

Introduction to World Literature
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“Toba Tek Singh” by Saadat Hasan MANTO

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Saadat Hasan Manto (1912-1955)

- Born in Punjab (British India), moved to Pakistan after Partition (Jan 1948)
- Wrote mainly in Urdu – translated Russian, French and English short stories into Urdu
- 22 collections of short stories, a novel, 5 collections of radio plays, 3 essay collections, two collections of personal sketches, columns in news dailies
 - Predicted the rise of Islamic fundamentalism in Pakistan
 - Worked with All India Radio
- Best known for stories about Partition
 - Found it maddeningly senseless
 - “the greatest chronicler of this most savage episode in the region’s history”
- A successful script writer for movies

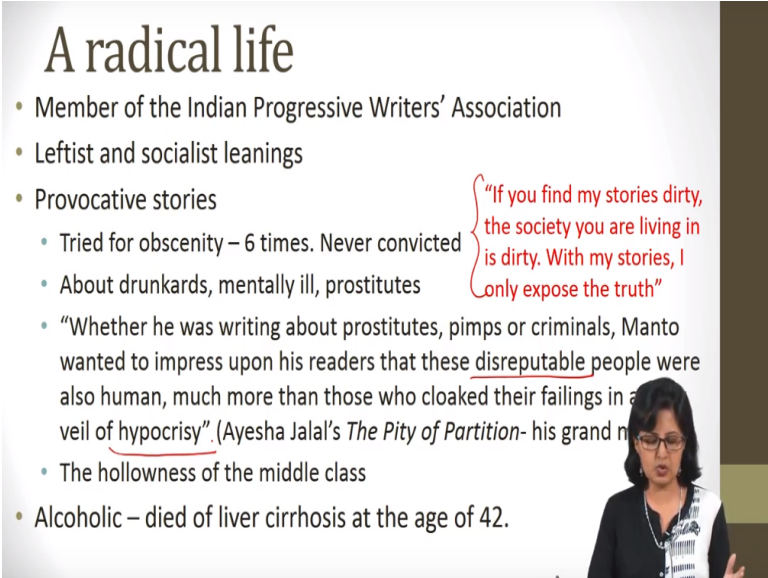
Good morning and welcome to today’s session, today we discuss the short story by Saadat Hasan Manto in title Toba Tek Singh, Saadat Hasan Manto lived from 1912 till 1955 he was born in Punjab in British India and he and his family move to Pakistan after partition that was in January 1948, there was a particular incident which triggered this movement from India to Pakistan he initially decide to stay back in India even when he was missing the aftermath of partition the tragic violent of our partition but when one evening one of as a Hindu friend is remark that had manhood of not a close friend of his he would have already killed him and this had prompted.

Manto to consider to create a Pakistan though it was entirely against as well and this choice of migration and shifting identities there by that he had to occupied it took a can we found at the center of most of man to so works, Manto wrote mostly and over though the works that we access today are mostly the form translation but he was very well was to many languages during his younger day Manto is set a translator various to his written a Russian French and English and the were made into Urdu to make them available in the language that he has also family worth.

To his period Manto had 22 collection of short stories long novel 5 collection of radio plays who was a very famous and well was a script writer that are 3 essay collections he was a joint less to and there are two collection of personal sketches he was to continuously write in a newspaper columns it said that Manto work he was got a prophetic nature to it as in his journalistic bright his already predicted the rise of Islamic fundamentalism Pakistan and he also had work with all India radio which had in injured a lot of fame and reputation for him, Manto today is best known for his stories about partition.

Manto was one of those people who found the event of partition maddeningly senseless he found it very difficult to exercise choice, the choice that he exercise was out of sure compulsion than out of any personal conviction Manto is now consider in the field of literature as the greatest chronicler of this most savage episode in the region's history because not have to many writer documenting his event to partition an Manto was considered as a best of those story tellers who have recreate that horror and the tragedy of partition Manto was a successful script writer for movies there for he moved from Bombay to Lahore and it is said that he would have perhaps had thriving career in Bollywood having not us move to Pakistan.

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A radical life

- Member of the Indian Progressive Writers' Association
- Leftist and socialist leanings
- Provocative stories
 - Tried for obscenity – 6 times. Never convicted
 - About drunkards, mentally ill, prostitutes
 - “Whether he was writing about prostitutes, pimps or criminals, Manto wanted to impress upon his readers that these disreputable people were also human, much more than those who cloaked their failings in a veil of hypocrisy”. (Ayesha Jalal’s *The Pity of Partition*- his grand n
 - The hollowness of the middle class
- Alcoholic – died of liver cirrhosis at the age of 42.

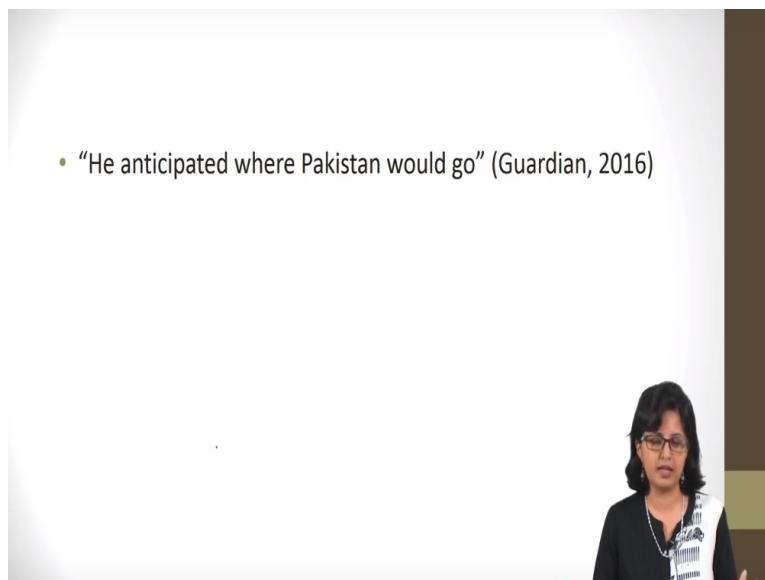
“If you find my stories dirty, the society you are living in is dirty. With my stories, I only expose the truth”

