Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

Salman Rashid's A Time of Madness ---A Memoir of Partition: A Testament of Personal Odyssey

P.V.Laxmiprasad*
Asst. Professor, Dept of English
Satavahana University, Karimnagar

ABSTRACT

Salman Rashid is Pakistan's most prominent travel writer. He has written nine travel novels. His debut memoir is titled A Time of Madness. The partition of India in 1947 into two separate nations, Pakistan and India, was considered a manoeuvre by the Colonial British to use Divide and Rule tactics. The end consequence was deadly mayhem. People lost their identity while attempting to establish themselves in a new nation and their native country. In the ensuing mass migration, they were scarred and exiled. Millions of innocent individuals were treated inhumanely. The turmoil and disorder of life danced on them. This book depicts the author's personal adventure against this background. To the readers, his own experiences are a stark reality. "Consequently, when the memory of Partition is irrevocably obliterated with the rise of my generation, we shall be left with no hope," he finishes the Memoir. The greatest tragedy will not be the loss of lives and property during the 1947 turmoil. Those efforts would have been in vain since they never inspired us."

Keywords: Memoir, *Salman Rashid, Hindu-majority India, Partition, A Time of Madness.*

Salman Rashid is Pakistan's leading travel writer. He has nine travel books to his credit. A Time of Madness is his first memoir. The Partition of India in 1947 into two independent states like Pakistan and India was seen as a move of Divide and Rule politics adopted by the Colonial British. The outcome resulted in bloody mayhem. People lost their identity in their attempt to settle down in a new country and their home country. They became displaced and disfigured in the mass exodus that followed. Millions of innocent people were inhumanly victimized. The chaos and unruly life danced on them. It is against this backdrop that this memoir showcases the author's personal odyssey. His first–hand experiences are a glaring reality to the readers. In this research paper, it is, as usual, the theme of Partition that recurs frequently as with those of other works dealt with in the past. But, this work is considered to be an authentic memoir in

* Authors: P. V. Laxmiprasad
Email: laxmiprasad.puram@gmail.com
Received 14 Oct. 2022; Accepted 21 Oct. 2022. Available online: 25 Oct. 2022.
Published by SAFE. (Society for Academic Facilitation and Extension)

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

more than one respect as it deals with someone like Salman Rashid whose family fled to Pakistan after those of unspeakable brutalities in the Indian city of Jalandhar in Punjab. It is studied from an insider's personal experiences by Salman Rashid. The background of this memoir is Partition in 1947. To recollect what exactly had happened in August 1947, when, after three hundred years in India, the British finally left, the subcontinent was partitioned into two independent nation states Hindu-majority India and Muslim-majority Pakistan. Immediately, there began one of the greatest migrations in human history, as millions of Muslims trekked to West and East Pakistan (the latter now known as Bangladesh) while millions of Hindus and Sikhs headed in the opposite direction. Many hundreds of thousands never made it. To quote from a review:

> This book is an account of what he discovers when he visits India in the search of his ancestral home in Jalandhar (Punjab). What I liked the most about the author is that he has written this book in an unbiased manner. He makes commentary on everything without taking any sides. He also goes back to the history and tells how this country came to be known as India and further goes on to explain the absurdity of the idea of the Partition (Books n Myself, January 4, 2018).

Across the Indian subcontinent, communities that had coexisted for almost a millennium attacked each other in a terrifying outbreak of sectarian violence, with Hindus and Sikhs on one side and Muslims on the other—a mutual genocide as unexpected as it was unprecedented. In Punjab and Bengal—provinces abutting India's borders with West and East Pakistan, respectively—the carnage was especially intense, with massacres, arson, forced conversions, mass abductions, and savage sexual violence. Some seventy-five thousand women were raped, and many of them were then disfigured or dismembered.

In this brilliant memoir, Salman Rashid, who is himself a well-known travel writer, made the journey back to his ancestral village to uncover the truth. The memoir is titled *A Time of Madness*. He presents the story of what he had discovered with great poignancy and grace. It is at once a tale of unspeakable brutalities but also a testament to the uniquely human traits of forgiveness, redemption, and the resilience of the human spirit. He returns to his roots in India to understand what happened to his family in 1947. He writes of his desire to come to India not merely to see the 'enemy' country but also to attempt to unravel the mystery about his family, the circumstances in which they had left their ancestral lands in Ughi and their home in Jalandhar, and why they always maintained a stoic silence about the events that transpired out there during horrific days of August 1947.

