Parsee. I serve them. Sethi is Parsee name too, you ignorant bastards!” (ICM 180).

Gradually they question about the Gardener Hari and when Imam Din answers them that Hari is converted to the Muslim faith, with a new name Himat Ali, the mob remains silent. Though they are answered properly they cannot able to believe it and hence they ask Himat Ali to show his circumcision, the bodily evidence, before the public as evidence. This shameless behaviour of the mob is stated by Sidhwa in the lines as “Undo your shalwar, Himat Ali. Let’s see if you’re a proper Muslim.” (ICM 180). When the mob determinedly approaches near Himat Ali, Imam Din stops them by showing a reference of a barber, who made the circumcision.

By this way he saves Himat Ali from the senseless mob’s immodest humiliation. Here Sidhwa minutely points out the reckless behaviour of the mob which represents the ridiculous attitude of the people under communal superstitions. Though not satisfied with the barber’s confirmation, the mob
demands Himat Ali to recite the *Kalma* in order to test his newly converted faith and the following are the lines which Himat Ali recited: “*‘La Ilaha Illallah, Mohammad ur Rasulullah.’*” (There is no God but God, and Mohammad is His prophet.) Astonishingly, Himat Ali injects into the Arabic verse the cadence and intonation of Hindu chants.” (*ICM* 181).

Lastly they come to question about Ayah which is narrated by Sidhwa as ““Where’s the Hindu woman? The ayah!”(*ICM* 181). Lenny and others in the house are stunned for a second of fear within them but imam Din manages to answer them in a pretended usual way that Ayah has gone to Amritsar. But the mob is not satisfied with Imam Din’s answer and also a very familiar voice to Lenny, inside the mob asks Imam Din to take oath on Allah for the assurance.

But Imam Din very loudly takes the oath by his words of promise as “*‘Allah-Ki-Kasam, she’s gone.’*” (*ICM* 182). He takes the oath in the name of his God, though it is not a truth in order to save a women’s life from the arrogant hands of the mob. The mob silently begins to leave the place after that promise because they all are well known about the fact that, it is an oath which will not be lightly taken by a Muslim.

From the dissolving crowd, Lenny identifies that familiar voice and it is none other than the Ice-candy-man. He approaches Lenny with the friendly face which she has seen once before his transformation and he makes the innocent little girl believe him with his sweet words in the narration by Sidhwa as follows: “Ice-candy-man is crouched before me. ‘Don’t be scared, Lenny baby,’ he says. ‘I’m here.’ And putting his arms around me he whispers, so
that only I can hear: ‘I’ll protect Ayah with my life! You know I will . . . I know she’s here. Where is she?’” (ICM 182).

Betrayed by his faithful words, Lenny confesses the truth as “And dredging from some foul truthful depth in me a fragment of overheard conversation that I had not registered at the time, I say: ‘On the roof – or in one of the godowns . . .’” (ICM 182). Suddenly Ice-candy-man’s face undergoes a subtle change before her eyes and the mob goes to search for Ayah inside the house.

Lenny is terribly shaken by her tactless confession and she helplessly shouts against the mob which is described in the lines as follows: “‘No!’ I scream. ‘She’s gone to Amritsar!’ . . . I try to run after them but Mother holds me. I butt my head into her, bouncing it off her stomach, and every time I throw my head back, I see Adi and Papoo’s stunned faces.” (ICM 183). Lenny is not aware of everything that is going around her but the one thing that rings in her mind is that, “I know I have betrayed Ayah.” (ICM 182).

Lenny is unable to view the horrible scene of Ayah’s abduction by the infuriated mob. The barbaric incident is sensibly described by the novelist as follows:

They drag Ayah out....They drag her by her arms stretched taut, and her bare feet – that want to move backwards – are forced forward instead. Her lips are drawn away from her teeth, and the resisting curve of her throat opens her mouth like the dead child’s screamless mouth. The men drag her in grotesque strides to the cart and their harsh hands, supporting her with careless intimacy, lift her into it. Four men stand pressed
against her, propping her body upright, their lips stretched in triumphant grimaces. (ICM 183).

