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Post-Partition Identity and Memory of the Enclave in Short Stories from the Two Bengals

Mausumi Sen Bhattacharjee

Abstract

Whether in Bengal or Punjab, partition 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 civilisation which is not at the same time a document of barbarism" is equally valid for the 1947 partition of India; its aftermath possibly lingers. This article aims to analyse how the partition of India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh and the post-partition event of pawning enclave land masses within the land, a nation within a nation is geopolitical the trope that is intricately connected to memory and, subsequently, both affect and effect an identity formation of the people subject to these events. I aim to explore by studying selected short stories about the "chitmahal or enclaves of the two Bengals 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.

Keywords: post-partition, identity, memory, pain, enclave literature

Imagining an undivided Bengal is not merely an exercise in cartographic reversal. It is a deeply affective act, shaped by memory, longing, and rupture. It is to remember rivers that once flowed freely across now-severed geographies, to recall a language and culture that spanned both sides of an invisible yet violently enforced line. The landscape of pre-partition Bengal continues to haunt its people – those who stayed, those who crossed, and those born later into a legacy of inherited loss. It is in literature and poetry that this Bengal survives most vividly, refracted through the melancholia of dislocation and the tenderness of remembrance. One is thus sensitised by the lines from Jibanananda Das, whose evocation of Bengal transcends geography and enters the realm of mythic return:

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...
 With torn white sail -white regrets swimming through red clouds
 To their home in the dark. You will find me among their crowd.

(Trans. Sukanta Chaudhuri, Sengupta 2018)

This picture of a bountiful landscape of undivided Bengal, post-partition, 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. Whether in Bengal or Punjab, partition 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 civilisation 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. Gulzar's poem "Toba Tek Singh" provocatively replicates the post-partition iconic identity the problem so popularised by Saadat Hasan Manto's short Story "Toba Tek Singh":

I've got to go and meet Toba Tek Singh's Bhishan at Wagah!
 I'm told he still stands on his swollen feet
 Where Manto had left him,
 He still mutters:
Opad di gudgud di moongdi dal di laltain...

(trans. Anisur Rehman, Sengupta 10)

Partition, memory, and identity are interlinked phenomena, one developing out of the other and being intertwined in nuances. This article aims to analyse how the partition of India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh and the post-partition event of pawning enclave land masses within the land, a nation within a nation, are geopolitical tropes intricately connected to memory. Subsequently, both affect the identity formation of the people subject to these events. It is not merely forced displacement, migration, or 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, 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 has 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.” 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 civilised life tottered. Be it in the verse of Iqbal or Faiz or 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 is 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 Corrigan-Brown, they may be social, personal, and collective identities. Social identity refers to “identities attributed or imputed to others in an attempt to situate them in social space.” (Snow 10) Personal identity is how narrators make a sense of self, and collective identity is understood as a sense of we-ness. This we-ness is the realm of “collective conscious” or the consciousness of the nation-state.

In short stories on the Bengal partition, we have seen their community taking advantage of the collapse of norms and either settling old scores or beggaring their relatives and friends. Pratibha Basu’s *Flotsam and Jetsam* and Manik Bandyopadhyay’s *The Final Solution* illustrate such experiences. Furthermore, there is also a depiction of the trope of resistance that came in a direct form, for instance, as depicted in Aten Bandopadhyay’s “Infidel,” or 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. However, what partition literature could not fathom is more intensely represented in the post-partition literature from both the Bengals. The Enclave Literature comes in here. Emerging from the enclave crisis post-drawing of the Radcliffe line, it may be seen as a unique post-partition effect that constantly defies and defers categorisation, and it has not been addressed enough due to its lack of unavailability and the little that is written about its existence still in a nascent state. Bangladesh and Indian enclaves, popularly called in

Bengal 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 that officially exchanged all enclaves of both Indian and Bangladeshi sides towards incorporation and inclusion within national sovereignty after almost seventy years since the Partition of the Indian subcontinent. However, 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-a-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.

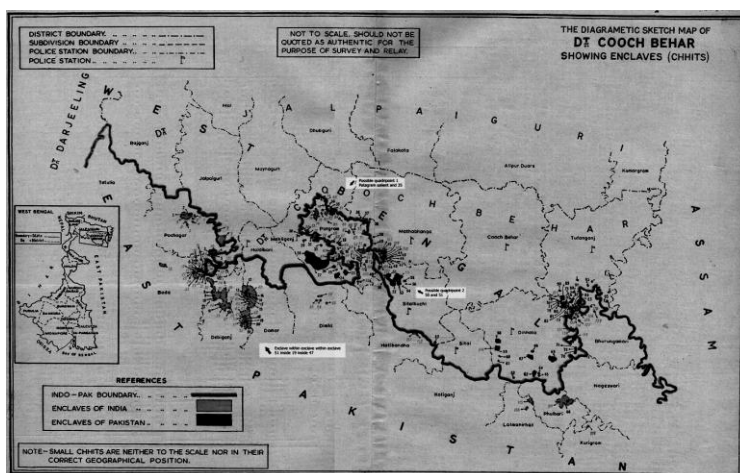
The border between India and Bangladesh is one of the longest and incredibly complex borders in the world due to its haphazard construction and arbitrary delineation. Resulting from an unfinished and forced partition and uneven decolonisation (or lack thereof) of the Indian subcontinent after British 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 in 1947. These “chits” are tiny land masses belonging to one nation but surrounded by another. According to Brendan Whyte, there are three types of enclaves in the world:

enclaves in Western Europe,
in the former Soviet Union and
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-odd people trapped in these enclaves. The enclave dwellers possess no birth certificate, national identity card, passport, or access to state facilities, including electricity, civic amenities, schools and hospitals. Enclave life depends entirely on the host country's mercy 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 autonomic freedom and were ruled by Hindu or Muslim kings who were ultimately legally bound to the British Empire. When the British demarcated the border under the arbitrary guidance of Cyril Radcliffe, the princely states did not join 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 intrinsic to the dwellers within these spaces, who lack identity or reclamation.



