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Enclaves of Memories: A Study of Selected Post-Partition India-Bangladesh Short Stories

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Abstract: Partition, whether in Bengal or Punjab in general, has been a raw wound that has never healed. Walter Benjamin's comment in the historical context of the Holocaust Germany and its texts, "There is no document of civilization which is not at the same time a document of barbarism" (Benjamin 256) is equally valid for the 1947 partition of India; its aftermath possibly still lingers. This paper aims to analyse how the partition of India, Pakistan and Bangladesh and the post-partition event of pawning enclave land masses within land, nation within a nation is a geopolitical trope that are intricately connected to memory and subsequently both affect and effect an identity formation of the people who are subject to these events. I aim to explore by studying selected short stories about the "chitmahal" or enclaves of the two Bengals. Memory in these stories testifies to be a live wire that provokes, instigates and generates "abjection" while identity remains perpetually in a state of being beckoned by uncertainty, anxiety and a sustained sense of pain.

Keywords: *Post-partition, Identity, Memory, Pain, Enclave literature*.

Looking back into the undivided Bengal, one is sensitized by the lines from Jibanananda Das:

> I shall return to this Bengal, to the dhansiri's bank:
> Perhaps not as a man, but myna or fishing-kite;
> Or dawn crow, floating on the mist's bosom to alight
> In the shade of this jackfruit tree, in the autumn harvest land.
> Or maybe a duck – a young girl's – bells on my red feet,

> Drifting on *kalmi* scented waters all day:
> For love of Bengal's rivers, fields, crops, I'll come this way…
> With torn white sail -white regrets swimming through red clouds
> To their home in the dark. You will find me among their crowd.
>
> (translated by Sukanta Chaudhuri, Sengupta 2018)

This picture of a bountiful landscape of undivided Bengal in pre-Partition times has been a realm that triggers nostalgia, and this looking back (intricately related to the memory formation) connotes irreconcilable regret and trauma when seen etched by ruthless barbed wires that punctuate its borders. Partition, whether in Bengal or Punjab in general, has been a raw wound that has never healed. Walter Benjamin's comment in the historical context of the Holocaust Germany and its texts, "There is no document of civilization which is not at the same time a document of barbarism" (Benjamin 256) is equally valid for the 1947 partition of India; and its aftermath possibly still lingers.

Partition, memory and identity are three interlinked phenomena where one develops out of the other and are intertwined with each other in nuances. This paper aims to analyse how the partition of India, Pakistan and Bangladesh and the post-partition event of pawning enclave land masses within land, nation within a nation are geopolitical tropes that are intricately connected to memory and subsequently both affect and effect an identity formation of the people subject to these events. It is not merely forced displacement, migration, refugeehood that can define this *nada* situation.

In this study, we aim to take up the post-partition literature especially the "Chitmahal" or Enclave Literature (primarily short stories from both the Bengals as sustained and systematic chitmahal literature is rare) to substantiate my proposition that such geopolitical disasters have left permanent scars upon both the

individual memory and the memory of the nation- state that have never healed. In the process, I aim to explore with the help of the representative fiction that as memory is a live wire, it only provokes, instigates and generates "abjection" and identity is perpetually in a state of being beckoned by uncertainty, anxiety and a sustained sense of pain.

The great partition riots were one instance when our society, culture and the very basis of civilized life tottered. Whether in the verse of Iqbal or Faiz or in the stories of Sa'adat Hasan Manto, partition is a grim reality writhing in trauma, pain, bitterness and anxiety, and it has been best addressed through the trope of memory. The violence of partition, for Manto, was not so much the triumph of unreason but that of perverted reason, and it has been evident in Bhishan's madness in the story so named.

The formation of identities may be understood in three categories. According to David A. Snow and Catherine Corrigall-Brown, they may be social, personal and collective identity. Social identity refers to "identities attributed or imputed to others in an attempt to situate them in social space" (Snow 10). Personal identity is the way narrators make sense of self, and collective identity is understood as a sense of *we-ness*. This we-ness is the realm of the "collective conscious" or the consciousness of the nation-state.