Manto have throughout later through his radicle life he was a member of the Indian Progressive Writer association he had left his socialist leaning as his political affiliation when very-very clear he had also written provocative stories for which he was tried to obscenity six times 3 time in

India and 3 times in Pakistan but he was never convicted and his argument was that if you find his stories dirty that his which is ITUL living in hid dirty my stories I only exposed the truth he did not have any obscene word in his dictionary in his understanding he was only writing and representing the kind of thing which he was witnessing in his around his society.

He wrote about who do not otherwise qualify to be a protanious or hero's or heroine about drunkard about the mentally ill about the prostitutes and Ayesha Jalal's the pity of partition, Ayesha Jalal also happened to be his grant niece she remark whether he was writing about prostitute pimps or criminal Manto wanted to impress upon this readers that these disreputable people also human much more than those who cloaked their failing in a thick veil of hypocrisy one of his aim you no begin to notice that that was to expose of hollowness of the middle class we find that coming through this very punching critique coming through most of his works he was an alcoholic and he also lost his live to liver cirrhosis at a very young age of 42.

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In 2016 in an article appear in guardian which argue that, Manto anticipated where Pakistan would go so today when we ready his stories we also begin to see that there is certainly a graphic and prophetic quality to a most of his writers.

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Major works

- Bu
 - Odour
- Khol Do
 - Open it
- Thanda Gosht
 - Cold meat
- Manto ke Afsaney
 - Stories of Manto
- Dhuan
 - Smoke
- Afsane Aur Dramay
 - Fiction and Drama
- Bagahir Ijazit
 - Without permission
- Burquey
- Phunduney
 - Tassles
- Sarkarkandon Ke Peechey
 - Behind the Reeds
- Shaiytan

Manto wrote prolifically some of his major work included as

Bu translated as odour,

Khol do which means open it,

Thanda Gohst meaning Cold Meat,

Manto ke afsaney - Stories of Manto,

Dhuan - Smoke,

Afsane aur Dramey - Fiction and Drama,

Bagahir Ijazat - Without Permission,

Burquey, Phunduney - Tassle, and what translated as behind the reeds,

And finally Shaiytan which is translated as (Shaitan)(05:31).

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Not so polite or decent!

- Bu (smell) ✓
 - About a sexual encounter between a prostitute and a rich youngman who is intoxicated by the smell of her armpits
- My name is Radha ✓
 - A male character is raped by a woman
- Thanda Gohst (cold meat) ✓
 - A sikh man returns home and is stabbed by his wife during sex when he confesses to raping a corpse

Manto as I mention he was try for obscenity of six times, so his story is where generally in not consider super light her descent and most of his plots this references they were found to be very vulgar and obscene and we would take a look at couple of his stories to see why they were see obscene during that time, though those whether kind of thing that we are happening Manto was really documenting and representing they mean an affectional form they did find at in descent and obscene because those were none kind of think of people would talked about in public.

Bu translated as smell it was about a sexual encounter between a prostitute and a rich young-man who is intoxicated by the smell of her armpits this kind of details at really outrage there public my name is Radha is a male good character is raped by a women, Thanda Gohst translated as cold meat it is about a Sikh man who return home and he is stabbed by his wife during intercourse because he confess to raping a corpse.

He is documenting Manto is documenting the hard reality which was happening in the aftermath of partition and also trying to press need it without should coding it without trying to cover it up a with some kind of descent discourse he is very raw and his plots are very suggested and it is no one that it was extremely unpalatable to the audience of those time and even today they are many critics who argue that Manto would have perhaps struggle all the motive find the published had he been publishing and writing today.

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His epitaphs

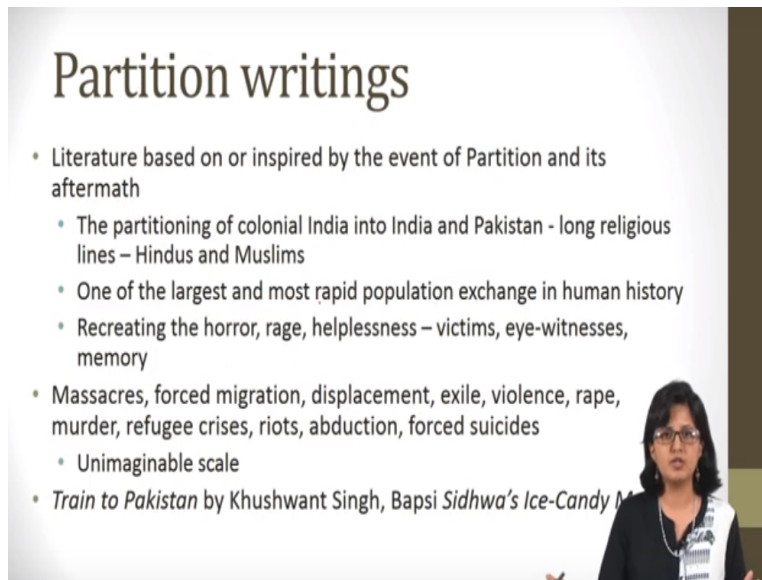
- Wrote his own epitaph
 - Here lies Saadat Hasan Manto and with him lie buried all the secrets and mysteries of the art of story writing. Under mounds of earth he lies, still wondering who among the two is the greater story writer – God or he.
- Later replaced by his sister
 - Here lies buried Manto who still believes that he was not the word on the face of the earth