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

According to Bhupinder Singh (Wire Books), "However, this is more of a digression, and the book's uniqueness lies in its view of the partition not in terms of statistics, but the way it impacted people and their subsequent generations" (5). The memoir is a deeply personal journey, yet one which is relevant to us all. His observations have become nonetheless 'public'. One finds this account of a very personal odyssey. To quote a reviewer, "At another level one senses a confluence, a coming together of the man and his journeys, a point where the experience of discovery is as much as of the external world as one of self-realization, "a coming home" (Sirajuddin, APNA English Articles).

When one comes to Rashid's memoir, one finds it absorbingly refreshing and the narrative gets one into deep penetrations of Partition. It is good to see the experiences of the writer who not only writes but also from the perspective of trauma and mental agony that left people in 1947. He begins his memoir with a recollection of what he had carried from there and what he brought back in return. He writes:

On the twentieth day of March 2018, I headed home for the first time in my life. I was fifty –six years and a month old. Walking across the border gates at Wagah, I was on my way to the fulfillment of family pietas of very long-standing. I was going to a home I had never known; a home in a foreign land, a land that state propaganda wanted me to believe was enemy territory. But I knew it as a country where my ancestors had lived and died over countless generations. This was the home where the hearth kept the warmth of a fire first kindled by a matriarch many hundred years, nay, a few thousand years, ago and which all of a sudden had been extinguished in a cataclysm in 1947 (Rashid, 1).

One wonders as to what made Rashid visit the country was one of historical partition. Here, the history of partition has been decisive and grueling in many respects. People underwent trauma from which innumerable killings and violence of sorts held them. But for a writer like Salman Rashid, Partition was a singular moment in time that for him, home ceased to be home. He looked at it as a great upheaval and saw that one part of the family made it across the border to become a tiny part of huge data. Among them were many families uprooted from their homes. Another part of the family also became a statistic – a grim and ghastly one. More than one million unfortunate souls paid with their blood for the division of India and the foundation of the new country of Pakistan for Muslims. Salman Rashid recollects that among those who died were not just Muslims who lived east of the new line drawn by Cyril Radcliffe. They were Sikhs, Hindus, and even Jains who had homes thousands of years old.

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

Salman Rashid was born four years and six months after the dreadful event. He knew that Partition in an indirect sort of way that the family had suffered terribly in what the elders referred to as Partition. In his description, Partition wounds are alive once again to the readers. "The inhumanity of man against fellow man, of neighbors slaughtering those with whom they shared a common wall, was never spoken of" (Rashid, 2). Further, he did not know it as a child. The very mention of partition triggered in him so many terrible experiences – the loss of parents, sisters, a grandparent, and a home. The author recollects the incident as to how Partition caused them to get back into those nostalgic experiences in a lively but gripping narration.

> I remember being told by my mother that my father was known to have never wept. Not even as a child. But one wintry day in the late 1960s, he asked for boiled potatoes and sprinkled them with salt and black pepper, and bit into them, still piping hot. As he was eating the potatoes, he casually mentioned how his own father had loved them like this. Later my mother said she had seen his eyes mist. This was the only indication of grief associated with the memory of Partition, the home in Jalandhar and all those who had once lived there and had failed to make it across Radcliffe's line (Rashid, 3).

Further, Rashid goes on to recollect how his cousin, who on his return to Pakistan, brought something which interested him very much. According to him, "In 1985, when I lived in Karachi, Abdul Haq, a cousin of my mother's, who had been brought up in my grandfather's home in Jalandhar, returned to that town for the first time since Partition. The image he gave my parents had a house in the middle with a penned arrow pointing to it" (7). It is a recollection of those Partition wounds one after the other. The home in Jalandhar was named Hamid Manzil after Chan. The two nations had visitors on either side making Partition refreshingly alive. But the author painfully describes the division as, "this may have just been misplaced fear, but that was clearly how citizens in a state growing increasingly paranoid behaved" (7).