(geosite.jankrogh.com)

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. In her 2021-22 report, Amrita Ghosh of Lund University 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 particular 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. This complementary transterritoriality – backed up by various agreements and institutions – was seen as a safeguard for the well-being of minority religious communities, but it also weakened their position. For example, Muslims in Pakistan were exclusively citizens of Pakistan. However, Hindus in Pakistan were citizens of Pakistan (their territorial nation) as well as proxy citizens of India (their trans-territorial or potential nation). This highlighted their liminality as loyal citizens of their territorial nation. 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 enclave people had to find their footing. In terms of identity, they were pulled in three directions: they were citizens, proxy citizens, and enclave people. (Schendel 127-28)

Since the 2015 LBA, not much has changed within the enclaves socio-culturally, legally, or economically. 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, chit people are still overlooking international borders and do not readily 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 enclave 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-odd 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’s line border ratifying the partition in 1947 had nothing to do with spatial rationality, and the Border Commission also had a tiny idea of 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). Crossing these exceptional spaces is fraught with multiple boundaries and borders is difficult. 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 written about the enclave survivors or literature on the enclave survivors? (my translation, Mondal 10)

Compared to other world enclave literature, India Bangladesh’s writings of the enclave survivors could not be recognised and are yet to be acknowledged as the voices of the oppressed or survivors.

The 2015 June report by the Bangladesh census of the number of Indian enclaves inside Bangladesh is cited here:

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

			enclaves			
	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)

The agreement was realised on 31st July 2015 after the amendment of the Indian constitution and a ceremonial exchange. After sixty-eight 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 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, after the exchange of the enclaves, many have been homeless, if not reduced to refugees. Hence, these stories cannot be called direct 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 their lack of proper identity documentation, the enclave people could not access formal education in schools or colleges, and scripting literature, memoirs, or fiction was a far cry for these people. According to Mackenzie, the necessity of narrative that arises out of the first personal 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, and 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, etc. (Mackenzie and Atkins 219)

Mackenzie's observation helps 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 Ghotchilo"). It foregrounds the historical pawn fight between the two arbiters of Cooch Bihar and Rangpur. In the first person narrative, the victim author expiates

Mashaldanga, Batrigach, and Angarpota villages were lost as pawns in moments. ... now that we exist as Bangladesh within India and many spaces of India are inside Bangladesh, is its root reason for 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 chess. After the eighteen days' war of the Kurukshetra, the mass mourned, and the same cries reverberated amidst the enclave people...that, for us, it is perpetually an eternal battleground that requires no special mention. (my translation, Mondal 55-6).

Apart from historicising 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, are "spaces of exception" (to borrow Agamben's phrase). As Amrita Ghosh argues in her report, the enclaves from the two Bengal present something different – they are a different kind of "exceptional spaces," where abandonment is the keyword that marks them as zones of abandonment versus occupied necropolitical spaces, that create 'death worlds' to use the terms of Mbembe, using maximum violence

over certain subjects to establish the sovereignty of the nation-state. (Ghosh 21) 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 organised according to a narrative structure. (Mackenzie 12)

Then, analysis of the narrative reasoning and structure can be a viable way to extract the formation of personal identity in the narrative and examine to what extent social identity is affected and framed by such narratives as depicted in the stories to be discussed. 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 of 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 of 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, and 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 to 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 broad 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 visualised 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 in which 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. Samaddar 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 enclave residents, 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 co-struggle while acknowledging the anxiety of growing up without an identity, country, or citizenship. Hence, it is paradoxically a double-edged sword to sustain and move on.

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

This river has been our source of joy even while surviving in the enclave. 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 infer from this that even after 2015, the enclaves remain indeterminate spaces 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, who challenge easily fixed notions of identity (Ghosh 18). This story also includes the tale of a husband and wife, Salma and Manoar, separating due to the migration of the enclave exchange. It finally closes on a positive note of their unison and their two sons. What is more interesting is the closing line, “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.” As Freud defines:

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 fatherland, liberty, an ideal and so on. (Freud 153)

As Freud goes on to link up melancholia with mourning, he further explains

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. (Freud 149)

In the context of the stories discussed above, this mourning has objects, such as partition, landlessness, uprootness, lack of identity, etc. Shuttleing 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." Therefore, such narratives may be subversive, but they also enable us to rewrite the rhetoric of post-partition through memory anew as what Gyanendra Pandey calls "histories of confused struggles and violence, sacrifice and loss, the tentative forging of new identities and new loyalties." (Pandey 56) The lines of the poem, "For your Lanes, my Country" by Faiz Ahmed Faiz epitomise 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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