Manto radicle and erratically multiple ways he wrote his own epitaph it read like this here lies Saadat Hasan Manto and with him lie buried all the secrets and mysteries of the art of story writing of the art of story writing and mounds of earth he lies still wondering who among the two is the greater story writer – God or he here we find Manto equating himself with God he is one script writer Manto himself is one script writer and God being another one and his sister later replaced this epitaph with in another one because he thought that in that society he art his equating himself into a God may invite for the trouble the epitaph.

Which is currently there in his burial place reads like this here lies burial Manto who still believes that he was not the final word on the face of the earth, but still we see that Manto somehow manages to have the final word there it come to the narrative about partitions it is difficult to salary thing that he is articulating and he is representing through his stories.

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Partition writings

- Literature based on or inspired by the event of Partition and its aftermath
 - The partitioning of colonial India into India and Pakistan - long religious lines – Hindus and Muslims
 - One of the largest and most rapid population exchange in human history
 - Recreating the horror, rage, helplessness – victims, eye-witnesses, memory
- Massacres, forced migration, displacement, exile, violence, rape, murder, refugee crises, riots, abduction, forced suicides
 - Unimaginable scale
- *Train to Pakistan* by Khushwant Singh, *Bapsi Sidhwa's Ice-Candy* M

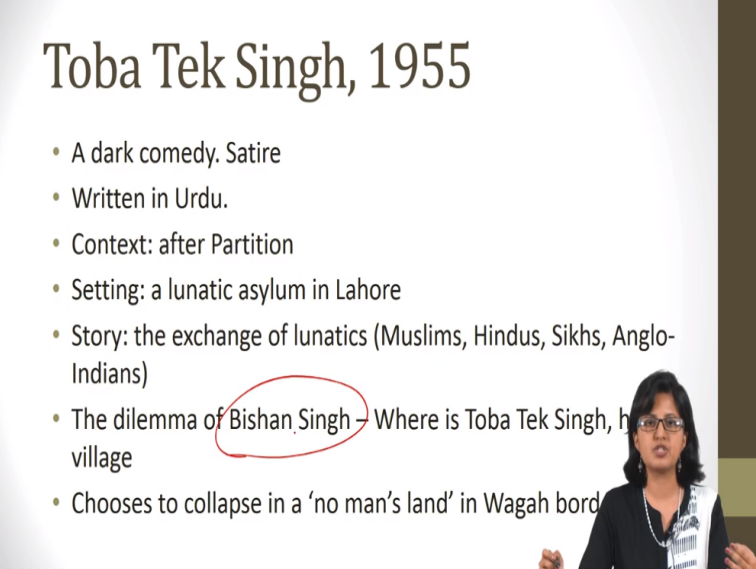
The most of Manto was writing short stories and that we are look at today Toba Tek Singh at will fall under this category, now known as partition writing so partition literature it is a kind of literature based on or inspired by the event of partition and it is aftermath which was definitely tragic and heuristic in the event of partition refer to the partitioning of colonial India and Pakistan the division was made along religious lines on the basis of whether they were dominantly Muslims or Hindus.

And this is event today consider as one of the largest and most rapid population exchange in human history what partition literature the writer who write about the partition what they seek to do to recreate the horror the rage and the helplessness which people were facing irrespective of their loyalties irrespective of the religious identity and label they that they bore and this recreation happens from the point of view of victims of eye witnesses some are recreated from memory some use used historical accounts and frictional frame work to it is there are different kind of partition literature there are find though there are too many writers who wrote about partition.

Some of the recurrent theme in partition literature massacres, force, migration, displacement, exile, violence, rape, murder, refugee crises, riots, abduction forced suicide it is and all of these had happens in an unimaginable scale which is what made this event of partition very distinct from all the other kind of riot and all other kinds of violence that this sub-continent had witness

some the other important works which are classified as partition literature are Khushwant Singh train to Pakistan Bapsi Sidhwa's Ice-candy man was also made into Hindi movie title 1947 earth.

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Toba Tek Singh, 1955

- A dark comedy. Satire
- Written in Urdu.
- Context: after Partition
- Setting: a lunatic asylum in Lahore
- Story: the exchange of lunatics (Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs, Anglo-Indians)
- The dilemma of Bishan Singh – Where is Toba Tek Singh, his village
- Chooses to collapse in a 'no man's land' in Wagah border

The slide features a small video inset in the bottom right corner showing a woman with glasses and a black top speaking. The text 'The dilemma of Bishan Singh' is circled in red.