In short stories on the Bengal partition, we have seen their own community taking advantage of the all-around collapse of norms and either settling old scores or begging their own relatives and friends. Pratibha Basu's *Flotsam and Jetsam* and Manik Bandyopadhyay's *The Final Solution* illustrate such experiences. Furthermore, there is also depiction of the trope of resistance that came in a direct form, for instance, as depicted in Ateen Bandopadhyay's "Infidel" or in an indirect but powerful form as in Syed Waliullah's story, "The Tale of a Tulsi Plant" that deals with the life of a humble, abandoned Tulsi plant, the modest but ultimate marker of domesticity in a Bengali Hindu household.

But what the partition literature could not fathom can be seen more intensely represented in the post-partition literature from both Bengals. The

Enclave Literature comes in here. Emerging from the chitmahal crisis post drawing of the Radcliffe line, it may be seen as a unique post-partition effect that constantly defies and defers categorization and it has not been addressed enough due to its lack of availability and the little that is written has its existence still in a nascent state. Bangladesh and Indian enclaves, popularly called in Bengal as the "Chitmahal", are enclaves or zones of state abandonment that are very different from other conflict zones.

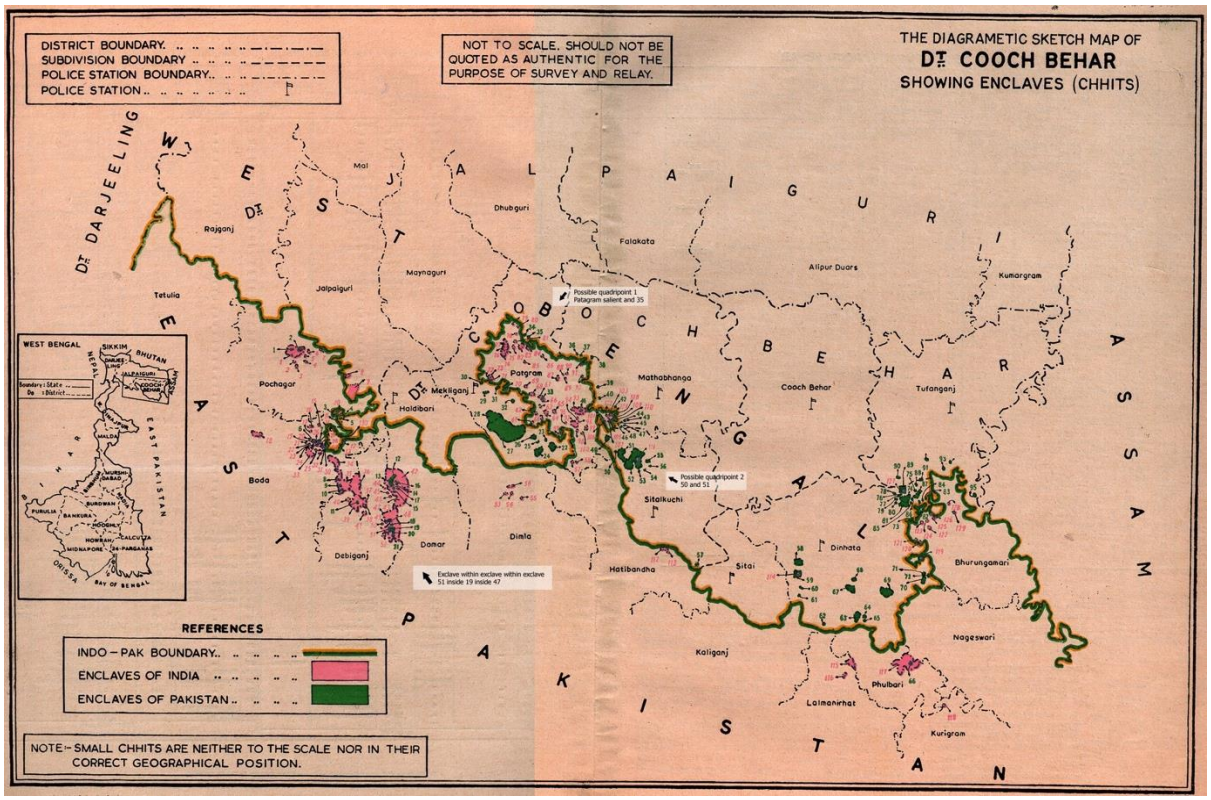
The Indo-Bangladeshi complex borderlands, focusing on the enclaves or 'chitmahals', became unique stateless conflict zones between India and Bangladesh. A historic Land Boundary Agreement was signed in 2015, which officially exchanged all chitmahals of both Indian and Bangladeshi sides towards incorporation and inclusion within national sovereignty, after almost seventy years since the Partition of the Indian subcontinent. Yet even then, the question about identity and space posed a challenge to easy resolutions within. Literature is the only space that reflects it well. Short stories from both the Bengals adequately address this crisis vis-à-vis identity formation. Through my illustration from a few selected short stories, I aim to study the enclaves as such complex borderlands that emerge as memory spaces still hovering in a space of 'abjection' between inclusion within national sovereignty and not yet fully there.

