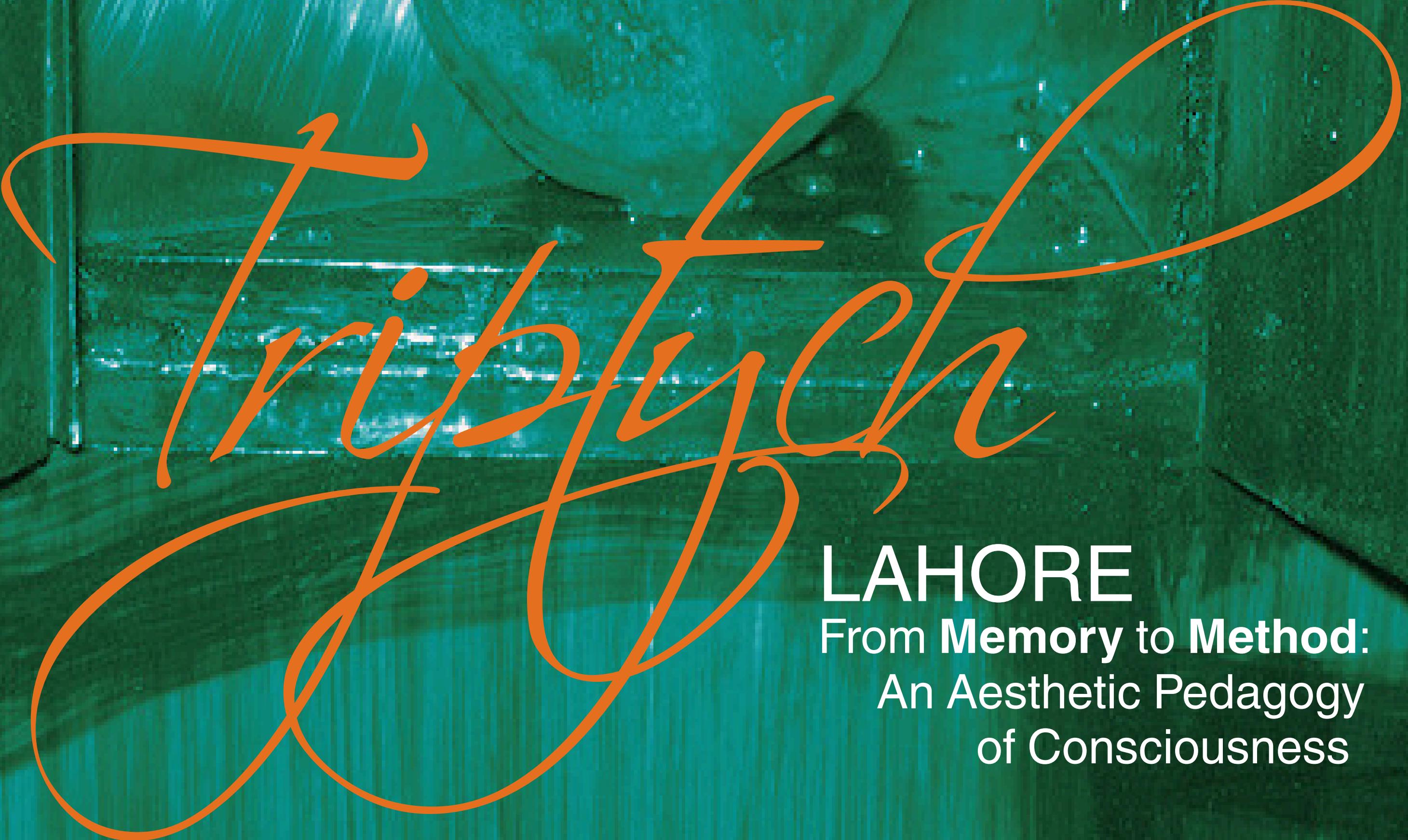
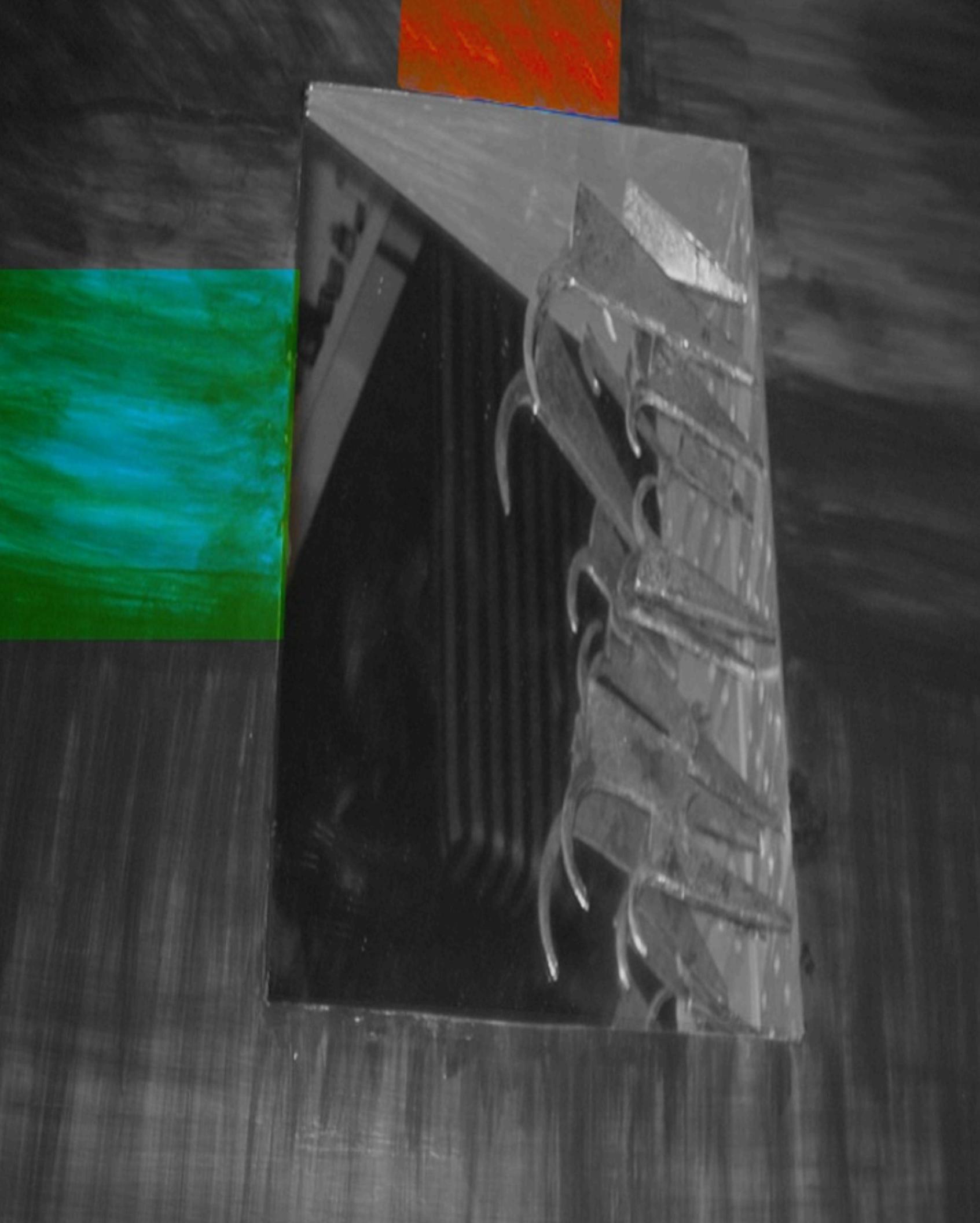


AN INTERDISCIPLINARY-INTERACTIVE





Practitioner

Shabnam Syed Khan

Collaborators

Dr. Iram Zia Raja

Triptych 3: I-Thou: The New Pedagogy of 1947 Partition Studies

Shahvaar Ali Khan

Triptych 1: Celebrating Lahore: Reading Jhootha-Sach in Lahore

Song: Mussalman Koan Hai...

Poetry: Syed Ikram Hussain Ishrat & Zahira Hussain

Lyrics & Songwriting: Shahvaar & Shumair

Sung and Composed by Shahvaar Ali Khan

Triptych 3: I-Thou: The New Pedagogy of 1947 Partition Studies

Song: Azad Ki Dua...

Poetry: Jagan Nath Azad

Sung and Composed by Shahvaar Ali Khan

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PREFACE

The storied city of Lahore, in Yashpal's[i] 1947 Partition of the Indian Subcontinent novel, "Jhootha –Sach," جوہا سچ [ii] from which I have drawn inspiration for the interdisciplinary Lahore *Triptych*, entitled "Lahore, From Memory to Method: An Aesthetic Pedagogy of Consciousness" exists in many layers: in the streets we walk today, in the memories carried by those who left in the wake of the 1947 Partition, and in the pages of literature where it remains suspended in time:

“...fragmented cosmologies of the city reveal how memory, capital and survival speak over and through each other, and how urbanity is polyphony-never a single city, but numerous cities layered, contested, overlapping.”[iii]

"Lahore, From Memory to Method: An Aesthetic Pedagogy of Consciousness," or Lahore *Triptych*, brings together history, nostalgia, hope, good will and artistry to explore Lahore's intrinsic cultural historicity of communal interconnectedness and the 1947 wounded legacy as a conceptual unit of analysis to imagine a purposeful Partition pedagogy, which seeks to ask: How the Partition of 1947 ought to be taught in Indian and Pakistani schools that Indians and Pakistanis see each other as one of their own?

This question is important. The Partition curricula in Indian and Pakistani educational institutions, by design, have planted suspicions among the post-Partition generations in both countries. [iv] Putting the peaceful co-existence of 1.7 billion people at permanent risk.

Lahore *Triptych*, is one of the vignettes of the speculative model of pedagogy--the Consciousness Curriculum (CC)— I have been theorizing and practicing since 2010 in tandem with an experimental qualitative research methodology, "I-Thou Theory." Aesthetically conceived and purposefully structured, the learning and teaching methodology inherent in Lahore *Triptych*, is aimed at deliberately obliterating endemic hostilities. Sowing self-transforming minds that know their limitations, look for interconnectedness, and honor the point of view of an opponent,[v] the CC frames higher-order consciousness as the objective of education for the VUCA 21st century.

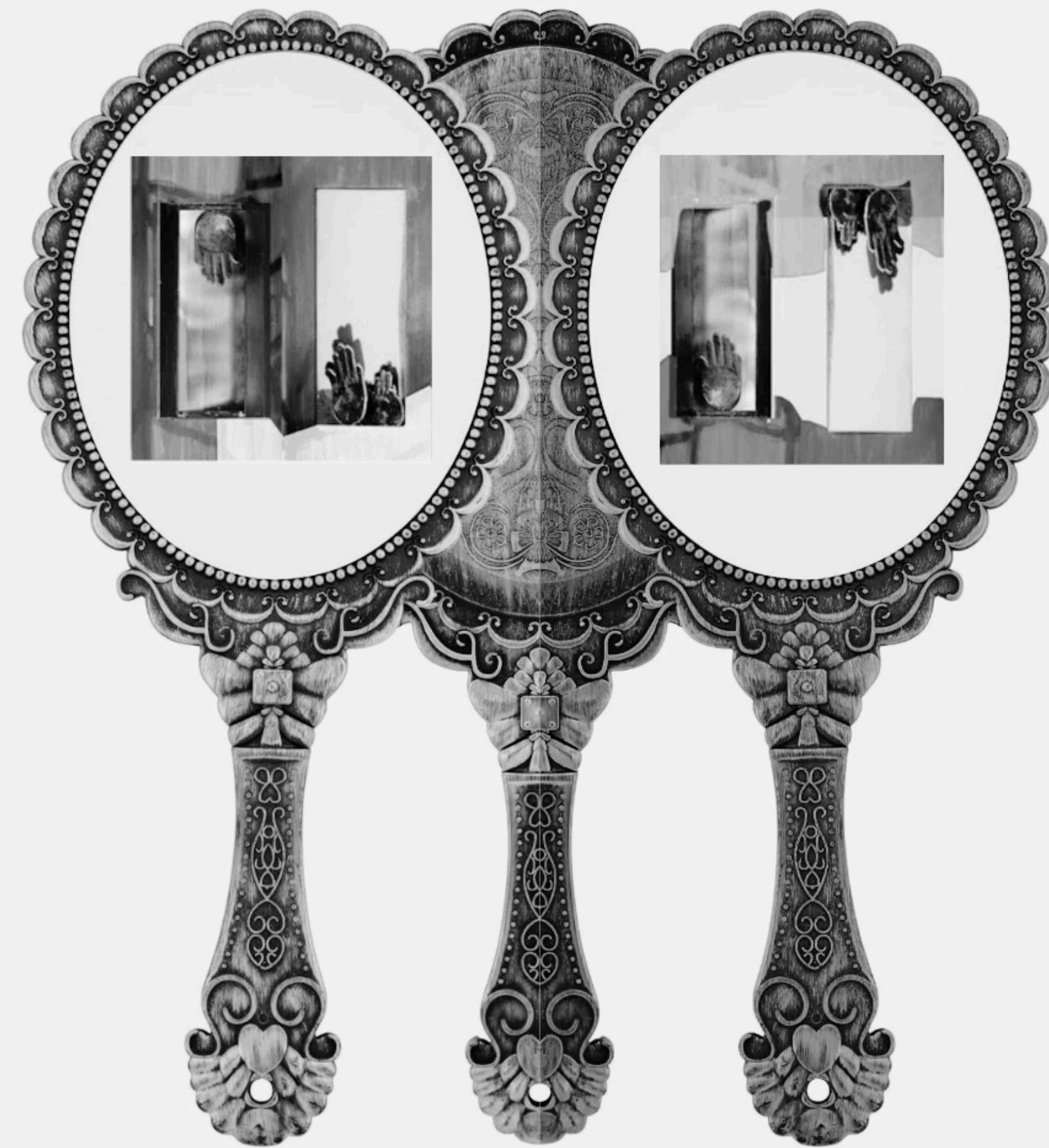
The CC is grounded in the relational frameworks and dialogic philosophies of Rumi[vi], Martin Buber[vii], and Daniel Kahneman. [viii] For both conceptual inspiration and practical application, Robert Kegan's theory of Adult Development, and the tested Kegan-Lahey counseling mechanism Immunity-to-Change (ITC) are endlessly referenced and artfully appropriated.[ix]

Lahore Triptych brings together three interlinked explorations:*Celebrating Lahore: Reading Jhootha Sach in Lahore*,⁻¹ *Yashpal's Lahore and Mine*,⁻² and *I-Thou: The New Pedagogy of Partition Studies*.⁻³ Together, they form an evolving artistic and literary inquiry into the city of Lahore, the trauma of Partition, and the enduring possibilities of developing the capacity for shared humanity through the invocation of a deliberately developmental curriculum. Enabling Indians and Pakistanis to perceive 1947 Partition not as a curse, not a punishment, but a historical episode where contesting facts jostle to be believed in

the chorus of neighborly spirit, and feel fine knowing that:

“We are already scattered, already plural, already speaking in many tongues. What matters is whether differences become ground for solidarity, or fissure for confusion and control. For all oppression is connected, all liberation, collective. If Babel scatters us, it also shows: no one story can ever hold or heal the world.”[x]

