CHAPTER - 4

Butalia's Prose of Sublimation:
Beyond Memory and Place
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This chapter aims at understanding the experience of partition from the position of women victims and survivors as rendered by Urvashi Butalia in her poignant work entitled, *The Other Side of Silence*. One needs to ask how the voices of partition affected victims consist of an unspoken silence through which the event of partition can be reproduced by Subjects? This is a project of retrieval of voices that Butalia undertakes. Such a project of retrieval assumes that those who gives their voices, remember suffering or even suppress the memory form a continuum that is not lost in the passage of time. Butalia says,

I looked at what the large political facts of this history may be saying. If I was reading them right, it would seem that partition was now over, done with, a thing of the past. Yet all around us there was a different reality: partitions everywhere, communal tension, religious fundamentalism, continuing divisions on the basis of religion.¹

What Butalia aims to unravel is the continuation of the partition saga that afflicts life of the nation, called India.
Butalia unravels the link between private and collective memory in order to show how the two influence and shape each other. Partition refugees often personalize stories of general violence and trauma, telling, and feeling them to be their own, and marking the shifts in political climate, location, and personal things. Further the fragmented ways in which memory is stored in an individual's mind can often turn, in the narrating of such accounts, into a linear narrative where the connections can be borrowed from the received collective recounting of the meta narrative of that event. In this way, a narrative overlap happens to connect the meta and micro narratives. Butalia particularly is concerned with survivors, who stand as testimony to most of the acts of violence committed during the horrific years of partition. Butalia draws a simile with anti-Sikh riots of 1984,

Here, across the River Jamuna, just a few miles from where I lived, ordinary and peaceable people had driven their neighbours from their homes and murdered them for no readily apparent reason except their belonging to a different religious community. The stories of Partition no longer seemed quite so remote: people from the same country, the same town, the same village could still be divided by the politics of their religious differences and, once
divided, could do terrible things to each other. (OSS:5)

This picture of violence gets supplemented by the episemic and symbolic violence that happens to the victims as well to the perpetrators. The picture is that of instigators of violence mobilizing the mob on the basis of the rationale of retribution and the mass also believes in this rationale. Butalia is concerned about his constitutive aspect of violence, when she narrates, Memory is a complex thing, however, and remembering Partition does not mean only recalling the violence of the time. For every story of violence and enmity, there is a story of friendship and love, and it is as important to recall those as it is to look at stories of violence. Sometimes the two are intertwined as in Bir Bahadur’s story where the violence is internal to the community, although its causes may lie elsewhere, and friendship comes from ‘outside’, so to speak.²

In other word, violence is not ‘pure’, it is rather a step taken to achieve certain ends that are conceived to redeem a collective goal or target. Instances of violence during partition aimed at establishing superiority of a community over its immediate other. Religious violence also got much more complicated with its mobilization of exclusivist concepts of ‘othering’. But the saving grace
is that the consistency of violence is always mitigated and corrected by notions of friendship. The narrative of friendship is the ‘other side’ of an extremely violent turn of events that bring into question the celebratory narratives of anti-colonial and nationalist struggles.

**Narratives of Partition: Dualism of Self and Other**

Butalia subjects official histories of Partition that go with celebratory histories of nationalism to thorough questioning. For her, the legacies of Partition are very different for villages and towns than they are for nations and states. In contrast to these larger institutions and collectivities, which ‘are able to insulate themselves behind grand, rhetorical propositions about “national” interests’, small-scale communities have to struggle with the pain of Partition on a day-to-day basis. Butalia narrates how stories of partition can involve killing of one’s own family member. Her subject Mangal Singh goes onto tell her,

Mangal Singh told me how he and his brother had taken the decision to kill— he used the word martyr— seventeen members of their. ‘We had to do this’, he told me, ‘because otherwise they would have been converted’. Having done this ‘duty’, Mangal Singh crossed over into Amritsar where he began a new life. When I met him, he was the only one left of the
three. He had a new family, a wife, children, grandchildren, all of whom had heard, and dismissed, his stories. (...) He said: ‘Hunger drives all sorrow and grief away. You understand? When you don’t have anything, then what’s the point of having sorrow and grief?’