These lines reveal the painful injustice caused to the women victims during the violence of the partition. The mob shows their barbaric behavior to Ayah which reflects their animalistic instincts.

The abduction of Ayah is engraved painfully in the memory of Lenny which she is hardly able to erase from her mind. And that memory of grief is vibrantly exposed by Lenny as “The last thing I noticed was Ayah, her mouth slack and piteously gaping, her dishevelled hair flying into her kidnappers’ faces, staring at us as if she wanted to leave behind her wide-open and terrified eyes.” (ICM 184).

The insane violence decisively plays a critical role with the psychological waves of the human mind. Through this novel Sidhwa commendably portrays how religious hatred and violence can change people and how close evil is to the nature of man. And it is undoubtedly reflected in this novel, Ice-Candy-Man, through Lenny’s character. Sidhwa luminously drafts the malicious impact of the violence which makes Lenny guilt driven. Lenny cannot resist her guilty because of her betrayal with Ayah which is fallaciously committed by her.

She feels sorry for her Ayah and also she repents for her truthfulness. And her guilt driven consciousness is penetratingly enlightened by Sidhwa through the words of Lenny as follows:

For three days I stand in front of the bathroom mirror staring at my tongue. I hold the vile, truth-infected thing between my fingers and try to wrench it out: but slippery and slick as a fish
it slips from my fingers and mocks me with its sharp rapier tip
darting as poisonous from my prickling toothbrush until it is
sore and bleeding. I’m so conscious of its unwelcome presence
at all times that it swells uncomfortably in my mouth and gags
and chokes me. (ICM 184).

With these lines the author deeply showcases the blasted human mind because of the hostile vehemence. Sidhwa exposes a fact that children will not pretend like grownups and thus in order to reveal the innocence of the little Lenny, she mentions her tongue as ‘truth-infected thing’.

Through the psychological disruption of Lenny, Sidhwa gradually depicts the normal human emotion which gets shattered by the ferocity of the partition struggle. It not only divided borders but also the aspects of humanity and harmony from the human hearts. The innocence of a child will not be conscious before any of its action, it just goes with the flow and this nature of innocence is eminently exposed by Sidhwa when Lenny innocently revealed the truth without any second thinking about Ice-candy-man’s trick.

Sidhwa also indirectly states the violent behaviour of the little girl which is exposed at times when she is unable to bear violence around her. Initially the novelist shows the hard behaviour of Lenny with the dolls after her witnessing with a cruel violence during the fire riots in Lahore. Then she subsequently describes the harsh behaviour of Lenny with her own tongue which she herself considered as a thing contaminated by truth.

With these incidents Sidhwa effectively expresses the fact that violence can change the minds of people even children and make them rebels. And she also states how close evil is to the nature of mankind. Under normal
circumstances people can be quite, ordinary and harmless but once the mob mentality takes over, evil surfaces. Sidhwa gaudily expresses these psychological endeavors with the people under vehemence through the transformation of Ice-candy-man and also with the violent behaviour of the little girl Lenny, as the reflection of the barbaric conditions.

Sidhwa also portrays the social injustice caused by the violence during the partition days in the society through the victimized women characters in this novel. The violence which breaks out as the result of the partition not only killed many lives of the people but also killed the emotions of the people by hurting and affecting them. Sidhwa effectively depicts the painful sufferings of the victim ayah who intensely represents the injustice of the partition violence towards the women victims.

The communal riot in Lahore affects and hurt her physically as well as mentally. After Lenny’s innocent confession, Ayah becomes an easy victim and is raped by the angry Muslims in Lahore during the violence. Later she is pushed into prostitution by Ice-candy-Man, who abandons his love for her under the domination of communal revenge. Hence her beloved Ayah suddenly becomes a Hindu before his inhuman eyes which make him kill her soul in the way of revenge.

