lib copy

FILMING THE LINE

A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF SELECTED PARTITION NARRATIVES AND THEIR FILMIC RENDITIONS

Thesis submitted to the Jawaharlal Nehru University
in partial fulfilment of the requirements
for the award of the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

submitted by

DEEPTI LAROIA

Centre for English Studies
School of Language, Literature and Culture Studies
Jawaharlal Nehru University
New Delhi – 110067

2008

Centre for English Studies
School of Language, Literature and Culture Studies
Jawaharlal Nehru University
New Delhi - 110067

April 25, 2008

CERTIFICATE

Certified that this thesis entitled ***Filming the Line: A Comparative Study of Selected Partition Narratives and Their Filmic Renditions***, submitted by **Ms. Deepti Laroia** to the Centre for English Studies, School of Language, Literature and Culture Studies, Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, for the award of the degree of **Doctor of Philosophy**, is her original work and has not been submitted, in part of full, for any other degree or diploma of this or any other university or institution. This may, therefore, be placed before the examiners for evaluation for the award of the degree of **Doctor of Philosophy.**

Dr. Saugata Bhaduri
(Supervisor)

Dr. Saugata Bhaduri
Associate Professor
Centre for English Studies
School of Language, Literature & Culture Studies
Jawaharlal Nehru University
New Delhi - 110 067

Prof. Santosh K. Sareen
(Chairperson)

Prof. Santosh K. Sareen
Chairperson
Centre for English Studies
School of Language, Literature & Culture Studies
Jawaharlal Nehru University
New Delhi - 110 067

Phone: +91-11- 26704231; Gram: JAYENU

April 25, 2008

DECLARATION BY THE CANDIDATE

This thesis entitled ***Filming the Line: A Comparative Study of Selected Partition Narratives and Their Filmic Renditions***, submitted by me to the Centre for English Studies, School of Language, Literature and Culture Studies, Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, for the award of the degree of **Doctor of Philosophy**, is an original work and has not been submitted, in part of full, for any other degree or diploma of this or any other university or institution.

Deepti Laroia.

(Deepti Laroia)

Centre for English Studies
School of Language, Literature and Culture Studies
Jawaharlal Nehru University
New Delhi - 110067

To my parents —

Sunila Soi and Chander Bhushan —

for always being there ...

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In gratitude ...

To all those who helped and supported me in my endeavour ...

Dr. Saugata Bhaduri, my teacher, my supervisor, who nurtured my abilities with patient encouragement at every stage of this research. His valuable insights, meticulous guidance and ceaseless cooperation have made this journey truly delightful and memorable. I am privileged and blessed to be his student.

My parents, who bore all my tantrums and provided me the perfect ambience to write this thesis. Their constant love, care, support and motivation helped me sail through all those moments when I felt that things were just not happening. A very special thanks to my dear mom who painstakingly pored over all my drafts, helped me with the proof-reading and offered thoughtful suggestions all through.

Shamim, who helped me type this thesis. It is his support, from the word go, right till the binding, that made my work so unbelievably easier. He persistently helped me meet my sometimes compellingly short deadlines and so patiently worked on all my revised and re-revised drafts.

Raveesh for always being there and Raman for all her prayers and shrugging off all my fears.

The entire library staff at JNU, CSDS, PU and JMI, and all the scholars at Sarai, who helped me locate a lot of crucial research material and the entire administrative staff at CES and SLL&CS for all their encouragement and cooperation.

And above all, the Almighty, for being so benevolent and showering me with the choicest of blessings.

I could never have asked for more ...

Thank you. All of you ...

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction

Filming the Line

The line that separates ... the line that draws the border between two nations ... the line, artificially drawn, that partitions a subcontinent and transforms permanently the lives and destinies of millions. And the line, the literary line, that describes it all ... the line comprising words that depict in their narrative order the horror, the pains, the tribulations caused by the other line – the border. Two lines – very different – and yet bearing the common thread of dealing with the same situation. When these two lines – the line of partition and the literary line depicting the same within the narrative space – coalesce in another medium, through a filmic rendition of both, it sure provides a very exciting field for study, for analysis. This is what this research intends to take up, to trace the processes of 'filming the line,' or to delineate the dynamics of rendering into the filmic medium literary narratives emerging out of the Partition of the Indian subcontinent.

March 1940, at the Lahore session of the Muslim League,[1] the formal demand for the creation of a separate state was clamoured for, for the first time. By August 1947, Pakistan was a reality, staring stark in everyone's face. Never before had history witnessed the creation of a new nation state, in such an unimaginably brief span. And at what cost?! Not without rendering about ten million displaced and homeless across the freshly constructed border, a million brutally butchered and yet another forty-five thousand severely wounded,[2] besides inflicting nerve-wrenching atrocities against women, who turned out to be the "chief sufferers."[3] So frighteningly gory was this single largest planned transfer of human population, that often scholars address this trauma as nothing short of a "naked parade ... of violence."[4] And such indelible were the scars of this catastrophe that the pain and shock that accompanied the tragedy, continue to plague the people of the region even today.

However, official and historical records till quite late dealt with the catastrophe in a manner that can be labelled as shamefully "bureaucratic and theoretical."[5] The grim face of this tragedy was conveniently elided. Scholars merely skimmed past the tales of trauma, taking an easy recourse to documenting the tragedy through sundry cursory glances and some stark statistics which barely 'spoke' of the suffering voices and traumatic tales of the millions who bore witness to the mayhem. Recent scholars ascribe such 'comfortable skims' to a kind of "selective amnesia"[6] deployed to entertain a "no faults' nationalism"[7] or "hollow patriotism,"[8] where the desire was to project an unscathed history in which the "founding fathers of our nation could do no wrong, just as the founding fathers of Pakistan, the 'anti-nation' could do no right."[9] Voices that derided or reminded one of the xenophobia were

carefully sabotaged as these were considered dangerous if "harnessed into the metanarratives of progress and unity."[10] In other words, the whole approach was one that fell no short of "a form of self-denial;"[11] a strategy employed to escape the bitter realities of the past.

Nonetheless, the human dimension of the catastrophe has often been captured and foregrounded, reasonably realistically, yet aesthetically, in the art and literature based on Partition. In fact, it is in these literary representations that the true face of the tragedy finds a clear mention. It is in such spaces that writers have attempted to resurrect those 'silenced' voices and ghastly faces of Partition that had obviously been skimmed aside by the official discourses, in order to avoid projecting a "nationalism gone awry."[12] And this meaningful contact happens, because in most cases, the writers of these texts are wo/men who had either witnessed the events personally or heard and grown up on tales of the same. Hence, through this "intertextual dialogue between personal stories and fictional representations, they (the literary narratives on Partition) provide meaningful frames that function as sources of knowledge about the unknown stories of Partition."[13] In other words, these outpourings of creative writers then become the "repository(ies) of localized truths, sought to be evaded and minimized by the dominant discourse on the Partition."[14] Nandi Bhatia, while lauding this accomplishment of the literary texts on Partition, reiterates:

> Through the literary techniques of storytelling, dialogue, flashback and description they weave meaningful stories in which they debate and discuss questions of violence, agency and communalism.[15]

Cinema (yet another potent artistic medium), on the other hand, is yet to receive similar accolades. Film scholars themselves claim that, though the sensitive issue of Partition found an echo in literature, it was virtually ignored in films for a considerably long while. In fact, "for nearly two decades after the bloody and traumatic partition of India in 1947, the momentous event failed to find mention in the works of the subcontinent's filmmakers."[16]

Lalit Mohan Joshi too, (the editor of the special journal on Partition published by the South Asian Cinema Foundation and the director of the highly applauded documentary *Beyond Partition*) while exhaustively studying the subject of Partition Cinema states:

> Historical and literary writings on the trauma of partition gradually emerged, but popular cinema by and large, stood aloof.[17]

The reason behind such an obvious failure to represent Partition in the Indian Cinema was a desire to shrug a sensitive issue under the carpets.

Partition was indeed a dark phase in the history of mankind and talking about it openly meant digging up "past wounds and create further entropy to a society which had come to terms with an unfortunate episode in our history."[18] Prem Chowdhary too in his analysis of Indian Cinema elaborates this very justification:

> The Indian film industry in the post-colonial period trod warily around the subject for fear of embroiling itself in sectarian films, which had played a very significant role in the colonial days in encoding messages of nationalist patriotism, may well be related to the young nation determining to remain secular in keeping with the Nehruvian national image.[19]

In other words, Partition had hit the consciousness of the people rather deeply and it was only with considerable time having gone by, that people could afford to look objectively at the horrors and wounds of the millions whose lives had gone awry in the wake of Partition. Other than this, Partition had even shaken the very foundations of a reasonably harmonious setup. The syncretism that prevailed in the country until the early decades of the twentieth century, where members of diverse religious groups co-existed peacefully, had been replaced with feelings of sectarianism and religious mistrust. In such a case then, open debates on a mass scale, centered on the issue of Partition would only have raked the much dreaded serpent of communalism (which had already caused sufficient havoc in the country) yet again. And this was the last thing that a very young India (that post-independence, had pronounced itself to be a secular democratic republic) could afford at one of the most sensitive moments in its history. Fresh out of a horrendous disaster, it was time that the citizens of both India and Pakistan needed; time to detach themselves from the tragedy and "rationally analyse the horrors of Partition."[20] It was perhaps due to such considerations that for long, the subcontinent's filmmakers shied away from this theme. The case of Hindi Cinema was even worse as the filmmakers in this sub-genre remained still more distanced and apprehensive about dabbling with the theme and Partition remained a "virtual absence"[21] in their frames.

It was only as late as 1973, with M. S. Sathyu's award winning film *Garam Hava*, that this long pent up silence was broken in the real sense of the term. As I state this, I do not wish to claim that *Garam Hava* (1973) was the first ever bold attempt to deal head-on, with the issue of Partition. On the contrary, before *Garam Hava* too, there had been a couple of films in which the subject had been examined keenly. The theme had already been dealt with suggestively in a few films in the mainstream Hindi Cinema and had found a realistic face in the cinema of Bengal as well. Other than *Chinnamool* (1950), which is a significant name in

the corpus of Bengali Cinema on Partition, Ritwik Ghatak's trilogy comprising *Meghe Dhaka Tara* (*The Cloud-Capped Star* - 1959), *Komal Gandhar* (*'E' flat* - 1961) and *Subarnarekha* (*The Golden Thread* – 1965) too had explored significant themes of the Partition of Bengal. However, my interest at this juncture principally rests on the delineation of the Partition of Punjab, that too in popular Hindi Cinema. Hence, within my proposed framework, *Garam Hava*, by all means becomes one of the first significant attempts to capture comprehensively, a face of Partition that had till then escaped the Hindi film-maker's lens. It was in this maiden attempt of a young filmmaker from the South, that a director, after an annoyingly tedious conspiracy of silence, dared to capture Partition frontally for the mainstream cinemagoers. Based on an unpublished short story by Ismat Chughtai, the film was a gripping tale that explored the dilemmas and pangs of grief of an Agra based Muslim shoe-merchant Mirza Salim, when he and his family are helplessly confronted with the tragedy of Partition. The pain, shock and grief that accompanied the disaster are sketched boldly in this moving saga, which traces realistically as well as symbolically, the disintegration and dislocation that shrouded the lives of the men and women of Punjab in the wake of the Partition that befell upon them. Interestingly not only was the film artistically lauded, it even went on to win various prestigious awards including the one for the best film on national integration.

Hence, it would not be wrong to presume that it was with Sathyu's endeavour that the scene of the Hindi film world altered and other directors too got an impetus to capture Partition for the camera. The quality and the quantity of the productions in this direction though remain a cause of incessant complaint till date. Shakuntala Rao in her article regrets:

> Variously referred to as the Indian holocaust and ethnic cleansing, the cinema fraternity in India never fully explored this tragedy. As a child of Partition myself ... I grew up on stories of a thousand tragedies none of which I ever watched on screen.[22]

While comparing this cinema on Partition with the cinematic adaptation of the holocaust in Europe, she further laments:

> While some of these films are truly exceptional ... it is sad that a nation with several film industries, boasting of producing 600 or so movies every year, has given audiences only a handful of films in the past six decades about such a momentous event.
> Compare it with the cinematic depiction of the holocaust in Europe which took place only a few years prior to India's Partition. The Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington DC boasts of more than 5,000 documentaries and films in its archives made about the European holocaust.[23]

Nonetheless, the fact remains that *Garam Hava* did open terrains less trodden and ever since, there have been a couple of directors who have been striving to grapple with the theme of Partition head-on. In fact, popular Hindi cinema, which for long shrugged away from the event, now keeps contributing to the corpus of films based on the Partition of Punjab.

Interestingly, a close analysis of this entire genre of cinema reveals that a majority of the most coveted of these films are adaptations of Partition narratives that have emerged on the literary scene in the past. I am aware of five such full length adaptations. These are Govind Nihalani's *Tamas* (1986), a tele-serial (later released as a film) based on Bhisham Sahni's award-winning novel by the same name; Pamela Rooks's *Train to Pakistan* (1998) based on Khushwant Singh's novel with the same title; Deepa Mehta's *1947: Earth* (1998) based on Bapsi Sidhwa's *Ice-Candy-Man*, Chandraprakash Dwivedi's *Pinjar* (2003) based on Amrita Pritam's *Pinjar/The Skeleton* and the earlier mentioned M. S. Sathyu's *Garam Hava* (1973).

In such a case then, a comparative analysis of some of these Partition narratives and their respective filmic renditions can surely offer an exciting field for analysis. This kind of a study, I feel, can in turn open up grounds for rich and fresh debates centred on the dynamics that go behind the representation and treatment of Partition in the realm of Indian art and literature. It can even suggest further pertinent commentaries upon the space and place of Partition in the minds of the generation that suffered it and the one that succeeded it, besides commenting upon the politics behind rendering a literary text on Partition into the filmic medium. In fact, it is keeping in view these very research considerations that I have further fine-tuned even the parameters of my research. Henceforth, I shall be concentrating on essentially those Hindi films on the Partition of Punjab, which have been adapted from the already existing literary narratives on Partition. And as stated earlier, after a comprehensive analysis, I have zeroed down to the above mentioned five texts.

Even out of these five potential texts, for the purpose of research, I shall be concentrating upon only *Tamas*, *1947: Earth* and *Pinjar*. I have decided to exclude *Garam Hava* because unlike the others, which are filmic renditions of novels, Sathyu's movie is based on a short story, that too one, which was never published. Since my primary endeavour is to compare the final film with its respective literary version, in the absence of Chughtai's story, the grounds for my primary analysis cease to exist. (Chughtai's story is unavailable in any published form. Nor is the original script or screenplay of *Garam Hava* available. The latter

too, which would be available for a public release soon, as informed by Sathyu himself in a personal interview,[24] could have been a ready reference point for a comparative analysis. However, in the current context, a comparative study of Chughtai's story and Sathyu's film is not possible.) Even Rooks's *Train to Pakistan* is not of much interest to me. I propose to study only those filmic adaptations, where the director has tried to comprehensively graph the entire coming about of Partition and the creeping in of the violence that accompanied the disaster, into the private domains of the ordinary men and women who lived through those times. *Train to Pakistan* surely attempts to deal with the same theme. However, unfortunately, Rooks's adaptation ends up, in my opinion, as a failed attempt. Neither does it manage to capture the theme and essence of Partition, nor the narrative order of Khushwant Singh's novel. The finer nuances of the creeping in of Partition and the violence that erupted in its wake too are badly simplified; making Rooks's effort a clear disaster. This is a belief that is espoused not only by film analysts, but also the box-office reports that accompanied it. Even the veteran director Sathyu, who besides directing one of the most gripping and realistic films on Partition also acted in Rooks's debacle, corroborates the same concerns in a personal interview that I had with him during the Film Festival held at Chandigarh from February 1-4, 2008.[25] Hence, a study of *Garam Hava* and *Train to Pakistan* suggest that the two would not be feasible with regards to my basic premise. And it is for reasons such as these that I have chosen to concentrate on only three of the earlier mentioned texts.

Now, while stating clearly my primary objective, I do not wish to claim that a study of this kind has never been attempted in the past. The fact that a movie is an adaptation of some literary text would arouse obvious debates on comparisons and contrasts between the two forms of (re)presentation. Within my proposed parameters too, there are a couple of preliminary studies that have offered such a comparative analysis. However, most of these existing commentaries are cursory takes, which merely describe how the filmic renditions resemble and deviate from their respective texts. The rationales and politics behind these departures are not so compendiously discussed; thereby not adding much to the discussion. In this thesis though, I shall attempt to comprehensively delineate the dynamics of rendering Partition narratives into the filmic medium. I shall be looking into the modalities that play a crucial role in the shaping (mutations and deviations, if any) of the adapted version and thereby try and explore the politics behind the representation of Partition in the subcontinent's consciousness. And this, to my understanding, would be significantly different from the kind of research available in this area.

In fact, research in this realm reveals that there exist numerous studies, which have explored certain significant themes in the genre of both mainstream Partition Cinema and literature on Partition individually. However, very few of these efforts have attempted to qualitatively collate these movies on the Partition of Punjab with the literary narratives on which they are based. My research then would be a fresh effort in this direction, whereby I shall strive to synergize three, till now, reasonably isolated and distinct areas of research – Partition Cinema, Partition narratives, and the art of adaptation – together into one study.

To accomplish this, I would primarily attempt a close reading of the texts identified in the earlier sections of this chapter and then analyse the deviations that take place between the novel and its filmed version, in the light of film and adaptation theory. What would be of most crucial interest to me however would be to examine how the verbal transforms into the visual. For this, along with film theory, particularly that dealing with adaptation, I shall also study the filmic adaptations of these novels via reviews, commentaries and interviews of the people who have been associated closely with the movies under study. Such an archival research would basically involve a recording of statements and interviews by the various artists associated with the film. The focus will especially be on such recordings as 'making of the scenes,' 'behind the scenes,' coupled with pre and post release reports and interviews of the novelists/authors, actors, directors and producers. These I feel would go a long way in trying to establish the s/takes that go into the final shaping of an adapted film. Such links can then be of considerable help in mapping out the changes, departures, compressions, omissions, etc., that take place during the 'filming of the line.' Besides offering a more comprehensive understanding of the dynamics of rendering a Partition narrative in its cinematic form, such a study would also offer a substantial insight into the politics of Partition and its representation in the art and literature across times.

The presupposition here is that, though these two narrative forms – the story and the filmic adaptation of the same – are built on a similar terrain, they end up as two distinct works of art, reasonably independent of each other. In fact, a closer analysis reflects that it is merely at the take-off stage that the two appear similar. The 'flights' they assume henceforth, go on to be quite distinct. This is an idea that has been espoused by practically all critics studying adaptation. They very obviously believe that turning a novel into a film is more about "transformation, not translation."[26] One of the first and the most significant scholars of adaptation studies, George Bluestone, clearly claims the same in his seminal work:

> Although novels and films of a certain kind do reveal a number of similarities – as in the case of novels which resemble shooting-scripts – one finds the differentia more startling. More important, one finds the differentia infinitely more problematic to the film maker. These distinguishing traits follow primarily from the fact that the novel is a linguistic medium, the film essentially visual. ... The governing conventions of each medium are further conditioned by different origins, different audiences, different modes of production, and different censorship requirements.[27]

Robert Stam too, in his recent comprehensive work on adaptation studies has tried to "deconstruct the unstated doxa which subtly construct the subaltern status of adaptation (and the filmic image) vis-à-vis novels (and the literary word)."[28] By challenging the "conventional language of adaptation criticism (that) has often been profoundly moralistic, rich in terms that imply that the cinema has somehow done a disservice to literature,"[29] Stam accords the filmed novel, the status of "just another text, forming part of a broad discursive continuum."[30]

In other words, most existing critical commentaries endorse the idea, that at the end of the journey, the novel and its filmic rendering end up as two distinct works of art. The reason behind this may be the fact, that the laboratories, in which these separate flights are engendered, are often separate. What then becomes more challenging from the point of view of research is a dynamic analysis of the individual variables and factors that go into the mouldings and departures that arise between these two forms of art – the filmed novel and its source. In the absence of such an exhaustive analysis, the research only provides "statistical, not critical data."[31] It is for precisely this reason that I too have labelled most of the available research in the area as cursory and factual. The endeavour of this research though would not be confined to merely mapping out the changes that occur between a literary text on Partition and its cinematic version, but to locate the politics that these departures subsume.

There are numerous factors that govern the shaping of any work of art – the author, the time, the field/limits and dimensions offered by the medium/form of representation, etc. Such determining variables are in operation even when a literary text is adapted into a film. Hence, just like a study of the defining variables in any given text, both literary as well as cinematic, independent of each other, reveal crucial details about the formative value of the text, a comparative study of the deviations between the two and the arguments which define these, also become points in case for a challenging study. In other words, just like there are

researches which reveal the factors which lead to the defining of a text, in the same vein, my proposed study would explain why the variations during the process of adaptation of a Partition narrative for the screen originate and what purposes these changes serve.

In this way a dialogue between the literary text and the movie would be established, which then would contribute to a better understanding of not just the film, but also the literary work. Such a study might also throw light on certain journeys fathomed by the 'Partition industry.' This is because the six works (3 literary texts and their respective filmic renditions) that I have picked up belong to different phases of the 'Partition industry;' from periods where the calamity was dealt with cursorily, to times when its presentation has been rather descriptive, often even imagistic. Hence, the study would also unravel, though obliquely, certain 'gullies' in the paths charted by the industry, especially the corpus dealing with films on Partition.

I have set out at this work by identifying a couple of variables that can play a determining role in giving the film a face, reasonably independent of its textual version. I shall be elaborating each of these at length, in the remaining sections of this Introduction.

First, it must be understood that the director creating the adapted version of a literary work is another person altogether. And it is very much a possibility that these two separate artists might have ideologies and sensibilities reasonably distinct and independent of each other. Now just like the ideologies and identity markers of a writer give a defining form to his/her works, individual variables like the gender, religion, community, etc. of the 'film-maker/s' (which might be different from the novelist's) can have a telling impact in the narration of a movie. The noted director Pradeep Sarkar too, in his analysis of the issue, suggests:

> An adaptation ... is like repackaging old wine in a new bottle. But the filmmaker still has his or her own point of view and that must also be conveyed.[32]

Hence, such essential differences play a huge role in the analysis that I endeavour to attempt. And in the light of these very basic departures, some of the crucial questions that I shall be exploring are: What kind of a politics is involved when a text by a lady is filmed by a man? And how this would be different from one, where a man is directing a text by a man, or a woman directing a text by a woman? In other words, what role does a difference in the genders of the writer of the original text and the director of the adapted version play? The reason this becomes an interesting point in case for research is because there are numerous film critics who claim that "even the

most liberal-minded and well-meaning of male film directors in India still display some residual patriarchal leanings."[33] Similarly, a significant concern would be to study what happens, when a director of a particular religion or nationality films a text by an author from another religion or nation. For example, what happens when a Hindu Indian American films a text by a Pakistani Parsi? And how are these different from cases where the writer and director are co-religionists? Similarly, some other individual factors like caste, region, etc. too would be taken up during the course of my research. To sum up, the focus would be to study if, how and to what extent changes in individual and cultural markers of the director and the writer, influence the adaptation.

Other than these individual variables, it must also be borne in mind that the literary texts (at least the ones that I have picked up for my research) are the outpourings of wo/men who were the real actors of a ghastly tragedy called Partition. All of these authors saw Partition with their own naked eyes and felt it with their own broken hearts. All of them witnessed the catastrophe and suffered the immediate agony of the brutal events that accompanied the tragedy. On the other hand, the crew members of a film, in most of the cases, are ones who have not been immediately associated with the event. For example, *Pinjar* was written by Amrita Pritam who had witnessed Partition from very close quarters. In fact, such was her connection with the calamity that analysis reveals that the key modes of Partition feature almost permanently, in practically all her works. On the other hand, the novel has been filmed by Chandraprakash Dwivedi, who has neither seen Partition, nor has been even obliquely associated with the event. The representation of this not so immediately affected group becomes a relatively removed retrospective reaction to the trauma of Partition. This distanced representation can be either a more nostalgic or a more objective take on the event. Hence, an exploration of the change in presentation, when the immediacy of the 'pangs of agony' is undone could also posit challenging ideas for my proposed analysis.

Personal ideologies too significantly affect the process of adaptation. In fact, it has been observed that though the director of an adaptation normally has a tendency to, at least in the first place, pick up a framework that meets his/her expectations, a change in perspectives finally takes place in the adapted version. In other words, though an adaptor has a tendency to choose a basic narrative which suits his existing ideologies, personal ideologies and intentions ultimately give shaping influences to the filmed text. In such a case then, one could claim that, with changes in the politics of intention, the politics of presentation too undergoes a considerable change. Studying these changes, how they are brought about and purposes they serve, too would be crucial to my research.

Besides not only do these varied individual markers and personal ideologies play a significant role unconsciously, they are often employed consciously to bring about departures in the presentation of the adapted version. And a study of such an aspect too can contribute to an interesting analysis of the politics behind the representation of Partition.

Yet another factor for differences arising in the novel and the filmed version is the fact that a literary work is normally a solipsistic effort; the product of a single wo/man's scholarship. The film, however, is an ostensibly collective act which involves the concentrated visions, ideas, preferences, etc. of a group of wo/men on the job. From the story-writer to the script-writer, dialogue-writer to editor, screenplay-writer to photographer, actors to producer ... all could have a perspective, if not a say, before the captain of the ship, the director, can finally announce 'a cut.' And these many forces exerted by these so many on the job, in this essentially "collaborative medium,"[34] often urges the team to juggle with and play around in a field of diverse ideologies. In fact, many scholars view this basic condition of the filmic medium as grievously problematic as well. While deliberating upon the same issue, Stam even quotes Nabokov's essentially deriding remarks, where the latter once compared the process of filming to a "communal bath where the hairy and the slippery mix in a multiplication of mediocrity."[35] At this juncture, I do not wish to enter into debates regarding the relative merit of these two creative processes. However, one thing is very obvious that there is a stark difference in the formative processes of the two genres, which in turn has a telling impact on the final products as well.

The crucial reason why the process becomes different though is because in a collaborative process, very obviously, while the creative and ideological positions of some might have to be compromised, those of still others might just be polarized and grounded. Indubala Singh too in her thesis states the same:

> There is always a possibility of film adaptations, narrowing, sharpening or altering the core meanings of the novel, play or short story taken up for film adaptation.[36]

In other words, just like numerous centripetal and centrifugal forces define the trajectory of a spinning top, while filming too, the multiple points of view of the varied men and women associated with the film define the paths and limits within which the movie and its makers operate. However, the most forcefully determining of these above mentioned controlling voices of the film are those of its producers and distributors. Guided by economic interests,

these producers/distributors are often heard dictating their terms to the directors, who in turn are often forced to oblige. Hence, the director has no other option but to succumb to the existing market trends and commercial saleability of their product. The case becomes still more problematic in case of a popular or mainstream endeavour, where the box-office plays an almost tyrannical role, at times even disrupting the narrative order and flow of the film. Robert Stam too, tries to corroborate the same idea in his analysis:

> Goddard has argued that big budgets destroy films by pushing them in reactionary, lowest common-denominator directions, towards Manicheanism and sentimentality. When the budget exceeds a certain sum, Paul Schrader has said, the director "has to put white hats on the good guys."[37]

Even Marie Seton suggests this very belief in her analysis:

> 'Box-office' considerations are a factor in the film production of all countries; but these have been a particularly anti-artistic force in the development of the Indian cinema where the distributors and exhibitors have played a most tyrannical role.[38]

Kobita Sarkar too, while scrutinizing this crucial aspect of Hindi Cinema, elaborates this controlling hand of the box-office returns. While analyzing this issue, she neatly delineates some of the significant tropes used as tools to appease the public tastes and ensure commercial returns. One of these, she claims, is songs:

> Songs, one is informed, are imperatively demanded by an audience. Nowhere else is the vicious cycle of supply and demand in the movies more clearly emphasized.[39]

Other than songs, there are numerous other illustrations as well, which corroborate the idea that a film is a highly 'audience sensitive' medium. And it is this audience then that becomes yet another pertinent variable that plays a defining role in the process of adapting a literary narrative into its cinematic form.

In other words, it would be absolutely justified to state that while filming a novel, the 's/takes' of an adapted version alter vigorously with a change in the target audience. This indeed is a complicated issue and the director of an adaptation has to forever be extremely sensitive and perceptive of this change in the target audience. Within this context, a director is required to bear in mind two essential points of difference. The first is that while the literary work presupposes an elite educated class, the movie is generally made with a massified collectivity in mind. Secondly, not only does the quality of the target audience vary, but even the reach of the two art forms is reasonably and critically separate.

A film aspires for a far grander reach than a novel ever does. This could be springing from a very conscious desire to tap in a greater number of viewers and thereby ensure higher returns. At the same time, this spread out audience could even be due to certain inherent characteristics of the medium. Not only is a film a principally "entertainment seeking commercial mode,"[40] but also does not carry with it the implicit riders of literacy and education. It is perhaps thus that the target audience of a film too ends up cutting across a much more varied cross-section of people. However, whatever the reason behind such a variation in the target audience, the fact remains that a director, ideally, has to keep in mind the sensibilities of this much wider and more spread out audience. This is because a film, at the end of the day, has to do business. After all, a film incurs a far obvious high initial cost input which needs to be recovered. And to do so, the tastes, preferences and expectations of the audience, who are eventually going to be the buyers of this product, have to be kept in mind. George Bluestone too has lucidly expressed this very idea in one of his most significant works on adaptation. In *Novels in to Films*, this great thinker of adaptation theory states, that a film "must make profit; to make a profit, it must please consumers."[41] He further adds that "where a novel can sell 20,000 volumes and make a substantial profit, the film must reach millions."[42] This is because unlike a novel, where "all the writer needs is time, talent, paper and pen – films are from the outset immersed in technology and commerce. While novels are relatively unaffected by questions of budget, films are deeply immersed in material and financial contingencies."[43] Paul Monaco too corroborates this very idea:

> Because film production involves exceptionally high unit costs and is, even under the most favourable of circumstances, a high risk venture, film makers can rarely afford to give way to their notions. They must, instead, give play to what they believe are the shared tastes of the mass audience. As Peter Bachlin claims; "The popularity of a film, indeed the very reason of its existence, arises on the whole from the adaptation of its contents to the dominant thoughts, conceptions and instinctual wishes of contemporary society."[44]

Hence, it is obvious that while a literary text incurs a very modest initial expenditure, even a humble film project involves huge finances, which at the end of the day have to be justified. The endeavour of a director then becomes forever governed by a desire/need to at least recover the expenses, if not earn profit. For this, it becomes absolutely essential for him/her to tap a respectable audience. And it is for this very reason that the stakes of a movie maker, in terms of target audience, become different from those of a writer. A movie then becomes a much more aggressive game of numbers, with the commercial stakes being much higher!

This does not imply that a writer does not need to or never bears in mind his intended readers. However, the difference is that a film, for reasons deliberated upon earlier, is "more dependent on public taste or changes in style,"[45] than the written word. Besides, a film also has to reach out "to a wider group and cuts across cultural divides."[46]

However, this does not imply that in its endeavour to meet the public tastes, a film can afford to completely forego its creative appeal. On the contrary, to be labelled as good cinema, a film needs to retain its aesthetic and artistic quality along with catering to its entertainment quotient. In such a case then, a film becomes "a (much more) curious amalgam of artistic and commercial sensibilities."[47] And it is for such reasons that a film acquires a face rather different from its literary source. Hence, the director of an adapted version also has to be extremely sensitive to changing dynamics, which play a crucial role in the adaptation process.

At the same time, even the force, throw and punch of the two forms of presentation are different. While both have the power to influence its audiences, numerous researches in the realm of film studies reveal that the sheer impact or influence of a film on its viewers is overwhelmingly high, much more emphatic than the written word can ever be. Once again, I do not wish to enter into exhaustive debates concerning the relative efficacy and impact of the two art forms. However, some differences obviously exist and have to be borne in mind by the artists. It is perhaps for this very reason that the censorship structure for the filmic structure too is much more rigorous. However, interestingly, while this censorship pattern's task is just to maintain a cursory control over the filmic production, it often ends up becoming a variable with a very considerable determining value in terms of representation in the filmic format. It must be remembered that the director of every movie is under the constant, often tyrannical surveillance of a Censor Board. A writer too has to be constantly vigilant of the sensibilities of readers, but the system is much more watchful with regards to cinema. Film scholars have argued about this coercive role of censorship in Indian Cinema. Pendakur, in his analysis of India's National Film Policy, states that "censorship is inherently coercive and that it limits artistic and political expression in Indian Cinema."[48] However, the fact remains that the Censor Board poses numerous constraints, which have to be seriously considered by a director while filming a novel. The impact of all these above stated variables can be a consciously considered decision or an unconscious choice. The significant issue of contention though is that the "unconscious or conscious adherence to convention has an enduring influence on film content"[49] as well as the process of adaptation.

Other than these, one of the most significant reasons behind the need for an obvious transformation in the filmic form during adaptation, as claimed by almost all the critics in the realm of film and adaptation studies, is the change of the medium itself. Every medium has its inbuilt limits and ranges. Hence, in the current context as well, a study of how the verbal transforms into the visual would be a key area of analysis. Within this parameter too, there are numerous dimensions that would have to be constantly borne in mind. One of the most crucial of these is the fact that while a literary work has reasonably flexible working paradigms and spaces, a film is constrained by limitations of time frame. Not only are the number of hours in which a movie is to be screened fixed, but even the format is a specified one. Madhushree in her analysis of filmic adaptations of novels suggests:

> Films have limitations. There's a time limit attached to a movie, for instance. A reader can take his or her time to go through a book – and it can be carried about to be read any time, anywhere. That gives a writer the freedom to write the way he or she likes, and length doesn't matter.
> A movie on the other hand, can only be viewed with the relevant equipment. This means that the viewer must sit in one place for the length of the film. Since most people cannot sit in one place for very long, films have in-built time constraints. That's why filmmaker Suman Mukhopadhyay compares movies to "a 90-minute football match" that ends with a wildcat score: its emotional impact. A book, on the other hand, he says, is "a tennis tie. An 18–hour game that chases a fixed score."[50]

Though the booming DVD-VCD revolution has brought about a considerable alteration in the format of film viewing as well, a director still, essentially directs a movie for mass viewing in a cinema hall. Hence, the limitations of the medium play a very significant role in giving a film a face reasonably distinct from the literary form.

It is for this very reason that one of the first changes that a filmmaker needs to bring about is to appropriate and alter the length of his adapted version. As stated earlier, the narrative of a novel which might run into hundreds of pages has to be wrapped up in the standard time limit for a movie i.e. 2-3 hours. For this, "it becomes imperative (for a director) to decide on what to keep and what to throw away. Within two hours, he or she has to keep the soul of the movie alive and tell the story in a hypnotic fashion."[51]

To do so, the adaptor of a novel often experiences the need for a "selection, amplification, concretization, actualization, ctitique, extrapolation ..."[52] of the various scenes, characters, dialogues, etc. of a novel. Stam further elaborated this very stance thus:

> The source text forms a dense informational network, a series of verbal cues which the adapting film text can then selectively take up, amplify, ignore, subvert or transform."[53]

Other than this, while keeping into consideration the dramatic needs of a filmed novel, during adaptation, there are certain portions of the narrative which get an exhaustive visual dimension, while others are merely touched upon or even brushed aside.

Besides, yet another significant cause of departure is that unlike the novel, which is principally a verbal form, a film "complicates literary narration by practicing two parallel and intersecting forms of narration: the verbal narration, whether through voice-over and/or the speech of characters, and the film's capacity to show the world and its appearances apart from voice-over and character narration."[54]

Hence, not only does the process involve a transformation from the verbal to the visual coupled with the verbal, but is also a complex creative process that "combines in various measures the functions of poetry, music, painting, drama, architecture and a host of other arts, major and minor."[55]

It is with regards to all these above mentioned determinants that the representation of literary narratives and their respective filmic renditions end up as two varied entities. Hence, what Paul Monaco states while studying Soviet Cinema, stands true for the cinematic adaptations of novels as well. Monaco claims that what comes to characterize a cinematic adaptation of a literary narrative is a "compromise between the demands of state authorities, the desires of the technicians who actually make (made) the films, and the tastes of the many viewers who go (went) to see them."[56]

These then, would be some of the variables around which my study would revolve and it is in the light of these that I shall try and comprehend the dynamics of the representation of Partition and the politics behind rendering some selected Partition narratives into their cinematic forms, and this is what will follow in the chapters to come.

Chapter I

Watching Sidhwa's Novel Become Mehta's Film

Controversial, but not so celebrated, is normally the perception that Deepa Mehta manages to draw out of her critics and audiences. *1947: Earth* (1998) also fits well into this very cast. Much ahead of its release itself (at least in India), a huge pandemonium enveloped the movie. Reasons for this were numerous. It was Mehta's next venture after the already too hot to handle *Fire*. Like *Fire*, *Earth* too dealt with a volatile subject. This time it was the Partition of India. To add fuel to the fire, there were a couple of scenes that the Indian Censor Board was particularly raising eyebrows against. Perhaps, controversy was the movie's birth right.

Critical acclaim, however, deluded the movie. Though some reviewers and audience reactions claimed the movie to be realistic and promising, *Earth* never really sustained the critical accolades that some other movies on the Partition (of Punjab), like Sathyu's *Garam Hava* (1973) or Nihalani's *Tamas* (1986), had been showered with. Many blamed the typical 'song and dance' sequences, which they felt that a movie dealing with a subject as solemn as Partition ought to avoid. While still others clamoured that the love story in the movie overshadowed its central theme and reduced it to the stature of just another commercial romance, with Partition as a mere background. In fact, many even accused the movie of sinking low to melodrama, instead of offering a gripping account of the holocaust.

In other words, despite a few favourable reactions, a majority of the reviewers wrote it off as yet another 'Bollywoodised/Hollywoodised' saga of a traumatic event that continues to haunt the psyche of the subcontinent even today. Some of these analyses would even be scanned during the course of my investigation. This however would not be my chief concern, primarily because I feel that this is the job of film critics and analysts. Besides cinema journals, film magazines and the internet already abound in such commentaries, debating the worthiness of Mehta's exercise. My primary endeavour would be to investigate the movie vis-à-vis Bapsi Sidhwa's novel *Ice-Candy-Man* (1989), of which it is an adaptation.

I shall initiate my analysis from the 'beginnings' itself i.e. the origins of *1947: Earth*. Whether for fair or for foul reasons, much before she began work on *Earth*, the Canada based Indian Deepa Mehta, had assumed the stature of a director to look forward to. She had already created fire with the very first attempt of her intended trilogy on the three elements of Nature: fire, earth and water. While discussing about this project of hers, Mehta states:

> I am making a trilogy because I wanted to make films dealing with the elements of life.[1]

She further elaborates:

> *Fire* was about the politics of sexuality, I guess. *Earth* is about the politics of nationalism and *Water* about the politics of religion.[2]

With one element worked upon (*Fire*, starring Shabana Azmi and Nandita Das, centered around a seemingly lesbian relationship between two sisters-in-law of a middle class Delhi based family, trapped in unhappy marriages), Mehta had been on the lookout for a plot that would be apt for telling a tale of 'earth,' the second in her conceived series.

It was around that time, that she stumbled upon a novel by Bapsi Sidhwa, a U.S.A. based Pakistani Parsi novelist. It was a happy coincidence, as Sidhwa's *Ice-Candy-Man* (earlier titled *Cracking India,* 1989) immediately caught Mehta's interest. Mehta herself claims in an interview, that Sidhwa's story dealt with a subject that she had long been interested in and wished to capture through the cinematic medium:

> The partition of India was like a Holocaust for us and I grew up hearing many stories about this terrible event. Naturally I was attracted to this subject.[3]

Thus, Mehta found the narrative for the second movie in her proposed trilogy. The next step for her obviously was to approach the novelist, who had the original copyrights of the tale. Soon that hurdle too was over. The writer offered her a brisk approval. Sidhwa mentions of this in one of her interviews:

> Early one morning I get a call from Deepa Mehta. She has just read my novel *Cracking India*. She wants to make it into a movie. ... When I finally interrupt Deepa to tell her that she can make the film, there is an abrupt silence, and then: "But what if someone else calls you tomorrow with an offer?"
> Her insecurity is touching. "*Cracking India* has been around for four years and no one's optioned it," I say. "I don't think anyone's going to call tomorrow."[4]

With Sidhwa's permission in hand, Mehta soon started working on *1947: Earth*, her filmic adaptation of the novel. Interestingly, both the novelist and the director come from similar backgrounds. Both belong to a generation of women artists, who, though not directly victimised by the tragedy, had seen and felt Partition from very close quarters. While Sidhwa, as a young girl, bore witness to the entire catastrophe with her own eyes, Mehta claims to have grown up on stories about how her father and uncles suffered in Lahore during Partition.

It is perhaps for this very reason that the two even felt the urge to tell this tale of Partition. However, despite similarities, their telling is rather distinct. Though Mehta is known to have consulted the writer regularly in the culling out of her version of *Ice-Candy-Man*, Mehta's venture acquires a face clearly separate from Sidhwa's attempt. Sidhwa even writes of this contrast in her article "Watching My Novel Become Her Film":

> Although Deepa invites my suggestions, I soon realize that it is her cinematic version of the book that matters; it is like handing over one's child to the care of someone you trust.[5]

It is here that my precise interest lies. I propose to study how the original gets transformed into the final movie. What are these transformations? How are they brought about? What are the forces behind these departures? Are these changes forced or intentional? Along with these, I shall also try to find out why Mehta picked up Sidhwa's narrative for her project. Was it a tale never told before? Or did it embody a perspective that Mehta believed in? Or was it a story-line tailor-made to assimilate the perspective that Mehta wanted to portray?

To gauge all these it becomes imperative to first delineate the departures between the two. There are numerous alterations that Mehta brings about in her adaptation, but there are two that stand out most aloud.

One, of course is the terribly harrowing Ranna's story, which in all probability, is a semi-fictional account, as claimed by Sidhwa in her Acknowledgements:

> I thank Rana Khan for sharing with me his childhood experiences at the time of Partition. He lives in Houston, and still bears the deep crescent-shaped scar on the back of his head, and innumerable other scars.[6]

Whatever happens to Ranna and his village is perhaps the most sordid description of Partition violence and Sidhwa spares no detail of this in her novel. During the riots, when Ranna's village is attacked ruthlessly by a Sikh mob, he faces violence in all its naked shame. From terror to assault to a narrow but 'scarred escape' – Ranna faces it all. With him, the readers too witness some of the most vicious faces of Partition violence and this entire breakdown in all its morbid dimensions. However, what features as a major sub-plot in the novel, is compressed to just a brief conversation between Lenny, her cousin and an 'unknown' victim housed in a rescue camp across Lenny's wall. What is nerve wrenching in the novel, is presented simply as a single passing reference where the little victim informs Lenny:

> Jab Hinduon ne hamaare gaon par hamla kiya, to sabko maara. Main to laashon ke niche chup gaya. Is liye bach gaya. ... Jab Hindu chale gaye, to main apni Ammi ko dhundne nikla. Wo ek masjid mein theen. Unke baal chhat waale pankhe se bandhe the. Veh bilkul nangi theen.[7]

In fact, those who have not read the novel would never even come to realize that this little fellow in the movie is Sidhwa's Ranna. In the movie, he is not even called Ranna. He is only addressed as "oye" or "tum."[8]

The second obvious difference is that, in the filmic rendering, the last quarter of the novel has completely been done away with. In the novel, once the Hindu Ayah is kidnapped and carried away by the frenzied Muslim mob, her life undergoes numerous convolutions. A whole big chunk of the novel deals with her traumatic life after the abduction. Ayah is carried off to a brothel, raped by strangers as well as acquaintances. Some of her molesters are men she had known long and closely, including even men of her very "tolla" (gang).

> I know Ayah is deeply, irrevocably ashamed. They have shamed her. Not those men in the carts – they were strangers - but Sharbat Khan and Ice-candy-man and Imam Din and Cousin's cook and the butcher and the other men she counted among her friends and admirers. I'm not very clear how - despite Cousin's illuminating tutorials – but I'm certain of her humiliation.[9]

Desperate to seek release from her humiliating existence in a brothel, she unwillingly marries Ice-candy-man. But all the while as Ice-candy-man's wife, she lives like a zombie. Lenny even notices and describes this change in her Ayah, when she meets her many months after the abduction:

> Where have the radiance and the animation gone? Can the soul be extracted from its living body? Her vacant eyes are bigger than ever: wide-opened with what they've seen and felt. ... Colder than the ice that lurks behind the hazel in Ice-candy-man's beguiling eyes. [10]

Ayah too is heard to voice this very angst. When Godmother advises her to forget her past and start life afresh, the badly bruised Ayah merely remarks, "I am past that. ... I'm not alive."[11] However, despite all her ordeals, she seeks a release from the clutches of Ice-candy-man, who though her husband now, is solely responsible for her brutal turmoil. (He had revealed her place of hiding to the Muslim mob.) She lives in Ice-candy-man's home as his wife, but not without hoping to return one day to 'her Amritsar.' Godmother tries hard to convince her to forgive her husband and start a new chapter with him:

> 'What's happened has happened,' says Godmother. 'But you are married to him now. You must make the best of things. He truly cares for you.'
> 'I will not live with him.' Again that coarse, rasping whisper.
> I have moved to my chair across the room but I hear Ayah's discordant murmurs clearly.[12]

Godmother coaxes still harder:

> 'Are you sure that's what you want?' says Godmother, bending to look into her face. 'You might regret your decision. ... You should think it over.'[13]

Ayah, on the other hand is decided. She says, "I have thought it over. ... I want to go to my folks."[14] Her desire for a release flickers aloud until she strikes one day, upon a stroke of fair chance. With Godmother's assistance, she escapes from Ice-candy-man's house and begins to inhabit a rescue camp adjacent to Lenny's home. From there, she is finally packed off to Amritsar. The novel concludes with Ice-candy-man tracking her down till this very last:

> Each morning I awaken now to the fragrance of flowers flung over our garden wall at dawn by Ice-candy-man. The courtyard of the Recovered Women's camp too is strewn with petals; ... Until, one morning, when I sniff the air and miss the fragrance, and run in consternation to the kitchen, I am told that Ayah, at last, has gone to her family in Amritsar ... And Ice-candy-man, too, disappears across the Wagah border into India.[15]

This entire narration in the novel again, is reduced to a single dialogue uttered by the grown-up Lenny, in her sole appearance towards the close of the film. In the concluding scene, the audience once again hears the same authorial voice that had opened the movie. It is then that they learn that the entire movie has been a flashback and Lenny has been sharing her tale of love, betrayal, pain and loss with her viewers, fifty years after the tragedy struck. And once she has finished narrating her story, for the first time, the camera focuses on the still limp but grown up Lenny, who sums up her own and her Ayah's tale thus:

> Pachaas baras guzre jab maine apni Ayah ko anjaane mein dhoka diya tha. Baad mein uske baare mein kabhi suna ki uski shaadi Ice-candy-wale se ho gayi thi. Aur kabhi suna ki usko Lahore ke kisi kothe par dekha gaya tha. Ek baar koi keh raha tha ki wo Amritsar mein hai. Lekin maine apni Ayah ko us din ke baad kabhi nahin dekha. Unnis sau saintalis ke us din ke baad, jab maine apni Ayah ke saath apne wajood, apne dil ka ek hissa, hamesha ke liye kho diya tha.[16]

Both these are cases of classic reduction. However why the director does this, needs to be deliberated upon.

The most obvious reason is the limitation of the medium that Mehta is working with. Unlike Sidhwa, who can afford to expand the story/ies still further, Mehta has to pack everything off in her limited hours. (The standard running-time of a film is anything between two to three hours.) Such a contraction though does not come without its damages! The entire agony and helplessness of Ayah's and Ranna's situations too are reduced to mere dialogues. Many might even feel that as a consequence, the sheer impact of the tragedy is mitigated. The visual and space could definitely have fleshed out the impact more potently. With just one dialogue (and no visual delineation), the anguish and suffering, which is so crucial to any description of Partition, is badly snubbed.

However despite the damages, there is enough time for only that which Mehta delivers. Besides, the deed does have its merits too. In the filmic medium, unity of a central action is crucial. This is precisely what Mehta accomplishes when she shortens these two major narratives. She omits convolutions, refrains from meandering and in the process limits herself to a single linear unified plot and chief concern i.e. to show how Partition crept into millions of innocent lives, that went in for a somersault with the calamity.

With an explicit description of what happens to Ayah after she is lifted by the mob, the novel does have the tendency to be perceived as just Ayah's story. Instead of Partition, the focus shifts more on just one Ayah, her particular experiences and of course on Ice-candy-man's gruesome love-tale. On the other hand, by abstaining from going into the post-abduction details, she foregrounds treachery, forced abductions and the grim faces of Partition in general. This is the note on which the movie concludes and this is what the director had wanted to project. She was not interested in focusing on the tale of a single Ice-candy-man and his love interest, but on that of millions of unknown men and women, whom Partition hit hard. Hence, by skimming the twists and turns in Ayah's life, Mehta succeeds in telling a tale that she had long wished to – the tale of the earth cracking and Partition entering the private domains of innocent men and women, who could do absolutely nothing about it. In other words, unlike Sidhwa's, Mehta's story does not concentrate on a single Ice-candy-man and his brutal tale of love. This varied intention of the two artists becomes still clearer if one pays heed to even their respective titles. While Sidhwa calls her work *Ice-Candy-Man*, Mehta calls it *1947: Earth*.

Besides, many might even suggest that explicitly showing Hindu and Sikh women being raped, planted in a 'kotha' and other stark violence on screen is a contentious issue and might have offended the sensibilities of many. However, according to me, by ending the tale the way she does, Mehta achieves something still more profound.

In my opinion in a story about Partition, open-endings with an element of stark uncertainty held uptight, create a far more bone-chilling impact than closures ever do. As opposed to a neat finish, with Ice-candy-man tracking his beloved down till even Amritsar, Mehta chooses to end her movie with Shanta (the Ayah of Sidhwa) being carried away in a cart to an unknown destiny by a frenzied Muslim mob. What happens to her is not told. It is only left to the viewers' imaginations. But all can obviously fathom what awaits her!

And if one analyzes a step further, one reasons that Mehta has very intelligently juxtaposed this frame soon after those beautiful episodes where Ayah is seen preparing to get married to Hasan and happily leave Lahore with him for the safer Amritsar. This again is no casual decision. Throughout the movie Mehta has very carefully positioned all her frames, including this last one. It is with this cleverly located violence towards the end, that she manages to evoke the emotional response that she had all along intended to. It is only with this choicest positioning that the impact of the panic and distress is accentuated to its due intensity.

In fact, it is this very placement that justifies all the preceding scenes as well, where Ayah is seen romancing with Hasan. Many have accused Mehta of needlessly dwelling upon the love story in the movie. But it is in the light of this very episode that the purpose of all those scenes, for which Mehta has been smashed with terrible flak, is justified. It is with these romantic images that Mehta raises the hopes of all her viewers. Through these charming moments, the spectators get entangled in the love story of Shanta and Hasan. With this pair of innocent lovers, they too get involved and connected, as they wait eagerly for a happy destiny to unfold. Once Mehta manages to pitch in the emotional climax, trauma strikes the hardest. This is precisely what Mehta wanted to graph in the brewing romance of Shanta and Hasan.

Also, this tragic scene not only comes immediately after the most romantic scene of the movie, but is the last frame in at least Ayah's tale. (Lenny's story in the movie goes two scenes further.) With it all our hopes of a joyous culmination are also shattered. Such an aggressive, climax like ending only leaves us stupefied and a strange numbness and horror

grips the body. All it draws immediately are numerous uncertainties and unanswered questions: Why did Dil Nawaz do this? How could he do it? What good would it serve? What would happen to Shanta now? Why did it have to happen this way? In other words, Mehta intelligently closes all doors except the one that would usher in infinite sorrow and shock. And this is what Partition represented for most who succumbed to it. Hence, with such an 'open closure," Mehta captures the sense of absolute chaos that Partition has and for generations would come to represent.