The reason that Mangal Singh gives is to save the family members from being converted into Islam. This is an extreme reason that can hardly justify the compulsions of killing one’s close kins. But what is interesting is to note that life as a survivor does not give any legitimacy to such acts. In fact, survival underwrites such flagrant violence on victims. The situation is so remorseful that one does not even want to remember acts of violence committed on oneself. But, is it that one remembers violence committed on others, non-members of the community? Butalia talked of her mother and the previous generation, who all, according to her interviews with them,

People of my parents’ generation tell stories of partition all the time: it preoccupies their minds, it fills their lives, it memorializes their pasts. (...) I think with my mother, the wounds were so deep, that it was doubly difficult to speak of them, the more so to me. (...) At one point, talking about how she had felt at being forced to leave her mother in
Lahore, she said: 'Who can describe the pain of having to leave a mother?'

In effect narratives of partition themselves become an account of 'pain' and 'grief', doing things for survival that includes abandonment, if not taking away lives etc. Within the multifarious tracts of Partition, what the people involved cannot explain is the inherent rage, the motivations of violence. Mutually destructive violence on each other is condoned and borne with by a sense of inevitability. Harjit, a Sikh, living in a border town Attari and Nasir Hussain are people involved in acts on violence on the 'other side'. Butalia narrates her discussion with them,

For years afterwards—indeed well into the present day—people involved in Partition violence would ask themselves what it was that turned the interconnectedness of entire lifetimes, often generations, of shared, interdependent, albeit different lives, into feelings of enmity. 'I cannot explain it', said Harjit, a Sikh who lives close to border town of Attari, 'but one day our entire village took off to a nearby Muslim village on a killing spree. We simply went mad. And it has cost me fifty years of remorse, of sleepless nights—I cannot forget the faces of those we killed.' His feelings find an almost exact echo on the 'other side'—in those of Nasir
Hussain, a farmer and an ex-Army man: ‘I still cannot understand what happened to me and other youngsters of my age at that time. It was a matter of two days and we were swept away by this wild waves of hatred...I cannot even remember how many men I actually killed. It was a phase, a state of mind over which we had no control. We did not even know what we were doing.’ Like Harjit, he too is haunted by remorse for that moment of madness in his life.

Can the remorse for the acts already committed in a moment of rage and revenge be discounted? Can the willing actors and collaborators of violence suffer an amnesia? Butalia seems to suggest this aspect of forgetting the acts in particular without being out of remorse generated. This is a kind of partitioning of the being and the mind that can never be re-integrated. Events in which one is a partaker ad events that take away the ‘sense’ for which the event is committed are such that they keep the moment of collaboration into a state of suspension, as if such a moment is not a part of one’s lived and conscious life. Butalia explains the ruptures in one’s self conception in the example of Mangal Singh, who justified killing of seventeen family members, by insisting that women and children had ‘offered’ themselves up for death because death was preferable to what would almost certainly have
happened: conversion and rape'. On a question whether the family members weren’t afraid of death, he explained, Fear? Let me tell you one thing. You know this race of Sikhs? There’s no fear in them, no fear in the face of adversity. Those people [the ones who had been killed] had no fear. They came down the stairs into the big courtyard of our house that day and they all sat down and they said, you can make martyrs of—we are willing to become martyrs, and they did. Small children too...what was there to fear? The real fear was one of dishonour. If they had been caught by the Muslims, our honour, their honour would have been sacrificed, lost. It’s a question of one’s honour...if you have pride you do not fear. To this Butalia raised the question, ‘But who had the pride, and who the fear?’, which remained unanswered by Mangal Singh. Butalia indicates the larger issue of cycle of violence that was happening elsewhere, in other lives and for which, in an unbeknownst way, certain lives were destroyed from the community who were the victims. Butalia quoted newspaper reports on this mode of familial killings, which was termed as ‘revival of the Rajput tradition of self-immolation’, another mediaeval notion of ‘honour’ that indicted the invaders for rape and murder. The story of seventy women jumping into a well and committing suicide to save their honour from
such acts of self-immolation as a last ditch attempt to save one’s honour can be conceived as another kind of partition between life and death, the boundary between the two got so blurred that acts of killing are purveyed in terms of saving the ‘honour’ of life. The event of partition made such a transformation of cognition possible. Butalia makes a fine distinction between self-immolation out of ‘real fear’ and out of ‘imagined fear’ by quoting Basant Kaur, who survived from self-immolation drives. She narrated to Butalia,

(...) then we jumped into the well. All these had happened earlier, some things happened on 12th, some on the 13th and then, as night fell, the military trucks came to take us away. Four women were pulled out of the well (...). Four women, one was really beautiful, she had eight children, and she was saved. (...) when the water could not rise any more, those near the top were saved. 7