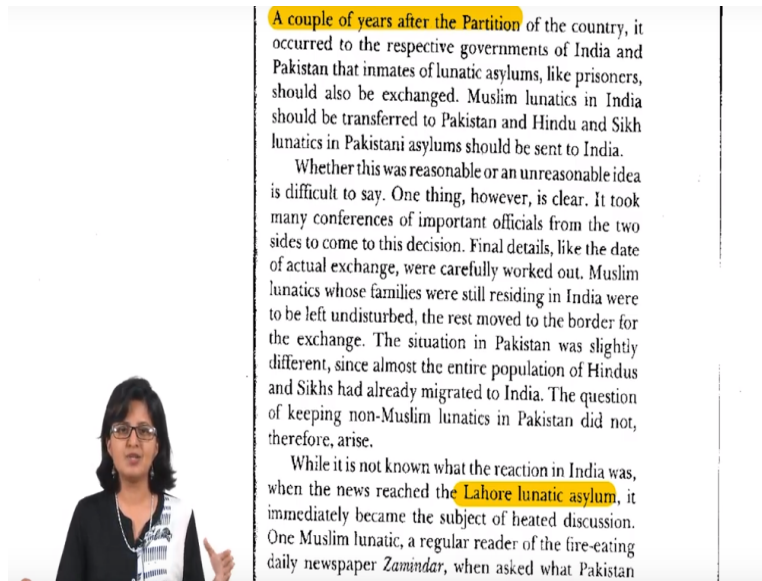
Now we come to look at the short story that we propose to discuss today Toba Tek Singh it was published in 1955 it consider as a dark comedy which is black humor it is political satire it was originally written in Urdu and now it is translated into various languages incidentally this is the only work from regional literature from which made it into rush this vintage of book of Indian writing of the last of 50 years and according to him according to editor Salman Rashdi and Elizabeth west.

Toba Tek Singh was the only work in translation which made the final cut so that is the kind of distinction the Toba Tek Singh enjoys in term of writing in English and then literature in translation and even work a literation the conquest of Toba Tek Singh is write after partition his story begin telling his that this happens three years after partition it is set in Lunatic asylum in Lahore and the story is about the exchange of lunatics there are a Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs and Anglo Indians in this sailor whether story is said and this story and the story is about the government move to exchange the population based on their religion sending the Muslim lunatic to Pakistan and sending the Hindu lunatic to India.

So the crux if the story is the dilemma of the protagonist whose name is Bishan Singh and Bishan Singh dilemma is to find out where Toba Tek Singh is, Toba Tek Singh instantly is not in

a name, but the name of village he comes from but in the story the person and the place gets merge into one, people become refer to him as Toba Tek Singh and Ironically to the end of this story we do not get to know where exactly Toba Tek Singh is he end up collapsing and almost losing his life in this ‘no man’s land’ which is neither in Pakistan not in India.

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

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

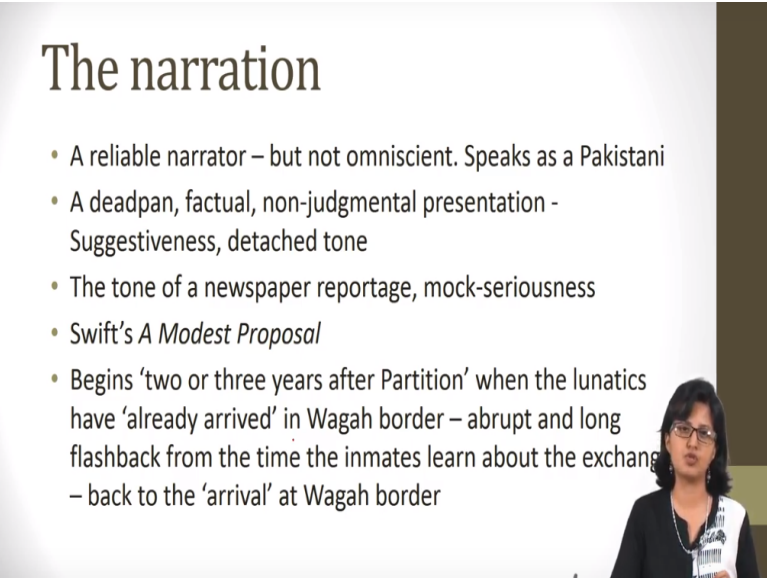
While it is not known what the reaction in India was, when the news reached the Lahore lunatic asylum, it immediately became the subject of heated discussion. One Muslim lunatic, a regular reader of the fire-eating daily newspaper *Zamindar*, when asked what Pakistan

To get a sense of how this narration progress it would be useful to take a brief look at some of the example from this story, this is a short story Toba Tek Singh this is how the narration vacant, a couple of years after the partition of the country it occurred to the respect government of India and Pakistan that inmates of lunatic asylum, like prisoners should also be exchanged, Muslim lunatics in India should be transferred to Pakistan and Hindu and Sikh Lunatics in Pakistani asylum should be sent to India.

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While it is not known what the reaction in India was, when the news reached the Lahore lunatic asylum, so we are the tones is said the story and you also get that happening not in India presumably in Pakistan because it is talks about the narrator does not knower the reaction of in India was.