The author had a saga of problems in getting a Visa to go to India. In an interesting episode that followed up with the author for Visa, it was more of a twist and turn. "Filling those horrendous five–page passports and filled-in forms asking for tedious details was soul-destroying business – and in quintuplicate – yet the lure of India made me do it" (8). In yet another shocking episode, the author was denied Visa to visit India. It is thus put in a bit of frustrated and agitated mind as, "Since all seats were taken, I was standing to one side when he completely surprised me. He asked a younger man to vacate his chair and coming up to me, very civilly addressing me as 'sahib', asked me to take it. When everyone else's papers were collected, but mien surprisingly were not, the Bouncer came to me and said: Sahib, I suggest

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

you leave, you are not getting a bija" (8). In 2008, while applying for Visa again, the author recollects that the High Commission had not put him on record as having been refused, a major hindrance in subsequent attempts for a visa. By official record, he has never applied.

In February 2008, he was invited to dinner at the house of the Indian High Commissioner. They had walked into the living room and Satyabrata Pal and his wife came forward to greet them. The moment the author found them welcoming him, he had straightaway asked him, "Do you know yours is the only country to ever deny me a visa?" (9). There was a story behind such a question. As Salman Rashid was a columnist, the High Commissioner was a regular reader of his weekly history column that had appeared in Daily Times as well as his works as a travel writer. Then he shared those painful events of partition in 1947. He was lucky enough to get the papers from the High Commissioner as soon as he returned to Lahore.

Finally, after a long and anticipated wait and after sixty-one years after Partition, Salman Rashid got his first-ever Indian Visa. Interestingly, the author observed that Pakistanis and Indians get only city-specific visas and are not permitted free run on the other side of the common border. Both countries hampered visitors with requirements of reporting to the police when entering or leaving a city and travelers have been known to be hassled or even arrested if found in a city not specified on the visa. However, the author was issued a visa to enable him to visit Amritsar, Jalandhar, the ancestral village of Ughi, Delhi, and Solan without police reporting. It was a special treat for him to could cross the border between Wagah on his side and Attari on the Indian side by foot. On the morning of 20 March 2008, the author left for India along with an elderly Indian gentleman. There were several exchanges between them as they crossed the border. Bribery was a more common thing in those days too. It was traditional too. He had neither Pakistani money nor Indian rupees in five hundred. Finally, he managed to get it and offered him two hundred Pakistani. He had vivid glimpses to present as one who was crossing the border. At Pir Ali, the border post just across the pass in China, local entrepreneurs had set up stalls selling alcohol and they made a pretty penny because of thirsty Pakistani tourists steeped in the hypocrisy spawned by the cock-eyed politics of that accursed duplicitous general who then ruled their land.

His encounters with Dr. Parminder Singh, Chairman of the English Department at Guru Nanak Dev University, and later his visits to a 'drinking bar' along with raja figured in the memoir. These memories haunted the author in Amritsar very much. From there, he boarded the Shatabhdhi Express in the pre-dawn darkness. It was not yet light when he stopped at Jalandhar

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

railway station. He recollected that this could be another life in Jallandhar and would have been in a different history to narrate. He visited the two-storied house called Habib Manzil, an ancestral house that his parents had left in 1947. History is alive for the author through the structures that he visited. It was a homecoming for him. His train journey covered 400 kilometers between Amritsar and Delhi in six hours and thirty minutes. He compares the Indian railways with that Pakistani railways in the description:

The sound of the train whizzing along the modern track is the same as I have heard in the West, almost like a thin scream because of the high speed at which it runs on perfectly laid tracks. In Pakistan, trains are lumbering slowpokes in which it is almost impossible to manage a cup of tea without spilling even as they crawl along at less than 10 kilometers per hour. The tracks – those few that still operate after most have either been uprooted or simply closed – are antiquated despite claims by authorities that they have been revamped. For many years my favorite train was the Lahore- Rawalpindi rail car that was supposed to cover 220 kilometers in five –and – a half hours (18).