By this merciless act, he kills her ambiance and her usual warmth is gone. And this is elegantly depicted by Lenny when she visits Ayah with her godmother, after a long time in Hira Mandi. After the forcible separation of her ayah from her, Lenny desperately longs for meeting her again but when she meets her with the help of his Godmother, she is totally broken by Ayah’s soulless eyes.
When Lenny along with her Godmother goes to meet her ayah in Hira Mandi, she is surprised at the sight of her Ayah as Mumtaz and it is due to her conversion for her marriage with Ice-candy-man. With an awful indifference Lenny witnesses her Ayah, who gets totally changed into a dancing girl and the change is described as follows:

And then Ayah comes: teetering on high heels, tripping on the massive divided skirt of her *garara*, jangling gold bangles. Her eyes are lowered and her head draped in a gold-fringed and gauzy red *ghoongat*. A jewelled tika nestles on her forehead and bunches of pearls and gold dangle from her ears. Ice-candy-man guides his rouged and lipsticked bride to sit beside Godmother…” (ICM 260).

This is dynamically expressed by Lenny when she observes the lifeless Ayah whose is once an energetic grace in her memory. The following lines describe her ache for her lovable Ayah:

Where have the radiance and the animation gone? Can the soul be extracted from its living body? Her vacant eyes are bigger than ever: wide-opened with what they’ve seen and felt: wider even than the frightening saucers and dinner plates that describe the watchful orbs of the three dogs who guard the wicked Tinder Box Witches’ treasures in underground chambers. Colder than the ice that lurks behind the hazel in Ice-candy-man’s beguiling eyes. (ICM 260).

Through these lines, Lenny feels the tragic difference with Ayah’s eyes which represents only the vacuum which lost its radiance and animation which once
danced gracefully with her elegant glances. They have not only lost their glow but also lost their intense ambiance which is forcibly erased from the pupils of her eyes by the brutal sights of the violence. With this incident, Sidhwa sketches the pathetic situation of Ayah who is reduced into a symbol of sexuality during the communal riots.

Sidhwa also expresses the depth of Ayah’s pain through her strong decision on her return to her relatives in Amritsar. Though Ice-candy-man realises his mistakes after their marriage and tries his best to show his love for her, his betrayal of his beloved has burnt her world of love. Hence in order to leave him and the place of dancing girls, she wants to go to Amritsar. She not only wants to leave the place and Ice-candy-man but she truly wishes to get rid of the scraped experiences which she underwent during the abduction.

It reveals the soreness and agony of her smashed heart which died a lot of deaths with the betrayals and forced interactions during her abduction. And the pain is conveyed by the novelist in the following lines:

Ayah’s face, with its demurely lowered lids and tinsel dust, blooms like a dusky rose in Godmother’s hands. The rouge and glitter highlight the sweet contours of her features. She looks achingly lovely: as when she gazed at masseur and inwardly glowed. But the illusion is dispelled the moment she opens her eyes – not timorously like a bride, but frenziedly, starkly – and says: ‘I want to go to my family.’ Her voice is harsh, gruff: as if someone has mutilated her vocal cords. (ICM 261).
Her decision to go back to her family is so strong because the pain which both her body and soul endures becomes massive. She says to Godmother that, she is just physically alive but her soul has its carnage and it is aptly narrated by Sidhwa with the lines as “I am past that...I’m not alive.” (ICM 262).

Through this novel the author also reveals a bitter truth about the men and the family of the fallen woman, which will not accept her return after their abduction during the violence by the other community mobs. And it is recited by the author when she gives a reference to Lenny’s new Ayah, Hamida, who represents the fallen woman. It is clearly narrated with the incident where Lenny mistakenly questions her Godmother about the camp for the fallen woman as women’s jail, which is near to their house.