In the novel however, Ayah's story goes on. Despite grave pain, Ayah is at least shown to reach her home. In the movie she goes nowhere. Similarly in the novel, Ice-candy-man tracks his beloved till the very end. He is the obsessive lover, whose evil acts for some, even justify his means. There are times when in some remote corners of her heart, Lenny even sympathises with the man, who she was once ardently fond of:

> And when I look at Ice-candy-man's naked humility and grief I see him as undeserving of his beloved's heartless disdain.[17]

Or later:

> He has become a truly harmless fellow. My heart not only melts – it evaporates when I breathe out, leaving me faint with pity. Even the guard lets down his guard... [18]

Sometimes the readers too pity his madness. Towards the close of the novel, when they see him turn crazy in love and lose his everything for Ayah, many feel sorry for him. More than that, they curse his obsession. In the movie however, Dil Nawaz only arouses a blank. We are simply left baffled at what he does and why he does it. In fact, the entire episode of Ayah being carried away draws one big lull, which is the emotional response that Mehta was aspiring to trace. And this could only have been possible with the movie ending the way that it does. Sidhwa too acknowledges the merit of such a finish in one of her interviews:

> Sure, the film ends differently from the book. But the film had to end the way it did: the impact would have been weakened otherwise. The screen exerts its own dramatic demands. I understood this even while the film was being made.[19]

This and numerous other references (some of which I shall be taking up during the course of my investigation) clearly highlight that, unlike Mehta, Sidhwa's endeavour was not to single-mindedly portray Partition. Along with representing Partition, she works upon several other concerns as well. She images Partition explicitly, but Ice-candy-man's tale is equally significant for her. This does not mean that Mehta does not concentrate on his story at all. But

the way the two handle it is completely distinct. In the novel, Ice-candy-man's account merely remains a single man's yarn: A man who was obsessively in love with a woman and who he wanted at any cost. In the movie, however, Mehta uses him to depict something more. He represents the beast in man. Deepa Mehta has voiced this in one of her interviews, where she states that "*Fire* is about desire. *Earth* is about basic instincts."[20] At a crucial juncture in the movie, Dil Nawaz also spouts this very stance rather crisply. He says:

> Shanta bibi, ye sirif Hindu aur Musalmaan ki baat nahin hai. Ye to, kuch hum sabke andar hai. Hindu, Musalmaan, Sikh - hum sab haraamzaade hain, sab jaanwar. Chidiya ghar ke us sher ki tarah, jisse Lenny baby itna darti hai. Kaise pada rehta hai is intizaar mein, ki pinjara khule. Aur jab pinjara khulta hai, to Allah hi maalik hai.[21]

Other than Ice-candy-man's chronicle, Sidhwa also concentrates at length on sketching the Parsi community. This is perhaps because the subjective concerns of every writer have a strong bearing on his/her work. Sidhwa being a Parsi Pakistani, has represented her community prominently in most of her other works as well. Be it *The American Brat* or *The Crow Eaters*, one finds a rich Parsi flavour in each of these.

Another central concern that she keenly deliberates upon is portraying a child's psyche. This was crucial for Sidhwa as she was using a child narrator to delineate Partition. To justify this authorial voice, it was considerably important to show that Lenny sees everything but at the end of the day she is an innocent eight year old girl, who does not comprehend much. Hence, it became necessary to etch close details of Lenny's deepest thoughts, emotional responses and personal experiences. Be it Lenny's love for her sickness, because it a wonderful excuse for not getting up early and leave for school or displaying pangs of jealousy towards her younger sibling; from taking demonstrative tutorials from her senior cousin about what rape is or learning more about sexuality - Sidhwa charts all these at length.

However, most of these details are skipped in the movie. This again does not imply that Mehta does not use any of these. After all, she too uses the same eight year old Parsi Lenny to narrate the excruciating tale of Partition. She does understand the significance of these episodes and even incorporates some of these in her movie rather successfully. In fact, even the novelist complements Mehta on account of capturing this sensibility of using an eight year old Parsi girl to author Partition:

> I am insistent. The story won't be the same without Lenny's feisty interpretation.
> Deepa loves Lenny's way of looking at things passionately. Lenny will be present in every scene. The story will unfold through her eyes.[22]

The only difference is that while the movie is in the form of a flashback, in the novel Lenny is seen laying bare what she sees around her everyday, as the days close to Partition beguile her. In the movie, Shabana Aazmi's voice opens the movie and she transports us to the Lahore of 1947, directly into the little Lenny's room. Henceforth the viewers witness what happens to Lenny, her ayah Shanta and others around her. In the novel, Lenny grows with the story and at its close too, is still the young girl who merely narrates what her innocent eyes have traced of Partition. She is never shown to grow up as she does in the movie, into the wizened old Lenny who fifty years later, in retrospect, has a profound message to offer – a cry against the futility of sectarian conflict. It is perhaps to prepare grounds for delivering this very moral that Mehta uses the technique of flashback in her movie.

Thus one concludes that barring few of these descriptions (as will be discussed subsequently), Mehta does not go into the intricacies of any of the sub/parallel themes. It would only have elongated the movie and scattered the impetus of her central theme. Even the novelist acknowledges and describes the need for omitting such details. In an article she writes:

> More scenes have been eliminated, characters dropped. Deepa explains that the scenes confused the story, slowed its tempo.[23]

It is only through such a neatening out that Mehta justifies her primary endeavour. She does not concern herself with offering an all-comprehensive picture of Partition. What was Partition? Who brought it about? How were people brought into its ambit? How it struck their lives? How they coped with it? Who is to be blamed? Whose purpose did it serve? Mehta does not bother to take these questions head on. Her intention seems just one, i.e. detailing the entry of Partition into the private domains of men and women. Besides, too many of such 'hows,' would only have weakened the punch of the narrative. An impatient entertainment-seeking audience would simply have felt all this as way too much to handle and keep track of. As discussed earlier, a movie is to be narrated in close to three hours and this consideration, had surely to be borne in mind by Mehta. After all, she was not making a movie for just a niche audience! *1947: Earth* was released on a mass scale and played across theaters and was meant to be viewed by all sections of the society. It could be for this very reason that Mehta does not juggle with several themes, lest the audience lose track or interest in her movie.

Mehta's ultimate desire was to tell a story of the 'earth' cracking into bits:

> *Earth* is about the Partition of India and Pakistan. It is about the partition of earth and the loss of innocence.[24]

And she brilliantly accomplishes this through this second film of her now complete trilogy. (*Water*, which dealt with the oppression of widows, was released in 2006.) Though numerous critics have accused Mehta of attempting nothing more than a formulaic love story with Partition merely as its background, it would be doing much discredit to her effort. In fact, a closer examination suggests much the contrary.

Through the movie, Mehta most definitely, voices a key political and moral stance. Mehta wanted to make a film with a message for social harmony. She obviously believes or at least wants to show that Partition was a senseless division, that served and favoured none; at least not the common man. His involvement in the entire genocide was futile, which she most deftly tries to elucidate throughout the movie. One has only to pay heed to the concluding dialogue of her movie. Once she has narrated what she saw of Partition, the now elderly Lenny utters a stance that reflects the sheer banality of this mayhem. The grown-up Lenny, as she looks behind upon the events, says:

> Angrezi saamraj ke dhai sau baras baad hamaari aankhon ke saamne kya tha? Ek mulk jiske tukde ho gaye. Katl-e-aam, lootmaar, kidnapping, zulm aur uske badle aur zulm![25]

She very sensitively brings us face to face with this disaster. It appears through this dialogue that Mehta is questioning us. She instead is very sarcastically warning us against the dangers of communalism. Very smartly she is exhorting that Partition did the ordinary man no good. Her stance stands yet more pronounced, when immediately after these nerve-wrenching questions, the credits begin to roll. We are still trying to gauge what has happened, when an even more emphatic instruction hits us in our faces. Through a song penned by Javed Akhtar and composed by A.R. Rehman, Mehta clearly gives us her calling against Partition and the still rampant communalism in the sub-continent. The voices are heard singing:

> Ishwar allah, tere jahaan mein,
> Nafrat kyun hai, jung hai kyun?
> Tera dil to, itna bada hai,
> Insaan ka dil, tang hai kyun?[26]

Here again Mehta is not posing her questions to God. Much the contrary, she is enlightening us about our ugly, myopic, shallow face, which solves nothing and only brings harm and ill-will. In fact through this last song, she extends her message yet further. She goes beyond

Partition as a singular event and condemns sectarian conflict of any shape or form. In other words, she offers an attack not just on the futility of Partition but strikes a cord of universal peace. This is what she actually wanted to propose. Mehta herself claims in an interview:

> Of course *Earth* for me was a very particular film in that it deals with the partition of India and Pakistan by the British, but also it has that universal resonance. Whether you look at Kosovo, Ireland, in fact, whatever country has been colonised, wherever there has been some kind of separatism, division, or so-called ethnic cleansing, 50 years later there are still all the same problems. In fact the situation is always worse than before the division.[27]

Not only is her apathy against communal discord obvious, but one also gathers that Mehta belongs to that band-wagon of scholars who believe that Partition was an event engineered by a few men at the helm of affairs. She clearly seems to be saying that the ones to be blamed for it most emphatically were the British. They sponsored the entire event, while the innocent commoners simply got hurled into the disaster. The common man, in fact, was often left clueless and grappling with the factionalism, that swept an entire Punjab in its tide.

Sidhwa's motives behind *Ice-Candy-Man*, however, are not these. She on the other hand deals very specifically with Partition and presents some very violent faces that she saw of it as a young girl based in Lahore. Unlike Mehta, her venture is not directly aimed at promoting any social harmony or commenting on a larger human nature and picture. Perhaps this difference too springs from the fact that while Sidhwa personally witnessed the morbid faces of Partition, Mehta had basically heard descriptions of the brutal event from her family members, who had suffered in the face of Partition. And the narrations of such events to a second or third generation are often more romantic than bearing the imprints can ever be. While someone who has only heard of the massacre by word of the mouth can afford to be detached and objective, the one who has witnessed it all cannot so easily go beyond its vicious faces and violent scars. Thus, Mehta can manage to use this occasion for sermonizing. Sidhwa perhaps has only bitter memories to narrate. However these memories too, though obliquely, do their own sarcastic talking.

These disparate ambitions of Mehta become clear not only through the scene and song discussed above, but she foregrounds this idea through several other crucial scenes and dialogues as well. She has even suitably altered some of the scenes and dialogues of the novel, to further strengthen this very debate.

Such departures rather clearly suggest and build up my central argument that Mehta had a crucial political position, distinct from Sidhwa's. Unlike the latter, she was emphatically contributing towards a discourse in favour of international peace. To do so, she brings about numerous variations, some of which I shall study at length during the course of my analysis.

Mehta often shuffles the sequence of events as they appear in the novel. One of the most striking of these mutations is the one that deals with Dil Nawaz's participation in the communal rioting. In the novel, Sidhwa gives clear hints that Ice-candy-man turns communal much before the arrival of the train from Gurdaspur that brings with it the dead and mutilated bodies of his sisters and other relatives. He is shown as becoming aggressive with the Hindus and Sikhs much ahead of this personal tragedy.[28]

In the movie, the case is very different. Mehta on the other hand, shows Dil Nawaz (the Ice-candy-man in Sidhwa's novel) ardently championing the cause of peace, till the 'killer train' arrives. Until that moment, we see him pacifying his Hindu and Muslim friends and urging them to stay away from anything close to communal. When the Butcher and Tota Ramji enter into a verbal tiff that ends in a major bickering, we see Hasan and Dil Nawaz trying to ease off the tension. While Hasan says:

> Aur phir doston mein kya jhagde? Hum sab to ek doosre ka saath deingein naa?[29]

Dil Nawaz boisterously seconds him.

Before this too, in yet another incident, Dil Nawaz's reaction is interesting. The episode happens at a time where the initial spurts of factionalism are beginning to trickle. The park, which we earlier see in the movie as the meeting ground for people of all religious communities, also begins to sense this shift. As usual Shanta and her gang are sitting in the park. Though Shanta is a Hindu, her group comprises of men with no specific religious demarcations. Her friends are from across 'dharmas.' While Hasan, Dil Nawaz and Butcher are Muslims, Sher Singh is a Sikh and Tota Ramji, Hari and Moti are Hindus. It is here that Hasan makes an observation:

> Yaar parak badal gaya hai. Hindu, Musalmaan aur Sikh, sab alag alag rehte hain. Sirf tumhaara tolla waisa hi hai.[30]

With this it becomes clear that at this juncture the seeds of sectarianism have been sown. However, one soon observes that these initial hiccups have not really flustered Dil Nawaz.

In the very next scene, we see Dil Nawaz in the same park, in the garb of an old 'fakir,' who claims to have a telephone with which he can speak with Allah and foretell the future. This entire guise is one of his many tricks to earn some extra coppers. It is here that a young Sikh asks him to telephone Allah and enquire whether Lahore would go to Hindustan or Pakistan. Before Dil Nawaz can answer, a Muslim fellow aggressively claims that Lahore would remain in Pakistan. This aggravates tension in the already fragile situation and the two end-up in a scuffle. But Dil Nawaz wants no trouble. He pacifies both and leaves them with a safe/neutral prophecy. He is no prophet, so we all know that whatever he utters at this juncture is what his sensibility suggests. He does not declare whether Lahore would become a part of Hindustan or Pakistan. Instead he leaves them with a cleverly crafted warning:

> Allah taalah farmaate hain, ki division ke time ek bahut bada toofan aiega. Aur tum sab jaanwaron ki tarah ladoge![31]

His tone and facial expressions at this moment are far from communal. Instead they carry a 'better behave yourself' signal. Upon finer analysis, one can even say that what he spouts at this juncture is a well considered advice because he does not want the people to fight any further. He wants them on the other hand to be cautious of the dangers of religious bigotry. And soon we even witness this intelligent warning douse the impending violence of at least that moment. Instead of quarreling aggressively, the two young men, though angry, take their own courses. The situation is controlled, at least temporarily. In other words, till very late in the movie, we do not see Dil Nawaz turning fanatic or being driven by any venom against the other community. Nor does he seem to be instigated by this 'communal air,' as some of his other friends are. We do observe fellows of his very group passing insulting remarks and jokes against the 'other' community. In the park we hear Butcher speak sarcastically:

> Tum Hindu itni phalian aur gobhi khaate ho, koi hairaani ki baat nahin, tumhaare yogi hawa mein udte hain. Kisi din paad maarte maarte jannat hi na pahunch jaayein![32]

Later too, Tota Ramji and Butcher get into a heated argument while discussing whether Lahore would be shuffled to Pakistan or Hindustan. While Butcher says:

> Oi paise waise ko chod yaar. In paise waale Hinduon ki dhotian utarwaani koi mushkil baat nahin.[33]

The angry Tota Ramji retorts, "Iska ulat bhi ho sakta hai."[34] Mehta carefully weaves these and many more such scenes and dialogues to delineate the coming about of Partition into the hearts of these young men and women. However, interestingly in none of these images does she reflect Dil Nawaaz charged with any communal vendetta.

In the movie, unlike the novel, it is only when the train from Gurdaspur arrives that Mehta shows Dil Nawaaz burn with communal frenzy. It is only after his personal tragedy that his anger is roused and he begins to look upon the Hindus and Sikhs as his enemy, from whom he seeks revenge. This then also becomes the prime stance that Mehta adopts to explain the common man's participation in the gory violence that accompanied Partition. Even Butcher seems to offer this very explanation when he describes his hatred for the non-Muslim communities. Butcher is seen flaring up because he is worried about what would happen to his Muslim brothers in the newly culled Hindustan. In one of the arguments he utters:

> Oye sun. Jis din batwaare ki lakir kheench di gayi na, jitney Musalmaan us tarafh hain na, unke tatte kaat liye jaayeinge. Samjha na?[35]

Thus one observes that Mehta's explanation to trace Partition violence is the one that is the most rendered by Partition scholars. One of the most sought after analyses to chart how the ordinary man got violent during the Partition mania is: The common men and women, despite being from varied religious communities, had been co-existing peacefully and harboured no real ill-will towards members of other religious communities. It was the atrocities or the fear of attack by the 'other' community, that instigated this 'otherwise not so violent being' to turn aggressive. As a consequence this 'other' became the 'enemy' community, and each sought revenge from this 'other.'

Mehta makes Dil Nawaz mouth this very belief in a significant scene of the movie. Once Partition is formally announced, Lahore becomes a part of Pakistan. With this, the Hindus and Sikhs of Lahore are required to take appropriate measures to ensure their safety. While Sher Singh flees to Hindustan, Hari converts to Islam (and becomes Himmat Ali) and Moti becomes a Christian. It is here that we see Dil Nawaz displaying his loot to his coterie. He has lifted gold coins from a deserted Hindu house. In fact from his tone we also get an impression that he has been actively involved in chasing many such Hindus and Sikhs out of Lahore. Hasan realizes this and even casts an accusing eye on him. When he questions Dil Nawaaz about his affiliation with the Muslim rioters, Dil Nawaz utters violently:

> Oi tera kya jaata hai, haan? Aur kis tarah ka Musalmaan hai tu? Tu jaanna chahta hai? To sun. Haan maine bahut se Hinduon aur Sikh gharon mein grenade phenke hain. Jinhen main zindagi bhar jaanta tha. Main to apni behnon ki ek-ek kati hui chaati ke liye sab saalon ka khoon karna chahta hoon. Hijde saale![36]

In the novel, however, this is not the case. Sidhwa very clearly hints that Ice-candy-man had started participating in acts of violence much before the train carrying corpses of his relatives arrives. Even before he is personally traumatized, he is seen experiencing sadistic thrills; while he watches the Hindus and the Sikhs suffer. Not only this, one even gets an inkling that much before his personal loss, he is partially involved in looting and assaulting members of these so called 'other' communities.

In an episode in the novel, Ice-candy-man cleverly brings Ayah and Lenny one evening to his house. While tension in the streets is ripe, the three stand on the roof of his house, and he delightfully watches the non-Muslim tops burn. As he witnesses this massacre, there is a distinctive excitement on his face:

> 'Just watch. You'll see a *tamasha*! ... Wait till the fire gets to their stock of arsenal.'[37]

And then, a little later:

> 'The fucking bastards! They thought they'd drive us out of Bhatti! We've shown them!'[38]

In fact in the novel one even gets an impression that Ice-candy-man knew everything about this 'tamasha' and wanted to purposely show it to Ayah in the hope, that it would disturb her. He perhaps felt that this disturbed Ayah, then out of insecurity and the need to save herself from all impending trauma, might succumb to his desire of marrying her.[39]

This episode in Ice-candy-man's house features in the movie as well, but not until Mehta has made her specific innovations. She adds her own crucial bit to it. While in the novel, no dead relatives of Ice-candy-man have arrived till this point, in the movie, the 'killer train' has already arrived. His relatives have already been mercilessly slaughtered. Butcher informs all:

> Gurdaspur se ek train aai hai, jismein sirf laashein hi laashein hain. Sab Musalmaan zibah kiye pade hain aur chaar borian aurton ki chaatiyon se bhari hui hain. Apne Dil Nawaz ki behnein thi us train mein.[40]

It is after this tragedy that Hasan brings Ayah and Lenny to Dil Nawaaz's house. Thus, while in the novel one gathers that Ice-candy-man purposely makes Ayah witness the violence and feel terribly restless, in the movie Mehta uses this same setting as an occasion for paying a sympathy call. Unlike the novel, where Dil Nawaz himself brings Ayah to his abode, in the movie she is brought there by Hasan to share Dil Nawaz's grief.

Besides, in the movie, it is here that for the first time, we see the angered and scarred Dil Nawaz spout vendetta against his 'enemy' community. Never before had we seen him enjoy the humiliation and torture of the non-Muslims. However, Mehta does have a purpose behind such a shuffling of frames. By tampering with this sequence of episodes, she very conveniently slips in a justification for Dil Nawaz's turning communal. With such a sketching, his actions fit well into the 'revenge theory,' that has been used by numerous academics to explain the common man's participation in the Partition riots. Such explanations are convenient, rampant and Mehta too uses them lavishly in her novel.

On the other hand his acting sectarian before his personal tragedy would have required some alternate explanation. Those validations were either what Mehta did not believe in or did not wish to foreground. However, one needs to examine why she moves away from these.

A major reason could be that the other logics bring with them a dangerous baggage. To say that the common man got violent because he was wronged or angered or out of a feeling of self-defence, are safe stands. In fact, for long such stances have even been a part of the dominant discourse. However, I believe that such ideas have been accepted wholesomely, primarily because they are harmless and challenge none. The retaliation or self-defence theories comfortably replace the guilt from a particular individual to some unknown person, who started it all. One can only blame the one who initiates the violence and that first one is known to none. In this process, many are absolved of all their guilt. The buck is simply passed to some unknown first victimizer. In other words, total blame rests on the first one, who in most circumstances is unknown. The common man, who in many cases might even be the victimizer, is viewed as just a poor innocent victim. Apart from these so called helpless victims, everyone and everything else is blamed - circumstances, the unknown first victimizer, men at the helm of affairs and most conveniently the British, who again are not us. In fact later in my analysis, I shall highlight, that Mehta too leaves absolutely no opportunity to accuse the British for playing dirty games with the poor innocent Indians.

Secondly, whether such a prominent viewpoint is logical, remains to be deliberated upon. Such a statement does not imply that the above mentioned theory does not justify any of the violence that accompanied Partition, but according to me, foregrounding such reasons, as opposed to others, is a far more calculated deed. In simple words one could argue that to adopt these positions so forcefully is more out of a sense of necessity, than pure scholarship.

Post independence the need of the hour was nation building. India was declared a secular democracy. This meant that men across religions, despite the scars of communal vendetta had to once again co-exist harmoniously. Partition had already caused much havoc and ill-will. It was capable of causing still further fissures, lest the fangs of communalism be paralysed. Even the sense of esteem, especially in the Partition struck regions, was at its lowest and the sense of responsibility to undo this, at its highest. There are no two views that the so called nation builders in India, perhaps for this very reason, tried to highlight the least obnoxious face of this modern Indian history. Despite the fact that Partition and Independence happened simultaneously, very often than not, the latter has been dwelt upon with a flourish. Partition on the other hand, has been ignored royally. While history books celebrate and valourise the struggle for Independence, Partition is skimmed shoddily in a couple of lines. It is referred to in a "bureaucratic and theoretical attitude,"[41] where mere death toll and transfer figures are stated clinically. Mrinal Pandey in her article laments about the same:

> There is, to date, no formal ceremony or a national day of mourning, by which the two nations would remind the coming generations of the dangers of communal hatred and of the self destructive venom that xenophobia generates.[42]

Suvir Kaul too, very clearly states, that for years school children have been taught a "no faults' nationalism"[43] and our acceptance with regards to Partition has been one of "selective amnesia."[44] Ashis Nandy describes this as:

> Nothing less than a form of self-denial, a flight as it were, a tendency to run away from the harsh realities of the past.[45]

Even in cinema, Partition has not been given significant space. Lalit Mohan Joshi, editor of the special issue on Partition, published by the South Asian Cinema Foundation says:

> For nearly two decades after the bloody and traumatic partition of India in 1947, the momentous event failed to find mention in the works of the subcontinent's film-makers.[46]

Thus, whether such stands reflect the most appropriate explanations of Partition violence or merely simplify matters, remains a question for debate.

When one delves deeper, one might even reason that if the blame of communal violence is passed on to some 'inscrutable air' or 'a dangerous colonizer' as against particular religious, political groups or figures, or some 'internal fissures,' the confidence building process can operate more efficiently. This does not imply that the latter two are or can never be targeted. But in a majority of cases, the thrust is on the former two. Their role is accentuated, while the

role of the others, as far as possible, is pushed into the background. After all it is dangerous to underline that since long, deep in their hearts, there had been a sense of mistrust amongst Hindus and Muslims and that it was this faithlessness that came to the fore in such troubled times as Partition! In an environment sensitized by communal feelings, it can never be too safe to highlight that the Hindus and Muslims have had a very bloody history. No one can deny this violent past, but it is the safest to just sideline this and project some anonymous other as the cause behind some of the most ugly faces of Partition violence. The most convenient 'other' here becomes the British who are represented as the selfish giants who played the politics of 'divide and rule' with the naive Indians. Even to say that in times like Partition, man gets swayed by some irrational winds is safe. It is at least safer than attacking specific people and parties. With such an explanation, it is 'no one' and 'everyone' who can get carried away and that too without any rationality. On the other hand, seeking rationales behind this 'carrying away' means treading dangerous terrains! Mehta too like every other champion of harmony chooses to project this safe stand. I have already mentioned that she leaves no opportunity to blame the British. Other than this, she exploits every available moment to celebrate the apparently peaceful co-existence of the Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims.

In the movie, first and foremost, Shanta and her group become a metaphoric resonance of syncretism. Another significant moment of this peaceful co-existence is a full episode where all are shown celebrating 'Basant' collectively. In fact, this is an interesting and intelligent addition in the movie. No such celebrations feature in the novel. Mehta however, has carefully culled out this scene to further strengthen her central position. In these delightful frames we see the elderly Imam Din, Ayah, Lenny and Dil Nawaz celebrate 'Basant' together in Dil Nawaz's house. This is a smart move on the part of the director because 'Basant' is not a festival of a particular religious community. It is a celebration of growth and flourish, specific to just region and season. With such an inclusion, Mehta highlights the unified face of the Hindu-Muslim relation. In fact, it is these very episodes in the movie that heighten the belief that Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs had been co-habiting harmoniously before the 'other,' engineered Partition. Despite different customs and rituals, they had commonalities. They did do business together. They did celebrate together. And in times of need, they even fought together. Later in the novel we even see all these Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs eat together on the same table (if not the same plates) in a 'dhaba,' just as early in the movie we see them sit in a happy group in the park, sharing 'chanas.'

In another episode, Mehta once again shows them enjoy together at Papoo's wedding. Interestingly this wedding comes very late in the novel. It happens much after Masseur is murdered, Ayah abducted, and the entire group fallen apart. Sidhwa has used this episode in the novel only to accentuate the horror, as people are seen to go mad with fear. It is out of a sense of grave danger that the little Papoo is married off to an old Christian, more than her father's age. Though scandalizing and horrifying for the readers, we see this conversion save Papoo's entire family from castigation at the hands of Muslims in Lahore. On the other hand, Mehta depicts the same madness through this very scene, but not without letting go of this occasion to show their group's happier times. It also becomes a moment to induce yet another song and dance sequence, which is so typical of any Bollywood production. (It must be remembered that though Mehta is located in Toronto and *Earth* is an international production, Mehta's sensibility is reasonably Indian. Besides India was most definitely a major reach for the film. The film after all is about the subcontinent, shot in India with Indian actors and numerous Indian technicians, and even the dialogues are in Hindustani, if not Hindi.)

Thus in the movie, before everyone is horrified at Papoo's crazy marriage and Ayah blurts: "Dat logon ko paglaa deta hai Lenny baby,"[47] we see Ayah, Dil Nawaz, Hasan, and the others enjoy at the wedding. In fact Shanta and Dil Nawaz dancing to the memorable 'Banno rani, tumhe sayani, hona hi tha...' was a clip that featured on all the posters of the movies as well.

Similarly in the 'Basant' episode, when we see Dil Nawaz playing games of love with Ayah, trying to woo her over and get seduced himself by her charm, the audience too is seduced by the pleasures of these happy moments. They also connect to these mirthful days. Coupled with such settings, the ingeniously crafted dialogues leave the audience further bewitched and titillated. As Dil Nawaz tries to teach Shanta how to fly a kite, he holds her in his embrace and flirts his fingers over every permissible part of her body. And while he does so, he utters a dialogue laden with double meaning:

> Arre itni bedardi se nahin Shanta bibi. Patang ko apna chahnewaalah samjho. Mohabbat dikhaao. Jab akadne lage, to dhil do. Aur jab kaaboo mein aa jaaye, to paas lao.[48]

The kite is actually the beloved and this is what Dil Nawaz is doing to her - Flirting with her in the hope of getting her finally. To add flavour to colour, Mehta uses this occasion to include yet another beautiful composition. 'Ruth aa gayi re...' leaves the audience mesmerized in its romance and charm.

Thus, one observes that such technically brilliant scenes almost become necessities of the cinematic medium. With such interestingly original modifications, Mehta not just develops and furthers her central concerns, but these moments go a long way in sustaining the entertainment dose, that is so crucial to any commercial venture. (*1947: Earth* was never intended to be art or parallel cinema.) It did have to bear in mind its international as well as Bollywood audience. Mehta was surely not asking her producers to invest their money to go down the drains! It is keeping into consideration such objectives, that episodes like the above two become carefully crafted endeavours. From colour, to magic, to eroticism, to lyricism, to deep symbolic values - such scenes embody them all. These then become opportune moments to infuse music, aesthetics, dance, vibrance and colour to this otherwise 'dark' movie.

Interestingly the second half of the movie is literally shot in dim and grey lights. Mehta has carefully placed most of the scenes in the night or in dark shady areas as against the bright lighting that she uses throughout the first half of the movie. In other words Mehta even uses her lighting to represent the transition that she was trying to reflect through her movie. Partition was essentially a movement from a world of light to one of darkness. Faiz describes this very face of Partition in a moving couplet:

> Ye daag-daag ujala, ye shab gaziida sahar;
> Vo intezaar tha jiska, ye vo sahar to nahin.[49]

However many would still, despite justifications, argue such scenes of celebration as unnecessary in a movie on Partition. According to me though, they are completely crucial and perform yet another meaningful role. They assist in evoking the necessary emotional response for a movie on Partition. It is in contrast to these cheerful moments of celebration that the intensity of the trauma stands magnified.

Besides being a medium of a grander scale, cinema requires real but at the same time 'larger than life' sized frames to sustain the necessary emotional quotient. And this is achieved by means of the symbolic resonance of such stories whereby the chief motives of the director are further strengthened. Such moments of love and joy then become metaphors and further strengthen Mehta's central theme of the movie. They do drive home her message against the sheer futility of sectarian violence. As discussed earlier, it is very clear that Mehta wanted to show that Partition did not happen because members of different religious communities hated each other. They did kill and torture each other, but not due to any primeval enmity. (On the contrary in certain cases they were capable of loving, even dying for each other.)

Within this context, such affairs (Dil Nawaz's fascination for Shanta and Shanta and Hasan's romantic involvement) assume symbolic proportions. They no longer remain affairs between two people, but become utopian metaphoric love tales between Hindus and Muslims just as the celebrations are symbols of a harmonious co-existence of Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims.

Other than these, Mehta has also used several other episodes from the novel to strengthen this belief. On countless occasions, men are seen helping or sympathizing with their 'enemy'; sometimes even the alleged victimizer. All are pained and shocked at Dil Nawaz's suffering. It is not just his Muslim associates (Hasan, Butcher) who empathize with the Muslim Ice-candy-man in his tragedy. Ayah, Hari, Moti, Tota Ramji and Sher Singh, all grieve with him.

Tota Ramji even voices this sentiment clearly at a juncture where Dil Nawaz is voicing his anger against the pain that he and his relatives have undergone at the hands of Hindus. When Dil Nawaz expresses his desire for revenge, Tota Ramji is not angered. Nor does he retaliate. He merely adds in a tone of understanding:

> Theek kehte ho bhai. Kuch baatein aisi hoti hain jinhe dekh ke insaan paagal ho jaata hai. Ab to bhagwaan hi hamaara maalik hai.[50]

Even after Lahore is infected with communal rage, Hasan tries his level best to save Sher Singh, who is not his co-religionist. When life becomes unsafe for all Hindus and Sikhs in Lahore, despite communal tension, he helps his Sikh friends hide and tries to make arrangements for their safe departure from the city.

In fact, both these scenes (the one where Tota Ramji expresses the total sense of helplessness and where Hasan tries of help Sher Singh) do not feature in the novel. However, such additions are often made by directors, while adapting a literary narrative into a film. These help elucidate the dominant ideological belief of the director. At the same time, if used intelligently, they serve yet another crucial purpose. A film cannot speak and present as explicitly as a novel can. It has to often resort to expressive symbols. Such symbolically ripe scenes then, as discussed earlier, become crucial to the filmic rendition of a novel.

Other than flexibility of length, a novel need not be read across a limited period of time. Even the number of sittings needed, are never circumscribed. Movie viewing on the other hand has a particular format. In the last couple of years though, with the onset of cable and easy

availability of DVDs/VCDs, things have changed considerably. However, despite this change, even today, a director directs a movie primarily for a cinema going audience.

In such a case, it becomes imperative for a film-maker to keep into consideration the conditions in which the movie would be viewed. A movie meant to be screened in a theatre, principally spreads over three hours. It is viewed by an audience at a go, with normally a single 'intermission.' It is such parameters that often offer shaping influences to a movie. The case stands still further pronounced in case of an adaptation, where a director cannot afford to do exactly what a novelist has done.

Because a director has to stay close to the stipulated hours, while adapting a novel into a film, he/she possibly cannot include all the characters and scenes. Rahul Khanna also voices this very concern in one of his interviews. He believes:

> Obviously, you can't make the entire book into a film. It's going to be an eight-hour-long film.[51]

With such limitations at hand, Deepa Mehta too skips a number of characters and incidents of the novel. Some of those omitted even played central roles in the novel and lent a bright sparkle to the narrative. The adorable Godmother, the irritating Slavesister, the strict but marvelous Col. Bharucha, and even Ranna; all are well-etched characters that accentuate the thought and throw of the novel. The Parsi humour, crisp tiffs between Godmother and Slavesister too are ingeniously culled out and lend a distinctive charm to the novel.

Mehta does away with most of these. Upon a closer analysis, one realizes that she neither had space for them, nor could the movie's conception afford it. Sidhwa on the other hand, could conveniently include these. Besides representing the coming about of Partition, she had the scope to represent the ways of her community and its varied hues. She even had the motivation to do so. Being a Parsi herself (as discussed earlier), Sidhwa has always been offering a deep insight into the Parsi culture and community in her works. The Parsi get togethers, where all discuss and debate their community's collective moves, the way of life in an ordinary Parsi household, their religious beliefs and customs including the manner in which they discard their dead ones, are all developed at length in the narrative.

However, in the movie, excess of such scenes would merely have dissipated the flow of the central theme. Mehta's and of course her audience's grip on the basic story line would have

weakened, thereby diluting the purpose of the project. Even Sidhwa approves of this 'fleshing out' of the scenes in one of her interviews:

> I love *Earth*, the film adaptation of my book *Ice-Candy-Man*. Novels are notoriously difficult to adapt to the screen, and this was perhaps the most difficult of my novels to make into a film. The task would have daunted a lesser film-maker, or one less courageous. Deepa had to jettison many characters and sub-plots to give shape to her cinematic vision of my book and fit it into a two and a half hour movie. But the film stands firmly on its own, as a work of art, apart from the book. It has its own intrinsic integrity and logic.[52]

Mehta's principal endeavor was to present Partition and its varied shades for primarily a cinema going audience. However, this does not imply that Mehta has altogether skipped the Parsi presence. Though simplistically, she does intermittently include the Parsi politics and debates as often as she can.

It is absolutely clear that the Parsis, like Christians, sided with none during the entire process of Partition. Their reason was clear. Their numbers were way too few to have had any strong say. It suited them best not to take sides and preserve their small little presence. This is clearly stated both in the novel as well as the movie. In the novel, Col. Bharucha, declares it in one of the occasional community get-togethers:

> 'It is no longer just a struggle for Home Rule. It is a struggle for power. Who's going to rule once we get *Swaraj*? Not you,' says the colonel, pointing a long and accusing finger at us as if we were harbouring sinful thoughts. 'Hindus, Muslims and even the Sikhs are going to jockey for power: and if you jokers jump into the middle you'll be mangled into chutney!'[53]

Since, Mehta (due to the limitations discussed above) had deleted this scene as well as character from her movie; she instead makes the Englishman Mr. Rogers utter exactly this stance. Later Lenny's mother (Baiji in the movie, played by Kitu Gidwani) too is seen to voice this very concern. While explaining to her daughter why their community is not taking any active political stand, she says:

> There are so few Parsis in the world Lenny. It's safer not to stand out.[54]

In fact Mehta makes Gidwani spout numerous other significant arguments of this debate as well. Through Baiji and her husband (Lenny's father played by Arif Zakaria) alone, Mehta tries hard to represent the typical Parsi sensibility as well as sensitivity.

Another interesting moment in the novel is when Sidhwa is trying to justify the political position that the Parsis adopted during Partition. In one of the debates that spring up at the same congregation, Col Bharucha states:

> 'When we were kicked out of Persia by the Arabs ... We got into boats and sailed to India! ... Our forefathers were not given permission even to disembark! ... Our forefathers and foremothers waited for four days, not knowing what was to become of them. Then, at last, the Grand *Vazir* appeared on deck with a glass of milk filled to the brim. ... It was a polite message from the Indian Prince, meaning; "No, you are not welcome. My land is full and prosperous and we don't want outsiders with a different religion and alien ways to disturb the harmony!" ... Our forefathers carefully stirred a teaspoon of sugar into the milk and sent it back. ... The Prince understood what that meant. The refugees would get absorbed into his country like the sugar in the milk ... And with their decency and industry sweeten the lives of his subjects ... And he gave our ancestors permission to live in his kingdom!'[55]

Though cut short, Mehta again makes Baiji voice this. In the movie the mother is seen explaining to her daughter, the tough spot that their community is caught in. Interestingly both the novelist and the director capture this helplessness and sense of guilt of the Parsis rather sensitively. While in the novel Dr. Mody is heard saying in the get-together:

> 'I don't see how we can remain uninvolved. ... Our neighours will think we are betraying them and siding with the English'[56]

Lenny's mother voices the same emotion in a conversation with her husband:

> Jaanoo, this neutral position isn't comfortable. ... We are letting down our neighbours.[57]

Other than this, Mehta does not bother to carve out any more of the Parsi presence during Partition. As discussed earlier, she neither has the space nor time, not even the inclination to dwell upon the intricacies of a typical Parsi household and later their crucial involvement in rescue projects. Despite these omissions (that Sidhwa has so minutely dealt with in the novel), Mehta does manage to present a very fine face of the Parsi community. They come across in the movie as warm, cultured, helpful but helpless. When it is time to help the neighbours or needy men and women, they are seen extending open arms. But to protect their own interests, they are forced not to side with any particular religious camp. They are wise, but at the same time do feel guilty about their whole stand. This cauldron of emotions is brilliantly brought forth in a moving episode in the movie as well. Once Lenny hears one of her aunts' remark about Parsis. Later, innocently, she repeats the same before her mother:

> Mummy but Cousin Aunty says that we Parsis are bum-lickers of the English.[58]

The wise mother does not wish her daughter to believe any of this. So she promptly offers her clarifications. It is here that the mother utters what Col. Bharucha does in the novel. She offers Lenny a justification regarding this neutral positioning:

> You know when the Parsis came to India from Persia thirteen hundred years ago; the Indian Prince would not let us enter his country. ... Bachchi, a wise man sent a gift to the Indian Prince. Ek doodhna bowl with sugar inside. And he said, "We Parsis will be like the sugar in the milk. Mithoo but invisible. Samjhi?[59]

Very hopefully she seeks an understanding nod of her daughter. But the only bit of politics that the little Lenny has understood is "We are not bum-lickers, we are invisible."[60] It is here that the mother is left speechless. She speaks not one more confident word and a strange expression floods her face. That expression brilliantly conveys it all - helplessness, guilt, awkwardness.

However, a closer examination suggests a subtle difference in these two presentations as well. Though both have tried to capture this emotional conflict of the Parsi community, the intensity of this guilt appears far more pronounced in the movie than in the novel. Sidhwa's explanations about the Parsi stand are way more confident. Unlike the movie, in the novel at no point are the Parsis presented as really remorseful of what they are doing. Mr. Mody once voices a slight sense of discomfort regarding the neutral position. But that is simply during one of the debates, where the Parsis are collectively contemplating their moves for the times to come. Once the debate is over, all are rather convinced about their proposed position. In fact soon after the decisions are taken, all, including Dr. Mody, are seen in this very scene of the novel, enjoy their classic "bathroom humour."[61] On the other hand, Kitu Gidwani is seen to express her sense of guilt rather emphatically all through the movie. Besides, unlike the novel, Mehta shows this Parsi lady feel pangs of guilt not merely at the stage of decision making. Instead the decision is already taken. The deed is already signed. It is after all this that Baiji is shown to experience ill-ease. It is because of the positioning of the dialogues expressing discomfort, that Sidhwa's attitude towards the Parsi stand sounds way too matter of fact than Mehta's.

Why Mehta brings about these alterations becomes an interesting point in case for debate. Whether this is a conscious decision or just a casual placement also needs to be deliberated upon. Mehta has portrayed the Parsis in a very rich light all through the movie. Hence, this too could be a conscious desire to justify the ways of the Parsis to all. When Baiji displays pangs of guilt, we do not seriously condemn the Parsis for being shrewd and manipulative. More than traitors, they too appear as helpless victims. At the same time, this placement of the dialogue that Baiji utters could even be simply the need of the basic plot. Since Mehta has omitted all the Parsi get-togethers and even Col. Bharucha, she only had Baiji and her husband left to utter this stance. And in that situation, maybe she unconsciously put these words in Baiji's mouth at the available opportune moment, which just happened to be post all the tension. However, if this alteration is brought about upon conscious thoughtfulness, one could ascribe it to the fact that Mehta's viewpoint springs from a sensibility, which is a bit detached, if not completely objective. It voices what the 'others' (the Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs) felt about the whole political stance adopted by the Parsis. Perhaps the 'others' did view this as escapism or betrayal and looked upon it with a slight contempt. Hence, Mehta heightens the level of guilt experienced by at least Lenny's mother in the movie.

Coming back to the omissions, Mehta has even removed the character of Lenny's little brother Adi. This brother sister relation, their jealousies, their tricks were crucial to Sidhwa's narrative. By means of their actions, reactions and interactions, the novelist managed to justify brilliantly, one of her crucial technical innovations.

Numerous novels on Partition have appeared since the tragedy took place. However, what sets *Ice-Candy-Man* apart is that the writer has attempted the story of Partition from the eyes of an eight year old Parsi child. In the novel Lenny is shown to be marginalized in every way. She is young, polio-ridden and does not belong to a community that was most immediately involved or affected by the calamity. It is because of this unique placement that Lenny gets to minutely view all that she otherwise might never have had access to. From the Hindus to the Muslims to the Sikhs - her sight can sneak into all spaces and present faces of Partition, supposedly without blinkers. Sidhwa acknowledges the advantage of such a narrative technique in one of her interviews with Julie Rajan:

> As a child, you lack prejudices – the hatred and biases you learn as you grow up ... I found it was working perfectly. Lenny is an innocent, bewildered child; when you see things through her eyes, the atrocities are in a way more chilling.[62]

Nandi Bhatia also compliments this authorial positioning, when he says that the autobiographical voice of the eight year old Lenny:

> functions as a self-consciously deployed tool that mediates the process of remembering and provides an interpretive meaning to historical events.[63]

Not only is this technique novel, but also manages to portray rather sensitively, some intricate shades and faces of Partition. However, upon a deeper analysis one realizes, that to accomplish this is an arduous task. To portray Partition through a child's eye is fine, but to present it with conviction is not easy. Sidhwa however, believed in her conception, as she claims that this idea of a first person narration by Lenny came naturally to her:

> I didn't think of it in so many words, but when I was imagining and beginning to write the story, suddenly the narrator's words came out as this child's voice.[64]

Yet, to carry off the burden of a child narrating an event as hard to comprehend as Partition, is rather momentous and carries with it huge responsibilities. For this, Sidhwa intelligently presents Lenny as precocious and innocent at the same time. She makes Lenny see a lot, but makes her understand very little of it. Lenny has a keen eye, seems to fathom everything, but is ironically naive most of the times. It is such a conflict that justifies Lenny's presence and analysis. After all Partition was an event, that even scholars, despite all their claims, have not managed to successfully scrutinize. And a little chit of a girl, though precocious, grasping every bit of it would have been rather absurd! Besides it is only through such a means that Mehta convincingly projects the classic ironies and biting realities of Partition, in all their coldness and horror.

However, to accomplish these dynamics, Sidhwa needed to do some groundwork. It was imperative for her to carve out scenes where this 'growing up but not completely grown up' Lenny's psyche and character were built upon exhaustively. Her interactions with her brother Adi are crucial in building up this dialectics. When Lenny experiences sibling rivalry with Adi around or tries to rub the supposed lipstick off Adi's way too red lips, we all know that it would be these very young innocent eyes that would be eyeing Partition. With such an ingenious technique, the readers get a feeling that they would be getting an insight of the event practically without blinkers. And an immediate faith in the narration is established, whereby the readers get emotionally connected to the characters and events.

Lenny and her cousin's interactions similarly add to this mood that Sidhwa purposely develops through her novel. In the book, Cousin is shown to be way too smart for Lenny. The well-worked upon scenes where Cousin places her onto a stool and coaxes the gullible Lenny to put her finger into an electric socket, following which she falls off the stool right into Cousin's arms; to episodes where he uses her to masturbate while the clueless Lenny is only left baffled at what is happening; or scenes where Cousin physically demonstrates for and with Lenny what rape is and experiences thrill in the process - all these carry further this very mood and intention of the writer. The readers laugh at these scenes and at another level they are rather serious. This contradiction is what Sidhwa intended to capture because this then helps evoke the intended emotional responses to Partition. It is because of the innocence with which Lenny delineates Partition, that the magnitude of the trauma heightens manifolds. Besides they lay grounds for Lenny's final betrayal. Later it would be this very vulnerability that would coax her to unintentionally betray her own self and her beloved Ayah.

Mehta however skims most of these interactions between Lenny and her cousin. The only time she includes it is in a single episode where Lenny points her fingers towards a "giri hui aurat."[65] Her cousin clarifies for her that the woman is actually raped. When Lenny questions her cousin what rape is, he casually remarks, "I'll show you one day."[66] Unlike the cousin in the novel, who though only partially successfully, actually tries to demonstrate rape for Lenny, Mehta limits herself to just one dialogue. She skips these details probably due to constraints of time, space and medium, (as discussed above). Nor perhaps did she want to walk on dangerous grounds. To show on screen, children learning to explore and experiment with their new found sexuality would not have been a very comfortable subject to handle. And a large section of the audience, at least the Indian audience, though evolving is still rather awkward and stiff-lipped when it comes to such descriptions about sex or sexuality. (One must bear in mind that though an international production, the movie was never made for just a very niche or Western audience. As discussed earlier the movie was about India and a major market for the movie was intended to be India.)

However, Mehta does not all together delete this delineation of the child's mind. Though not too emphatically, she too has made efforts to show Lenny as mature and credulous at the same time. Mehta's Lenny seems to comprehend and sense more than Sidhwa's Lenny, but she is shown to be equally vulnerable.

This has been depicted by means of ingeniously crafted scenes, some of which do not even feature in the novel. One such scene has already been discussed at length. When Baiji explains to Lenny the reason behind the Parsis not being proactive in the 'Partition business,' Lenny utters, "We are not bum-lickers, we are invisible."[67] The audience is only left half smiling, half sympathizing with this soul struggling hard to discern an event as complicated as Partition.

Besides, though Mehta has done away with Adi's character, she retains Cousin in the movie. In fact, in the movie, some of Adi's scenes are acted out by Cousin itself. In the novel, while it are Lenny and Adi who slip slyly under the table when Lenny's parents are hosting the dinner party, in the movie it is Cousin who gives Lenny company in these 'under-the-table-escapades.' In fact, Cousin even mouths some of Adi's dialogues. At times, even Lenny substitutes for her brother. Early in the novel, Ice-candy-man indulges in one of "his ingenuous toe darts beneath Ayah's sari."[68] He later seeks forgiveness for this from Ayah. As he sits in the position of a cock, Adi comes and hits him on his back. Ice-candy-man rebounds immediately. He hangs Adi upside down, threatening to drop him in case he does not apologize. In the movie, it is Lenny who brings alive this cheerful moment.

Even Mehta realized the significance of such joyous frames. It is in contrast to these happy doses, that the subsequent gory ones would arouse the right amount of horror and grief. It is perhaps for this very reason that she does not completely skip this episode. Due to her limitations, Mehta has to do away with Adi. Instead, she makes Lenny act this one out.

Such a scene also serves a dual purpose. It becomes yet another moment for Dil Nawaz's flirting. In the movie, as Dil Nawaz hangs Lenny upside down, the worried Ayah pleads with him to let her down. The quick witted Dil Nawaz will let go off no opportunity. He promises to let her off but not without seeking a bribe:

> Ek hi shart pe. Tumhe mere ghar aana hoga. Warna abhi giraata hoon tumhari Lenny baby ko![69]

The concerned Ayah agrees and Dil Nawaz places Lenny safely on the ground. The moment Lenny lands comfortably, she begins to grin. The still unsettled Ayah cries:

> Aur tum? Tum kyon usko dekh ke daant nikaal rahi ho? Ye kya tumhaare hero hain?[70]

Lenny nods gaily. However, this is not just one simple happy frame. It serves yet another crucial purpose. Mehta uses this to project the special relation that Dil Nawaz and Lenny share. Lenny adores and trusts him. Dil Nawaz is her hero. It is ironically this very confidence that would later prove fatal for Ayah. Mehta smartly weaves and positions such scenes to build up the narrative and give it further depth. The final revelation about Ayah by Lenny (to Dil Nawaz) would have sounded unconvincing, if such scenes had not preceeded.

They also become moments for Mehta to build the character of Dil Nawaz. He is the gifted one who manages to entangle all hearts – from children to their Ayahs. Such scenes become even more necessary, when seasoned actors like Aamir Khan play characters like Dil Nawaz. How then can a director dare to not carve out a character desirably meaty and delightful?!

This perhaps could be a prominent reason why Mehta suitably alters the character of Dil Nawaz in the movie. Though Ice-candy-man is the central character in Sidhwa's novel (This is clear from the title of the novel itself.), he is never presented in a very charming light. He is portrayed as a crook and an obsessive lover. At no point does he ever come across as a lovable, admirable hero, as he does in the movie. In the novel, Sidhwa describes him thus:

> With his thuggish way of inhaling from the stinking cigarettes clenched in his fist, his flashy scarves and reek of jasmine attar, he represents a shady, almost disreputable type.[71]

He is a flat character who was and remains the diseased lover all through the movie. There are times when some might feel bad about his sickness, but at no point does he draw pity out of our hearts. Mehta on the other hand, lends a typical flamboyance and hypnotic appeal to this character. Dil Nawaz's charm in the movie is simply irresistible. His presence can not be missed without making the pulse race with admiration and thrill. His sheer presence leaves the audience gasping for some more of him. When he speaks, the pulse goes racing. When he cries, the endocrine is let loose. In fact, unlike the novel, in the movie, he does not even come across as a pure villain. While in the novel he is rightly called a 'badmaash' by Godmother, in the movie, Dil Nawaz is a charmer. He is Ayah's victimizer, but is no less of a victim himself - a victim of circumstances, a victim of his own heart. He is the lovable scoundrel whom Ayah often affectionately calls 'badmaash.' And Ayah's 'badmaash' is very different from Godmother's. Godmother has anger in her voice when she accuses him of being a crook ('badmaash'). Shanta, in the movie, can hardly be seriously angry when she calls him the same. In fact, in the movie, we often hear her address even Lenny in a similar fashion.

It is very obvious that Deepa Mehta has in her movie given some very crucial and central scenes to Aamir Khan. Right from his romantic encounters with Ayah, his fabulous 'shero-shairi,' to watching him dress up and wait impatiently for Shanta to come to his home for Basant, he has an inimitable charm. We fall for this passionate lover still more seriously, when Lenny asks him:

> Paagal fakir, Ice-candy-waala, Parrot waala. Tumko kya hona achcha lagta hai?[72]

And pat comes his reply, "Tumhari Ayah ka gulaam."[73] The brilliance with which Aamir Khan has acted out this scene (which is not present in the novel), only makes us feel that there can be no more exciting a lover than Dil Nawaz. But most importantly, Mehta has given three of the most outstanding scenes of the movie to Khan.

His impatient wait at the railway station for his relatives from Gurdaspur, is one of the hallmarks of the film. Watching his muscles tighten, as hours beguile while the train does not arrive, run a chill down one's spine. This is in fact one the most haunting scenes in the movie. Mehta carves it deftly to arouse first tension and then horror, when we see the train limp towards the station twelve hours late. Though she does not show any killing or acts of violence on screen, this sight is no less heart-rending. This was another major departure that Mehta undertook. While Sidhwa explicitly exhibits morbid massacre, Mehta operates suggestively. This too can be ascribed to the separate mediums that the two are working with.

When Dil Nawaz jumps into a compartment, his eye balls pop out as he casts his eyes on nothing but plain massacre. From piles of dead bodies lying one on top of the other, to blood dripping off stacks of dead bodies, the camera images it all in numerous medium shots. And once the camera charts these frames, Mehta takes a close up of Aamir Khan where we catch his face twist, eyes float in layers of tears and his body seemingly release a thousand moans of grief. She heightens the impact of the disaster with the help of brilliant sound effects that she uses in the background.

While Dil Nawaz waits tense and terrified at the railway platform 'Raat ki daldal hai gaadi re' plays in the backdrop. Yet another haunting melody by Rehman, it adds still more darkness to the already tense situation. And then the moment Dil Nawaz jumps onto the 'just arrived' train and focusses his eye on the horrific scene, we hear a loud shriek in the background. It is perhaps the cry of some lady who has entered some other compartment of the 'killer train'

and is left shaken by what her eyes have witnessed. Immediately after this we hear many more cries (all in the background) and the camera continues to click tears well up in those eyes of Khan that are still scanning the 'tragedy.' This scene is so brilliantly filmed and equally superbly acted that it leaves a potently lingering impact on the minds of all the viewers. In fact this is also considered as one of the most powerful moments in the movie. Perhaps for this very reason, the frame even featured subsequently on the cover page of the paperback edition of the novel published by Penguin.