The author wondered why Pakistan could not have a railway like India's. Perdition began with the setting up of the army-run National Logistic Cell (NLC) in 1978 by the deceitful dictator general. In a nutshell, Pakistan Railway was a microcosm of the rest of the country, which had been turned into a free-for-all by the military dictator of sham piety. India, to the author, was a vast country with a population to match, did the right thing by upgrading its railway system. India has not only revamped old lines, but it has also ensured the proper working of the system. If a train is to halt at a station, it more or less does that. Even on a comparative basis, a one–minute halt can drag on to twenty or more minutes. In some cases, it exceeded the usual allocations, and it goes to several thirty-minute halts. A sarcastic type of observation was made by the author when he referred to, "Ask a railway official and he will tell you this is 'take on water'. As if Pakistan is the only country where trains need water" (20). As he reached Delhi, he was received by an assistant of Vijay Pratap who was introduced to him by Tahseen in Lahore. Friendships forge good relationships too. This was how he was accommodated in a guest house in JNU, New Delhi. The author witnessed the colorful Holi celebrations in Delhi in the evening, "From the rooftops children were flinging colored water balloons on passers-by in the street" (20). He has seen Delhi and everything it has to offer. Connaught Place and the ruins of Tughlakabad were particularly impressive to the author. It was more like a pilgrimage for him in the end. His visits to Irwin hospital brought him closer to where his late

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

uncle Dr. Habib ur Rehman had worked as an intern. “Irwin Hospital no longer exists. The old buildings have been replaced by new, multi-storeyed ones. The dream of walking the corridors where Chan walked more than sixty years ago could not be realized” (22). Thus the author spent full three days in India. On the fourth day, he saw the first evidence of cross-religious hostility. His memories haunt him frequently about the house in Solan and most of all, the one in Jalandhar. Then he arrived at the house he was dreaming to visit still recognizable from the 1985 photo despite the large signs covering half of the first-floor facade. To him, it remained unchanged from that dreadful moment in August 1947 when its owner Dr. Badriduddin, violently passed away from this life. It was a nightmarish experience for him to visit it in dilapidated condition. “Habib Manzil” brought him many memories of yesteryears as a visitor. It at once invoked in him a kind of painful nostalgia. “If history had not taken the course it took in August 1947, if the Muslims had not resorted to Direct Action in Bombay and Kolkata in 1946, if Master Tara Singh had not carried out his dreadful massacre of Muslims in the event of division, if the Muslims of Rawalpindi district had not begun unprovoked attacks on Sikh and Hindu families in March 1947 and if the trains carrying Hindu and Sikh refugees from what was to be Pakistan had not been attacked, Habib Manzil, I almost saw myself looking down from the ornate windows watching the world go by in the street below” (35). His vivid memories take the readers back to the days when his father used to say, “Fools build houses; wise men live in them” (35). Such reminders landed the author in complete attachment. Even in adversity, he repeated that same phrase even as they drifted from smaller to smaller homes. He got back to that house that was spread over 2500 square meters; the palatial house was in the last stages of completion when its owner had to migrate across the new border. It had deprived him of the will to live and prosper. “I feel partition had made my father self-destructive” (36). The loss in Jalandhar that he never spoke of had made him simply give up. Habib Manjil is replaced by the alley called Krishna Street.

Yet another memorable incident that the author recollected was one of Gurdial Singh, the maker of musical instruments and who was an old resident of Jalandhar. Hoping against hope, the author would visit him to get some facts and who was a short walk away from Bhagat Singh Chowk.

Gurdial Singh, in his late seventies, was the typical Lahore: the same loud and infectious laugh, the sociability, the ready wit, and the unrestrained ease to crack a risqué joke. His little shop was crowded with stringed instruments, mostly guitars and sitars with a few violins in various

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

stages of construction or repair. But even he could not help me for he had migrated from Lahore to Jalandhar as a young man during the turmoil of partition. Back in the home city, he had lived in Bawa Park near Scotch Corner – a quiet, upper–class suburb in the elbow formed by the canal and Upper Mall (50).