The border between India and Bangladesh is one of the longest and incredibly complex borders in the world due to the haphazard construction and arbitrary delineation of the border. Resulting from an unfinished and forced partition and uneven decolonization (or lack thereof) of the Indian subcontinent after British colonialism, certain hinterlands of the border became unique enclave territories. These odd constructions are called "chits" or "chitmahals", originating from the Bengali word "chit", which means a tiny speck of land. They are cartographic enigmas officially quasi-resolved in 2015, but left as conflictual abandoned spaces for sixty-eight years since the Independence of India from British colonialism. These chits are tiny land masses that belong to one nation but

are surrounded by another nation. According to Brendan Whyte, there are three types of enclaves in the world:

1. enclaves in Western Europe,
2. in the former Soviet Union and
3. the Indo-Bangladeshi ones, which, according to him, face a bias in receiving attention for study (Whyte 23).

He also mentions in another study that the enclaves are the "result of peace treaties in 1711 and 1713 between the kingdom of Cooch Behar and the Mughal empire, ending a long series of wars in which, the Mughals wrested several districts from Cooch Behar" (*The Economist*). These Indo-Bangladeshi enclaves make up 80% of the world's enclaves in a complicated situation and have affected 55,000 people trapped in these enclaves. The enclave dwellers possess no birth certificate, national identity card, passport or access to any state facilities, including electricity, civic amenities, schools and hospitals. Enclave life is entirely dependent on the mercy of the host country for economic, health and educational facilities. The present situation has not shown significant changes, as the report discusses elsewhere. Before the partition of India, these fragments of land belonged to the independent "princely states" that enjoyed some autonomy and were ruled by Hindu or Muslim kings who were ultimately legally bound to the British Empire. When the British, under the arbitrary guidance of Cyril Radcliffe, demarcated the border, the princely states did not join either India or Pakistan due to cartographic complexity. At the time when the choice became imperative due to the official sovereignty of the nation-states, these dots of land found themselves situated on the wrong side of the border, and hence became enclaves. In some cases, there were even counter-enclaves, which are enclaves within an enclave. These complicated things are intrinsically problematic for the dwellers within these spaces, lacking identity or reclamation.



(**Source:** http://geosite.jankrogh.com/enklaver/CoochBehar_Annotated.jpg)

In 2015, there was a boundary commission agreement called the Land Boundary Agreement (LBA) between India and Bangladesh to exchange these disputed spaces, and yet, these enclaves continued to be haunted. Amrita Ghosh of Lund University, in her 2021-22 report, calls it "a fuzzy border" and "postcolonial forgotten zones" between India and Bangladesh (Ghosh 1).