With this scene, yet another facet of Dil Nawaz's personality is emphatically highlighted. This tense wait at the station does not feature in the novel. In the novel in a rather matter of fact manner, this news is simply conveyed. The Butcher comes and informs all that Ice-candy-man has lost all his relatives in a terrible massacre that befell upon the Muslims coming from Gurdaspur to Lahore. It is following this tragedy that his attitude towards the non-Muslims is described to get still further aggressive. However it does not carry with it the same profundity of grief as the scene in the movie does. Mehta dwells upon it rather deeply. She uses it as the turning-point in Dil Nawaz's life. It is hereafter (in the movie) that we see Dil Nawaz look upon the Hindus and Sikhs as the others/enemies. In the novel, on the other hand, as discussed earlier, the readers begin to witness Ice-candy-man turning communal much before this tragedy. Through a very long while in the novel, we see his flirtatious and 'never serious' attitude. He is never seen the gentleman that Hasan is. Ayah even voices this during one of her numerous scoldings for him:

> Kyon? Tum koi badloge? Maalishwaale ko dekho, kitna gentleman aadmi hai.[74]

Yet he is adorable. He is cunning, yet admirable - a 'loveable scoundrel' indeed! But when we see his serious side in the above discussed episode, our sympathies know no bounds and we spot a new face of Dil Nawaz. A loving brother who (unlike the novel), till then is always seen to act fair and stable, wrenching in pain at the sordid plight of his butchered sisters. This only adds a further dash of humanism and dynamism to his frame. And we are forced to weep for him, and with him.

It is here for the first time that the audience realises that Dil Nawaz is capable of not just casually flirting, but also feeling and loving genuinely. This side of his personality gets further accentuated in yet another prominent episode (the second of the three that I have already spoken of) of the movie.

When news about Dil Nawaz's tragedy reaches his friends, they pay him a sympathy call. However by then in the wake of what has befallen upon the poor Muslims refugees in Lahore, things have turned hostile. The Muslims of Lahore are seen crying for revenge and all hell breaks loose in the streets. A Muslim mob is seen to attack a Sikh 'jatha.' A young Sikh's legs are tied to two different cars. As the cars move apart, his body too rips apart. Shalami, an important area full of Hindu businesses burns. This entire torture unsettles Ayah. It is here that Dil Nawaz urges Ayah to marry him. He claims that Ayah's love would control the beast in him.

Here again, the audience senses that their Dil Nawaz is no mere joker or buffoon. He is a wizened young man capable of philosophy and someone who understands life profoundly. Besides he is the intelligent one who dares to speak the truth about himself and man. At no point in the novel does Ice-candy-man arouse such a riot of emotions.

In other words till this scene we see his charming and lovable side. But with this scene we see his sagacious side as well. These shades of his character seem absolutely absent from the novel. In the novel he is described as no more than a vulgar shrewd compulsively obsessive lover who leaves no stone unturned to get the woman that he loved madly. In the novel, he is wicked, manipulative and coarse. At no point do we see his humane side. Even towards the end when we see him literally turn mad in love and hear Lenny sympathise with him, we cannot for even a second forget the cruel games that he has played with Ayah. All through the novel we see him playing tricks with the Ayah; some guileless, others dangerous.

In the novel, Ice-candy-man is reported to have a wife back "in the village, with her mother."[75] He however, seems to have caught a fancy for this young lady, who he vows to win at every cost. Interestingly at no point in the movie is Dil Nawaz referred to as married. In fact, since this subject (of being married already) has not even been picked up by Mehta, someone who has not read the novel, would never even bother to wonder whether he had a wife in the past or not. The way Mehta has presented him, the audience always perceive him a bachelor trying to woo a woman for whom he happens to have developed a glad eye. Nor does his love for Ayah at any point appear fake or casual. It does not even have the connotations of being an obsession to the point of being a disorder, as it does in the novel. Dil Nawaz's love in the movie comes across as genuine affection and adoration.

However, this neatly etched dialogue that Dil Nawaz utters while on the roof top of his house on a sad night in Lahore, never features in the novel. This addition thus needs profound analysis. Not only does it hint towards one more attractive side of Dil Nawaz's personality, but what Mehta spouts through this scene is exceptionally significant. Through such a scene she voices yet another take on the ugly face of Partition violence. She does not limit the cause of Partition violence to political instigation, some madness in the air or plain retaliation. She does blame these most of the times, but subtly adds one more nuance to the entire Partition mayhem.

While Mehta often declares and shows that it was instigation in the name of religion that shrouded the common man during Partition, she does not absolve him of complete responsibility. Instead, she obliquely suggests that in the face of crisis, each human being is capable of tremendous evil. However, if she poses a problem, she most definitely offers her solution too. In fact, it becomes rather clear that with such an inclusion, her purpose is not to dwell on the beast in man. By describing this vicious face of man, Mehta wants to foreground a deeper philosophy. She very emphatically suggests that though man is essentially capable of being a 'jaanwar,' it is only love that has the power to control this beast in him. It is with love alone that one can win the violence in man. And it is this very love that distinguishes him from an animal. Dil Nawaz voices this most emphatically, when he describes to his Ayah that man is a 'jaanwar.' Alongwith this statement, he adds:

> Hindu, Musalmaan, Sikh - hum sab haraamzaade hain, sab jaanwar. ... Kaise pada rehta hai is intizaar mein, ki pinjara khule. ... Shanta, mujhse shaadi kar lo. Tumhaara saath hoga, to ye jaanwar jo yahan, mere ander hai, kaabu mein rahega.[76]

Hence, Mehta vehemently strikes across her key message. She is urging all to ignite love in their hearts. Mehta's concern, as debated earlier, is definitely to promote a feeling of fraternity and to curb the devil of fanaticism and sectarianism. This according to her is the only way of making this world a better place to live in. and while stating so, she is not just concerned about India. The entire world is her focus. *1947: Earth* was never made for just a local Indian audience. It was an international venture with global ramifications and one expressing international concerns. However, while doing so, being an Indian, the Indian flavour spills across most emphatically. (Mehta is not a mainstream Bollywood director. She is based in Canada and her works can be referred to as international ventures.)

And finally, there is one more important scene, which is Aamir Khan's high point in the movie as well as his acting career. It is the moment where he sees Shanta Bibi and Hasan make love. While in the novel there are clear hints that Ayah and Masseur have an intimate physical relation, Sidhwa never pens it down to neat episodes.

Mehta on the other hand, develops them explicitly. In the typical Bollywood fashion, we see Hasan and Shanta bask in the romance of the erotic "Bhini bhini..." that plays in the background. And she develops this romance most emphatically through a love-making scene between the two. In fact this was the scene that even got her into trouble with the Censor Board in India. (Though the board objected to this steamy scene, Mehta insisted on letting it go uncensored. Eventually it did feature in the movie with some minor alterations.) Interestingly Mehta is open and not one bit conservative when she shows Shanta (Nandita Das) and Hasan (Rahul Khanna) make love. It is perhaps her explicit delineation that made many eyebrows rise. Mehta received hearty flak for this one scene, which many labeled a cheap publicity gimmick. Numerous critics and film scholars felt that she had unnecessarily concentrated on this passionate frame to cater to the voyeuristic pleasure that a cinema going audience is so notorious for. After all nothing in the film industry sells as big as sex! In fact even Nasseruddin Shah, while commenting on the movie says:

> *Earth* is also Hollywood formula. The sex scene was more important than the scenes of partition violence.[77]

However, one could consider it as imperative to the build up of her movie. It is after all this moment in the movie that helps to logically justify the last frame of Dil Nawaz's story. And as discussed earlier, one cannot deny the absolute necessity of this last scene in the movie. In the absence of the post-abduction phase of the movie, the last episode was essentially significant to hold a tight ending. But for the ending worked upon by Mehta, the impact and purpose of her movie would simply have fizzled. In the end of the movie, it is Dil Nawaz who reveals the whereabouts of Shanta to the Muslim mob. Why does he do this? Where would he take her? What would happen to her? Nothing is clearly answered in the movie and the movie closes with her being carried off. The body language of the mob and her mishandling by the raging mob members, as they drag her from the inside of the house into the 'tonga' though are not promising at all. The audience never gets to know clearly what happens to the innocent Ayah, but a nervous lull, a morbid terror grips their bodies as they see the 'tonga' being driven out of Lenny's drive way into 'nowhere.'

Going back to the third and final scene under the scanner, Mehta contrives a situation (not there in the novel), where Dil Nawaz by chance ends up seeing the two make love. While Shanta and Hasan are in her private room, Lenny peeps at them from one window. Once she has seen enough and decides to withdraw from the window, her eyes fall on Dil Nawaz who is peering at the same sight from another window of Ayah's room.

This is one more landmark scene of the movie. Soon we see Dil Nawaz too withdraw from the window, sit on a stone, badly hurt and nursing his bruised heart. In the darkness of the night he smokes a cigarette, and his eyes burn with hurt, as tears begin to roll down his cheeks. Aamir Khan has acted out this scene with such stupendous ease and intelligence that the audience are forced to feel nothing but miserable for and with him. He is presented so wonderfully attractive throughout the movie that one does not want him to not be Ayah's chosen one. At no point in the novel does anyone feel so miserable about Ice-candy-man and his circumstances.

As he wipes off his tears, his head shakes in one decisive nod of understanding. What he has decided remains a mystery then, but with what unravels subsequently, one soon learns of these intentions as well. (He in all probability had decided to kill Hasan and betray Ayah.) We see him burning with anger and jealousy but most importantly the director shows him terribly bruised. This is yet another stroke of Mehta's brilliance and Khan's genius as an actor. With this she manages to present one more layer in Dil Nawaz's personality. Mehta gently heightens his helplessness. He is not shown a villain at heart. But at this juncture, his hopes of marrying the girl that he passionately loves are mercilessly shattered. This completely breaks the already wounded Dil Nawaz. (We have already seen him lose his family members.) In the absence of any emotional support and warmth, the beast in him comes out. Thus, Mehta accomplishes to foreground Dil Nawaz as a helpless victim rather than a heartless conniving scoundrel as he appears in the novel. But for this one scene, one would never have fathomed how someone as wise and adorable as Dil Nawaz, could act so wicked. In fact the entire act would have appeared false in the absence of this scene.

Besides this is a masterly stroke on the part of the director. With it she shows Partition as one big disaster, where all suffered. Had she continued the story further (as discussed earlier), she would never have managed to elucidate her central vision.

At the same time this scene carries the story towards its 'climax like ending.' We first do not believe what Dil Nawaz has done and we hate him. But then we remember what Dil Nawaz had said when he had proposed marriage to Ayah. Somewhere deep down we also feel hurt that the entire thing even happened. We wonder sometimes whether it is madness that drives him crazy. While at other times we doubt our very sensibilities. We reason again that perhaps Dil Nawaz was deep down a villain, who managed to fool us so conveniently. This tension and confusion is completely absent in the novel. In the novel, Ice-candy-man without doubt is a crook. He is never so dynamic a character as he appears in the movie.

There are varied stances that explain why Mehta does all this. One of course has been discussed already. Aamir Khan was playing the role of Dil Nawaz. If Mehta conceived Khan as her first choice for the movie, she needed to bring about these suitable alternations, for a star like him to agree to act out the role of Dil Nawaz. These changes could have been triggered off by other reasons as well.

In scenes like the last few, the audiences' perceptions are largely determined by the performances of the actors. When Dil Nawaz betrays Ayah, he does not talk much. We just hear him inform the mob, "Andar hai wo."[78] As the mob rushes inside to drag Ayah out, we see Dil Nawaz sit in a corner smoking his 'bidi.' Once Shanta is dragged out, he throws aside his 'bidi,' climbs and takes charge of the reigns of the 'tonga' in which she is loaded to be carried away. What speak are his body language, facial expressions and eyes. Simply describing jealousy as the cause behind Dil Nawaz's act would have simplified things way too much. At least the ending of the love story then would very obviously have been one. It would clearly have been the tale of a rejected lover who seeks revenge for unrequited love. However, while acting out this scene, through his entire body language and facial expressions, Khan displays vengeance coupled with remorse. It is because of this tension which he displays, that the whole episode has a tendency to be perceived as a 'no-win' situation. The audience is simply left stupefied at the tragedy where ultimately all are perceived victims. One only feels like blaming the mean stroke of fate, that destroys all. When all could have been well, all ends in disaster. Only an actor of the like of Aamir Khan could have carried off such a tension with such consummate poise. And it is this very juxtaposing cauldron of emotions that lends the narrative an exciting sparkle, which is significant for a three hour cinematic construction.

Such scenes are surely requirements of the medium. A film is definitely an attempt meant for a grander scale. If it has the scope to create a bigger sensation, it also shoulders the responsibility to do so. In other words as the spectators sit in a closed dark room, a director has the opportunity and experiences the need to shake them harder. A film that fails to stir emotions up to a desirable level, merely limps at the box office. After all a film is a lot about vicarious pleasures, big screen impact, sensation, stature and grandeur!

With such an ending Mehta also accomplishes to further corroborate her political stance. She successfully represents a sense of doom and meaninglessness lurking behind Partition, where everyone ultimately comes across as a prey. This most definitely is what Mehta believed in and wanted to project. In her eyes the momentous event and others like Partition do not at least pay the common man anything. I have already discussed at length that Mehta was very obviously making a movie with a 'no-war' slogan.

Throughout the movie, Mehta clearly concerns herself with the impact of Partition on the common man. She does refer to political leaders in the movie, but it is never really done with a purpose to scrutinize their actions or value-judge them. It is only once that we hear of Master Tara Singh, when Mr. Singh and Mr. Rogers are sitting across the dinner table at Lenny's house. The two get into a heated argument. It is here that Mr. Rogers declares that:

> If we quit India today, you'll bloody well fall on each others' throats. Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs will jockey for power. Wait and see.[79]

Mr. Singh retaliates by asking the British to just leave them alone. He exhorts that the Indians do not require the English to settle their disputes. It is here that the angry Mr. Rogers retorts sarcastically:

> Who will settle your differences? You Sikhs with your Master Tara Singh?[80]

Though a quick mention of the Sikh leader is made, Mehta does not comment a word about his accomplishments or failings. In fact, one almost gets a feeling that his mention here is more to heighten the snooty English stand, where they considered themselves superior and the Indians as incapable of arriving at a peaceful solution. It is in no way intended to be a comment upon Master Tara Singh who is neither praised nor accused. Besides in the light of this tiff, the irony of the situation is heightened because eventually the Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims did not manage settling their differences themselves in a peaceful manner.

Another such political reference is when Ayah and her friends sit around the radio in the heart of the night when the country has earned its independence. As they listen to a recorded version of Nehru's maiden speech as the Prime Minister of independent India, the leader's voice plays in the background:

> Long years ago we made a tryst with destiny. And now the time comes, when we shall redeem our pledge ... At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to light and freedom.[81]

The purpose here too is not really to attack the insensitivity of a particular leader, but more to heighten the biting sarcasm of the situation. To many, for generations, 15th August 1947 stood more for 'taqseem' or Partition and not Independence. For millions it was no moment of joy or glory. Instead it was one big darkness or 'tamas' as they suffered in one of the worst ever communal carnages. Mehta also voices this same perception in one of her interviews:

> I grew up hearing about all the horror stories of partition, as did a lot of people who were from the Punjab, the area most affected. In fact, if you ask anybody from the Punjab today, and we are talking about third generation, what does 1947 mean to you, they will never say the independence of India. They all say the partition of India. Every family member has some horror story to tell. It was a Holocaust.[82]

A third such reference is made to Jinnah when a little early in the movie, Ayah and her group are sitting in the park and discussing political developments. The gardener Tota Ramji, who serves in the Government House, and has access to all the latest news and rumours regarding Independence and Partition, starts talking of intimacy piping up between some Hindu leaders (Gandhi and Nehru) and British officials. It is here that Dil Nawaz budges in and says:

> Agar vo yoon hain to hum Musalmaanon ke haq mein kaun bolega? Aur Jinnah sahib ka haath kaun thaamega?[83]

At this moment again, the tones of these young men and women do not seem to be coloured in communal biases. They just come across as a gossipy bunch discussing hot news casually, just as they would deliberate upon any other exciting news. They appear inquisitive, curious and excited about what lies in store for them. But at no point do they appear to be charged with any real rivalries fed on religious fanaticism. In fact, the moment Dil Nawaz finishes his stance, Ayah expresses her contempt. She warns angrily:

> Agar tum log Hindu Musalmaan ki hi baat karte rahoge, to main parak aana chod dungi.[84]

Upon this, Dil Nawaz offers an immediate clarification:

> Arre bhai ye to doston ke aapas ki baatein hain. Isse dil saaf rehta hai. Lekin agar tumhe nahin pasand, to nahin karenge. Kyon bhai?[85]

And all the other men join him in vowing never to have such discussions in the future. They in turn request her to forget the matter altogether and continue giving them company in the park.

Thus, it becomes very clear that at least at this juncture, their hearts are not divided and Mehta has used this situation more to highlight the innocence of these simpletons. She is not interested in attacking a particular Gandhi or Nehru or Jinnah. In fact, it appears that till here, these commoners do not even understand the gravity of the situation. They just feel that some minor 'batwaara' would happen, for which two groups are vociferously fighting. Even when Dil Nawaz utters his point of view, he seems to believe rather simplistically, that one group is a Congress and there is a second group led by a Jinnah who is voicing the rights of the Muslims. He appears to be ignorant of the exact claims and stakes of this clash. Nor does he in any way seem to comprehend the repercussions of such political affiliations. In fact, one almost gets an impression that all these simple folks, literally believed that Partition would be a political affair that would not really affect their personal lives in any serious fashion. This ignorance cum innocence of these commoners becomes rather clear if one observes that they are ironically talking of Hindus and Muslims as separate and in the very same breath address each other as 'dost.'

Such naivety is not strange and even history has borne evidence to this fact. No one (at least not the commoners) had ever foreseen the scale and nature of the tragedy. In various literary and non-literary references too, one finds, that even after the Radcliffe line had been drawn, many did not comprehend the exact repercussions of the calamity. While many felt that transfer and chaos would never fall, still others believed that it would be some temporary ugly winds that would soon settle and things would get back to normal. It is perhaps for this reason that in numerous Partition narratives, we hear of men and women locking their houses and requesting their neighbours to guard their possessions in their absence. Sadly these many never really realised that their journey across the border would be 'a non-returnable one.' This happens in the movie as well. When Mr. Singh decides to leave Lahore for Amritsar, he pays his last visit to his neighbour, the Seths (Lenny's parents). He urges them to look after his house and articles till he would return and take them away.

It is not just Mr. Singh, but many others too who believed in the same. We learn of this when Lenny's mother gracefully offers her assistance to the Singhs and says:

> Of course, of course. Jo bhi ho, le aaiaie. Hum Kapoors ki chiizon ke saath rakh denge. Aap bilkul fhikar mat kijiye. Shirinderji we'll come and help you tonight.[86]

Other than these, the only time Mehta makes her actors spout dialogues charged with political undertones are when she is referring to the British. The common man, in her movie is shown to never gather the dynamics of the event. Be it the well to do or the poor uneducated ones, all are represented as victims to some shoddy political games played at the helm of affairs. Who the players are, does not come across clearly. Either they weren't Mehta's immediate concerns or they were issues that she did not want to get involved in. She merely seemed to be interested in the telling of a ghastly tale when the earth split upon a man-made calamity, and millions suffered for no real faults. These poor men and women caught in its wake, never clearly managed to sketch what was being done to them. Be it Mr. Singh crying helplessly somewhere towards the end of the movie:

> Bloody English. Playing God under the ceiling fan. ... Distributing Indian cities like pack of cards. Amritsar to India. Sialkot to Pakistan. Pathankot to India. Lahore, my Lahore, my Lahore to Pakistan. Saale kutte! Mere mulk ke do tukde kar diye aur hamaare haath mein de diya. Kehne lage:
> Happy Independence![87]

Or Hari crying:

> Leader log bhi ajiibogariib baatein karte hain. Achchi azaadi mili hai sasuri! Jaane kitnon ka khoon pi gayi![88]

However, unlike Mehta, Sidhwa makes lavish references to political leaders in her novel. The one that stands out most obviously, is her representation of Gandhi. Gandhi is literally lampooned in the novel:

> Mother hauls me up some steps and into Gandhijee's presence. He is knitting. Sitting cross-legged on the marble floor of a palatial veranda, he is surrounded by women. He is small, dark, shrivelled, old. He looks just like Hari, our gardener, except he has a disgruntled, disgusted and irritable look, and no one'd dare pull off his dhoti! ...
> Gandhijee certainly is ahead of his times. He already knows the advantages of dieting. He has starved his way into the news and made headlines all over the world.[89]

And a little later:

> I consider all this talk about enemas and clogged intestines in shocking taste: ... Turning up my nose and looking down severely at this improbable toss-up between a clown and a demon I am puzzled why he's so famous - ... The pure shaft of humour, compassion, tolerance and understanding he directs at me fuses me to everything that is feminine, funny, gentle, loving. He is a man who loves women. And lame children. And the untouchable sweeper – so he will love the untouchable sweeper's constipated girl-child best. ... He touches my face, and in a burst of shyness I lower my eyes. This is the first time I have lowered my eyes before man.[90]

Other than these Sidhwa makes numerous subtle personal attacks upon Gandhi's life and philosophy as well. Unlike in major works on Gandhi, here he is presented as no saint, but a weakling, hungry for attention. Sidhwa definitely has her tongue in cheek when she refers to Gandhi's behaviour with women, especially those accompanying him:

> 'Look at these girls,' says Gandhijee, indicating the lean women flanking him. 'I give them enemas myself – there is no shame in it – I am like their mother. You can see how smooth and moist their skin is. Look at their shining eyes!'
> The enema-emaciated women have faint shadows beneath their limpid eyes and, moist skinned or not, they are much too pale, their brown skins tinged by a clayish pallor. ...
> Considering he has not looked my way even once I am enraged by his observation. 'An enema a day keeps the doctor away,' he crows feebly, chortling in an elderly and ghoulish way, his slight body twitching with glee, his eyes riveted upon my mother.[91]

Very suggestively Sidhwa is attacking Gandhi and some of his principles. The attack is still bitterer when she writes:

> Mother and I sit in a circle with Gita and the women from Daulatram's house. A pink satin bow dangling from the tip of her stout braid, Gita looks ethereal and content – as if washed of all desire. I notice the same look on the faces of the other women. Whatever his physical shortcomings, Gandhijee must have some concealed attractions to inspire such purified expressions. ...
> Lean young women flank Gandhijee. They look different from Lahori women and are obviously a part of his entourage. ... The women are subdued, receptive; as when one sits with mourners.[92]

Many would agree that this is almost a caricature of the man, who in India is referred to as 'father of the nation' or 'Mahatma.' But of course Sidhwa is no Indian. She is a Parsee located in Pakistan. Mehta on the other hand is an Indian Khatri and being an Indian, such a

description perhaps might never have been very palatable to her. Nor would it have been acceptable to an Indian audience or even the team working on the project. After all most of the actors and technicians working on *1947: Earth* were Indians and a film at the end of the day is a collaborative effort! Another reason why Mehta conveniently brushes aside such descriptions is that no Indian could have attempted such a ghastly portrait of Gandhi and gone scot-free. Such a delineation in fact would only have sparked off a major controversy. Mehta though would deny any such explanation. She voices in an interview:

> I can be uninhibited about subject. .... I did not have to think about the repercussions as I would have in India. Nor did I have to wonder about the censor board.[93]

She even claims that she does not "think of an audience" when she makes a film and that her venture is purely "a personal enterprise."[94]

However, as discussed earlier, I believe that though Mehta considers herself a Toronto based director and the movie was released for an international audience, a significant Indian sensibility plays all through the movie.

Not only does Mehta skip such references to Gandhi, but unlike Sidhwa, she does not single out any specific leader for comments. Many would suggest that in doing so Mehta perhaps is playing a safe game. However, I believe that she has yet another agenda behind all such omissions. Valourising some faces from the political world and condemning others would have aroused heated debates regarding her political affiliations and loyalties. This might even have detracted the audience from concentrating on her key purpose. After all Mehta wanted to primarily present a face of earth cracking, under a man-made disaster, which she feels served none. To accomplish this, the need was to create an atmosphere of a bone-chilling loss and haunting doom. Strong political affiliations would only have raised suspicions regarding her intended projections and conceptions. It might even have reduced faith and raised skepticisms regarding her inventions. However, as she skips all of these, she hopes that the viewers too would focus single-mindedly on the tragedy that fell upon the common man. And as they experience the sense of extreme trauma, they might somewhere deep down, question the futility of this communal hatred. This is perhaps what Mehta was striving to accomplish through such mutations.

Another reason why the director has to tread a little more cautiously is the reach of the two mediums. This factor suitably alters the political stances and their intensity adopted by a director. While a novelist knows that a majority of her/his audience would be a small literate academic group, a movie is meant for a mass audience. One cannot possibly demarcate the level and quality of the movie-viewer. At the most, one can censor it at the level of age, which too in most cases is violated! Besides, one can never ensure that only academics view it. In such a situation one often has to cater to an audience that comprehends matters rather simplistically. In such a situation, perspectives do have a tendency of getting distorted. Thereby raising political alarms, which can be dangerous. Hence, with such a diverse audience, it can never be very comfortable to assume a radical or controversial political position. The task becomes still harder if the intended political position is contrary to the dominant discourse. Obviously then, Mehta had to constantly bear in mind the need of her spectators, who belonged to varied backgrounds, political lineages and affiliations.

Hence, a reasonably diverse audience could have propelled Mehta to omit the representation of specific faces from the political world. Though both Mehta and Sidhwa are now based in the West, the latter's audience was primarily confined to the western world and Pakistan. In fact Sidhwa was even felicitated by the Pakistani government for this endeavour of hers. India was never specifically her domain. However as debated earlier, Indians were Mehta's major target audiences. Thus it became crucial for Mehta to avoid controversial political stands. Even the few political stances that she adopts are done rather subversively.

However, interestingly both are women attempting a take on Partition and in both the narratives, one observes the keen eye of a woman lingering rather sensitively. Both show the women as no mere puppets or helpless victims. Their women are indeed victimized, but despite impending doom, they are never shown to lose their spirit or identity. The women in both the works are portrayed as strong characters with heads planted firmly on their shoulders.

The Ayah in Sidhwa's novel is young, vivacious and strong-willed. Even when fear stares her in the face, she fights out her battle. When her lover, the Masseur is killed in the riots, she does not go flying into Ice-candy-man's arms. Instead she mourns his death and lives with his memories:

> She haunts the cypresses and marble terraces of the Shalimar Gardens. She climbs the slender minarets of Jehangir's tomb. ... And as Masseur's song, lingering in the rarefied air around the minarets and in the fragrance of the gardens, drifts to us in the rustle of the pampas grass, Ayah shivers ... While Massuer's voice haunts Ayah, it impels Ice-candy-man to climb the steep steps of the minarets after us. He prowls the hills behind the zoo lion's cage and lurks in the tall pampas grass. He follows us everywhere as we walk, hand in hand, two hungry wombs ... Impotent mothers under the skin.[95]

Later despite going through humiliation, her will to fight does not leave her. The desire to escape from the clutches of her tormentor lurks right there. She would not bow down before her victimizer even if he is now her husband. Nor would she forgive him. Though time snatches away from her thrill and vibrancy, it cannot destroy her thoughts and individuality. Circumstances do crush her, but cannot make her weak-willed.

Interestingly even Mehta presents Ayah as a lovable young lady who arouses our awe and respect. She has however in pieces, suitably altered Ayah's behaviour. In the novel, Ayah is shown as a young girl of eighteen, who enjoys the attention that comes her way. She participates in the love games that go on around her. In the movie though, Shanta is presented as a lady in love with only Hasan. The only bit of flirting she tolerates is that of Dil Nawaz. That too is more as a friend and not a young girl enjoying the attention she draws. Unlike the movie, in the novel, she is shown to be responding to the advances of the many around her:

> Things love to crawl beneath Ayah's sari. Ladybirds, glow-worms, Ice-candy-man's toes. She dusts them off with impartial nonchalance. ... I learn also to detect the subtle exchange of signals and some of the complex rites by which Ayah's admirers co-exist. Dusting the grass from their clothes they slip away before dark, leaving the one luck, or the lady, favours.[96]

In the movie, Shanta is shown to bear in her heart the imprints of only one man. It is with Hasan that she romances and it is with him that she dreams of marriage.

Even Hasan is better carved out in the movie. In the novel, Masseur merely comes across as an ordinary young man who has captured Ayah's young heart. The only time he is referred to is when Lenny hints at the physical intimacy that Ayah and Masseur share. He is spoken of only when he is trying to seduce her. Mehta on the other hand has etched out a brilliant role for Rahul Khanna in the movie. Khanna, who plays the character of Masseur, even voices this in one of his interviews:

> The character of Hasan in the book is a very small one, but she fleshed it out by adding elements from other characters to him.[97]

The Masseur is called Hasan in the movie and is presented as no mere seducer, but someone with a strong presence. Just as Shanta is the typical adorable 'pure' heroine, he is the ideal romantic hero of the traditional Bollywood/Hollywood productions. He has a head of his own and even the worst cannot fill his heart with communalism. When Butcher voices comments tainted in communal frenzy, Hasan utters:

> Oye tu paagal ho gaya hai? Sadion se hum sab bhaiyon ki tarah saath rehte aye hain. Hamaari bol chaal ek. Hamaare dushman ek....[98]

And a little later when Butcher labels the Sikhs as their enemies, this "naram dil ka"[99] Hasan (as Butcher calls him), vehemently voices:

> Bakwaas na kar. Amritsar mein inke Granth Sahib ke saath hamaara Kuraan Sharif rakha hai. Sikh mazhab to aaya hi tha Hinduon aur Musalmaanon ko milaane ke liye.[100]

He is angry at Dil Nawaz when he sees the latter enjoying Shalami being burnt and Hindus and Sikhs being tortured. He is the noble human-being that thinks high and does good. His heart wrenches when he sees the poor men and women exit Lahore and tension flare in the city. He is shown to do everything in his power to help his friends, irrespective of their religious markers. Not blinded by religious bigotry, he urges his friends to help each other in times of crisis. In fact, he is repeatedly shown motivating his mates to not lose their wits despite animosity around them.

He even helps his friend Sher Singh till the very end. When the Sikh 'mohallah' is attacked, he carefully hides Sher Singh with his mother and sister in safe quarters. Meanwhile he makes arrangements for their safe departure from the burning Lahore. Upon his last visit to Singh's hiding place, we see him with a heart of gold, being blessed by his friend's mother:

> Puttar jo kujh tu saade waste kar riha hai na, oda karaz te asi zindagi bhar nahin chukka sakde.[101]

He only responds to this with "Sher Singh mera bhai hai"[102] and Sher Singh's mother praises and thanks him still more ardently.

Not only is he the perfect son, brother, friend, but the dream lover too. When Shanta is immensely disturbed, he offers his beloved every possible solace. He offers security in the form of marriage. What is most interesting is that he even offers to change his 'dharma':

> Shanta hum shaadi kyon nahin kar lete? Agar main Musalmaan hoon to kya hua? ... Chalo hum dono Amritsar chalte hain. Main Hindu ban jaaonga. Shanta mujhse shaadi karlo.[103]

This was yet another prominent and crucial departure that the movie saw. In the novel the Masseur is only seen to offer marriage to Ayah:

> 'Why do you worry? I'm here. No one will touch a hair on your head. I don't know why you don't marry me!'[104]

Things in the novel are rather clear. Marriage with a Muslim would make the Hindu ayah a Muslim, which then would protect her from all possible harassments at Muslim hands in Lahore. A Muslim offering to change his religion for his Hindu beloved is not what one hears of very often. Incidentally we had a similar stance in Mani Ratnam's *Bombay* too. In *Bombay*, in an emotionally charged scene, the Hindu hero offers to change his 'dharma,' if that would make his Muslim wife happy. But then Ratnam also very obviously had made the movie to demonstrate the futility of communal riots. He wanted to vehemently strike a message of peace. Hence, he uses dialogues and characters that do not practice religion in a very myopic or very traditional sense of the term. Their attitude towards religion is shown as rather practical. They are shown to have a liberal outlook towards religion, where they view all as equal and God as one.

Such political positions often draw wide public curiosity and are capable of performing a crucial function. I believe that such scenes and dialogues have the potential of preaching communal harmony. Though perceived by many as melodramatic, such incidents can act as strong confidence builders.

The need of the hour is to send across the right signals and to develop and promote trust in the hearts of members of diverse communities. In times like ours, that are ripe with communal upsurge, such symbolic measures often help people rise above their personal biases and identities and develop faith in a larger goodness. This was Mehta's objective too. She centrally was making a film on communal harmony and world peace. She even states this in an interview:

> Film is a powerful medium and my hope is that *Earth* will produce a dialogue and force people to think more deeply about the cost of such divisions. If people want to separate they should understand what it would really mean. I know that there will be some dialogue or some debate. I hope that *Earth* will put this into perspective. I think I have made a film that shows the futility of sectarian war, a film that is anti-war.[105]

Hence, I believe that such an effort requires more celebration and contempt.

Coming back to the representation of women, even Lenny's mother is seen as a woman of great substance. In the novel she is shown as someone with an independent head. She is responsible, strong and quick-witted. Later in the novel too she is seen to be running a full-fledged rescue cum rehabilitation camp. Other than Lenny's mother, Godmother is also shown to by an equally strong lady who is opinionated and dominating. It is in fact Godmother, who helps Ayah escape from Ice-candy-man's house.

Though Mehta has not included the character of Godmother, she definitely carves out a very adorable character of Lenny's mother. Baiji, as she is referred to in the movie, is represented as warm, attractive, lovable, sensual, passionate, good-humoured and quick-witted. She is no mere piece of furniture in the home, but (as discussed in the earlier part of this chapter) has a strong identity and presence in the entire movie. She exuberates warmth, strength and composure. In fact it is her husband (Lenny's father) who comes across as a weakling, with not even half the elegance and wit of his wife. He on the contrary appears a husband tied to his wife's apron strings. In fact he almost acts as a foil to his wife. It is vis-à-vis him that Baiji's character shines. All he is shown (in the movie) to be capable of, is heartless business. When Mr. Rogers asks him what side they would take when Partition happens, he immediately spouts:

> Actually after the British leave, let whoever wishes rule, haan. Hindu, Muslim or Sikh. We Parsis are too few in Lahore to take sides you know. We shall cast our lot with whoever governs Lahore.[106]

His wife is shown to experience pangs of guilt and remorse as the events unfurl. He merely thinks and operates like a hard-core businessman:

> Best position, neutral position. If the Swiss can do it so can we Parsis. We must all think Swiss.[107]

In the novel however, he is not shown as spineless, but definitely nothing more than a hard-headed businessman who acts cautiously, actually over cautiously.

Such strong characterizations of women, most definitely stand out where Partition takes the entire focus. Normally Partition narratives describe women as mere nobodies. Their presence, especially in cinema, is often either to add to the glamour or to accentuate the romantic quotient of the movie. Or at the most, they come across as victims, who suffered

terrible traumas. This is even expounded in history, where they are referred to as the "chief sufferers."[108] In the light of these 'not so significant roles' that women play in a majority of the Partition stories, the roles of Ayah and Baiji stand out most superbly. Their characterisations are neither sketchy nor do they come across as abnormally unreal. And for me, this is no surprise. After all both the pen and the lens were those of women!

Thus, one observes that no doubt Mehta draws from Sidhwa's tale, but the telling is her own. She has intelligently hand picked each of her frames. Some of these are fished out of the novel, while many others are ingeniously carved out by the director herself. Every single frame included serves a crucial purpose and maintains the logical continuity of her movie. Hence, from omissions to additions, from compressions to enhancements, Mehta does it all to tell in her distinctly original and characteristic style, her story of the 'partition' of an 'earth' called India.

Chapter II

Pinjar: From Ecriture to Picture

Chandraprakash Dwivedi's *Pinjar*, an adaptation of Amrita Pritam's highly acclaimed novel by the same title, was one of the most excited waits of the year 2003. Ripe in anticipation, much ahead of its release, critics started showering this venture of debutant film-maker Chandraprakash Dwivedi, who had already shot to fame with his television serial *Chanakya*, with rave pre-release reviews. Set against the backdrop of the Punjab caught amidst political turmoil, *Pinjar* traces the journey of a young Hindu girl named Pooro from the pre-Partition days of September 1946 to 1948, a year after the catastrophe, when rescue operations to recover lost and abducted women across the border were launched with much fanfare.

Besides dealing with the controversial subject of Partition, the movie was to arrive at a juncture in history, when efforts to bridge gaps and revive talks between the neighbouring states of India and Pakistan were passing through tender phases. Political groups across both sides of the border had long been trying to ease tensions between these two states, which had been at loggerheads ever since they parted ways in the fateful August of 1947. In the wake of these critical moments in the sensitive Indo-Pak ties, scholars eagerly awaited this release, which was to be yet another comment on the maiden conflict between the two countries.

Over and above this, a prime reason for heightened curiosity was that the movie was a filmic rendition of what is often labelled as Amrita Pritam's most celebrated tale. Hence, all eyes and heads waited anxiously to watch and analyze what Dwivedi would do to the masterpiece. Would he incorporate departures to suit the filmic medium or his ideology? How true would he remain to the original? If and how would he change the ending? Would he manage to capture the pathos of a woman, which the authoress had so poignantly delineated in her glorified piece? This is where my interest too lies. I propose to explore the alterations that Dwivedi brings about while attempting to adapt *Pinjar* for the big screen.

Of all the cinematic adaptations of novels on the Partition of Punjab that I have come across, *Pinjar* perhaps stands closest to its original. Neither has the director brought about many changes in the characters, nor in the episodes in his filmic rendition of the novel. Even the dialogues pronounced by his protagonists are direct lifts from the novel. In fact, Dwivedi clearly acknowledges Amrita Pritam herself as the original dialogue-writer for his movie and credits himself with merely the additional dialogues of the film. Thus, all through the movie, one observes a very close reflection of Pritam's *Pinjar*. However, this does not imply that the movie is an exact imitation or imprint of its original. Dwivedi does stamp it with his own

changes. These departures, though, are so minor, that upon a cursory glance they might often appear to be insignificant. However, if one examines closely, they become rather crucial and deserve a very prominent mention. This is because while bringing about these deviations, Dwivedi happens to alter the essence of the original rather markedly. In fact, according to me, he reduces Pritam's telling saga of a woman's trials and trepidations to yet another Bollywood film with Partition as a mere backdrop. Though the life of Urmila Matondkar (who plays the central character of Pooro) tracks the same trajectories as Pooro's in the novel does, something significantly distinct happens in the movie. I shall be analyzing this exhaustively, through the entire course of this chapter.

The first change that Dwivedi seems to bring about is in the age of the central character Pooro. While in the novel, Pooro starts her journey as a young girl of fifteen, in the movie we see a reasonably grown up Urmila act out the fate of Pooro. Not only is the age of Pooro altered, Dwivedi opens his story too in a year that comes much later in the novel. Pritam begins her tale from somewhere at the fag end of the 30s, when the unfortunate little Hindu Pooro is abducted by the well-built Muslim Rashida. However, in the movie, the viewers land straight into 1946, when the considerably grown up Pooro is betrothed to the able Ram Chand of a neighbouring village. Though this change of age is never mentioned explicitly, the appearance of Pooro and the way her character is dealt with in the movie, strongly suggests the same. (This point will be elaborately discussed in the ensuing sections of this chapter as well.) Even scholars studying the movie state so:

> The film begins in 1946 (the novel in 1938, perhaps) and ends in 1948. Pooro is no longer fourteen.[1]

The novel, on the other hand, opens with the fifteen year old Pooro simply beginning to show signs of growing up. She has perhaps barely attained her puberty:

> Pooro was now fifteen. She felt a strange upsurge of blood in her limbs. Her breasts burgeoned; her *kameez* became too tight for her. She bought calico prints from a neighbouring market and had new ones made. She also got a new set of *dupattas* to match. She had them thickly sprinkled with silvery mica.[2]

Many would suggest this change as imperceptible in terms of the scale and frame of the narrative. Still others might even believe that showing Pooro as a well formed young lady, as against the much younger Pooro of the novel, is inconsequential to the bearing of the entire narrative. However, I believe that by jumping this time frame, Dwivedi loses out on something central.

In fact, in the process, the entire flavour and intensity of the tragedy is considerably mitigated. The power of Pritam's narrative lay in the evolution of Pooro and her mind from an innocent adolescent somewhere in the late 30s or early 40s to a young mother in 1948. In other words, at the time when she is lifted by Rashida, Pooro is barely fifteen and the six or seven crucial years that she stays with Rashida, in his home and as his wife, give a defining flavour to the narrative. Being a girl of her times, she is shown to comprehend crucial social and cultural formulations. At the same time a lot is also shown to be beyond the reach of her still tender age and head. She can well experience the trauma of losing her world; her life. She can gauge the scale of the disaster that has fallen upon her. She does realize that her fate has permanently been sealed by and with her Muslim abductor Rashida and that she has lost forever, the people who she belonged to:

> Hate welled up in Pooro's heart as she heard Rashida's words. He had robbed her of her birthright; he had robbed her of her future. Her parents had probably given her up for lost and left the village.[3]

However, being a very young abducted girl, she can only experience hate, anger and sorrow. At the most, she can express these emotions occasionally and subtly before Rashida, by means of her gestures, odd behaviours and some couple of taunts. She cannot possibly go beyond that. When she learns that she is carrying Rashida's child, she senses filth and wrath in her heart:

> She felt as if her body was a pea-pod inside which she carried a slimy, white caterpillar. Her body was unclean. If only she could take the worm out of her womb and fling it away! Pick it out with her nails as if it were a thorn! Pluck it off as if it were a maggot or a leech....![4]

Even after the child has been delivered, she is seen to harbour resentment for her husband Rashida, who is now also the father of her newborn. When the happy father comes to greet his wife for the first time after their child is born, Pooro is simply seen to attack him with a comment laden with contempt:

> "What more do you want of me? I have given you my person and I have given you a son. I have nothing more to give." Then she closed her eyes.[5]

Her child too does not escape this bitterness. In her heart of hearts, we see her cursing him:

> A cold, clammy feeling ran through her body - as if a slimy slug was clambering over her. She clenched her teeth; she wanted to shake the slug off her arm, flick it away from her side, draw it out as one draws out a thorn by taking its head between one's nails, pluck it out of her flesh like a tick or a leech and cast it away....[6]

If Rashida asks her not to remain upset and cheer herself up by mingling with the ladies of the neighbourhood, Hamida (Pooro after marriage to Rashida) retorts with a slight sarcasm:

> "Where can I go to? Whom am I related to except you?" she replied with great bitterness.[7]

However, a majority of times, we see her bleat out this pain to her own self. She does not know how to cry out in fierce anger or express her resentment forcefully. In fact, all through the novel, the intensity of the anger expressed by Pooro in her actions, is way too mellow compared to what she senses in the remotest corners of her heart. Tejwant Singh Gill, while analyzing Pritam's works, describes most of her heroines including *Pinjar*'s Pooro as women who "lived with mute complaints on their lips but searing resentment in their hearts."[8]

Besides, even when Pritam shows her Pooro express her anger before Rashida (as described in a few of the scenes discussed above), she does not concentrate upon the impact of her taunts on Rashida. It is only Pooro's grief that is dwelt upon. Nor does Pritam show her Pooro's sufferings come to an end very conveniently. Despite her abduction and her husband's guilt in having done the same, life for her takes no special course. She continues to lead a life led by most ordinary married women of those times. In fact, her journey is way tougher than these many others, because she has to bear the scars of abduction as well. In other words, we see Pooro grapple with her current reality besides bearing the pains that surface in the wake of the tragedy that befalls her. Despite all this, at no point do we see her completely debunking patriarchal norms. On the contrary, the entire charm of the narrative lies in Pooro itself, finding her small little space and happiness in the dominant structures of power. It is Pooro who learns to accept her new fate and tide past her turmoil, without ever losing her spirit. Rashida indeed is a good husband, but he continues to behave the way husbands in such locations would; while she continues to be his provider. She settles in his home, bears him a child and accepts him as her reality. Pritam's Rashida never comes across as the Rashida of Dwivedi who simply withdraws in guilt and burns in repentance once his wife makes it clear to him that she is in no mood to forgive him or his misdeeds. Not even once does Pritam show her Rashida as someone who goes out of the way to redeem his past actions by being extra careful or sensitive towards her needs. He is not cruel, but is not exceptional either. This does not imply that Pritam's Rashida has no regrets about lifting Pooro. However, the novelist never really concentrates on this. She makes him spout out this guilt once out of anxiety at the outset of her abduction and there is only one more casual reference to the same, in an episode that features somewhere towards the end of the novel. In

other words, unlike the movie, Pritam does not build or harp upon the qualms of his conscience. She instead is shown to principally emphasize Pooro's sufferings and her inability to express what she genuinely senses.

In the novel, we see Pooro being forcibly married to Rashida. She even holds him responsible for all her miseries but at the same time, the readers witness her beginning to resign very practically to her fate. Not even once in the novel does she come across as the exceedingly vociferous voice, which cries out aloud what it feels. Never do we see her act out the outrageously rebellious woman refusing to accept the dictates of patriarchy. In fact, in a moving episode in the novel, she experiences the lack of being able to react the way she feels. She senses the handicap of being incapable of giving face to her emotions. When Taro, an acquaintance in her neighbourhood expresses her deep hatred for the institutions that try and suppress her dignity, Pooro feels amused. She is impressed at Taro's courage.

The ill-fated Taro is married to a man who refuses to accept and honour her as his wife because he is emotionally entangled elsewhere. He had even wanted to marry this other lady. However, the relationship was not acceptable to his parents since his beloved belonged to a lower caste. Hence, he agreed to marry the girl of his parents' wishes. The parents knowingly married their son to Taro, without telling Taro's parents about their son's past. The parents of the boy are seen to do so in the hope, that he might forget his former beloved, once he is married elsewhere. Nothing changes though and Taro is merely forced to suffer in silence. But beyond a point, Taro refuses to resign quietly to her lot. Instead, she begins to assert her anger. She is heard accusing the entire institution that attempts to repress its women:

> "Only my lips are sealed and my feet put in fetters," exploded Taro. "There is no justice in the world; nor any God. *He* can do what he likes; there is no God to stop him. God's fetters were meant only for my feet."[9]

She does not even shy away from inflicting biting attacks on the institution of marriage and question her current sufferings:

> "What can I tell you? When a girl is given away in marriage, God derives her of her tongue, so that she may not complain."[10]

She cannot altogether release herself from the bonds of an unhappy and unfair marriage, but she does not accept them either. Her rebellion is represented in the fits that she is seen to experience frequently. So violent is her refusal to accept her unjust state that she brings

herself close to a point of self-annihilation. Her seizures too can be seen to become an excuse for not returning to a marriage that has no meaning in her eyes. Hence, her almost self created illness (for want of eating and the emotional and mental turmoil that she broods in) then becomes reason enough to not return to her hated husband. In fact, this entire sickness could even be interpreted as an unconscious wish to reject her marriage, avoid staying with her husband and continue remaining at her mother's house.

However, what one needs to observe is that even this Taro of Pritam cannot manage to outrightly remove the cause of her miseries. She destroys herself in her protest but cannot demolish the powers of the man; her husband. To him, she continues to submit. She is herself heard saying:

> "For two years I have had to sell my body for a mess of pottage and a few rags. I am like a whore... like a common prostitute..." Taro clenched her fists; her eyes turned up in their sockets showing only the whites; her body stiffened like a plank of wood.[11]

In fact, one feels that the only way in which she can stop this suffering is through her death, which again could be viewed as symbolic of crushing before the dictates of society and tradition. Even Pooro, in a touching episode in the novel is heard saying the same:

> Hamida wondered how Taro, who could dare to say such things, was yet unable to break out of the perfidious institution of marriage.[12]

Besides, very intelligently Pritam shows Taro express all her resentment before only her mother or Pooro. At no point do we see her fling these attacks upon her husband. In other words, her noises too have a voice in the domain of women. It is only there that she can condemn her man's unfair expectations. Otherwise, she cannot dare to defy patriarchal institutions. Yet her own kind of rebellion carries weight and Taro is at least heard expressing forcefully her bitterness. The Pooro of the novel does not even do that. She never vents her grief and merely preserves it in her own heart. And Pritam offers a very clear reason behind this inability of Pooro to voice her deepest concerns.

A little later the readers learn that Taro has got her revolutionary ideas from an emancipated brother, who studies in the city. It is from him that she learns to mutinously voice against the injustice meted out to her. We discover this in one such episode, where Taro's mother, upon hearing her daughter utter outrageous protests, is heard spouting in a fit of frustration:

> "What am I to do?" wailed the mother, when she heard Taro. "As if fate had not enough shafts for me, this girl adds her barbed words to kill me! She and her brother will prove the death of us. He's picked up strange ideas at his college in Lahore and has stuffed the girl's brain with a lot of nonsense."[13]

The Pooro of the novel, on the other hand, never gets this exposure. Nor is her state bold enough to assert her bitterness. Taro refuses to return to her husband and suffer in silence, but Pooro never acts out her burning anger. Despite the contempt that she harbours against Rashida, we see her bow down before his needs and those of domesticity. Though unwillingly, she bears her husband a son and is even shown to gradually acknowledge him as her only reality. One can argue that Pooro accepts Rashida and her marriage because her husband is deep down a good man, who treats her well. Besides, one needn't even compare her situation to that of Taro, for whom things are hopeless and at a point of no return. However, the deviance worth considering at this moment is that the Pooro of the novel, most of the times, does not even manage to speak out what she feels.

In another such act of oppression, on one of the days after their marriage, Rashida is seen to bring home a stranger and he asks his wife to stretch out her arm, on which 'Hamida' is inscribed permanently. Henceforth, Hamida is to be Pooro's newly forced identity as a Muslim. Here too, the Pooro of the novel cannot resist this rechristening and is merely seen to experience pangs of grief, which carry weight only in her dreams:

> In her dreams, when she met her old friends and played in her parents' home, everyone still called her Pooro. At other times she was Hamida. It was a double life: Hamida by day, Pooro by night. In reality, she was neither one nor the other; she was just a skeleton, without a shape or a name.[14]

However, as against the Taro and still weaker Pooro of the novel, the Pooro of the movie stands out as a very strong individual. In fact, so daringly sturdy is Pooro's presence in the movie that one almost sees the reflection of a typical text-book feminist, who thinks radical and acts out her sense of rebellion.

Once her parents forsake her after her abduction, Pooro has nowhere to go. She is forced to settle down as Rashida's wife. However, at no point in the movie, till the last scene, does she accept him willfully and whole-heartedly as her husband. Never until the last couple of scenes do we see her forgive him. It is only after she begins to believe that he has atoned for his sins that she begins to mellow down in her attacks against him. Till then, she hurts him

with taunts that are regularly and periodically thrust upon him. She continues to be his wife but so forcefully aggressive are her bitter attacks that we see Dwivedi's Rashida withdraw gradually from all claims as her husband. In fact, in the movie, this violent refusal to accept him as her husband and succumb to the dictates of patriarchy can well be gauged by means of Pooro's self-abortion, once she discovers that she is carrying Rashida's child.

In a touching episode, when Pooro learns of her pregnancy and her happy *shauhar* comes to congratulate her, she cursingly retorts, "Tere paap ko dhhote dhhote chaar mahine ho gaye."[15] She is advised in the movie by the elderly women to avoid carrying any extra weight and be terribly cautious while she is expecting. But the spectators see her exerting herself to the point of a willfully conscious miscarriage.

Similarly, when Rashida gets home a stranger to inscribe her new Muslim name on her arm, she casts her husband a bitingly accusing eye. So contemptuously incriminating is Pooro's glance in the movie, that Rashida is seen to fill up with guilt. In fact, this becomes the last point in the movie, where we see Rashida exert his authority confidently before her. After this episode, he is only shown to grow still weaker and bury more consciously under the weight of his own remorse, which ensues from Pooro's subtle yet pronounced revolt.

In other words, Pooro is seen to forcefully act out her resentment all through the frames of the movie. Such is the intensity of her resistance and refusal to forgive her tormentor that we even witness Rashida sink in the grief, which springs out of the shame that Pooro flings at his face at every available opportunity. This defiance is clearly absent in the novel. In the novel, we see Rashida as a good-hearted fellow who cares for his wife. We even see him regret having abducted Pooro. However, at no point do we see him wrenching in the kind of pain and guilt, which his wife is shown to so charmingly throw upon him all through the movie.