Such stories of survival also paint an extreme state of fear and frustration with life that arises from the perceived other. The intruding other in the form of a marauding mass armed with lethal weapons had been the apparent source of fear. This tale of the survivors. This strategy of insisting that violence occurred in our
village/lived space functions as a mechanism that allows the surviving villagers to situate that “our village” was the site of violence without an exception, that the inhabitants committed violence on themselves, and, when they did, it was “outsiders” who were responsible had been a narrative ploy of expressing the blame on the other. The strategy works in both ways: victims as well as perpetrators can situate or displace violence and replicate this tendency to silence or mask the atrocities of the past. Butalia opens up the event of self-immolation in a historically specific way,

The story referred to incidents of communal violence in Punjab that had actually begun some months before Partition, in March 1947. Early in this month, a number of Sikh villages in Rawalpindi district were attacked over a period of nine days (6 to 13 March, although in some places sporadic attacks continued up to 15 March). The attacks themselves were said to be in retaliation for Hindu attacks on Muslims in Bihar; also, the Sikh political leader, Tara Singh, is said to have made provocative statements in Lahore, to which Muslim political leaders had reacted. It is futile to speculate whose was the primary responsibility: the reality is that once it became clear that Partition would take place, both communities, Muslim and Hindu, started to attack each other. In
Rawalpindi district, in the villages of Thamali, Thoa Khalsa, Mator, Nara, and many others, the attacks ended on 13 March, when the army moved in and rescued what survivors were left. In many villages the entire population was wiped out; in others, there were a few survivors. (OSS:203)

Seemingly, political expediency surpasses the motivations to attack that also has an interpretative-fictional element. Butalia stresses on this aspect of reconstruction by laying bare a few instances of 'hidden histories' of how Partition had brought together the partitioned souls. She gives an account, Zainab was a young Muslim girl who was said to have been abducted while her family was on the move to Pakistan in a kafila. No one knows who her abductors were, or how many hands she passed through, but eventually Zainab was sold to a Jat from Amritsar district, Buta Singh. Like many men who either abducted women themselves or bought them, Buta Singh, who wasn't married at the time, performed the 'chhadar' ceremony and 'married' Zainab.⁸

Later when, Buta Singh's relatives inform the search party that looked for Zainab, she had to leave Buta, as like many other 'rescued' women, 'Zainab had no choice in the matter. She was forced to leave'. This story is a
queer mix of violence on the other as well as an expedient construction of the category of the ‘rescued’. Butalia interrogates the developing notions of women’s identity and sanctity in the face of enforced victimization. She pointed out that ‘women’ were doubly victimized, by their own communities as well as by the other. In her inimitable words,

(...) during partition and in so much of the recall of Partition, violence is seen as relating only to the other. This obscures the very important fact that many women of Hindu and Sikh communities must have seen the men of their communities as being perpetrators of violence against them—for just as there were ‘voluntary’ suicides, there were also mass murders.⁹

Butalia sets identities in motion through the figures of enforced vagrants and nomads, and by pushing identities into the realms of the spectral and enigmatic, she de-narrativizes the populist account of partition violence. The crucial questions that she raised are about ‘who speaks?’ The opposition between speech and silence occupies the key place in every narrative rendering of Subjects of partition violence. Every disclosure amounted to a narrative filling up the gap of one’s memory and experience. Both the violators and victims often refused to see themselves as what they
are, rather they invented some stories and myths to console themselves. Butalia negotiated this terrain of reconstruction through the very phenomenon, the phenomenon of partition that took an internal shape in the apparently manifest forms of torture and subjugation. Following Lyotard, one can call this entire attempt by the actors as an attempt to communicate the sublime. Butalia develops her own problematization of sublimated tales of victimhood by affirming,

I am concerned with a different reality, a different interpretation. Behind all the facts (...) lie human beings, real flesh-and-blood figures whose lives were profoundly affected by Partition. Some have lived, as my uncle has, with a sense of permanent loss and regret, others have lived with the trauma of rape, the conscious and always difficult process of the acceptance of so deep a violation as abduction; some with the knowledge that in the past they have killed...It is only when one is able to look behind and beyond the ‘facts’ of Partition, that these different, multi-layered histories begin to unfold.¹⁰ Such multi-layered histories assume the form of ‘necessary fiction’ that produces an ironic detachment and self-alienation that becomes a permanent ontological condition under which the partitioned ‘self’ comes into being. Such a self, as part of a multi-layered history sets a ‘rule’ for itself, the rule of ‘speaking’, the
content of which often is crossed out in the event that is spoken of. Butalia seeks a normative, rule-bound and interpretative method of understanding these histories by way of learning the 'pain and anguish' that no historical document can provide. At the same time, she is more interested to identify the lives and bodies on whom the histories are played out by way of retrieving their voice and by way of looking at what has been played out on them.