The author recollected that Gurdial Singh spoke passionately of Lahore, of his youthful years in the city he still loved and yearned to go back to. "His feeling and warmth nearly brought tears to my eyes" (50). He further exchanged that since entering India, this was not the first time that he had found himself wondering why it all had to occur. In Pakistan, he knew dozens of people yearning to return, just once, to a home their elders had known in India. It is in the words of grief and agony that the author points to a home that brings back innumerable experiences. One of them was that "And here we have people like Gurdial Singh who cannot forget the home of a past life or Dipakshi, Ram Saroop's wife, who dreams of a time in the future when the border will dissolve to enable ordinary people to travel to the land of their ancestors. The heartache straddles three generations" (51).

The memories of the author got telescoped in the memoir. One of the vivid memories of partition was killing his co-religionists. The people killed their neighbors in the enemy country. It was an account of terror that the migrant family witnessed. Salman Rashid describes it:

The Bajwas of Klasswala, who were respected and well-known in the area too were on the same train fleeing the home they had known for centuries. The train stopped, most of it on the bridge with only the last car still on the embankment, while the men outside of the track waited for the refugees to alight. The noise was about killing them in retaliation because Muslims fleeing westward across India had been massacred. For the first time, Darshan Singh was truly terrified. I did not ask him, but I imagine he would have clung to a parent and asked if they were all going to die. I wonder how the parent would have consoled his agitated mind (58).

Moments slipped by in the course of this episode. The gathered crowd armed with guns, clubs, swords, and farm implements ready to kill and rape quieted down. It is interesting to observe that the men who would have murdered them as compensation for the death of Muslims elsewhere silently watched them leave. Yet another incident the author reminded his readers was about the gripping account that followed, " The time of heightened hatred and madness their Hindu and Sikh neighbors and friends came forward with unflinching courage to stand by them" (61). The Sattar family one that the author described in the narration interests the readers.

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

Many offered Sattar's family refuge in their own homes while they waited out the insanity. They could return home and continue to live as they always had. The goodness of the soul among one set of people of one religion that preserved the family of Abdus Sattar in Ambala was no different from that which kept Darshan Singh and his fellows from harm on Jassar Bridge. "Surely if things had only taken just a slightly different turn, this goodness would have prevailed across the land. Then this, the greatest human transmigration accompanied by dreadful bloodshed, would not have happened" (61). If the millions who made it across the border, and as many who lost their homes, their loved ones, and finally their lives have become part of a 'huge data', a mere statistic, in Rashid's book there is an attitudinal redrafting. The moment he crosses the border he is interacting with a living land and with living people. The spontaneity and acuteness of his observations and responses are fresh, animated, at times quirkily humorous, and above all, imaginative: 'two cultural shocks awaited me as we neared town: girls in jeans and t-shirts zooming about on scooters and pigs rooting in garbage dumps'. Two cultures and religions were at systematic clash with each other. Unity was turned into disunity. Love was turned into hatred. Finally, all harmony was damaged between the people of Pakistan and India. Next, the author focused on his generation since partition and attributed the reasons that Muslims rendered for Pakistan. He claims that "immense sacrifices Muslims rendered for Pakistan have passed. We no longer hear this slanted phrase. I could have told them that it was not Muslims alone who sacrificed for Pakistan. There were as many –if not more –Hindus, Jains, and Sikhs who being economically way better off in West Punjab than the Muslims of the east, forfeited much more for us to have Pakistan. But that is a loss we prefer to ignore" (98). An unbiased Salam Rashid appeared when he refers to those procedures by Indian government soon after partition which consists of foresight and utmost caution. "If the Indian government quickly formulated procedures for claims of property from incoming refugees, Pakistan did nothing of the sort" (98). Still, his impartial presentation had more to do with refugees and their property on either side. It is a pragmatic approach when one considers all these important issues, in particular of a writer like Salman Rashid. More research went into this memoir. More inputs made it a good memoir too. Unlike India where there was not much-abandoned property to go by, Pakistan had a surfeit of rich lands and huge mansions left by fleeing Zamindars and businessmen. Pakistan swiftly became a free-for-all real estate Mecca. Partition displaced people to a greater extent in terms of property.