Shabnam Syed Khan



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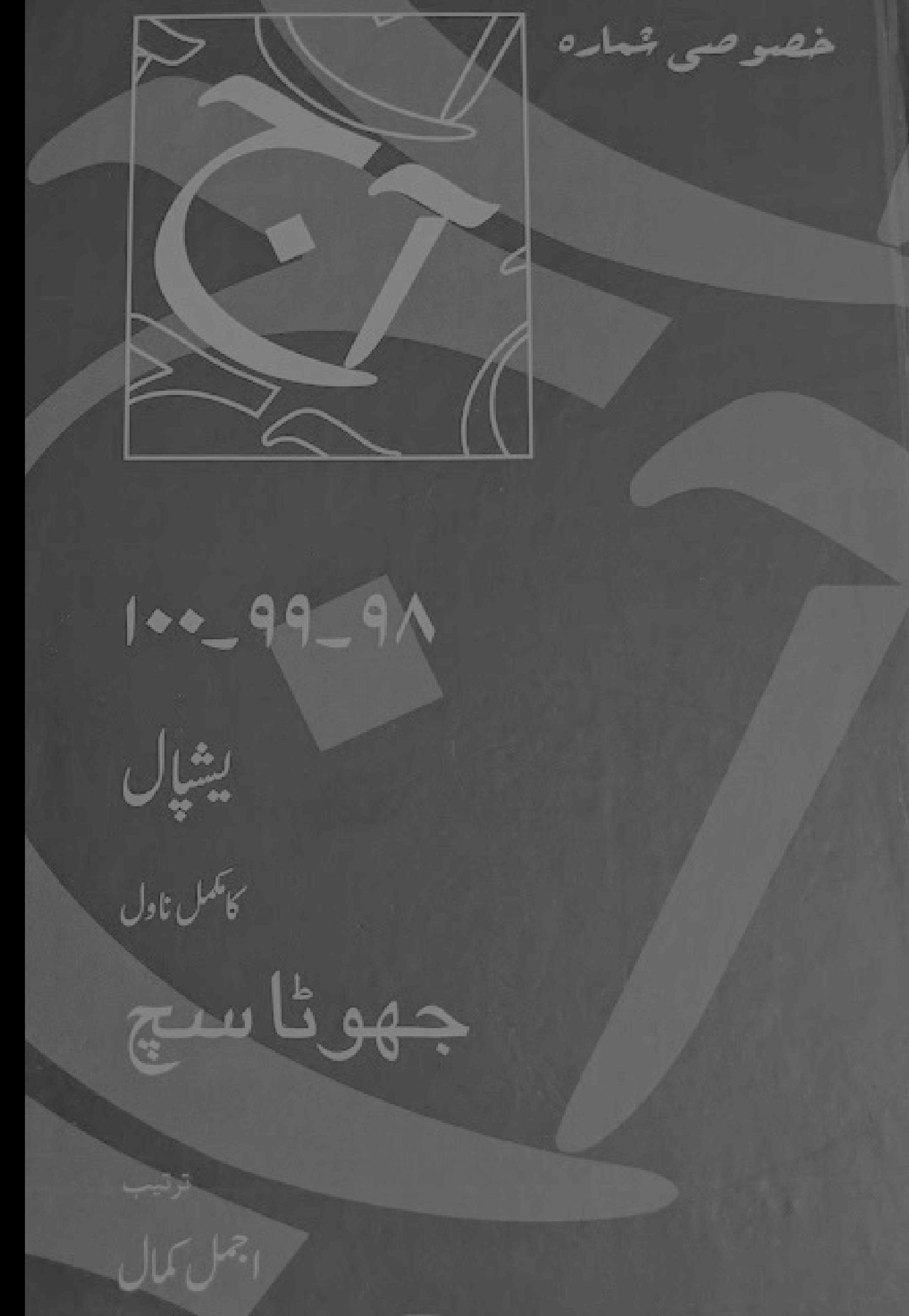
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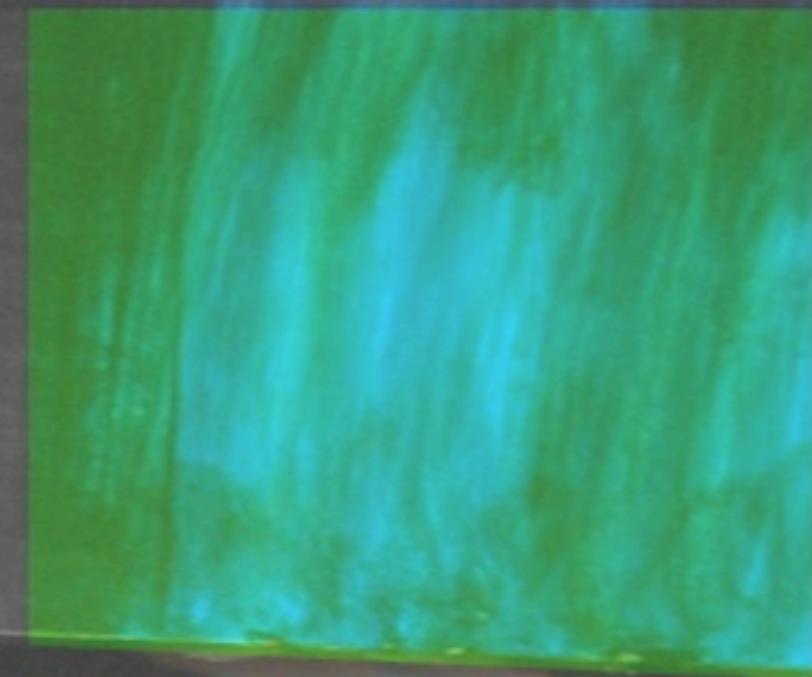
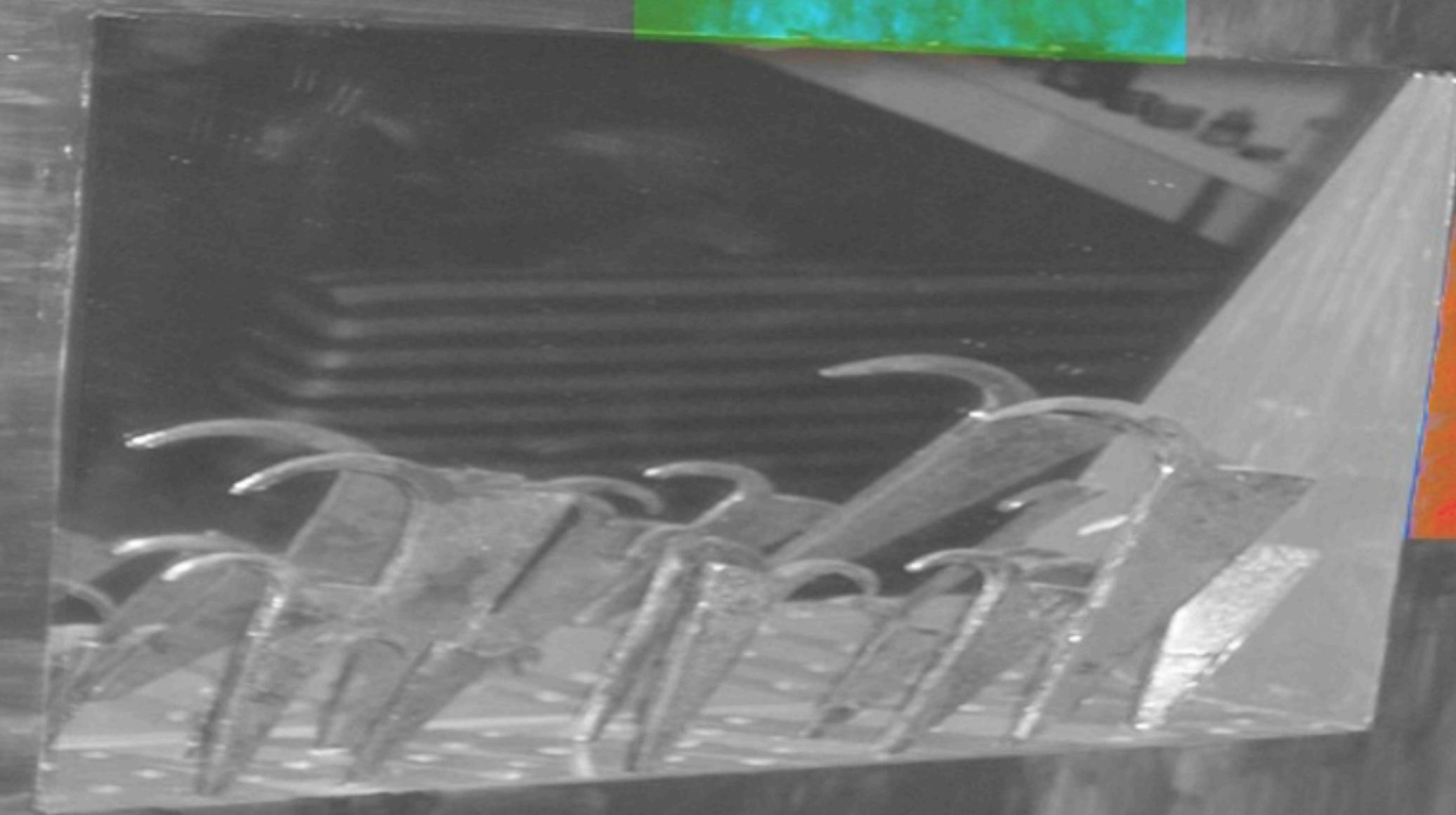
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The logo for 'Tribus' is a vertical composition. The word 'Tribus' is written in a bold, italicized, orange serif font, oriented vertically from bottom to top. Above the text, there is a large, thin orange circle on the left and a smaller, thin orange circle on the right. A thin orange line starts from the top of the large circle, descends, then turns diagonally down and to the right, ending near the bottom of the small circle. The background is white.

*** groups working towards this Hindu - Muslim
end. fair signs of minority
Hindu Raksha Committee
مہمان عورتیں چھوڑ دیں کے نزدیک پہنچ گئیں۔

مختکن کے اور مختکنے ہوئے بچے صاف سترے کپڑے پہنے اجنبی عورتوں کو اپنی طرف آتے اور اپنی ماتاڑوں کو سجا ہوا دیکھ کر چپ ہو گئے۔ گلی کی عورتوں نے سوالیہ زگا ہوں سے نئی مہمان عورتوں کی طرف دیکھا۔ جوان لڑکی بولی، ”بہنو، کیا تم سیسیں نہیں معلوم، کلکتے میں مسلمانوں نے ہزاروں ہندو بھائیوں کو قتل کر ڈالا، ہماری سینکڑوں بہو بھائیوں کو بے عزت کر ڈالا ہے۔ افسوس ہے، تمھاری گلی میں یہ لوگ اب تھی سودا بیج رہے ہیں!“

* بوڑھی عورت نے دکھ کے اظہار میں ہاتھ پھیلا کر جوان عورت کو ٹوک دیا، ”ہم ان پچوں پتوں [اپنی اولاد کا سوں کرنے والوں] کے پیٹ پالیں اور یہ ہمارے پیٹوں میں چھرے بھونکیں! کہاں ہے تم لوگوں کی عقل؟“

کرتا رہوں اٹھی، ”بھین جی، ہم ان رنڈی چھڈنے [رانڈ چھوڑ جانے والے] مسلوں سے سودا کیوں نہیں؟ ہم تو سو بار ہندوؤں سے خریدیں، پر رڑپڑھ جانے [بیڑا بھسہ جائے] ہندو پھیری والے یہاں آتے ہی نہیں۔ آتے بھی ہیں تو دگنے دامنا نگتے ہیں۔“

نوجوان لڑکی نے جواب دیا، ”بہنو، ہندو پھری دی والے آئیں گے کیوں نہیں؟ تم جانتی نہیں ہو، میوہ منڈی پر تو مسلمانوں کا قبضہ ہے۔ ہندو مال خریدتے ہیں تو مسلمان دام چڑھا دیتا ہے۔ اپنے بھائی کو دو پیے زیادہ بھی دیے تو کیا ہو جائے گا؟ ہم ان مسلموں کا پیٹ پالیں گے تو یہ ایک دن ہمارے ہی پیٹ میں چھرا بھونکنے بھی تو آئیں گے۔ ہمارے محلے میں توسیب بہنوں نے قسم کھائی ہے کہ مسلمانوں سے سودا نہیں خریدیں گی۔“

کرتارو نے بانہہ اٹھا کر رام کو چلے جانے کا اشارہ کرتے ہوئے پکارا، ”جا بھائی جا! یہاں کسی کو
چکھنیں چاہیے۔ یہاں مت آپا کرو۔“

جو ان لڑکی نے مطمئن ہو کر بودھی عورت کا تعارف کرایا۔ ”یہ بچھوڑا لی کی ماتا ایشور کو رجی ہیں۔ آپ

Celebrating Lahore: Reading Jhootha-Sach in Lahore

(An interactive multidisciplinary-essay, art, sound-presentation, presented at a conference, Lahore Topophilia: Cultural and Literary Imprints, New York University (NYU), USA, 2018).

I am really grateful and excited to be part of this group celebrating the city of Lahore, in New York City, and to share with you my very recent art works, documenting my experience of discovering or getting re-introduced to Lahore, the city of my birth, where I grew up, married, raised family, still live, via reading Yashpal's novel "**Jhootha-Sach**"[xi]not anywhere else, but right in Lahore.

Here we have to pause and make sense that Lahore, among the cities of the Indian subcontinent, has one-of-its-kind historical and personal-level of associations and profile. Recently, I read what Khalida Adeeb Khanum, a Turkish scholar and freedom fighter, who visited India between the same years, 1920-1947, the span of years when Yashpal and his "**Jhootha-Sach**" characters lived in Lahore. She traveled all over India. Towards the end of her 1935 trip, she made some meaningful observations of almost all leading regional and ethnic Indian communities, Peshawari, Calcuttans, Bombay-walas, Hyderabidis, others; however, she found Lahoris, mentally and physically most well-preserved, representative of the best Indian median.[xii] For such proclamations and other historical characterizations of the city, I, like other post-partition Lahoris, draw a special sense of sustenance, entitlement for Lahore-centered self-identity. Even when in casual encounters with Indians, mostly at airports, I sense their interest in me merely because I am traveling back or arriving from Lahore. I can see

that they are curious about me, because I am a Lahori! One such chance meeting with an Indian Punjabi stands out in my memory. He told me wistfully that in his family, when something good happens, they exclaim, "Ajj tai Lahor hoa giya!"

For all these adorations, Lahore is thus celebrated vociferously at scholarly as well as mundane levels. It is like a sacred ritual, often adhered to without a second thought, drawing rationale from a settled status of veneration that Lahore has been enjoying unquestionably. And almost as if given, Lahoris love to boast "Lahore-Lahore hai!" or Lahore is Lahore!

"Why Lahore is Lahore?" It could be a fascinating research question that could be picked by any one of us desperately in love with Lahore. Yashpal's Jhootha Sach offers at least one most important and foundational clue, which I think is at the heart of the truism, "Lahore-Lahore hai!" I have tried in this presentation today to seek a resolution to this query.

Before I proceed with my aesthetic experience of reading Yashpal's "**Jhootha-Sach**" in Lahore, and how it made me look at the Lahore I thought I knew so well, again, first a few introductory words about the novel "**Jhootha-Sach**": The Hindi novel, "**Jhootha-Sach**," is written by the renowned Hindi writer, Yashpal. The original Hindi novel, "**Jhootha-Sach**," is based on the 1947 partition. It encompasses the time period from 1942 to 1957. As documented elsewhere, "The Partition of India into two separate

nations, India and Pakistan, resulted in the largest forced mass-migration ever. It displaced 15 million people, and 1 million were killed in communal riots. The English translation of this momentous work was published for the first time in 2010. It is entitled *"This is not that dawn"* – a direct reference to Faiz Ahmad Faiz's beautiful 'Subh-e-Azadi': *'yeh vo sahar toa nahin'*. I came to know about this novel when it was published in Urdu by Aaaj Publications of Ajmal Kamal, and translated from Hindi to Urdu by Munira Surti. The novel's main characters, Jai Dev Puri and his sister Tara, live with their parents and siblings in the lower middle class, predominantly Hindu, neighbourhood, in *Bholapande ke gali* inside the Shahalami Gate, in the walled City of Lahore. The *Bhola Pande ki Gali* residents, Jai Dev Puri and Tara, are shown treading daily the intricate network of the narrow and wide lanes of the pre-partition Lahore, to meet friends, acquaintances, lovers, nemesis, not all Hindus! Yes! Not all Hindus.

I find Lahore taking a life of its own, its identity, when "***Jhootha-Sach***" characters give readers an almost guided tour of the Lahore of before 1947. What strikes me is that the parts of the route Jai Dev and Tara take in their daily routine, to go to office, to college, to agitate along with their friends and political compatriots against the British government of the time, Yashpal uses them skillfully to provide an ethnographic view of his beloved Lahore, to his readers. Likewise, through the identities of friends, with whom Jai Dev and Tara interact, Yashpal unobtrusively, but convincingly, shows the ideologically and religiously flexible communal life Lahore relied on. And I quote here to make sense of what, in my

opinion, Yashpal is trying to tell us about his Lahore--please note, the names of the characters, Hindu and Muslim, in this quote:

"The office of Pairokaar was at the junction of Anarkali Bazaar and Ganpat Road. Puri too climbed down the stairs. In the mêlée, some rushed forward to fight, and most turned to run away.....Puri went into the crowd and said..."
"What's this nonsense! You are marching to support the demand for Pakistan?" "In a procession of Muslim women yesterday, there were calls, 'We must have Pakistan!'"
The Asad pacified Puri, "We won't allow any slogans asking for the break-up of the country."
We oppose any partition of the country!" What does the demand for Pakistan mean? Only that there would be a Congress Ministry in one province of Hindustan and of the League in another province. This is a demand for self-determination! We only want the Congress and the League should join forces."

Again, Asad puts his hand on Puri's shoulder, "If they say anything like... "We must have Pakistan...we won't march with them." "Well, look after Tara. See her home." Puri said to Asad and returned to his office.

The crowd packing the Anarkali bazaar made way for the women...the procession crossed the bazaar and proceeded to Mall Road, went past the High Court and general post office, and reached the assembly hall...the burka-clad women beat their chests for a few minutes, "*British govt. hai, hai!*" Zubeida also shouted, "*Hindu-Muslims are brothers!*" "*Congress-League unite*"

"Tara and Sneha walked with Narendra Singh, Asad, and Zuber towards Lower Mall Road... Old Anarkali area...When they reached Nisbet Road, Narendra Singh, Surendra, Zuber, and Senha went through Shabadar Mali Gali to KeleWali Sarak. Asad had the responsibility of first dropping Zubeida on the Road leading to Neela Gumband, and then escorting Tara up to the Shahalami gate. Tara, Asad, and Zubeida walked alongside the Medical College and reached Hospital Road, past the road that led to Neela Gumbad. They saw Pradyuma coming on his bicycle. Pradyuma and Zubeida walked back together towards Nisbet Road...They walked towards Shahalami gate through the garden... walked through the narrow bazaar. Bhola Pamdey's Gali was only a few steps away."

My exhilaration grew when I was able to track down this route of

Jai Dev Puri's and other 'Jhoota Sach characters' through the maps provided to me by Shahzad Siddique, who manages the page Lahore-The City of Gardens. One such hand-drawn map is this, where the galis or the lanes Jai dev Puri walks, from his office to Bhola-Pnadey ki Gali, clearly indicated. All, but the *Bhola-Pnadey ki Gali*[xiii] itself, though, could not be traced! I was disappointed, but maybe it didn't actually exist! The mapped areas kind of made sense, where these lanes are in Lahore, but I have never been near them. Imagine! So what first overshadowed my initial excitement about Lahore in "**Jhootha-Sach**" was the self-consciousness that forced me to look at myself as a Lahori. I realized that though I live in Lahore, I have lived in Lahore, I still don't know much about it. Streets, I haven't ventured and don't know exist; no doubt, the walled city, its *darwazas*, its *mohallas*, I idealize due to their archival value, which I could have visited, gotten to love them; I should have, but never did; people I could have met but didn't; but as soon as I figured out my blind spots about Lahore, I knew that the Lahore Yashpal immortalized in "Jhootha-Sach" that made Lahore-Lahore was forever lost when Jai Dev Puri and Tara opted for India. Although I belong to the post-partition generation, I, for some unexplainable reason, identify ardently with the pain and longing our parents and grandparents felt for their homes and neighborhoods, which they had to leave in what became India in 1947. My parents, grandparents, paternal and maternal, migrated from East Punjab and the U.P. in India. So, their hometowns were left behind in India, but I have only known Lahore. As my home. As my city. I have this strong personal affinity for what is referred to as the partition literature. The memories, the nostalgia described, I feel as my

own. However, the experience of reading Partition and Lahore in Yashpal's *Jhootha Sach* was dramatically different. Beyond, and along with the intense surge of nostalgia and memory, the pre partition Lahoris of *Bhola-Pande ki Gali*, portrayed in "***Jhootha-Sach***" characters like Jai Dev Puri, his sister Tara, Asad, their friend, Kanak, Jai Dev's girlfriend, Dr. Ram Nath of *Ram Gopal ke haveli*, Neer of Model Town, Zubeida who leads the anti-colonial processions, shrieking, "*Hindu-Muslim Bhai Bhai*," master ji, the rituals of *syapa*, the morning bhajans, and so much other, brought me face-to-face, the first time, with how the 1947 partition vanquished Lahore and *Lahoris*, and deprived them of their essential identity.

The burning down of the legendary Shahalami Bazar in the walled city was the physical loss cited prominently in the annals of the 1947 Lahore riots. How the forced displacement became the foundational metaphor in the lives of Lahoris, who left Lahore, I gathered from "***Jhootha-Sach***". And why, who came to replace them, like my family, couldn't recover the original ambience of the city that made Lahore, Lahore, Yashpal, in "***Jhootha-Sach***" documents with sufficient raw reality and exceptional passion.