One reason behind this departure could be that Dwivedi never created a Pooro, who was an inexperienced naive girl of fifteen. As discussed earlier, his Pooro appears to be an already mature fiery lady with a head held high on her dignified shoulders. In the novel, on the other hand, the readers witness the journey of Pooro from a young innocent village belle to an adult, who learns while she grows. Her emotions are seen to evolve and mature as the novel progresses. For example, at no point in the movie, till the very last instance, does Pooro express her love for Rashida and the desire to willfully stay behind with him. This change in

heart is seen to happen in one melodramatic bang packed with glycerine, which features only towards the fag end of the movie. However, in the novel, soon after the birth of her son, we get to see some transformation in Pooro's heart and attitude towards Rashida. Pritam has very sensitively worked out this entire progression. Once Pooro starts feeding her son, she begins to experience a strange love for the child:

> On the fifth day, the midwife ... put the boy to his mother's breast. A strange, strong emotion welled up in Hamida's bosom. She wanted to put the child against her cheek and cry to her heart's content. The boy was a toy made of her own blood, a statue carved out of her own flesh. In all the teeming world, this boy was all that really belonged to her. She did not care if she never again saw the faces of her mother, father, brothers or sisters ... she would gaze at the face of her son in whose veins mingled the blood of her parents – the parents who had cast her aside.[16]

This emotion is absolutely contrary to what she had been experiencing in a couple of episodes preceding the moment, when she begins to mother her baby. Till then we see her being unable to forgive and forget the trauma inflicted upon her:

> The boy tugged at his mother's breast. Hamida felt as if the boy was drawing the milk from her veins and was sucking it out with force, just as his father had used force to take her. All said and done, he was his father's son, his father's flesh and blood and shaped like him. He had been planted inside her by force, nourished inside her womb against her will- and was now sucking the milk from her breasts, whether she liked it or not.[17]

But then, amidst this conflict, Pooro/Hamida is seen to experience a change of heart:

> Out of this conflict of hate and love, love and hate, were born Hamida's son and Hamida's love for her husband, Rashida.[18]

Later, in the couple of years as Hamida, she witnesses the sufferings of many women like her, and in the wake of these collective experiences, starts accepting Rashida as her husband:

> It was late in the afternoon. Hamida rose with a sigh. She had seen other people's sorrows. They made her own troubles appear very small. She had heard of houses that were not homes. Taro's story made her own home appear like a haven of refuge.
> Hamida wanted to forget that Rashida had abducted and wronged her. She longed fervently to make love to him. After all, he was her husband and the father of her son. This alone was true; this alone mattered. The rest was mere prattle and a lie.[19]

In the movie, on the other hand, till very late we see Pooro burn in anger. Not once do we see her heart well up for Rashida. Only after Rashida has safely rescued Lajo, do we for the first time, hear her tell her sister-in-law:

> Pehla gunaah jo usne kiya so kiya, par uske baad kabhi bhi mujhe kuch bhala bura nahin kaha. Jo aaj wo mere saath na hota, to tujhe kaise dhoond ke nikaalti?![20]

However, this comment too does not suggest that she has begun to love him or accept him sincerely as her husband. In fact, her tone at this juncture has connotations, which seem to declare that she believes herself to be the willful master of not just her own, but even Rashida's destiny. Her dialogue delivery and attitude suggest that she considers herself to be the force that compels Rashida to bow down before her and suffer for his sins. In other words, this episode establishes Pooro as the master of her life. Destiny indeed plays a cruel game with her, but even circumstances do not bend her spirit. Despite a forced marriage, she continues to act out her will. Even her husband is impelled to do what she wishes him to. If she does not want to accept him as her husband, he is ultimately driven to backtrack.

Besides, this episode features somewhere towards the close of the movie. In other words, practically all through the movie we see Pooro accuse and abuse Rashida and not even once do we see her express acceptance or love for him. In such a situation, the final decision that she takes to stay behind with Rashida seems to carry tremendous weight. With her brother calling her back into their lives, a fiancé who has not married and is supposedly still waiting for her, no children behind, just a guilt-ridden Rashida; Pooro has all the reasons to consider a return. In the novel, on the other hand, her final decision never carries the moral strength that it supposedly does in the movie. In the novel, Pooro's final act is nothing momentous. She is shown to undergo a transmutation much earlier in the narrative, where she begins to accept her new identity. We see her happily settle down as a married Muslim woman in Pakistan, with a husband who she has begun to love and whose child she has borne:

> Hamida woke up with a start.... She glanced towards Rashida, who was sitting beside the hearth in the courtyard. He had not left her, nor thrown her out. She was safely installed in his house. He was a kind husband. He had given her the handsome, curly-headed Javed.[21]

Unlike the movie, this transformation of heart does not happen towards the close of the novel. Somewhere in the heart of the novel, we see Pooro happily acknowledge her home in Pakistan as her only reality. In fact, we see her prosper in that home for nearly six long years:

> Hamida settled down in Sakkar as if she had always belonged to the village. She showed no desire to go anywhere else. ("I did not come here of my own will, nor will I leave of my own will," she used to say.) Her son Javed was almost two. He could run about on his own. He was the apple of his father's eye.[22]

And it is in this gradual progression of Pooro's heart that the charm of Pritam's *Pinjar* lies. In Pooro, she accomplishes to realistically graph the journey of many a young woman like her, who faced abduction, especially during Partition. On the other hand, in his over-endeavour to infuse tremendous weight to Pooro's final decision, Dwivedi fails to capture this very journey, which was the reality of many women, who lived through the tragedy of Partition.

Even if one were to believe that to do so was never really Dwivedi's central agenda, I believe that otherwise too, he fails to accomplish what he had set to. In all probability (as stated earlier), Dwivedi wanted to narrate the story of a woman with extraordinary courage and compassion. Besides, he hoped to present Pooro's final call in a fashion that would startle the audience. In her supposedly head-turning cry, where she expresses her love for Rashida and her final decision to stay behind with him, he intended to raise the climax of his venture.

However, if one analyses closely, somewhere during the journey he loses his grip. He unfortunately ends up falling into the traps of the stereotypical ending, which the Bollywood is so notorious for. All through the movie, we witness a rather angry, aggressive and controlled Pooro. Besides, never do we see her express even an iota of love for Rashida. And then, to watch her suddenly fling passionately towards Rashida in the very last scene, merely appears the typical climax that often clicks with the mass cinemagoers.

Not only is the manner of presenting this change of heart melodramatic, Dwivedi even seems to lose focus of his central agenda somewhere in the heart of the narrative. In his enthusiasm to project Rashida as too pure, he does much damage to the intended punch of his climax. In a movie, each frame must flow out from the previous one. Hence, after portraying a terribly noble Rashida paying every moment for the one error that he is shown to commit impulsively right at the outset of the movie, if Pooro had decided to go back to her home in India, the ending would never have appealed to our sense of logic. Besides, any different resolution would have been a complete disaster with especially the Bollywood audience. Within this context then, his ending becomes fairly predictable; often stooping low to sentimentalism.

In other words, one could state that Dwivedi had definitely set to attempt a narrative with infinite possibilities. However, he loses his command on the narrative somewhere midway. What could have been a novel venture ends up remaining one tear-jerker, caught amidst confused imaginings and communal trappings. His entire effort appears one simplistic

resolution of matters, which are otherwise way too complex and profound for any easy solutions. What should have been done subtly is done very casually. Thereby, the dynamics and complications of the situation are done away with conveniently. By presenting Pooro as unbelievably strong and Rashida as incredulously nice, Dwivedi destroys the nuances of the situation and fails to deal with the situation faithfully and all-comprehensively.

Another significant contrast is that unlike the idealist Ram Chand (her fiancé) of the movie, in the novel, he is seen to conveniently marry Pooro's younger sister Rajo, after Pooro is abducted just a few days before her wedding with him. So, unlike the movie, where in the last scene we hear Pooro's brother offer a tempting proposal of returning and marrying Ram Chand, in the novel, Pooro is never presented that option. In fact, the choice of returning is practically no choice in the novel. In such circumstances, her decision to stay behind with Rashida is not outstandingly unique. It was a pick that was preferred by thousands of women, who underwent a similar destiny. Several such happenings find a mention in historical, sociological and literary accounts of Partition. The women involved in recovery cum rehabilitation missions, which were launched post-Independence and Partition, have reported umpteen such cases. They are often heard mentioning of numerous recorded cases of women, who were at times happily settled with even their abductors and expressed absolutely no wish to separate from the men, who were then their husbands and in some cases even fathers of their children. In fact, ironically, one finds a multitude of references of how many of these women had to be forcibly recovered and sent back to their former homes and families. Urvashi Butalia states the same:

> For those who were recovered against their wishes – and there were plenty – the choice was not only painful but bitter. Abducted as Hindus, converted as Muslims, recovered as Hindus but required to relinquish their children because they were born of Muslim fathers, and disowned as 'impure' and ineligible for membership within their erstwhile family and community, their identities were in a continual state of construction and reconstruction, making of them, as one woman said to us, 'permanent refugees.'[23]

Several such accounts have found a mention in movies as well. The most significant being the tale of Buta Singh (in *Shaheed-e-Mohabbat*), who marries a young Muslim girl, whom he saves from a band of molesters, when she happens to land at his door in desperation. The happily married couple suffer a blow when years after their marriage, the girl's parents, now safe in Pakistan, force her to leave behind her Sikh husband and child in India and move with

them to Pakistan. Even the runaway blockbuster *Gadar: Ek Prem Katha* dealt with a similar theme. The point is that such women, who had started their lives afresh with new men, who in many cases were even their abductors, found it very hard to suffer a second blow. Hence, once they were happily adjusted in a new home, they were apprehensive of returning to their original worlds. So is Pooro's case in the novel. Dwivedi though has significantly played around and altered this representation of Pooro's journey in his movie. His reasons behind doing so, thus need special deliberation.

One factor could be that he never lets his Pooro be with Rashida for nearly six years. Dwivedi's Pooro's story opens in September 1946 and ends somewhere in 1948, a period close to a year and a half. Besides, the intensity of the emotional transformation that Pooro gets to experience in the novel is not the same as it is in the movie. However, the significant question that arises is why Dwivedi plays around with some of the original portrayals.

There can be two possibilities. One of course, could be a result of the medium that Dwivedi was working in. Since a movie is to be presented in close to three hours, a director cannot afford to introduce all the characters and episodes of a novel in his adaptation. Dwivedi though did not need to drop out much, as Pritam's work is not a full length novel. In fact Pritam's *Pinjar* is more a novella or novelette. Hence, the film-maker could practically use most of the tenderings of the original work. However, he ends up exhausting a lot of extra space in the beginning, when he sketches the happier times in Pooro's life. This could have been a major cause behind eliminating some of the characters of the novel. In other words, one could state that it are the internal constraints of the medium that must have forced Dwivedi to skip Taro and Kammo, two characters that are exhaustively and sensitively dealt by Pritam in her novel. The logics behind Dwivedi including the extra frames to represent Pooro's rather charming past would also be analyzed subsequently.

Another significant reason could perhaps be that Kammo and Taro did not even fit into the director's original conception. Dwivedi was essentially making a movie where he wanted to show how women suffered during Partition in the name of religion. He states this desire clearly in one of his interviews:

> Abhi tak pradarshit filmon mein vibhaajan to dikhaaya gaya hai, lekin us dauraan hue dangon ki peeda ko darshakon tak nahin pahunchaaya gaya. *Pinjar* se is peeda ko darshakon tak pahunchaane ka prayaas kiya hai humne.[24]

However, neither is Kammo's, nor Taro's suffering in any way linked to the communal vendetta. While Kammo suffers at the hands of a step mother, Taro's miseries spring from an unhappy marriage and unfaithful husband. Since Dwivedi was making a film on the theme of women bearing the worst brunts of Partition violence, he could not afford to go off track. Sub-plots which did not contribute to his central idea would only have created a mess in the flow of the frames. And a commercial film, which to a large extent is an entertainment-seeking mode, could hardly have afforded such a blow.

Hence, one could argue that Pritam and Dwivedi basically had reasonably distinct central visions. While Dwivedi simply confines himself to delineating the misery of women during Partition, Pritam does the same thing but with a subtle difference. Besides portraying the sufferings of women during Partition, she uses this occasion to comment on the journey of a woman's heart and the plight of women in general. Along with narrating the tragedies of several women who faced Partition, Pritam subtly etches out the collective miseries of womankind. In fact, Pritam has obviously been doing this in almost all her writings. Gulzar Singh Sandhu, while studying Pritam's works claims that she was a sensitive writer who throughout her corpus "highlighted the problem of Indian womanhood."[25] Upon commenting on *Pinjar* too, he states that "Amrita incarnates herself through Pooro, to express her hatred for social conventions and male lust" and enunciating how "resigning themselves to their fate is what lies in store for the entire womanhood of India."[26] Even the noted writer Khushwant Singh, in his celebrated *A History of the Sikhs* Vol. II states:

> Although she has given up preaching, the hard lot of Indian women remains the dominant theme in most of her poetry and prose.[27]

In such a case then, Kammo and Taro then become significant to Pritam's conception and she dwells upon them extensively. In fact, in the novel, while drawing the transformation that Pooro undergoes, these two young ladies, coupled with the young rape-victim she rescues in the fields and the mad woman play a crucial role in the evolution of Pooro's heart and head. It is after witnessing their sufferings that Pooro, in the novel, begins to reconcile to her lot. She starts comparing the intensity of her misery with theirs and feels more fortunate. This is a comparison that Dwivedi never considers to pronounce or even hint at. Dwivedi's Pooro simply appears to be an individual with fortitude, who acts out her own will and whom circumstances cannot intimidate.

Another point that needs to be remembered is that Pritam prominently operates within the stream of consciousness technique. Her novel is more an account of what is going on in Pooro's mind and heart. This too has strong bearings on the filmic rendition. One must understand that a film is principally a visual medium. In such a case it becomes hard to put into frames, what in the novel are narrated as the innermost thoughts and feelings of a character's heart. As mentioned earlier, a major part of the novel comprises of what Pooro senses and wishes, but never speaks of:

> Pritam's story is somewhere between a realist (ethnographic and historical) account of a particularly nasty aspect of women's experiences of the partition, on the one hand, and a more internal psychological portrait where realism is only a secondary goal, on the other. In the end, I think the second, more psychological reading dominates.[28]

To do so is not very hard for a novelist. Pritam as the omniscient third person narrator, presents before her readers what Pooro thinks and feels through the written word (even if Pooro does not express it outwardly through her actions), just as she describes what Pooro or the other characters of her novel do. The readers too comfortably follow whether what is being narrated happens in Pooro's head or is the tangible physical reality in Pooro's story.

However, to do the same in cinema is rather arduous and not even feasible. To accomplish so, the director would either need asides, soliloquies, voice-overs or frames of imagination interspersed with those that would make the story progress on the surface level. All these though can badly ruin the flow and momentum of the movie. It is perhaps to avoid this structural limitation that Dwivedi makes Pooro utter and act out, all that mostly features in the novel in the innermost recesses of Pooro's heart.

The Pooro in the novel is only seen to feel the hurt but is never seen to express it. Dwivedi, on the other hand, has to represent this very pain in the visual form. One way of doing this is to use some of the techniques discussed above. That however, as discussed earlier, can hinder the pace of the narrative. The other way to operate in such a case is to directly insert these unstated experiences in the flowing action of the narrative, by means of dialogues and actions. This is exactly what Dwivedi does. He straight away makes his Pooro utter, what are presented in the novel as merely her deepest thoughts. These dialogues and actions can then be captured comfortably by the camera. For example, Pritam simply narrates that Pooro felt deeply bruised when she was rechristened as Hamida. Dwivedi, on the other hand, presents

this unstated hatred in the novel through an angry glance, which we see Pooro shoot at Rashida in the movie. Later, the act of trying to rub off the name tattooed on her arm speaks of the same resentment, which Pritam's Pooro only experiences in her dreams, but never really speaks of to anyone. Similarly, in the novel, Pooro is shown to feel sullied and angry when she discovers that she is expecting Rashida's child. In the movie, Dwivedi gives face to that unspoken feeling of the novel in the form of a bitter dialogue. As mentioned earlier in this chapter, when Rashida comes to congratulate Pooro about her pregnancy, she attacks him with a rather ferocious taunt, "Tere paap ko dhhote dhhote chaar mahine ho gaye."[29]

However, what is worth mentioning is that in doing so, the entire feel of the novel goes in for a makeover. Even the character of Pooro accumulates a new colour. The Pooro of the movie ends up standing out as a woman, who appears almost impregnable and maintains her individuality all through the narrative. Unlike the Pooro of the novel, who only laments and at the end of the day suffers quietly, in the movie, she comes across as bold and expressive. Thus, one observes that limitations of the medium urged Dwivedi to play around with the characterization of his central protagonist. However, whether it was the necessity of bringing *Pinjar* from the page to the frame that required this change or Dwivedi's vision that gave Pooro her bold face, needs to be analysed. The latter too is a potential possibility.

There is an obvious difference in the presentation of the narrative by the two artists. Pritam's *Pinjar* is the journey of a woman growing up in the face of trials and tribulations and her spirit survives amidst all odds. The novel does feature Partition, but is not just about it. It is about women, their collective angst and their spirit to survive. Though the novel is essentially Pooro's story, it is very well Taro's and Kammo's story too. In fact if one analyses closely, in Taro and Kammo, one can see the suffering Pooro herself. Even Pooro sees a side of her own self in these two. Like the young Kammo who has lost her parents, Pooro too is forsaken by her parents. Similarly, the more experienced Taro's talks become external manifestations of all that Pooro feels and senses. This is even prominently mentioned in the narrative:

> Hamida was taken aback. This was the first time she had come across a girl who had such views and who could speak her mind so boldly. She had often wanted to say things like that herself, but had never dared.[30]

However, in the movie, Dwivedi concentrates principally upon Partition. Within that framework too, the onus rests primarily upon Pooro and her extraordinary journey. In fact, so fierce are Dwivedi's representations of Pooro, that in her character one nearly finds the

reflection of a strong feminist voice. In the movie, Pooro comes across as an individual, who will not bend before her circumstances. Nor will she be intimidated by them. If such a case is to be believed, the omissions of Taro and Kammo too seem justified. It can be argued that since Dwivedi had already given an effective and forceful voice to his Pooro, he never needed the characters of Taro and Kammo, or the five extra years that Pritam uses, to lay bare the mutilated voices of Pooro. In other words, one can conveniently state that neither did they go with the conception of the director, nor were these characters and episodes required in terms of the structural demands of the narrative.

However, the debate still remains whether this crucial difference in the characterization of Pooro happens because the director did not want to spread the time frame or the reason was exactly the other way round. According to me, it is the latter. Unlike Pritam who focuses on the journey and growth of a woman, Dwivedi seems interested in chalking out a character called Pooro, whose spirit cannot be crushed even in the face of adversity. This belief becomes yet more pronounced when one views that Dwivedi concentrates centrally on Pooro and the moral weight of her judgement. While the Pooro of the novel represents every woman who underwent such a trauma, Dwivedi seems interested only in the unique journey of one lady called Pooro. In one of his interviews, he even talks of his fascination for Pooro's grit and the climax of the novel, where Pooro casts her ultimate vote to stay behind with Rashida in Pakistan. When asked why he chose to adapt *Pinjar* for the big screen, he replied:

> I was impressed with the novel of the celebrated writer Amrita Pritam by the same name (*Pinjar*). What impressed me was the decision of Pooro (the main character of the film) to stay back in Pakistan, in spite of the tragedies she had faced in her life.[31]

On the other hand, the central urge of Amrita Pritam had always been a little different from the way Dwivedi puts his. Pritam had always been associated with expressing the collective pathos of womanhood and letting the world know of the tragedy of oppression of women. This becomes apparent if one pays heed to the majority of her works, including the ones on Partition. No one can ever forget the famous poem that shot her to instant and immortal fame, as a prominent face in the genre of women's poetry in Punjabi:

> Aj aakhan Waris Shah nun, kiton kabraan vichchon bol,
> Te aj kitab-e-ishq daa koi agla varka phol
> Ik roi si dhi Punjab di, tun likh likh maare vaen,
> Aj lakhaan dhain rondian, tainun Waris Shah nun kaehn
> Uth dardmandaan dia dardia, uth takk apna Punjab
> Aj bele lashaan bichhiaan te lahu di bhari Chenab[32]

Suresh Kohli too, while commenting upon the corpus of her writings states:

> In the centre invariably is a woman, her feelings, her fantasies and the desire and daring to realise them.[33]

The idea is that Pritam forever gave a face to the desires, dreams, fears and miseries of women, besides offering a subtle attack against the institutions that perpetrate her bondage and suppression. She was overwhelmed by the suppression of women, the pathetic plight and experiences of women and she penned this concern prominently, through all her writings:

> Amrita Pritam wrote about the condition of women during the partition but also later in Indian society. She wrote novels, short stories and poems touching on many subjects but always with a feminist perspective imbued with intuitive wisdom.[34]

In *Pinjar* too, she does the same. Pooro, the central face of this novel, becomes a victim at the hands of patriarchy, but she stands against the oppressive institutions in her own unique way:

> Amrita's Pooro defies patriarchal and territorial boundaries, and effectively uses her agency to critique the reality of Partition by choosing to stay on in Pakistan. Indeed, in times when religious identity became a brutal blueprint of territorial boundaries and nationalism, Amrita and her female protagonist, criticise the elision of religious community with "nation," highlighting patriarchal hypocrisy and challenge the national obsession with borders.[35]

However, at no point does she stand out as an outrageously radical voice, defying all norms of the dominant discourse. Besides, Pritam deals with her Pooro's aggression and sense of betrayal so sensitively, that in Pooro one finds that every woman who undergoes a similar fate. Dwivedi's Pooro, on the other hand, stands out as almost the arch-feminist, who dares to challenge structures of oppression, obviously and explicitly, through most of her actions. The only problem in such a representation by Dwivedi is that it appears almost anachronistic. I shall discuss this point at length in the subsequent portion of the chapter.

However, at this juncture, the interesting point in case for a potent debate is whether this difference in the characterization of the central protagonist was a conscious effort on the part of Dwivedi or the slip of a man in the development and representation of a woman's heart. The fact remains that Dwivedi does end up skipping the subtle nuances of a woman's tour, which Pritam so markedly puts forth throughout her narrative. Amardeep Singh too, while analyzing the film, states explicitly:

> The film version of *Pinjar* was pretty good, I thought, though they added a lot of stuff that wasn't in the book, and made it more of a colourful bollywood melodrama. If I made a film version, I might make it a quiet little art film with lots of shadows and silence.[36]

Upon further analysis, I feel that it is not even an either-or situation. Perhaps both the above mentioned analyses could be valid reasons behind Dwivedi playing around with his presentation of Pooro and trying to enhance the throw of Pooro's final call. It is also possible that along with wanting to do so, he even needed to do so. Dwivedi was operating within a medium, which was altogether different from the original. Hence, it must have been essential for him to pay heed to and structure his narrative bearing in mind the inherent constraints of the cinematic medium. Often, one significant essential of a film is an ending, which is capable of sustaining the requisite emotional climax. And this is precisely what Dwivedi attempts to accomplish by escalating the punch of the final decision in the movie and presenting his Pooro as a very bold face. How much he succeeds is however, debatable.

While Pooro's final resolution to stay behind with Rashida is no startling decision in the novel, for at least a fleeting second, it does turn heads in the movie. When Urmila Matondkar (who plays Pooro in the movie) opts to continue her life in Pakistan with Manoj Bajpai (who plays Rashida in the movie), many a viewers are perhaps left awestruck. In other words, the last moment, to a reasonable extent accomplishes to stir the audiences in excitement. With Pooro's astounding decision (as discussed in the earlier part of this chapter), they are left wondering discomposedly at Pooro's conviction and strength of character.

If such compulsions of the medium are to be believed, all the other skips of the original plot also stand justified. They all help in adding further thrill, awe and emotional thrust to Pooro's final call. Let us analyse at length, some of these other deviations that Dwivedi brings about.

The most obvious departure is that, unlike the novel, where Pooro has two children (one born out of her marriage to Rashida and another whom she adopts), Dwivedi's Pooro has no children. In historio-sociological accounts too, children are often described as pressing reasons behind women refusing to return to their original homes, during the post-Partition rescue operations. Even Pritam's Pooro is shown to do the same. When her brother offers her to consider returning home, we see Pooro look lovingly and emotionally towards her son:

> "Pooro!" said her brother, grabbing her by her arm. "This is your only chance ... " Hamida understood what he was saying and for a brief moment was overcome by temptation. She knew she had only to say that she was a Hindu and they would put her in the bus and take back to her people. ... But she made her brother release her arm, turned back to where Rashida was standing and clasped her son to her bosom.[37]

With Pooro shown to have no such anchors holding her back in the movie and yet deciding to carry on her life in Pakistan, Dwivedi tries to lend a further fortitude to her final action. Her final cry is then a proclamation of her mounting existential choice. This is what Dwivedi was in all probability trying to achieve.

Similarly, by omitting the characters of Taro and Kammo too, Dwivedi gives a still greater depth to Pooro's conviction. In the novel, in the light of the sufferings of Taro or Kammo, we see Pooro view herself as relatively more fortunate. This self-realisation contributes positively towards the growth of her relation with her new home and husband. The mad-woman's presence too performs a similar function. However, the case in the movie is never the same. In the movie, Pooro is shown to make her resolutions independently. She is not shown to depend upon any external factors, which offer directions in her decision-making process. It is perhaps because of such justifications that Dwivedi might even have skipped Taro and Kammo.

Besides, even when Dwivedi uses some of these scenes and characters in the movie, they are shown to perform a very different function. When Pooro watches 'Pagli,' the mad woman wandering the streets of her village, she does not come across as the young vulnerable lass of the novel, whose head and heart are seen shaping upon what they observe. On the contrary, Dwivedi portrays her to be in full control of her thoughts and someone with well-formed opinions about what she sees around herself. In other words, while in the novel, experiences give shape to Pooro's beliefs and feelings, in the movie, Pooro comes across as a sensible and mature lady with already formulated ideas and notions. Hence, we see the Pooro of the movie comment upon Pagli's miserable plight in a rather matter of fact manner. Pooro is only shown to feel bitter about how man's cruelty can play around with the life of a woman:

> Jiske paas na husn tha na jawaani ... bas maas ka ek shareer. Jise apni sudh na thi ... hadiyon ka ek pinjar ... ek paagal pinjar. Chiilon ne use bhi noch-noch kar kha liya.[38]

In the novel too, we hear Pooro voice this very idea angrily. However, this traumatic sight is shown to have a much fiercer impact on her. In fact, she is badly unsettled by watching the mad woman's tragedy. She is not the Pooro of the movie, who watches this scene, comments on it as a sagacious and experienced philosopher and then forgets about the episode. In fact, one almost gets an impression that this Pagli has no considerable bearing on the emotional make-up of Pooro, in the movie. The Pooro of the movie, unlike the novel, seems to stand

absolutely unflustered at Pagli's remorse. All we hear her speak bitterly is "Ek aur pinjar!"[39] Later too, when she comments still further on the tragedy of Pagli, a closer analysis suggests that it appears more an attack on men and their insensitivity. One does not even once get a feeling that she compares herself with the mad 'Pagli' or speculates what her plight could have been, in case the same ill-fate had struck her. Her comment appears more a detached observer's objective reaction to the pitiable state of affairs. There is anger, rebellion and frustration in Dwivedi's Pooro's heart and tone. However, at no moment does she seem to experience the fear that the same character in the novel does, as she empathizes with the mad woman running around naked in the streets of their village:

> Hamida dozed off to sleep beside the cot. She dreamt of Rashida galloping away with her lying across his saddle; she dreamt of his keeping her in a gardener's hut for three nights and days and then throwing her out; she dreamt of her turning insane and running about the village lanes with a life quickening in her womb ... and then giving birth to a child under the shade of a tree. The child was exactly like Javed. It tugged at her breasts and tried to suck with its toothless gums. It howled because there was no milk.
> Hamida woke up with a start ... She glanced toward Rashida, who was sitting beside the hearth in the courtyard. He had not left her, nor thrown her out. She was safely installed in his house. He was a kind husband.[40]

In fact, in the novel, in her heart of hearts, we even see Pooro feel grateful to Rashida for having treated her honourably and affectionately and sparing her from the humiliation and pain, which all the other unfortunate women around the novel's Pooro are seen to undergo. She is even seen to compare herself with her own aunt, who had been abducted by Rashida's uncle for three days and then thrown out to suffer.

Hence, one can argue that all such absences in the movie, contribute centrally to the grit of Pooro's thought, character and action. It further corroborates the argument that Pooro is an unusual case. With such a portrayal, she emerges as a woman with exceptional control over life, despite her abduction and forced marriage. She comes across as the lady, who does not give in easily to people and circumstances. Besides, whatever change of heart she experiences or the decisions that she takes are on the basis of just her own understanding and sensibility. It is not out of any relative merit that her choices are made. We see her mellow down only after she has watched Rashida burn in guilt for a considerably long period. It is his genuine repentance that melts her heart.

Besides, her acceptance of her husband too comes so late in the narrative that the focus never becomes her change of heart. It continues to be the story of a lady with distinct courage.

In other words, it becomes rather obvious that Dwivedi has played around with the presentation of his Pooro and tries to make her stand out as a strong feminist voice in the narrative. In standard Bollywood terminology, Pooro's role in Dwivedi's *Pinjar* can comfortably be called a woman-centric role. And such a meaty role for an actress in a commercial venture, often becomes a casting to die for. Most Bollywood productions have women as mere objects present to raise the glamour or at the most the romantic quotient of the movie. Furthermore, a majority of the times, women-oriented films churned for the Indian film industry are made in a shoe-string budget. Either they have very humble aspirations or are conveniently clubbed in the category of parallel or art cinema. To have a big-budget mainstream commercial endeavour, with a woman as the central protagonist, is not what one views very often. Dwivedi dares to attempt the same and deserves accolades for his endeavour.

However, he too does not completely cast aside the dictates of the trade. The realization that huge sums have been invested in his movie has strong reckonings at the end of the day. In fact, this too could have been an additional motivation behind Dwivedi changing Amrita Pritam's original characterization of Pooro. It is very much a possibility that Dwivedi needed solid grounds to coax and convince his producers to invest in his film. *Pinjar* is not a movie with any inherent selling points vis-à-vis the format of popular Hindi cinema. In fact, in an interview, Dwivedi clearly voices the same concern. What he says for literature in general can be applied to his *Pinjar* as well:

> The main difficulty is that you hardly get any support for such films. Even if it is an Amrita Pritam book, literature is usually ignored in films. Our usual opinion is that literature spells failure. Whether you go to the producer, the first question asked is, 'Why literature?'
> Literature doesn't fulfill the expectations people have from films. I would like to mention two lines of Premchand, '*Main doodh bechna chahta hoon. Log mujhse sharaab bechne ko kehte hain.*' ... That's why he left films.[41]

Furthermore, the director himself expresses yet another burning reality of the commercial format. While talking about *Pinjar*, he states how some of the producers and distributors "felt the actors weren't saleable enough."[42] In such conditions then, a reigning star agreeing to

participate in the project becomes a tempting option for the producer, who is principally dictated by market trends. Urmila Matondkar is a star and her presence most certainly must have become a strong attraction for the financers of the movie. And it is possible that Dwivedi, who was conscious of these market trends, might have, due to such realizations, roped in Urmila for his project. After all, it is not as if no other actress could have performed the role of Pooro in the movie. In fact, I feel that an actress of the like of Tabu could have essayed a far better performance. Urmila often gets mawkish with her irritating mannerisms in certain places, where the most timed and controlled performances are desirable.

However, Dwivedi clearly wanted to direct a movie, which could fit well into the cult of mainstream cinema. He even obliquely states this endeavour, while being interviewed at the release of *Pinjar*:

> *Pinjar* has the format of successful Hindi films but does not emulate commercial films.[43]

Hence, a point that emerges rather clearly is that Dwivedi most certainly wanted to direct a mainstream Bollywood venture. And with clear expectations at hand, he most obviously played his moves intelligently. Despite all claims of Urmila as the ideal choice for his film, it is possible that he was guided by market compulsions. His choice of Urmila too, can thus be a part of such pressing market trends.

However, even to convince a Bollywood star like Matondkar to take up this subject must have required initial preparations. It is possible that this change in the representation of Pooro was part of those initial preparations. This could certainly have been a motivating reason for Dwivedi to refashion Pooro's character in the movie; such that it became attractive and challenging enough for a star like Matondkar to get interested in.

After all established stars, in the commercial set-up too are constantly on the look out for roles that would open new vistas for them and would establish them as credible and serious performers. In fact, while talking about her role in *Pinjar*, Matondkar clearly states the same:

> I have done mostly modern roles in my career so far. I took this role because it was a challenge for me.[44]

She further adds that "commercial success was important for me for some time but not after a point" and how she desired to do roles where her character would "play an important role in the film."[45] This, in fact, is a rampant trend in the Hindi film industry. While interacting with

Meenakshi Sharma, the scriptwriter of the acclaimed movie *Dev*, the writer claimed that once the Bollywood queens establish themselves as commercial successes, they have a tendency to do meatier roles, rather than just add to the glam quotient of the movie.[46]

Even Manoj Bajpai, who enacts the role of Rashida in the movie, expresses the same belief. He voices a similar opinion in an interview with Subhash K. Jha, "Mainstream stars pine to do a *Pinjar*."[47]

The case is yet more pronounced in case of the heroines because within the standard Bollywood format, the movie generally centers on the hero. No one can deny the fact that the movies in the conventional Hindi film industry have been reasonably male-dominated. Things now seem to be changing a bit. Hence, a strong Pooro, around whom the entire film revolves, would surely have been luring for a Matondkar.

Thus, it could have been for such pressing logic that Dwivedi transforms the characterization of his Pooro, who ends up becoming more bold and charming than what she appears in the novel. In fact, Dwivedi clearly gives her character a face that stands apart as the brightest and the most tantalizing in the entire narrative. This would have surely been tempting for Matondkar, who till then in her career had been know as basically a glamour doll.

Other than this of course, the most probable reason for Dwivedi bringing about his changes is that it is very significant for a director to flesh out a tight screenplay and script. A loose script often falls apart; leaving very little opportunity for the movie to pull crowds. In Dwivedi's case, it was a still greater challenge because Pritam's technique of writing the novel was the stream of consciousness. To bring such a format onto the screen is no ordinary feat. Hence, one could argue that to ensure that the plot remains single and preferably unified; Dwivedi plays around with the storyline. It is for this reason that he avoids spreading the story across eight odd years and also does away with too many characters, which would only have confused his audiences.

Whatever be his reasons for altering portions of the novel, this neatening out of the plot alters the central focus of his work. While Pritam narrates the plight of women during Partition, she does not limit herself to just the catastrophe. In fact, in the novel, Pooro is not even abducted during Partition. She is lifted about six years before the calamity. Partition or the events

leading to Partition do not seem to have much of a bearing in this abduction. Besides, Pritam is seen to also use Pooro's journey to comment upon the trajectory of a woman's life in general. Dwivedi's Pooro too is abducted almost a year before Partition. However, it must be remembered that the period that Dwivedi uses to represent this abduction is central to the entire coming about of Partition. The September of 1946 in the movie, in which Pooro is seen to be lifted, is shown to follow closely a scene of August 1946, where Dwivedi portrays a Sikh *jatha* being attacked rurhlessly by a Muslim pack. The outcome of this brutal assault is sheer bloodshed and tragedy. Hence, very obviously, the director contextualizes Pooro's abduction to spring in the wake of the tension that followed the August massacres. If the sequence of events were not enough, Dwivedi even uses a commentary by Gulzar (that plays in the background of this pathetic episode) to corroborate his stance.

Interestingly, this August 1946 directly corresponds with the historic Direct Action Day, which was a significant juncture in the unfolding of the events that led to Partition. Hence, the choice of August/September 1946 too clearly appears a very careful selection. Dwivedi apparently never wanted his audience to forget that it is in the name of Partition that women were abducted, harassed and humiliated. In other words, all through his narrative, he very clearly establishes his concern with Partition as a singular event, where women bore the worst brunt. In fact, Dwivedi's *Pinjar* remains the tale of those many women who suffered during Partition in the name of religion. Even within this paradigm, still more significant is the manner in which Dwivedi culls out a very special Pooro. So unique is her representation that we almost get an impression that not many women are or can be Pooro!

In Pritam's *Pinjar*, Pooro could be every woman upon whom fate casts a dark spell. Pooro represents every young girl who ever got abducted by men of some other community. She indeed concentrates upon a shameful face of Partition violence but simultaneously, her heart cries out as a woman's would for the collective miseries of women. Being a woman herself, she manages to capture this trauma of women most poignantly. The sensibility of a woman pours forth at every juncture of the novel. In other words, abductions of women during Partition are central to Pritam too, but she does not let go off the opportunity to delicately pour forth a deep cry against the sufferings, which a woman otherwise too undergoes, at the cost of society or even Nature. And Pritam dares to question this injustice very pertinently throughout the narrative. The omniscient narrator with Pooro as her mouthpiece, brusquely questions:

> Why were all the songs sung in praise of pretty girls? Why did someone not compose songs of lament for girls in her predicament? Why not hymns for those whom God has discarded?[48]

Later too, when post-Partition, she witnesses a young girl being paraded naked in the streets by a band of *goondas*, who beat drums and dance around her in excitement, she blurts bitterly against the injustice. The attack here too is more general in nature. It voices a woman's anger against suppression and suffering at large:

> It was a sin to be alive in a world so full of evil, thought Hamida. It was a crime to be born a girl.[49]

Not only does she delineate the trials and traumas that women undergo, she even presents them in their starkly realistic forms. Blinkers, concealers and shutters are perhaps not meant for Pritam. If she describes the lunatic woman running wildly in the streets, she describes the madness of the lady in all its naked forms:

> Suddenly a woman came running down the street, screaming like one possessed by the devil. People picked up their children and bolted the doors of their houses.
> The woman wore only a *salwar*, which covered her from waist to ankles; her belly and breasts were bare. The sun had scorched her skin to the semblance of black parchment. Her hair was tangled and hung like ropes about her shoulders. Her body was caked with dirt and appeared as if she had never washed since the day she was born. She waved her hands in the air and spread out her legs in an ungainly way. She could not walk; she could only run like an animal. Her laughter was fiendish. When she opened her mouth she bared a row of uneven teeth.[50]

If the description of the mad woman is strikingly realistic, so are the reactions that she draws from the other women:

> Many gave her their old shirts to cover her naked bosom. She would pluck off the buttons and tear up the shirt. It would hang round her neck in tatters till she tore these up as well and was bare-bosomed again. At times, she even discarded her *salwar* and walked about without a stich of clothing. Then some woman would cover her waist with an old *salwar* and another would drape her breasts with a discarded shirt. And the process would start all over again.[51]

Interestingly, in the movie, Pooro is seen to respond to this pathetic plight of the mad woman (Pagli as she is called in the movie) explicitly, vehemently and with all her scorn. When Pagli becomes pregnant, we hear Pooro utter contemptuously:

> Jiske paas na husn tha na jawaani ... bas maas ka ek shareer. Jise apni sudh na thi ... hadiyon ka ek pinjar ... ek paagal pinjar. Chiilon ne use bhi noch-noch kar kha liya.[52]

In the novel, on the other hand, Pritam shows all the women of the neighbourhood react to the miserable condition of the mad woman. As stated earlier, all the women of her village are seen to collectively cover up the mad woman, whenever they can. Even when these women discover that the crazy woman has become pregnant, as a group, they are heard expressing their disdain:

> "What sort of man could have done this to her?" the women of Sakkar asked each other. They clenched their teeth in anger.... "He must be a savage beast to put a mad woman in this condition."[53]

At this critical juncture too, Pritam's Pooro is seen to merely feel angry and vitiated. Once again, she is not heard voicing this anger and resentment before anyone. Instead, she keeps her observation to only her heart and head:

> "She is neither young nor attractive; she is just a lump of flesh without a mind to go with it ... a living skeleton ... a lunatic skeleton ... a skeleton picked to its bones by kites and vultures," thought Hamida.[54]

In other words, unlike Dwivedi, Pritam never conceives of her Pooro as the special woman of the narrative, who dares to act or think radical. Nor is she the only one who dares to experience a sense of rebellion. She is represented as only one amongst the so many, who sense pangs of anger and express their angst whenever they can. In other words, the Pooro of the novel is not shown to be the boldest of the lot or any unique case of strength, conviction and action. On the contrary, she is rarely seen voicing her bitterness:

> She had become as serious and as thoughtful as an old philosopher. Only she could not put her many thoughts into words. Her emotions rose like foam on the crest of a wave, were battered against the rocks of experience and subsided once more into the water.[55]

It is Taro, who is shown to be the stronger one. Unlike the Pooro in the novel, who never really dares to give a forceful vent to her resentment, Taro is heard expressing it very often. However, unlike Pritam, Dwivedi embodies that pungency of character in his Pooro. In the movie, Pooro comes across as a lady, who dares to think and act against the structures that try and overwhelm her courage. She cannot altogether release herself, but her spirit cannot be crushed either. She voices and acts out her thoughts as vociferously as she can. She is not the shy fifteen year old Pooro of Pritam, with very little or perhaps no agency. In the novel, the

readers witness a Pooro, who is forced to set into the mould cast for her. Dwivedi too uses the same cast for his Pooro, but accords her with a far greater power. Chained in body, her spirit never appears fettered. Pritam's Pooro too feels every bit of emotion but somehow is never shown to react. Dwivedi, on the other hand, makes his heroine react all through the narrative. While in the novel, we get an insight into Pooro's heart through the third person narration; in the movie, we reach the recesses of her heart through her actions itself, which are unapologetically rebellious. As discussed earlier, we do see her self-abort or taunt Rashida forcefully at every opportune moment, try and rub the Muslim name tattooed on her arm and not accept or forgive Rashida till the very end. Whether this rebellion springs out of Dwivedi's sensibility or the necessities of the medium need serious contemplation. There are no final conclusions that can be pronounced. However, there is no denying that these alterations in the movie change the face of Dwivedi's narrative altogether.

Yet another departure that Dwivedi introduces is when he comfortably skips most of the jarringly morbid accounts that Pritam describes at length, while delineating the menace of Partition. He shows abductions, loots, killings and violence, but never in their grim shapes. Unlike Pritam, who has portrayed faithful descriptions of the magnitude of the violence and horror that was unleashed at the time of Partition, Dwivedi shies away from the same. In Pritam's tale, the entire coming about of this terror is explicitly represented:

> In Hamida's village they beat drums of joy and hung out green flags with the crescent moon and star. Every day, with the Muslims foregathered at the mosque, the faces of the Hindus turned pale, as if they had been smeared with turmeric.
> The Hindus in the villages next to theirs began to flee. They left their cows tethered; their buffaloes lowed piteously. Their homes and fields became the haunt of ghosts. They fled during the night, but some were discovered and killed before they could get very far; others were found murdered many miles away.[56]

Or a little later, when Pooro begins to describe the plight in her own village, Pritam offers yet another dreadful face of Partition unabashedly:

> Then it began in her own village, Chatto. The Hindus moved into one home for safety. They hoarded grain and provisions in the courtyard and no man or woman stirred out. They were like animals in a cage. Only the Muslims roamed about free. They broke into the homes of the Hindus and occupied them.
> One morning they decided to assault the house in which the Hindus had sought refuge. They poured kerosene oil over the windows and doors and put burning faggots to them. The flames shot up in the sky. The trapped men and women began to scream.

> Just then an Indian armed military convoy drove into the village. The soldiers came in the nick of time, put out the fire and rescued the inmates. They loaded the petrified, screaming crowd into their trucks. Three had been badly burnt; fat oozed from them like wax; the flesh peeled off their bones like parchments; their elbows and knees stuck out like white stumps. By the time the others were seated, these three were dead. There was no time to cremate them. The soldiers ignored the protests of their relatives, dumped their bodies in the lane and drove away.[57]

The ghastly violence committed against women too is poignantly culled by means of the novelist's pen:

> Hamida's ears burned with rage when she heard of the abduction of Hindu girls by Muslims and of Muslim girls by Hindus. Some had been forced into marriage, some murdered, some stripped and paraded naked in the streets.[58]

Pritam even makes use of some singular episodes to heighten the appalling and hideous tragedy of Partition:

> One day Hamida saw a band of a dozen or more *goondas* pushing a young girl before them. She had not a stitch of clothing on her person. The *goondas* beat drums and danced about the naked girl. Hamida could not find out where they came from or where they were going.[59]

Her descriptions are so realistically moving that they can comfortably match the formidable chronicles of Partition violence, as found in various historical, sociological and literary accounts. One is immediately reminded of the numerous harrowing tales narrated by the eye-witnesses of the horrendous massacres that accompanied Partition, as found in varied compilations on Partition violence. However, such stark and gory expressions of the Partition violence are absent in the movie. Of course, these could be the constraints of the medium that Dwivedi is working with. Considering the reach of the medium, it is not really feasible to display a "naked parade ... of violence"[60] unhesitantly on screen. Sentiments can be hurt and equally serious is the fear of the Censor Board. Hence, directors are often seen to abstain from treading sensitive grounds in films, which can plunge them into troubled waters. The case becomes yet more trying while depicting violence on screen. In the visual medium, representing violence has a potentially far more traumatizing and scary effects than the written or spoken word ever does. Hence, a director cannot explicitly represent it in all its dreary forms on screen.

However, Dwivedi cannot be comfortably given a clean chit for not offering on screen the true colours of Partition violence. In fact, in such a situation, when the medium offers limitations to express the same on the larger canvas, the director is expected to cull out ingenious ways of projecting this bone-chilling horror, without which a film on Partition seems almost incomplete. Be it *Tamas* or *1947: Earth*, directors of Partition films have always placed the violence motif centrally in their movies. A remarkable example of accomplishing the same is the train sequence in Deepa Mehta's *1947: Earth* (as discussed in the previous chapter). In what is often labelled as the most telling scene of the movie, Mehta has very innovatively captured the entire fright and pain of Partition. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, on the other hand, fails miserably in representing this compellingly obnoxious face of Partition. Neither his frames depicting the mass hysteria, nor the ones reflecting the violence perpetrated against women, manage to create the requisite emotional turmoil, which a work dealing with the bloody Partition needs to arouse. Many might argue that to do so was not Dwivedi's objective. He was keener on projecting a face of Partition, which dealt with what women suffered in the wake of this massive annihilation. He even uses the compellingly telling poetry of Amrita Pritam, right at the outset of the movie, to elucidate the same. However, the problem, as discussed in the former part of this chapter is that Dwivedi has not even managed to potently capture the latter. As a result, according to me, the film merely ends up as a weak attempt to portray Partition and what such divisions do to their women. Though Dwivedi's endeavour was to represent what women as a whole underwent during the course of Partition, his venture ends up as a melodramatic representation of the same. Besides, upon a closer examination, one finds that all through his movie, he simply concentrates on a single sturdy lady called Pooro. The collective longings, tribulations, turmoils, emotions in the deepest corners of the female heart (as they appear in Pritam's *Pinjar*), are barely captured by the director.

In fact, one almost gets an impression that even when Dwivedi chooses to portray the abductions and plights of women like Lajo and the poor rape victim rescued by Pooro, he does it only to carry forward his story. The intention is not really to depict the pathos, trauma and tragedy of millions of women, who underwent torment and humiliation during Partition. Instead, these sub-plots seem to be used more to reflect the courage and individuality of Pooro, who acts as a staff for all the other disabled women of the movie. In such a light, we only witness Pooro helping these jeopardized souls reach a safe destination. It is Pooro who appears the woman with courage and might. While watching Pooro assist others of her ilk,

one almost gets a feeling that just like she has forced her abductor to feel terribly guilty, she has now vowed to rescue each of these weaklings, who would otherwise, have only suffered or died. In other words, through their journeys too, we see the power of Pooro's character and convictions. Hence, upon a keener analysis, these sub-narratives too end up becoming crucial to Pooro's central narrative and grit.

The helpless, nameless victim's presence is significant to Pooro's story as it becomes a prop for her to go to the refugee camp, where she gets to meet Ram Chand, who in turn informs her about his sister Lajo's abduction. Similarly Lajo's story becomes important because it is this strand, which then helps Pooro meet her brother in the end. It is in her final meeting with her brother that she is offered the crucial choice to remain with Rashida or go back to her 'own' people. Hence, one often gets a feeling that these two other Partition victims' presence is principally to lead the story further. Besides, while Pooro rescues these helpless young girls, the viewers are left further mesmerized by her steadfastness, compassion and final judgement.

Pritam too uses the very same sub-narratives, but in their description, she manages to evoke pain and fear. In fact, Pritam remarkably narrates the traumatic plight of these other ladies and the readers are touched by their grief, just as they are by Pooro's. Hence, they do not end up like the failed presentations of Dwivedi's, who only casually talks about them, without bothering to raise the emotional quotients of his viewers to levels, which are desirable, while narrating the pathos of these two Partition victims.

To use these sub-plots to merely carry forward the central plot, reduces the spark of Dwivedi's venture. These were definitely opportune moments to attempt what Dwivedi called his central focus. He could have, like Pritam, tapped these situations to present what women underwent during Partition. But the director ends up painting a very weak portrayal of the trauma of these two young ladies. He deals with them so cursorily, that they end up as merely half-baked attempts to depict the horror of the Partition violence, whose most vicious faces were borne by the women of those times.

Thus, it would not be unfair to state that all through these descriptions, as well as the entire course of the movie, it is Pooro who gets the lime-light. It is her face that shines the brightest. In fact, Dwivedi concentrates so much on Pooro, her existential decisions and actions that the

entire purpose of Pritam's *Pinjar* and to an extent his own claimed intentions are badly defeated. As a result, the movie remains neither one that shows the coming about of Partition, nor the story of countless women who suffered in the name of religion during Partition. It becomes just another story set against the backdrop of Partition, which deals with an extraordinary woman with an undying spirit to go on, even when the worst stares in her face. Besides, as one watches the narrative unfold, one keeps getting a feeling that not every woman can be the Pooro that Dwivedi conceives.

Amrita Pritam, on the other hand, deals with the same character, but more sensitively. She almost strips open realistically her Pooro's heart and mind before her readers. We see the Pooro in Pritam's *Pinjar* experience a riot of emotions, but their intensities are all believable. On the other hand, Dwivedi ends up creating the text book image of a bold lady in Pooro and fails to capture the intricacies of a woman's real life experiences. The task undoubtedly must have been hard for a man. What Pritam does most endearingly, appears rather superficially done by Dwivedi; the man. I do not claim to imply that men cannot accomplish the same. However, being a woman of those times surely gives Pritam an extra edge. Shashi Deshpande too, indirectly acknowledges the same while commenting upon the concerns of any given writer. Though she claims that ultimately a writer could be talking about any issue based on his/her sensibility, "our concerns naturally depend on who we are which includes a variety of factors, including gender."[61] In other words, Pritam definitely had that additional insight, which Dwivedi perhaps was alien to.

Neither his gender, nor his location helps him in any way. Watching the reactions of his Pooro, one almost gets an impression that he has created a character in a rather shallow fashion. His Pooro appears almost out of context. When Pritam delineates Pooro's fire and anger, not even once does she forget that Pooro is located in a conventional Hindu family of the Punjab of the 30s and 40s. Very sensitively she draws her central argument on the bases of the thoughts and emotional responses of this Pooro, grounded in her traditional structure. Pritam dwells upon Pooro's longings and psychological insights, but never does her Pooro react or act out very aggressively. And this gentle, silent wrath and protest of Pooro is completely fathomable. One cannot forget that neither is she educated, nor does she have the support structure to enable her to act out her wits. In fact, in the early part of the narrative, she is not even mature and old enough to do so. Her heart though cannot be stopped from feeling and that is precisely what Pritam attempts to trace. Thus, one observes that Pritam

very authentically, lays bare the remotest corners of Pooro's mind. To do so, Pritam very intelligently uses a method apt to tell her tale, the way she wished to. She uses the stream of consciousness technique and helps her readers penetrate the farthest recesses of her character's heart. Besides, equally sensitively, Pritam connects her Pooro to all the other women characters of her tale. Hence, the readers look upon her narrative as the collective journeys, longings and cries of women, with Pooro as their central face. And while doing so, Pritam also accomplishes to capture the idea that all through the disaster of Partition, these varied faces fought with a resilience of its own kind.

Not just Pritam, Bapsi Sidhwa and Deepa Mehta too have created a very strong character in the Ayah of *Ice-Candy-Man* and *1947: Earth* respectively. In fact, their Ayah is seen to have experienced yet more of life and people than Pritam's Pooro. However, even then, she is shown to act out Ice-candy-man's will, till she stays as a captive in his house. Until her release, he is presented very clearly as the master of her life. She is forced to do what he wishes her to. She does it unwillingly and hatefully, but cannot afford to deny any of it. Her spirit though cannot be crushed. Nor can anyone stop her heart and head from feeling and thinking her own way. It is due to this grit itself that she even manages to escape from Ice-candy-man's custody. However, what one cannot ignore is the fact that till she is with him, she cannot act against his wishes. And this was a practical reality, which cannot be casually skimmed aside. Many of the abducted women did not lose their individuality in the face of the adversity that struck them during Partition, but acted out their agencies only when the moments were ripe. Dwivedi, on the other hand, goes overboard in presenting the individuality of his central protagonist.