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

Even as incoming refugees enriched themselves with abandoned assets, natives broke into evacuee properties to become their owners – some of these properties were the very ones they had volunteered to protect until the madness passed and the real owners could return to reclaim them. But within days of the great divide, everyone knew that those who had departed were never returning (98).

The Pakistani bureaucracy became part of this cultural plunder. The author had such accounts from his friends that serve as a dishonorable epitome of what the country became so swiftly. He laughingly remarked Pakistan as *chabi wala mulk* – literally, a wind-up toy country. He felt that this wasn't the grief of his own family. It was a studied silence. And silence explodes like a bomb. For the author, it was a sense of shame for what they had become. "The connotation of my phrase was, and still is, disparaging for it shows how easy enrichment had suddenly become for the poor and the venal. It was as if Pakistan was created as a shortcut to wealth for not-so-rich Muslims. Affluence was not an outcome of years of hard toil; for refugees and natives alike in the new Pakistan, this sudden enrichment was windfall" (99). In the ultimate analysis, Pakistan became a society in mutation, not evolution: it destroyed the people's psyche and shredded the social fabric of the new country. "We quickly became a nation of upstart show–offs" (99) echoes the spirit of the author's honest evaluation of the country and people.

Salman Rashid goes typically philosophical in the memoir. His brilliant analysis of Partition madness was well supported by authentically examined testaments in true but realistic sorts. An amalgamation of incidents and objects was closely scrutinized. To him, evil is learned swiftly. Goodness takes generations to become part of one's consciousness. Shortcuts became their preferred way of life. "Whether we walk, or drive or seek wealth and fame, we devise shortcuts. What was easily acquired during the unsettled years immediately after Pakistan, taught Pakistanis to live by flash" (100). Successive governments in Pakistan did little better. A good example of this could be seen when the country has always squandered foreign loans on unnecessary luxuries worth millions of rupees. The loan became a burdensome enterprise to clear in the end. Pakistan went into huge debt. People in Pakistan realized all the wrong lessons from partition. "We internalized the savagery and violence accompanying the creation of Pakistan" (100) speaks of the horrendous terrors of partition. At the same time, the author observes that they were finding newer and newer bugbears to feed their latent savagery. The military dictator bequeathed them laws and terrorist organizations to persecute religious minorities, even minorities within common religion. Religious-based murders became the

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

order of the day. Pakistan witnessed police officers losing their lives for the work they did against terrorists. In another similar case, at least one judge, a man of courage and principle, had to flee the country after sentencing the murderer of Governor Salmaan Taseer. "In October 2011, Judge Pervez Ali Shah fled to the Middle east upon receiving death threats and to this day reportedly lives in Saudi Arabia" (102). If people of the highest authority fled the country fearing security cover, what would be the fate of the common man in Pakistan? Law and order became a prominent issue in Pakistan. In yet another piece that dealt with violence. Pakistan took on the people of Balochistan. The author writes that the Kill- and –dump policy followed by army–led law enforcement agencies may have eliminated a few separatist rebels but in a larger measure it wholly targets blameless Baloch youth. "In 2007, I knew things were out of control when a Baloch friend said it had become difficult to be a Baloch" (102).

In those days of Partition lawlessness, people learned that the state as represented by the white man no longer existed. They feared its power in the 1950s; it was only a hangover of colonial times. By the 1960s, the author recalled that it had completely worn off. "In 1968, phone boxes were installed on The Mall and in Gulberg in Lahore. As in the West, each was equipped with a telephone directory besides the pay phone. Within twenty-four hours of installation, the phone books were stolen. Next, the microphones and speakers in the handsets went. In less than a week, only the empty phone boxes, stripped off all fittings, remained" (103) speaks of a looted state in new Pakistan. This rampant vandalization executed on the streets of Lahore may well speak of a new state in Pakistan. It is as if Pakistan is under enemy occupation and its people are bent upon causing as much damage to the occupiers as is within their power. 'Enemy country' became a word of common usage in both Pakistan and India. It continues even now. The lessons of partition left many wounds on both sides. Jinnah, as the author quoted him, "Every successive government (Pakistan) will be worse than its predecessor" (104). Military leadership ruled the country. Intellectual decay is widespread. Pakistan, as the author finds becomes a progressively feeble-minded state. To him, it seems more like scum riding the flow of a sewer. Even a casual incident like maintaining traffic signals in Pakistan created lawlessness. "Everyone openly and without fear of penalty does everything that is against the law, for they know in Pakistan the state does not exist" showed how people there became violators of the law. The author attributes such anarchy to the time of great madness. It was madness unleashed by politicians who had no clue as to what they were doing. Resting upon communalism, the author reiterated the Two-Nation Theory was nurtured by Jinnah only after