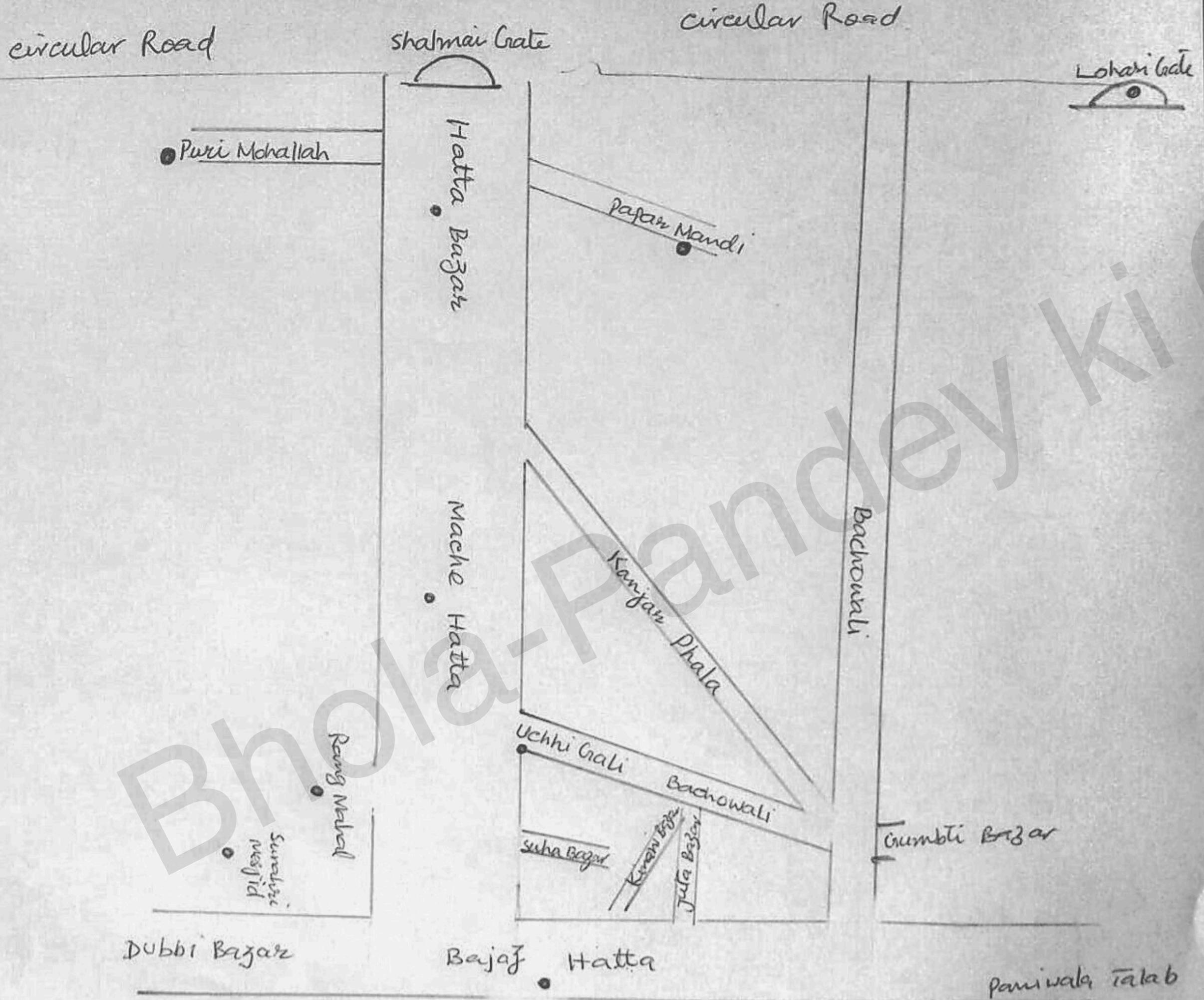
This mandatory displacement of Lahoris from Lahore changed Lahore forever! Through "***Jhootha-Sach***", the reality sinks in that the bulk of Lahoris, Hindus, and Sikhs were forced to leave Lahore, when most had decided to stay back in the Lahore of Pakistan. The loss and the pain of losing one's identity are expressed in this "***Jhootha-Sach***" excerpt:

"With the possibility of Lahore going to Pakistan, many Hindus had begun to talk of leaving the city. But the people of Bhola Panghe's Gali, like those from so many others, vowed they would never leave the homeland of their forefathers; they would fight to the death for the right to stay in Lahore. ..they were not going to give up their ancestral homes, no matter what happened.

Nobody would be able to throw them out of their homes.... In Bhola Pandey's Gali...government employees were Babu Govind Ram, Dr. Prabhu Dayal, postal clerk Birumal, and Shanduram... these men would discuss the situation late into the evening. Khushal Singh and Master Ji joined them. Babu Govind Ram wanted all of them to stay in Lahore. ..The mere thought of being posted to a different place frightened Birumal..."

In considering the option of leaving Lahore made Birumal moaned:

"Bhai, that country (Cuttak in South-East) is totally different. They are also Hindus, but of a different sort. Their talk sounds like a pebble being shaken in a brass pot. The only clothes their women wear are around the waist. Bhai,



their food is different, and so are their customs.... So what if the Muslims of Lahore have turned into our enemies? At least they are like us. Same language, same dress, their food too is almost the same. The only difference is between a temple and a mosque. ... It's been ten years since I went to any temple. How long can we remain enemies?"

The emotions expressed in the above lines are those of the shared humanity that bound the pre-partition Lahoris together. Though they were fearlessly divided along their Hindu-Muslim-Sikh tribal loyalties, they were united through their common Lahori identity.

Yes! Reading Yashpal's "**Jhootha-Sach**" and reading in Lahore, not anywhere else, made all the difference in the way I had, for all these years, perceived and almost owned Lahore. But now another Lahore, I had no clue of, surfaced from "**Jhootha-Sach**." Where I was an alien. With all my supposedly authentic *Lahori* credentials, the one thought that kept chasing me was that I was an unreal *Lahori*, all these years imagining myself, heedlessly, to be a Lahori. Whereas, the Lahoris in Yashpal's "**Jhootha-Sach**," by the time I finished reading the one thousand, one hundred and seventeen pages, had trashed the *Lahori* in me! They made me overly conscious that it was the imagined, unlived "**Lahore-Lahore har**" life that I, and others like me, projected onto ourselves, without ever getting to know Lahore, where its flexible

communal living gave Lahore the much-admired and unique identity.

Aesthetic Finish. As I read "**Jhootha-Sach**," I felt the compulsion, as at times I do, when reading. The compulsion of giving coherence, an aesthetic finish, to my emotional response, in other media, like poetry, art, to express the exhilaration I experience in reading.

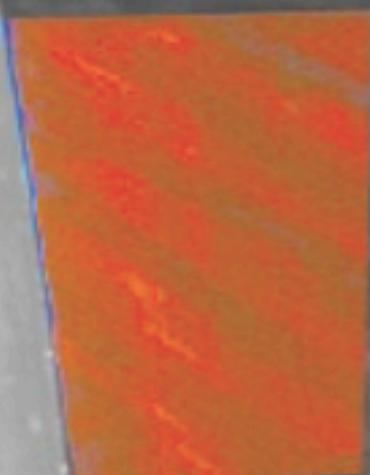
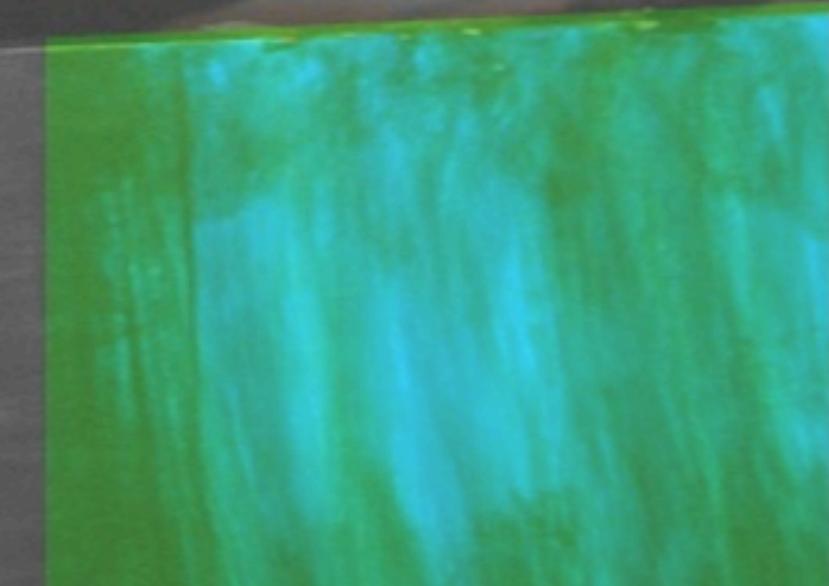
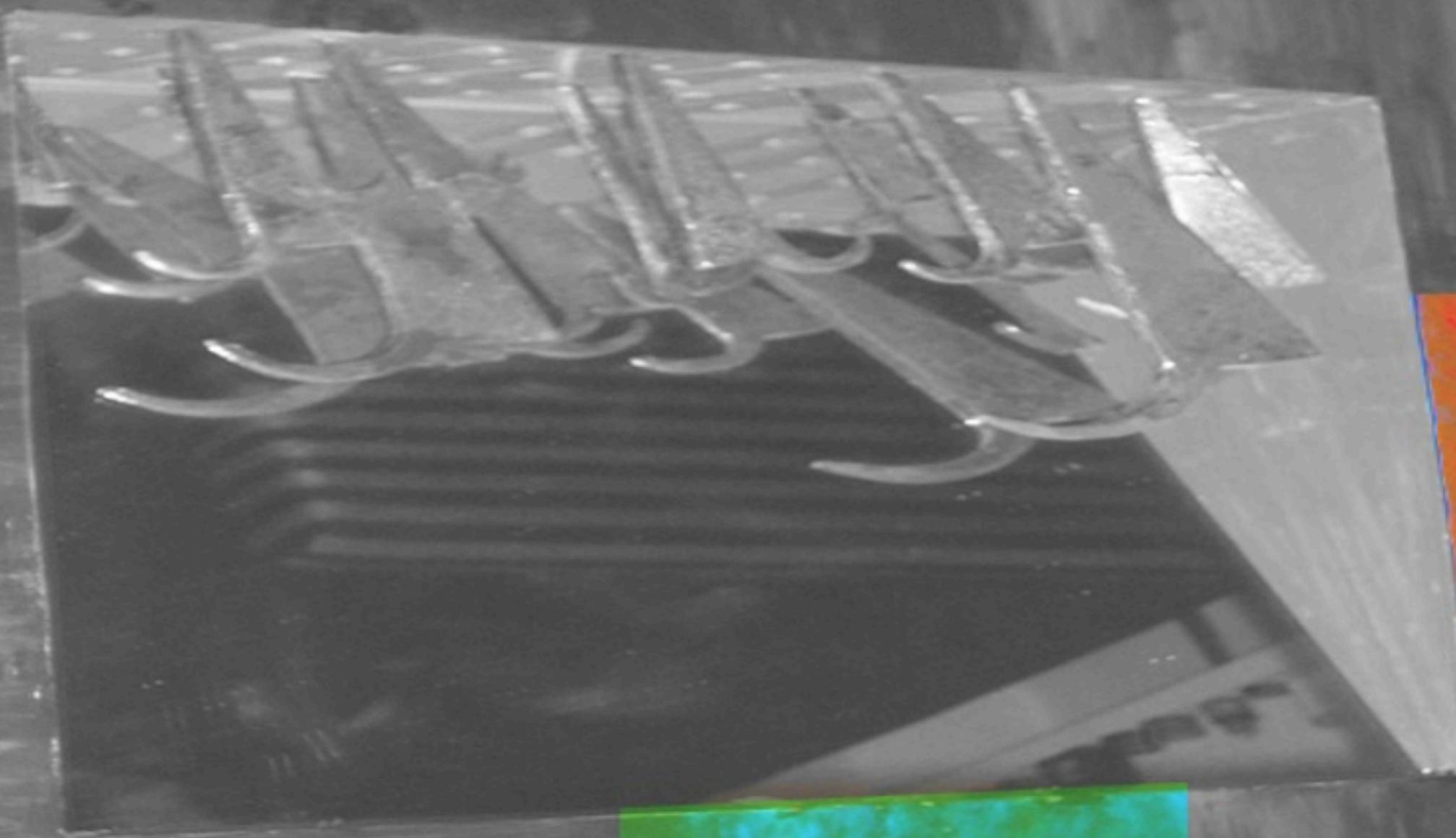
In this process of giving form to my fresh perspective of Lahore, I first sought to perceive it through poetry. The lyrics, "*Insa'an Kon Hai*," kept chasing my imagination. They were, as if, the crux of the emotions I experienced while reading "**Jhootha-Sach**." "*Insa'an Kon Hai*," I knew would be my closing comment. Along with the showing of the digital artworks, I created, I hummed "*Insa'an Kon Hai*." In the digital artworks, you may find, as I do, the feeling of essential misalignment that the displacement from home usually causes. At the heart of all three, the essay, the artworks, the song, a certain misalignment between who I am as a *Lahori*, might have been, or may never be, is illustrated... this song, eventually, is my question that I believe Yashpal asks his readers in "**Jhootha-Sach**."

Let us listen to the song "*Insa'an Kon Hai...*"[xiv]



FOLLOWED BY THE SONG “Insa’an Kon Hai...”





** groups working
towards this Hindu-Muslim
end. جو ناچ 63
There were first signs of animosity
Hindu Raksha Committee

مہمان عورتیں چہرتوں کے نزدیک بیٹھ گئیں۔

نوجوان لڑکی نے پہلی انگلی سے ٹھوڑی چھوکر حیرت بھرے دکھ کا اظہار کیا۔ ”بہنو، بہت افسوس کی

بات ہے۔“

ٹھنکتے اور محنتے ہوئے پچھے صاف سترے کپڑے پہنے اجنبی عورتوں کو اپنی طرف آتے اور اپنی ماتاوں کو سہا ہوادیکھ کر چپ ہو گئے۔ گلی کی عورتوں نے سوالیہ زگا ہوں سے نئی مہمان عورتوں کی طرف دیکھا۔

جو نوجوان لڑکی بولی، ”بہنو، کیا تصحیح نہیں معلوم، کلکتے میں مسلمانوں نے ہزاروں ہندو بھائیوں کو قتل کر دیا، ہماری سینکڑوں بہو بیٹیوں کو بے عزت کر دیا ہے۔ افسوس ہے، تمحاری گلی میں یہ لوگ اب بھی سوداچ رہے ہیں!“

بوزھی عورت نے دکھ کے اظہار میں با تھ پھیلا کر جوان عورت کو لوگ دیا، ”ہم ان بچوں پتوں [اپنی اولاد کا سوگ کرنے والوں] کے پیٹ پالیں اور یہ ہمارے پیٹوں میں چھرے بھونکیں! کہاں ہے تم لوگوں کی عقل؟“

کرتارو بول انھی، ”بھین جی، ہم ان رنڈی چھڈ نے [رانڈ چھوڑ جانے والے] مسلموں سے سودا کیوں لیں؟ ہم تو سو بار ہندوؤں سے خریدیں، پر رڑ پڑھ جانے [بیڑا بہہ جانے] ہندو پھیری والے یہاں آتے ہی نہیں۔ آتے بھی ہیں تو دگنے دام مانگتے ہیں۔“ Misunderstanding

نوجوان لڑکی نے جواب دیا، ”بہنو، ہندو پھیری والے آئیں گے کیوں نہیں؟ تم جانتی نہیں ہو، میوہ منڈی پر تو مسلمانوں کا قیضہ ہے۔ ہندو مال خریدتے ہیں تو مسلمان دام چڑھا دیتا ہے۔ اپنے بھائی کو دو پیے زیادہ بھی دیے تو کیا ہو جائے گا؟ ہم ان مسلموں کا پیٹ پالیں گے تو یہ ایک دن ہمارے ہی پیٹ میں چھرا بھونکنے بھی تو آئیں گے۔ ہمارے محلے میں تو سب بہنوں نے قسم کھائی ہے کہ مسلمانوں سے سودا نہیں خریدیں گی۔“

کرتارو نے بانہہ اٹھا کر رائیں کو چلے جانے کا اشارہ کرتے ہوئے پکارا، ”جا بھائی جا! یہاں کسی کو کچھ نہیں چاہیے۔ یہاں مت آیا کرو۔“

جو نوجوان لڑکی نے مطمئن ہو کر بوزھی عورت کا تعارف کرایا۔ ”یہ پچھوڑاں کی ماتا ایشور کو رجی ہیں۔ آپ

Jhootha Sach: Yashpal's Lahore and Mine

(Essay & digital art. Originally published in *Sindhu: Southasian Interdisciplinary Humanities Journal*, Vol. 1 No. 1, 2021)

Abstract

In Yashpal's novel "***Jhootha-Sach***," the pre-1947 Lahore and its residents are the metaphors of the loss of home and identity of the people who were displaced during the Partition of the Indian Subcontinent. The mind-transforming contents of "***Jhootha-Sach***" are the inspiration behind the interconnected literary (*Jhootha Sach: Yashpal's Lahore and Mine*) and visual (*Lahore becomes my own / It was only a matter of changing my position of gazing*) composition I call the *MindfulApp*. Using "Yashpal's Lahore" as the symbolic unit of analysis, the *Mindful App* as a cathartic and mind-transforming tool is designed as an invitation to warring Indians and Pakistanis to understand the alternative realities they harbor about the 1947 Partition. Just as Yashpal has hoped for communal harmony in *Jhootha Sach*, the *MindfulApp* is also put together to spur an empathetic view of both the One-Nation or the Two-Nations Theory among the chronically estranged Indians and Pakistanis.

Keywords: Yashpal, Lahore, 1947-Partition, One-Nation or Two-Nations Theory, mind-transforming, interdisciplinary-research.