Things appear rather skewed, especially in the light of background that he builds. All the sets, costumes, dialogues, traditions that he depicts are of the Punjab of the 1940s. We see Pooro's parents ready to marry her off, while the mother is still pregnant with her fifth child. This was a common scene in the Punjab of those times.We hear Pooro's mother tell her husband to fix Pooro's wedding at the earliest, so that they can be relieved of the burden of their daughter. The father too is heard stating the same:

> Is baar to main Pooro ka bhaar utaar ke hi lautoonga. Aage rab ki itchcha.[62]

We do witness the exchange of brothers and sisters in marriage; a tradition that was not uncommon to those times:

> Aapko to pata hi hoga ki hamaare yahan adla badli se sambandh hote hain. Aapke ghar ki bachchi hamaare ghar ayegi aur hamaare ghar ki ek bachchi aapke ghar jayegi. Suna hai aapke bhi shaadi layak ek bada ladka hai. ... To ji hamaari choti bachchi ke saath uska sambandh manzoor ho, to aaj se hamaara beta aapka hua.[63]

In fact, everything about the sets, costumes and the behaviour of the characters suggests that the director is creating a life, typical to the traditional Punjabi household of the late 30s and 40s. Within this context, to imagine Pooro to be reasonably grown up does not really fit the bill well. Further, to imagine a young, uneducated, meagerly exposed girl to behave and react the way Pooro does in the movie, does not even appear conceivable. It almost appears like an anachronism, damaging the credibility of the central endeavour. If one assumes that Pooro is different, then again the movie succumbs to its inherent trappings; whereby the venture becomes just another exceptional tale of an extraordinary Pooro, set against the backdrop of Partition. Neither does it tell us much about how or why Partition crept into the lives of the ordinary masses, nor does it trace sensitively the collective experiences of the women of those times, with Pooro as their central face. In other words, if it is to be believed that Pooro is a special case, then her thoughts and actions too do not signify the bitter realities of the times. Pritam, on the other hand, accomplishes to depict precisely this journey. She encapsulates successfully in her classic tale, the paths tread and realities lived by women cast in a fate, similar to that of Pooro.

This reasonably disparate representation does not come as a surprise. Besides being two different creative artists, Amrita Pritam was a woman who had witnessed Partition with her own naked eyes. Dwivedi, on the other hand, is neither a Punjabi, who has seen the calamity unravel before himself, nor has he been even obliquely affected by the traumatic event. Some of the artists like Deepa Mehta have not been directly hit by the catastrophe, but they too have grown up on tales of how their fathers and forefathers suffered during the disaster. However, all through the narrative, Dwivedi makes this lack of a first hand experience rather obvious. In fact, in one of his interviews, the director even voices this gap:

> I wasn't born before Partition. Plus, I was born in Rajasthan, so no one in my family had a tale to tell me about Partition. So I knew nothing about its pain and tribulations.
> But when I read about it, I realized what a tragedy humanity has gone through.[64]

Besides, he does not even succeed in comprehending the subtle and complex emotions that upsurge in a woman's breast. It is perhaps for this reason that Dwivedi's *Pinjar* often appears a melodramatic and skewed attempt at portraying a face of Partition, which he had not seen or felt, but conceived on the basis of calculated readings. However, (despite his best efforts and claims of a thorough understanding), his movie at the end of the day gives the impression of being thoroughly researched, but an outsider's attempt to delineate a face of Partition that was crucial to the entire catastrophe.

Other than of course the characterization of Pooro, Dwivedi has played around with the characterization of Rashida too. Rashida is the abductor of Pooro. He commits this act at the instigation of his relatives, who proclaim vengeance for an ancient feud between his and Pooro's family. One of Pooro's uncles had once in the past, abducted one of Rashida's aunts for three nights. He had then thrown her out to suffer. Coupled with this feeling of revenge, is another vested interest. The moment Rashida casts his eye upon Pooro, he is seen to fall in love with her. He declares this to Pooro, somewhere in the middle of the story:

> "Allah is my witness that on the very first day I cast my eyes on you, I fell in love with you. It was my love and the prodding of the *Shaikh* clan that made me do this. But I cannot bear to see you so sad."[65]

It is out of this calling of his family as well as his heart that Rashida lifts Pooro. He carries her, but is deep down a good-hearted fellow. When he realizes her pain, he cannot help but feel guilty:

> "My sins be forgiven me! Speak to me just once!" said a voice beside her. Pooro raised her fevered head.[66]

He begins to hold himself responsible for the trauma that he has inflicted upon the lady he loves. We see him harbour this regret in a couple of episodes in the novel. So is the case in the movie. However, the level and intensity of Rashida's guilt is much more magnified and pronounced in the movie.

Even at the outset, the tone of the love that Rashida expresses for Pooro is a little different from the way it is presented in the novel. While in the novel, Rashida's initial glances are described to be lascivious, in the movie, his glances as well as gestures are often presented as rather sophisticated. In the novel, when Rashida looks at Pooro for the first time, Pritam describes it thus:

> A man suddenly emerged from behind a *peepul* tree and stood in the middle of the path, barring her way. It was the Muslim lad, Rashida. He was a powerfully built youth in his early twenties. His lips were curled in a mischieveous smile. His eyes were glued on Pooro's still unformed breasts.[67]

Later too his appearances are coupled with descriptions of "a lecherous grin on his face."[68] On the other hand, Rashida's expressions in the movie are quite innocent. When he stares at her, he appears to be someone absolutely smitten by Pooro's love. We see him track her through the village. Unlike the novel, in the movie, we never see him utter a word before her. In the novel though, he is seen to often stalk her and at one such occasion even spouts lustily:

> "Why the fear, beautiful? I am your slave." Rashida had the same mischievous smile as before on his face.[69]

In other words, unlike the novel, which has undercurrents of Rashida being fascinated and lustily attracted towards Pooro, the Rashida of the movie is presented as way too decent for any vulgar word or lusty thought. This is a noteworthy departure and one requires to seriously examine the reasons behind this stance. One major motivation could be that perhaps Dwivedi required to create Rashida's character as gentle enough for the vitality and strength of his Pooro to shine more effectively. If he had shown Rashida even a little more assertive, the narrative would perhaps have had to tread a separate path. In fact, it is because of the fact that Rashida is shown as way too gentle that Pooro can afford to be as aggressive as she appears in the movie. If Rashida had been as stiff-lipped and harsh as for example Lajo's abductor, Dwivedi might have needed to portray Pooro's fate and behaviour rather differently.

In the movie, Rashida comes across as a man with a heart of gold. In his confused amalgam of passionate emotions, he is seen to lift Pooro; but only to regret later. This burning repentance too is not so prominently culled forth in the novel. Though, even in the novel, the readers consider Rashida noble-hearted, he never appears to suffocate with guilt, the way he does in the movie. Besides, the novel is not even so much about Rashida as it is about Pooro's journey. Thus, one could argue that like Pooro, Dwivedi has rephrased the character of Rashida as well. In the process, even the screen space that Rashida claims, appears as significant as Pooro's. Rashida's reactions and presence in the movie assumes as crucial proportions as Pooro's. Let us discuss some prominent moments of the movie vis-à-vis the novel that further strengthen this argument.

In the movie, Pooro is seen to fling a terribly hurtful dialogue at Rashida, when she learns that she is expecting his child, "Tere paap ko dhhote dhhote chaar mahine ho gaye."[70] The excited Rashida is only left fiercely stung by her venomous attack. He withdraws with hurt looming large in his eyes. This scene and dialogue, which is completely absent in the novel, is brilliantly acted by Manoj Bajpai, who won the national award for this performance. To further intensify the pain of his Rashida, Dwivedi cleverly inserts a song that accentuates this mood of Rashida. With Rashida visiting the *dargah* of a *pir* and the Wadaali brothers singing "Darda maariya," the audience is left moved by Rashida's sorrow.

In the novel, on the other hand, when Pooro discovers that she is pregnant, she feels angry and hurt. However, not once do we hear her express her bitterness before her husband. Though unwillingly, she is even seen to bear and safely deliver his child. She is not the Pooro of the movie, who self-aborts in retaliation. Similarly, unlike the movie, in the novel, we never come across the beaten Rashida withdraw in silence and grief, when he learns about his dead child. Dwivedi, on the other hand, superbly dwells upon this guilt-ridden face of Rashida, all through the movie.

In the novel too, the readers hear Rashida express the burden of inflicting pain upon Pooro and feel sorry for having separated her forever from her family. In a crucial moment, when he finally rescues Lajo and is carrying her home safely, he gives voice to this very emotion:

> "Ya Allah!" muttered Rashida, as he helped Lajo on to the back of the mare. He mounted the saddle and dug his heels into the animal's flanks. It broke into a fast gallop. Rashida could not help recalling the time he had picked up Pooro from the dusty track. ... He remembered that when he had abducted Pooro, his conscience had weighed like a stone, which had become heavier and heavier. It had weighed on his mind for long. That night as the mare sped through the starlit countryside, the weight seemed to lift and he felt as light as a flower speeding in the fragrant breeze.[71]

However, this guilt, which is represented only occasionally in the novel, never seems to escape the eyes of Rashida in the movie. From the time he lifts her and is trying to pacify the terrified Pooro, to when he offers *nikaah*, to even the moment he gets Hamida inscribed on Pooro's arm, the viewers see this burning emotion loom large in his eyes. In fact, in order to build up this varying degree of repentance and regret, Dwivedi has even significantly altered the last of the above mentioned descriptions. In the novel, we simply come across a narration, where Rashida gets home a man with him one day, to inscribe Pooro's new Muslim name on

her arm. We see him clinically ask Pooro to stretch out her arm, on which her new identity is etched permanently. The case in the movie is rather distinct. In the movie, we see Rashida's relatives coax him to do so. We hear Rashida's elderly aunt warningly complain to him once:

> Aur baawre, tu apni naak sambhaal. Poora din Pooro-Pooro gata phirta hai. Arre nikaah ke waqt koi naam to rakha hoga tune. ... Sun uske haath pe naam gudwaade. To use naam se pukaarne ki aadat pad jayegi. Saari baaton pe khaakh bhi pad jayegi. Na koi puchega; na jaanchega.[72]

It is then that we see Rashida act out the instructions and suggestions offered to him. Interestingly, while in the novel, we see Rashida go about his order rather matter of factly, in the movie, Rashida is shown to be not even a wee bit confident. There is hesitation, awkwardness and embarrassment in his tone and body-language, while he orders Pooro to extend her arm to the stranger. It is not a confident order. Instead he fidgets while he speaks. Dwivedi perhaps has consciously brought forth such subtle departures to amplify the intensity of the qualms experienced by his Rashida. In fact, one almost gets a feeling that the director is trying to justify the goodness of Rashida, as much as he can. However, one needs to seriously deliberate the reasons behind such a stand by the film-maker.

One reason, as discussed above, is that in the light of such a mellow character, Pooro's character (as a very strong, self-willed woman) stands out more pronounced. Along with this, Rashida's character too claims a far greater and more meaningful screen space than it would have, in case Dwivedi had not brought about these above mentioned alterations. In fact, if Dwivedi had not transformed the character of Rashida, neither would he have had as many scenes, nor as many dialogues as he finally gets in the movie. Rashida would never have got an opportunity to portray a gamut of emotions and feelings – love, anger, rejection, sorrow, repentance and selflessness. Besides, the movie then would hardly have been about Rashida. It would have been only about Pooro. Rashida, in turn, would merely have remained the flat character that he appears in the novel. In other words, this entire complex face of Rashida would have been unthinkable, had Dwivedi not altered his presentation of Rashida. And the national award for Manoj Bajpai too would have only remained a dream, far away from reality! Yet another reason could be a little more politically conditioned.

Dwivedi, at the end of the day, was showing a Muslim man abduct a Hindu woman. Later in the narrative too, the positioning of the story is such that the chief sufferers are shown to be Hindus. When he shows evacuations, it is the Hindus who are seen running for their lives.

When he represents abductions, it is the Hindu women who are abducted and their rapists and captors are Muslims. It is always the Muslims who are seen to initiate and perpetrate the crime, while the Hindus are shown to merely suffer at the receiving end. In times ripe with political altercations, such a presentation of all sufferings against Hindus and perpetrated by the Muslims, could have become the focus of a prominent controversy. Though the story is placed in an area which finally goes to Pakistan and it is not hard to comprehend that Hindus would suffer in such a case, such a portrayal could have invited a huge and biting uproar. In simple words, these could have been perceived as dangerous sketches, which could have sent across signals free to be misinterpreted. In such a situation, Rashida's redemption track assumes metaphoric proportions. As Dwivedi infuses tremendous humanism in his central Muslim character, in one clean sweep he escapes all attacks, which would have stamped his endeavour springing from biased leanings.

In fact, this was also one of the major reasons that all eyes had been impatiently waiting for the movie. Critics and scholars were curious to witness the political grounds that the director would adopt in his representation of the sensitive issue of Partition. They were especially interested because Dwivedi, with his earlier works, had already created a perception of belonging to the rightwing camp. In a personal interview with Dr. M. S. Sathyu, the veteran director too claimed Dwivedi's ideological stands (especially vis-à-vis *Chanakya*), as obviously rightist.[73] In such conditions, with the rightist tag already attached to him, the slightest one-sided portrayal of violence would have further strengthened it against him.

It has often been observed that when vociferous disputes regarding stark political leanings envelope a movie, its central concern is normally ignored by the audience. In fact, such an attempt ends up being remembered as merely a movie caught amidst a furor; while the central theme fizzles off. Dwivedi surely did not want the fate of his movie to be thus. He was primarily concerned with presenting the story of his Pooro and women like her, who suffered during Partition. Hence, it would not be far-fetched to claim that such politically conditioned concerns might have prompted Dwivedi to alter the characterization of his Rashida.

However, this does not imply that just one redemption track of Rashida, completely absolves Dwivedi of becoming the subject of ferocious debates, deliberating his political leanings. The subject of his movie, in the first place, is one that involves these inherent risks. To add fuel to fire is his track record. Hence, it becomes crucial to analyse Dwivedi's location in politics.

Though many have labelled Dwivedi's effort as an unbiased and objective representation of Partition, I have some reservations. According to me, it is Pritam's endeavour that can comfortably be labelled as neither maimed, nor a jaundiced representation of the tragedy. Her effort clearly stands out as an attempt to capture poignantly and impartially, what the women underwent pre and post the catastrophe of Partition. All through her narrative, she has deftly explored the woman's heart and sufferings, especially in times like Partition. One clearly observes the innermost recesses of a woman's soul and spirit. In fact, all the emotions, experiences, dreams, desires, reactions and thoughts of her chief protagonists appear straight out of the book of life. They appear neither exaggerated, nor concocted. And the woman she talks about actually represents all women; irrespective of caste, colour, creed or religion. In fact, Pooro is shown to suffer more as a Hindu than she does after she becomes a Muslim, following her marriage with Rashida. The other women who are shown to suffer too are not from a specific community. While Kammo is a Hindu, Taro is a Muslim. Pritam's attack stands yet more pronounced, as the readers read about the mad woman. By putting under enigma the religious identity of this deranged lady and delineating emphatically the chaos that springs from this confusion of religious identity, Pritam very intelligently (in fact metaphorically), achieves her agenda. The mad woman's tragedy is shown to spring out of not just *dharma*. It is because of the system that she is shown to suffer. It is the patriarchal norms that are to be blamed for her pathetic plight. And by projecting this, Pritam makes her point emphatically. It is not religion, but the system that she attacks. Dwivedi, on the other hand, fails to do so. A little later in the discussion, I shall deliberate upon this very observation elaborately.

Besides, unlike Pritam, he ends up treating most of his crucial presentations rather casually. To elaborate this, I shall quote a significant moment in both the narratives (novel as well as the film) and then present a comparative analysis of the two. Right towards the opening of the novel, Pooro's marriage is fixed with a young handsome lad of a neighbouring village called Rattoval. Around that time, Pooro is shown to be a lass of fifteen. Pritam has tried to comprehensively capture the emotions of a young traditional girl, who is engaged to be married. Very elaborately Pritam culls out numerous moments in the novel, where she describes the youthful Pooro dreaming about her marriage that is round the corner. She is excited and her heart is shown to be full of romance, as she longs for her precious moment to arrive. From the passionate longings, to catch a fleeting glimpse of her fiancé, to dreaming about a life with him; Pritam sketches it all. Pritam's descriptions appear so realistic, that it

almost appears that she had an X-ray machine, which could peer right through the spirit of Pooro. One immediately connects to the emotion, which she tries to build. The portrayal of Pooro here appears true to that of an actual traditional rustic girl. Pritam carefully describes the impatient waits of the young Pooro:

> Pooro often went across her father's fields and strayed on to the footpath connecting the two villages. She loitered in the neighbouring lots, on the pretext of picking spinach. Sometimes she would go to the *jamun* tree, shake its branches and spend a long time gathering its fruit. She would keep her friends engaged in gossip while her eyes watched the footpath which led to Ram Chand's village. She prayed that Ram Chand might come that way, so that she could have a good look at him. The very thought would set her heart beating faster.[74]

Not only does she describe these innocent, enthusiastically romantic actions of an immature 'to be' bride, Pritam also describes the gradual romance blooming in Pooro's heart. Born and bred as a conventional Punjabi girl, Pooro knows clearly what her destiny is to be. She must even have seen many a girls like her go through a similar state. She knows that her destiny is permanently sealed with Ram Chand. And she clearly begins to live this imaginary romance with Ram Chand, which is soon going to be her only reality. Pritam very sensitively delineates this love blossom in Pooro's heart:

> And then her night would be spent in dreaming of the youth who was soon to become her husband.[75]

Very subtly, she lays bare before her readers, how Pooro begins to accept Ram Chand as her husband. When her young friends tease her of some ill-omen that might reduce Ram Chand's life, the young fiancée can't even bear the thought. In other words, in her heart of hearts, we gradually see Pooro becoming Ram Chand's wife:

> She saw it all taking place before her eyes: the girls forcing red ivory bangles on to her arms; the bigger sliding on easily; the smaller slipping on the left arm but unable to go over the right hand. The barber, whose job it was, would grease her wrist with oil and try to force her hand through the ivory bangle. Would it stand the strain? The bangle was the symbol of marital bliss. If one broke, it was a sure sign of disaster to come - perhaps of an early widowhood. Pooro looked angrily at her right hand. She prayed that Ram Chand would live to a great age - to a hundred thousand years or more.[76]

Such longings and romantic imaginations, as drawn by Pritam, are ones that any woman like Pooro would connect to. They seem genuine representations of the psyche of a girl placed in a location similar to that of Pooro. Dwivedi, on the other hand, fails to capture this emotion

and journey of a woman's heart. In fact, his effort of presenting this romance brewing in his Pooro's heart, appears rather sketchy and sentimental. He never bothers to present Pooro's nervous waits or ardent prayers to catch a sole glimpse of her fiancé or to show how her love for Ram Chand grows in the due course. There is just a singular episode where the spectators watch Pooro standing with her friends at the corner of a road, when Ram Chand happens to cross by on his cycle. As he passes by, one of Pooro's mates decides to tease him a little. She stops and asks him if he is engaged. As Ram Chand acknowledges his engagement with Pooro, the village belle cries, "Phir mera kya hoga raanjhe."[77] To this Ram Chand retorts:

> Waise naak toh teri theek hi dikhayee deti hai. Agar tu kahe to apne chhote bhai Lakhan se teri baat chalaa doon?[78]

Her friend is only left feeling a little embarrassed at what she has said. Not knowing what to say further, she offers him to at least meet Pooro. However, the gentleman Ram Chand only cycles past. And as he rides by, he cries:

> To keh de apni sakhi Jaanki se, ki ek baar phir sochle. Ram aur Jaanki ke bhagya mein vanvaas bhi likha tha.[79]

Ram Chand's intelligent repartees are then seen to fill Pooro with pride and we see Dwivedi make his Pooro speak her heart out at this juncture:

> Is Ram Chand ke liye ye Jaanki vanvaas to kya, aag ka dariya bhi paar kar jaegi.[80]

And in one clean sweep the readers are made to believe that Pooro, in her heart of hearts, has already accepted Ram Chand as her husband. Thus, unlike Pritam, who uses simple conceivable emotions and feelings to show the love for her would-be husband gradually build and blossom in Pooro's heart, Dwivedi fails to capture this journey. In fact, one such sudden dialogue by Pooro appears rather out of the blue. All that the viewers are left wondering is when and how their Pooro becomes Ram Chand's Sita! Even the metaphoric resonances of Ram Chand and Pooro, being the idealistic Ram and Sita respectively, completely destroy the rich hues of emotions, which Pritam has so brilliantly tried to embody in her account. Though they assume prophetic proportions and become hints of what is to follow, the subtlety of the experience is unnecessarily burdened with mythic callings, which appear almost incredulous.

Pritam's characters, their feelings and reactions all appear true to life. Just as life is not simply black or white, Pritam's representations and emotions are spread over kaleidoscopic dimensions. Dwivedi, on the other hand, stands to present everything in extremes. There are no in-betweens that he bothers himself with. His Pooro is represented as an iron-willed

woman, whom circumstances cannot thaw. Her behaviour and reactions at every step appear rather exaggerated. I have already mentioned that such sketches make her stand out as a unique case - a special Pooro, whose life's trajectory is captured in the movie. One almost gets a feeling that there aren't many like her. In fact, in one of the episodes of the movie, Rashida's aunt is even heard saying something like this, "Bahut himmat waali jaan padti hai. Khuda uspar reham kare."[81]

If Pooro's characterization appears far from the ordinary, Rashida's is yet another exaggeration. He too, as discussed earlier, is too noble to be true. Other than the unusually sad redemption track that Dwivedi builds (as discussed earlier), in the closing scenes of the movie too, the director makes him spout a stance that Pritam never really bothers herself with. Dwivedi's Rashida is heard offering Pooro/Hamida to return to her people, "Pooro tu apne desh chalija. Tu apne logon ke beech chalija."[82] In this final permission, Dwivedi tries to uplift the stature of his hero in the eyes of his viewers. However, such graphs can conveniently be labelled as irritatingly emotional and fake.

Even earlier, we hear him justify Pooro's brother's act of torching Rashida's fields. When Rashida's angry cousin, annoyed at the loss they'd have to incur, threatens to find out Pooro's brother (their culprit) and lodge a case against him, we hear Rashida deny all such suggestions angrily. In fact, he labels the whole loss to spring out of his own misdoings:

> Tumhari behan ko koi utha le jata, to kya karte? Kya karte tum?
> Gunaah maine kiya! Maine! To saza to mujhe bhugatne do.[83]

This, in fact, is an extension of the same repentance, wherby he tries to redeem himself in his beloved's eye, through every single scene in the movie.

If Dwivedi culls an exceedingly pure Rashida, even the Ram Chand of the movie does not lag behind. Dwivedi very conveniently shows him the perfect 'Ram' waiting patiently for his 'Sita' to return to him. Dwivedi shows him gallantly refuse the hand of Rajo, Pooro's younger sister, when he learns of Pooro's abduction. We see this '*maryaada purshotam*' explain to his parents:

> Nahin baauji. Ishwar kisi ko bhi ye din na dikhaaye. Par aap zarra soch kar dekhiye. Jab-jab vo mujhe dekheinge, unhe apni badi beti yaad aayegi. Uski apni choti behan jab mujhe dekhegi, to kya sochegi? Ki main uska hone wala jija tha? Nahin baauji. Ye rishta unki apni choti beti ke liye thik na hoga.[84]

His too good parents too are moved by the tragedy that falls upon Pooro's family. When they get to know of the misery of their *samdhis*, Ram Chand's mother expresses gently:

> Ek dhela bhi na unse lena. Aur kehna ki ungliyon pe gin sakein, itne hi baraati aayengi. Wo bhi muthi bhar ke aayein. Unke yahan amaavas ho to, hum poonam nahin manayeinge.[85]

In fact, we also see this idealist Ram Chand wait till the last moment for his 'Sita' to return. Towards the close of the movie as well, we hear Pooro's brother urge his sister to return with them and start a new life with Ram Chand, who is willing and wanting to take her back despite her past:

> Pooro meri baat sun. Saari Hindu ladkiyaan apne-apne ghar laut raheen hain. Jo tu chahe na, to Ram Chand tujhse vivah karne ke liye tayiyaar hain. Vo tera dard samjhta hai. Tu ek naye sire se zindagi shuru kar sakegi. Kisiko pata bhi nahin chalega.[86]

Such a representation appears far from real. In fact, all of them almost appear like first cases of their kind. All that one is left asking oneself is: "When did such incidents as these, happen?" However, Pritam abstains from all this melodrama. Very starkly she offers a fair portrayal of what happened in such situations. There are no Rams or Sitas in her story. Her story is about everyday men and women - Pooros and Rashidas, Ram Chands and Lajos, that many might have seen or heard of, as they lived through the Punjab of the 30s and 40s.

Even the presentation of the happy family and the loving father of Pooro are badly overdone. They remind one of the saccharine coated frames of the Barjatias', where unbelievably happy families are seen to flourish. In the novel, Pooro's father is not really conspicuous. He features for the first time when he is to fix an alliance for his daughter. After this, the readers see him only when Pooro manages to escape from Rashida's captivity and return home to her parents. She arrives home in the hope that the parents would lovingly take her back. However, fate has something else in store for her. Her parents turn her out, fearing castigation at the hands of the society. At this moment, we only see a practical father, dictated by hostile circumstances, recommend his daughter to return. When Pooro enters the home, she falls and a cry of anguish releases from her heart. The father though cannot afford to lose his sense of reason. He immediately orders his wife to lower her voice and sobbing:

> "The neighbours will hear. There will be a crowd," warned her father. Pooro's mother stuffed her mouth with the hem of her shirt.[87]

After warning his wife and daughter to smother their cries, he politely advises Pooro to leave. This does not mean that Pooro's father is heartless and does not care for his girl. He too would have wished well for his daughter but is shown to be helpless. Protecting Pooro at this crucial juncture would only have meant sacrificing the lives of the rest of his family members. In those times, a family whose daughter had been trapped under mysterious circumstances, especially by a member of the other community had to undergo humiliation at the society's hands. They would be declared and treated as virtual outcasts. In such situations then, the disgraced daughter would simply be pronounced as dead for the entire family. Hence, we too see the father fearing ostracism from the patriarchal social mores prevalent in those times and urging Pooro to return:

> "Daughter, this fate was ordained for you; we are helpless." Pooro heard her father's voice. She clung to her mother. "The *Shaikhs* will descend on us and destroy everything we have."[88]

When Pooro pleads with him to take her along with them to Thailand, her father is seen to utter his worldly-wisdom:

> "Who will marry you now? You have lost your religion and your birthright. If we dare to help you, we will be wiped out without a trace of blood left behind to tell of our fate"[89]

We do learn that Pooro's abduction had been reported to the police. The police though are heard to pronounce her as missing, because they have already been bribed by Rashida's clan. Rashida discloses this to Pooro, somewhere in the heart of the narrative:

> "The police have been searching for you but have reported that they could not find any clue. How could they? They have taken exactly Rs.500 from us. We have the upper hand now; most of the villagers are Muslims; no Hindu dare raise his eyes before us. They are lucky their lives and property are safe. They know that if they want to keep their heads on their shoulders, they had better stay quiet." There was bitterness in Rashida's voice. Perhaps the old fire of revenge was not extinct.[90]

In the movie, on the other hand, we witness a loving father first pamper his daughter and then try everything in his power to recover his abducted daughter. In fact, in a particular scene that never features in the novel, we even see him plead with the clan of his daughter's abductors to return Pooro to him safely, else her life would be destroyed forever. We see him go down on his knees and beg:

> Dekhiye main aapke aage haath jodta hoon. Meri bachchi ki zindagi barbaad ho jayegi. ... Dekhiye, dekhiye aap jo kaheinge main karne ko taiyaar hoon. Aapka thooka chaat lunga. Meri bachchi lauta do.[91]

It is only after this ardent appeal is rejected that he decides to forsake his disgraced daughter forever. This intensity of grief that Pooro's father is shown to experience is never reflected in the novel. In the novel too, the father is shown to be concerned for his daughter. We even hear him file a report about his missing daughter in the local police station. However, at no point does Pritam show him beg profusely before his daughter's abductors or face humiliation and dishonour, as he pleads for mercy before Rashida's uncles and brothers. Perhaps such additions are requirements of the medium that Dwivedi was dappling in. In the cinematic form, it becomes crucial to infuse frames with heightened emotions that would generate sustained emotional responses. And such passionate display of love, hopelessness and concern, help achieve precisely this. Dwivedi clearly needed to present Pooro's life before her abduction as full of joy and warmth. It was only in contrast to this picture-perfect past, that her trauma would appear magnified and genuinely bitter.

Perhaps due to such callings, Dwivedi even introduced initial moments of joy and laughter in Pooro's life. The first half hour of the movie simply shows Pooro revelling in her fortunate state of affairs. She has loving parents. She lives in a house that has a very comfortable income. Her marriage too is fixed with a desirable young man named Ram Chand, of a neighboring village. To add cherry to the pie is the love bond that she shares with her brother, who dotes on her. In fact, this is a complete departure from the novel. Pooro's brother, in the novel, is shown as a mere twelve year old boy, whose presence is never clearly mentioned in the early part of the narrative. The first time he features in person in the story is when we hear him set Rashida's field on fire, to avenge his sister's abduction, many years after the bitter tragedy. Before that, he is simply presented as a kid, who perhaps cannot even fathom the happenings. It is after many years go by that we see him grow up and fully comprehend the happenings and return from Thailand to avenge the wrong done to his sister and family.

In other words, a lot of this happy family drama is never represented in the novel. In the movie, on the other hand, Dwivedi has carefully and elaborately penned down scenes, where he captures yet another ideal relation. This time round it is the perfect brother–sister relation. Pooro and her brother (who, unlike the novel, is shown to be elder in the movie) are seen to be exceptionally close to each other. They share the picture-book love, warmth and concern.

They are seen affectionately teasing and playing around with each other. Pooro manages *chanda* for her brother's party-work, keeps his secrets and pampers him as much as she can. He in turn too is the adorable loving brother, whose life and happiness is ripped apart, when he learns of his little sister's abduction. In fact, after the episode of Pooro being carried away, all through the movie we see him as the terribly grieved and unsettled brother. All we see him do, post his sister's abduction is to try and rescue her from her abductor. In fact, that is shown to become the sole ambition of his life. In the process, he even ignores his own marriage and his new bride. We see him get unsavoury and irritable after this tragedy. His mind is seen to be preoccupied with simply finding the whereabouts of his dear sister and bringing her back home. To do so, we see him leave no stone unturned. It is this tension, which is built upon all through the narrative that even justifies his final action of setting Rashida's fields on fire.

Thus, after the perfect father, husband and fiancé that we get to witness, he too appears to set into the cast of the ideal brother. However, such representations do get problematic at times because these sugarcoated states often destroy the genuine emotion of the situation. Instead of moving, realistic accounts, they end up as melodramatic sketches, presented to satiate the palate of the Bollywood cinemagoers. It would not even be unfair to state that it is perhaps in keeping with this typical viewership, that Dwivedi avoids all the nuances, which Pritam so subtly offers in her novel. He in turn, presents rather simplistic stands, which can be conveniently understood and responded to by the masses.

The Bollywood audience most definitely would have been an important factor operating all through the making of this movie. Dwivedi himself confesses the need to keep into consideration his audience's needs, while filming *Pinjar*. In an interview, he clearly expresses concerns like the saleability of his product and market expectations determining the shape of any Hindi movie venture:

> It would be a lie if I say that I didn't compromise during the making of this film. There were certain things that I wanted to do differently. I started with a conviction that remained unchanged till the end of the film. But not everyone associated with it had the same reasons or continued to share the same wavelength. ... I want *Pinjar* to do well so that if another Chandraprakash Dwivedi wants to make a film on a different subject in the future, my film is not cited as an example of what happens to such movies.[92]

In the light of such comments, it becomes but obvious that the director was very consciously making cinema to cater to the Bollywood masses. Dwivedi's claim was never to make just an art movie, which would have just a very elite audience. He was surely keen on making a high-budget movie with a grander reach. In fact, he states the same in an interview:

> Anyone who has spent Rs. 13 crores will expect a return from his film. Even the art filmmakers, as you call them, want their films to do well.[93]

Hence, it would be normal to assume that while filming his *Pinjar*, Dwivedi must constantly have borne in mind market trends. The unbelievably ideal characters and melodramatic situations of his movie can then be attributed to such commercial concerns of the director.

In fact, the music of the movie and the initial sketching of vibrant scenes and characters too primarily spring from such commercial considerations. "Maar udaari" and "Veera ki doli" can very easily slip into the cast of the typical Bollywood formulae, introduced to draw crowds to the theatres. Music is a crucial component for any Bollywood endeavour to run successfully and evoke the requisite emotional responses. Hence, the colour, charm and music of especially the opening couple of moments become crucial to Dwivedi's central agenda too. However, he does not use these frames unwisely. Dwivedi very carefully employs them to poignantly carry forward his narrative. As the colours change from bright and colourful hues to the dull browns and blacks and the music progresses from fun-filled lilting rhythms to the more hauntingly depressive forms, the viewers too tread the journey from a world of light to one of darkness. In fact, this journey from colour to darkness has often been used by numerous scholars and writers to capture the tragedy of Partition.

Overall, Dwivedi's attempt is a fruitful effort to encapsulate a face of Partition, not explored very often in the cinematic medium. Most of the movies dealing with Partition concentrate on the coming about of the event and the violence of the times seeping into the lives of the commoners. Most prominent attempts on the Partition of Punjab, including *Garam Hava*, *Tamas*, *1947: Earth* and *Train of Pakistan* show how Partition came out of nowhere and crept into the domains of the collective masses. The prime focus in most of the ventures has been to represent these ordinary men and women as a whole bear the yoke of the tragedy. In a majority of the endeavours, we see them transform from essentially sane, even peacefully co-existing friends inflicting and bearing violence in all its shameless dimensions. Within such a context, *Pinjar* stands apart as a novel attempt. Here, for the very first time, a director has

ventured to concentrate primarily on the voices and experiences of women, who were left most awfully grieved and terrorized during Partition. Their bodies had become the battle grounds where wars of communal hatred were waged.[94] It were these bodies that became wombs to place the enemy's seed[95] and bore the worst unleashes of violence.

However, it is essential to note that though Dwivedi attempts to capture the anguish of the women of those times, he does it rather cursorily. His endeavour appears yet paler when viewed against the original, from where his narrative is borrowed. A major reason why the director fails to accomplish the task is because it is actually an arduous deal to capture Pooro's head and heart onto the screen. A large portion of the novel runs in the format of the psychological novel, where Pritam lays bare what Pooro is thinking. To render such written forms into the cinematic medium means charging the scenes with emotions and dialogues. Using soliloquies, asides or even background voices, as discussed earlier, would only have disrupted the flow and pace of the narrative. The only way to have achieved this task was by inventing scenes and situations, where this mental-striptease could assume tangible voices.

This is precisely what Dwivedi does. However, while doing so, he ends up offering his own interpretations to the narrative, which are sometimes rather simplistic. The biggest problematic representation is that of the central character itself. He merely conceives Pooro as an unusually brave woman, who does not lose her individuality even in the most dire of circumstances. Meanwhile, he fails to portray the layers of emotions that Pooro experiences. As a result, the entire venture ends up becoming a superficial analysis of the recesses of a woman's heart. The deepest corners are simply not fathomed. This myopic sketch could perhaps be accorded to the man's lens. The delicate nuances that a woman can delineate, while investigating women's issues, are often more profound than what a man can accomplish. Limitations of gender do play a significant role in giving shapes to projects. Hence, it would be a feasible proposition to state that it is due to these differences in gender, that the trajectories of the two narratives become separate. While Pritam's novel ends up appearing an effortless projection of the plight and experiences of women, especially in times of communal conflicts, Dwivedi culls an over-simplistic, often unfathomable tale of Pooro. Pooro does not come across as the every woman. As discussed earlier, she ends up becoming a case that is one of its kinds. Dwivedi too had set to accomplish what Pritam manages to in her version. He even voices this by means of Gulzar's commentary, which breaks out right at the opening, before Pooro is even introduced:

> Jin maasoom haathon ne alif be likhna seekhna shuru hi kiya tha, wo bhi gusse aur nafrat ki aag mein jhonk diye gaye. Par zindagi dariya ki tarah apni raah khoj leti hai. Usi ki ye ek kahaani hai. Is kahaani ke sirf kirdaaron ke naam jhoote hain. Baaki kori sachchai hai.[96]

He too hoped to portray the journey of numerous people, whose lives were ripped apart in the name of Partition. He too conceived projecting the potential of humanity as a whole, to survive and thrive despite holocausts and disasters. However, according to me, while Pritam succeeds in tracing this journey through the deft strokes of her pen, Dwivedi fumbles a little.

It would surely be unwise to weigh the relative merit of the novel and the movie. However, it cannot be denied that the former becomes a much richer experience, in terms of its impact. It is perhaps for this very reason and sensibility that the novel is way more celebrated. I do not intend to attempt any value judgement at this juncture, but one thing becomes rather obvious in this process. The comparative analysis surely forces us to view what Dwivedi could or in fact, should have done. As discussed in the "Introduction," it is not necessary that the movie should convey exactly what the novel does. However, if the emotional impact of the film is not proportionate to its source, criticism becomes unavoidable.

Not just in terms of the characterization, even the descriptions of the lives lived, thoughts thought and practices practiced by the characters in the novel, appear far more realistic. There are several minute details that Pritam pays heed to, which Dwivedi altogether skips. Pritam carefully sketches the ordinary ways of life in a typical village of the Punjab of the 40s. She neatly delineates the beliefs of the men and women of such households. One such example is a whole episode, where the women of these households are seen to believe that it is the 'Holy Mother' who determines the sex of a child. Such thoughts were typical to those times:

> The village folk believed that it was the Holy Mother who determined the sex of a new-born child. If she was gay and full of laughter, it implied that she was on good terms with her husband. In that case she would quickly make a girl-child and rush back to her spouse. On the other hand, if she were in a sullen mood, it implied that she had quarreled with her husband and would be in no hurry to get back to him. She would then stay a long time and patiently make the child into a boy.[97]

Hence, she describes the women pray to the Goddess to "be cross when you come!"[98]

Even early in the narrative, while offering details of Pooro's father, she suggests how he had lost everything to the money-lenders, who used to badly exploit the people of those times:

> They had seen bad days and at one time been compelled to sell their kitchen utensils on which the names of their forefathers were engraved. ... They left the village and went to Thailand. There the wheel of fortune turned in their favour. ... Then her father came back, cleared the mortgage on the house (the capital and compound interest were more than the price of a new house)[99]

A little later, Pritam presents yet another superstition that these uneducated housewives believe in. They are sure that the boy born to Pooro's parents is a *trikhal*, because he is born after three daughters and would bring ill-luck upon the family. They are even shown to perform a few ceremonies to counter this ill-fate. However, Dwivedi conveniently brushes aside most of these descriptions. The most obvious logic behind these skips is the medium that he is working in. In the filmic form, it is extremely crucial to maintain unity of action. Such off-hand details often disrupt this flow. However, another reason could be that there is no real need for these details. Nor does one miss them very prominently. A major reason why these descriptions are important in the novel is because they assist in framing the mood, ambience and background of the narrative. The cinematic medium, on the other hand, compensates for this by means of alternate techniques. In other words, what Pritam has to forcefully foreground by means of her ink, is recreated by Dwivedi comfortably, with the help of other props. The sets, decors, costumes and even the folk-music, which he prominently uses all through the movie, transport the viewers easily into the Punjab of the 40s. In fact, reviewers of the film too praise the movie on these accounts:

> To add the feel of the pre-independence and the post-independence era, the most significant contribution is of the Art director and Costume designer Muneesh Sappel ... To get an authentic look of the film, Muneesh went through many cities, met lots of people who were witness to this unfortunate incident. He also studied various books on the history of Punjab and books connected to the Partition period. He in fact went through all these information for almost a year before getting a picture of what he had to re-create. ... As far as costumes are concerned, every single costume and accessories play a significant part in the narration and flow of the film. The fabrics, colours, fashion and designs as far as the costumes are concerned have been taken care of. ... Finally even the props were actually brought in from the actual places in Punjab. ... There is (are) a lot of amount of detailing in even minute things like matchboxes, cigarette boxes cases, bus tickets, local newspapers, posters of the said era and even major things like buses, jeeps and trunks etc. of the 40s have been re-created keeping in mind every single minute thing.[100]

If Muneesh Sappel recreates the Punjab of the 40s with commendable flair, even the music of the film performs a similar function:

> (The music of *Pinjar*) is very ethnic and very much seeped in the essence of *Punjab di mitti*, ... Just like the film's director Dr. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, who is known to have a penchant for authenticity, composer Singh seems to have followed the director's diktat, which is why you have very traditional numbers here, and not *bhangra*-pop. Adding to the quality are Gulzar's Punjabi-laced lyrics, which give an insight into the film.[101]

Hence, these filmic props create the landscape of Punjab wonderfully well, which can then be easily captured by means of the lens. In other words, the director definitely has the advantage of the camera here!

Besides, such issues might even have been of pertinent concern to a writer like Pritam, who has forever been sincerely involved in the commenting upon flaws that exist in the fabric of the society. For her (like for many others), the novel was never a medium to attempt simply a single central story. She uses it repeatedly to put forth her broader social vision. Hence, while narrating her prime plot, she even fulfills her deeper social responsibilities. This is where the brilliance of an artist like Amrita Pritam lies.

Pritam had always been "deeply committed to literature and socialism,"[102] besides deliberating upon the issues of women. She had often used her works to voice many of these deeper concerns. She does the same in *Pinjar* too. In this masterpiece tale, along with projecting the harrowing experiences of women during Partition, she uses every available moment to bring to the fore many of her other chief contentions as well.

These omissions could even be attributed to the scope of the two mediums. The novel is primarily meant for a literate audience and has no formal demarcations in terms of length. Hence, a writer can afford to dapple with parallel themes of academic interest. A movie, on the other hand, is meant for the collective masses. At the same time, it has to centrally keep into consideration factors like saleability and financial gains. This is because huge investments go into the making of a film, which need to be recovered. Hence, the director has to be constantly concerned about the commercial viability of his product. It could perhaps be for these very reasons that such off-hand references are done away in the filmic rendering of

the novel. The only drawback is that certain crucial and socially relevant issues are omitted in the process. However, one must remember, that a movie cannot afford to go off track or become boring, especially if it has pressing commercial interests at stake. And *Pinjar* most definitely was a mainstream Bollywood movie made with a whopping budget of thirteen crores! It is perhaps to protect such interests, that Dwivedi too must have needed to do away with many of the above stated commentaries. In fact, if one analyses closely, such omissions do not even take away much from the central narrative. However, the only point that needs to be remembered is that the movie ends up becoming less dynamic than the original novel. These brief references, are not crucial to the spirit or the unraveling of the central narrative, but they certainly bring to the fore significant social concerns, which are close to the heart of any writer deeply committed to the cause of mankind at large.

These are not the only deletions in the filmic rendering of the novel. Of the other changes, there is one observation that stands apart prominently. Dwivedi has unabashedly skipped all the controversial elements of the novel. One cannot brusquely state that the sections omitted are inherently controversial, but they surely had the potential of rousing huge uproars. The most prominent of these are the ones centered around the mad woman. In the novel, once the mad woman dies in childbirth, Pritam describes that her corpse is buried, "The elders buried the mad woman's corpse."[103]

No such references feature in the movie. Dwivedi does not bother himself with commenting on what happened to the mad woman's dead-body. In fact, this perhaps might not even be of any significance in terms of the flow of his narrative. However, it is only if one has read the novel that one notices these minute references, which if included, could have even been contentious. Thus, consciously or otherwise, we see Dwivedi omit all such details.

Even later, after the Hindus take away this mad-woman's child, in an endeavour to safeguard their *dharma*, it is mentioned that they do not manage to take care of the child for too long. Initially, in the name of religion, a Hindu ayah is deputed to rear the child after Rashida and Pooro/Hamida are forced to give him up to the Hindu community. This entire episode happens when somehow news circulates that the mad woman was a Hindu. By virtue of this, her child too should be a Hindu. However, since he was with the Muslim Rashida and Pooro/Hamida, who are seen to bring up the child for six months, the 'so called custodians' of the Hindu faith, in times of heightened sensitivity towards religion, fear threat to their

community and religion. They fear that since a Muslim couple is raising the child, he would soon be christened a Muslim. They look upon this as a danger and a blemish upon the dignity of their faith and religion. One of them is heard saying vociferously:

> "The mad woman was a Hindu. The Muslims have grabbed a Hindu child. Under the very noses of the Hindus, they have converted a Hindu child into a Muslim..."[104]

Hence, to protect their religion from the impending danger of the Muslims converting a Hindu into their fold, the Hindu heads decide to snatch the little boy from the Muslim couple. They depute a Hindu ayah to nurse the child. However, it is mentioned that after a few weeks, these very Hindu frontrunners themselves leave the child back at Rashida's doorsteps. It is even stated in the novel, that because of lack of care, the child contracts jaundice and is close to his death. So when these Hindu heads feel that the little boy might die and they do not know what to do with him, they drop him back at Rashida's doorsteps:

> The fourth day passed. And the fifth. The next morning three men burst into Rashida's courtyard.
> "Take him! We leave his life in your custody! If you can save him, he is yours!" They deposited a yellow, waxen doll wrapped in white linen in Rashida's lap. The child was in a state of coma.[105]

Before this too, it is clearly mentioned in the novel, that the young boy is not being looked after carefully by the washer-woman, who had been recruited to safeguard this 'honour' of the Hindu community. We hear the women of the village gossip:

> "I hear that last night the water-carrier's woman gave the boy cold milk to drink. He hasn't been the same ever since."
> "How could a child as frail as that cope with buffalo milk? Naturally he got sick at once."
> "No, no, no – it's sorrow that's killing the child. From the day he was born he's seen no other woman than that Hamida. How can you expect him to get used to another person!"
> "Poor child! He hasn't got a tongue to say what he wants."
> The foundling was the only topic of conversation among the Hindu women.[106]

Interestingly, Pritam makes Hindu women utter all these stances, which allegedly go against their very *dharma* and men. It was the Hindu men, who had forcibly snatched the child away from Pooro on the pretext that it would be a disgrace for them to see a Hindu child become a Muslim.

This then becomes a clever commentary on the hearts of women as opposed to the sensibility of men. While Pritam presents the latter to operate clinically and practically, the women are

conceived as sensitive, watchful and emotionally intact. In fact, Pritam shows them transcend religious concerns and operate as per a much broader humanism. This perhaps was precisely what Pooro wanted to convey. Even in Pooro's final voice, the writer tries to encapsulate this very idea. When Pritam's Pooro utters "Whether one is a Hindu girl or a Muslim one, whosoever reaches her destination, she carries along my soul also,"[107] it is the hypocritical and insensitive patriarchy that she attacks.

Besides, when Pritam shows the Hindu men drop the child at Pooro's doorsteps, she accomplishes in highlighting the sheer hypocrisy practiced in the name of religion. She projects the so-called custodians of faith, Hindus in this case, in a definitely shameful light. They clearly stand out as hollow men pretending to preserve the honour of their faith. Dwivedi, on the other hand, very smoothly does not enter into any of these debates. Neither the issue of the thought-processes of men and women as being distinct deliberated, nor the attacks on the selfish practices of religion sketched. Perhaps doing the same in the filmic medium might have caused eyebrows to rise. Skipping these could then have been a safe stand on the part of the director, to stay away from dangerous messes. These omissions though could even be springing out of Dwivedi's political, social and religious location. To show the Hindus in such a bad light might not even have been acceptable to the Hindu Dwivedi. It is in the light of such delineations that I earlier claimed Dwivedi's attempt as only partially objective.

Pritam however, transcends all these concerns. She manages to do so because she was perhaps attempting something different. She was commenting upon women through her narrative. Their woes, fears, trials, tribulations were her primary her concern. The politics of women was what she endeavoured to portray. Besides, Pritam has always been closely associated with a radical and progressive reformation. As part of this, she has always tried to debunk the banality of communal voices. In *Pinjar* too, she is seen to transcend these communal concerns.

In fact, her own life too was nothing but a living embodiment of these very values. Besides being "the goddess of defiance, a rebel and a recalcitrant – and even a revolutionary,"[108] Pritam always reflected a strong abhorrence for religious bigotry and fundamentalism. Even her magazine *Nagmani* never saw the religion, class, caste, sect or gender of a writer before publishing their efforts.

Though it would not be wise to label Dwivedi's attempt as an obviously right-wing effort, one can easily state that he fails to sustain the requisite faith, whereby his effort can be believed as absolutely fair and objective. For example, though he places his story in an area where the Hindus would obviously suffer (as discussed in the earlier sections of the chapter), he could have at least hinted that the Muslims too were subject to a similar fate. In fact, this was a reality that almost all writers and directors dappling with the theme of Partiton never shy away from representing. Whichever community's story is narrated; the creators always make sure to mention that the other community too was subject to similar atrocities. Even Amrita Pritam, in her novel states the same at a crucial juncture:

> Hamida's ears burned with rage when she heard of the abduction of Hindu girls by Muslims and of Muslim girls by Hindus. Some had been forced into marriage, some murdered, some stripped and paraded naked in the streets.
> Thus passed August 15 of the year 1947.[109]

If she describes "battered convoys of Muslims coming across the frontier,"[110] she describes an equally horrid face of violence against the Hindus, as mentioned in the earlier sections of this very chapter. However, Dwivedi never bothers himself with offering even the slightest hints of mirror-image bloodbaths occurring in Hindu or Sikh dominated regions. Besides, all the Hindus are delineated as Rams or Sitas and except Rashida, all the Muslims that appear in the movie seem to be fanatics, to the point of being vicious.

Besides, he clearly stays away from sensitive issues that could have possibly created uproars. Not only in this episode, even at other crucial junctures, he has tread completely protected ground. Later in the narrative too, as per the instructions of Pooro, when Lajo is to escape one night from her abductor's house, she is forced to sleep with him in order to avoid any suspicions. It is only after she drowns him in alcohol and sex, that she makes him lose his consciousness. She has to also escape the guarding eye of a mother-in-law, who sleeps every night in the courtyard near the door. With the old woman sleeping outside, it would have been absolutely impossible for Lajo to escape from the main door of the house. Hence, we see Lajo throw hints before the old woman to be left in private with her husband in the courtyard. It is with a mother-in-law sleeping indoors and a husband/abductor, whom she overpowers with an overdose of sex and alcohol, that she manages release. This is the clever plan of Lajo to seek a release from her jail. And Pritam concentrates on all these minor details. Hence, she writes:

> "It's become chilly in the courtyard; I have put your *charpoy* indoors. Go to bed if you are tired." Lajo spoke like the mistress of the house. The old woman's eyes opened wide for a moment. Obviously, the girl wanted to be left alone with her son! She went indoors to sleep.
> The night advanced. The man was soon drunk. He grabbed Lajo's arm and drew her to his *charpoy*. Lajo did not resist.
> Thus passed the first quarter of the night. Then liquor and sex took their toll. The man fell into a deep sleep and began to snore lustily. Only the walls, which had already seen so much, watched the mistress of the house slip out across the threshold in the silence of midnight.[111]

Such intricacies in the plot only lend a further realism to Pritam's presentation. Dwivedi, on the other hand, in an effort to avoid controversy, once again over-simplifies issues. In the above discussed context, he makes do with only liquor. He never shows or mentions Lajo being forced to sleep with her abductor. On the contrary, we see her very comfortably escape the trap, with her honour intact. Earlier in this sub-narrative too, Dwivedi never offers any hints of Lajo being forced to consummate her relation with the man who has lifted her. However, such convenient routes appear rather skewed and unreal.

Many would suggest this as means of avoiding controversy. To show Hindu women suffer at Muslim hands or Hindu women not struggle to preserve their honour and their faith would have been problematic. It is perhaps for this reason that such potentially contentious issues are neatly evaded by Dwivedi in his filmic rendition of Pritam's novel. Pritam, on the other hand, is upfront and brutally honest in her approach. She presents the harsh realities poignantly and sensitively. When she describes Lajo's tryst, she lays bare the fate of such abducted women in all its true colours. She does not shy away from sketching the real face of what befell upon such dishonoured women. In a touching episode, while Pooro informs Lajo about the recovery programmes, we see Lajo contemplate about her abducted life:

> Lajo did not know why she had not conceived. It was a mercy, otherwise she would have been in a worse plight than at present.[112]

Such were the practical realities that many women experienced in those times and Pritam has no qualms about presenting them in all their genuine colours explicitly. In fact, once again, it is the sensibility of a woman that captures such concerns, which were crucial to the women of those times and perhaps escapes a man's eye. Besides, Pritam never camouflages her faces; even if they are obnoxious or ugly. Her descriptions appear neither concocted, nor far-fetched. It is here that Dwivedi fails miserably. He avoids complexities and hushes up contentious matters to such jarring extents, that they appear rather problematic.

Thus, it would not be unwise to state that if he had not succumbed to the diktats of market trends, his endeavour might have appeared more moving and authentic. Sukanya Venkatraghavan, in her review of the movie for *Screen*, states:

> *Pinjar* is dramatic and engrossing, but it fails to move. Chandra-prakash Dwivedi, the director lays out many layers of emotions and ideas but they fail to permeate. Richly hued, with authentic settings and colour coordinated frames, the first half is punctuated with songs one too many. The second half shakes the sluggishness and snowballs into a thought-provoking yet obvious climax.[113]

In fact, most of the reviewers of *Pinjar* feel that some of the songs and the initial scenes of Pooro's pre-abduction days should have been deleted. Even the overdose of emotions detract from the film's overall impact. In fact, audiences often complain that they do not understand her final decision, which seems out of nowhere. In other words, a crisper beginning and a more drawn-out end would surely have carried forward the pace of the narrative better.