In the last five years, people's identities have not completely shifted towards a consolidated national identity in the larger framework of national citizenship. Recent reports from the now "exchanged" enclaves reveal that a certain kind of "enclave identity" exists within a precarious dialectic of resistance against the nation-state, despite people living extremely vulnerable lives.

William Van Schendel has further streamlined the enclave identity with the connotations of transterritoriality:

> A striking characteristic of the nationalisms that developed in India and Pakistan after 1947 was

> *transterritoriality*. Both states saw themselves as being in charge of the populations living in their own territory, but also of a category of people living in the territory of the other state. These two groups can be described as *citizens* and *proxy citizens*. Thus India's proxy citizens were the Hindus in Pakistan, and Pakistan's proxy citizens were the Muslims in India … The question of the loyalty of proxy citizens became a moot issue in the antagonistic nationalisms that Pakistan and India proceeded to build. It was in this situation that the enclave people had to find their footing. In terms of identity, they were pulled in three directions: they were citizens; they were proxy citizens; and they were enclave people. (Schendel 127-28)

Deboleena Sengupta, in her 2018 ethnographical study as cited by Amrita Ghosh, confirms that residents of these enclaves still call the territories "chits" and refer to themselves as 'enclave people.' She further confirms that since this exchange of enclaves, the chit people are still overlooking international borders and do not easily form a part of either India or Bangladesh. Therefore, it is important to study how this "chit" identity reconfigures postcolonial identity, defying the rooted order of the nation-state, particularly when, as Sengupta's survey study shows, most narratives of the chitmahal are still situated within the narrative of the nation-state and not beyond it (Ghosh 12).

Here I will identify similar tropes in literature and the extant stories on the chitmahal survivors to look beyond Deboleena Sengupta and Amrita Ghosh's work and study the inclusivity of the literature produced due to the chitmahal to underscore the intensity of the ravages both on memory and identity. Neither citizen nor refugee, neither landed nor landless, it captures the mournings of 55,000 people residing without an identity. I aim to study these complexities through

literature especially the short story from both sides of the border and how these narratives expiate the voices of the people from a no man's land through dependence on memory and a subsequent identity evolution both on a personal as well as individual level and that of the nation's memory.

The Radcliffe line border ratifying the partition in 1947 had nothing to do with spatial rationality, and the Border Commission also had very little idea as to how they were dividing the land. Willem Van Schendel explains, "The new international border was anything but a straight line, it snaked through the country in an irregular zig-zag pattern. Nowhere was it more tortuous and unpredictable than in the region where these enclaves were located" (Schendel 120). These exceptional spaces are fraught with multiple boundaries and borders, and crossing them is not an easy task. Their impact is most evident in the literature produced. Barendu Mondal introduces his anthology of short stories with a very pertinent question: "Is Bengal's enclave literature a literature written about the enclave survivors or a literature on the enclave survivors?" (my translation, Mondal 10). In contrast to the other world enclave literatures, India Bangladesh writings of the enclave survivors could not be recognized and are yet to be acknowledged as the voices of the oppressed or survivors.

Here, the 2015 June report by the Bangladesh census of the number of Indian enclaves inside Bangladesh is cited for illustration:

Country	**District**	**No of Chit land masses**	**Total**	**Space area (in acres)**	**Population**	
India	Cooch Bihar	47	51 Bangladeshi enclaves	7,11002	14090	
	Jalpaiguri	04				

Bangladesh	Lalmanir hat	59	111 Indian enclaves	17,160,63	37383	Crossed 41,0000 now
	Panchagarh	36				
	Kurigram	12				
	Nilfamari	04				

(my translation, Mondal 13)

On 31st July 2015, the agreement was realized after amendment of the Indian constitution and in a ceremonial exchange, after sixty-eight years of struggle years of struggle the enclave people were given a nation, an identity card and a passport.