The twin activity of writing this essay, "***Jhootha Sach: Yashpal's Lahore and Mine***," and the creation of the accompanying digital art entitled "*Lahore becomes my own / It was only a matter of changing my position of gazing*" (See Figure 1 & 2), is my aesthetically-informed interpretation of the Partition of 1947, which Yashpal has narrated through the pre-1947 city of Lahore, in his award-winning novel "***Jhootha-Sach***." With the backdrop of the data comprising of the memories of the characters in "***Jhootha-Sach***," the resulting interdisciplinary inquiry is a literary and artistic oeuvre, collectively constituting an empathy-inducing and mind-transforming multimedia (text + artwork) installation I call the *MindfulApp*.³

Jhootha Sach: A Mind-Transforming Context

Situated in Lahore—the city fondly gushed at as *Lohr Lohr ai* (Lahore is Lahore)— "***Jhootha-Sach***" is a discourse-shaping account of the 1947 Partition of the Indian subcontinent. As I process the mayhem of Partition exclusively through the prism of "***Jhootha-Sach***," the pre-1947 Lahoris' experience of Partition emerges as a self-transforming context: the impeccable and nonpartisan manner in which Yashpal handles this volatile topic of Partition nudged me from my single-window position of viewing my hometown Lahore and the 1947 Partition. The alternative position has placed me in a transformational relationship with the pre-1947 the then-Lahore and the Lahoris that Yashpal introduces through the different sites and characters in "***Jhootha-Sach***."

Lahore *Triptych 2*

Figure. 1. Digital Art. "Lahore becomes my own / It was only a matter of changing my position of gazing."



Figure. 2. Digital Art. "Lahore becomes my own / It was only a matter of changing my position of gazing."

In “**Jhootha-Sach**,” the city of Lahore becomes a metaphor for the loss of home and identity for the 1947 Partition refugees. The contemporary developments in regional politics show that the existential angst generated by Partition, even after seventy-four years, has not abated. The tragic event like the 1947 Partition should have produced literary works that create opportunities for healing and catharsis.[xv] “**Jhootha-Sach**.” is one such creative endeavor towards the amelioration of injured selves of refugees. It comes across as an appeal to overcome the political and emotional split between India and Pakistan: By not demonizing one or the other side (India or Pakistan), it placates the warring actors on both sides of the border and serves as a nonpartisan interlocutor. It gives the attentive readers a point of departure to see the conflicting views that Pakistanis and Indians harbor about Partition with equal empathy.

The MindfulApp: a Cathartic Podium

The *MindfulApp* portrays the adversarial points of view Pakistanis and Indians hold about the 1947 Partition. By giving equal credence to both, the *MindfulApp*, as a cathartic podium, with its written and visual segments, is conceived as mind-changing navigation between the two Lahores: Yashpal’s and mine—the pre-1947 and the post-1947 Lahore. It is where the post-Partition Indians and Pakistanis, the Other to each other, are invited

to commit to a re-examination of their existing motivations and beliefs that appear to nurture their anger about Partition and to review the unsettled question: if they are One-Nation or Two-Nations? It encourages them to talk.

In Kegan and Lahey’s *How the Way We Talk Can Change the Way We Work*, I found the “mental machine” which has helped me in conceiving the *MindfulApp* as an aesthetically charged mind-transforming contraption. The “mental machine” is used for “activating internal” and “productive conversations” with oneself; and so do their prescribed “three on-the-deck exercise” (p.13, 15, 38, 215): In the same spirit, the *MindfulApp* is meant to coax the warring sides to step back: 1. from their respective vantage points; 2. from their take on the conflict; 3. from their take on the *Other’s* side. These three “deconstructive” tested steps of the exercise, Kegan and Lahey assure, alter long-held rigid perceptions, and set free the mindsets that are imprisoned in the grip of debilitating mental assumptions (p. 227). It is amazing that these developmental paces also uncover patterns of “immunity to change.” The immunity that disables individuals and groups to accomplish even the most sincerely sought personal changes.[xvi]

What I found meaningful is that the practical and conceptual mechanism, inherent in the postmodern psychological framework

of this Kegan-Lahey “mental machine,” is reminiscent of the dialogic and relational constructs of Martin Buber, Rabindranath Tagore, and Jalal-ad-Din Rumi, which I understand as the ideal of shared humanity. In the scheme of the desired transformation and expansion of consciousness, the *MindfulApp* draws further stimulus from the hazards of what Kegan and Lahey call the language of “blaming” and “complaining” (p. 13, 33). In the context of Partition, the venomous language has kept alive the toxic memory of migration. The one that led to the violent and forced up-rootedness of persons and personhoods from their homes. [xvii] The *MindfulApp* is meant to assist both Indians and Pakistanis to come to a conscious decision of confronting the emotions of disillusionment and mutual distrust by switching over to the “language of commitment” and the “language of personal responsibility” (p. 21, 34). And to face, and not mystify, the One-Nation or Two-Nations conflict in question. This type of transformational discourse is liable to lay bare the unfulfilled deeper desires and allegiances; to help reach out to fresh perceptions of the *Self* and the *Other-as-I*. Ultimately, to change minds and to bring some calm to the agitated humanity on both sides of the Indo-Pakistan border. The “transformation highway” (p.229),[xviii] I see laid out in Yashpal’s ***Jhootha-Sach***, and so uncannily similar to the philosophy of seeing the Other as I. In the intimacy of relationships and in the pain of separation:

“Listen to the reed how it tells a tale, complaining of separations— Saying, “Ever since I was parted from the reed-bed, my lament hath caused man and woman to moan.”[xix]

Lahore, the Central Unit of Analysis

Placing Yashpal’s Lahore as the central unit of analysis, I use the *MindfulApp* to track and appropriate artistically Yashpal’s view of Partition and the One-Nation or Two-Nations dilemma, which he has immortalized in ***Jhootha-Sach***:

“First glimpsed in its humdrum and cheerfully quotidian aspect at the beginning of the novel, it soon develops splinters and is then devastated out of recognition as its inhabitants flee helter-skelter to save their lives.”[xx].

Reading the highly emotive contents of ***Jhootha Sach***, it occurred to me that without making sense of Yashpal *in* Lahore and his longing *for* Lahore, we would not know the real Lahore, and not knowing real Lahore is to not know what Partition did to the people of Indian Subcontinent. Not to see what Yashpal sees in Lahore, as Lahore, *his* Lahore, is akin to a fundamental distortion in understanding the identity of this historically phenomenal city of the Indian subcontinent, the city from which the pre-and post-Partition residents of Lahore draw their *Lahori* identity.

Yashpal’s family was not from Lahore. Due to his poor health, his mother moved him from their village in Kangra hills, and the family settled in Lahore. In the following years, between 1917 and 1945, he kept moving in and out of Lahore. However, the years he spent

in Lahore were academically and politically the most formative and tumultuous. As a college student, and as a member of The Hindustan Socialist Republican Army (HSRA), Yashpal, in the company of other freedom loyalists like Bhagat Singh, honed his political ideology and nurtured a network of close like-minded compatriots in Lahore. The bomb factory, where he and his friends spent dramatic times putting together bombs and planning armed struggle against the British was in the heartland of Lahore. It was again in Lahore that Yashpal met Prakashvati, his future wife. Inspired by his political work, Prakashvati had left the security of her home and opted instead for the difficult life of a revolutionary's partner. His comrade-in-arms, she was from the Old Walled City, the nucleus of Lahore.[xxi] It was the same neighborhood that forms the core of "**Jhootha-Sach.**"

In his memoirs, "*Yashpal Looks Back*," Yashpal explains that though his life was spent in different parts of India, he turned to Lahore in times of emotional and physical distress. He admits that the "only friends I could trust were my friends in Lahore" (p. 163). [xxii] Yashpal's amorous pinning for Lahore, which comes across powerfully in his memoirs and "*Jhootha-Sach*", could have intensified due to his forced exile from there. In 1932, his six-year-long imprisonment on charges of sedition kept him away. Even after he was set free in 1938, he could not return to Lahore because there was a ban on his entering the Punjab region. Almost a decade before Partition, he reluctantly settled in Lucknow. So, he was not in Lahore when Partition was announced

in 1947. He did not personally witness the violent riots that forced the non-Muslim population to leave Lahore forever. Ironically, he visited the city in 1955, where, even after nine years of pernicious Partition disturbances, the remnants of anarchy were evident. Devastated to see Lahore, he wondered:

"Is it the same Lahore that I had last seen in 1945 for a couple of days and whose grandeur still lived in my imagination? Instead of a fair-ground, it seemed to be a graveyard... My Punjab and Lahore were gone; could not one preserve even a memory of them? And the anguish of collective memory due to communal ill-will?"

It was Yashpal's ardent attachment and gnawing nostalgia that he chose Lahore to document the ordeal of Partition in his masterpiece novel "**Jhootha-Sach.**" The first part of the novel is entitled "Vatan aur Desh", and Yashpal, with "an artistic masterstroke...identifies *vatan* above all with just one narrow street in Lahore, *Bhola Pandhe ki Gali*, near the *Shahalami Gate*..."[xxiii] Perhaps Yashpal's dedicated attachment to Lahore derives its energy from the unique disposition Lahore has always commanded: Among the cities of the Indian Subcontinent, Lahore is the one city that has a uniquely indulging claim to an equally indulging unique historical and cultural profile. The place's persona is so enticing that people across the Indo-Pak borders are still, after seventy-four years, captive of the real and imagined

ideal of Lahore,[xxiv] including those post-partition generations who have never lived or been to Lahore.[xxv]

Historian Kanhaiya Lal's adoration of Lahore is obvious in his book *Tarikh-e Lahore*. After his first posting to Lahore, he developed an extraordinary fondness for it, the one city that exuded unusual grandeur and was known for its temperate weather and opportunities for upward mobility. Mehmood Ul Hassan's *Shehr-e-Pur-Kamal*, a narrative about Lahore, revolves around the recollections of the three stalwarts of Urdu literature, Krishen Chander, Rajinder Singh Bedi and Kanhaiya Lal Kapoor. All three, who had to leave Lahore at the time of Partition, associate the flourishing of their literary genius with their time in Lahore. Away from Lahore, they all report experiencing lingering intellectual malaise. Rajinder Singh Bedi lost his speech for months, after his forced expulsion.[xxvi] Kanhaiya Lal Kapoor, who settled in a small town called Moga in Ferozepur District, in India, missed Lahore so much that he fell into a depression. Ishtiaq Ahmed while referring to his correspondence with Krishen Chander states that after moving away from Mohri Road Lahore, Krishen Chander's writings drifted from the evocative satire he had been writing to dry cynicism. Quoting from a letter, dated February 21, 1977, Ishtiaq Ahmed underscores what Krishen Chander had to say about the city:

"Lahore is where I was educated, where I achieved fame. For people of my generation, it is difficult to forget Lahore. It shines in our heart like a jewel-like

fragrance of our soul."[xxvii]

Maulvi Abdul Haq, using an anecdotal account, provides an outsider's lens to feel the affection one feels for the arcane character of Lahore. Referring to the impressions of Khalida Adeeb Khanum, a Turkish scholar and freedom fighter, who visited India and travelled to almost all the major cities, including Delhi, Aligarh, Lahore, Peshawar, Benaras, Calcutta, Hyderabad, and Bombay, Haq shares rather seductively partial observations she made of Lahore and Lahoris:

"Of all the cities seen so far, Lahore appears to be the wealthiest. The adjoining villages too look well-off. When compared to other central metropolises, its state is better. Each individual is generally lively, well-fed, and healthy. In facial and physical appearance, most Lahori men could pass as models of good looks and robust physical appearance." (p. 459, 60)[xxviii]

Like the above literary testimonies to Lahore's distinctiveness, "**Jhootha-Sach**" too exudes a passionate bias for Lahore - the intimacy that is usually exclusive for the motherland. During my research, I came to know that perhaps there is no other city in the Indian subcontinent that has triggered this unusual kind of effable and ineffable mass nostalgia that continues long after 1947. It finds its reverberation in Bollywood movies, videos, pop songs,⁴

and the renowned proverbs such as *Lhore Lhore hai* (Lahore is (Lahore is Lahore) and *Jinnay Lhore naiN wakhaya O' jammia Nahin* (Whoever hasn't seen Lahore isn't born).

From such spontaneously passionate, nostalgic and laudatory proclamations and other attractive historical characterizations of the city, the post-Partition *Lahoris* like me draw a special sense of sustenance and entitlement to nurture a Lahore-centered self-identity. This self-assigned privilege is often flaunted during casual encounters with Indians. If I run into someone like that at the airport, I sense that their interest in me is merely because I am travelling back to, or arriving from, Lahore. I can see that they are curious about me because I am a *Lahori*! One such chance meeting with an Indian Punjabi stands out in my memory. He told me wistfully that in his family when something good happens, they exclaim *aj tai Lohr ho giya* (Today Lahore happened)!

In my excitement of sharing my stories of Lahore with Indians, I realized—only after reading *Jhootha Sach*—I had overlooked the hurt and longing in their gaze. It did not occur to me that they must miss their Lahore. In the short time we had to converse, they made me privy to their intimate memories, as though I was a part of their lost Lahore. Perhaps, I reminded them of the most exciting times their families spent in Lahore; exciting because they were the times of dreaming and planning for what was to be the best in their lives. It is possible they also saw me as an alien that had gate crashed to take possession of what was their undisputed turf, or maybe, I hoped optimistically, they smelled on me the fragrance

of the associative memories of the imagined best they left in Lahore. This was the same Lahore which was once their family home, and was now, and will continue to be, for the coming generations, their soul-home, which they yearn for, and which tragically the insurmountable emotional and political differences had now made inaccessible to them. Following is the excerpt from an email from a pre-Partition refugee who wrote on behalf of his wife Anjana Khurana:

"The house is in Sant Nagar...the street to Krishan Nagar was less than 5 minutes away from our house. The three sides of the house had open space. There were 5 or 6 steps in front of the main entrance. The Building plate will be either Sekhari Bhawan or Sekhari Niwas, which is likely still there. My father's name was Gauri Shanker Sekahri..." (Khurana, Ram. "Re: Lahore: Sekhari Bhawan." Received by Shabnam Syed Khan, March 15, 2014).⁵

It is for such impassioned and deep associations that Lahore continues to be celebrated at scholarly as well as at mundane levels (Arshad). Adoring Lahore is like a sacred ritual, often adhered to without a second thought. Drawing rationale from a settled status of veneration, Lahore as a city has been enjoying this elevated position for centuries, and, almost as a given. *Lahoris*, of the pre-1947 Lahore and of the post-1947 Lahore, love to boast *Lohr Lohr ai* (Lahore is Lahore).

Lohr Lohr ai

Why is Lahore Lahore? Yashpal's "**Jhootha-Sach**" offers one of the most crucial and foundational clue to this question. One that has not been fully probed before, and which I believe is at the heart of the truism, *Lohr Lohr ai!* The hint to this question is presented so powerfully in "**Jhootha-Sach**" that it also offers me an opportunity to recast my near fixed *Lahori* status, which the reading of "**Jhootha-Sach**" appears to have obliterated for good: that despite having a home in Lahore, and access to the paraphernalia of attachments to the city, I have begun to miss the habit of being *Lahori*. What seems to have slipped from my grasp is perhaps this habit, not the actual Lahore.

Jhootha Sach and Yashpal Yashpal

It was an afternoon. In the fall of the year 2017. When the postman handed me a partially wrapped Urdu book, entitled "**Jhootha-Sach**". The name of the author, Yashpal, was unknown to me. "Some Hindi writer?" I wondered. However, the sheer volume of this new novel appealed to my penchant for thick novels. Secondly, the book was about the 1947 Partition, a topic that I find close to my heart. Although I belong to the post-Partition generation, I identify passionately with the pain my parents and grandparents felt for their homes and neighborhoods, which they had to leave in what became India in 1947.

Standing in the front courtyard of my home in Lahore, with this newly delivered volume in my hand, I recalled Yashpal, the grand revolutionary. Coupled with the narratives of Subhash Chandra Bose, Lala Lajpat Rai, Chandra Shekhar Azad, Bhagat Singh and other famous Indian freedom leaders, the stories about Yashpal were narrated to me by my mother in her endless stories of the freedom fighters of united India. It was only after reading his memoirs, "Yashpal Looks Back" (YLB), I discovered that Yashpal the freedom fighter and Yashpal the author of "**Jhootha-Sach**," the magnum opus of Partition literature, were the same (p. 211). [xxix]

Jhootha Sach

Translations from Hindi, the Urdu and English versions, by Munira Surti and Anand, respectively, of the novel, "**Jhootha-Sach**", are absolute masterstrokes. They seem to radiate the passion and the literary standards of the original Hindi narrative.

"**Jhootha-Sach**" compels the reader to experience an immersive form of an ethnographic tour of pre-1947 Lahore. It beckons the reader to the intricacies of the descriptive and rhythmic cadences of the private and public lives of the people who lived in Lahore. Yashpal has documented with a flourish -- from the lives lived within and extending far and beyond the narrow lanes of the old Walled City of Lahore, to the comparatively new upper middle-class neighborhoods of Gwalmandi, Krishan Nagar, and Sanda, all the way to the very modern and elite suburbs of Model Town.

Once past the first few chapters, when one begins to develop an attachment to Yashpal's Lahore, the reader's rapt attention, like the grounded and peaceful lives of the residents of Lahore, is rudely unhinged. The unexpected and rapid eruptions of the sectarian violence that engulfed the entire length and breadth of the city put the city and the people in a stupor. With the successive shocks, first of the killings, loot and arson, the abductions of women, which culminate into the most unpredictable forced evictions of non-Muslims from their ancestral homes, followed by their incarcerations into the refugee camps in Lahore, the beautiful story of Lahore and the *Lahoris* that

"Jhootha-Sach" is, turns into the portrayal of a long and numbing nightmare.

There is no question that other great Urdu writers, such as Intezar Hussain, Mumtaz Mufti, Quratulain Haider, and Abul Hassan Naghmi, who migrated from India, have also elaborated about how the city of Lahore embraced them in those trying times. The reminiscences of Khushwant Singh, who had to leave his home in Lahore, provide a nostalgic glimpse of his affluent, leafy Lawrence Road home and the sketchy routine of the shared communal life with his Muslim neighbors and friends.[xxx] The descriptions of Urdu fiction writer Ram Lal's house, sandwiched inside the alleys of Lakshmi Chowk area, give a fleeting sense of pre-partition Lahore.[xxxi] Pran Nevile's "Lahore-A Sentimental Journey" is an evocative tribute to the land of his birth, along with the details

of his irrepressible passion for the city.[xxxii]

However, these fondly narrated memoirs and fictions don't embody the minute details of the larger and cohesive political and sociocultural lived realities that pulsated through the cross-section of the economically and ethno-religiously diverse Lahori population. Yashpal's "**Jhootha-Sach**" manages to raise the curtain on this complexity, and first brings to fore the multi-layered diversity of the carefree, teeming humanity of Lahoris and their equally distinctive and dynamic neighborhoods that were an integral part of pre-Partition Lahore.