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The narration

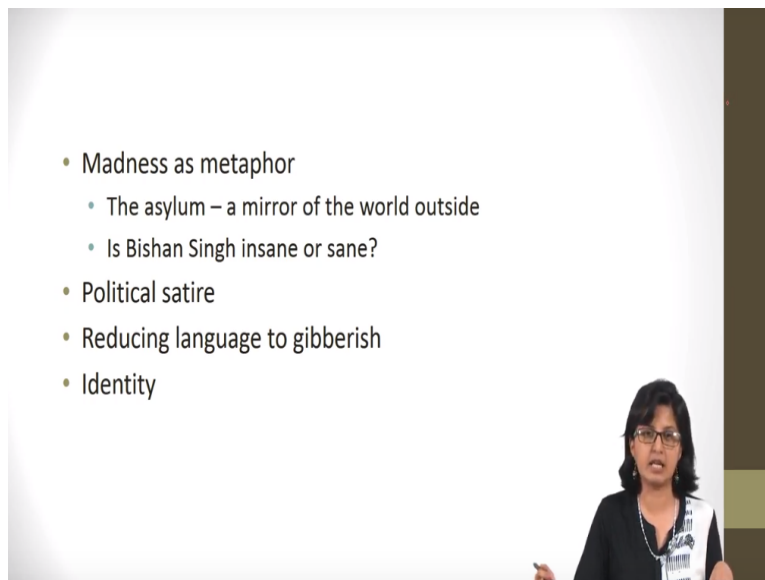
- A reliable narrator – but not omniscient. Speaks as a Pakistani
- A deadpan, factual, non-judgmental presentation - Suggestiveness, detached tone
- The tone of a newspaper reportage, mock-seriousness
- Swift's *A Modest Proposal*
- Begins 'two or three years after Partition' when the lunatics have 'already arrived' in Wagah border – abrupt and long flashback from the time the inmates learn about the exchange – back to the 'arrival' at Wagah border

Here we have a reliable narrator telling us a story but he is not a nomination narrator, he speaks as a Pakistani and his asylum situated in Lahore and if you had notice the tone is quite deadpan very factual it is a non-judgmental presentation of entire serous of event there is mock seriousness and it is very suggestive and it is not necessarily commit to anything it is very difficult to know what the leaning of this particular narrator is and this tone of a newspaper is reportage of mock-seriousness it remind us or Jonathan swift more his proposal and when you read through the entire story you would also know that he is actually.

Manto is actually employing a lot of techniques from a swift by presenting a very serious matter in a mock serious way and also providing certain suggestion which are outrageous in a non-judgmental detached non-communal way to make it look to the audience that it is set a grave situation and this presentation of an extremely serious situation extremely viral and horrific situation in this tone of detached cooled narration is a technique that Manto deliberately used us and as noticed the narration begins by referring to the present moment.

When the decision has already been made to exchange lunatics and when the narration begins we get to know that the lunatics have already arrived in Wagah Border and then there is an abrupt and long flashback documenting from the time the inmates learn about the exchange and about the various kinds of tenants that they have about this proposal to exchange the lunatics and finally toward the climax of the story we are again back at Wagah border where this exchange actually is about to take place.

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Madness is used as a metaphor in this story; the asylum is being used very suggestively and figuratively to mirror the world outside. There is your madness happening outside. Manohar himself always believes that this event of partition, this exchange of population along the lines of religious faith along the lines of religious identity, it was an insane and arbitrary and a senseless affair, and the story also leaves us with this question: whether Bishan Singh is really insane or is he the sane one in this story.

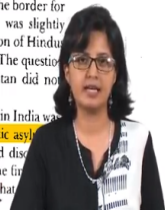
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Toba Tek Singh

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

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

While it is not known what the reaction in India was when the news reached the Lahore lunatic asylum, immediately became the subject of heated discussion. One Muslim lunatic, a regular reader of the first daily newspaper *Zamindar*, when asked what



To exchange the madness of this situation of dividing of population along the lines of religion he repeatedly uses his term suggest a Muslim lunatic a Sikh lunatic again a Muslim lunatic.

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was, replied after deep reflection. The name of a place in India where cut-throat razors are manufactured.

This profound observation was received with visible satisfaction.

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

The man smiled: 'I know the language of the *Hindustanis*. These devils always strut about as if they were the lords of the earth.'

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

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

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

As to where Pakistan was located, the inmates knew nothing. That was why both the mad and the partially mad were unable to decide whether they were now in India or in Pakistan. If they were in India, where on


earth was Pakistan? And if they were in Pakistan, then how come that until only the other day it was India?

One inmate had got so badly caught up in this India-Pakistan-Pakistan-India rignmarole that one day, while sweeping the floor, he dropped everything, climbed the nearest tree and installed himself on a branch, from which vantage point he spoke for two hours on the delicate problem of India and Pakistan. The guards asked him to get down; instead he went a branch higher, and when threatened with punishment, declared: 'I wish to live neither in India nor in Pakistan. I wish to live in this tree.'

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

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

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



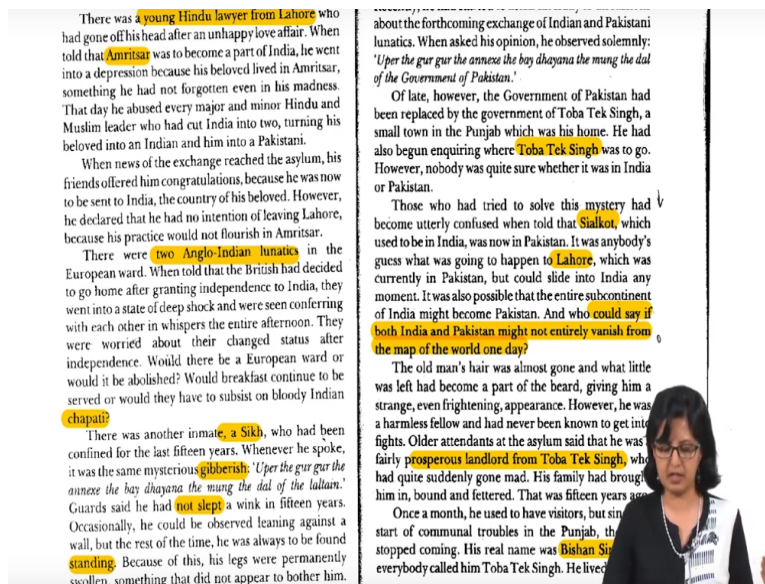
So this how the lunatics there identity is refer along with their religious identity which the absurd you that begins to strike us and we also realize how utterly absurd it by the population along this religious lines to spell and Manto use his the metaphor of madness to say what he wants to say and this is how Manto makes one of his characters talk about what Pakistan is the name of a place in India.