Chitmahal or the Bengal enclaves may be read as a post-partition academic realm. It is to be sharply distinguished from the European diaspora. As Barendu Mondal points out in his introduction to the anthology:

> Chitmahal just like partition is not an event but rather a 'process'…" they may be seen as post partition stories…in terms of time space and significance…the people of the chitmahal are aliens in their own land… Moreover, as after the exchange of the enclaves many have been homeless if not reduced to refugee. Hence these stories cannot be also called directly called exponents of refugee studies …hence we prefer to call them enclave literature. (my translation, Mondal 9)

Then again, we are confronted with another question – is it the literature written by the enclave people or the literature about the enclaves? Due to lack of proper identity documentation of the enclave people they could not access any formal education in schools or colleges and scripting literature, memoirs or any kind fiction was a far cry for these people. But narrative and its memorialization

through literature are essential. According to Mackenzie, the necessity of narrative that arises out of the first-person perspective happens in the following way:

> Even if what makes us persons is the capacity for a first-personal perspective, our temporally extended first personal experience is often of change, fragmentation, contingency. Narrative self-interpretation is a response to this experience of change and fragmentation. Narrative identifies and forges patterns of coherence and psychological intelligibility within our lives, connecting our first personal perspectives to our history, actions, emotions, desires, beliefs, character traits, and so on. (Mackenzie and Atkins 219)

Mackenzie's observation is helpful to consider that narrative mediates the narrator's first-person perspective and emotions. The first-person perspective, though, is connected to history, action and emotion; control over emotion is contested by ethical necessity put by imaginary construction that comes into being because of negative emotions circulating in the societal space. Both in terms of control over memory and emotions, the first-person perspective is not autonomous but contested and compromised.

This is evident in Amar Mitra's story "What happened in the War" ("*Juddhye ja Ghotechilo*"). It foregrounds the historical pawn fight between the two arbiters of Cooch Bihar and Rangpur. In first-person narrative, the victim author expiates:

> In moments Mashaldanga, Batrigach, Angarpota villages were lost as pawns. … now that we are existing as Bangladesh within India and many spaces of India being inside Bangladesh has its root reason in this staccato rhythm of guns and grenades. … their

> pawning war games eclipsed our fates …. We do not have a country. Since we do not have a country, we have nothing. (my translation, Mondal 53)

History is represented and disseminated through personal memory here, and as a result, gets compromised into a narrative of emotions. It may further be pointed out how the author describes the limbo state of the enclave:

> Please come and witness the catastrophe out of the epical war of the Mahabharata, the war of pawning everything in the game of chess. After the eighteen days' war of the Kurukshetra the mass mourned and the same cries reverberate amidst the enclave people…that for us it is perpetually an eternal battleground requires no special mention. (my translation, Mondal 55-6)

Apart from historicizing the personal narrative, the story also highlights the existence of these enclaves that emerge as spaces of abandonment. They are a conflict zone, very different from other post-colonial geopolitical conflict zones. Conflict zones from colonial pasts such as Israel-Palestine or Kashmir may be called, as Agamben says, "spaces of exception" (Agamben 2008).

As the narratives in general are subjective reconstructions of memory on the part of the narrators, the derived meaning is constructed through the way reasoning is put together. The way myriad meanings are made gives notions of how the past is interpreted, and by extension, putting rationale is also a way of forming an identity. Sara Drew Lucas, drawing on Mackenzie's idea of identity, wrote: "Identity formation always employs narrative reasoning, and identity will always, practically speaking, be organized according to a narrative structure" (Mackenzie 12). Then, analysis of the narrative reasoning and the structure can be a viable way to extract the formation of personal identity in the narrative in order to examine to what extent the social identity is affected and framed by such narratives as depicted in the stories to be discussed.