The following conversation between Lenny and her godmother realistically brings to light the injustice imposed on women in the society during the partition days. Partition has not only wrecked the lives and emotions of the people but also uncovers the narrow mindedness of the men who have abandoned their women folk in some camps and categorize them as fallen women, as they are affected by the inhuman monsters during the communal clash:

‘Hamida was kidnapped by the Sikhs,’ says Godmother seriously. On serious matters I can always trust her to level with me. ‘She was taken away to Amritsar. Once that happens, sometimes, the husband – or his family – won’t take her back.’

‘Why? It isn’t her fault she was kidnapped!’
‘Some folk feel that way – they can’t stand their women being touched by other men.’ (*ICM* 215).

The above conversation openly reveals the unfair treatment of the people towards the victimized women in the partition days. And the disappointment of the women victims and their worries are conveyed by Sidhwa in the following lines, when Hamida comes to serve in Lenny’s house:

“I am not frightened of work, brother,…’ I will sweep, clean, milk the buffalo, churn the butter, wash clothes, clean out latrines, make chapatties . . . After all, I’ve been a housewife.” (*ICM* 191).

When Lenny’s mother insists on Hamida’s only duty as to take the at most care for Lenny, Hamida intensely expresses her fateful condition where violence has played a critical role in her life and it is vividly recounted by Sidhwa through the following passage:

The woman swivels on her heels and gazes into my eyes so intensely that I feel it is I, and not Mother, who is empowered to employ her. The jerky smile about her lips distends fearfully. ‘I will guard her like the pupils in my eyes,’ she says. ‘Don’t I know how careful one has to be with young girls? Especially these days!’ Her tone of voice and choice of words – as of village women uttering platitudes – is grotesque in the obviously straitened and abnormal circumstances of her life. (*ICM* 191).
Here Hamida’s words reflect the insecurity of the women during the partition violence. It also reveals her grief over her abduction and brutalities which she faced during the hard communal struggle.

Sidhwa also retrospectively hints at the impartial banishment of the women victims by the family and the society which once consider them as a symbol of pride to their family but not as an individual soul. Lenny feels restless with the answer given by Hamida when she questions her about her longings for her children and it is remarked as “‘my sister-in-law will look after them. If their father gets to know I’ve met them he will only get angry, and the children will suffer’…‘It’s my kismet that’s no good . . . we are Khut-putli, puppets, in the hands of fate.’ (ICM 222).

By means of these incidents the novelist powerfully reveals the injustice that men in the society consider the women only as an object which could be easily damaged in the time of struggle. The tendency of the society to view women only as objects rather than humans and to abandon them completely if they are affected is at its zenith. During the communal disgust, they celebrate victory over a woman’s body which is regarded to be the pride of a community. Hence they revenge each other with the women as objects during the violence.

In this novel, Ice-Candy-Man, the violence cracks the minds and hearts of the people and it is vividly sketched by Sidhwa with the evolution in the character of Ice-candy-man, who at last longs for his separated beloved who leaves him for his brutal engrossment under communal frenzy. Sidhwa magnificently highlights the graph of his minute transformation during the
violence in an efficient way. To convey the change in the people by the insensitive violence during the border division, Sidhwa presents some lines from the Iqbal poem as follows:

- Give me the (mystic) wine that burns all veils,

- The wine by which life’s secret is revealed,

- The wine whose essence is eternity,

- The wine which opens mysteries concealed.

- Lift up the curtain, give me power to talk.

- And make the sparrow struggle with the hawk. *(ICM 275)*.

The above cited lines of Iqbal, exhibit the need of a wine from God to reveal the mysteries and secrets of life. It symbolises the sparrow and hawk struggle with the good and evil aspects of the human mind. The poem mirrors the situation of the human beings, who get easily contaminated by the evil things which induce them into a beast without mercy, during the violence of the partition.

Through the character of Ice-candy-man Sidhwa aptly showcases the quick decline of the human behaviour. With his own poetic lines Ice-candy-man specifies his blind eye to humanity and harmony with his fellow beings around him because of his cruel alteration in that vigour of border struggle. As Sidhwa depicts it in the following poetic lines:

- ‘Why did you make a home in my heart?