In fact, I even feel that it is hard for a director to attempt a formidable movie on a subject as serious as Partition, if he does not stay clear of the callings of commercial formats. If the director of such a venture gets caught in commercial plying, the crucially required sustained emotion of such an endeavour gets lost. And this is precisely what happens to Dwivedi's *Pinjar*. It is perhaps for these very reasons that Kshama Rao, in her study of this movie states:

> *Pinjar* could have probably worked better as a five-part series or some such on television, like say a *Tamas* but as a film it only intermittently moves you.[114]

To conclude, as stated earlier, Dwivedi's venture is a sensitive attempt to present the sad plight of women who suffered during Partition, but a more fearless effort would surely have earned his effort greater credibility. *Pinjar*, with its very strong storyline, could have been remembered as one of the hallmarks of Indian films on Partition. Dwivedi's effort is interesting and has even been critically celebrated (The movie even bagged the Nargis Dutt Award for the Best Film on National Integration). However, I believe that it does not leave a mark as indelible as other Partition movies, like *Tamas* or *Garam Hava* do. Perhaps Dwivedi too was fully aware of these flaws in his venture. No wonder, he claims in an interview:

> Filmmaking is like giving birth to a child; the memories will always be painful. Whenever a film is on a literary subject, it is like watching literature being murdered.[115]

Dwivedi seems to forget that not every adaptation is like murder! However, a bad adaptation, which fails to sustain an emotional thrust in proportion to its source, is murder for sure!

Chapter III

Tamas: Revisiting Darkness

> A filmmaker's life is like a journey with various stopovers. During this journey, he is constantly looking for subjects that suit his thought and perspective. I wanted to make serious cinema. Serious literature fascinates me. While going through various stories written on Partition, I read Saadat Hasan Manto, who has written some of the most meaningful stories that bring out the pathos of Partition. Then I read *Pinjar*. I was sure I would be able to make it into a meaningful film.[1]

What Chandraprakash Dwivedi claims while commenting upon his *Pinjar*, perhaps stands true for Govind Nihalani's *Tamas* as well. Nihalani too had long desired to film a 'meaningful,' thought provoking and compellingly telling account of what befell the people of Punjab in the wake of Partition. He claimed so in an interview:

> Having seen the Partition, having seen my family suffer during and after it and having my most intense memories of violence and fear from that period, I have always felt very strongly about the issue of communal tension. However, it was only after I turned director that I began to toy with the idea of making a film on the Partition – probably to de-traumatise myself.[2]

It was in Bhisham Sahni's award-winning novel by the same title that he visualized his long cherished dream find a tangible face. In the same interview, when asked about what propelled him to adapt *Tamas* for the screen, he said:

> The book at once attracted me because it emphasised the tragedy of the common man who suffered most of all during the event. The historical events were just the backdrop here. Moreover, the book did not make any judgements regarding any particular community. The book was written a full 30 years after the event, it was the result of reflection rather than a quick emotional response to the event. Unlike *Jhootha Sach* it was not a rambling account but was precise, compact and eminently filmable.[3]

Prior to Nihalani's epic saga, which traced the coming about of the Partition of Punjab, no other director had dared to capture for the camera, such a subject and in a manner as *Tamas* did. A few directors in Bengal had explored the Partition of Bengal. However, the Partition of Punjab was still a relatively unexplored terrain in the arena of Hindi cinema. Barring some odd ventures which made a couple of oblique references to the subject, it was only M. S. Sathyu's *Garam Hava* (1973) that had dared to deal with the issue of Partition head on. *Garam Hava*, which was based on an unpublished short-story by Ismat Chughtai, narrated the tale of a middle-aged Muslim shoe-merchant, Salim Mirza and his tryst with Partition. Like *Tamas*, *Garam Hava* too opens 'in media res'. The spectators land straight into the heart of the action. Partition has already happened and Mirza has come to the station to bid farewell to

Tamas, *Garam Hava* too opens 'in media res'. The spectators land straight into the heart of the action. Partition has already happened and Mirza has come to the station to bid farewell to some of his relatives who have chosen to quit India for the newly formed state of Pakistan. In other words, the tragedy has already struck and what follows in the movie is the gradual disintegration and displacement of Mirza's immediate family; as we witness all their hopes and beliefs come crumbling down. Caught amidst a whirlpool of emotions, Mirzaji and his family are forced to grapple with umpteen dilemmas regarding what course to follow – whether it would be better to fly off to the newly culled Muslim state of Pakistan, or to continue being in the city where he was born and has lived most of his life. Thus, by means of offering a moving account of the predicament of his central Muslim protagonist, Sathyu captures the grief and perplexity of millions of Hindus and Muslims across the border who were cast in a similar destiny, when the terrible vivisection struck the nation in August 1947.

However, Sathyu too ends up dealing with only the aftershocks of the calamity. His story begins when Partition has happened and many of Mirza's friends and relatives have already left India for Pakistan. The tale indeed reflects some of the most grueling experiences that many underwent post the tragedy of Partition. However, how Partition happened never seems to be the director's focus. In other words, in *Garam Hava* too, the coming about of Partition is clearly cast aside. In fact, this remained the fate of Hindi cinema for very long. It was only in the mid eighties that Govind Nihalani, a celebrated name from the world of 'Indian New Wave Cinema' offered before the masses a five part tele-series called *Tamas* (1987-88), in which he poignantly brought alive for a generation not only the harrowing experiences of millions who journeyed past Partition but also tracked the countdown right up to the tragedy. Ranjani Mazumdar, in her analysis of *Tamas*, states the same:

> The broadcast of the television serial *Tamas* (*Darkness*) on Indian television in the late 1980s was a public media event that fused the politics of nation and memory, revisiting submerged sites of conflict around India's birth as a postcolonial entity.[4]

In other words, one can label Nihalani's *Tamas* as the first comprehensive filmic experience, which attempted to capture the Partition of Punjab in all its multifarious dimensions. From the coming about of the event, to its aftermath – *Tamas* screened it all, for a national tele-viewing audience. Though one cannot call the series as a standard Hindi film, critics have often placed it in that genre. In fact, many have even labelled it as an "epic film"[5] on the Partition of Punjab. Hence, *Tamas* becomes an important film based on a literary piece that

Though Sahni's *Tamas* had received some of the highest literary honours (amongst others, *Tamas* received the prestigious Sahitya Akademi Award in 1976) and sketched vividly for the masses the terrible violence and psychological dislocation unleashed during the Partition riots, his book never caught mass attention. It continued to reverberate principally in the academic circles. It was only with Nihalani's screened adaptation of the novel that *Tamas* was brought beyond the ambit of mere literary discussions and became a rage, which took the nation by a storm. Ranjani Mazumdar states so in her commentary on the film:

> While the novel was respected as an important book, it never circulated beyond the literary public in the decade following its publication. In 1987-8, Govind Nihalani, an important figure of the "Indian New Wave," directed and screened the adaptation of the novel on national television as a five-part tele-series. It was an immensely popular series...[6]

Despite bitter controversies, whereby the Hindu fundamentalists across the country claimed the need to ban its broadcast, *Tamas* made waves and soon became a household name. Litigations were framed and put up against the series, claiming that "public order would be disrupted since *Tamas* was an incitement to violence and communal hate."[7] However, the screening continued uncensored and *Tamas* went on to become "one of the biggest events for Indian television."[8] Yves Thoraval in his compendium states:

> Of a superior technical quality, *Tamas* had a strong emotional charge and epic flavour. Told like an allegory, the catalogue of the traumatic events leading to the Partition of the country and its effects on the common man was a big success with the public of telespectators (estimated at 38 million or 60 per cent of the television- owning public).[9]

Thus, unlike the book, which remained confined to simply the supposedly elite circuits, Nihalani's venture "rekindled the memory of Partition for a whole generation of people displaced from their original homeland."[10]

It was perhaps a reliving of this entire tragedy and shock of Partition that brought its millions of viewers to the screen every week, where this grim but relatively silenced period of Indian national history was raked to the fore. Unlike other cinematic forms from the past, *Tamas* depicted the horrors of an event, which caused numerous fractures to the relatively more tolerant fabric of society that existed not long before the Partition of India. To delineate so was precisely Nihalani's central endeavour. Nihalani has even claimed in various interviews that it was this horror and futility of the event that he wished to capture in his movie.

was precisely Nihalani's central endeavour. Nihalani has even claimed in various interviews that it was this horror and futility of the event that he wished to capture in his movie.
Hence, he decided to adapt Sahni's "eminently filmable"[11] tale of Partition for the screen. As stated earlier, Nihalani himself claimed in an interview that the subject, perspective and structure of the original narrative were fit for an adaptation to his liking. So agreeable were the dynamics of the novel perhaps that interestingly Nihalani ended up roping in the veteran novelist Sahni too in his endeavour. Besides working closely with Nihalani on the script of the film, Bhisham Sahni himself played the role of the elderly Harnam Singh, a significant character of the narrative. Within such a context then, a study of the process of adaptation of *Tamas* in the cinematic form becomes an interesting case of study, which I propose to undertake in this chapter. The very idea that the movie is an adaptation of a literary narrative would arouse some obvious departures and I shall comprehensively analyze these and the politics behind them, during the entire course of this chapter.

Of the many alterations that Nihalani brings about, there are two that are crucial to his entire narration. The first is a change in Nathu's track. In the novel, Nathu simply represents the helpless everyman, who became a pawn in the hands of selfish leaders, the common man who bore the worst brunt of the games played by those who schemed and plotted man against man, in the greed to satiate their vested interests. Nathu is a poor untouchable skinner, who earns a living out of hides and skins. Things in his life take an ugly turn when Murad Ali, an agent who gets him work, orders him to quietly slaughter a pig from the nearby piggery:

> 'Get one and slaughter it,' Murad Ali had said, 'There are many pigs roaming around the nearby piggery, push one into your hut and kill it.'[12]

Since Murad Ali gets him his work and Nathu does not want to annoy his agent, he agrees to do the job:

> Nathu could not refuse either. How could he? He dealt with Murad Ali almost every day. Whenever a horse or a cow or a buffalo died anywhere in the town, Murad Ali would get it for him to skin. It meant giving an eight-anna piece or a rupee to Murad Ali but Nathu would get the hide. Besides, Murad Ali was a man of contacts. There was hardly a person, connected with the Municipal Committee, with whom he did not have dealings"[13]

Besides, the money offered to Nathu is way too lucrative for him to refuse the offer and he gets tempted:

Thus, we see him become a puppet in the hands of a scheming and powerful man and unwittingly commit a deed, which changes the complete face of his town. The pig that Nathu has slaughtered is then thrown in front of the mosque of his town, resulting in a bitter crisis which only ends in a vicious communal riot.

However, Nathu soon realizes that he has been roped into performing a terrible crime. This leaves him utterly bewildered. Shrouded in a sense of absolute shock, we even see him burn in guilt at numerous points in the novel. He holds himself responsible for the sheer anarchy that envelops his city. And through this character, Sahni attempts to make a crucial point:

> even during the darkest hours of the Partition, there were a number of non-heroic and fallible people, who continued to abide by the covenant of a civil society, which always places greater value on 'well-doing' than on religious *fatwas*.[15]

Nihalani does the same in his adaptation. In the movie, Nihalani too presents a Nathu who:

> intuitively knows that he has done wrong by allowing himself, out of greed and lust, to become the cause of the defilement of a mosque. He does not regard the communal frenzy that follows the discovery of a pig's carcass on the steps of the mosque as a triumph of his Hindu identity, but sees it as a sign of the ruin of his ethical self.[16]

However, the difference that is worth mentioning is that the pangs of grief and guilt that the Nathu of the movie experiences are conveyed to be far more intense than those in the novel. In the novel, there are numerous references to Nathu being concerned about his personal safety as much as he is about the repercussions of the misdeed that he has unconsciously committed. Even the slightest suspicious element fills him up with fear. The intensity of this terror of being caught is so enormous that he even holds himself back from telling his wife about his 'dark secret.' We learn of his mortal fright when we see him spout in a soliloquy:

> 'To tell my wife can be risky. Suppose, in an unguarded moment, in a casual conversation, she blurts out what really happened. What then? No one will spare me. I may be put behind bars. The police can put me under arrest and take me away. What will happen then?'[17]

Nihalani, on the other hand, does not ever dwell upon this fear in his movie. In the movie, we do hear Nathu question his wife about the enquiries of his neighbours. He is curious to know whether people have been discussing about the man who planted the pig in the mosque. However, there is no mention of the movie's Nathu being worried about going to jail and policemen. All that the viewers witness him being concerned about is his pregnant wife and

However, there is no mention of the movie's Nathu being worried about going to jail and policemen. All that the viewers witness him being concerned about is his pregnant wife and unborn child. Other than this he seems worried only about the fact that he has acted out a gross blunder, which might result in unnecessary tension in the city. Upon a cursory glance, such a departure in the narration of the movie might even appear insignificant, but I believe that it requires a very serious deliberation.

One of the reasons why Sahni concentrates upon some of the above stated dialogues could have been because he needed to highlight the tension in Nathu's mind. In the novel, it is only such dialogues and soliloquies that foreground the restlessness in Nathu's heart. In the movie, on the other hand, the director could easily manage this by means of Om Puri's brilliant facial expressions. Om Puri's acting prowess coupled with Nihalani's equally superb camera work, comfortably substitute those numerous asides and soliloquies which the novelist uses to depict his Nathu's frustration and aggression. In other words, Nihalani did not really need to introduce such dialogues. His lens had already performed that function. It might be perhaps, for this very reason that Nihalani skips Nathu's varied dialogues, which Sahni, on the other hand, uses repeatedly in his narrative to convey his central protagonist's anxiety.

However, there could be yet another more significant logic behind Nihalani skipping Nathu's outburst of fear. The level of guilt that Nihalani wanted to convey was perhaps way more accentuated than what Sahni was trying to. For example, unlike the novel, in the movie, we keep hearing Nathu spout, "Manne paap kiya hai."[18] In fact, beyond a point, this becomes the only dialogue that the audiences hear him utter forcefully. Whenever Nathu sees any new development in the course of events in the city, he blurts out this very sentence. Interestingly, in the novel, the word 'paap' is never used. Though Sahni too makes his Nathu feel guilty about his act, we only hear him say, "'It is all the result of my doing.'"[19]

It must be remembered that there is a very subtle, yet persistent difference in these above mentioned two utterances. Feeling responsible is very different from feeling like a sinner! Other than this too, in the novel, we see Nathu drink and enjoy merrily the night after the arduous slaughter:

> Nathu again felt reassured and relaxed and continued strolling about. People had come out to have a good time. As evening fell, the fun and gaiety increased. And Nathu, elated, went straight to the stall of meat kababs and bought eight-annas worth of kababs.

> The street lights went up. The odour of wet earth from the sprinkling of water blended with the smell of flowers and Nathu felt inebriated. He did not remember when he had bought a garland of flowers and put it round his neck. He even did not remember that after getting up from the wine-shop he had crossed the wide Raja Bazaar Road and gone into the prostitutes' lane.[20]

When he is sure that no one seems to be putting in any effort to figure out the culprit who laid the butchered pig onto the steps of the mosque, we even see him enjoy his hard earned money. In the movie too, we see Om Puri (who plays the role of Nathu) drink, but the cause behind that drinking seems very different. The tense expression on Om Puri's face, his nervous fidgeting and the brusque stroking of his hand across his head, very obviously convey that it is a terribly disturbed person trying to drown his anxiety and worry in alcohol. In the novel, on the other hand, we see him revelling in his alcohol and *kababs* till the time he casts his eye on Murad Ali. Until then he is seen enjoying his evening. It is only when he spots his manipulator that his intoxication withers away and his fear reverts. In other words, his high spirits are once again replaced by a massive worry:

> It was then that he saw Murad Ali coming towards him. ... Had Nathu not been a little high, he would have hidden behind the projection of some house. But Nathu was in high spirits.[21]

Thus, a close-reading of the two texts very clearly suggests that the director has accentuated these pangs of consciousness that badly disturb Nathu in the movie. The reason behind such a departure deserves a serious mention and I shall be elaborating the cause behind this in the subsequent sections of this chapter.

The other more significant and obvious departure is in location of Nathu itself. In the novel, Nathu and his wife Karmo are shown to be just another couple who are forced to evict when things turn grim for all the non-Muslims in their city. When all the Hindus of the region flee to safer destinations, we hear Nathu and Karmo too do the same. Besides, in the novel, after they have left their abode, the only time we hear of them is in the last chapter. It is there that we are informed by the omniscient narrator that Nathu too lost his life in the horrible massacres that had engulfed their regions:

> The bystanders peered into the bus to see who it was that was raising the slogans. On the seat next to that of the driver sat a man, holding a microphone in his hand. Many did not recognize him, but some did. Nathu was dead, or he would have recognized him at once. It was Murad Ali ...[22]

> but some did. Nathu was dead, or he would have recognized him at once. It was Murad Ali ...[22]

In the movie, on the other hand, Nathu's wife is shown to be expecting their first baby. We see a pregnant Karmo very close to her delivery. We are even informed obliquely that Nathu is very anxiously awaiting the safe arrival of this child. The reason why he is even more worried is because his wife has perhaps once in the past even had a miscarriage:

> Kisi ne toona kiya hai! Aur mere hi paon padne the uspar! Kisika nasib phoota ho to iski sazaa mere sir kyon? Main kyon bhugtoon? Karmo ke paer bhaari hain Sachche Paadshah.Ye doosri baar hai. Is baar bachche ki raksha karo Guru Maharaj.[23]

Other than a pregnant wife, he is also shown to have an aged mother, who stays with them. In both his relations we see an ideal Nathu delivering his duties as best as he can. He appears the perfect son. We see him return home and enquire warmly about the well-being of his mother. After the concerned mother warns him not to stay outdoors for long in such troubled times, we see him pacify her, then affectionately lift her and place her on her 'charpoy' and urge her to sleep comfortably. Even later, all his associates are heard advising him to leave behind his old mother and escape to a saner refuge. One of his friends even informs him that this is exactly what most of the people are doing to their elderly folks:

> Hum koi saari umar ke liye thodi jaa rahe hain! Raula khatam hoga to laut ayeinge. ... Nathu zara soch. Teri vauti ke paer bhaari hain. Apne bachche ke baare mein to soch. Yahan kuch hua to tu kya kar lega? Mera kaha maan. Amma ke liye kuch din ka samaan ghar mein bhar de. Kuch din ke liye wo sabar kar legi. Aur phir ye Ganj Mandi waale log bhi to apne budhe aur langde-lulon ko peeche chod kar hi ja rahe hain na? Ye sab jhagda saari umar chalne waala hai kya? Tu itni phikar kyon karta hai? Amma to apni umar bhog hi chuki hai.[24]

However, we see him not have the heart to do so. Instead, we see him load his mother on his back and then flee. In fact, this went on to become one of the most memorable scenes of the movie as well – Om Puri (who played the role of Nathu) carrying a very old widowed mother on his back, walking along side Deepa Sahi (who played the role of the pregnant Karmo), when the entire vicinity is enveloped in dangerous fires. This clip even featured on the cover page of the Penguin edition of the English translation of the novel. The fatigued expression on Om Puri's face expresses all that Nihalani wished to convey. With humanity and sensitivity pouring forth at such a juncture, Nathu most definitely assumes the cast of an innocent man, experiencing the indignity of being exploited by a selfish and powerful

> I cannot forget the shooting of *Tamas*. Govind's eye for detail created an ominous environment and each of his characters was so well-fleshed that the tragedy of Partition was chillingly conveyed through their strong performances. Govind is one of the finest directors we have and he somehow manages to get multi-dimensional performances from his actors – his acute understanding of characters and events is phenomenal. I don't think anyone who has seen *Tamas* can ever forget the agony of Om Puri as Nathu as he pulls the hand-cart carrying his pregnant wife or with his aged mother on his back, running to escape the violence. To my mind it is one of the most believable, heart-rending performances on celluloid.[25]

Not only does he try and save his mother as long as he can, his sorrow at his mother's death, while they are on the run, too is rather touching. When his mother dies, we see the sorrow of a loving son pour forth at every juncture, which achieves its peak when we hear him lament for not being able to perform the duty of a son well. Nathu feels terribly guilty about the fact that he does not manage to offer his mother a decent cremation:

> Maaf karna amma. Maaf kar dena. Mere kiye ka phal tanne bhi bhugatna pada. Jangal biya baan mein pura kriya karm bhi nasib nahin hua. Main, main darbar sahib jaa ke tere waaste ardaas karaaun.[26]

Even as a husband, he functions as the loving partner, who is deeply concerned about his pregnant wife and unborn child. In this role too, we see him act out no less than a thoroughly gentle soul. His worry each moment is nothing but a pregnant wife, to whom he appears completely committed. To highlight this point Nihalani even brings about slight departures in certain subtleties of the novel. For example, in the novel, from an obvious description, we clearly learn that Nathu is a regular to the prostitute Motia:

> When night fell, he would go to Motia, the prostitute. If she asked for one rupee, he would pay her five. He would pass the whole night with her.[27]

Nihalani, on the other hand, skips all such details. As a result, the impression that the audience gathers about the Nathu of the movie, is that of an ideal man who does no wrong and lives a life of ordinariness, simplicity and goodness. In fact, so gentle and correct does he appear all through the movie that we often perceive him as sensitive and extremely humane – a representation that Sahni never bothers himself with. Sahni just shows his Nathu being used by a selfish contractor. It is this trick that causes a major riot to erupt. However, once the riot has broken out, we hear of Nathu too act no different from what many of his like do. There is nothing exceptional about his sensitivity or humanism. In other words, his presence in the

has broken out, we hear of Nathu too act no different from what many of his like do. There is nothing exceptional about his sensitivity or humanism. In other words, his presence in the novel principally foregrounds the idea that numerous innocents were made pawns in the power games played by a few selfish people at the helm of affairs. Nihalani's Nathu too is represented to perform the same function. However, unlike the novel, he does not remain a mere metaphor for a poor pawn. The director instead brings about a major change in his track and representation; such that the audience's perception of the man takes on a slight deviation. In the novel, the last we hear of Nathu is when he flees his town. In the movie, on the other hand, we see him become the central voice of the entire account. We see him all through the narrative, including the last scene. In fact, it is Nathu's eye through which Nihalani tries to unveil the entire tragedy of Partition. I shall elaborate the cause behind this departure.

The novel has an episodic structure, with numerous characters, plots and sub-plots. To adapt such a narrative for the screen becomes an arduous task because such a narrative structure in the cinematic form often has the tendency of falling apart and losing its grip. This happens because a movie, unlike a novel, is to be viewed under specified conditions. A novel can be read at leisure, over no set time frame. A film,however, is to be viewed in a stipulated period of time and at a stretch with just one interval. Hence, it becomes crucial for the director to not let go off his flow and hold onto the audiences' attention. To accomplish this it becomes essential for a director to weave a plot, which has the potential of gripping the audience in its narrative power. The task becomes yet tougher in the case of a tele-serial. The conditions of viewing a tele-serial are still more trying from the point of view of direction and the task of the director of such a series then becomes even more challenging. Unlike a cinema hall, where there are practically no disturbances, a serial is viewed in an environment that can have varied distractions. Hence with all such considerations in mind, Nihalani needed to cull out a very terse narrative, where unity of thought and action was absolutely essential. Otherwise, the venture had dangers of crumbling into small episodic structures, with no basic continuity. This could have been problematic. Even Nihalani shares this concern in one of his interviews:

> I also realized that each episode would be viewed six days apart and while this may be good for distancing the viewer or making him more objective, the fact still remains that it plays havoc with the continuity.[28]

However, to overcome this obstacle, Nihalani devised a clever strategy. In his adaptation, with the central endeavour to depict how Partition played havoc with the lives of ordinary

stated earlier was yet more dangerous in case of a tele-series. However, despite numerous characters and episodes, Nihalani intelligently manages to maintain the grip of his movie. One way in which he retains this flow is by ensuring continuity "in terms of its emotional intensity and ideological framework."[29] All the characters are shown to experience the same sense of terror, dislocation and disbelief at the unfolding of events. However, over and above this, Nihalani adopts yet another ingenious strategy to preserve the continuity. He alters two significant tracks of the series – i.e. that of Nathu and Karmo and Harnam Singh and Banto. I shall first dwell upon the changes in Nathu's track in the movie.

Unlike the Nathu of the novel, who is never seen beyond a particular episode that features somewhere very early, in the movie, we see the entire story unfold through his eyes. In fact, it is he who becomes the central thread around whom the narrative is woven. It is Nathu's act from which the action of the movie springs and through his experiences most of the significant moments of the action unravel. John W. Hood too, in his analysis of *Tamas* states:

> On this uncomplicated narrative spine Nihalani hangs his sequences introducing the diverse interest groups along with the naivete, the confusion, the humanity and the violence that pervade the playing out of their various roles in the turbulence.[30]

Thus, one observes that such a change in Nathu's track helps the director achieve a twin purpose. Not only does Nathu become a common thread that runs through the whole narrative, but ends up becoming a strong bonding force between the film and its audience. As we witness the entire region go up in flames, through Nathu's bewildered eyes, we are forced to experience the utter shock and dismay that accompanied the Partition of Punjab.

In order to accomplish the latter of the twin goals, Nihalani, very smartly, makes his Nathu appear as the man next door. Unlike the novel, where there is a mere mention of Nathu's wife, in the movie he has a wife who is pregnant and a very aged mother. Besides being deeply embedded in every relation, we see him trapped in the tussle of survival as well. He is the poor man who has to struggle hard to fend for his family. So realistically has Nihalani etched out his characterization of Nathu that one is forced to connect to him in one form or the other. Not only do the sons, husbands and fathers, but every simple, God-fearing person identify with him in one form or the other. Like Nathu, Karmo's impact on her audience too is no different. Hence, one observes that right at the outset, the audience associates with these two central characters and a sympathy chord is immediately struck. In other words, so neatly

is no different. Hence, one observes that right at the outset, the audience associates with these two central characters and a sympathy chord is immediately struck. In other words, so neatly has Nihalani worked on the background of his Nathu, that every viewer would surely be driven to empathise with him. And once the chord is struck, whatever Nathu witnesses and senses becomes an experience for his spectators as well. He then becomes the everyman through whose eyes the audience sees the entire coming about of Partition.

Besides this, Nihalani shows his Nathu walk past his native city down to Syedpur, where too the fangs of communalism have stung. And as Nathu and his wife cross burning villages, the spectators also get to experience the scale and the intensity of the destruction that accompanied Partition. This is a major departure from the novel because unlike the movie, in the novel we neither see Nathu run past the villages that have been engulfed in the fires of Partition nor does he ever reach Syedpur.

However, the need to do so was terribly pressing. Nihalani had to show the unfurling of events in not just a single city. Since he was constructing a series for the television where the task was to make his spectators get a feel of the colossal nature of the vivisection, simply showing life in one city would not have sufficed. One can afford to concentrate on just a city in a full length feature film. Nihalani, however, was not making a film. He was making an epic saga on Partition, through which he intended to foreground the sheer mass, scale and nature of the tragedy. In fact, in an interview, he even states the same:

> From the film itself you will notice that I am not greatly concerned with the political mechanism that operated at the higher level of the Partition. What I have tried to highlight is the tragic human aspect of the Partition during which the common man (irrespective of his community) suffered. I wanted to capture my own feelings of fear at that time and I used my own feelings to guide me towards the right track. If I recreated the same feelings in the mind of the viewer then I think I was successful.[31]

Hence, if he had to devise a tele-serial in the form of a 'magnum opus,' it was crucial for him to enhance the scale of his narrative as well. To accomplish this, their movement across cities and showing multiple characters and their sufferings was integral. It was only by means of such a historically contextualized feel of varied representations that one could have culled out a feel of Partition compendiously. The fact is that Partition was not about one or two cities. It was not about people of a particular class, caste or religion. It was a tide that swallowed all those who lived through the Punjab of those times. And this idea could only have been

For long, Nihalani had wanted to make a movie on Partition. However, to do so, he required producers and financers, which he claims was not easy. Partition being a sensitive subject, especially in the politically volatile eighties, did not have very many producers as takers. The director clearly states this in one of his interviews:

> The idea was gestating in my mind from 1981. When I did plan to make *Tamas* I could get no sponsor. By then, Doordarshan had become a force to reckon with because of its vast reach through sponsored programmes. I put my idea to Mr. S. S. Gill, who was then secretary in the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, and he at once approved the subject for a mini-series. By then Mr. Bhaskar Ghosh had taken charge at Doordarshan and he too backed the project.[32]

It was only for a mini-series that his proposal got approved. It was this proposed project that made it imperative for him to broaden the background of his venture. Within this delineated framework, then, if he had merely shown multitudes of towns succumbing to the wrath of Partition, without any central thread, the flow of his narrative would have been badly sabotaged. It is perhaps to tide past this inherent hitch, that he makes his Nathu move from one city to another. As Nathu crosses burning towns, the audience also gets a sense of the scale of the calamity. To add further to this scale, he brings about a similar change in the central narrative of Harnam Singh as well. I shall be discussing this elaborately through the ensuing sections of this chapter.

Furthermore, not only does he bring about a change in his representation and treatment of Nathu and Harnam Singh's stories, he introduces some other sub-plots as well. These additions, very obviously add to the punch of his central agenda. One needs to remember that Nihalani was principally interested in showcasing a 'magnum opus' on Partition. In such a context, showing Partition in all its kaleidoscopic dimensions was absolutely pertinent. Merely showing the violence that accompanied Partition would not have had the desired result. Numerous documented sources suggest that Partition had yet another face as well. The director makes an earnest attempt to present this other perspective of Partition in his venture.

Varied historical, sociological and literary accounts have highlighted that amidst the entire mayhem, humanity too pervaded in certain selected moments. It is perhaps for this reason that Nihalani concentrates at length upon this other side of Partition as well. In fact, Alok Bhalla claims this to be the central focus of his endeavour. In an article, he states:

that Nihalani concentrates at length upon this other side of Partition as well. In fact, Alok Bhalla claims this to be the central focus of his endeavour. In an article, he states:

> I suggested that despite some fundamental differences in the narrative thrust of the novel and the film, the primary force of both the versions of *Tamas* lay in the assertion that, even during the darkest hours of the Partition, there were a number of non-heroic and fallible people, who continued to abide by the covenant of a civil society, which always places greater value on 'well-doing' than on religious *fatwas*.[33]

To portray this finer face of humanity that persisted along with the violence that accompanied the times, Nihalani sensitively films numerous such episodes from the original narrative. In the movie, the viewers watch the Muslim Karim Khan warn the Sikh couple Harman Singh and his wife Banto of impending danger. When marauders attack their village, we see him quietly walk up to the couple and ask them to leave the village. He tells them:

> Harnam Singh haalaat bahut naazuk hain. Tum yahan se jaldi nikal jaao. Apne log to tumhaara kuch nahin bigaadeinge. Lekin gaon mein fasaadi ghus aye hain. ... Haalaat changge nahin hain. Bahar se balwai aa rahe hain. Main to kehta hoon tum abhi yahan se nikal jaao. Waqt bahut kam hai Harnam Singh. Jaao, jaldi jaao.[34]

One could argue that Karim Khan had been Harman Singh's childhood friend. It was out of this very old association that he helps his friend escape the wrath of the rioters. However, later a similar treatment is meted out to them by yet another Muslim lady Rajo, who is not even known to them. They are total strangers to her and despite religious fanaticism prevailing in the air, we see her rescue them from the danger that looms large over them. In a moving moment, when Rajo urges the Sikh couple to leave because times are rather troubled, the spectators are moved to tenter-hooks. Along with Harnam Singh and Banto, they too are certain of the horrible fate that awaits the couple, the moment they are released out of the gates. However, just as they are about to step out, we hear the kind-hearted Rajo utter:

> Na jaao ji. Ruk jaao. Laut aao.Tumne hamaare ghar ka darwaaza khatkhataaya hai. Zaroor koi aas le kar aaye ho. Jo hogi dekhi jayegi. Aa jaao. ... Badnasib koi aye to use dhakke maar ke baahar nikaal doon?[35]

Later her husband Ehsan Ali too decides to help them out. Like his wife, just as he is about to throw them out, he holds himself back:

> Harnam Singh thehro. ... Nigah ka lihaaz hai Harnam Singh. Warna shehar mein jo kuch kaafiron ne kiya hai use yaad karke to, to lahoo ubalne lagta hai.[36]

> Main usko phir bola. Imdad Khan hum sath khel ke bade hue hain. Tu mainun bhul gaya. Subhe ka waqt hai bauji, Vahe Guru jhooth na bulwaaye. Imdad Khan ne pehle mujh pe vaar nahin kiya.[37]

In other words, we learn of some 'kafir' being spared by a Muslim because he happens to have known this man in the past. Even Ehsan Ali is heard of sparing Harnam Singh for precisely this reason.

All these episodes feature in the novel as well. However, Govind Nihalani's fine direction and his deft camera work, Balraj Sahni's (who plays the role of Harnam Singh) bewildered expression and way too soft tone, Om Shivpuri's (who plays the role of Karim Khan) nervousness and Surekha Sikri's (who plays the role of Rajo) brilliant acting, flesh out the tension of these scenes even more evocatively. And the audience cannot help but be moved by Karim Khan, Ehsan Ali and Rajo's genuineness. We see them (all these characters are represented as Muslims in the movie) literally risk their own lives to guard their non-Muslim friends from the dangers that await them. In fact, Nihalani does not stop at just these three episodes of humanity amidst crisis. To reiterate his point more emphatically, he even brings about a couple of additions and deviations in his filmic adaptation of the novel. To illustrate this point I shall dwell upon three crucial moments of departure that the movie incorporates.

In one of these above mentioned three references, Nihalani brings about a subtle change in one of the episodes of the novel itself. Sahni clearly mentions Ehsan Ali's son Ramzan to be a fanatic. Despite his fundamentalism, we read that he spares Harnam Singh and Banto. Sahni offers a very obvious reason behind his Ramzan holding himself back. The readers are informed that Ramzan too, like his father, had dealings with the Sikh gentleman in the past. We read that he raises his sickle to slaughter Harnam Singh but finally withdraws:

> He too had recognized Harnam Singh, for he had tea at his tea-shop a couple of times. Harnam Singh's beard had turned grey and he looked thinner. Twice Ramzan raised his pickaxe to strike, but both times he let it fall.[38]

Nihalani, on the other hand, never refers to the fact that Ramzan had known Harnam Singh. Yet we see the young Muslim spare the Sikh couple. In the movie, Ramzan simply cannot strike. What stops him is not stated clearly by the director. However, what Nihalani was trying to do becomes reasonably obvious. Perhaps Nihalani wanted to stress upon the idea that the same man, who turned bestial during Partition was capable of basic goodness too, even in these most troubled and vicious of times. John W. Hood states the same:

that the same man, who turned bestial during Partition was capable of basic goodness too, even in these most troubled and vicious of times. John W. Hood states the same:

> The fanaticism that can burgeon even out of rational single-mindedness and the atrocities that give expression to it substantiate the film's frightening message that centuries of advanced civilisation and the rule of law are never really far from chaos, while dire confusion can be unleashed by the simplest of means. And yet although Nihalani sees that this warning is unequivocally enunciated, he is just as careful to provide the balance of reality, reminding us from time to time that even in the heat of savagery basic human decency does indeed survive.[39]

Other than this, Nihalani introduces two more episodes that never feature in the novel. While speaking about these additions in an interview, the director states:

> There were but not because the novel was inadequate. It was because the two stories by Bhisham Sahni (*Sardarni* and *Zahur Baksh*) fitted into the overall scheme of the film very smoothly. Both are true stories which had been narrated to the author and which he had converted into short stories.[40]

The first of these two is the story of a Sikh lady defying all religious instigations to help her Muslim neighbour escape the violent fanaticism of her co-religionists. At a time when things are acquiring an ugly shape and we hear her Muslim neighbour express a wish to move from his current predominantly Sikh locality to a Muslim majority area, we hear her claim angrily:

> Aur hamaare moonh par kaalik ponch jaata! Hmm! Tu samajhta kya hai apne aap ko? Lawaaris hai? Tera is mohalle mein koi nahin hai? Hum sab mar gaye hain? Phir kabhi ye baat moonh se nikaali to mujhse bura koi nahin hoga, samjhe! Chal! Ja![41]

What she says do not remain mere words because soon after her bold claim, we see her annoy her Sikh 'brothers' so as to help the Muslim teacher move to safer grounds. With the sword of her 'Vahe Guruji' in hand, when one of the angry Sikh rioters tries to obstruct her way and challenge her, she retaliates. When her so called Sikh brother questions her about why she is helping an enemy, she retorts sternly, "Ye mera bhai lagta hai!"[42]

Other than this touching account, there is yet another episode where we see yet another Muslim teacher Zahur Baksh strive to retain his secular principles right till the end. The viewers see him as a learned man, who hopes to translate Kalidas's *Shakuntala* into Urdu. The first we see him is when he once bumps into the Hindu Master Dev Vrat on the streets. He warmly greets his Hindu colleague and innocently informs him of his effort:

The cold response of Master Dev Vrat only leaves him a bit startled but the audiences are clearly informed of his religious leanings. However, the most touching moment is when Hindu fanatics barge into his house and set all his books on fire. Minutes before the books are torched, Nihalani makes us view Urdu and Sanskrit books lying together on his shelf. It is such scenes of the movie that put across a very strong message, where the viewers are offered hints of the syncretism that the director aspires to portray. And once our sympathies are struck with this Muslim teacher, horror too strikes the hardest. When the Hindu mobsters set his books ablaze, the audience watches not just Urdu texts but even Kalidas burn. Besides the final moment of pathos is struck when ironically the spectators witness this Muslim plead with the members of the mob to not burn his most prized possessions, his books:

> Dekhiye main teacher Zahur Baksh hoon. Aap sab mujhe pehchaante hain. ... Meri kitaabon ko chod dijiye. Kitaabein chod dijiye. Dekhiye ye meri ... poonji hai. ... Ye dekho Pant, Mahadevi ki kavitaein, ye Premchand ke upanyaas. Ye kya kar rahe hain aap? Ye kitabein kyon jala rahein hain? Nagendra ko bhi pehchaanta hoon. Ye rahi unki rachnayein. Ye sab kya ho gaya?![44]

Watching a Muslim man not withdraw in horror to protect his life but to mourn over his lost text-books only leaves the spectators touched and Nihalani's point well made.

In other words, through such episodes that feature periodically in his narrative, Nihalani makes his call crystal clear. As he intersperses such episodes of humanism with those of communal frenzy, the viewers know exactly what the director attempts to remind them!

This is an observation that Alok Bhalla too makes in his comparative analysis of the movie and the novel. Bhalla states:

> The novel is bleak, and promises neither forgiveness nor redemption. The film, however, ends with Harnam Singh's instinctive resistance to barbarism. ... Instead of being every man who suffers, he becomes an example of what any man ought to do and be.[45]

Other than these, there is yet another significant transformation that Nihalani builds upon in his narrative. In the novel, we merely witness the haggard and harassed Harnam Singh and Banto reach the rescue camp. Harnam Singh's pathetic statement of loss and the Statistics Babu's indifferent registration of figures only heighten the irony and tragedy of the situation. The readers only look upon this unfortunate couple as many of those poor suffering masses, whose lives were ripped apart during Partition.

The readers only look upon this unfortunate couple as many of those poor suffering masses, whose lives were ripped apart during Partition.

However, unlike the novel, where we only feel sorry for the poor old couple, the director ends up portraying something entirely different. In the movie, Harnam Singh becomes a symbol of moral fortitude. Even in the face of utter loss and crisis, the viewers never see him lose his touch of humanity. Whether it is the episodes where both Rajo and Ehsan Ali urge him to leave their house because their presence would cause them unnecessary botheration or in the scene where Ramzan raises his sickle to kill him, we see a quiet complacence on his face. With soft expressions coupled with a saint like flowing beard and tender child like dialogue delivery, the veteran writer Bhisham Sahni (who played the role of Harnam Singh in the movie) accomplishes to execute a much needed humanism with tremendous ease. Thus, one observes that it is this fine characterization and portrayal of Harnam Singh that lends a further depth to the director's perspective and ideological framework. We even witness Harnam Singh lose his daughter Jasbir to honour killings. Despite all these harrowing experiences, he retains his sense of morality. And his sense of goodness is finally claimed in the last scenes of the movie, where he is shown to literally adopt Nathu's wife as his own daughter. Irrespective of her lower caste and different religion, we see only one element emerge supreme in the eyes of this God's man (Hari Nam) the call of humanity. Thus, it is in the culmination of the movie that we ultimately and forcefully see the humane face of society resonate. This was what Nihalani too was centrally striving to portray; perhaps even more forcefully than the novelist. He was trying to project how humanity survived amidst all odds and abberations. Ranjani Majumdar too in her analysis of the movie states the same:

> This essentially humanist quality prevails throughout the novel, ... and is most explicitly brought out at the end of the series when birth follows death as symbols of the eternal dynamics of time and reality.[46]

Even Bhisham Sahni claims to have come round to believing in such a stance retrospectively. Alok Bhalla voices Sahni's view regarding the same in one of his articles:

> Bhisham Sahni said that when he played the role of Harnam Singh in the film, he felt such deep empathy for him that he forgot the pathos with which the character is depicted in the novel. He added that the moral fortitude of Harnam Singh in the film was perhaps a result of his own increasing confidence in the ability of the country's composite ethos to withstand new separatist threats and, at the same time, to reach out to its neighbours in order to establish a new lease of peace in the region.[47]

of *Tamas*. Besides, if such conceptions of the director and his team are to be believed, all the above described departures very logically serve an end. In fact, one can then even state that it could be in an endeavour to heighten the flavour of the above referred belief that Nihalani converges the sub-plots of Nathu and Karmo with that of Harnam Singh and Banto. One must remember that in the novel, these four never meet. Both are made to suffer independently in their own defined territories. However, with these two narratives merging, the director manages to cull out a situation where he gets an opportunity to reiterate his central point. It is with the extension of Nathu's track and its coalescence with the track of Harnam Singh that Nihalani gets to project a face of humanity prevailing even amidst a massive crisis.

This is exactly where Nihalani's narrative leaves its indelible mark. Unlike the simplistic novel written in the classic realist tradition, Nihalani transforms it into a much more complex text, which sparks off numerous complicated debates around the issues of violence, civilization and obviously Partition.

There is yet another significant difference that Nihalani repeatedly incorporates in his adaptation of Sahni's masterpiece. While deliberating upon political positions as well, one gets a feeling that he adopts a very favourable view of the Communists. In fact, many have often accused *Tamas* of being nothing more than an obvious Communist propaganda. Nihalani, on the other hand, adopts a slightly different approach. I shall elaborate this idea by dwelling upon the representation of each of the political parties in both the novel and the film. In the novel, Sahni offers an insight into the weakening hold of the Congress. We read of corruption creeping into the working of the party. We also hear of most of the Congress party workers becoming skeptical about the Gandhian ideology.

A certain Mehtaji (a Nehru-like leader) is heard of running a parallel insurance business along with his party work. There are obvious hints of Mehtaji ensuring party seats for men who oblige him. Thus, we see him dole out seats on the basis of means, and not merit:

> Mehta squirmed. He had spent sixteen years of his life in jail and was the President of the District Congress Committee. He was always dressed in spotless white khadi. To level such an accusation was unmannerly, to say the least. But a rumour had been gaining ground that he was about to secure a fifty-thousand-rupee insurance policy from Sethi, a contractor, in lieu of which, Mehta would help him secure the Congress ticket for the next General Elections.[48]

> insurance policy from Sethi, a contractor, in lieu of which, Mehta would help him secure the Congress ticket for the next General Elections.[48]

In fact, the novel even hints at some of Bakshiji's weaknesses. One must remember that like Mehtaji is a metaphoric reflection of Nehru, Bakshiji almost represents Mahatma Gandhi. Though Bakshiji (who is the metaphoric representation of Gandhi in the movie) is basically presented as committed to the principles of his party, we see him too in compromising situations, once in a while. When he orders his fellow men to switch off the lamp and avoid wasting the oil that he pays out of his personal property, we hear Shankar, another member of the District Congress Committee, pull his leg. When Bakshiji says:

> 'Why, do you want to look at my face or Mehtaji's?' Bakshi said, 'I cannot afford to waste oil. The lamp does not belong to the Congress Committee, it is my personal property. Get the oil sanctioned by the Congress Committee and I shall keep the lamp burning day and night.'[49]

Shankar is immediately heard saying:

> At this Shankar, who was standing behind Kashmiri Lal, commented in a low voice, 'When no sanction is needed for your cigarettes, why should one be required for kerosene oil?'
> Bakshiji had heard Shankar but swallowed the bitter pill. It was demeaning to talk to such 'loafers'.[50]

A little later too, when the party workers are attacked by some unknown men, while they are cleaning the gutters in Imam Din Mohalla, we hear a worried Bakshiji cry:

> 'There is something wrong somewhere. Let's get away from here,' said Bakshiji, 'it was a mistake to have come here in the first place. Where is Des Raj who had been so insistent that we should come to this locality?'[51]

The same Bakshiji is seen to be the first one to flee for his safety when a minor incident of rioting breaks out in the city. While returning from a meeting at the Deputy Commissioner's house, a little away from the city, news of some attacks breaks out. All the men are terrified and we see them hurry back home to preserve their safety. At this critical juncture, we see Bakshiji leave behind his fellow men, climb a *tonga* with Mehtaji and escape:

> As the tonga drove past Hayat Baksh he remarked jokingly, 'Running away, Bakshi? The karars that you are! You first stoke the fires and then run away!'...
> Seeing the Sardarji coming at some distance, Hayat Baksh remarked, 'Bakshiji has decamped! Such is the character of these people![52]

> Bakshiji felt uneasy sitting in the tonga. It had been a bad decision getting into it. He felt irritated, as much with Mehta as with himself. 'Why do I allow myself to be persuaded by fellows like Mehta. The members of the deputation had all come together. That is how we should have gone back too.' Nevertheless there was nothing much he could do about it now.[53]

However, the deed is already done and his disgraceful act in times of a real crisis surely blemishes his reputation. After numerous such incidents that keep happening intermittently through the novel, he definitely does not command much of his readers' awe and respect.

Thus upon a close reading of the text, we see Bakshiji emerge as a confused weakling, getting flustered by all the experiences around him and not managing to impress anyone with his beliefs. Neither do we see him convince the DC to impose curfew, nor does he manage to stand for his principles at critical junctures. Even in the last crucial situation, it is Mehtaji who is shown to take over. And Mehtaji's decision is not one bit becoming of a leader who pledges loyal service to his nation:

> Sitting down in the tonga, Bakshi had said, 'Let us ask them if anyone wants a lift,' to which Mehta's reply had been categorical. 'No one need be asked. How many can you accommodate? Let us get away from here as soon as possible. You can't ask one and not ask the other. We can even take a turn to the left and get out of sight.'[54]

Later too we see him failing to enthuse belief in his own party workers about the power of the party principles of the Congress. Though he offers explanations to his younger colleagues about the efficacy of Gandhi's non-violence, all his arguments are termed "oversentimental"[55] by those very colleagues. In fact, not only do his arguments fail to convince his fellow men, the readers are not impressed either. Instead, it is Kashmiri Lal's emphatically stated doubts that everyone is forced to carry home with them. When Bakshiji urges the disillusioned crowd to not lose trust and hope in the Congress ideology and tries to explain to them the true ethics of non violence, Kashmiri Lal says:

> 'Listen,' Bakshiji said. 'You yourself should not indulge in violence. That is number one. You should persuade the fellow to desist from using violence. That is number two. And if he does not listen, fight him tooth and nail. That is number three.'[56]

The readers have not even keenly registered what he has said, when Kashmiri Lal attacks Bakshiji's stand yet more bitingly. Kashmiri Lal, who is irritated by these apparently logical principles of Gandhi, pronounces them as fake and empty words that only sound impressive:

The readers have not even keenly registered what he has said, when Kashmiri Lal attacks Bakshiji's stand yet more bitingly. Kashmiri Lal, who is irritated by these apparently logical principles of Gandhi, pronounces them as fake and empty words that only sound impressive:

> But Kashmiri Lal was still arguing: 'But with what weapons? With the charkha?'[57]

At this juncture, the spectators watch Bakshiji not being able to utter anything further. Thus, if one observes finely, one feels that in the novel, both Mehtaji and Bakshiji are not cast in a very admirable light. They never appear the dynamic leaders whose words charged with wisdom and passion have the potential to inspire or infuse the masses with faith in their core values. Instead, it forces the readers to ridicule the foolishness of these men, who only dream romantic but are otherwise spineless. However, their case in the movie is very different.

Nihalani also strives to present a comprehensive picture of the Congress party but does not pass any obviously biting attacks against it. However, it must be remembered that neither is it unnecessarily glorified, nor are its flaws camouflaged. In the movie too, the director offers an insight into the weakening hold of the Congress ideology. The disillusionment that was setting in amongst the Congress party workers as Independence and Partition drew close is brilliantly captured by Nihalani's deft camera work as well, but with a subtle difference.

In the first place, in the movie, unlike the novel, Mehtaji is not likened to Nehru. In the novel, when we hear of Mehtaji for the first time, we hear Aziz, another Congress worker, announce, "'From a distance you look every inch a leader, Mehtaji.'"[58] Mehtaji is thrilled to hear this and we hear him claim with a bloated ego:

> Putting his hand on Aziz's shoulder, he said, 'The other day I was standing at the taxi stand when I overheard someone ask another person, "Is that Jawaharlal Nehru standing there?" Giving a little tilt to the Gandhi cap on his head, he added, 'Many people make this mistake.'[59]

Nihalani, on the other hand, brings about a change in this sequence. Here, when a Congressman similarly informs Mehtaji that "Door se aap sachmuch leader lagte hain,"[60] we hear Mehtaji announce:

> Bhai main us din motor ke adde par khada tha. To ek aadmi doosre se poochne laga. Kyon bhai wo Rajendra Babu khade hain kya? Bahut se logon ko mugaalata ho jaata hai.[61]

Even the representation of Bakshiji in the movie, is very different from that in the novel. In the movie, Bakshiji is never presented as fickle and meek as he is in the novel. All the references listed above, where Bakshiji's worthiness and strength can be doubted, are omitted by Nihalani. In fact, throughout the movie we see an exasperated Bakshiji strive hard to restore normalcy into the otherwise vulnerable state of affairs. We admire him when he tries his best to resolve the petty conflicts amongst his fellow Congressmen. In fact, from the behaviour of the other members of the Congress Committee towards Bakshiji, he almost comes across as the fatherly figure in the narrative. It becomes rather obvious that he commands tremendous respect and a valuable say amongst them all. When Bakshiji orders any one of them to say or do things in a particular manner, we see each one of them abide by his word. At the outset, when the 'taameeri kaam' seems to be working, we see this elderly man feel thrilled with a childlike innocence. This innocence ironically stands yet more pronounced when minutes later a stone comes flying his way. Our respect for the man goes another decibel up when we see him argue ardently with the Deputy Commissioner Richard to impose a curfew and save the town from getting trapped in an imminent disaster.

Interestingly, at this meeting at the DC's house, it is basically Bakshiji's arguments that appear most vehemently put. The resigned tone in which he says, "Aapke under mein sab kuch hai sahib, agar aap karna chaahein to,"[62] leaves us feeling yet sadder for the poor man. In fact, at this moment, he almost appears a 'saint caught amidst sinners.'

The concern and fear in his tone, when all his arguments go unheeded lends a further respect for this character. He almost appears a wise old man who prophesizes what the plight of the city undoubtedly would be, "Lagta hai shehar pe cheelein udengi. Aasaar bahut bure hain."[63] Nihalani also carefully omits all those scenes where one could have doubted Bakshiji's integrity. While all members of the 'prabhaat pheri' are shown to smoke, Bakshiji does not. This, in fact, is a sharp contrast to the novel. In the novel, not only does Bakshiji smoke, but as elaborated earlier, also smokes on the account of the party! Similarly there are no references to any fellow worker casting aspersions on Bakshiji's dignity. In fact, we see all the other men hold him in very high esteem. All his interventions are well received and acknowledged. Even towards the end, Nihalani shows Bakshiji answer back a relatively disillusioned Congress worker, Kashmiri Lal, rather comprehensively and convincingly:

the other men hold him in very high esteem. All his interventions are well received and acknowledged. Even towards the end, Nihalani shows Bakshiji answer back a relatively disillusioned Congress worker, Kashmiri Lal, rather comprehensively and convincingly:

> Suno, tum khud hinsa mat karo. Hinsa karne waale ko samjhaao. Agar samjhaane ka mauka hai to. Aur agar wo nahin maanta to dat kar mukaabla karo.[64]

At this juncture too, we never see this Kashmiri Lal retort back sarcastically, as his counterpart in the novel does (as discussed in the earlier section of this chapter). As a result, while Bakshiji utters his stand, the audience is left further touched by his concern, commitment and far-sightedness.