Yashpal puts more of himself when narrating Lahore. His subjectivity is that of an artist who accompanies his readers in capturing both the gaiety and gloom of the city. And when we are there with him, we sense that he is at home in the joy and grief of his Lahore. Then, as if to rouse the whirlpool of contrasting feelings, he proceeds to forcefully document the harrowing details of both the erratic and planned bludgeoning and dislodging of the dynamic, centuries-old edifice of Lahore and *Lahoris*.

Notwithstanding the strong affinity I have for my ancestral hometowns in India, I have grown to think of Lahore as my only hometown. But the supposed fiction of Lahore in Yashpal's "**Jhootha-Sach**" is composed with such hungering for home, with the lost self of the Lahoris of pre-partition India, that I feel

irrevocably connected to their trauma, much more acutely than the experience of my displaced ancestors from India.

Yashpal's Lahore

In the thousand and more pages of “**Jhootha-Sach**,” Yashpal creates the collective longing that is emblematic of the homesickness of the refugee state of mind. His compulsive homesickness for Lahore, which he chronicles in the novel, has that abiding whiff of permanence as if he wishes to embrace the gnawing yearning forever, to never get rid of its pain.

The first 450 pages of “**Jhootha-Sach**” are focused completely on the pre-1947 Lahore and the people of the *then-Lahore*. And when one reads through the remaining pages, comprising the post-Partition narrative, one finds them still sprinkled with mentions of “Lahore.” In all of the thousand and seventeen pages, lingering memories of the home or *gali* sneak in until the very last chapters, to the very last lines. **Whither Bhola Pandhe Ki Gali, Gwalmandi, Model Town...**

“Puri was roused gently from the delicious languor of his morning sleep. The sweet strains of Khushal Singh singing the morning chant [bhajan] wafted through the window.”[xxxiii]

As I continue my reading, I find that the novel’s main characters, Jaidev Puri and his sister Tara, live with their parents, Master Ramlubhaya and Bhagwanti, and the two siblings, Usha and Hari, in the lower-middle class Hindu neighborhood. Ensconced inside the labyrinth of narrow lanes, their one-room house is on the *Bhola Pandhe ki Gali*. Right behind the constricted market place known as *Machi-Hatta-ka* bazaar (where Yashpal last lived in Lahore), the *Bhola Pandhe ki Gali* is in the Shahalami Darwaza inside the Walled City of Lahore. At the other end, a long, narrow passage connects it to Mochi Darwaza, which is an overwhelmingly Muslim *mohalla*.

The *Bhola Pandhe ki Gali* residents, Puri and Tara, are shown navigating the intricate network of the narrow *galis* daily, the adjoining cluster of the wide roads forking in and around the Circular Road that runs around the wall of old Lahore. Through the movements of these characters, roaming around, venturing in and out of domestic and public spaces, Yashpal provides readers almost a guided tour of the Lahore of before 1947. Whereas Puri, Tara and their extended family and neighbors portray the minutiae of the old city and its conventional life, Kanak, Puri’s sweetheart, shows us how the professional elite live. She takes us to Model Town on the outskirts of Lahore where Nayyar, her brother-in-law, has a sprawling bungalow. Life in Kanak’s father Pandit

Girdharilal's home, which is in the upscale area of Gwalmandi includes both a domestic and literary sphere. The sheen of that unique living arrangement, of erudition and domesticity combined, of the informal and the formal, is noteworthy:

"The family living room was next to his [Pandit ji] office. When he finished his office work around six and sat down for tea in the living room, he would call Kanak and his youngest daughter Kanchan to join him. Kanak's mother was quiet and withdrawn and seldom spoke more than two sentences at a time. If all the kitchen work were over, she would begin to wash clothes. When there were no dirty clothes, she would mend the washed clothes and sew on buttons. Or she would just pick and clean enough spices, lentils and grain for grinding to last the family a month. She always seemed busy..." (p. 34)[xxxiv]

I find Lahore taking on a life of its own, its identity, when "**Jhootha-Sach**" main characters Puri, Tara, Kanak, and their friends, in their daily routine of going to college, to work, to meet friends, acquaintances, lovers, nemesis, reveal the existence of a close-knit network of an amorphous community: they are all not Hindus.

Yes! Not all Hindus! And at the time of their agitation against the British government of the time, the Hindu, Sikh, Muslim inhabitants of Lahore come together with undisguised camaraderie.

Through the communal identities of the friends, Puri and Tara interact Yashpal brings the readers to the ideologically and religiously flexible communal life his Lahore relies on. He highlights, endorses, and makes extraordinary efforts to show that Hindus, Sikhs, and Muslims of Lahore intermingle socially. They are friends. They nurture romantic liaisons. They loiter around Lahore and attend the political rallies Lahore is known for. They share food, just as they share the ideological and political aspirations for an India without British colonial rule. I can see that Yashpal is desperately trying to reveal the true picture of his Lahore: The office of *Pairokaar* was at the junction of Anarkali bazaar and Ganpat Road.

Yashpal gives this inter-communal Lahori milieu a near tangible presence when Puri is shown climbing down his Anarkali office stairs and shouting at the chanting crowd, he says: "What's this nonsense! You are marching to support the demand for Pakistan?" (p. 77). Asad, Puri's Muslim friend, cajoles Puri: "We won't allow any slogans asking for the break-up of the country..." He assures

Puri that the Muslims too oppose the Partition of India. He tries to explain that “the demand for Pakistan is”

“Only that there would be a Congress Ministry in one province of Hindustan and of the League in another province. This is a demand for self-determination! We only want the Congress and the League should join forces.” Asad puts his hand on Puri’s shoulder, “If they say anything like ‘We must have Pakistan’ ... we won’t march with them.” (p. 77)

Puri, somewhat relieved, requests Asad to “look after Tara...” and “see her home” (Yashpal 77). This is the Lahore where Puri could tell his Muslim friend, Asad, to escort his sister Tara to home, it is the home Yashpal seems to crave, and which he wants preserved.

The Lahore where it was not the past, but himself in the past, and imagining the future. The future in the past, where he saw the communal distinctions lose their distinction in well-meaning slogans raised by the members of the Student Federation: “Reinstate civil liberties! Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs unite! Long Live Congress-League unity.” (p.76)

Alongside the protesting crowd choking the Anarkali bazaar, Yashpal takes the readers along with the charged multitudes that cross the Anarkali to spread out on the Mall Road. The procession walks past the High Court and the General Post Office and reaches the Punjab Assembly Hall. Here, the burka-clad Muslim

women beat their chests to shame the government: “*British government hai, hai!*” This is Tara’s Muslim friend, Zubeida, who is shouting, “*Hindu-Muslims are brothers!*” and “*Congress-League unite!*” (Yashpal 78). Then, when, after the procession is dispersed, the group of young friends, including Tara and Asad, who have come to support the protesting Muslim women, begin to leave together, and with them they take the readers to Yashpal’s well-trodden paths. These are the same streets where Yashpal’s Lahore breathed its inter-communal existence and politics. And where Tara, Sneha, Narendra Singh, Asad and Zuber take the route that takes them to the Lower Mall Road and the Purani Anarkali area. Walking on Nisbet Road, a few of them turned to Shabadar Mali ki Gali, and then to the Kele wali Sarak. Asad decides to first drop Zubeida on the road leading to Neela Gumbad, and then walk with Tara up to the Shahalami *Darwaza*:

“They saw Pradyumna coming on his bicycle. Pradyumna and Zubeida walked past back together towards Nisbet Road... They (Asad and Tara) walked towards Shahalami gate through the garden...they walked through the narrow bazaar. Bholo Pandhe ki Gali was only a few steps away.” (p. 78-80)

It is the same Shahalami Gate, whose Shahalami ka Bazaar was set on fire in the summer of 1947. Nayyar, Kanak’s brother-in-law,

keeps agitating about this mysterious fire, asking how when there was a curfew and a vigilant police guard, could the place be set on fire? Puri, arrested a few days before the fire, returns home after his release from the prison and finds his spirit flagging further when he finds the landmark market completely reduced to ashes:

"The once bustling and vibrant bazaars of Shahalami had been burned to the ground... From some still-standing smoke-blackened walls, broken balcony railings hung like skeletons or jutted out like the cages of giant animals. Bent and twisted water pipes and iron rods, as if they were the intestines of the burnt-out buildings, swung slowly in the wind." (p. 279)

Through Puri's sudden disillusionment, Yashpal points to the burning down of the Shahalami Bazar, the central hub of the richest local Hindu merchants, as a symbolic sealing of the fate of Hindus and Sikhs, who controlled 80% of the prime property and businesses in Lahore. "Puri had lost all his attachment to Lahore.

The city had been cruel to him in all manners...Lahore had rejected him, he felt, and did not want him in her fold." (p. 299)

Yashpal, in disbelief, tries to hold on to his Lahore through his depiction of the same characters trudging along in the lost city, going around in circles in the ghost city. As before, a certain road and a *mohalla* are mentioned, many of them now deserted

and blackened with soot. Though completely devastated, Yashpal harkens the experiences, both blissful and gloomy, of those innumerable "**Jhootha-Sach**" Lahoris as primers, over which the readers are compelled to recast their affiliations, the unreserved attachments that are for both, the then and now Lahoris and Yashpal's beloved Lahore. Literally, every page is dotted with numerous landmarks. These are the memorable places where Yashpal aches to return to, and live, summer and winter, and forever. Yashpal communicates his inner feelings through Kanak's father, Pandit Girdharilal's when he reminisces about the way he had to flee Lahore with his wife:

"All we want is to go back to our homeland... the house we left behind was worth one-and-half times the price you mention, built in modern style, for our own use, with full electricity supply and fans, running water, flush toilets. We had to pick it all up and leave. You must have heard about Lahore's Gwalmandi, just like your Queen's Road or Kashmiri Gate." (p. 534-536)

While finalizing the transaction of his house in Lahore with the Muslim owner's house in Delhi, Pandit ji "also wanted a written guarantee that if he were ever to return to Lahore and live in his house, he'd be able to claim back without paying a penalty." (p. 536)[xxxv]

Jhootha-Sach is replete with intricately captured emotional and cultural content, attuned to communicate passionately the surrogate pleasures as well as the discontents of the pre-Partition Lahore. In essence, perhaps, what Yashpal likes best of all is the rite of writing about the city that is lost to him. And what he wants to capture in ***Jhootha-Sach*** is not Lahore, but his indulgence in the memory of that Lahore. The Lahore he had thought of making his home, his home that he wished to internalize and eternalize in ***Jhootha-Sach***. Because perhaps what he pines for is in him, in *his* Lahore, than there is in actual Lahore.

Lost in Lahore

I was thrilled to find myself making perfect sense of Lahore in ***Jhootha-Sach***. My exhilaration grew when I was able to track down on the Google map the route Puri and other characters take. I located the pre-1947 photos of Lahore too: Purani Anarkali police station, where Puri is interned; “Uchi Gali” where Ram Jivaya, Puri’s and Tara’s *Tayaji*, has a three-story house, “Vachowali” and “Bajaj Hatta”; the “Machche Hatta ka Bazaar,” from where Tara takes a turn every day to “Bhola Pandhe ki Gali” on the way back from Dyal Singh College, on Nisbet Road; Dyal Singh College itself; the Amratdhara Building, from where Puri proceeds to McLeod Road where Venus Restaurant is located, where Tara goes with Asad, and Kanak goes with Puri.

It was an energizing prospect to go track Yashpal’s Lahore. I had

come to know after checking from different sources that the Shahalami *Darwaza*, and the network of lanes, and the sites inside the Shahalami were intact (Siddique, Shehzad. Personal Interview. By Shabnam Khan, 5 October 2018).⁶ So was the street that connected the Bhola Pandhe Ki Gali vicinity with the Muslim locality of Mochi *Darwaza*; the Mori *Darwaza* where Puri goes to meet the publisher, Ghaus Baksh. But alas! Bhola Pandhe ki Gali is a fictitious street (Anand, Personal interview. By Shabnam Syed Khan, 3 November 2018)⁷. Another acquaintance told of a publishing house in Krishna Gali. So, could it be the location of Pandit Girdharilal’s Naya Hind Publications? I was so excited at the possibility that the Sadho Ram ki Gali where Yashpal has situated Pandit ji’s house and the press may not be completely fictional.

Just when I was eagerly planning my trip to the Walled City, it dawned on me that though I was a Lahori, I had never been to that part of the city. So, what, first, clouded my enthusiasm for Lahore in ***Jhootha-Sach*** was this heightened self-consciousness: I realized that although I live in Lahore and have lived in Lahore all my life, I had never properly seen it. Years ago, I could have done it. Could have gotten to know and love it more than I do now. I should have. But never did. I could have met the people who still live there, who were contemporaries of Puri, Tara, and Kanak, and embraced them, but I didn’t. Was it that I lacked the essential organic intimacy with the place? The one that the indigenous keepers of Lahore in ***Jhootha-Sach*** possessed?

Lahore is Lost

I was lost. I very clearly recall the moment of transition, when Lahore began to drift from me: I had been deeply involved in reading, taking notes on the copy of “*Jhootha-Sach*.” Devouring especially the descriptions manifested in the intimate, family-like interactions of the residents of *Bhola Pandhe ki Gali*. Drawing parallels when Tara’s bridegroom stays the first night after the wedding at the bride’s home, with the accounts of the weddings of elders in my family:

“Sheelo and her group of girls were trying to steal and hide Somraj’s shoes...A vessel filled with water mixed with milk was placed between the couple, a ring was thrown into it, and the first one to find it was declared the winner. All the customs and rituals were over by three in the morning... Somraj was asked to rest there for what was left of the night.” (p. 317)[xxxvi]

I decided I would go to Shahalami. To experience and follow the route that Puri, Tara, and Kanak take. However, just as I was beginning to carve a personal *Lahori* niche for myself alongside Kanak, Tara, and Puri, “*Jhootha-Sach*” yanked me out of my *Lahori* self. It happened when I hit upon the name *Banni Hata*—the locality where Tara’s in-laws live. In that rush of excitement of trooping to Yashpal’s Lahore, I had forgotten that *Banni Hata* is

the same neighborhood from where Tara escapes near death, from burning in the fire set by Muslim gangs. From where she is abducted, raped, and forced to convert to Islam. My fervor dampened. All those sites are there. I could visit and take photos. However, this unexpected insight, spurned by Tara’s plight at *Banni Hata*, proved dispiriting. The romance of Yashpal’s Lahore seemed to dissipate.

Yes! The Shahalami Darwaza, Anarkali, Gwalmandi, Rang Mahal, the Uchi, Chauri galis are there. I may also find the venue of the Venus Restaurant on McLeod Road, just like I found the location of the Standard Restaurant on the Mall. They are all there, the physical landmarks, the actual buildings: Tara and Puri’s Dyal Singh College, Asad’s Forman Christian College, though somewhat dilapidated, stands next to the King Edward Medical College, and Nila Gumbad; the Gol Bagh, and the Upper Mall and Lower Mall. The Faletti’s Hotel, where Doctor Pran Nath took refuge when his Haveli was burnt down, is intact and functioning. Arya Samaj College, *Manso Gali*, where there must be somewhere Urmila’s house. The Shisha-Moti ki Gali, where Sheelo’s husband Mohan Lal’s family lives, and then the Jeevan ki Gali, where Puri spends hours in the summer heat waiting for Kanak to return from Model Town. The Purani Anarkali Thana, where Puri was interned during the Partition riots, is still there. They are all there. Most of the Walled City residential houses are also intact, and people live in them. But, what about the Puris, the Taras, the Kanaks, the Asads, Pradyumnas, Zubaidas,

Surinders, Dr. Naths? Those who endlessly chatted, roamed, romanced, agonized, who lived in these places? Would they be there? The indigenous keepers of Lahore?

Lahore 1947

It is late June 1947, and Lahore is crunching under the unbearable weight of the suspense: is Lahore going to India or Pakistan? No longer able to suffer the anxiety, many gave in to the desire to stay in Lahore, whether Indian or Pakistani. Nayyar exclaims in relief:

"Look, I've been saying all along that there'd be no reason why Hindus wouldn't be able to stay in Lahore. Look at these statements by the League and Congress—that the minorities in both countries will have the same civil rights as the majority, as well as full freedom to practice their culture and religion." (p. 333)[xxxvii]

After reading from the Statesman and Tribune, Nayyar is hopeful of a normal future in Lahore. It was the gravity of the combined Lahori self that the majority of non-Muslims decided, like Nayyar, to continue to live in Pakistani Lahore. When the Pakistani flags were unfurled on the eighteenth of August, many Hindus and Sikhs too hoisted the green and white flags on their houses. The rising incidents of violence were forcing people to move into the security of their respective Hindu and Muslim neighborhoods, but still, many had not lost the hope of continuing to live together in

Lahore,

"Kalicharan took the old man's hand into his own, and said in a calming tone, "Taya, all this madness won't last more than a couple of days. Those who have fled will return soon. What if there's a Pakistan or there's a Hindustan? We're Lahorites, neighbors of Doongi Gali. Go back to your house..." (p. 236)[xxxviii]

However, in the most unexpected move, close to August 1947, the Hindu and Sikh populations of Lahore were rounded up from their homes and shifted to refugee camps. A pall of gloom falls over Tara when Asad, in the DAV college refugee camp, confides in her:

"Your family must have left Lahore. Hindus have either left or been forced to leave. The rest are being moved out now. That's the government policy... You won't be able to live in Lahore if you call yourself a Hindu..." (p. 474)[xxxix]

How the forced displacement from Lahore became the foundational metaphor in the lives of Lahoris who left Lahore, I gathered from **"Jhootha-Sach."** And, discovered why those who came to replace them, like my family, could not recover the original ambience of the city that made Lahore Lahore. Yashpal documents this with passion, the reality about the bulk of Lahori Hindus and Sikhs, who were forced to leave Lahore. The home of

of their ancestors, it was when most of them had decided to stay back in the Lahore of Pakistan:

“With the possibility of Lahore going to Pakistan, many... [in] Bhola Pandhe ki Gali..would...discuss the situation late into the evening. Khushal Singh and Master ji joined them. Babu Govind Ram wanted all of them to stay in Lahore...The mere thought of being posted to a different place frightened Birumal...” (p. 298)[xl]

Further, one of them sighs and says, “one could live and survive, if necessary, anywhere in the world, but the truth is, there’s no city like Lahore” (Yashpal 298). The residents of *Bhola Pandhe ki Gali* pledge they will never leave Lahore. It was the homeland of their forefathers, and “they would fight to death for the right to stay in Lahore.” It is unbelievable that anyone could force them to leave their homes? Birumal, who was frightened at the prospect of moving to independent India, moaned:

“Bhai, that country (Cuttak in South-East) is totally different. They are also Hindus, but of a different sort. Their talk sounds like a pebble being shaken in a brass pot. The only clothes their women wear are around the waist. Bhai, their food is different, and so are their customs.... So what if the Muslims Lahore have turned into our enemies? At least they

are like us.. Same language, same dress, their food too is almost the same... The only difference is between a temple and a mosque... How long can we remain enemies?” (p.298, 99) [xli]

The emotions expressed in these lines are those of shared identity that bound the pre-partition Hindus, Muslims, and Sikhs. Though they were ferociously divided along their Hindu-Muslim-Sikh tribal loyalties, with the “Muslim” and “Hindu” neighborhoods demarcated along communal lines, they were united in their common Lahori identity. Yashpal thus concretizes, in the wounded voices of the forced exiles, through their physical and emotional fractured selves, the mutilated identity of Lahore and *Lahoris*.