Where is a cutthroat a razors a manufacture, we have a set of people in this asylum who are clueless about where India or Pakistan are we have a set of characters in this short story within this asylum who are clueless where in India is or where Pakistan is and frankly they do not care until it comes to this life of this situation where there about to be moved and the moment they are about to be moved they begin to realize that there identity not to be define in terms of religion in term of nationality but it is something else together.

We find the protagonist Bishan Singh opting for a more local identity of his village of Toba Tek Singh and he hold on to that identity refusing to let any other identity to superseded neither religion nor national and the story also tells how everyone is clueless about what this happening in the neither the inmates nor the present guard nor what the newspapers are writing about nothing else is able to give them a clarity about where what is and there are also this interesting this eaves so do where there is this man by the name Mohammad Ali Jinnah or the Quaid-e-Azam who had setup a separate country for Muslim called Pakistan, and there are this political detail which have been given to us we have been made provide to it but the told with which the story tells us about this things in a very mature effect in a way as of to even it is no big deal and there is one person to declare I wish to neither in India nor in Pakistan.

I wish to level this three there is a Muslim radio engineer there is another Muslim lunatic from CHANIOT there is another Sikh inmate who declares himself master Tara Singh another one who declare himself Mohammad Ali Jinnah and we find that through this metaphor of madness again Manto is just suggesting as not just this inmates but all this political leader who are insinuating the public and who are instigating these various kinds of divisions they are all equally mad and he is able to use madness as a convenient tropes to say what is otherwise perhaps impossible to say.

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We can continuously find that the lunatic sobbing referred in term of identity a young Hindu lawyer from Lahore and there are two Anglo Indian lunatics then this is a very interesting detail there are these two Anglo Indian Lunatic were more vibrant about whether there may be a European ward in a wherever they are going to be transferred and also about would breakfast continue to be served or would they have to subsist on bloody Indian Chapati.

And this concerns this trivial concerns also accent way the absurd the of the political drama which is happening outside and now we come to in page 4 toward the end we come to focus on this protagonist Bishan Singh he is a Sikh who had been confined for the last fifteen years whenever he spoke it was the same mysterious gibberish upar de gur gur de annexe the bay dhayana the mung the dal of the laltain so he keep are to do this non-Sikh and Sikh an language and this extremely order to make us the protagonist Bishan Singh he also suggest the rate on the communication the total lapse language.

And how it stops being an important means of communication totally this language which is otherwise use for communications has been useful for negotiation or for any kinds of negotiation which could take away the gravity of this violence and here we find of Bishan Singh simplifying that because whenever he talked he just utter nonsense and this ex-simplifies the total breakdown of total communication during the time of partition and during the month and years after that the

story tells us about how he begins enquiring where Toba Tek Singh is and nobody is quite sure whether it is in Pakistan or in India.

And let us read this short excerpt from page five together those who are trying to solve this mystery had become utterly confused when told that Sialkot which is used to be in India was now in Pakistan it was anybody's guess what was going to happen to Lahore, which was currently in Pakistan, but could slide into India any moment, it was also possible that the entire subcontinent of India might become Pakistan and who could say if both India and Pakistan might not entirely vanish from the map of the world one day.

Through this logical construction of argument Manto is further mocking the entire series of political events and whatever that followed and he is showing us there is no logic there is no rational however hard to try to justify this act of partition this act of division along these lines and there also given a background of this man Bishan Singh and some say he used to be a landlord Toba Tek Singh and he lost mental stability 15 years ago and was brought to the asylum.

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of limbo, having no idea what day of the week it was, or month, or how many years had passed since his confinement. However, he had developed a sixth sense about the day of the visit, when he used to bathe himself, soap his body, oil and comb his hair and put on clean clothes. He never said a word during these meetings, except occasional outbursts of 'Uper the gur gur the anness the bay dhayana the mung the dal of the ladann.'

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

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

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

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

Bishan Singh begged 'God' to issue the necessary orders, so that his presence could be confirmed. He was disappointed, as 'God' appeared to be preoccupied with more pressing matters. Finally, he told him angrily: 'Uper the gur gur the anness the mung the dal of Guruji da Khalsa and Guruji ki fateh . . . jo boley so nahal sat sri akal.'