- Inhabit it. Both the house and I are desolate.'
Am I a thief that your watchman stops me?

Tell him, I know this man. He is my fate.’ (ICM 276).

His character states a fact that human beings certainly get infuriated under violence and when their barbaric behaviour dominates their humanistic traits they indulge in gruesome activities which make them forget their etymology of the term human. The intoxication of Ice-candy-man is illustrated by the novelist in the following way:

‘My passion has brought me to your street –

Where can I now find the strength to take me back?

Don’t berate me, beloved, I’m God-intoxicated!

I’ll wrap myself about you; I’m mystically mad.’ (ICM 277).

Sidhwa dwells on the same theme of partition and its aftermath violence also in her another work, The Pakistani Bride which deals with the problems of partition which redraft the fate of the characters like Qasim and Zaitoon. The mass migration during partition caused much inconsequential loss of people’s houses, properties and families. Sidhwa mentions the tragic division in the lines as follows:

…in the chaotic summer of 1947 there was serious political unrest in the North Indian plains. Savage rioting erupted and many minority groups felt insecure….Hysteria mounted when the fertile, hot lands of the Punjab were suddenly ripped into two territories – Hindu and Muslim, India and Pakistan. Until
the last moment no one was sure how the land would be divided. Lahore, which everyone expected to go to India because so many wealthy Hindus lived in it, went instead to Pakistan. Jullundur, a Sikh stronghold, was allocated to India. (TPB 14).

The novelist also uncovers the crafty politics of the Britishers who rush the event of the border partition under the name of ‘Divide and Rule’ system. The losses of lives on a large scale like never before and destruction of properties is owed to the move of the British Government to bifurcate into two nations. It finds expression in *The Pakistani Bride* as follows, “the rulers of the Empire were entirely too busy to bother overmuch with how India was divided. It was only one of the thousand and one chores they faced.” (TPB 14).

The Britishers have played their shrewd politics with the help of some Indian politicians which has resulted in the border division. And this is clearly exposed by Sidhwa in the following passage:

> The earth is not easy to carve up. India required a deft and sensitive surgeon, but the British, steeped in domestic preoccupation, hastily and carelessly butchered it. They were not deliberately mischievous – only cruelly negligent! A million Indians died. The earth sealed its clumsy new boundaries in blood as town by town, farm by farm, the border was defined. (TPB 14-15).

In this novel *The Pakistani Bride*, the novelist picturises the emotional drift in the harmony of the people during the border division. It is aptly described by
Sidhwa as “Trains carrying refugees sped through the darkness of night – Hindus going one way and Muslims the other. … Yet trains were ambushed and looted and their fleeing occupants slaughtered. (TPB 15). The parting of the Hindus and Muslims intensely reveals the irreparable crack between the unity as well as the humanity of the people.

In this novel, Sidhwa expatriates on the barbaric events of the violence created by the communal hatred. It is suitably depicted by the painful words of Moola Singh, who is the sole survivor of a large family in the Montgomery district. The speech of agony of Moola Singh with tears rolling down his cheeks is given below:

‘I thought we would stay by our land, by our stock, by our Mussalman neighbours. No one can touch us, I thought. The riots will pass us by. But a mob attacked our village – Oh, the screams of the women, I can hear them still . . . I had a twenty-year-old brother, tall and strong as a mountain, a match for any five of them. This is what they did: they tied one of his legs to one jeep, the other to another jeep – and then they drove the jeeps apart . . .’ (TPB 16).

This above mentioned vicious incident showcases the inhuman behaviour of the people who have become absolutely unsympathetic. Through the old man’s words, Sidhwa retrospectively exposes the evil nature of violence which makes the human beings behave like hostile beasts.