Who Speaks? Partitioning the Self and the Other
Butalia identified her Subjects as speakers of their experiences from a myriad of positions. Essentially a story of survivors, she categorizes them into 'victims' and 'violators'. In both the cases the boundary between life, death and choice has been made so thin that it emerges into 'memory' that incorporates a silence of distance from events across the border of time and space. In speaking one's memory of violence, killing and rape etc., can one commemorate these events of Partition in the same breath as the nation was born? What Butalia encounters is the setting, background and the context of nationalist narratives that she takes up as an exteriorized fragment that portrays a different reality. Following Carol Steedman, whom Butalia alludes to in formulating her position in terms of a history of Partition,
What do you commemorate? For people, for the State, what is at stake in remembering? To what do you have to be true in order to remember? It was not only the people killed those of the 'other' religion, but hundreds of instances they killed people of their own families; it was not only that men of one religion raped women of the other, but in hundreds of instances men of the same religion raped women of the same religion. What can you do that marks such a history as anything other than a history of shame? (...) such histories are not easily memorialized.\textsuperscript{11}

As memorialization becomes difficult for the shame ingrained in it, how does one speak? When the Subject is hardly stable and grounded in episodes of history, is there a necessary relation between the Subject and the world that can provide the basis for a speaking Subject? Can the speaking Subject invest in death and destruction the memory that constitutes the subjectivity of being an 'other'? This subjectivity of being an other cannot be 'amortized', as Derrida uses this notion in the context of speaking after Auschwitz, which in Butalia becomes an act of 'silence', 'shame' and of necessity an instance of negating what one speaks as not non-negatable. For Butalia, the incredulity of the content that one speaks of stems out of its very Subject and her experience. For example, abductions carried out by
people of 'other' religion takes away the voice of the abducted by literally abducting their being from 'speaking'. Those rescued are also recognized only as mute and repressed entities whose identity is somewhat warped. As such acts of brutalities cannot be carried out without committing a crime, the violators establish that the victims are Subjects of sudden rage or victims are weak. Such a devaluation of the humanity of victims is compensated in the description of the violators as if something captured them in their madness. The situation can be described in Sartre's language, Sons of violence, at every instance draw their humanity from it: we were human beings at their expense; they are making themselves human beings at ours. Butalia focuses on both sons and daughters of violence, who draw their humanity from the instances of violence. She exemplifies those instances in a manner that tries not to conjure death and torture, but produces a thought that remains near its own referent. An example of negotiation of peace that took place during Partition over the exchange of a woman, who supposedly had an affair with the rioting community, is depicted by Butalia in this manner: 'In many villages where negotiations had taken place, often women were traded in for freedom'. She narrates what her informant Bir Bahadur told her,
It was like this, when all the fighting started, then there were also attempts at settlements. After all, a fight means a settlement. So the Musalmaans came to make a settlement. They said they would allow us to stay on in our homes if we gave them a girl. There was one Musalmaan, he was quite strong. He was a kind of loafer, he used to work the land, but he wanted this girl. He had some kind of relationship with her. They kept asking for this girl, saying if you give her to us, we'll send the Musalmaans away. And People were discussing this, saying she is a bad girl anyway, she has a relationship with him, what's the use of keeping her? You see when it comes to saving your life, nothing counts. (my italics) So a sort of decision was taken to give her away...At the time, there was no question of what she wanted. It was a question of the honour of the village. (OSS:76)

Bir Bahadur’s narrative reveal how women’s bodies and being were attached a price tag for peace by the ‘other’. There again the question of honour became primarily significant that took away her voice. The implication of honour in the form that honour of the community lay in not allowing ‘our women’ to be violated is now reversed in this uncanny exchange for saving the honour of the village. Such an exchange subverts the very being of the women, which is ascribed in her being a member of
the nation, society and community, but all these entities exercise a kind of primal control on this subject woman's sexuality in order to save itself from an aggression of the other. This kind of subversion of being and especially women's being is what Butalia considered as a mockery of their 'being alive' that too if and only if 'others had not given up their lives. Butalia explains this.