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

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

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

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

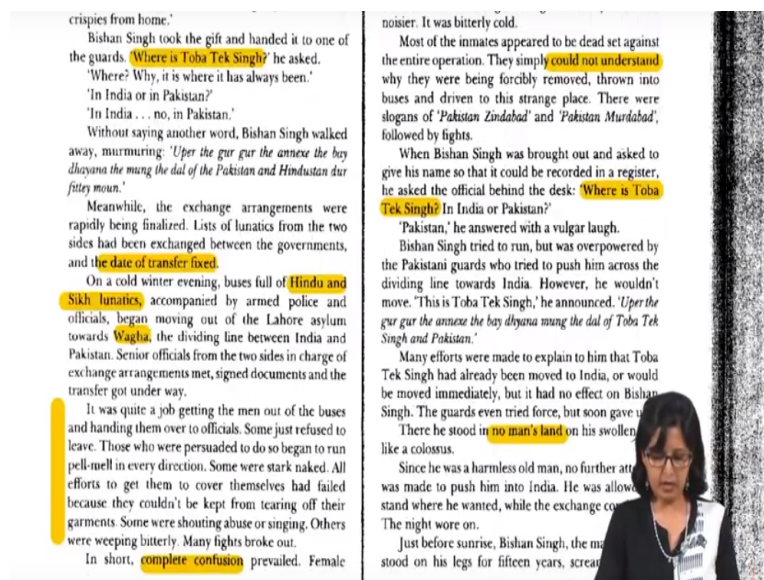
And here also may to understand that his family visit him quite regularly and he also has a sixth sense which may tell you in advance where he get visit us and during this time of partition we realize that the visits stop because his family had moved there no longer able to visit him in page 7 there is away in which Manto brings him a God figure he talks about there is an a mad man who pretense to be a God and a Bishan Singh is upset that he still has not responded he still has

really given an answer to where exactly Toba Tek Singh is and this mad man they say is and then the mad man who is supposing as God when he is preoccupy the other things and he does not response adequately Bishan Singh was really impatient.

And he says you do not answer my prayer because you are a Muslims God had you been a Sikh God you would have been more of sport of course he communicate in that nonsense (())(24:29) language it is translated by resonation narrator it is translated by this liable narrator and this form it again exposes the utter absurdity with which God religions and everything divided the story half with through tells that Bishan Singh's family had has migrated to India his daughter also has left to India and they are waiting for him in India.

So the inevitable soon to happen this Bishan Singh well the native move migrate to India because his family has already left for India but still we do not get to know where exactly Toba Tek Singh has village is.

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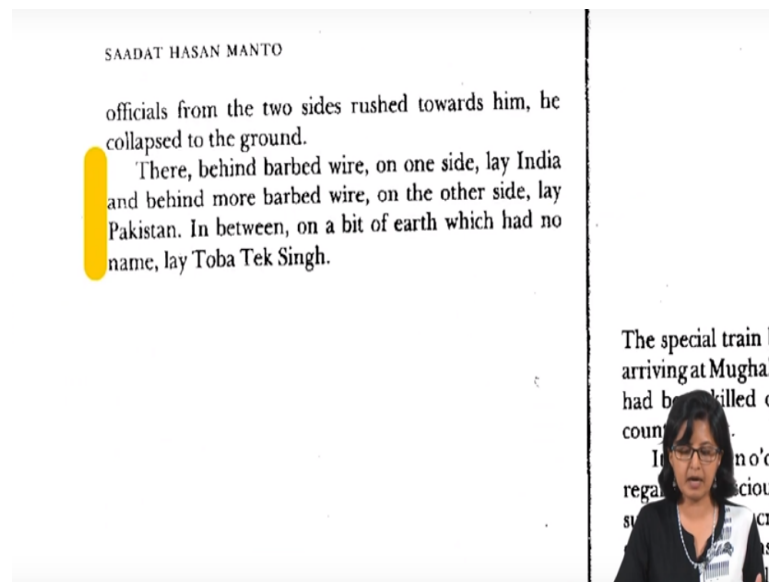


And from now from on the plot moves rather quickly they date of transfer fix Bishan Singh still clueless of where Toba Tek Singh is and there is a description page about what happens at border when they are trying to exchange this population of lunatics when they are trying to send some of them to India and we realize that Manto is actually mocking the entire process through which this exchange of population plan that it was impossible to plan and execute such a thing of such grave proportions without expecting any kind of chaos.

It was quite a job getting the men out of the buses and handling them over to officials, some just refuse to leave, those who were persuaded to do so began to run pell-mell in every direction, some were stark naked, all efforts to get them to cover themselves had failed because they could not be kept from tearing off their garments, some were shouting abuse or singing, other were weeping bitterly, many fight broke out, in short complete confusion prevailed how much more graphic can man to get he is suggesting the madness the confusion and the total inability to control the situation.

When such a thing is happening here we find that madness is working as a metaphor very well because Manto is able to say many things which word perhaps which he perhaps would not have in been able to say otherwise and I speak on toward the end of the story we realize that Bishan Singh has still not figure where Toba Tek Singh is neither the guards nor anyone around us seem to know where about Toba Tek Singh and finally he refuses to move and the guard send you fisher also they stop forcing him because it is pointless they begin to see and toward the end we see that we see that there he stood and no man's land on his woolen legs like a closes.

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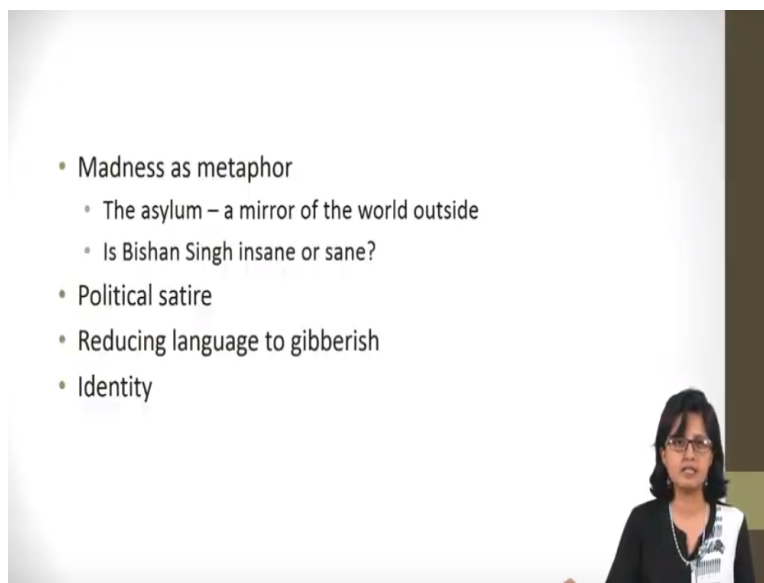