Such representations coupled with A. K. Hangal's extraordinary acting skills successfully end up painting a very fine portrait of Bakshiji. The actor Hangal with his way too gentle expressions and benign body language, go a long way in adding a further dash of humanism and charm to the character of Bakshiji. Besides, one can even say that Nihalani's choice of A. K. Hangal to play the role of Bakshiji is a very intelligent casting decision. I shall elaborate this idea on the basis of an argument proposed by Robert Stam in his seminal thesis on filmic adaptation ofliterary texts. While theorising adaptation, Stam states:

> While literary characters are like ghastly, hologrammatic entities cued by the text and projected (and introjected) by readers, filmic characters are at once projected and embodied. Our projections spread themselves, as it were, not over the virtualities of the verbal text but rather "over" the actually existing body and performance of the actor, which cues and receives and resists our projections. ... Adaptations of novels thus provoke a tension between the characters as constructed and projected during our reading, and the embodied actors/characters witnessed on screen. Our spectatorial impressions are further shaped by what we already know about the actor's performances, and even, in the case of stars, of what we know about their three-dimensional lives, their sexual relationships, and their opinions and feelings are channelled by the mass media, all of which feed into the reception of the performance.[65]

In other words, according to Stam every actor brings with him a baggage of sensibility, which is often based on his prior on-screen image. This, at least initially, does have a strong impact on the perception of a particular character, which that actor plays. Thus, we see Hangal with his previous performances bring to his character of Bakshiji a preconceived cushion of respect. His age, mannerisms and legacy translate onto the screen and arouse even more evocatively the impression of a Gandhi, who seems to hold strongly to all his beliefs and

forget one of his most cherished roles as the blind old Imam Chacha in *Sholay* (1975). Such impressions of an actor linger in the audiences' memories and often have an impact on the reception of the role that the actor plays in his later ventures. This, coupled with Nihalani's sensitively chalked out characterization of Bakshiji, makes us respect him still further.

Like the novel, in the movie too, we do witness Bakshiji appear helpless, but at no point does the director make a mockery of his beliefs. He makes his Bakshiji utter his stance but he does not pass an obvious value judgement against it. In fact, by removing Kashmiri Lal's retort, Nihalani makes Bakshiji's dialogues appear as a forcefully put argument, which can then be interpreted either ways by his viewers.

Besides, this is precisely where the accomplishment of Nihalani lies. He manages to bring in the politics of Indian nationalism into the hearths and homes of the average Indian. He lucidly lays bare before the people the state of affairs and then forces them to engage with these issues, which according to many are of pertinent concern even years after the tragedy of Partition had struck. I shall elaborate this idea at length in the later sections of this chapter.

The reason why Nihalani perhaps deletes all references pointing fingers at Bakshiji's integrity is obvious. One, of course, is the need to tighten his plot. Unlike a novel, which can run into endless pages, a movie or even a tele-serial is to be compressed within a stipulated time frame. Unending debates around the same matter only weaken the grip of the narrative in the cinematic medium. Nihalani perhaps realizes this limitation of the medium and hence might have skimmed them aside. However, it would be unfair to state that Nihalani escapes confronting the failings and fissures of the Congress of that period completely. He merely abstains from unnecessarily dwelling upon them or passing obvious value judgements against them. Through two or three effective scenes he had already highlighted the fissures sprouting in the Congress party. In such a case the inclusion of these above mentioned arguments including the ones which elaborate details of the personal tiffs of different party workers (that feature in the novel), would only have reiterated what Nihalani had already successfully proposed, in the first few frames of the District Congress Committee itself. The weakening forms of the Congress ideology had already been emphatically portrayed. In other words, the reason behind skimming aside all the details referred above could perhaps have been the need to avoid repetition and present before his viewers a case, without passing any judgement in all rashness.

reason behind skimming aside all the details referred above could perhaps have been the need to avoid repetition and present before his viewers a case, without passing any judgement in all rashness.

Other than these departures in the representation of some significant characters, Nihalani also incorporates a couple of other minor changes in his narrative. Not only do we see him club episodes presenting the workings of the Congress party, some of the characters too are compressed into one to avoid unnecessary ramblings. For example, in the novel, we read of a Gosainji, who has planned the 'taameeri' service in Imam Din Mohalla, work with his colleagues during the 'prabhaat pheris.' Though we never read of him speak a single line in the novel, we are informed by the omniscient narrator that he is physically present and is working with his associates during the cleaning of the locality. In the movie, on the other hand, Nihalani skips the character of Gosainji. The spectators hear that a certain Gosainji had planned the 'taameeri kaam,' but never see him physically present. One of the very obvious reasons behind such a departure is that while a novel can afford numerous such characters, a movie cannot afford too many. It only leads to confusions and congestions of frames. It is perhaps due to these very logics that Nihalani also skips some other characters like Hakimji, the Christian missionary and the headmaster, who feature later in Sahni's narrative.

Not only does Nihalani omit characters, he even brings about minor changes in the dialogues uttered by some of his characters. Like in the novel, when Mehtaji refuses to clean the drains, Shankar offers to do it on his behalf. In the movie, it is Sher Khan who makes this offer to Mehtaji. One very obvious reason behind this exchange of dialogue could be that the Sher Khan of the movie would otherwise have not had even a single dialogue in the movie. In the novel too, we are merely informed that Sher Khan, in whose house all the tools are stored, is an active member of the District Congress Committee. He is even heard working during the 'taameeri kaam,' but like Gosainji, the novelist never makes him utter a single dialogue. His presence though is crucial to the narrative whereby the writer tries to show that the Congress was an equal representative of the Muslims as it was of the Hindus and Sikhs. Even in the movie, his presence has a significant purpose. While Nihalani tries to foreground the fact that the Congress was not a party of only Hindus, he needed characters like Sher Khan and Aziz. Interestingly, the novel has a Hakimji too. However, due to constraints of frames, as discussed above, Nihalani makes do with just two Muslim members of the Congress. These then illustrate the idea that the Congress represented not just the members of a particular religion but represented all Indians, irrespective of religion. Bakshiji is heard repeating this

> Congress sabki jamait hai, Hayat Sahib. Hinduon ki, Sikhon ki, Musalmaanon ki. Hayat sahib, pehle aap bhi to hamaare saath hi the.[66]

And since Nihalani uses a Sher Khan, he makes him utter a dialogue as well. However, yet another more valid reason could perhaps be that such a reference heightens the harmonious fabric of the Congress party even more emphatically. When the viewers watch a Muslim make an offer of assistance to his Hindu colleague, the belief that the Congress was indeed a secular party is foregrounded. This is precisely what Nihalani wanted to portray and through such transformations he manages to successfully put across his point. Besides the audience too is forced to consciously or unconsciously assimilate the idea that the Hindus and Muslims till very close to Partition, were not essentially each other's hated enemies. This, in fact, is an idea that even the novelist buys passionately. In a personal interview with Alok Bhalla, Sahni is even heard reinforcing this point:

> certain things were just taken for granted. Differences in faith were taken for granted. Differences in customs, ways of life, eating habits, and so on, were taken for granted. This helped in the process of accommodating one another. There was cordiality between people of different faiths. Therefore, there was no reason why people should not have learnt to live as good neighbours. So I think communal antagonism was a development that took place in the British period. The British were convinced of the differences between the Hindus and Muslims. This also suited them, as their own numerical strength was small. They had come and established their empire through all sorts of means. Making use of differences between people within a family, and so on, was a part of their game and they succeeded.[67]

Apart from the above mentioned departures, there are other such changes too that feature regularly in the movie. Though they do not have a very significant or obvious bearing on the punch and ethos of the narrative, they do subtly leave their mark. One can label these as minor departures, which most of the times spring from the constraints of the medium. There are so many such minor changes that discussing each at length would be beyond the scope of my thesis. Therefore, I shall henceforth only dwell upon those alterations that have a very crucial influence on the feel and flow of the two narratives.

One of these more significant departures is that Nihalani has skipped numerous references of the novel which had the potential of being perceived as controversial. I shall list some of these at length.

One of these more significant departures is that Nihalani has skipped numerous references of the novel which had the potential of being perceived as controversial. I shall list some of these at length.

At a crucial juncture in the novel, when the members of the League try to stop the members of the 'prabhaat pheri' from continuing with their programme, Bakshiji intervenes. He professes that the work of the Congress should not be disrupted as it is working for the benefit of all Indians, irrespective of their religious identities. He clearly emphasizes that the Congress is not a representative of just the Hindus. Pointing at Aziz and Hakimji, Bakshiji tries to drive home the point that Muslims working with them too are significant members of the Congress. The members of the League headed by Hayat Baksh are still not appeased. They only label such arguments of Bakshiji as defunct and one of them utters viciously:

> 'Aziz and Hakim are the dogs of the Hindus. We do not hate Hindus, but we detest their dogs? [68]

Upon hearing this, Bakshiji tries to convince them and asks, "Is Maulana Azad a Hindu or a Muslim?" [69] And we hear a League member respond to Bakshiji's argument thus:

> 'Maulana Azad is the biggest dog of the Hindus who goes wagging his tail before you.'[70]

However, no such biting attack features in the movie. Thus, one can claim that Nihalani consciously stays clear of all references which could have invited trouble. Earlier he avoids painting leaders like Nehru and Gandhi in a poor colour. Now we see him do the same to Maulana Azad. The obvious cause behind such a stand is that it would certainly have cast aspersions on the credibility of his work. It can indeed become troublesome to make such statements against prominent men, who are considered national leaders in a country's history. The case becomes even more problematic in the case of a tele-serial. Since a tele-series is to be viewed by members of no specific caste, region, religion, etc., sentiments can often be hurt if such slurs are cast upon men of respectability and celebrated national status.

Nihalani's *Tamas* and for that matter every movie and, more so, every tele-serial does not have a very specified reach. It is viewed by people across all genders, spaces, locations, regions, religions, castes, etc. In such a scenario passing obviously crude comments can evoke huge controversies. Nihalani was treading even more sensitive grounds. He was filming *Tamas* for a television audience, which is even more scattered and less specified in its reach. Hence, it must have been utterly essential for him to avoid rousing furors. In fact, Nihalani himself claims this in one of his interviews, where he states:

I shall subsequently discuss the cause of the bitter controversy that this serial got trapped in. Before that I wish to delineate some more changes, which the director clearly incorporates to avoid fierce attacks against an effort, which many claimed was purely objective:

> The telling of national history that is not bathed in glory is discomfiting to many; indeed, the facts of history are often difficult to live with, particularly where communal blame and responsibility are involved. Nihalani's superb achievement with *Tamas* lies in the fact that he has created a brilliant account of recent human history that sees guilt as being as universal as innocence and people as being simply human, irrespective of the distinctions with which they might try to dress themselves.[72]

Another change is the very obvious omission of avoiding depicting violence in all its grim forms on screen. The novel has some very ugly references to the same. Bhisham Sahni offers clear descriptions of killings, loot, murders, rapes, etc. We hear the 'mujahids' share their tales of terror and loot boisterously. We read one of them claim:

> 'When we got into the lane, the karars began to run this way and that way. A Hindu girl went up to the roof of her house. As soon as we saw her, we ran after her. There were nearly ten of us. She was trying to jump over the low wall on the roof to go over to the adjoining house when she fell into our hands. Nabi, Lalu, Mira, Murtaza all had a go at her one by one.'...
> 'By God it is true, every word of it. When my turn came there was no sound from her; she wouldn't move. I looked at her; she was dead. I had been doing it to a dead body,' he laughed a hollow kind of laughter, and turning his face to one side, spat on the floor.[73]

Yet another of these men describes something equally horrid and cruel.

> 'It is all a matter of chance,' he was saying. 'We caught hold of a bagri woman in a lane. My hand was working so well, I would chop off a head at one go. The woman began crying and begging: "Don't kill me," she said, "All seven of you can have me as your keep."'
> 'Then?'
> 'Then what? Aziza plunged his dagger into her bosom and she was finished there and then.'[74]

Before this episode too, we hear of a Muslim group torture, humiliate and convert the young Sikh Iqbal Singh. Such acts of forced conversions were rampant during those times. After hitting him badly, these young Muslim men scare their newly formed and found enemy into conversion. We see them force Iqbal Singh to read the 'kalma.' Even after the poor Sikh lad has agreed to their command, they insult him as badly as they can:

conversion. We see them force Iqbal Singh to read the 'kalma.' Even after the poor Sikh lad has agreed to their command, they insult him as badly as they can:

> Hostility and hatred cannot turn into sympathy and love so suddenly, they can only turn into crude banter. Since they could not physically hit him, they could at least make him the butt of their vulgar jokes.[75]

They bully and torture him all the way to their village. They literally drag Iqbal Singh to their village, where they intend performing the formal conversion ceremony. Before the circumcision ceremony is done, we see them force "a big piece of raw meat, dripping with blood,"[76] into his mouth and make the frightened man recite the 'kalma' once again. Equally horrifying is the description where his hair and beard are cut so as to make him look like a Muslim. Sahni etches this description so poignantly that one is left gripped in shock and anger at the sheer barbarity of the episode. This act is not as obviously violent as murder or rape, but is perhaps equally horrifying. The writer manages to capture the violence of this episode in his brutal descriptions of Iqbal Singh's expressions. When his hair is being trimmed, Sahni writes:

> Iqbal Singh's shrivelled face, despite his frightened eyes, actually began to look like that of a Muslim.[77]

Later, when the piece of meat is brusquely pushed into his mouth "Iqbal Singh's eyes popped out; he was unable to breathe."[78] At the end of this inhuman episode too, the writer states:

> By the time evening fell, all the marks of Sikhism on Iqbal Singh's person had been replaced by the marks of the Muslim faith. A mere change of marks had brought about the transformation. Now he was no longer an enemy but a friend, not a kafir but a believer; to whom the doors of all Muslim houses were open.
> Lying on his cot, Iqbal Ahmed kept tossing and turning the whole night.[79]

Thus, Sahni brilliantly captures this mental torture by means of the deft strokes of his pen. He even presents a case of forced abduction. Sahni describes explicitly a young Prakasho being kidnapped by Allah Rakha, who "had had his eyes on Prakasho for quite some time."[80] when the right opportunity strikes, we see Allah Rakha too strike:

> When the riot broke out mother and daughter were collecting faggots from the slope of the hill. Allah Rakha, along with two or three of his friends, was already on the prowl, waiting for an opportunity. They came running, Allah Rakha picked up Prakasho, who shouted and cried but to no avail, and brought her home, while her mother, dumbfounded, looked on and then came whimpering home.[81]

> During the first night, Prakasho was left alone in a dark room. On the second day, Allah Rakha got some sort of nikah rites performed and married her, ... For two days Prakasho lay crying without a morsel of food or a drop of water going into her, and kept staring at the walls of his house. But on the third day she accepted a glassful of lassi from his hand and also washed her face. The faces of her father and mother were constantly before her eyes but Prakasho was painfully conscious of the fact that as against Allah Rakha, they were too feeble to rescue her.[82]

Sahni even succeeds in presenting before the readers yet another kind of violence that accompanied Partition. According to existing accounts, self-imposed violence too was common to those times. The readers of *Tamas* get an insight into this variety too. In a touching episode in the novel, Sahni delineates how 34 women of Syedpur plunge into the waters of a local well, to preserve the honour of their community. Thus, one observes that Sahni has intelligently reflected violence in all its grim shades in his moving narrative.

However, of all these morbid faces of violence, Nihalani directly presents only the last in his narrative. All the other descriptions are conveniently skipped aside in the movie. In other words, the director never portrays visually the intensity and form of the violence that was unleashed during Partition, which the novelist has forcefully tried to capture in his work. In the movie, we do see fires rise, houses and shops burn, but Nihalani never sketches the details of the violence that accompanied the times. It, on the other hand, is merely suggested or stated obliquely by means of a couple of odd references to the same.

Once in the heart of the narrative, Liza shares her pain and restlessness with her husband. It is then that we hear her inform Richard:

> What else is there for me to do? Here I am. ... The whole town is being burnt and looted. Women are being raped and killed. ... I think this is obscene.[83]

Another such reference is towards the end of the movie, when the Statistics Babu mentions:

> Dekhiye mujhe aankade chahiye. Sirf aankade. ... Kitne marre. Kitne ghayal hue. Kitna maali nuksaan hua. Mujhe aur kuch nahin sunna hai.[84]

Even Prakasho's tale is only indirectly referred to, when in the last couple of scenes, a helpless Brahmin couple share their woes with the Statistics Babu, and tell him that there is no point in even trying to search for their dishonoured daughter. Interestingly, the director merely does with a single statement to convey this horror, whereby the parents speculate how

Even Prakasho's tale is only indirectly referred to, when in the last couple of scenes, a helpless Brahmin couple share their woes with the Statistics Babu, and tell him that there is no point in even trying to search for their dishonoured daughter. Interestingly, the director merely does with a single statement to convey this horror, whereby the parents speculate how the abductors must already have corrupted her by forcing her to swallow "buri vastu"[85] into her mouth. The details that Sahni offers are conveniently eluded. Sahni describes:

> For a few seconds Prakasho's eyes rested on Allah Rakha's face. Then she slowly picked up a piece. Even after picking it up, she was unable to lift her hand towards him. Prakasho's face had turned pale and her hand trembeled as though with the sudden realization of how her parents would react were they to know what she was about to do. But just then she saw Allah Rakha's eyes full of eager desire and Prakasho's hand went up to Allah Rakha's mouth.
> Both were opening up to each other. Allah Rakha moved closer to her and enveloped her in his arms. Even though frightened and subdued, she became receptive to his embraces. It seemed to her as though the past had drifted far away, while the present was waiting to receive her with open arms. The situation had so radically altered that Prakasho's parents had begun to appear irrelevant to it.[86]

Other than these, there are only two more concentrated efforts on Nihalani's part to unsettle his viewers with the bloody and grim face of Partition violence. One of these is the scene which happens when the riot breaks out in Syedpur. The Sikhs of the area, who have clamped in the local Gurudwara, send a peace emissary to the Muslims of their locality, who have cluttered in a local Sheikh's house. The 'Chhotta Granthi' along with Nathu are sent by the Sikh head Teja Singhji to negotiate and strike a deal of peace with their Muslim counterparts. However, just as this young man and Nathu approach the Muslim crowd, the viewers hear that they have been attacked and are being mercilessly beaten. Interestingly, Nihalani does not focus his camera even once on these helpless men who are being tortured by the Muslims. His lens only focuses on the terrified face of the man in the Gurudwara, who witnesses and then reports the brutal assault from the parapets of the Gurudwara. The shock of the event is merely conveyed when the viewers see one of these bystanders point a finger in the direction of the assault and utter in a state of disbelief:

> Wo deko! Un logon ki bheed Chote Granthi ki taraf badh rahi hai.
> Wo dekho, bheed ne use gher liya. Dikhaai nahin de raha. Arre!
> Wo Chote Granthi ko maar rahe hain.[87]

evocatively through his lens. However, he abstains from doing so and strives to delineate merely suggestively this violence which plays an integral role in the narration of any Partition narrative. Not just here, even when Nihalani describes the marauders looting Harnam Singh's shop, he principally focuses his camera on Harnam Singh and Banto, who are hiding in a corner. From that hidden corner they witness the tragic sight of their shop go up in flames. As the shocked Harnam Singh utters "Aag lagaadi, Banto apne ghar ko aag lagaadi. ... Sab saaf ho gaya,"[88] the audience is also left terrified at the violence of the situation.

The very obvious reason behind such omissions is that *Tamas* was to be screened on television for all sections of people, irrespective of any markers of restriction. In such a situation, depicting gross violence could have been problematic in terms of its impact and effects on the viewers. Even the Censor Board could have raised objections against such delineations of violence, which had the potential of arousing bitter controversies. It was perhaps such concerns that kept Nihalani away from representing violence explicitly on screen. In fact, in one of his interviews, while talking about this absence of a graphic account of violence, the director even states:

> I didn't make the film sensational by depicting graphic details. I suggested rather than show many things and this kept the viewer involved and yet distanced so as to take objective decisions.[89]

In a sense, Nihalani even accomplishes to achieve what he was proposing. By offering graphic details of violence against a particular community, he could have ended up victimizing and flaring the sentiments of both the victims and perpetrators of violence. Even the reference of Prakasho succumbing to her Muslim abductor's passion instead of preserving her own and her community's honour would not have been palatable to an audience, which was reasonably spread out. Instead, it could have created a huge ruckus. Besides, his effort could even have easily been sabotaged by claiming it to be dangerous for mass viewing.

However, such a strategy does not necessarily have only advantages. Though it stays clear of controversies, it often fails to evoke the requisite emotional response required for a venture like *Tamas*. In fact, I feel that in such a situation, the entire representation of violence appears rather theatrical, failing to arouse the catharsis that a film on Partition is often expected to. In the movie, we only hear a man describe the violence from the roof of the Gurudwara through his repeated 'wo dekhos':

like *Tamas*. In fact, I feel that in such a situation, the entire representation of violence appears rather theatrical, failing to arouse the catharsis that a film on Partition is often expected to. In the movie, we only hear a man describe the violence from the roof of the Gurudwara through his repeated 'wo dekhos':

> Uska saathi usko bachaane ke liye aage badh raha hai. Wo dekho! Chote Granthi ko maar rahe hain. Uska saathi aage badh raha hai. Bheed ne use bhi gher liya. ... Dono ko gira diya. Bheed ne dono ko gira diya. Bheed dono ko maar rahi hai. Wo dekho! Bheed dono ko maar rahi hai. ... Unhon ne gaon ko aag lagadi. Wo samaan loot rahe hain. Chote Granthi ko maar rahe hain. Dekho! Vo Chote Granthi ko maar rahe hain. Wo dekho. Wo saamaan loot rahe hain. Aag laga rahe hain. ... [90]

And then furnish the details of the violence. In fact, this has often been perceived by many as insufficient in terms of arousing the emotional climax of the viewers.

Even M. S. Sathyu, the director of *Garam Hava*, claims the same. In a personal interview, the veteran director, while discussing the movie, lauded Nihalani's venture as a good film on the Partition of Punjab but claimed that it had a couple of weaknesses and failed in patches. According to him, one of the most disturbing of these failings was that the movie often made use of effects, which were not well suited for the language of cinema.[91] Quoting the very same episode he remarks that the absence of a graphic representation of violence fails to move; often reducing good cinema to theatricality that does not go well with the filmic mode.

At this juncture I shall also like to quote two other references that feature in the novel but are skipped by the director. In the novel it is clearly mentioned that the contractor who asks Nathu to slaughter the pig is the Muslim Murad Ali. In the movie, on the other hand, the religious identity of this same contractor is never really revealed clearly. In the entire movie, he is only addressed by his designation and not his name. This indeed must have been politically engendered as openly showing a Muslim get a pig butchered and placed outside a mosque for mere selfish gains, could have aroused huge protests by the concerned parties. Similarly, Nihalani avoids all those interactions in the novel, where Richard informs Liza that Hindus and Muslims ultimately belong to the "same racial stock."[92] This too is a tricky statement and hence the director perhaps neatly evades it.

However, it would be unwise to say that by skipping all the controversial sections of the movie, Nihalani remains apolitical. Nihalani definitely represents the dynamics of politics of

Sahni too, in his novel, shows the scary functioning of this sub-section of the Hindu Mahasabha. He also describes how the Youth Wing of this group prepares young Hindu boys to fight for their sect. Interestingly, the readers see them address every Muslim as their "enemy"[93] and each other as brave "warriors,"[94] who have to protect the honour of their religion. In the novel, we see Master Dev Vrat initiate Ranvir into their cult. After Ranvir slaughters a hen and proves his mettle, he is declared fit to be an active member of the group:

> 'Stand up, Ranvir!' Masterji said, patting him on the back. 'You have the necessary strength of will, you have determination too, even though your hand is still not very steady. You have passed the initiation test.' He bent down, dipped his finger in the blood on the stone slab and put a teeka with it on Ranvir's forehead, thus inducting him into the category of the initiates.[95]

Immediately after his induction into the group, we see him participate enthusiastically in all the activities of his group. We see him use violence excitedly while trying to get the cauldron from the halwai's shop. They intend using this utensil to boil oil which can then be poured over their supposed enemies i.e. all Muslims. This representation of Ranvir features in the movie as well. However, there is a subtle difference in the way Nihalani handles the event.

After this episode, where Ranvir is formally inducted into the group, Sahni introduces numerous other episodes where the readers read of the city getting trapped in rising flames. It is only after a couple of chapters that we once again see Ranvir with his associates. Though there is no specific reference to the amount of time that has gone by between these two episodes, we surely get an idea that a massive riot has already flared up in town. We do hear of the Grain Market burn. Besides loot, there are a few odd references to killings as well:

> At a road-crossing in Naya Mohalla lay the dead body of a horse. On the outskirts of the city, by the side of a road that led to the villages, the dead body of a middle-aged man had been found. Another dead body had been found in a graveyard on the western edge of the town.[96]

We also read of tension escalating in the region:

> In one day all public activity - the prabhat pheris, the constructive programmes and the like - had come to an end.[97]

In fact, by the time we next see Ranvir and his troupe, we are informed by the third person narrator that even Jarnail has been mercilessly killed. In other words, there is a significant hint that at least some time has gone by between Ranvir's induction and his cold-blooded murder of an elderly perfume seller. It is only after things in town have taken an ugly shape that

In fact, by the time we next see Ranvir and his troupe, we are informed by the third person narrator that even Jarnail has been mercilessly killed. In other words, there is a significant hint that at least some time has gone by between Ranvir's induction and his cold-blooded murder of an elderly perfume seller. It is only after things in town have taken an ugly shape that Ranvir features again in a scene where he acts out as the commander of that group. In the previous episode, we had witnessed Inder, another young man, order him and one of his colleagues to fetch a cauldron for boiling oil. How this change in the leadership of this Youth Wing happens is never described clearly. However, there are suggestions whereby the readers are informed that Ranvir "had developed supreme self-confidence"[98] after passing the initiation test. It is perhaps this great courage and passion that must have impressed his seniors, who would have employed him the 'senapati.' Hence, the second time we see Ranvir in the novel, he is busy ordering and instructing his fellow warriors about how the enemy is to be attacked. It is only after all this that we witness Ranvir order one of his associates, Inder, to attack the aged, harmless, defenseless Muslim perfume seller. This heartless murder is one of the most astounding and horrific descriptions of violence in the novel.

In the movie, on the other hand, things appear very distinct. Before deliberating upon the reasons behind these departures, I shall enlist the changes that Nihalani brings about while adapting this scene for the screen.

The scene where the old man is murdered appears at a juncture in the movie, which is a little different from that of the novel. As discussed earlier, in the novel, we see the murder take place after rioting and killing has already started in town. The case in the movie is not so. In the movie, we definitely witness tension in the air. However, this episode is placed very early in the movie, before things have gone completely out of order. There is absolutely no reference of a full blown riot having erupted in town before we see Ranvir kill the old man. In other words, tension has escalated in town prior to this episode but there are no signs of anything viciously violent having happened anywhere in town. In fact, this episode features soon after a reasonably composed episode, where the viewers watch many commoners sip tea and gently discuss the previous day's events at a 'nanbai's' shop. Ironically their talks are laden with undertones of a basically harmonious co-existence across various religious sects. Other than the talk about the 'pir,' who looks upon the Muslims and non-Muslims with equal sympathy, we hear a wise old man inform that the British are clever manipulators:

We also hear a Muslim condemn the developments in town. When one of his associates states that it is a sin on the part of a Hindu to have slaughtered a pig and thrown it in front of the mosque, he questions whether what the Muslims did was correct. In the movie, soon after we witness the butchered pig, we see a man fiercely chasing a cow. Though the butchering of the cow is neither shown nor reported, the audiences clearly get an idea that the cow is soon going to be killed. It is with regards to such developments that we hear a Muslim tell one of his co-religionists, "Bhai mandir ho ya masjid, aisi harkat napaakh hai."[100] In this context then, one of the first obnoxious acts of violence against a human that the viewers get to witness becomes the above referred murder itself. (This is also the second of the earlier stated two obvious delineations of violence in the movie.)

Such a sequence of events could surely be politically governed. In other words, with no reference to any antecedent of murders and killings and the first of these acts being committed by a member of the RSS could definitely have been a conscious decision on the part of the director. Perhaps such is the light in which the director views the workings of the RSS!

However, the even more scary sight is the way the killing is presented. Interestingly, in the movie it is Ranvir and not Inder, who kills the old man. What becomes most disturbing is to witness the way a young boy is swept into the ideology of Hindu fundamentalism. Nihalani does not even give much of a breather between Ranvir's initiation and his so called display of 'valour'. Besides, in the absence of any preceding act of overt violence, Ranvir's deed only leaves the audience befuddled at the logic behind Ranvir being scared to kill even a hen one moment and heartlessly violent while killing a harmless Muslim the very next moment. However, if one attempts a close reading of his initiation test, one might find one's answer.

During his initiation test, we witness Ranvir puke when he watches his Master Dev Vrat slaughter a hen. We see him being slapped by the teacher for being weak. The master tells him not to think and further adds:

> Ranvir ye veerta ke lakshan nahin hain. Arya putron mein mansa, vacha, karmana - teenon prakaar ki dridhtaa ki aavashyakta hoti hai. ...Jo yuvak ek murgi nahin kaat sakta, wo shatru ko kya kaatega?[101]

We even see the unsure young man's mortal fear as he attempts the hen's murder. What compels him to do so is left unelaborated, but for that since his master has given him an ultimatum to do so, he kills the hen in all rashness. Master Dev Vrat had warned him:

> Ranvir ye veerta ke lakshan nahin hain. Arya putron mein mansa, vacha, karmana - teenon prakaar ki dridhtaa ki aavashyakta hoti hai. ...Jo yuvak ek murgi nahin kaat sakta, wo shatru ko kya kaatega?[101]

We even see the unsure young man's mortal fear as he attempts the hen's murder. What compels him to do so is left unelaborated, but for that since his master has given him an ultimatum to do so, he kills the hen in all rashness. Master Dev Vrat had warned him:

> Tumhe paanch minute ka samay aur diya jaata hai. Is beech agar tum murgi nahin kaat sake, to tumhe deeksha ke liye aayogya mana jayega. Tumhe deeksha nahin di jayegi.[102]

At the same time, the other impression that one gathers is that he is indoctrinated into doing so. In a close up sequence, the spectators witness Master Dev Vrat, nearly peer through Ranvir's eyes and pass his order. One almost gets a feeling that he hypnotizes Ranvir into committing the deed. Though there is no certainty behind this statement, the progression of the sequences very strongly recommends the same. A little later, we witness Ranvir too adopt a similar technique with his associates.

Ranvir is shown as one of the members of the Youth Wing and we see him work under a team leader, Inder, whom they all address as 'senapati.' However, all of a sudden, in one strange twist, we see Ranvir claim supreme control and himself announce that henceforth he would be the 'senapati' of the group. In fact, this appears rather unsettling. There is absolutely no logic offered as to why he assumes commandership. The only justification that appears is that Ranvir perhaps feels the need to do so and feels better equipped. Inder is even seen objecting, but to no avail. Strangely, we merely see Ranvir inform his erstwhile 'senapati' about his decision of being in charge from then on. The former 'senapati' is still raising objections about Ranvir bypassing his powers, when Ranvir orders him to go and attack a Muslim on the street. We see Ranvir announce almost clinically, "Indra tumhaara shastra kulhaadi hoga."[103] His ex-commander is silenced when he first hears Ranvir spout this dialogue in a tone that seems to reflect the style and manner of a hypnotist. And the moment Ranvir has finished repeating the same command for a second time in the same fashion, we hear the ex-incharge of the group, who till then had been raising a hue and cry, utter "Jo aagya senapati."[104]

Not only does Inder obey Ranvir's order here, after this episode, we see him obey each of his new 'senapati's' command diligently. Besides, we see Ranvir adopt such a style not just once. Earlier too one watches him repeat one of his dialogues in a similar fashion and that utterance

This entire representation appears rather strange and most certainly presents the entire functioning of the RSS morbidly. One must remember that Nihalani never refers to these young men as members of the RSS. The name does not even feature in the movie. However, these boys' uniform and a reference to them being members of the Youth Wing of the Hindu Mahasabha, makes things reasonably obvious. The novel too does not paint a very positive image of this group. But what is worth considering is that things do not appear as skewed in the novel, as they do in the movie. In the novel, the murder of the Muslim perfume-seller is shown to be at least motivated. There are hints that killings have erupted in town and one could interpret their acts too to be some form of retaliation. One the other hand, in the movie, their actions appear almost flawed, barbaric and unguided. Even before the riots have erupted, we hear Ranvir tell his fellowmen:

> Aaj hamein kam se kam ek shatru ka vadh karna hai. Iski viewh rachna maine nishchit kar di hai.[106]

There are no obviously logical arguments that can justify Ranvir's stand. In such a context, they only appear as misguided youths cast under the spell of a strange dogma. It was perhaps this very delineation that invited terrible flak and opposition from the Hindu fundamentalists, who demanded banning the telecast of this serial:

> At the time of its showing, it was greeted with considerable controversy with injunctions brought against it in the Bombay High Court, actions which it justly survived.[107]

Such representations only leave us wondering at the flawed piece of logic that these young men are driven by. Perhaps this is how Nihalani views the RSS and to give face to his belief, he brings about the above mentioned changes in the sequence and nature of frames here. Yet another reason behind this departure could be constraints of the medium. In order to maintain unity of action in such an epic narrative, spacing such episodes close to each other or skipping the character of Inder might have been more feasible. Nihalani has repeatedly spoken about the need to cull out a tight plot from the episodic nature of the novel, in order to successfully screen it as the tele-serial. Of the numerous measures that he is seen to adopt, one was to draw together the strands of a sub-narrative in one episode itself. Nihalani himself states:

> I also realized that each episode would be viewed six days apart and while this may be good for distancing the viewer or making him more objective, the fact still remains that it plays havoc with the continuity. We therefore ensured that each episode, though a continuation of the previous episode, was a self-contained entity.[108]

However, I believe that the former was what Nihalani intended to portray.

screen it as the tele-serial. Of the numerous measures that he is seen to adopt, one was to draw together the strands of a sub-narrative in one episode itself. Nihalani himself states:

> I also realized that each episode would be viewed six days apart and while this may be good for distancing the viewer or making him more objective, the fact still remains that it plays havoc with the continuity. We therefore ensured that each episode, though a continuation of the previous episode, was a self-contained entity.[108]

However, I believe that the former was what Nihalani intended to portray.

Other than these two, there is yet another political group, i.e. the Communist party, that is dealt with at length in both the novel and the film. In both the novel as well as the movie, we see the Communists try their level best to preserve peace and order. However, while representing this party too, Nihalani departs a little from the novel. Unlike the novel, where the leader of the Communists is clearly addressed as Dev Datt, in the movie, this man is seen as Iqbal. Very intelligently, Nihalani does not add any further detail to this name. Hence, we never figure out whether this Iqbal is a Hindu or a Muslim. Early in the narrative itself we see Iqbal trying hard to convince the members of the Congress and the League to take necessary action towards peace, lest things go out of control. The failed expression on his face, when both the parties refuse to budge, reflects nothing but his genuineness. Before this when we see him try and convince an erstwhile comrade to not feel dejected with the party principles, we see his efforts as sincere, forceful and targeted. In the novel, we only hear him claim:

> 'Don't take any step in haste, comrade. The class to which we belong – the middle class – is easily affected by traditional influences. Had you come from the working class, the question of Hindu and Muslim would not have bothered you so much.'[109]

In the movie, on the other hand, we see Iqbal explain this point at length to his colleague and not give up in just one odd reference. Besides, the arguments too are presented more comprehensively and explicitly. I shall elaborate this idea subsequently.

Hence, one can state that to show a comprehensive face of the tragedy in all its kaleidoscopic dimensions was most certainly Nihalani's endeavour. It is for this reason that he represents the varied faces of all groups, parties and communities through which viewers see the coming about of Partition. And while doing so, he takes a very obvious political position as well. Like Sahni, Nihalani most clearly blames the British policy of divide and rule. Many of the important characters are heard blaming the British. Most of the dialogues where the British

While Mirdad is seen urging the Muslims to shun violence, we see him blame the British for their selfish tricks. When Mirdad tries to tell Dilawar Bhai that the British are playing foul games, we hear the latter, who is one of the important Muslim members of Syedpur, say:

> Angrez ki hukumat mein kya kharaabi hai? Mulk mein aisa haakim hua hai Baadshah Akbar ke baad?[110]

It must be remembered that this dialogue never features in the novel. Such introductions by Nihalani reinforce the belief yet more emphatically that the British had played a clever game with Indians and indoctrinated them into believing that Muslims cannot be safe under Hindus. It is perhaps for this reason that Dilawar Bhai's list of praises includes an Akbar and then the British. This was the only manner in which they could conserve their hold on the Indians. At the same time through such dialogues, Nihalani also sends across positive signals, whereby he indirectly presents not all Muslim rulers as barbarous. The audience is obliquely reminded that if there were Muslims who were fanatics, there was a secular face of Islam as well.

Earlier too we hear Iqbal utter this very stance rather comprehensively. While Iqbal is trying to inform his disillusioned colleague about how the British are exploiting people in the name of religion, he exposes the tricks of the British:

> Hamein colonial aur imperialist taakat ki chaal ko samajhna chaahiye. Vested interests kis tarah halaat ka fayeda utha kar khalbali machaata hai. Hamein ye samajhna chaahiye.[111]

However, this absolute blackening of the English image is most movingly done in the characterization of Liza, the DC Richard's wife. While in the novel, we only come across Liza as the bored wife of a British civil servant posted in India, in the movie, she becomes the most biting attack against the Britishers. We see Liza scorn upon Richard's callousness and selfishness. When we hear the sensitive Liza cry against the ugly tricks that are being played against the innocent Hindu, Muslim and Sikhs, the audience is yet more compelled to believe the stance that the British has a cunning and crucial role behind the entire communal vendetta that escalated amongst the varied religious sects in India. The final blow is struck when ironically, the same Liza, a very 'insider' in the British versus Indian divide, decides to go out to a rescue camp and nurse the umpteen innocents, whose lives have gone in for a somersault because of the misdoings of some few men at the helm of affairs.

Such departures clearly indicate that not even for a second did Nihalani want his viewers to forget the tricks played by the British. In fact, so forcefully does the director strive to

the stance that the British has a cunning and crucial role behind the entire communal vendetta that escalated amongst the varied religious sects in India. The final blow is struck when ironically, the same Liza, a very 'insider' in the British versus Indian divide, decides to go out to a rescue camp and nurse the umpteen innocents, whose lives have gone in for a somersault because of the misdoings of some few men at the helm of affairs.

Such departures clearly indicate that not even for a second did Nihalani want his viewers to forget the tricks played by the British. In fact, so forcefully does the director strive to foreground this idea, that other than the right wing Hindu Mahasabha, whose workings appear strangely fundamental, all the other political groups seem to be absolved of any obvious guilt. This was a charge levied against Sahni as well. Gyanendra Pandey called *Tamas* as an act of generating a "collective amnesia."[112] Even Nihalani can be accused of the same. However, what many label an attack, is also the achievement of the film:

> One of the disquieting features of the film is Nihalani's refusal to attribute blame, a convenience that often helps (albeit mistakenly, perhaps) an audience to achieve moral tidiness. Of course, particular interests will find blame whenever they want to find it: this is both the message of Nihalani's film and vulnerability.[113]

Thus one can say that overall Nihalani fleshes out a fine portrayal of the phantasmagoria that enveloped a nation in the wake of Partition. Nihalani was adapting a novel with an episodic narrative into a tele-serial, due to which he operates within a specific framework. Keeping these constraints in mind, he culls out a tight script, with a unity of central action. It is perhaps for this reason that he brings about a change in the story of Nathu and Harnam Singh too. If each sub-plot had functioned as an independent narrative account, as it does in the novel, there would have been a danger of episodes falling apart and the entire continuity collapsing. This danger was yet more pronounced in case of his tele-series format. One must remember that his film was to be screened in the form of episodes, each at the gap of a week. In such a situation, an episodic structure could have played havoc with continuity. However, Nihalani overcomes all these obstacles by means of ingenious strategies. The most significant of these is the manner in which he draws all the sub-plots together and neatly weaves then into one culminating moment; whereby we see the three most significant sub-narratives of the story culminate in one Gurudwara at Syedpur. John W. Hood too praises this strategy. He states:

> The film has a simple narrative order based on a humble tanner, Nathu, and his pregnant wife, Karmo. In the second half of the film this story line merges with one focusing on an elderly Sikh couple, Harnam Singh and his wife, Banto. On this uncomplicated narrative spine

Iqbal, the head of the Communists in the movie as well. However, Nihalani clarifies this stand further to elaborate the ideology of the Communists to the viewers even more emphatically:

> Hamein colonial aur imperialist taakat ki chaal ko samajhna chaahiye. Vested interests kis tarah haalat ka faayeda utha kar khalbali machaata hai. Hamein ye samajhna chaahiye.[115]

Similarly, the skepticism of the Congress party workers too is brilliantly contextualized and elaborated in an endeavour to involve the audiences into the narrative process. In one of the early episodes of the movie, when some members of the Congress, during the 'tameeri kaam' express lack of faith in the efficacy of such Gandhian programmes, we hear Mehtaji claim:

> Bakshiji main ek baat kahoon. Hum log kitne barson se taameeri kaam kar rahe hain. Ek samay mein iska asar bhi tha. Lekin ab dekhiye na. Kya ho raha hai? Kalkatte mein to phasaad ho hi gaye na. Gandhiji ne ann shan kiya. Khud Naokhali bhi gaye. Aag thandi hui. Magar aag bujhi to nahin. Phir in sab chizon ka...[116]

One must remember that though this episode features, this dialogue never appears in the novel. In fact, there are a plenty of other situations where Nihalani adopts a similar strategy. He adds dialogues to enunciate the argument more clearly and one can conveniently call this as a necessity of the medium that the director was working in. The consumers of a literary piece are often educated men and women, grounded in an academic background and extended explanations. As opposed to that, a film or tele-serial is viewed by masses, which belong to varied strata of the society. In such a case then, a director has to keep the sensibility and sensitivity of all kinds of audiences in mind. Thus, if the assumption is that some of the consumers of the film might be people with not much knowledge of history and politics, it becomes essential to provide them with a background and extended expectations. Else there can always be dangers of lack of comprehension or misrepresentation.

Nihalani was definitely desirous of putting across a message powerfully through his adaptation. He wanted to highlight the sheer banality of the event in which poor innocents suffered and perhaps are continuing to suffer. He even claims the same in an interview:

> I didn't make the film sensational by depicting graphic details. I suggested rather than show many things and this kept the viewer involved and yet distanced so as to take objective decisions. More than that, I did not mention the word 'Partition' during the film. This was not due to censorship but because I wanted the film's narrative to transcend the event. This could have happened in any era: the fact that millions of people were uprooted and millions were killed in the name of religion. So I used the legend: Those who do not learn from history are condemned to repeat it.[117]

Nihalani was definitely desirous of putting across a message powerfully through his adaptation. He wanted to highlight the sheer banality of the event in which poor innocents suffered and perhaps are continuing to suffer. He even claims the same in an interview:

> I didn't make the film sensational by depicting graphic details. I suggested rather than show many things and this kept the viewer involved and yet distanced so as to take objective decisions. More than that, I did not mention the word 'Partition' during the film. This was not due to censorship but because I wanted the film's narrative to transcend the event. This could have happened in any era: the fact that millions of people were uprooted and millions were killed in the name of religion. So I used the legend: Those who do not learn from history are condemned to repeat it.[117]

In order to hammer this point to an audience, he needed to invent measures whereby the message could be put across potently and repeatedly. To a large extent Nihalani accomplishes this and deserves accolades for the manner in which he achieves his goal. Without being repetitive and boring, he makes his call forecfully. One of his measures is the way he weaves two short-stories by Sahni into his mega narrative. As discussed earlier, the story of the 'Sardarni' and the Muslim teacher Zahud Baksh, which never feature in the novel, effectively heighten his central motive. He also makes another potent addition in the movie. A sect called the Rababis, who are Muslims, but worship the Guru Granth Sahib is poignantly projected by the director. The sheer horror and lament of these men when they declare the pathos of the situation leaves the audiences further moved by the tragedy of Partition:

> Sachche Paadshah. Reham kar mere maalik. Reham kar. ... Kyon aaj tere saaye mein basne waala gaaon shamshaan ban gaya hai? ... Mere Allah. Mere Satguru. Tu un sab begunaahon ko apne kadmon mein panaah de, jo is andhe mazhabi junoon ka shikaar hue hain, aur aaj tere dwaare aan pahunche hain. Reham kar. Reham kar mere maalik. Reham, reham, reham.[118]

Earlier too through the complaints of these men, the audiences are once again reminded of the syncretism that many claim, existed in times close to the coming about of Partition. While sharing his angst with Mirdad, one of the Rababis is heard lamenting:

> Ye siyaasat to hamesha rahegi Mirdad bhai. Lekin mareinge to hum sab garib hi na? Zara dekhiye. Hum Musalmaan hain. Rababi hain. Pushton se Guru Maharaj ki baani ka gaan karte aa rahe hain. Lekin aaj hamein gurudware mein jaane nahin diya Mirdad bhai. Hamaara mann toot gaya. Hum roye. Itni umar mein pehli baar Guru Maharaj ke saamne jaa kar unki baani ka paath nahin kiya hai. Hamaare dard ko koi nahin samjhega Mirdad bhai. Is Hindu Musalmaan ke jhagde se hamaara kya lena dena? Main to kehta hoon ye jhagda hai hi bemaana. Ab aap hi bataaiye, hum kahan jayein? Gurudware mein jaate hain, to kehte hain hamaari jaan ko

There is yet another significant juncture in the movie whereby this belief is heightened considerably. Interestingly this reference too is a departure from the novel. In the novel, we hear of a 'pir' come to town. As the sage crosses the by-lanes, the men in the streets begin to discuss his spiritual attainments. In the novel, there is a clear reference to the 'pir' too becoming communal in his leanings with the rising tension during the weeks before Partition:

> 'But the Pir Sahib does not touch kafirs with his hands. He hates infidels. Earlier, it was different. Anyone could go to him. Only, if an infidel came for treatment, he would feel his pulse with a stick – putting one end of the stick on his pulse and the other to his ear, and thus diagnose the disease. But now he does not permit any kafir to come near him'[120]

In the movie, on the other hand, this reference is skipped. We only hear the men discuss how the noble 'pir' has mercy for both religions. It is never mentioned that things had changed in the wake of rising communalism. We only hear elderly Muslims praise the noble man thus:

> Ye Pir Sahib Musalmaanon se bahut mohabbat karte hain. Waise ilaaj ke liye unke yahan koi bhi jaa sakta hai. Auron ko wo, apni chhadi ki nok unki nabz par rakh di, aur nabz ko sun liya.[121]

Even the friendship between the Hindu Lalaji and the Muslim Noor Ilahi, despite moments of crisis, further corroborates the above stated idea. Other than these, the most prominent of these strategies is the characterization of Jarnail, which is largely based on the way it is presented in the novel. However, the brilliant acting by Virendra Saxena and a couple of additional lines and scenes that further enhance the intensity of his passion and commitment for the cause of freedom, make him appear as one of the most loveable characters in the series. At a critical juncture in the novel, just seconds before his death, we hear him cry out:

> 'Sahiban, Hindus and Musalmans are brothers. There is rioting in the city; fires are raging and there is no one to stop it. The Deputy Commissioner is sitting in his bungalow, with his madam in his arms. I say, our real enemy is the Englishman.'[122]

This episode and these dialogues feature in the movie too but Nihalani makes a couple of changes here too. In addition to Jarnail's protests against Partition that feature in the novel, the director makes him utter a couple of additional sentences as well:

> Sahiban mazhab ke naam par logon ko bhadkaana gunah hai. Mazhab ke naam par mulk ke tukde karna galt hai, galt hai sahiban.[123]

Other than this cleverly incorporated change in the narration of this entire episode, the lens definitely adds its magic to it and makes Jarnail's death appear far more bone-chilling. So brilliantly is the entire sequence captured that the viewers are forced to live the trauma and

> Commissioner is sitting in his bungalow, with his madam in his arms. I say, our real enemy is the Englishman.'[122]

This episode and these dialogues feature in the movie too but Nihalani makes a couple of changes here too. In addition to Jarnail's protests against Partition that feature in the novel, the director makes him utter a couple of additional sentences as well:

> Sahiban mazhab ke naam par logon ko bhadkaana gunah hai. Mazhab ke naam par mulk ke tukde karna galt hai, galt hai sahiban.[123]

Other than this cleverly incorporated change in the narration of this entire episode, the lens definitely adds its magic to it and makes Jarnail's death appear far more bone-chilling. So brilliantly is the entire sequence captured that the viewers are forced to live the trauma and Nihalani's central vision too is forcefully reiterated. Thus, it is through such ingenious measures that the director fleshes out the tragedy of Partition, in which millions of innocents suffered as men transformed into beasts; causing tremendous havoc.

In the eyes of Sahni, Partition was definitely a phase where mankind as a whole failed. Man ended up killing man, while none, not even the best, could grapple with the 'darkness' of the times. The fact is that Partition was a dark phase where there was "a very thin line between the restraint of civilisation and the latitude of barbarity."[124] Nihalani captures this idea most conspicuously in the representation of Shah Nawaz, where we see him save his Hindu friends one minute and heartlessly murder the innocent Hindu servant of that very household (Nanku) the next moment. This description features in the novel as well but there we read Shah Nawaz murder Milkhi, another servant of his friend. Nihalani however, clubs Milkhi and Nanku and forcefully makes his point. Nihalani's superb direction captures this sequence more evocatively than the novel. Elaborating this stance, Ranjani Mazumdar states:

> In the novel, the build up to Shah Nawaz's action is casually mapped out through a series of street and personal encounters. The violence in the town is visible for him to see. The tele-series, on the other hand, compresses this moment in a single encounter. The use of darkened stairs and the slow build-up creates an uncanny aura, again contributing to the feeling that the Partition violence was at times too complex to comprehend.[125]

It is such departures in the original narrative coupled with an intelligent use of film tropes, the breathtaking terrific background music score by Vanraj Bhatia, exceptional performances and deft camera work that make Nihalani's *Tamas* emerge as a site for a very relevant and crucial political discourse, until then skimmed aside in the annals of Indian cinema.

Yet another significant reality is that amidst this mayhem, humanity too prevailed and like Sahni, Nihalani too has tried to delineate this in his narrative. In fact, as discussed earlier, the director manages to capture this face of the tragedy even more comprehensively. In other words, besides denouncing this very tragedy, he celebrates the humanism that coupled the barbarism of the times. It is due to such measures that critics claim the movie as a brilliant attempt to capture a true face of Partition in all its multiple dimensions.

Thus, to conclude one can comfortably state that Nihalani stays reasonably close to the original narrative. A major reason behind this perhaps was because the novelist himself assisted the film-maker in writing the script. As stated in the Introduction, a movie is a collective effort. It is not the vision of just one man. Though the director of a film has the most crucial say, the other artists working on the movie too play a significant role.

Thus one could say that it is the very close association of the novelist and the director that make the two endeavours appear reasonably similar especially in terms of their ideological paradigms. However, this does not imply that Nihalani's effort is one mediocre mimesis of the original. In fact, one can state that it is the team effort of the director and his other associates working on the film that lends it a reasonably distinct flavour and sparkle. A very interesting example of this cumulative effort can be found in a close reading of one of Sahni's comments itself. While deliberating upon the change in the track of Harnam Singh in his movie, Alok Bhalla reports Sahni's stance thus:

> Bhisham Sahni said that when he played the role of Harnam Singh in the film, he felt such deep empathy for him that he forgot the pathos with which the character is depicted in the novel. He added that the moral fortitude of Harnam Singh in the film was perhaps a result of his own increasing confidence in the ability of the country's composite ethos to withstand new separatist threats and, at the same time, to reach out to its neighbours in order to establish a new lease of peace in the region.[127]

Nihalani's *Tamas* ends up emerging as one of the most significant documentaries on one of the worst massacres that ever enveloped a nation. Its power lay in the fact that the tele-series emerged as a major public site of controversy and a journey into a sea of human hatred and brutality, whose ugliness has never really disappeared.

Nihalani definitely had the advantage of the camera. A brilliant plot, an enviable star cast, excellent direction and camerawork makes Nihalani's *Tamas* stand out as a venture par

> result of his own increasing confidence in the ability of the country's composite ethos to withstand new separatist threats and, at the same time, to reach out to its neighbours in order to establish a new lease of peace in the region.[127]

Nihalani's *Tamas* ends up emerging as one of the most significant documentaries on one of the worst massacres that ever enveloped a nation. Its power lay in the fact that the tele-series emerged as a major public site of controversy and a journey into a sea of human hatred and brutality, whose ugliness has never really disappeared.

Nihalani definitely had the advantage of the camera. A brilliant plot, an enviable star cast, excellent direction and camerawork makes Nihalani's *Tamas* stand out as a venture par excellence. The movie has often been subject to numerous attacks. While some blame it for being too apolitical, some others attack it for being over cautious while depicting violence.