The implication all along is that the power of such a supreme sacrifice worked to frighten away the aggressors, that once they saw how strong the women were, how determined to preserve the honour of the community, they backed off in the face of such power. In effect, the notion of honour lay in the notion of women's power through which the community wanted not to give up its honour. This very concept of 'honour' and 'power' are both inscribed on the body and the being of the women. Although women are made to sacrifice and suffer, being at the receiving end, they could not become willing partners in this masculine flow of exchange. It is rather the 'breach' of women's own honour that compelled them to resist the brute power of the other and when such a breach happens, it erases the being of women completely. Several such narratives of erasure tell us that women on both sides of the divide become the 'object; of repression in terms of her
sexuality. Butalia tries to reconstruct the lost honour of women from her informant’s narratives, as these speaker try to draw the humanity of women as well as their own from the instances of violation. At this point one can profitable refer to what Lyotard says, in his essay entitled, “Discussions, or Phrasing ‘after Auschwitz’”. Lyotard says this about language by quoting Adorno from *Negative Dialectics*,

After Auschwitz there is no word tinged from on high, not even a theological one, that has any right unless it underwent a transformation. If death were that absolute which philosophy tried in vain to conjur positively, everything is nothing; all that we think, too, is, thought into void. Butalia marks the transformation of both thought and language into the void of death and Destruction that cannot be amortized in language. It is rather illegible in language, as after Partition, speaking about Partition cannot produce an affirmative and positive account of experience that cannot reconstitute itself in the name of ‘honour’ and ‘power’. Indeed such concepts are turned into a para-experience that perpetuates itself in the exteriorized discourse of identity that produces only a chatter of memory without even forming a context for it. The violators and victims both get sublated in this discursive grammar of an ungrounded memory, as they
substitute each other in the larger drama of partitioning
the self and the other.

**Enactments of Silence and Place**

Butalia cites the example of the child Murad, who had
to leave India to spend a safe life in Lahore. Butalia
informs us that Murad experienced the ‘deep lines’ that
Partition had drawn on his life by just being an ‘other’ to
his Hindu neighbours and at fifty he is able to recover
himself from the shock of being pushed into Pakistan.
Butalia also tells us that Murad recounted his childhood
experiences of partition at 50 years of age. His distance
from the events gave his narrative a ‘self-conscious
recovery’ that helped Butalia to make ‘sense of an
experience that may otherwise have been
incomprehensible to the child who lived it’. Let us quote
a part of what Murad told his interviewers,
I would always be out playing...My maternal uncle
took me to their home. They thought I would be
killed while I was playing out on the streets. One
day, we were inside the house. My uncle came in
and sat down. Sikhs came!

(...) First they knocked my uncle down... I
thought I would also be killed and tried to get out.
Sugarcane chaff was piled at the back. I jumped
into it and wrapped myself with the stuff. (...) My
uncle who had been killed had given a few coins...Then we came to a camp nearby. It was miserable there. A man was bringing the sugarcane and another was cutting this into pieces. If they saw a Muslim they would kill him. Somehow hiding, we reached the camp. Near the camp there was a sugarcane field, no food to be had, we lay on the ground and passed the time.

(...) Then there were lorries to leave for Pakistan. (...) The lorries owned by the Muslims came. We got in. We got out at Wagah border. Now find your way, they said. Nowhere to go, I thought. I did not know the way. I started following someone from Jalandhar. I would not spend the few coins I had. They would be needed if things got worse. As I reached Sahedra night was falling. There were date trees and shrubs all around. People were miserable and sick with cholera. I left the place and moved towards a village called Attari. I saw an old woman. I said, mother, I want to stay here. 'You can stay here,' she said. 'Where have you come from?' she asked. 'From a well to an abyss', I replied, 'I have no relatives.'