And towards the end there behind barbed wire on one side lay India and behind more barbed wire on the other side lay Pakistan in between on a bit of earth which had no name lay Toba Tek Singh, we do not know whether generation referring to Bishan Singh collapsing and perhaps even dying on that ground which is a no man's land or is the story actually suggesting that is

where Toba Tek Singh is it is in between no man's land which nobody can now claim therefore no identity can be attached to that place either the story is ambiguous.

Since we do not get to know how he how Manto wants the readers how he wants us to begin and read the story but the chaos that he manages to convey the absurdity this situation that comes across is very-very clearly the wonderful about his story is that it resonates were that reader even today the idea of these fluent kind of identity is and the impossibility to attribute concrete meanings to them they remain as a true is even today.

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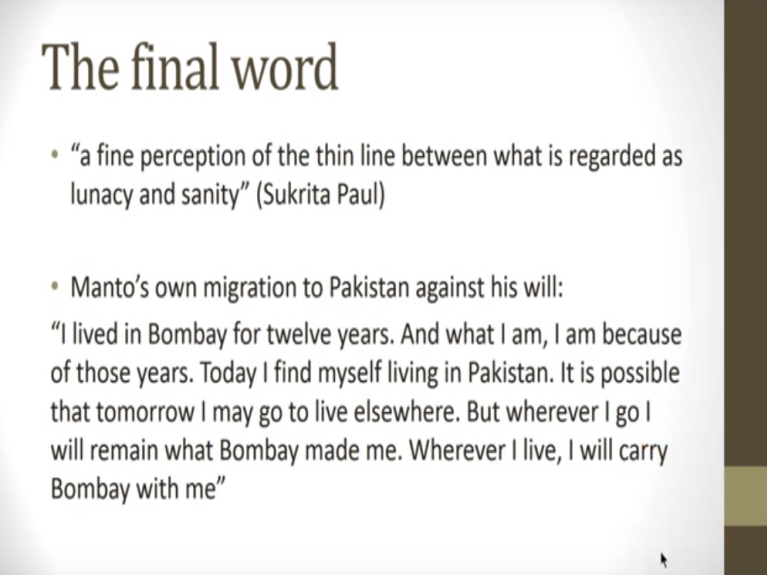
The story has been analyze different ways and this is definitely a political satire and that is we have noted a madness works very well as a metaphor to critique the agents who have part of this events the government which were planning in and executing this and commoners who were and also sympathetically present the this civilians the commoner the citizen who were gotten between the total confusing situation we see that Manto is reducing deliberately the possibility of language as a means of communication as a means of negotiation.

He also shown this through this character of Bishan Singh who is unable to say anything coherently accept for this the name of this village Toba Tek Singh all the other thing that he says is been reduce to nonsense it really just not make any sense but then in spite of that he comes across and as the only one in this story who is same who is clear about what he want and who refuses to given to this sort of division and external attributes the question of identity also looms

very large throughout this story it is difficult to understand the story in multi ways is trying to tell as that.

It is on the one hand difficult to tie a person to a single kind of an identity at remains as a flute category but never the less there are also situation where identity itself becomes the reason for forced migration for forced exile or even for loosing once on life this has been simplified in Manto's life itself where he was forced to migrate out of in spite of himself the spite the kind conditions that he held on took and the also find that.

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The final word

- “a fine perception of the thin line between what is regarded as lunacy and sanity” (Sukrita Paul)
- Manto’s own migration to Pakistan against his will:
“I lived in Bombay for twelve years. And what I am, I am because of those years. Today I find myself living in Pakistan. It is possible that tomorrow I may go to live elsewhere. But wherever I go I will remain what Bombay made me. Wherever I live, I will carry Bombay with me”

Manto has the final word as far as this story and it sympathetically particular spirit is concern so quick a ball notes this about this story fine perception the thin line between what is regarded as lunacy and sanity that is what Toba Tek Singh successfully achieved we are difficult to judge whether Bishan Singh is the lunatic or whether the once outside who is prompting this kind of divisions are they the insane ones you will ramp up this discussion by referring to Manto's analysis of his own life and his own identity.

Manto had migrated from Bombay to Lahore against his own well and he wrote and spoke about it for the rest of his life and this is what he wrote in one of his essays, “I lived in Bombay for twelve years, and what I am, I am because of those years, today I find myself living in Pakistan, it is possible that tomorrow I may go to live elsewhere, but wherever I go I will remain what Bombay made me, wherever I live, I will carry Bombay with me.

So this is what Manto made Bishan Singh to as well there is identity which Bishan Singh manages to carry himself it is a provincial local personal identity which cannot be superseded by religious identities or national identities it cannot be dictated by any powers that are from without Toba Tek Singh continues to be one of the best known stories of Manto one of the best known stories of partition and one of the known work from this sub-continent itself and even after these many decade's we continue to note that this is a kind of stories which accent with it which it relevant as time goes by.

I hope you enjoy reading this short stories I encourage you be more attentive to the many critical perspective within which this story can be for the placed I thank you for listening and it look forward to see in the next session.