In another story, "Not touched by Sin" ("Apabidhhya"), Amar Mitra brings out the limbo state of the enclave people through the ordeal suffered by Jinnat. Heratun and Habib's meeting after the passing away of Jinnat due to postpartum complications became an alibi for surviving in the no man's land called "the enclave". Life in the enclave is always loaded with struggle, striving and more struggle, only to die without an identity. The only salvation with which the story closes is an expectation, a waiting for a possible divine intervention,

> The Almighty cannot be blamed; You Heartun wench! Stop babbling and listen! The Azan was heard from the Bangladesh within India and the India within Bangladesh. (my translation, Mondal 65)

In another short story from the other Bengal "This Side and That" ("*Eparopar*") Arup Talukdar addresses the political discourse of the post-partition event of the enclave exchange directly by incorporating it within the fictional matrix of Jogin's father's narrative who had been once a freedom fighter in the 1971 Bangladesh Liberation War. The author narrates the progress of events:

> after this conversation it was unbelievably true and spontaneous; racy enough to eradicate the struggle of all these sixty eight years rejuvenation of the Indira-Mujib pact or remake or remix editing, India–Bangladesh allied head counting, permission to grant citizenship, withdrawal of citizenship and another permission for citizenship, the green and red flag came up in hundred and eleven enclaves simultaneously, breaking news in the electronic media, live telecasts and live reporting, publication of supplementary papers to national and local newspapers everything was as live as in Facebook, live history.

> 26th November 2015, not push in but push back; a formally sanctioned land exchange programme was initiated, and all gathered at the Kaliadighi-Kaliagunj pavilion to witness the formal induction of Indian citizenship amidst a horde of reporters and media people. There Jogin's father kneeled as if to pray and unflinchingly stared at the ground. The singularity of his sustained stare towards the soil was only distracted by the camera clicks as if to provoke him out of his prayer. This man was born, grew up and aged searching for an identity; and today he was confounded with questions, interviewers bombarding questions continuously … 'why are you going?' … 'Are you leaving with all your family people?' … no response from the old man. (my translation, Mondal 276)

This story, too, winds up open-ended in the protesting silence of Jogin's father. His formal migration to an India he has never known and relinquishment of a Bangladesh to which he never belonged is only reciprocated with a silent and sustained downward stare at the soil: "in the flashback there are seventy years…" (my translation, Mondal 277). Characters like the ageing Jogin's father represent the enclave's uncertainty - which country is their land? Which country is their nation? The one which issues them identity papers after such a long wait of sixty-eight years, or the one whose soil nurtured them? Despite the formal land exchange of the Bengal enclaves, it is this uncertainty that pervades the memory and identity of the enclave people.

In "Murdering Wolves-1" ("*Nekre Nidhan Parba-1*"), Afroza Parvin Rika, writing from Bangladesh, addresses the issue of gender-based violence in the post-partition realm. Here she recreates a Kafkaesque world expressionistically exploring the conscious terrain of the rape victim Malati. Malati suffering rape due

to the enclave commotion, is pregnant. While her phlegmatic father hopelessly sits fishing on the banks of the Kartoyar river, she complains to her father:

> The soil of the enclave which my great ancestors did not relinquish has not respected your emotions. The pack of wolves of Ramshankar and his sons snatched away our land and never let us live in peace. (my translation, Mondal 287)

As Meghna Guhathakurta explains in her introduction to the book *Of the Nation Born: Bangladesh Papers*:

> Rape was increasingly being discussed and accepted, not only as a weapon of war, but also as a crime against humanity and as an instrument of genocide. The 1998 Akeyesu judgement by the International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda provided a clear definition of rape and delineated its elements as a crime against humanity and as an instrument of genocide. (Hossein 43)