Sidhwa also exhibits the painful way by which Sikander’s family gets uprooted from their relatives. Sikander and his family leave their native village
when they hear the chants in a distance as ‘Hari Hari Mahadev!’ ‘Bole so Nihal, Sat Siri Akal!’ (TPB 17). The angry chants fragmented by the distance, urge them into quick action in order to save their lives. Forced migration of people from their native land is another consequence of partition.

Logically Sikander cautions his wife Zohra about the reality and insecurity prevailed around them due to the communal riots. And it is straightly illustrated by the author through the lines as ‘we can’t take all this!’ ‘A trunk apiece, that’s all. Hide the jewellery somewhere on your body. Come on, hurry up!’ (TPB 18). Here Sidhwa suitably explains the pathetic situation of the citizens who miserably abandon their houses and lands during the partition of the subcontinent. Their sudden phase of banishment from their native place on account of border division leaves them heart-broken.

Through this mass migration of the population, the author realistically sketches the plight and predicament of people who leave all their valuable properties all of a sudden. And this condition of apathy is eminently showcased with Sidhwa’s lines of narration as follows:

The train at Ludhiana station already swarmed with Muslims who had boarded it at earlier stops. Panic-stricken families were abandoning their animals and possessions in an attempt to get on. Zohra glanced back at their mound of luggage now scattered and indistinguishable among the mounting litter of tin trunks and bundles. (TPB 18).

With the following incident of emotion, Sidhwa reveals the disgraceful state of the people who are unable to leave their valuable things during the inhuman
struggle. This is painted by Sidhwa when Sikander’s daughter Munni, exposes her innocent cries for their lovable little calf, which could not be carried over by them in the train.

It is described by Sidhwa through the little girl Munni’s cry as “‘Get the calf, Abba. Don’t leave it. She’s a baby. She’ll die!’” (TPB 18). Immediately she gets a bitter but logical answer from her mother as “‘Shush’...‘we haven’t room for ourselves and you want to take that beast!’” (TPB 18). Even the longing of the calf can be sensibly exposed by Sidhwa through the craved eyes of the calf as “It tottered below them on spindly, unsteady legs, its face raised, mute and trusting.” (TPB 18). This incident vividly portrays the sting of the child which symbolises the pain of the sudden detachment of their endearing motherland.

Sidhwa also penetratingly describes the wrenched heart of the people because of their sudden departure from their neighbours. And it is captured by her, when Zohra unintentionally questions her husband about their money which their neighbour has borrowed from them as “What about the five hundred rupees we lent to Meera Bai for her daughter’s wedding?” (TPB 26). And Sikander, who is unable answer, fixedly looks into the darkness.

Their state of plight and emotions of grief is effectively narrated by the novelist in the following lines as: “…he doesn’t answer. Zohra senses his tension, and bitterness shoots through to her. They have abandoned their land, their everything, and she thinks to remind him of money lent to a Hindu woman they will never see again.” (TPB 26). From Sikander’s silence, Sidhwa
deeply exposes the fact that silence carries more pain than the uttered words of agony.

The novelist sketches the scene of the brutal violence before the eyes of the readers as “It was as though the earth had become the sun, spreading its rays upward.” (TPB 23). Through this graphic comparison of the earth with sun, Sidhwa describes the fire of the violence during the clash, which makes the earth spread its rays upwards like the burning sun. And Sidhwa also presents the tragic outcomes of the vehemence in the lines as follows:

Tales of communal atrocities fanned skirmishes, unrest and panic. India was to be partitioned, and that summer the anger and fear in people’s minds exploded. Towns were automatically divided into communal sections. Muslim, Hindu, Sikh, each rushed headlong for the locality representing his faith, to seek the dubious safety of strength in numbers. Isolated homes were ransacked and burnt. The sky glowed at night from the fires….Dismembered bodies of men, women, and even children, lay strewn on roads. Leaving everything behind, people ran from their villages into the towns. (TPB 23).