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

he was politically sidelined by Mahatma Gandhi and rebuffed by Muslim religious leaders in the 1920s. After years in the wilderness, Jinnah changed tack and abandoned his champion of Hindu-Muslim unity. The theory was created two hundred years after a thousand-year-long Muslim domination of India had ended. According to the theory, Hindus and Muslims could never be reconciled. He was sympathetic with Lala Lajpat Rai and Raj Mohan Gandhi in his treatment of Indian national leaders. Then he refers to Mohammed Iqbal, Pakistan's national poet, who was at the turn of his century, writing nationalistic poetry declaring Hindustan as the finest place in the entire world. He was a proponent of unity across religions; his poetry accused the mullah and the pundit of spreading ignorance and discord – a crime for which he was roundly censured by the mullahs. This reflects his sincerity as a writer. When Iqbal was in the UK between 1905 and 1908, everything changed him. Iqbal returned home to become a champion of reclaiming Muslim glory. Unity was no byword. Here, the author questioned the politics of the day when he put forth' "But if the politics and philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi could bring about religious cohesion between the years 1919 to 1921, why could other political leaders not build upon it?" (111). Such illustrations justify his unbiased approach when he deals with memoir. The Politics of Jinnah came under attack in the memoir for maintaining divisive actions. Division of India into two states was shown as, "the haste to divide India precipitated population transfer. Saner, steadier minds at work would have rendered this needless and sanguinary exodus unnecessary" (114). Instead, partition was a midwife in an exactly opposite manner. It was, as if, according to the author, wished to teach the people of India a lesson for their impudence in demanding freedom from the Raj. It brought both liberal-minded rulers as well as autocratic-minded rulers. The contributions of Liaqat Ali khan and Ayub khan are reminded to the readers. He admitted that Pakistan leadership did everything wrong. It is interesting to quote Salman Rashid when he said, the few giants of the early years after partition all stand replaced by pygmies everywhere one looks" (115). Pakistan became slaves to international monetary agencies that pumped in loans so that even as her leaders misappropriated the funds to enrich themselves beyond measure. "Pakistan hurtled down the dark tube of debt –ridden perdition" (123). He accepted with all humility and simplicity that Pakistan is the Sick ma of the World, ravaged by leaders whose abject mental vacuity and spinelessness is matched only by insatiable rapacity. His family paid for so dearly in the end.

In conclusion, the author remarkably described that as the generation that suffered directly during the partition riots away from this life, the memory of that great loss ebbs from the

Creative Saplings, Vol. 01, No. 07, Oct. 2022
ISSN-0974-536X, https://creativesaplings.in/
Email: editor.creativesaplings22@gmail.com
DOI: https://doi.org/10.56062/gtrs.2022.1.7.3

collective Pakistani consciousness. Even when the memory was fresh, it inexplicably inspired so few to strive to steer this new country onto a very difficult path: the right path. “Those who held power, whether they were directly affected by Pakistan’s creation or had lived securely in areas that fell within its borders, were sleazy mercenaries whose only ambition was self-aggrandizement and enrichment” (125). He concludes the Memoir with the following words as, “Consequently, when the memory of Partition is forever expunged with the rising of my generation we will be left with no hope. The great tragedy will not be the loss of life and property in the upheaval of 1947. It will be that those sacrifices, never having inspired us, will all have been in vain” (125).

Works Cited:

Rashid, Salman. A Time of Madness (A Memoir of Partition). Aleph, 2017.