This element of genocide is intricately aligned with rape. Furthermore, it is also related to Julia Kristeva's notion of the "abject". In the *Powers of Horror,* Kristeva explains that the abject refers to the human reaction (horror, vomit) to a threatened breakdown in meaning caused by the loss of the distinction between subject and object or between self and other. The primary example for what causes such a reaction is the corpse (which traumatically reminds us of our own materiality); however, other items can elicit the same reaction: the open wound, shit, sewage, even the skin that forms on the surface of warm milk. (Kristeva 10) The abject marks for Kristeva a "primal repression," one that precedes the establishment of the subject's relation to its objects of desire and of representation, before even the establishment of the opposition, conscious/unconscious. Without delving into the complexities of the Lacanian realm from which Kristeva's notion is sourced, we can here infer how this primal repression operates in Malati. Malati

as a rape victim hauls a question that haunts even the reader outside the framework of the story: it goads us to question not only the vulnerability of enclave existence but even the aftermath of the Land Border Agreement exchange, "will there be no darkness in your new Bengal? (my translation, Mondal 289). This question is punctuated by her sustained caressing of her bulging abdomen:

> …Very soon the sun will rise. A new Sun! ...in the new Bengal, there will be a cry one day, disturbing the entire world! She weaves a surprising vision of a new world within her mind, perhaps a new cry will strengthen the times to come …. (my translation, Mondal 289)

This story ends with a note of hope that possibly Malati's progeny will avenge the wrongs and initiate a new journey of avenging the wolves and bring hope to the oppressed people denied any identity whatsoever, and it is the memory of the hard times that will paradoxically provide them strength to wait for that new dawn.

In "Midnight's Home Swap" ("*Madhyarater Gharbadal*") by Selina Hossein, we have a wide vision perspective of these enclave lands. The story opens with the proclamation that, "We are free, free. We are no more the fettered people of the enclave." (my translation, Mondal 307) The author claims liberation through the excitement of Suleiman and Haradhan:

> A huge excitement is flowing through the pockets of the enclave. Two oldies hold their hands tight to look beyond - these tiny specs of land masses as they visualized ceased to exist. Then these tiny masses of scattered lands got united to the two countries. (my translation, Mondal 307)

Their expiation is a cue to the role of memory in archiving trauma and the pain of partition. "Memory makes us weep", says Haradhan (my translation, Mondal 308). The realm such characters preside and their uncertainty about space

may be related to what Ranabir Samaddar calls "postcolonial spatial anxiety" vis-a-vis the Bengal borderlands. In his book *The Marginal Nation* (1999), Samaddar focuses on the post-partitioned Bengal border and explores the influx of refugees in both East and West Bengal. Sammadar views the encounter between the state and the people at the borders as a contest reflective of a "post-colonial anxiety: of a society suspended forever in the space between the 'former colony' and the 'not yet nation'" (Samaddar 108).

Keeping allegiance with this theory, we can also view Semanti and Abanish's ordeal in the story. As residents of the enclave, they decide not to leave their soil despite the Land Border Agreement order being passed. Resolution and memory here come up in a different shade. As they prepare to move to their decided spaces in search of identity, Abanish asks Semanti to break their brewing relationship, "I will not leave my motherland. Our love? It will stay. You will stay in my memory I will live with the memory of my first love. Only that we will never have a home" (my translation, Mondal 309). Thus, in this situation, memory becomes a trope to underscore building bonds during times of co-struggle while acknowledging the anxiety of growing up without an identity, without a country, without citizenship. Hence, it is paradoxically a double-edged sword to sustain and move on.

The conversation between Sohan Banik and Mohsin in this story once again underscores the pain of losing a land which one presumed to be his own. After the 2015 pact this is how they react: "Now I realise I am not poor man but only a sad person" (my translation, Mondal 311). Sohan specifying that "Fifty-one enclaves of India are exchanged as of one hundred and eleven enclaves of Bangladesh" (my translation, Mondal 311) is simultaneously a sense of relief and distress. That the enclave has been recognised on the maps is an achievement. Nevertheless, it has been a pain to quit the space that nurtured these people of the no man's land. He ruminates sitting in front of the Dharla River:

- Have you seen the river?