This extract tells us what is far from a consistent experience. With the narrative emplotment of time and its passage as the victims lay on the ground and with the metonymic expression, 'from well to the abyss', the
meanings of this experience is hardly speakable. Butalia brings out the unspoken interior of Murad's narrative as she remarked, ‘we lay there and passed time’ is how he describes an experience that must surely have been full of fear-almost as if the whole thing was a game, is one way of making sense of an experience that may otherwise have been incomprehensible to the child who lived it.¹⁵

Butalia is interested to discover legibility, linearity and coherence in the narrative of the Child, which cannot be found in the disclosure, as the experience of fear is hardly captured in the interior of the narrative. The coherence achieved by this spoken narrative has only a semblance of coherence as if its connotations of fear and loss do not contribute to its coherence. It is rather the narrative sense of fear and loss (from well to abyss) and the supposed recovery from such states of negativity fifty years later cannot erase the feel that Murad felt that he had nowhere to go. In a meaningful sense, although Murad succeeds in recounting his story, but he cannot give the signifiers of fear, loss, pathos and place a well-defined signified, rather the coherence of signifiers break down as one tries of think of the state of Murad at the moment of persecution. Neither Murad's own consciousness can execute the experience of being
haunted and persecuted on itself, nor his addresses can recover the crossed out segments of his consciousness, while his spoken narrative merely produces a hermeneutic coherence of representations that does not find its reference in his discourse. Although the narrative allows us to make sense of his speech from a lost horizon of experience and reconstructs it for now, the play of such senses on the event under discussion produce an aporia of reference. Butalia universalizes Murad’s aporia in terms of his attempts to make sense to his interviewers, but it remains untouched in the designation of his experience that scrambles to find a reference in its movement across temporal and historical disjunctions. Murad only produces one of the links in the unsynthesized history of partitioning of beings that present themselves in the phrases of an experience. When Butalia characterized Murad’s experience of lying in the field, ‘as if the whole thing was a game’, she is only articulating what Murad also wanted to articulate in a performative manner and in the process, Murad only throws up codes of his experience, as he is already an experienced man. How does one characterize Murad’s experience? Butalia’s way of characterizing it as self-conscious recovery afterwards erases the lost contours of being persecuted, which she so faithfully brings out by attributing ‘game’ to the script of Murad’s experience. The apparent coherence of Murad’s
experience fits it to an existing ‘regime of phrases’, named as Partition, but does not fit there is his voice seeking its signified in its lived time. Butalia sums up this narrative framing of Partition in a dialectical irresolution,

Silence and Speech. Memory and Forgetting. Pain and healing. (...) In every telling I found a different Partition, in every story a different experience. (...) for the researcher, is it better to ‘allow’ silence or to ‘force’ speech? Butalia merely calls into picture the unresolved sides of dialectical oppositions between speech and silence etc. in order to highlight the impossibility of seeking a resolution of the trauma and pain attached to experiences of victims and violators. The contradiction between the descriptions of a narrative recuperation of the effects of Partition, from the beginning acts as an effect that can never find its cause. The impossibility of speaking the experience has transformed the phrases into a description that transcribes without a determination. Butalia traverses this impossibility through the irresolvable partition of conflicting parties. The obligation to narrate, for the speakers, lies in being ‘near itself’ and ‘for us’, for an external we, an abstract entity that refers to belonging to a nation/community. Partition never allows the self to be truly ‘for itself’ or ‘for the other’.

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Such an experience of transnational portioning is hybrid. It is also a trans-location due to supposed non-identity of the actors of the time, who now lie beyond the immediate contests of a boundary that needs to be negotiated or transgressed. This exposes speaking to the disorder of trauma, flux, and upheaval, and reveals that what appears to be natural and settled on either side of the boundary is in fact disorienting and fluid. This discovery leads their characters to relocate their pasts, traditions, ancestry, community, and identity. In these speakers of Partition, the liminal figure of hybridity marks unknowability and undecidability, not just contamination and mixture. It is argued that their 'hybrid negotiations' enrich our experience of the Partitioned world by imaginatively opening up other possible worlds for scrutiny across time and space. The multiplicity of Partition acts as historical and cross-cultural ironies. They bring in palimpsests and double-exposures. Figures of such irony talk in catachrestical figures employing doubling, splitting, substitution and exchange; the rhetorical devices of chiasmus and metonymy, and the intercultural practices of mimicry, trespassing and undecidability.
Endnotes:


3. OSS: 46.

4. OSS: 73

5. Ibid: 195

6. Ibid.: 197

7. Ibid.: 203

8. Ibid.: 127

9. Ibid.: 215

10. Ibid.: 94

11. Ibid.: 362


13. OSS: 210


15. OSS: 288

16. OSS: 356.

17. Homi K. Bhabha’s notion of hybridity assumes a form of inter-community mix up by way of occasional displacements and resettlements. The term ‘hybrid negotiations’ signify the capacity of such mixed up Subject to negotiate their predicament from a position of in-between. See, Homi K. Bhabha, *Location of Culture* (London: Routledge, 1995) 67-75.