I had never thought about this planned possibility of getting rid of the Hindus and Sikhs who wanted to stay in Lahore. As soon as I figured out this horrendous reality, I knew that the Lahore Yashpal eternalized in *Jhootha Sach*, which made Lahore Lahore, was forever lost when Puri, Kanak, Tara, Dr. Nath were forced to leave the city.

Lohr Lohr NahiN Ai or Lahore is not Lahore

In that moment of sadness and remorse, I realized that we, the progenies of the post-1947 settlers, could only be borrowers, and not the owners of the Lahore of Yashpal. Puri perhaps wrongfully

felt that Lahore had abandoned him. Because wherever he is, his eternal *Lahori* self will remain, irrevocably, aligned to his Lahore. I felt strangely alienated imagining the Lahore where the pre-Partition Lahoris like Zubeida could shout “**Hindu-Muslim Bhai Bhai.**” Equally alien was the thought that Asad, who is invited to an exclusively Sikh ceremony, finds an occasion to eat *prashad*, in Lahore. Because not once in Lahore have I come across a *Lahori* Hindu or Sikh to experience and nurture the casual, Asad-like intimate interaction with them. I continued to feel uncomfortable when I recalled the initial sense of attachment with which I first responded to Khushal Singh’s morning bhajans, and Kaula the Naun’s professional rendering of the mourning ritual of *syapa* when Puri’s grandmother dies:

“All the women who participated in syapa, wore black lehangas and large cotton chadors made of thick muslin, colored with diluted ash... The naun sat between both the daughters-in-law...the naun chanted the laments remembering the old woman... The women took up the refrain, Hai, hai beloved mother... Then the women began to beat their chests with their hands in a steady rhythm... There was a definite pattern in this tradition of mourning and breast-beating.” (5, 6)[xlvi]

It is ironic that these powerful cultural tropes, which first stirred a curiously strong attachment to Yashpal’s Lahore, have placed me

in the awkward position of an outsider in my own, the now-Lahore.

Yashpal’s Lahore Becomes Mine

As I see it, “**Jhootha-Sach**” gradually ushered me in an unexpected transformed state of realization about the city of Lahore. Just as “**Jhootha-Sach**” was an enlightening moment about the Other’s loss, I realize that it was a destabilizing moment due to another loss—the loss of the segment of my own long-settled identity as a Lahori. A moment, without any warning, had usurped my smug ownership of the elemental beauty and the gusto at the heart of the popular truism *Lohr Lohr ai*. “**Jhootha-Sach**” has led me, supposedly a Lahori, to an alternative panorama of this storied city of the Indian Subcontinent, where I find the characters of “**Jhootha-Sach**” bringing forth the Lahore, their Lahore, one I did not know, and coax me to gaze at it, accept it and not gaze through it, and ignore their Lahore.

The pre-Partition Lahoris made me overly conscious that it was the imagined, unlivéd *Lohr Lohr ai* identity that I, and others like me, the post-1947 *now-Lahoris*, have imbued without ever getting to know the Lahore, where a flexible communal living endowed Lahore with the most admired, and unique historic identity. Caught between my loss and the loss of the pre-Partition Lahoris, I came face-to-face with how the 1947 partition vanquished Lahore and the Lahoris, and deprived Lahore of its organic identity. It is for this reason that I am now reluctant to look for Yashpal’s *then-Lahore* in the *now-Lahore*. *The city I am no longer looking for once*

felt that heaved with inextricable cultural motifs, the *bhajans*, the *prashads*, and the *syapas*. Now I know that when silenced, when divested from their center, these essential cultural tropes did not evaporate alone, they took the soul of *Lahore* with them.

However, while Yashpal's *Lahore* destabilized my *Lahori* self, it unleashed at the same time a craving for the *Lahore* where Puri shares the camaraderie of asking a Muslim friend to walk back with his sister Tara to home, where I could also claim, "Hindu-Muslim *Bhai-Bhai*," and like Asad, lick *prashad* from my fingers.

I know from "***Jhootha-Sach***" that there were exclusive Muslim enclaves like Mochi Darwaza, Raj Garh. The *mohallas*, which were solely for Hindus, included the fortified Shahalami Darwaza, Rang Mahal, Krishna Nagar, Dev Nagar long before the idea of Partition was even entertained. There were indeed particular kinds of jewelry, outfits, and utensils termed as "*Musalmani*" (Muslim). Likewise, there was "*Hinduani*" (Hindu) clothing. No doubt there were lingering hostilities and stringent distinctions between the two communities drawn through the associative professions:

"Now Hindus will sell vegetables and fruits and demean themselves to do the job of a rai and kunjara, they will work as gujjars and sell milk, will do the lowly job of washing other people's clothes as dhobis do, will make shoes, and defile their caste by being dyers of cloth..." (p. 57)[xlivi]

Yashpal is on Both Sides

Still, in this ultra-communal, but one India, Yashpal rejected the communal politics. Indeed, *Lahore* was lost to Pakistan. And Partition had already taken place, yet the luster of his nonpartisan stance comes across transparently when he writes with equal conviction the atrocities perpetrated by Hindus, Sikhs, and Muslims. His depiction of cruelty and suffering is convincing because he is on both sides. By suggesting the concept of collective consciousness and responsibility, he leaves this huge scope of congenial coexistence for posterity.

Throughout the "***Jhootha-Sach***" narrative, Yashpal demonstrates this rare psychological capacity of seeing the Muslim and Hindu perspectives. A trait that only adults with higher forms of moral self exercise with unselfconsciousness. In "***Jhootha-Sach***" there is an astounding amount of data, when analyzed through the lens of human development parlance, Yashpal's posture, on the historic tragedy of 1947 Partition, comes across as a form of psychological and moral high art. He is not protective of his own turf. He shuns what is termed as "group appetite" (p.284).[xliv] Tirelessly, he invites everyone, through the persona of the pre-1947 *Lahore*, to take a kind of residence in the Other's universe, so that the people remain united even after Partition:

These borders! / What of them? 'A la Edward Said's "imaginary geography" (p. 77)[xlv]

Energized by the generosity of Yashpal's Lahore, I want to head out to the then-Lahore, hoping to find ***Bhola Pandhe ki Gali***.

Hoping that someone there might open a door, and I would grab that someone in my embrace and exclaim: "Remember me?"

I am overcoming the homesickness, the kind Yashpal experiences for Lahore. I am developing a yearning for a new type of reunion with Lahore, in a way that the Lahore of Yashpal becomes my own. And mine his. That is, if I take residence in the Universe that is inhabited by Puris, Taras, Kanaks, Dr. Naths, then Lahore may not disclaim me. Lahore is mine if I know that it is also his—Yashpal's. It is simple: I just have to shift my position of gazing, from gazing through Lahore to gazing at Lahore. Yeah! ***It is only a matter of changing one's position of gazing!*** In other words, like Yashpal I see the alternative reality of the Self-as-Other or the Other-as-I. With the change of respective positions, as portrayed in the digital art, ***"Lahore becomes my own / It was only a matter of changing my position of gazing,"*** the perspectives of both Indians and Pakistanis would change—and they may feel that the making of the sense of both, the **One-Nation** and the **Two-Nations**, is not as emotionally taxing as it is, when perceived from their existing positions of perceptions (Check Digital Art).

Notes

1. Digital Art Work. Explanation & Description. Inspired by Robert Kegan's theory of adult development, I used the concept of "learning to look at what before we were looking through" (Immunity to Change p. 53) to compose the Digital Art Work, "Lahore becomes my own / It was only a matter of changing my position of gazing." The digital art piece is created by using the "One-Nation" or the "Two-Nations," the 1947 Partition quandary, as a symbol. The two digital visuals (Fig. 1 and Fig. 2) project alternative realities, of "One-Nation" or the "Two-Nations," inside the two sets of frames. Emblematic of identity and personhood, both the frames contain different arrangements of hands or palms, which are encased in the colors of Indian and Pakistani flags. Inside the first set of frames (Fig 1), the one frame contains a single upright and two inverted palms, against the backdrop of the tricolors of the Indian flag (Indian reality). The opposite arrangement, of the two upright and one inverted palm is composed inside the frame with two colors of the Pakistani flag (Pakistani reality). Both signify the rigidity of the existing perceptions; from which both Indians and Pakistanis look through the other's stance on "One-Nation" or "Two-Nations" as erroneous and iniquitous. On the sides there are two vacant hand mirrors waiting to be picked up and used. The symbolism of mirrors is akin to a filter facilitating an alternative view of the Self. The second digital visual (in Fig. 2.) reflects inside the frames of the two hand

mirrors—now picked up and used—the alternative realities: the image of two upright palms, and one inverted are embraced by the Indian orange, white, and green. Embedded inside the Pakistani green and white, there is one upright and two inverted set of palms. This second visual (Fig. 2) is conceived as a metaphoric invitation to the warring sides, to consider changing their rigid positions (Fig. 1) to look at, and not see through, the alternative-reality of the Self-as-Other or the Other-as-I.

2. EDD. I have used EDD as a research methodology, because it supports the interdisciplinary exploration and documentation of emotionally driven durable and sustainable art and design products, capable of making meaningful and lasting relationships with their users. Based on the emotional and aesthetic experience of reading *Jhootha Sach*, the paper, *Jhootha Sach: Yashpal's Lahore & Mine*, is an artistically conceived and designed research product, which is meant to sow and unleash long-lasting emotional and transformational behaviors among its readers.

3. The MindfulApp. The usage of the term App in the title of the interdisciplinary research-based installation, MindfulApp alludes to the desired symbolic mental downloading of its message of developing psychological maturity of entertaining multiple narratives. The first segment of the two-part MindfulApp comprises of the written piece, “*Jhootha Sach: Yashpal's Lahore and Mine*.” The second is the digital art (Figure. 1 & Figure. 2) entitled “*Lahore becomes my Own / It was only a matter of changing my position of gazing*.” It can be downloaded from Sindhu.

4. Sample list of songs/ movies:

Lahore (the movie): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i-DILEYMFzo> Nargis, Karan Dewan, Directed by M. Lutt-Putt: <https://youtu.be/Y4NAnHPei00>
 Lahore Song: <https://youtu.be/mCI-q1Vd3IU>
 Munde Lahore De (song): <https://youtu.be/a5iEU3zHd3Q>
 Makes its way into imagination: <https://youtu.be/rbVc7KlrD5>
 “Lahore” (song): <https://youtu.be/K51PGNjto1A>
 “Nakhra ai Lahore dai” (song): <https://youtu.be/K51PGNjto1A>
 “Lhore da paranda” (song): <https://youtu.be/s96nPSDOma8>
 Guru Randhava (song): <https://youtu.be/dZ0fwJojhrs>
 Bollywood's film *Sagai* (1951) celebrates Mall Road 'as thandi sarak' in the voice of Rafi and Shamshad, YouTube: <https://youtu.be/LYCgtR8Wls4> “It is Lahore today!”

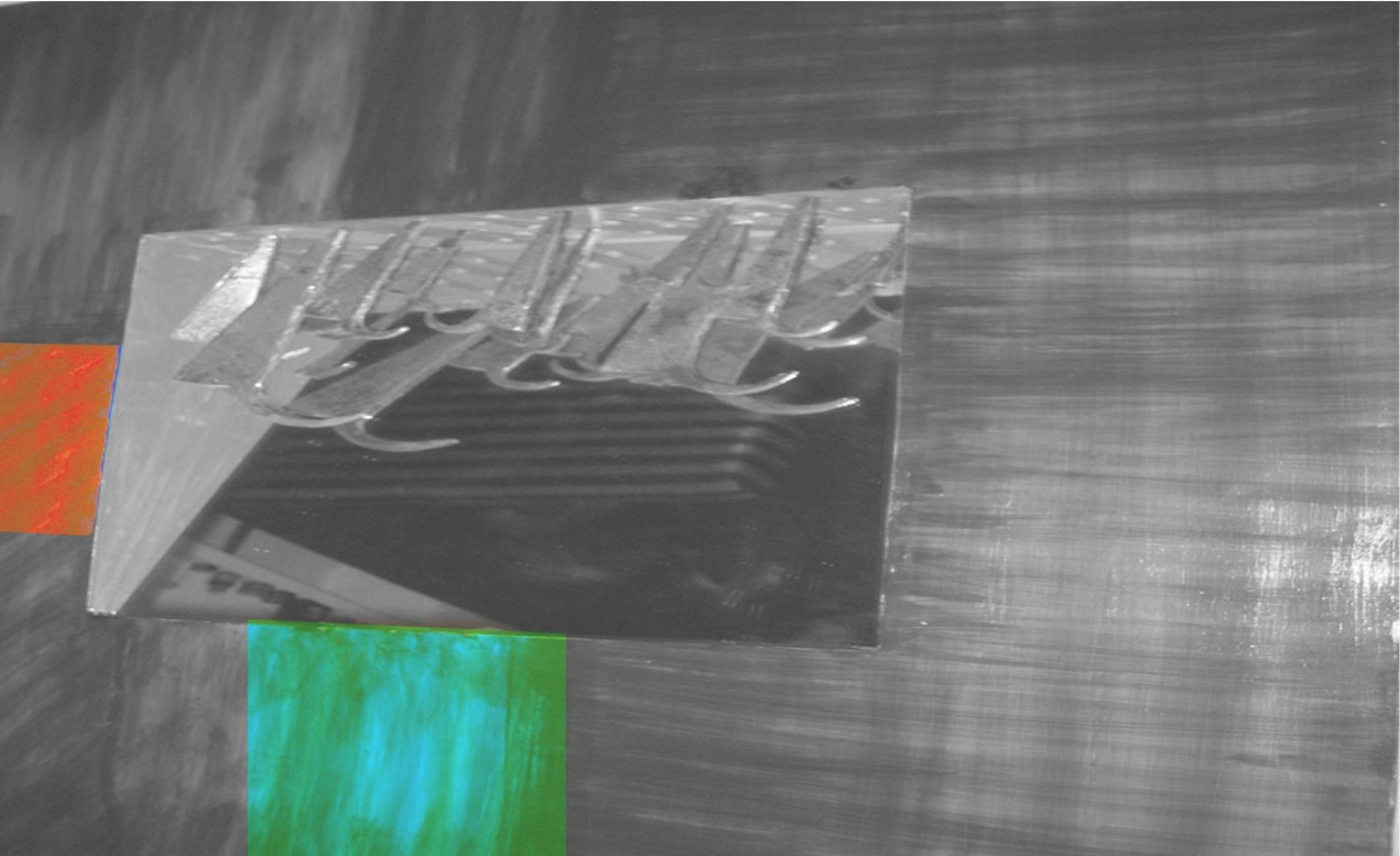
5. Mrs. Anjana Khurana, mother of Dean Rakesh Khurana, Faculty Dean of Cabot House and Professor, Harvard University, described her one-hundred room family house on 1 Sanda Road, Lahore, first in a meeting in 2014. We also exchanged emails.

6. Shahzad Siddique of Lahore the city of Gardens:

<https://www.facebook.com/laure.gardens/posts/siddique-shahzad-archivist-and-research-person-of-lahore-the-city-of-gardens-is-10154394659343214/>

7. Anand is Yashpal's son, who has translated “*Jhootha Sach*.”





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Hindu Raksha Committee

مہمان عورتوں کے نزدیک پہنچ گئیں۔

نوجوان لڑکی نے پہلی انگلی سے ٹھوڑی چھوکر حیرت بھرے دکھ کا اظہار کیا۔ ”بہنو، بہت افسوس کی

بات ہے۔“

خنکتے اور محنتے ہوئے پچھے صاف سترے کپڑے پہنے اجنبی عورتوں کو اپنی طرف آتے اور اپنی
ماتاوں کو سہا ہوا دیکھ کر چپ ہو گئے۔ گلی کی عورتوں نے سوالیہ زگا ہوں سے نئی مہمان عورتوں کی طرف دیکھا۔

جو نوجوان لڑکی بولی، ”بہنو، کیا تصحیح نہیں معلوم، کلکتے میں مسلمانوں نے ہزاروں ہندو بھائیوں کو قتل کر
ڈالا، ہماری سینکڑوں بھوپلیوں کو بے عزت کر ڈالا ہے۔ افسوس ہے، تمحاری گلی میں یہ لوگ اب بھی سوداچ
رہے ہیں!“

بوزھی عورت نے دکھ کے اظہار میں با تھ پھیلا کر جوان عورت کو ٹوک دیا، ”ہم ان پیشوں پیشوں [اپنی
اولاد کا سوگ کرنے والوں] کے پیٹ پالیں اور یہ ہمارے پیشوں میں چھرے بھونکیں! کہاں ہے تم لوگوں
کی عقل؟“

کرتارو بول انھی، ”بھین جی، ہم ان رنڈی چھڈ نے [رانڈ چھوڑ جانے والے] مسلمان سے سودا
کیوں لیں؟ ہم تو سو بار ہندوؤں سے خریدیں، پر رڑ پڑھ جانے [بیڑا بہہ جانے] ہندو پھیری والے یہاں
آتے ہی نہیں۔ آتے بھی ہیں تو دگنے دام مانگتے ہیں۔“ Misunderstanding

نوجوان لڑکی نے جواب دیا، ”بہنو، ہندو پھیری والے آئیں گے کیوں نہیں؟ تم جانتی نہیں ہو، میوہ
منڈی پر تو مسلمانوں کا قیضہ ہے۔ ہندو مال خریدتے ہیں تو مسلمان دام چڑھا دیتا ہے۔ اپنے بھائی کو دو پیے
زیادہ بھی دیے تو کیا ہو جائے گا؟ ہم ان مسلمانوں کا پیٹ پالیں گے تو یہ ایک دن ہمارے ہی پیٹ میں چھرا
بھونکنے بھی تو آئیں گے۔ ہمارے محلے میں تو سب بہنوں نے قسم کھائی ہے کہ مسلمانوں سے سودا نہیں
خریدیں گی۔“

کرتارو نے بانہہ اٹھا کر رائیں کو چلے جانے کا اشارہ کرتے ہوئے پکارا، ”جا بھائی جا! یہاں کسی کو
کچھ نہیں چاہیے۔ یہاں مت آیا کرو۔“

جو نوجوان لڑکی نے مطمئن ہو کر بوزھی عورت کا تعارف کرایا۔ یہ پچھو داں کی ماتا ایشور کو رجی ہیں۔ آپ

I-Thou-: The New Pedagogy of Partition Studies

(Presented at the Symposium: Canonizing Partition-1947: Re-thinking Methodology in Partition Studies, at Lahore School of Management Sciences (LUMS), Pakistan, 2025)

I welcome you to the performance--in which Dr. Iram Zia Raja has generously agreed to participate--of a speculative workshop entitled "I-Thou: The Pedagogy of Partition Studies" (I-Thou). It is requested that we all view and interact with the I-Thou Workshop as we do with an art exhibit.