With Violence as the device Sidhwa effectively interlaces the unexpected turns in the story by connecting Qasim, who left the mountains amidst an outbreak of small pox in which he lost his entire family, with Zaitoon, who too lost her entire family during the violence. Sidhwa competently articulates the cruel deeds of an incensed Sikh mob, when the train carrying the loads of passengers reached from Ludhiana to Amritsar.
Sidhwa writes: “Now the mob runs towards the train with lighted flares. Qasim sees the men clearly. They are Sikh. Tall, crazed men wave swords. A cry: ‘Bole so Nihal,’ and the answering roar, ‘Sat siri akal!’…An eerie clamour rises. Sounds of firing explode above agonized shrieks.” (TPB 27). In that rigorous riot, Munni has lost her parents and Qasim adopts her and names her as Zaitoon and this pathetic adaptation is movingly explained by Sidhwa in the lines as “He had barely started when suddenly a short form hurtled out of the dark at him. He stopped, his heart pounding. That same instant he realized it was a child, a little girl.” (TPB 29).

Over this instance, Sidhwa vigorously exposed the fact about the partition days that how little children get abandoned by the death of their own parents during the violence. She convincingly describes the wanderings of the abandoned children in the chaotic streets of the nation during the partition war through the character of Zaitoon. This is vividly reflected by the novelist as “She leaned against him, trembling, and he, close to his heart, felt her wondrously warm and fragile. A great tenderness swept over him, and recognizing how that fateful night had thrown them together…” (TPB 30).

Sidhwa also points the smashed picture of Lahore before the eyes of the readers after the culmination of the communal fights as “The uneasy city was awakening furtively, like a sick man pondering each movement lest pain recur….Looted houses stood vacant, their gaping doors and windows glaring balefully.” (TPB 31). She figuratively delineates the gory circumstance of the parted country in the lines: “Men, freshly dead, their bodies pale and velvety, still lay in alleys and in open drains.” (TPB 31).
She also unveils a gruesome truth in the partition period where people reveal their animalistic brutal behaviour with others. And this aspect is aptly stated by Sidhwa with the following incident where people killed people of their own faith, in order to display their own personal revenge, under the curtain of communal discontent:

...he did not see the dust-covered gunny sack until he almost stumbled over it. Casually prodding it with his foot he was appalled to see a body half spill out....By the amulet around his neck, by the trim of his hair and moustache, Qasim could tell that the man was of his own faith. Hindus and Sikhs had fled the area and he wondered what passion had caused a Mussalman to kill this handsome Muslim youth. Death, cheapened by the butchering of over a million people, became casual and humdrum. It was easy to kill. Taking advantage of this attitude to settle old scores, to grab someone’s property or business or woman, Hindu killed Hindu – Sikh, Sikh – and Mussalman Muslim. (TPB 32).

Hence both the novels reveal the theme of border partition and the violence it caused. People themselves cut down the sheltering tree into pieces and greedily grab their own share with the inhuman attitude. Those are the darkest days in the history of Hindustan that plunge mankind into hell and hatred. Both the Muslims and the Hindus set on fire each other and killed each other. Their broadmindedness gets narrowed under the name of religion and nation. They kill their own peers for the sake of religion.
Sidhwa explains, how history witnesses the bleeding wounds of mankind with its wide open eyes. She sketches the harrowing tale of Partition days when the lofty ideal of nationalism is suddenly bartered for communal thinking, resulting in unprecedented devastation, political absurdities and deranged social sensibilities. She has provided an account of how people embrace each other’s culture and live with mutual understanding, get separated and taken away by the mighty whirlwind of religious hatred and mean-mindedness.

The sudden drift with the harmony of the people is aptly stated by Sidhwa in the novel, *Ice-Candy-Man*: “It is sudden. One day everybody is themselves – and the next day they are Hindu, Muslim, Sikh, Christian. People shrink, dwindling into symbols.”(ICM 93). This chapter dealing with the theme of partition and its consequences enables the readers to understand the extent of the trauma of partition and review it in its historical context, and also delineates the evil impact of the futile violence both in individual and collective lives.