- No, I am listening to the song of the river.

> - Song?
>
> - The song of breaking the banks of the river.
>
> - This is not the time for the banks to slide. They slide in the rainy season.
>
> - Bursting with a loud laughter Sohan Banik said, the sound of the banks sliding away is in my heart, its breaking images are in my eyes. My whole body is immersed in the river. My age has built a nest inside the river. Only the fishes are a witness to that nest. (my translation, Mondal 310)

Such speculations reflect how, despite not belonging to the soil, these characters residing in the enclave have intuitively bonded with the soil of Bangladesh and the river Dharla has been their source of sustenance:

> Even while surviving in the enclave this river has been our source of joy. Dharla has eradicated the sorrow of the people without identity. (my translation, Mondal 310)

Furthermore, when asked what he will carry with him, Sohan says he will carry his memory of living a life in the enclave as objectified in the river Dharla. The river sustained a sense of belonging to these rootless people that was not given to them by their nations. Moreover, the river image is common to almost all the enclave concerned stories, and it may be seen as an objective correlative to the memoryscape of the enclave survivor. Hence, we tend to infer from here that the enclaves, even after 2015, remain indeterminate spaces that are subject to decay and abandonment. Within these liminal spaces, the people residing in them, or those who have moved to claim citizenship rights, become "subaltern counterpublics," as Amrita Ghosh defines (18). For Ghosh, they are ones who challenge easy fixed notions of identity (18).

This story also narrates the tale of Salma and Manoar, a husband and a wife, separating due to the enclave exchange migration. It finally closes on a positive note of their unison, along with their two sons. The closing line of the story haunts us: "When Manoar looked at Sohan's face, he could not find him there; his whole body became a map" (my translation, Mondal 317).

Here, we may refer to the theoretical premise of Freud's "Mourning and Melancholia". Freud defines mourning in the following way:

> Mourning is regularly the reaction to the loss of a loved person, or to the loss of some abstraction which has taken the place of one, such as one's country, liberty, an ideal and so on. "He also refers to the German word "trauer' that like the English word mourning can mean both the affect of grief and its outward manifestation. (240)

Freud further goes on to link melancholia with mourning:

> Melancholia… borrows some of its features from mourning, and the others from the process of regression from narcissistic object-choice to narcissism. It is on the one hand, like mourning, a reaction to the real loss of a loved subject, but over and above this, it is marked by a determinant which is absent in normal mourning or which, if it is present, transforms the latter into pathological mourning. (250)

This mourning in the context of the stories discussed above has its object as partition, landlessness, uprootedness, lack of identity and so on. In my study of these selected extant stories available on the enclaves, we decipher how, while shuttling between the identity of the trans territory, citizen and proxy citizen, these inhabitants have subverted the very notion of identity into a strange abjection.

Melancholia, which for Freud is objectless, is also related to it, and it could be no better expressed when a "body" finally, at the closure of the story, becomes a "map". Such narratives may be subversive, but they also enable us to rewrite the rhetoric of post-partition through memory and its reciprocatively aftermath of pain. Thus, they may be seen as what Gyanendra Pandey calls "histories of confused struggles and violence, sacrifice and loss, the tentative forging of new identities and new loyalties" (56). The lines of the poem, "For your Lanes, my Country" by Faiz Ahmed Faiz, epitomize the hope we envision out of this pain and anxiety that enables us to assert our identity on newer lines:

> We are part today, but tomorrow
> we'll be together
> separation from one night isn't much.
> What if my rivals are riding high today, their reign of
> a few days isn't much.
> Those who remain true to you
> understand what the daily turmoil really means.
>
> (translated by Riz Rahim, Sengupta 17)

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