For the Workshop, two questions are picked from the list suggested by the symposium,

Re-thinking Methodology in Partition Studies:

- How is Partition to be taught in the contemporary classroom?
- How do we attend to the politics of trauma, and political renderings of that trauma?

Partition trauma and curriculum. If one comes to think of it, these two questions are interconnected. The politics of the 1947 Partition trauma and the supposed political implications of the trauma are indoctrinated among Indian and Pakistani youth through deliberately worked out curricula, highlighting the respective Indian and Pakistani 1947 Partition ideologies. It is very critical to note that the contentious legacy of the **TWO-NATION THEORY** continues to shape the identity politics of India and Pakistan, influencing their domestic and foreign policies and contributing to the ongoing conflicts in the region.[xlvi]

Dissatisfaction with the existing partitioned education

system. If one notices, the two questions allude to something missing and are expressive of a kind of dissatisfaction from the way the 1947 Partition is being taught through the time-honored curricular trajectories the Partition experts have been fixated to--the hunch is that these questions are not just nudging educators to create new methodologies of teaching and learning Partition, but they seem to be insisting on spurring a qualitative change, an **ideological shift** in the mindset that has been traditionally applied towards teaching the 1947 Partition.

Why change the Partition pedagogy? The task of contemplating the fundamental or qualitative **CHANGE** in the teaching and learning of the 1947 Partition Studies will remain unfinished without responding to another crucial question: *Why do we need a new Pedagogy for 1947 Partition?*

From the humanistic angle, India and Pakistan needed a different approach to the teaching and learning of this important historical event right after the Partition--in 1947. However, in power politics, who cares about the people and the humanistic values! Ironically, now it's the 21st century: an era, no less warring, rancorous, and bitterly divided than the 20th century. But the 21st Century is dramatically different due to the **techno-ecosystem**, which has for the first time in the history of human kind embedded us, Indian and Pakistanis, in an **emotional-ecosystem** of **interdependence**: Consider: that despite the restrictions on the visas, exchange of literature, cultural artefacts, the hostilities and terrorism, the people of India and Pakistan are virtually united in this unrestricted **emotional ecosystem**. They have created direct relationships in these **virtual neighbourhoods**, where the toxic curricular narratives about each other are liable to lose their grip on the imagination of the people in both India and Pakistan.

This emergent condition has rendered the hostile attitudes or the teaching of "angry curricula" meaningless. The animosities, promoted and marketed through the inhumane portrayals of the other in respective curricula, are losing credibility when direct contact between the people is at a click away.

The growing ambit of the emotional ecosystem is demanding a **novel pedagogical framework** to parse the philosophical, political, and most essentially people's intellectual and psychological needs across India and Pakistan.

A New Analytical Framework: I-Thou Theory

In response to the multimodal needs, the "**I-Thou**" is proposed as the novel or the new pedagogy for Partition Studies: The "**I-Thou Workshop**," appropriated from the coaching method Immunity-to-Change (ITC),[xlvi] centralizing the theme of the **TWO NATION THEORY**, the central doctrine of the 1947 Partition, is designed to encourage a qualitatively changed mindset to attend to the Partition related baggage of emotional political trauma.

THE "I-THOU" WORKSHOP

The "**I-Thou Workshop**" has two parts (Part I & Part II). It presents a philosophical and practical framework, which on one hand is a tool of pedagogy and on the other is a deliberately designed coaching system for **CHANGE**—for the change of perceptions, for the change of mindset to ultimately overcome the assumptions that deter meaningful **changes** in individuals, groups, and organizations.

(The Workshop is enacted around the two digital artworks, though with new titles, earlier employed in the second part of the triptych 2) Jhootha Sach: Yashpal's Lahore and Mine.[xlviii]

With the artwork on the screen, “**TWO NATIONS NAY ONE NATION**,” we’d take up the case of how to think differently about **teaching the most contentious of the 1947 Partition narratives, the TWO-NATION THEORY**---important to remember that the Indian and Pakistani curricula pander diametrically opposite points of view about the **TWO-NATION THEORY**.

WORKSHOP ACTIVITY: We invite you to the three-step activity: “looking”, “listening”, and “writing”.

- 1) Looking:** Look at the artwork “Two Nations! Nay, One Nation.”
- 2) Listening:** Listen to the conventional India-Pakistan stances on the **TWO-NATION THEORY**.
- 3) Writing:** Note down what you make of the two hands and one hand compositions inside the two flags, India’s and Pakistan’s; also your thoughts about the conventional India-Pakistan stances on the **TWO-NATION THEORY**, on the “**CONSCIOUSNESS HANDOUT**”

Imagine yourself actively participating in the Workshop “**I-Thou: The New Pedagogy of Partition Studies**” **PART-I.** (Keep the “Consciousness Handout-1” handy to note down your reactions). (Shabnam will present Pakistan’s point of view, and Iram will present India’s)

PAKISTAN THEORIZING THE TWO-NATION THEORY (SHABNAM)	INDIA THEORIZING ONE-NATION (IRAM)
<p>PAKISTAN: The “Two-Nation Theory” means that among the two nations - Hindus and Muslims –[xlix] there were sharp discrepancies in culture, languages, and religious practices. It means Hindus and Muslims are two different nations.[i] Thus, the two distinct political ideologies led to the Partition of the Indian subcontinent into two independent states, India and Pakistan.[ii]</p>	<p>INDIA: The slogan of “One-Nation” or United-India was explicitly used to demand the end of British rule. The so-called 'Two-Nation Theory' was only a gambit to block the Indian Freedom Movement. Hence, it should not be elevated to the level of a philosophical postulate or categorical imperative...” The hollowness of the “Two-Nation Theory”[lii]...the “insufficiency of the founding imagination has led to enduring pathologies in Pakistan.[liii] [liv]</p>
<p>PAKISTAN: What do you think? Are Hindus and Muslims One-Nation or Two-Nations? We leave it to you.</p>	<p>INDIA: WHAT DO YOU THINK? Are Hindus and Muslims One-Nation or Two-Nations? We leave it to you.</p>

THE “I-THOU” WORKSHOP PART-I



Fig.3.Two Nations! Nay One Nation

WRITE DOWN YOUR THOUGHTS

After seeing the artwork and listening to “Pakistan” theorizing the Two-Nation Theory

WRITE DOWN YOUR THOUGHTS

After seeing the artwork and listening to “India” theorizing the One-Nation or United India Theory

THE “I-THOU” WORKSHOP PART-II

WORKSHOP ACTIVITY:

We invite you to another round of the three-step activity:

1) Looking: Through the “I-Thou Lens” (perceiving through adversary’s position) look at the artwork **“IT IS ONLY A MATTER**

**OF CHANGING OUR POSITIONS OF GAZING: MY THEORY
WILL BECOME YOUR THEORY AND YOUR THEORY MINE”**

2) Listening: Through the “I-Thou Lens” listen, and if you are in favor of the **TWO-NATION THEORY**, try to change your position and imagine yourself favoring the **ONE-NATION THEORY**. If you favor the **ONE-NATION**, change your position and imagine yourself favoring the **TWO-NATION THEORY**.

3) Writing: Spread out the **“CONCIOUSNESS HANDOUT-II”** and note down your ongoing thoughts.

(In the attempt to see the opponent’s point of view, Iram (INDIA) becomes Pakistan and presents INDIA’S case of ONE-NATION THEORY; and Shabnam (PAKISTAN) becomes INDIA, and presents PAKISTAN’S case and explains the TWO-NATION THEORY).

<p>IRAM (INDIA) ENACTS AS PAKISTAN AND ADVOCATES THE ONE-NATION THEORY OR UNITED INDIA</p>	<p>SHABNAM (PAKISTAN) ENACTS AS INDIA AND ADVOCATES THE TWO NATION-THEORY</p>
<p>PAKISTAN: I appeal to the workshop participants to listen carefully to the few excerpts from the literary, academic sources, and anecdotes from oral history shared here. They show that all the Indians were not TWO but ONE-NATION (United India):</p> <p>It is pre-Partition Lahore: “I find Lahore taking on a life of its own when the main characters of Yashpal’s novel <i>Jhootha-Sach</i>[lvi] Puri, Tara, Asad, Kanak, Zubeida, all friends, in their daily routine of going to college, to work, to meet friends, lovers, nemesis, reveal a close-knit network of</p>	<p>INDIA: I appeal to the workshop participants to listen carefully the few excerpts from the literary, academic sources and oral history anecdotes shared here. They show that all the Indians were not ONE but TWO-NATIONS:</p> <p>It is pre-Partition Batala: “A little girl is walking down the narrow lane. When an elderly woman, with a bundle of sugarcanes, balancing on her head, tries in vain but one sugarcane falls down. The girl picks it, tries to return the cane... “Are you a Muslim (Muslim),” the woman asks the</p>

<u>IRAM (INDIA)</u> <u>ENACTS AS PAKISTAN</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE ONE-NATION THEORY</u> <u>OR UNITED INDIA</u>	<u>SHABNAM (PAKISTAN)</u> <u>ENACTS AS INDIA</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE TWO NATION-THEORY</u>	<u>IRAM (INDIA)</u> <u>ENACTS AS PAKISTAN</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE ONE-NATION THEORY</u> <u>OR UNITED INDIA</u>	<u>SHABNAM (PAKISTAN)</u> <u>ENACTS AS INDIA</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE TWO NATION-THEORY</u>
<p><i>an amorphous community: they are all not Hindus.</i></p> <p><i>Yes! Not all Hindus! Even during the agitation against the British government... the Hindu, Sikh, Muslim inhabitants of Lahore came together with undisguised camaraderie. Hindus, Sikhs, and Muslims of Lahore intermingle socially.</i></p> <p><i>They nurture romantic liaisons, loiter around Lahore, and attend political rallies. They share food, just as they share the ideological and political</i></p>	<p><i>asks the girl. "Yes!" The woman cringes and walks away, telling the girl to keep the sugarcane. The same girl recalls that in earlier grades at school, Hindu and Muslim children played together, but around the age of seven to eight years, the Hindu kids started saying "DON'T TOUCH!"...leading eventually to playmates divided along Hindu-Muslim groups..."</i>^[lxii]</p> <p><i>It comes across from this memory blurb that Muslim children were exposed to the</i></p>	<p><i>aspirations for an India without British colonial rule... the Lahore where Asad feels free to lick prashad at a Hindu friend's place!</i>^[lvii]</p> <p><i>PAKISTAN: Contrary to the so-called TWO-NATION THEORY, the ONE-NATION looks like this:</i></p> <p><i>In this inter-communal Lahori milieu... Puri is shown climbing down his Anarkali office stairs and shouting: "What's this nonsense! You are marching to support the demand for Pakistan?" Asad, a Muslim</i></p>	<p><i>Hindus' exclusionary attitude towards Muslims.</i></p> <p><i>Contrary to the so-called ONE-NATION THEORY, the TWO-NATIONS looks like this:</i></p> <p><i>It is 1947 post-Partition Aiman-a-Baa'd. The author Mumtaz Mufti recounts the bold stance of the local Muslim women, who warned their family men against any coercive advances or abductions of the local Hindu women stranded in Aiman-a-Baa'd. The Aiman-a-Abaa'di</i></p>

<u>IRAM (INDIA)</u> <u>ENACTS AS PAKISTAN</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE ONE-NATION THEORY</u> <u>OR UNITED INDIA</u>	<u>SHABNAM (PAKISTAN)</u> <u>ENACTS AS INDIA</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE TWO NATION-THEORY</u>	<u>IRAM (INDIA)</u> <u>ENACTS AS PAKISTAN</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE ONE-NATION THEORY</u> <u>OR UNITED INDIA</u>	<u>SHABNAM (PAKISTAN)</u> <u>ENACTS AS INDIA</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE TWO NATION-THEORY</u>
<p>friend, cajoles Puri: "We won't allow any slogans asking for the break-up of the country... the Muslims too oppose the Partition of India... the demand for Pakistan. This is a demand for self-determination! We only want the Congress and the League should join forces... If they say... 'We must have Pakistan... we won't march with them.' Puri relieved, requests Asad to "look after Tara..." and "see her home" (p.77).[lviii]</p> <p><i>This is the Lahore where Hindu Puri could tell his Muslim Asad</i></p>	<p><i>Muslim women gave Aiman-a-Abaa'di Hindu women shelter in selected Muslim homes.</i></p> <p><i>Living together in Aiman-a-Baa'd for centuries, both Muslim and Hindu women realized that they had never met or spoken to each other before.</i></p> <p><i>Now safe. The Hindu women had to be fed. They won't eat the food cooked in the used in Muslim households, and cooked by Muslims. Their eyes though low, the</i></p>	<p><i>to escort his sister Tara home. The one Lahore... where the communal distinctions lose their distinctions in well-meaning slogans raised by the Student Federation: "Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs unite! Long Live Congress-League unity." Including Tara's Muslim friend, Zubeida, who is shouting, "Hindu-Muslims are brothers!" "Congress-League unite!"</i></p> <p><i>Tara, Sneha, Narendra Singh, Asad And Zuber takes the route to the Lower Mall</i></p>	<p><i>adamant Hindu women would die, but not eat.</i></p> <p><i>Realizing, Muslim women arranged for dry groceries and new pots and pans. In which the groups of Hindu women cooked their OWN food until they were shifted to the camps to be transported to India. Hindu women know they will have to pay penance for their contact with Muslims.</i></p> <p>[lxiii]</p> <p><i>Do you see the irony here?</i></p> <p><i>The intrinsic divisions between Hindus and</i></p>

<u>IRAM (INDIA)</u> <u>ENACTS AS PAKISTAN</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE ONE-NATION THEORY</u> <u>OR UNITED INDIA</u>	<u>SHABNAM (PAKISTAN)</u> <u>ENACTS AS INDIA</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE TWO NATION-THEORY</u>	<u>IRAM (INDIA)</u> <u>ENACTS AS PAKISTAN</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE ONE-NATION THEORY</u> <u>OR UNITED INDIA</u>	<u>SHABNAM (PAKISTAN)</u> <u>ENACTS AS INDIA</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE TWO NATION-THEORY</u>
<p><i>road and the Purani Anarkali. Asad decides to first drop Zubeida off at Neela Gumbad, and then walk with Tara up to the Shahalami Darwaza: These are the same streets, breathing their inter-communal existence and politics. It is the same Shahalami Gate, which was set on fire in the summer of 1947.</i> [lix]</p> <p><i>Do you see the conspiracy here? To create divisions? Decide for yourself:</i> <i>Nayyar, another character, keeps agitating about this mysterious fire, asking how,</i></p>	<p><i>Muslims? Decide for yourself:</i> <i>According to the traditional Hindu Worldview...this otherness-- Hindus perceived Muslims as unclean, and a source of filth--and touching them was sacrilegious.</i></p> <p><i>Muslims were agents of demons.</i> The Hindu religious sources... refer to Muslims as <i>mleccha</i> and <i>chandala</i>. Outcasts, inferiors, untouchables with no place in Indian society.</p>	<p><i>when there was a curfew and a vigilant police guard, could Shahalami be set on fire?</i></p> <p><i>Now check how a Hindu neighbor placates his Muslim neighbor. How could they be two different nations? Decide for yourself:</i> <i>Kalicharan, a Hindu, to his Muslim neighbor:</i> <i>"Taya, all this madness won't last more than a couple of days. Those who have fled will return soon, too. What if there's a Pakistan or there's a Hindustan? We're Lahirites,</i></p>	<p><i>Hindus' caste-structured society discriminated against Muslims as outcasts and regarded Muslim's touch or breath and scent of their food as pollution.</i> <i>Hindu-Muslim social integration did not exist. Because Hindus wanted to save their purity and caste.</i> [lxiv]</p> <p><i>There was Hindu-pani (water) and Muslim-pani (water) in public places. Separate kitchens and dining rooms for Hindus and other communities on campuses</i></p>

<u>IRAM (INDIA)</u> <u>ENACTS AS PAKISTAN</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE ONE-NATION THEORY</u> <u>OR UNITED INDIA</u>	<u>SHABNAM (PAKISTAN)</u> <u>ENACTS AS INDIA</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE TWO NATION-THEORY</u>	<u>IRAM (INDIA)</u> <u>ENACTS AS PAKISTAN</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE ONE-NATION THEORY</u> <u>OR UNITED INDIA</u>	<u>SHABNAM (PAKISTAN)</u> <u>ENACTS AS INDIA</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE TWO NATION-THEORY</u>
<p><i>neighbors of Doongi Gali. Go back to your house.</i></p> <p><i>When Hindus and Muslims were so intimate, just see what happened:</i> <i>The bulk of Lahori Hindus Sikhs were forced to leave Lahore. When most of them had decided to stay back in Lahore of Pakistan:</i> <i>Babu Govind Ram wanted all of them to stay in Lahore... The mere thought of being posted to a different place frightened Birumal.</i></p> <p><i>The residents pledge they will</i></p>	<p><i>was the norm.[lxv]</i></p> <p><i>This perception of uncleanliness continues to this day. Muslims do what is called menial work.[lxvi]</i></p> <p><i>Same exclusionary culture... Amrita Pritam reports that her grandmother clandestinely kept separate utensils for Amrita's atheist father's Muslim friends.[lxvii]</i></p> <p><i>General Safdar Butt reports the same—he</i></p>	<p><i>never leave Lahore. It was the homeland of their forefathers, and “they would fight to death for the right to stay in Lahore.”</i> Birumal, who was frightened at the prospect of moving to <i>Independent India</i>, moaned: <i>“Bhai, that country is totally different. They are also Hindus, but of a different sort. Their talk sounds like a pebble being shaken in a brass pot. The only clothes their women wear are around the waist. Bhai, their food is different, and so are their customs.... So what if the Muslims of Lahore have</i></p>	<p><i>noticed the chipped teacup in which he was served tea on every visit to his Hindu friend's place.[lxviii]</i></p> <p><i>Hindu-Muslims had separate living quarters:</i> <i>Intezar Hussain! In his novel “Basti,” walking with his Hindu friend Surinder, stops near the Meerut Gate, from the Khirkhee-Bazar the lanes led to the Hindu mohallas, another lane on the side ended up in the Muslim quarters...at this juncture, Surinder and Intezar abruptly stopped, looked intently into</i></p>

<u>IRAM (INDIA)</u> <u>ENACTS AS PAKISTAN</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE ONE-NATION THEORY</u> <u>OR UNITED INDIA</u>	<u>SHABNAM (PAKISTAN)</u> <u>ENACTS AS INDIA</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE TWO NATION-</u> <u>THEORY</u>	<u>IRAM (INDIA)</u> <u>ENACTS AS PAKISTAN</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE ONE-NATION THEORY</u> <u>OR UNITED INDIA</u>	<u>SHABNAM (PAKISTAN)</u> <u>ENACTS AS INDIA</u> <u>AND ADVOCATES</u> <u>THE TWO NATION-</u> <u>THEORY</u>
<p><i>turned into our enemies? At least they are like us. Same language, same dress, their food too is almost the same... The only difference is between a temple and a mosque... How long can we remain enemies?"</i></p> <p><i>"It was Simla, where Shamim, Kamla, Angel, Preeti, all convent girls, who played after school in one verandah or the other of each other's house. Our elders never stopped us from playing with our Muslim and Christian friends! It was here we heard that India was to</i></p>	<p><i>each other's eyes, with lowered heads, they took separate routes...[lxix]</i></p> <p>INDIA: ONE-NATION? <i>It has all turned out to be as predicted in 1947, in 2024, a "police officer in western UP confirms the orders to write the name of the owner on eateries and shops and carts selling any eatable so that kanwars [perhaps high caste Hindus?] are not confused... do not buy from a Muslim.... names give away the identity..."[lxx]</i></p>	<p><i>be divided into two countries."</i> [lx]</p> <p><i>Alas! In any case, when East Pakistan became Bangladesh, the Two-Nation Theory drowned in the Bay of Bengal.</i> [lxii]</p> <p><i>I, PAKISTAN, ASK YOU: WHAT DO YOU THINK? Are Hindus and Muslims One-Nation or Two-Nations? I leave it to you.</i></p>	<p><i>"Even if Partition hadn't taken place, Muslims and Hindus are two nations."</i>[lxxi]</p> <p>I am in India, ASK YOU: WHAT DO YOU THINK? Are Hindus and Muslims One-Nation or Two-Nations? I leave it to you.</p>

I-THOU CONSCIOUSNESS EXERCISE. Using the I-Thou lens means changing one's position of perceiving an issue to one's opponent's or the Other's point of view. While India (IRAM) becomes Pakistan and Pakistan (SHABNAM) becomes India to own opposing theories, the Workshop participants work on the Consciousness Handout-II.

Lahore *Triptych 3*

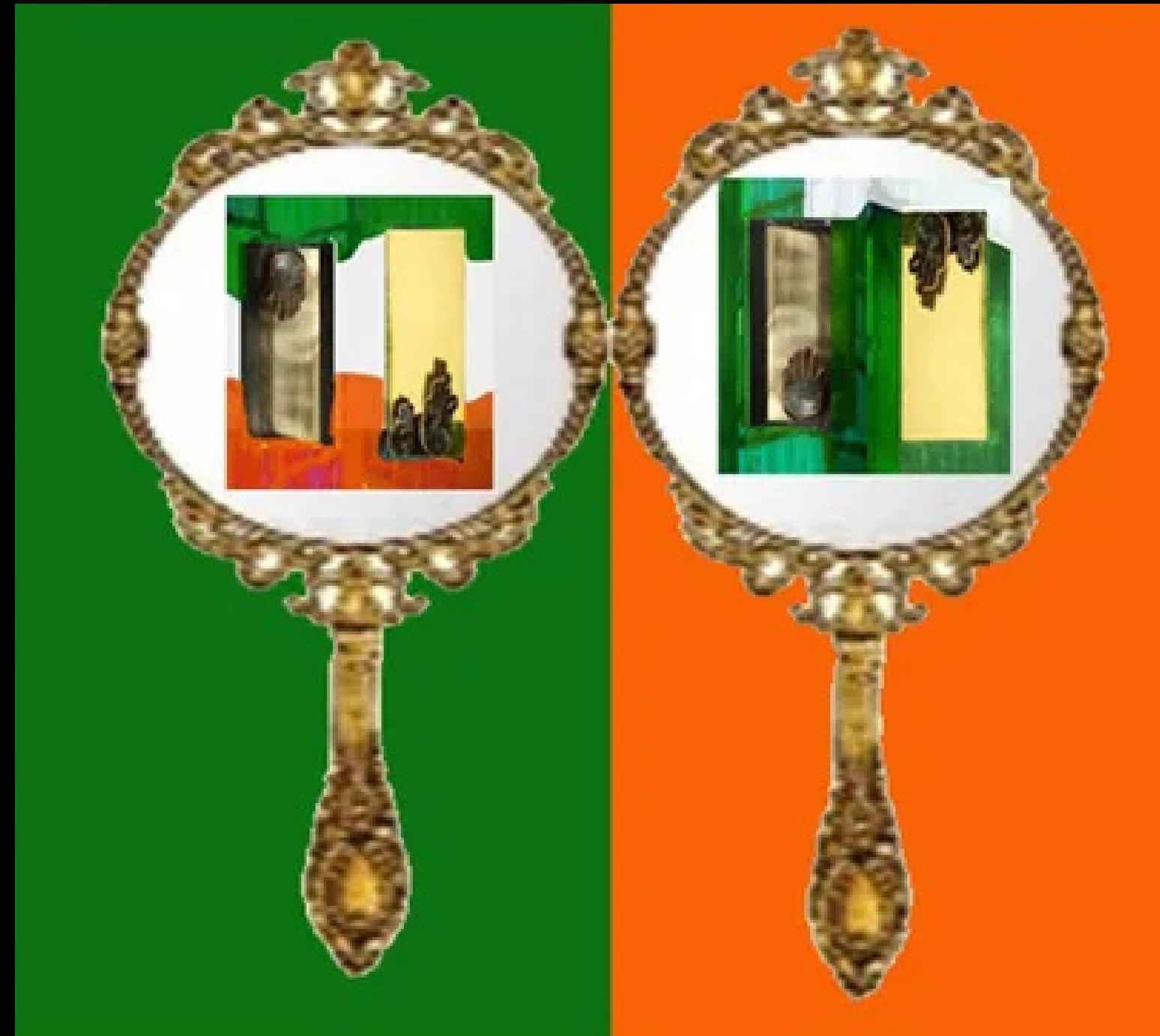


Fig.4. It is Only a Matter of Changing Our Positions of Gazing / My Theory Will Become
Your Theory, and Your Theory Mine

CONSCIOUSNESS HANDOUT-II [Ixxii]

INDIA OWNS THE TWO-NATION THEORY

Note down your three outstanding thoughts that involve some change from what you noted on the first CONSCIOUSNESS-HANDOUT-I:

CONSCIOUSNESS HANDOUT-II [Ixxii]

PAKISTAN OWNS THE ONE-NATION OR UNITED INDIA THEORY

Note down your three outstanding thoughts that involve some change from what you noted on the first CONSCIOUSNESS-HANDOUT-I:

WORKSHOP WRAP-UP: I-Thou: The New Pedagogy of Partition

There is no doubt that after this quick walk through the “I-Thou” consciousness exercise, you may not have experienced even a whiff of **CHANGE** in your earlier stance about the **TWO-NATION THEORY**. It takes several “I-Thou” sessions to spur the required transformation on divisive issues. The mindset **CHANGE**[lxxiii] is difficult. Because human beings are not programmed to **CHANGE** easily. Notwithstanding curriculum is a powerful agent for cultural and social reproduction.

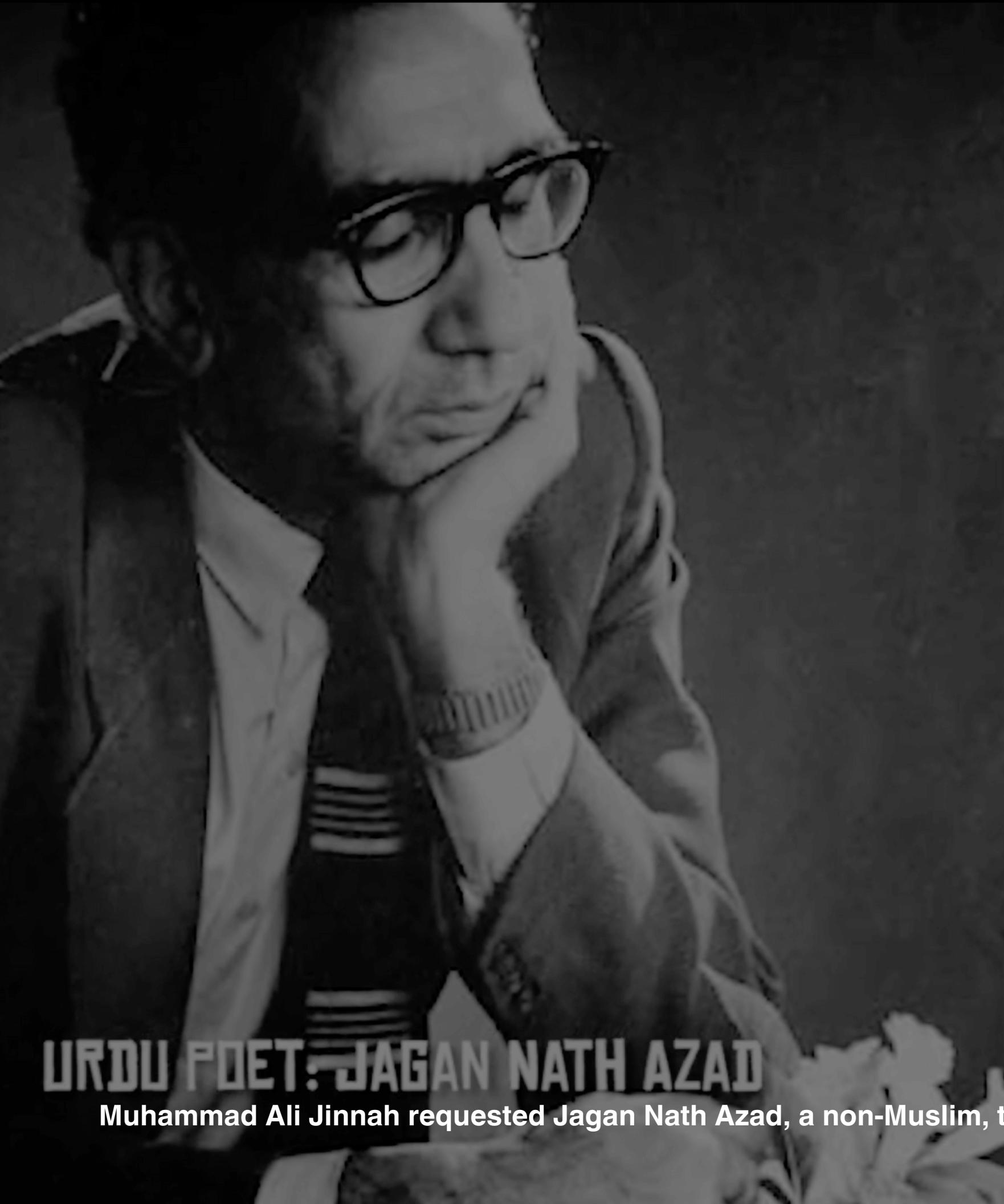
In the scheme of re-imagining **Partition Studies**, the “I-Thou” learning and teaching philosophy is proposed as the 21st-century curriculum theory to replace the “**angry curricula**” that Indian and Pakistani educational institutions use to indoctrinate young minds.

The “I-Thou” pedagogy is suggested as a mind-transforming therapeutic intervention to mediate disagreements. It is aimed at developing that higher order of consciousness that allows us to accommodate and own an adversary’s stance on a divisive issue. If we in South Asia desire to live peacefully and successfully meet the moral and mental demands of the new age techno-ecosystem, we need to nurture a higher order of psychological consciousness. The purpose is to enable Pakistan and

India to see each other’s truths about the 1947 Partition and create a shared understanding of the 1947 Partition. The truth of the **TWO-NATION THEORY** or the Partition is somewhere in between the two truths India and Pakistan respectively propound.

As an agent of **Change**, the indoctrinating power of the curriculum[lxxiv] that has for years pitted India and Pakistan against each other could now be employed by Indian-Pakistani educators to write the “I-Thou” driven **new pedagogy of partition**.

1...The “I-Thou WORKSHOP ends on a “Song....Azad ki Dua...



URDU POET: JAGAN NATH AZAD

Muhammad Ali Jinnah requested Jagan Nath Azad, a non-Muslim, to compose the National Anthem of Pakistani, in 1947.

ذرے ترے ہیں آج ستاروں سے تا بنائ
ر دشنسے کہکشاں سے کہیں آج تیری خاک

تندی حاسداں پہ ہے غالب تیرا سواک
دامن دہ سل گیا ہے جو تھامدوں سے چاک
اے سر زمین پاک!

اب اپنے عزم کو ہے نیاراستہ پسند
اپنا وطن ہے آج زمانے یں سر بلند
پہنچا سکے گا اس کو نہ کوئی بھی اب گزند

اپنا علم ہے چاند ستاروں سے بھی بلند
اب ہم کو دیکھتے ہیں عطا رہو پاک



INSPIRATIONS AND CITED WORKS

PREFACE

[i] Renowned Hindi writer Yashpal, celebrated for his contributions to fiction, non-fiction, and revolutionary literature, was born on December 3, 1903, in Ferozepur, Punjab. His ancestry traces back to Bhumpal village in Hamirpur, Himachal Pradesh.

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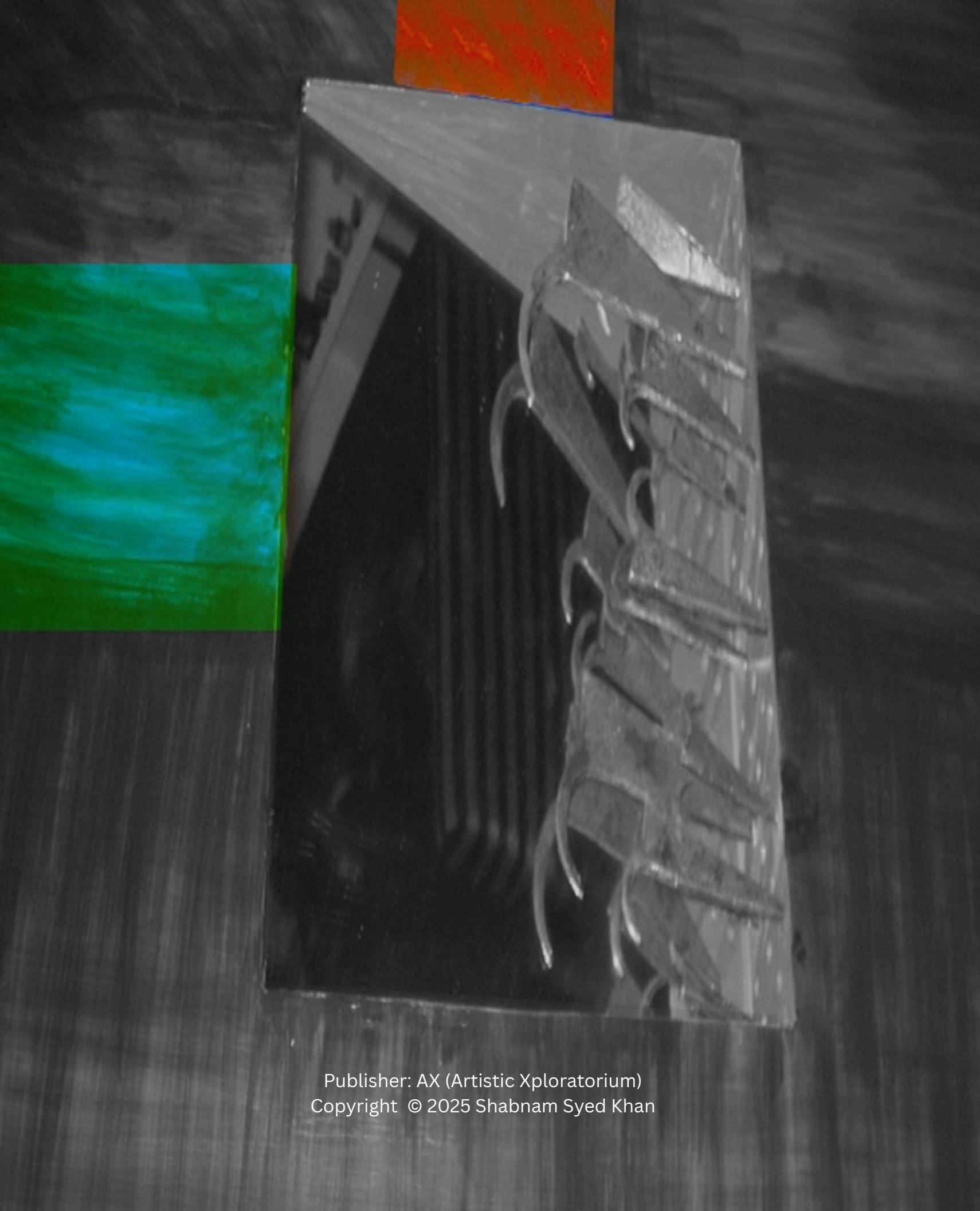
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Practitioner

Shabnam Syed Khan, former Visiting Professor and Teaching Fellow at Harvard University, has a doctorate from Harvard University and an MA from Massachusetts College of Art and Design. Her multidisciplinary education and training in art, history, education, human development, counseling, religion, political science, and gender studies support her transdisciplinary approach to teaching, learning, research-based art practice, presentations, publication, and homemaking. After serving for twenty-five years as a Professor of Design at the National College of Arts, Lahore, she is involved in speculating, researching, and experimenting with a fictional model of life-work pedagogy which she calls the Consciousness Curriculum (CC). Under the CC rubric, her transdisciplinary projects are calls for re-theorizing established systems and concepts, such as democracy, higher education, creativity, defense, art, technology, progress, gender equality, and nature, whose accepted notions, she believes, have lost efficacy in the 21st-century post-colonial era.