However, despite attacks, Nihalani's venture stands out as one "of a superior technical quality" with "a strong emotional charge and epic flavor."[128] Without being highly provocative, the director offers a realistic portrait of the trauma that swept a nation in its tide. One has only to look upon scenes like the one where a helpless father throws precious ornaments because he desperately needs food to save his hungry daughter. Money in such a case has no meaning for a father. Such delineations often realistically capture the feel of what Partition stood for a generation. While praising the film, John W. Hood claims that:

> *Tamas* thrives on its visual excellence, ... The realism of the *mise-en-scene* is absolutely vital to the film, giving logic and immediate credibility to the representation of small town life nearly forty years earlier. The frequency of close and medium shots and the judicious use of tracking give the film a remarkable palpability, encompassing, as it were, the viewer in its own world.[129]

Other than praising the superb camerawork, he even lauds the restrained depiction of events:

> *Tamas* is also a remarkably restrained film that could so easily have been sensationalized with more graphic and horrific representation of unleashed blood-letting. The film's atmospherics are especially well devised and presented; for example, the actual burgeoning of the riot out of suspicion and mistrust, through apprehension and fear, to anger, hatred and violence, is done with a chilling relentlessness, the effect of which is intensified by the silent candour of the shots of the aftermath.[130]

Thus, despite the constraints of the medium, Nihalani depicts a "hair raising"[131] what Ranjani Majumdar calls "visceral experience"[132] of the violence and terror that accompanied the times.

Conclusion

The Line That Was Filmed

Literature and Cinema have had a very long and close relationship. Ever since the conception of the latter, filmmakers have been going back to literature, which acts as a rich reservoir to pick up narratives from. The association, of course, has an obvious logic. Both, at the end of the day, as Stam puts it, are forms of "narratology."[1]

Partition films in Hindi Cinema too have had a similar history. As discussed in the "Introduction" of this thesis as well, most films in this genre have been based on narratives that appeared on the literary scene before. While some have been adaptations of pronounced classics or popular ventures, others have been those of not so successful texts. While some films have been based on short stories, others have drawn upon full-length novels for their basic framework. Nonetheless, adaptation has remained a rather popular trend.

Interestingly, there is no overarching or conclusive reason behind such a trend. However, one significant cause could be the subject under study itself. As mentioned earlier, the Partition of 1947 was a grim phase in the history of the subcontinent. So morbid and unsavoury were the memories of those experiences that for long, people from the region avoided talking about this bloody history in absolutely obvious terms. In fact, the endeavour, especially of the official discourse, was most often to shrug the bitter memories of this shameful past under wraps. However, after a brief immediate blank, unlike in sites of official discourse, Partition found an explicit face in the literary works of the writers from the region. In fact, soon after this initial silence was broken, the nation witnessed literally an outburst of writings, where some of the best known writers of the subcontinent represented this colossal tragedy in realistic, often naturalistic forms; thereby offering us "repository(ies) of localized truths, sought to be evaded and minimized by the dominant discourse on the Partition."[2] And this rather profound outpouring of literary works, contemplating the varied dimensions of the tragedy in the most morbid of forms, continued all through the initial few decades following the disaster.

Cinema, on the contrary, for a considerably long while, "stood aloof"[3] from the calamity. In fact, it remained virtually absent from the frames of the subcontinents' filmmakers all through the initial decades that followed Partition. It was only after a significantly long time had elapsed, that filmmakers from this region started attempting on a mass scale, movies, on this highly contentious issue. In other words, it was only after the initial shock waves had settled and the people had, to a fair extent, come to terms with the phantasmagoria, that mainstream Hindi Cinema too began dabbling with the issue. I do not wish to claim that it

was only when time had healed all the wounds of the bitter xenophobia that filmmakers attempted to represent Partition in their frames. Nor had all the scars been wiped off completely from the consciousness of the people. On the contrary, the wounds of the tragedy have still not healed and might even continue to cast their appalling shadow for generations to come. This is a belief often pronounced by numerous critics studying the themes of Partition and communalism in the subcontinent. Many still believe that Partition "jaari hai."[4]

Nonetheless, time definitely mellowed the intensity of the angst, horror and pain which sprung in the wake of the tragedy. Similarly, though expecting absolute objectivity on behalf of the immediate victims of Partition would be a bit too much to ask for, a feeling of forgiveness and forgetfulness had certainly crept in after a considerable while had elapsed. It is then that Hindi cinema too started delving deep into the theme. In other words, filmmakers from the genre of popular cinema, who for long had shied away from bearing witness to the calamity, now started filming the line by means of their lens. At this juncture, I do not wish to once again deliberate upon the reasons behind this initial escapism on the part of the movie makers to capture Partition in their frames. Such reasons have already been dealt with exhaustively in the "Introduction" of this thesis. Instead, it is in the study of the impact of such a trend/phenomenon, where my interest lies and I have endeavoured to comprehensively enunciate these ideas all through this thesis.

One of the most crucial repercussions of this tedious 'conspiracy of silence' by the Indian filmmakers is almost a complete absence of the first generation victims of Partition, filming the xenophobia that they had borne witness to. This observation, in fact, is extremely pertinent to our understanding of the representation of Partition in the subcontinent's consciousness. And this is because unlike the writers of Partition texts, who had seen the coming about of tragedy with their own naked eyes, most of the makers of popular cinema on Partition are wo/men, who have not really experienced or witnessed the grimness of the event in all its naked forms, in all consciousness. Though many of them have been associated with the tragedy in some form or the other, the immediacy of the impact of Partition is absent in their accounts. It must be remembered at this moment, that all through this thesis, my endeavour was to analyse only films from the genre of mainstream Hindi Cinema on Partition. There were people like Nemai Ghosh and Ritwik Ghatak from the world of Bengali Cinema, who had seen the entire coming about of Partition in their absolute consciousness and hence dealt frontally with the issue in their ventures rather early in their narratives. In

fact, Ghosh's response to the mayhem (in *Chinnamool*) was as early as in 1950. Similarly, even though some critics believe that "Partition never figures directly in Ritwik Ghatak's films; rather it is riveting memory image of a cataclysmic event that had far reaching consequences,"[5] the turmoil did feature profoundly in the works of this genius. As mentioned in the "Introduction," Ghatak directed a trilogy on Partition as early as the early sixties.

But things were not the same in popular Hindi Cinema. It is for this reason then that it will not be unfair to claim that the mainstream Hindi film world (popularly known as Bollywood), till rather late, remained reluctant and apprehensive about dealing with the issue of Partition head on. It is perhaps as a result of this initial escapism on the part of the early Bollywood filmmakers that the ones from this industry who eventually did film Partition, happen to be either second generation victims of Partition or in some cases even those, who had absolutely no direct link with the calamity. For example, M. S. Sathyu and Chandraprakash Dwivedi had no immediate connection with Partition. In fact, they did not even belong to the regions that were affected by the calamity. Hence, one finds that first generation victims remained practically absent from the genre of Hindi cinema on Partition.

By first generation victims, I imply only those wo/men, who had seen every bit of Partition unravel before their own naked eyes. In other words, people, who had seen, experienced and felt the catastrophe in all its raw and grim forms, in all their consciousness. Even if they had failed to comprehend the dynamics of the event immediately, these first generation victims had at least borne a direct witness to the tragedy. And this is a significant departure from the earlier mentioned literary pieces because most of the filmmakers from the genre under study happen to be ones who had not really been scarred by the pangs of Partition (in some form or the other). For example, Deepa Mehta talks of how she, as a very young girl, had heard stories about how the friends of her father and uncles suffered in the wake of Partition.

> I grew up hearing about all the horror stories of partition, as did a lot of people who were from the Punjab, the area most affected. In fact, if you ask anybody from the Punjab today, and we are talking about third generation, what does 1947 mean to you, they will never say the independence of India. They all say the partition of India. Every family member has some horror story to tell. It was a Holocaust.[6]

She claims that her reflections or understanding of the event were largely based on the first hand accounts that she had heard. Otherwise, though, she had not really been directly hit by Partition. Govind Nihalani claims to have borne witness to the horror as a very young boy:

> Having seen the Partition, having seen my family suffer during and after it and having my most intense memories of violence and fear from that period, I have always felt very strongly about the issue of communal tension. However, it was only after I turned director that I began to toy with the idea of making a film on the Partition – probably to de-traumatise myself.[7]

However, beyond this, neither was he himself an immediate victim nor old enough to have comprehended the nuances of the event and the dynamics behind its coming about. (Nihalani was born in 1940 and was barely seven when the calamity struck.) And as stated earlier, Chandraprakash Dwivedi's case is even more detached. He does not even belong to the region that was hit by the cataclysm. In fact, Dwivedi even voices this concern in one of his interviews, where he expresses the lack of first hand knowledge of Partition:

> I wasn't born before Partition. Plus, I was born in Rajasthan, so no one in my family had a tale to tell me about Partition. So I knew nothing about its pain and tribulations.[8]

So is the case of M. S. Sathyu, who once revealed in a personal interview, that he, a young Brahmin from the South, wanted to make a film centred around the theme simply because he felt that the issue had "universal connotations."[9] Other than this creative impetus, he had in no way borne the brunt of the tragedy, which drove many literary artists to give expression to their feelings about what they happened to have experienced in the course of the event.

I state all this rather markedly because this observation has an important bearing on my research as well. And it is of interest to my analysis because as one would observe eventually, the sensibilities of these filmmakers are bound to be different from that of most of the creative writers who, unlike the former, have elucidated Partition in their literary works on the basis of personal experiences and what they had seen of the calamity. The writers of the three texts that I have elaborately studied too are immediate victims of the tragedy. Amrita Pritam, Bhisham Sahni and Bapsi Sidhwa had all seen Partition from very close quarters. In fact, Sahni and Pritam even claim to have left behind their respective birthplaces in Pakistan and moved into the newly culled India as events leading to Partition unravelled.

In such a case then, while the writers have a first hand insight into the experiences that accompanied Partition, the filmmakers (under study) needed to carry out an elaborate research to fish out the minutest possible details of the tragedy, around which they could then build up their cinematic endeavour. And one of the best sources of research material for a responsible filming of a subject as sensitive as Partition, are literary texts, which as stated

earlier, in practically all the cases, are the outpourings of actual men and women who happened to have lived through the Partition and experienced the dynamics of the event in all its multifarious dimensions in their own consciousness. This perhaps is a major reason behind makers of Partition cinema often going to literary texts as a source for their stories.

However, this does not imply that in case a director wants to make a sincere and moving film on Partition in the format of mainstream cinema, s/he can simply pick up a successful literary work on Partition and translate it onto the screen. As discussed earlier, that would imply merely a "translation" and not "transformation,"[10] and would just not work. Hence, the issue under deliberation becomes rather complicated and unravels interesting research findings.

An in depth analysis of the works under scrutiny reveals that though most popular films on Partition are adaptations of literary works, there is no one formula behind the choice of a literary narrative picked up for a filmic rendition. While Mehta picked up a relatively unknown *Ice-Candy-Man* by Bapsi Sidhwa, Dwivedi picked up the celebrated Pritam's *Pinjar* as the base for his film. The case of *Tamas* was yet different from the earlier two. Though Sahni's *Tamas* had managed to conquer numerous literary awards, besides bagging the very prestigious Sahitya Akademi Award in the year 1976, it was never pronounced a masterpiece in the world of Partition literature.

Furthermore, research indicates that it does not even follow as a rule that good literature on Partition ensures good cinema, or not so celebrated pieces would create mediocre films about the tragedy. While Pritam's novella was and continues to be lauded as one of the finest takes on Partition, its adapted version, i.e. Chandraprakash Dwivedi's *Pinjar*, never managed to get the critical accolades that some of the best known films on Partition have. On the other hand, though Sidhwa's *Ice-Candy-Man* (earlier entitled *Cracking India*) never created any ripples in the academia, its big screen adaptation managed to rouse curious debates centred on the issue, thereby becoming one of the prominent examples in the genre of Partition Cinema. Though Mehta's effort did not receive the most rave of reviews, the responses were rather positive. Besides, it was Mehta's screen adaptation that actually brought Sidhwa's novel back into focus. Not only did the movie spring a renewed interest in the novel, it even created a boost in the sales of the novel. This too is an oft-witnessed trend in the relationship between literature and cinema. Bluestone exhaustively elaborates this two-way relationship between novels and films in his seminal work, *Novels into Film*, where he clearly enunciates:

> Just as one line of influence runs from New York publishing house to Hollywood studio, another line may be observed running the other way. Margaret Farrand Thorp reports that when *David Copperfield* appeared on local screens, the demand for the book was so great that the Cleveland Public Library ordered 132 new copies; that the film premier of *The Good Earth* boosted sales of that book to 3,000 per week; and that more copies of *Wuthering Heights* have been sold since the novel was screened than in all the previous ninety-two years of its existence.[11]

Hence, the inferences that stand pronounced are that in the domain of adaptation in Hindi Cinema on Partition, neither are there any conclusive logics that governs the choice of the narrative picked up by a director, nor can a good literary text on Partition be a guarantor of a successful film on the theme. One has only to look at the varied choices executed and the final face of the filmic rendition of the narrative, to corroborate these ideas.

Within such a paradigm then, the one belief that stands truly corroborated is that there are no set formulae which can ensure the success of a filmed text on Partition. A good literary piece on the theme can indeed offer a potential storyline for a successful film. This is an idea pronounced by numerous filmmakers as well. The veteran director cum lyricist Gulzar, while deliberating upon the same tradition of going back to literature as a rich source for films, even describes his relationship rather interestingly as "an affair between good neighbors."[12]

However, within this complicated journey from the page to the screen, there are numerous variables at play that offer defining trajectories to the adapted versions of the narratives in general, and in the case under study. Not only are the writer and the director two separate individuals, but a film and a novel too, are ultimately, two independent entities; works of two altogether different beings/teams. Hence, it becomes interesting to analyse the dynamics that go into the filming of a literary piece. The study becomes even more challenging in case of a subject as sensitive as Partition. And this precisely was the endeavour of this thesis as well – to explore the politics behind the adaptation of selected literary narratives on Partition into their respective filmic renditions and thereby study the dynamics behind the representation of Partition in the consciousness of the subcontinent. (I have based most of my observations on an in depth analysis of the three texts that I have studied, which I believed had the potential to throw up crucial arguments.) While researching the same, there are a couple of interesting observations that have come to the fore. I shall first enlist all the analyses that I have drawn and at the end of this "Conclusion," weave them together into a few concluding remarks.

One very significant search result indicates that as the immediacy of the suffering diminishes, a certain distancing on the part of the director creeps in. And since there is a definite contrast in the level and sense of involvement in the account of a writer, who has directly experienced and seen Partition, and an artist relatively removed from the tragedy (as discussed in the earlier sections of this "Conclusion,") crucial departures arise. Interestingly, analysis reveals that this relative distancing can function both as an advantage or its contrary. The onus in both cases primarily rests with the artists (filmmakers in the current context). While filming too, at one point it can cause a more objective deliberation of the subject, and at another level, it can pose a serious lack before a filmmaker. The lack of first hand experience can even result in the effort becoming the attempt of an outsider, who fails to grapple with the true shades of the calamity, thereby losing the subtle nuances of the coming about of the tragedy.

And research reveals that chances of the latter are rather profound, which can in turn raise serious reservations regarding the credibility of the representation in an adapted version. The cases under study becomes even more problematic because the adapter of a literary narrative on Partition has to shoulder a double responsibility. Not only is s/he required to recreate an event or emotion that s/he is not immediately associated with, but s/he has to be also careful of the fact that his/her work would obviously be compared with its source. An obvious example of this complicated structure can be enunciated in *Pinjar* itself. Dwivedi's *Pinjar*, to a certain extent, gets trapped in this very pitfall.

Numerous scholars strongly suggest that it was the lack of an immediate contact or involvement with the tragedy of Partition that resulted in Dwivedi's endeavour becoming nothing more than a melodramatic piece about the profound calamity. Though the director had set to graph the trials and traumas of the women engulfed in the horrors of Partition, he fails to move us much. The charge against him becomes still more pronounced when his attempt is compared with the original, where Pritam had brilliantly and realistically etched out a telling tale of the tragedy that befell the women of Punjab in the wake of Partition. And as illustrated in the second chapter of this thesis, the task was not hard for Pritam. Pritam was a child of Partition, who had witnessed the tragedy with her own naked eyes and sensed the trauma with her own broken heart. In fact, so deep was her involvement with Partition and its pangs that the theme continued to recur prominently in practically all her works. (Both these ideas have already been elaborated in the earlier chapters of this thesis.)

So is the case in the other texts under scrutiny. The writer in all the cases had a double advantage. Not only are his/her enunciations the outpourings of direct and personal experiences that the writer had in the past, but even the medium that the writer works in, offers him/her a space far greater than what the filmic medium ever does.

However, it also raises another pertinent observation. While this distanced location poses a serious challenge in terms of the creator failing to understand the dynamics of the event in all its subtle dimensions, if used intelligently, the same can act out to be of tremendous advantage as well. This is because it can even engender objectivity, an oft needed merit for a project as contentious as Partition. And this becomes obvious if one analyses Nihalnai's *Tamas*. Unlike Dwivedi's *Pinjar*, which fails to sketch the horror and pain that he had set to capture in his filmed version of Pritam's *Pinjar* (primarily due to his lack of connection), a director like Nihalani uses the same detached approach to his advantage. The latter is variously praised for his detached yet realistic and telling account of the Partition that struck the nation in the fateful August of 1947. (See Chapter III)

Hence, the idea that emerges clearly is that there is no definitive rationale, whereby one can label this distance as an asset or not. On the contrary, it is the sensibility and art of the adapter that offers the adapted version of a Partition narrative its final form/shape. This, in fact, is a point that repeatedly arises in the course of my analysis. To elaborate this idea I shall dwell upon a few other prominent observations that came to the fore during the course of my study.

One of the most significant reasons for an adaptation acquiring a face different from its literary source is the difference in the media a writer and filmmaker work in. As illustrated in all the three chapters, it is this change in medium that necessitates the adapter to omit, add, club or foreground scenes, characters, dialogues, etc. in his filmic version of the novel. The cause behind these departures too is obvious. The need arises because, as elaborated in the "Introduction," a novel operates primarily on the verbal principle, while a movie on the audio-visual principle. It must be remembered that though cinema is principally a visual art form, sound too plays a very crucial role in its enunciation. In fact, Ghatak even highlights the same in one of his writings:

> With our common habit of describing cinema as a visual art, at times I have the fear that maybe we are tending to forget altogether the importance of the world of sound by itself. As a matter of fact, sound is just as important in cinema as the visual.[13]

And it is in the transition from the verbal to the audio-visual that the essential difference between the two forms lies. Other than this, a film has limitations of space and time, which, coupled with a distinctive punch, range and throw, give the filmic endeavour a face reasonably distinct from its literary source. Bluestone describes this very process thus: "And between the percept of the visual image and the concept of the mental image lies the root difference between the two media."[14] He further adds that once this essential transition happens, the "film becomes a different *thing* in the same sense that a historical painting becomes a different thing from the historical event which it illustrates."[15]

Yet another significant factor that leads to the adapted version assuming a shape that is disparate from its literary source is that, while a novel is the solipsistic effort of a particular person, a film is the consolidated effort of a team at work. Hence, unlike a novel, where it is the personal ideology of the writer that assumes a final shape, in a movie, it is a set of "ideological agenda(s)"[16] and perspectives that define the dimensions of the filmic form. Besides, a film is also much more fiercely controlled by numbers, audience perceptions, returns, producers and distributors, and the often annoyingly interfering Censor Board. The Censor, other than operating coercively, is often abided by the self-conscious director during the course of production. In other words, censorship, as discussed earlier in this thesis, could be self-imposed (often dictated by the existing censorship norms) or from numerous external compulsions. Nonetheless, a fiercer censorship clearly brands the filmic form.

Other then these technical compulsions, even the individual set of identity markers, including gender, religion, caste, region, location, etc. play a crucial role in imparting the adapted version a face separate from its source. And all though this thesis, I have even carefully elaborated and illustrated how all these defining variables are sometimes constraints and compulsions of the medium, while at other times are conscious or unconscious choices made by the artists. For example, when the Hindu Mehta films the Parsi Sidhwa's *Ice-Candy-Man* or Dwivedi, the man, films Pritam, the woman's *Pinjar*, the difference of religion in the former and gender in the latter case often bring about interesting departures. (These and the like have already been dealt with at length in the earlier chapters of this thesis.)

However, the key contention that I wish to foreground here too is that while all adapters are posed with the same set of defining variables at play, the nature and intensity of the departures that one witnesses, in response to these individual variables, is not the same in

each venture. For example, a change in the quality of the target audience takes place in all the three filmic renditions that I have studied. However, all three directors react to this change differently. Dwivedi is seen to be much more driven by a desire to tap a greater mass audience and thereby fetch greater returns. In the process, at times, we see him even succumb to commercial dictates; to the extent that he ends up reducing a brilliant tale written in the classic realistic mode, to a mediocre, melodramatic venture. In fact, Dwivedi has himself enunciated this fact (that he is often forced to compromise with what he wants to say) in one of his interviews, where he clearly states:

> It would be a lie if I say that I didn't compromise during the making of this film. There were certain things that I wanted to do differently. I started with a conviction that remained unchanged till the end of the film. But not everyone associated with it had the same reasons or continued to share the same wavelength. ... I want *Pinjar* to do well so that if another Chandraprakash Dwivedi wants to make a film on a different subject in the future, my film is not cited as an example of what happens to such movies.[17]

Nihalani's endeavour, on the other hand, unlike Dwivedi's, far from being melodramatic, is way more hard-hitting, profound and dynamic. Similarly, Mehta too bears in mind her audience but does not get carried away in an endeavour to tap huge numbers. Her effort too is a bold attempt at dealing with this momentous event in the subcontinent's history.

Thus, the point that I am trying to make is that Nihalani's *Tamas* too was a filmed novel, but it still strove to remain a gripping political narrative, which raised pertinent questions regarding the subjects of politics and nationalism. So excitingly powerful was the delineation of this epic tale of Indian nationalism that critics have often lauded Nihalani's tele-series as one that "emerged as a major public site of controversy and memory, a journey into a sea of human hatred and brutality whose ugliness has never really disappeared."[18]

Though here again, it can be argued that it would not be too logical to view the politics behind the representation of Partition in each of these endeavours on an equal footing. The three films ultimately belong to different spatio-temporal locations, which in turn would lead to the involvement of different stakes. For example, talking of audiences itself, while Nihalani's audience was the TV viewer of the 80s, Mehta had an international audience in mind and Dwivedi's effort was an out and out commercial deal. In other words, each of the adaptations under the scanner belongs to varied spaces. This in turn can considerably alter the politics behind the representation of Partition, thereby making the manner of each rather

distinct from each other. However, my argument once again remains that this location too is a personal choice exercised by the adapters themselves. In other words, to a large extent the format that a director/adapter chooses too (be it commercial, art, semi-commercial), depends upon the sensibility of the director. This is an idea endorsed by practically all the filmmakers as well, as they claim that "people make films according to individual sensibilities."[19]

Thus, to conclude this series of observations, one can state that there are numerous individual variables that cumulatively give the adapted version a face entirely different from the original novel. And through the entire course of this thesis I have tried to enunciate and illustrate how these variables bring about pertinent departures in the adapted versions, besides offering a defining flavour to the representation of Partition in the filmic form.

However, beyond these, the most pertinent argument that stands foregrounded is that there are numerous defining variables at work and the onus to choose the form and intensity of these variables, primarily rests on the adapter. It is then the sensibility of the filmmaker that ultimately becomes responsible for lending a filmic adaptation the form that its creator wanted to give it. If this be the case, then the task of the adapter stands rather profound. In fact, it would not be too presumptuous to conclude that it is the art and sensibility of the filmmaker, which principally gives the filmic rendition its final face. In other words, to a considerable extent, it is up to the adapter to generate the kind of images that s/he wishes. Hence, the filmmaker shoulders a huge, actually twin, responsibility.

The first of these two is the dire need to furnish and generate responsible images. This is because, cinema, at the end of the day, is a very powerful medium, which has an enormous capacity to influence. In fact, the dramatic effect and impact of the medium is so grand that it often manages to move and convince the audiences in a manner that few other forms ever can. It is because of such logics that a director has to be exceptionally vigilant while representing his images. The task of the adapter in the current case becomes even more challenging because the theme being dealt with is the highly sensitive issue of Partition.

In other words, since the images of a movie have the potential to move its audiences' perceptions rather forcefully, the descriptions and delineations in a film on Partition can often engender dangerous public reactions and responses. This does not imply that literary works do not have any impact on its audience and so the writer need never be concerned about the

responses of his/her target audience. However, due to some inherent riders attached to the filmic form, it has a much wider reach. It must be remembered that, as discussed elaborately in the "Introduction," a film includes no real bindings or constraints. For example, anyone who wishes to watch a movie can comfortably become its audience. Unlike a literary work, where there are certain prerequisites before one can read it, one need not be literate or educated to be able to view a film. The result of all this then is that, the target audience of a movie becomes rather spread out. At the same time, another interesting observation reveals that not only does the audience belong to a cross-section of society, religion, region, etc., there is also no guarantee that this viewer would have any prior knowledge of the theme (Partition) being represented. Therefore, there arise numerous occasions where a person watching a film on Partition might be in no way connected to it. In other words, it is not necessary that only someone who has witnessed Partition or heard tales of the same from his/her parents or grandparents would be interested in watching a movie on Partition. This idea stands true in case of a literary work as well. Just like the audience of a film on Partition, the readers of a literary work on Partition too might in no way be associated with the tragedy. However, there still exists a subtle difference between the two. The chances of a literate reader being better informed than an uneducated viewer of a Partition film are far greater.

Within such a context then, most often the impressions that a director builds in his filmed version have a tendency to solidify and even become the accepted norms. There is no denying that there are internal controls and checks of the civil society (in the form of the Censor Board, film critics, scholars, academics, etc.), which keep a stern vigil on what is being represented. Nonetheless, the fact remains that though these internal constraints can carefully govern the shaping of a filmic version, they cannot completely guard and control the audience's perceptions. Perceptions engendered by the filmic form are normally sustained by the viewers that watch it. For example, when a couple of movies on Bhagat Singh emerged on the scene, a generation unexposed to the hero and his history were seen beginning to seriously believe what the movies offered before them. In other words then, it would be absolutely conceivable to assume that for a generation unexposed to the details of their general history, cinema acts as a powerful source. And they often base their knowledge of the same on what they view in the cinematic representations.

It is for such reasons that most critics believe that the responsibility of a filmmaker is far greater than that of an artist operating in any other genre or art form. Not only does cinema

reach a wider audience, the punch that it sustains too is far greater in magnitude. This is an idea espoused by numerous filmmakers and actors as well. Shabana Azmi, while talking about the potency of the cinematic image and imagination, states in one of her articles, "Whilst it goes without saying that cinema is first and foremost a medium of entertainment, it can also act as an instrument for social change."[20]

Hence, keeping in mind all the above referred considerations, it becomes imperative for any director filming a historical issue as sensitive as Partition, to be absolutely responsible in churning out his images. Irresponsible frames run the risk of generating sullied and dangerous talks around Partition; an event which continues to have its bearings today as well. This is a belief that can be corroborated obliquely by numerous search results. Scholars studying the subject of Indian Cinema often claim that films have a huge impact on its audiences and that films culling out a positive message have a positive effect on the society at large. K. Moti Gokulsing and Wimal Dissanayake, while commenting on the same suggest:

> However, Indian films are closely associated with modernisation. At the time of Partition in 1947, India appeared as the country less likely to sustain democratic institutions. The social cleavages within India, the relationship between Hindus and Muslims, the linguistic differences, were just some of the issues, which threatened not only democratic institutions but the state itself. Many writers about the Indian cinema, have underlined the important role that Indian films have played in building nationhood.[21]

Thus, by extension one can claim, that just like films with a positive message help in the building of nation and maintaining its syncretism, films with irresponsible messages too can effect in a manner that can pose dangers to the unified and peaceful spirit of the country. Other than this, yet another potent argument to sustain this above mentioned observation arises if one goes through the phases in which these films on Partition have appeared.

Interestingly, all three films under study have arrived at one or the other critical juncture in the history of the country. *Tamas* appeared at a time when Hindu fundamentalism was on the rise and sectarian conflicts were rife. In 1984, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi had been assassinated by her Sikh bodyguards, following which a very fierce Hindu-Sikh feud had cropped up. Prior to that too communal tension had escalated post events like the infamous Operation Blue Star. In fact, it is in the wake of this rising communalism that one finds a revival of interest in the issue of Partition. Urvashi Butalia too claims the same in one of her most celebrated books, *The Other Side of Silence*:

> Then, in October 1984, the prime minister Indira Gandhi, was assassinated by her security guards, both Sikhs. For days afterwards Sikhs all over India were attacked in an orgy of violence and revenge. Many homes were destroyed and thousands died....Here, across the River Jamuna, just a few miles from where I lived, ordinary, peaceable people had driven their neighbours from their homes and murdered them for no readily apparent reason than that they were of a different religious community. The stories of Partition no longer seemed quite so remote: people from the same country, the same town, the same village, could still be divided by the politics of their religious difference, and, once divided, could do terrible things to each other.
> Their stories affected me deeply. Nothing as cruel and bloody had happened in my own family so far as I knew, but I began to realize that Partition was not, even in my family, a closed chapter of history – that its simple, brutal political geography infused and divided us still.[22]

Similarly *1947: Earth* arrived at yet another critical moment in history. Half a decade had elapsed after the twin movements of Independence and Partition had struck the nation in the fateful August of 1947. It was then that the country once again witnessed a renewed interest in this dark phase of the subcontinent's history. In fact, Mehta herself claims, that is was the concern that even "50 years later there are still all the same problems"[23] that prompted her to film Partition. Hence, it would be fair to state that it was to put into focus these fifty years that she thought of filming a story that spoke of these twin momentous occasions (Independence and Partition) from the annals of the history. The case of *Pinjar* too seems no different. As stated in the second chapter of this thesis, *Pinjar* arrived at a moment in history, when the Indo-Pak ties were treading sensitive terrains. Efforts to bridge gaps between the two nation states were on a high and references to the initial acrimonious split between the two countries were once again doing fierce round. Hence, one can clearly conclude that all the movies under the scanner arrived at crucial junctures in history. While this could simply be a coincidence, a more conceivable argument indicates that these initiatives spring from the zeitgeist. In other words, there is something in the air that promotes such ventures. And more often than not it is the political environment of the times that pronounce their emergence.

In such a context then, it would not be far fetched to assume, that the politics of the times and the leanings and affiliations of the artists within such a politicized environment too have a very pertinent effect on these endeavours. While some might shy away from being overtly political, others can be aggressively obvious in displaying their political involvements. Nonetheless, involvement is inescapable.

Thus, it becomes obvious that these movies spring from within a political environment. And it would then be naïve to assume that these then would not be espousing a certain ideological standpoint, which as stated earlier, often has a tendency to form and solidify perceptions of the event being represented, especially due to the sheer throw and punch of cinema.

It is precisely for this reason that that I have been harping on the fact that an artist filming Partition needs to sustain responsible images. Other than politically responsible images the artist in the current case, as stated earlier, has to shoulder a twin responsibility rather well. Since, s/he is filming an adapted version, at a third level, there exists a crucial need to retain the soul of the original narrative as well.

Though retaining this essence can be a choice exercised by the director, more often than not, it almost becomes a compulsion. While at times, these impositions arise from the desk of the writer itself, at other times it simply becomes an unstated norm in the entire process and principle of adaptation. For example, since Sidhwa had auctioned her novel to Mehta, Mehta claimed complete control over the film. Nonetheless, Sidhwa claims that she insisted upon Mehta keeping her central perspectives intact. She elaborates in an article that before she permitted Mehta to film her novel, she had already made it clear to her that Lenny should remain the central voice of the story. And Mehta was obliged to abide by this instruction. Otherwise too, Mehta remained in constant touch with the writer during the writing of the script. (Elaborated already in Chapter I)

The impact of Sahni in the adapted form of the novel was still more pronounced. Sahni was himself, closely associated with Nihalani's rendition of *Tamas*. Besides playing the role of the elderly Harnam Singh, he also worked closely on the script. Interestingly, Sidhwa too performed a small cameo for Mehta's film. She appeared in the last scene of the movie as the grown up Lenny who is heard (not seen) remarking retrospectively upon the fall of events. At this stage I do not wish to enter into debates discussing the merit of such an association. While many believe (as elaborated at length in the "Introduction") that since the film and its literary source are ultimately different art forms, the need to look for similarities need not be a pressing concern. In fact, this was an attitude endorsed by Amrita Pritam as well, while she granted permission to Dwivedi to film her novella *Pinjar*. Dwivedi illustrates this central belief of the authoress in one of his interviews, where he elaborates Pritam's stance thus:

> Amrita Pritam is such a liberal person; she frankly told me her medium is writing novels, stories and poems, while making films is mine. And the two are totally different. She gave me complete freedom to do what I want.[24]

However, despite all the above mentioned beliefs and concerns, most scholars still believe that despite the two being two separate forms independent of each other, an adapted version must at least retain the soul of the source. Even Sandip Ray, while talking about the script writing process of his father, the maestro Satyajit Ray, states that his father "was in constant conversation with authors to retain the essence of the original texts in scripts and in the films."[25] In other words, what follows then is that, a director need not reproduce what has been said in the literary text. Neither is that actually possible, nor would it be encouraged. In fact, Shyam Benegal, even condemns such an act of blind reproduction. In an article on the same concern, he clearly states that "If cinema becomes the reproduction of a book, it would be a disaster, ... You end up with a book at second hand."[26]

Yet, at the same time, the adapter should not and cannot give his/her adapted version a face that bears no impression of its source. Adaptation then is a very complicated task and the adapter needs to strike an intelligent balance between the two forms. Else s/he always faces the danger of getting trapped in the vicious web that Robert Stam lucidly describes thus:

> Adaptation criticism purveys a series of such "double binds" and "Catch 22s." A "faithful" film is seen as uncreative, but an "unfaithful" film is a shameful betrayal of the original. ... The adapter, it seems, can never win.[27]

Thus, after an exhaustive analysis of the same, the central idea that once again stands corroborated is that the onus of the project rests largely with the filmmaker/adapter. In other words, it is his/her craft and sensibility that ultimately becomes the cause behind the success or failure of his/her venture. It is for this reason then that I claim that the most significant and defining variable of a successful filmic adaptation of a Partition narrative is the artist/director/adapter him/herself. It is only his/her art and sensibility that gives character to the adapter's endeavour.

Hence, to conclude, the artist must always bear in mind the determining variables that go into filming an adapted version and thereby cull out a responsible and meaningful film on the issue under deliberation. This is what my research repeatedly foregrounds and this is what one of the central contentions of this thesis is.

It is for this reason then that I claim that the intentions of the creator must be well grounded. It is completely understandable that a film is primarily an entertainment seeking commercial medium and drawing crowds to the hall is one of the most crucial responsibilities of a director. Besides "it is financial and other related pressures as much as censorship that have made experimentation difficult."[28] Yet the adapter must ingeniously cull out an interesting and meaningful synergy of "artistic and commercial sensibilities."[29]

And though an adapter is essentially posed with numerous constraints (as enunciated all through this thesis), s/he must exploit the merits of the filmic form to his/her advantage. I shall illustrate this idea, by means of a feature that is often a matter of tremendous concern with directors, writers as well as critics.

Since a film on Partition is to be viewed by multitudes across a cross-section of people, a director cannot go overboard while delineating violence; a crucial element that literally defines Partition. This, as stated in the earlier chapters, is a compulsion of the medium. A filmmaker cannot be as explicit as a writer can be, while sketching violence in his frames. The former is forever constrained by censors. While most of these censors are imposed from external sources (e.g. Censor Board, academic spaces, etc), some are even self-created.

However, this does not imply that if a film on Partition, fails to represent this violence in all its graphic forms, it fails. Nor does it imply that if a director cannot give a stark face to violence in his film, he must avoid representing it completely. In fact, escape (as discussed earlier in the chapters too) is no solution. On the contrary, an adapter must come up with innovative techniques to graph the same, such that the much needed emotional impact of the form is sustained. More so because, it is the absence of this violence, that fails the filmed narrative on Partition.

This happens for two pertinent reasons. The first very obvious one is because the film deals with a subject that requires such a delineation. Partition was a grim phase that was defined by a huge amount of violence, horror and terror. A filmic representation of the same thus becomes essential. Secondly, since the final film would be an adaptation of a literary form that often gives expression to the violence, rather explicitly, the comparison with the source might cause problems.

In such a case then, it is in ingenuity that the real merit of a creative artist filming an adaptation lies. In fact, while discussing the same idea I have even described how Dwivedi fails in his endeavour to avoid depicting violence on screen, while Mehta and Nihalani manage to cull out ingenious measures to give their forms the much needed "visceral experience of terror."[30] While Mehta uses the bone-chilling train sequence, Nihalani does the same while graphing the honour killings and tension in the *gurudwara* just minutes before the attack. These are just a few of those many moments that stand out most markedly in the films under deliberation. There are numerous others episodes of the kind as well, which have been elaborated in the analysis of the three chapters.

And this becomes possible because while the filmic form poses constraints, it offers additional advantages as well. After all, as Chatman says, there are certain things that "novels can do that films can't (and vice versa)."[31] If a filmic endeavour, unlike a literary narrative cannot give a graphic account of violence, an intelligent director can surely use the power of the camera and the effects of sound and music to delineate the same. In fact, in certain cases, he even ends up offering an experience even more emphatic than the novel.

Thus, to conclude, while filming a literary narrative on Partition, the task of a director is rather tedious and challenging. In fact, according to me, the onus rests principally on the adapter. It is "the chemistry of the mind of the filmmaker"[32] that gives the adaptation its defining flavour. Hence, only those efforts, which are ingeniously conceived, responsibly executed and appeal to the "sense, emotions and intellect"[33] would be remembered as good cinema. Otherwise things remain a matter of grave concern. As Satyajit Ray states:

> In the adaptations of novels, one of the two courses has been followed: either the story has been distorted to conform to the Hollywood formula, or it has been produced with such devout faithfulness to the original that the purpose of a filmic interpretation has been deflated.
> ... What the Indian cinema needs today is not more gloss, but more imagination, more integrity, and a more intelligent appreciation of the limitations of the medium.[34]

And herein lies the crux of adaptation of texts to films, particularly in the context of Partition, which I have called "Filming the Line," in the sense of how both the line of the border that Partition drew on the map of this subcontinent and the literary line that tried to depict it, get filmed, and which I have tried to study in its specific ramifications in this thesis.

End Notes

INTRODUCTION

1. Bipan Chandra, et.al., eds., *India's Struggle for Independence* (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 440.

2. S.C. Bhatt, *The Great Divide: Muslim Separatism and Pakistan* (New Delhi: Gyan Publishing House, 1998) 128.

3. Andrew J. Major, "The Chief Sufferers: Abduction of Women during the Partition of the Punjab," *Freedom, Trauma, Continuities: Northern India and Independence*, eds. D. A. Low, and Howard Brasted (New Delhi: Sage, 1998) 57-71.

4. Gyanendra Pandey, *Remembering Partition* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2001) 6.

5. Bodh Prakash, "The Woman Protagonist in Partition Literature," *Translating Partition*, eds. Ravikant, and Tarun K. Saint (New Delhi: Katha, 2001) 204.

6. Ravikant, "Partition: Strategies of Oblivion, Ways of Remembering," *Translating Partition*, eds. Ravikant, and Tarun K. Saint (New Delhi: Katha, 2001) 160.

7. Suvir Kaul, *The Partitions of Memory: The Afterlife of a Division of India* (Delhi: Permanent Black, 2001) 9.

8. Ibid., 9.

9. Ibid., 9.

10. Ravikant, "Partition: Strategies of Oblivion, Ways of Remembering," *Translating Partition*, eds. Ravikant, and Tarun K. Saint (New Delhi: Katha, 2001) 170.

11. Ashis Nandy, "The Invisible Holocaust and the Journey as an Exodus: The Poisoned Village and the Stranger City," *Postcolonial Studies*, 2.3 (1999): 305-29.

12. Gyanendra Pandey, "The Prose of Otherness," *Subaltern Studies*, eds. David Arnold and David Hardiman, Vol. 8 (New Delhi: OUP, 1994) 214.

13. Nandi Bhatia, "How Long Does Lahore Burn? History, Memory and Literary Representations of the Partition," *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar, and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 205.

14. Ravikant, and Tarun K. Saint, introduction, *Translating Partition*, eds. Ravikant, and Tarun K. Saint (New Delhi: Katha, 2001) xi.

15. Nandi Bhatia, "How Long Does Lahore Burn? History, Memory and Literary Representations of the Partition," *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar, and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 196.

16. Mehboob Khan, "Cinema's taboo on partition," 11June 2004 <http://news.bbc.co.uk/ 2/hi/south_asia/ 378337.stm>.

17. Lalit Mohan Joshi, quoted in "Cinema's taboo on partition," Mehboob Khan, 11 June 2004 <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/south_asia/ 378337.stm>.

18. P. K. Nair, "Partition in Cinema," <www. southasiancinema.com/new/ pknair.htm>.

19. Prem Chowdhury, *Colonial India and the Making of Empire Cinema: Image, Ideology and Identity* (New Delhi: Vistaar Publications, 2000) 256.

20. Shyam Benegal, quoted in "Cinema's taboo on partition," Mehboob Khan, 11 June 2004 <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/south_asia/ 378337.stm>.

21. John W. Hood, *The Essential Mystery: Major Filmmakers of Indian Art Cinema* (New Delhi: Orient Longman, 2000) 412.

22. Shakuntala Rao, "Collective amnesia: where is the cinema of partition?," *The Tribune* (Chandigarh) 17 Aug. 2007: 11.

23. Ibid., 11.

24. M. S. Sathyu, interview with Deepti Laroia, at the Chandigarh Film Festival-2008 held at Chandigarh, 2 Feb. 2008.

25. Ibid.

26. Gautam Ghose, quoted in "New editions," Madhushree, *Brunch: Hindustan Times Sunday Magazine* (New Delhi) 1 July 2007: 9.

27. George Bluestone, preface, *Novels into Film*, by George Bluestone (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1957) vi.

28. Robert Stam, "Introduction: The Theory and Practice of Adaptation," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo. (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 4.

29. Ibid., 3.

30. Ibid., 10.

31. George Bluestone, *Novels into Film* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1957) 5.

32. Pradeep Sarkar, quoted in "New editions," Madhushree, *Brunch: Hindustan Times Sunday Magazine* (New Delhi) 1 July 2007: 11.

33. K. Moti Gokulsing and Wimal Dissanayake, *Indian Popular Cinema: A Narrative a Cultural Change* (New Delhi: Orient Longman, 1998) 81.

34. Schlesinger, quoted in *Directing Motion Pictures*, comp. and ed. Terence St. John Marner (London: The Tantivy Press, 1976): 14.

35. Nabokov, quoted in "Introduction: The Theory and Practice of Adaptation," Robert Stam, *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 17.

36. Indubala S. Raghupal, "Cultural Ideology and Gender Relations in the Cinematic Representation of Literary Texts: A Study of Select Indian Film," unpublished PhD thesis, PU, 2005, 246.

37. Goddard, quoted in "Introduction: The Theory and Practice of Adaptation," Robert Stam, *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo, (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 16.

38. Marie Seton, *Film as an Art and Film Appreciation* (New Delhi: NCERT, 1964) 7.

39. Kobita Sarkar, *Indian Cinema Today: An Analysis* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers Pvt. Ltd., 1975) 107.

40. Shyam Benegal, Live Chat, Chandigarh Film Festival-2008, Chandigarh, 2 Feb. 2008.

41. George Bluestone, *Novels into Film* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1957) 34.

42. Ibid., 34.

43. Robert Stam, "Introduction: The Theory and Practice of Adaptation," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo, (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 16.

44. Paul Monaco, *Cinema and Society: France and Germany During the Twenties* (New York: Elsevier, 1976) 4.

45. Jacques Durand, quoted in *Cinema and Society: France and Germany During the Twenties*, Paul Monaco (New York: Elsevier, 1976) 4.

46. Sandip Ray, quoted in "New editions," Madhushree, *Brunch: Hindustan Times Sunday Magazine* (New Delhi) 1 July 2007: 9.

47. Terence St. John Marner, comp. and ed. *Directing Motion Pictures* (London: The Tantivy Press, 1976): 11.

48. M. Pendakur, "India's National Film Policy," *Film Policy*, ed. A. Moran (London: Routledge, 1996) 162.

49. George Bluestone, *Novels into Film* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1957) 41.

50. Madhushre, "New editions," *Brunch: Hindustan Times Sunday Magazine* (New Delhi) 1 July 2007: 10.

51. Rahul Bose, quoted in "A Novel Adaptation! From Books to the Big Screen," G. C. Modi, *G*, ed. Julius D'Souza, 3 Jan. 2005: 37.

52. Robert Stam, "Introduction: The Theory and Practice of Adaptation," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 45.

53. Ibid., 46.

54. Ibid., 35.

55. Satyajit Ray, *Our Films, Their Films* (Hyderabad: Orient Longman, 1976) 19.

56. Paul Monaco, *Cinema and Society: France and Germany During the Twenties* (New York: Elsevier, 1976) 3.

CHAPTER-I

1. Deepa Mehta, interview with Deepa Mehta for Rediff on the Net, 24 Oct. 1997 <www.rediff.com/entertai/oct/24deep.htm>.

2. Deepa Mehta, interview with Richard Phillips, 6 Aug. 1999 <www.wsws.org/articles/1999/aug1999/meh-a06.shtml>.

3. Ibid.

4. Bapsi Sidhwa, "'Cracking India': Watching My Novel Become Her Film," 5 Sept. 1999 <www.partners.nytimes.com/library/film/090599film-india.html>.

5. Ibid.

6. Bapsi Sidhwa, Acknowledgements, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989).

7. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

8. Ibid.

9. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 253-54.

10. Ibid., 260.

11. Ibid., 262.

12. Ibid., 261.

13. Ibid., 263.

14. Ibid., 263.

15. Ibid., 277.

16. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

17. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 264-65.

18. Ibid., 277.

19. Bapsi Sidhwa, letter to the *Hindustan Times* also posted on the World Socialist Web Site, 19 May 2000 <www.wsws.org/articles/2000/may2000/dm2-m19.shtml>.

20. Deepa Mehta, interview with Deepa Mehta for Rediff on the Net, 24 Oct.1997 <www.rediff.com/entertai/oct/24deep.htm>.

21. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

22. Bapsi Sidhwa, "'Cracking India': Watching My Novel Become Her Film," 5 Sept. 1999 <www.partners.nytimes.com/library/film/090599film-india.html>.

23. Ibid.

24. Deepa Mehta, interview with Deepa Mehta for Rediff on the Net, 24 Oct. 1997 <www.rediff.com/entertai/oct/24deep.htm>.

25. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

26. Ibid.

27. Deepa Mehta, interview with Richard Phillips, 6 Aug. 1999 <www.wsws.org/articles/1999/aug1999/meh-a06.shtml>.

28. Deepti Laroia, "A Time to Kill: A Study of the Psychodynamics of Violence in Selected Partition Fiction," unpublished MPhil dissertation, JNU, 2005, 73-74.

29. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

30. Ibid.

31. Ibid.

32. Ibid.

33. Ibid.

34. Ibid.

35. Ibid.

36. Ibid.

37. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 136.

38. Ibid., 137.

39. Deepti Laroia, "A Time to Kill: A Study of the Psychodynamics of Violence in Selected Partition Fiction," unpublished MPhil dissertation, JNU, 2005, 75-76.

40. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

41. Bodh Prakash, "The Woman Protagonist in Partition Literature," *Translating Partition*, eds. Ravikant, and Tarun K. Saint (New Delhi: Katha, 2001) 204.

42. Mrinal Pandey, "1947: The Great Migration," *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 116.

43. Suvir Kaul, *The Partitions of Memory: The Afterlife of a Division of India* (Delhi: Permanent Black, 2001) 9.

44. Ravikant, "Partition: Strategies of Oblivion, Ways of Remembering," *Translating Partition*, eds. Ravikant, and Tarun K. Saint (New Delhi: Katha, 2001) 160.

45. Ashis Nandy, "The Invisible Holocaust and the Journey as an Exodus: The Poisoned Village and the Stranger City," *Postcolonial Studies*, 2.3 (1999): 305-29.

46. Mehboob Khan, "Cinema's taboo on partition," 11 June 2004 <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/south_asia/ 378337.stm>.

47. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

48. Ibid.

49. Faiz Ahmed Faiz, "Subah-e-Aazadi," *Sare Sukhan Hamare* (Delhi: Rajkamal, 1993) 163.

50. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zarkaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

51. Rahul Khanna, interview with Sharmila Taliculum, 8 Sept. 1999 <www.rediff.com/entertai/1999/sep/08rahu.htm>.

52. Bapsi Sidhwa, letter to the *Hindustan Times* also posted on the World Socialist Website, 19 May 2000 <www.wsws.org/articles/2000/may2000/dm2-m19.shtml>.

53. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 36.

54. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

55. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 37-39.

56. Ibid., 37.

57. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

58. Ibid.

59. Ibid.

60. Ibid.

61. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 40.

62. Bapsi Sidhwa, interview with Julie Rajan, 28 May 2005 <www.monsoonmag.com/interviews/i3inter_sidhwa.html>.

63. Nandi Bhatia, "How Long Does Lahore Burn? History, Memory and Literary Representations of the Partition," *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar, and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 202.

64. Bapsi Sidhwa, interview with Julie Rajan, 28 May 2005 <www.monsoonmag.com/interviews/i3inter_sidhwa.html>.

65. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

66. Ibid.

67. Ibid.

68. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 29.

69. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

70. Ibid.

71. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 28.

72. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

73. Ibid.

74. Ibid.

75. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 125.

76. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

77. Naseruddin Shah, interview with Rehan Ansari at the Toronto Film Festival, Dec. 1998 <www.himalmag.com/98Dec/deepa.htm>.

78. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

79. Ibid.

80. Ibid.

81. Ibid.

82. Deepa Mehta, interview with Richard Phillips, 6 Aug. 1999 <www.wsws.org/articles/1999/aug1999/meh-a06.shtml>.

83. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

84. Ibid.

85. Ibid.

86. Ibid.

87. Ibid.

88. Ibid.

89. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 85-86.

90. Ibid., 87-88.

91. Ibid., 87.

92. Ibid., 86.

93. Deepa Mehta, interview with Rehan Ansari at the Toronto Film Festival, Dec. 1998 <www.himalmag.com/98Dec/deepa.htm>.

94. Ibid.

95. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 177.

96. Ibid., 19.

97. Rahul Khanna, interview with Sharmila Taliculum, 8 Sept. 1999 <www.rediff.com/entertai/1999/sep/08rahu.htm>.

98. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

99. Ibid.

100. Ibid.

101. Ibid.

102. Ibid.

103. Ibid.

104. Bapsi Sidhwa, *Ice-Candy-Man* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1989) 158.

105. Deepa Mehta, Interview with Richard Phillips, 6 Aug. 1999 <www.wsws.org/articles/1999/aug1999/meh-a06.shtml>.

106. *1947: Earth*, dir. Deepa Mehta, perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

107. Ibid.

108. Andrew J. Major, "The Chief Sufferers: Abduction of Women during the Partition of the Punjab," *Freedom, Trauma, Continuities: Northern India and Independence*, eds. D. A. Low, and Howard Brasted (New Delhi: Sage, 1998) 57-71.

CHAPTER-II

1. V. K. Sunwani, "Amrita Pritam: The Black Rose," *Language in India*, Vol 5, 12 Dec. 2005 <www.languageinindia.com/dec2005/amritapritamsunwani2.html>.

2. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 3.

3. Ibid., 9.

4. Ibid., 1.

5. Ibid., 14.

6. Ibid., 14.

7. Ibid., 11.

8. Tejwant Singh Gill, "Tejwant Singh Gill: Amrita Pritam," <www.museindia.com/showcont.asp?id=164>.

9. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 19.

10. Ibid., 18.

11. Ibid., 19.

12. Ibid., 20

13. Ibid., 19.

14. Ibid., 11.

15. *Pinjar*, dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha, Lucky Star, 2003.

16. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 14-15.

17. Ibid., 15.

18. Ibid., 15.

19. Ibid., 20.

20. *Pinjar*, dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha, Lucky Star, 2003.

21. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 23.

22. Ibid., 20.

23. Urvashi Butalia, "Community, State and Gender: On Women's Agency during Partition," *EPW*, Vol. 27. No. 17, 24 April 1993: WS16.

24. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, an interview with Chandraprakash Dwivedi, *Mini Film Reporter*, 11-17 Oct. 2003: 5.

25. Gulzar Singh Sandhu, "Always Amrita, Always Pritam," *Saturday Extra: The Tribune*, 5 Nov. 2005 <www.tribuneindia.com/2005/20051105/saturday/ main1.htm>.

26. Ibid.

27. Khushwant Singh, quoted in "Amrita Pritam: Adored and celebrated daughter of Punjab," Amarjit Chandan, *In Remembrance* JPS 12.2: 328 <www.global.ucsb.edu/ punjab/12.2_Remembrance.pdf>.

28. Amardeep Singh, "Reflections (and questions) on Amrita Pritam," 2 Nov.2005 <www.lehigh.edu/~amsp/2005/11/reflections-and-questions-on-amrita.html>.

29. *Pinjar*, dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha, Lucky Star, 2003.

30. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 19-20.

31. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, transcript of Live Chat, 24 Aug. 2004 <http://chat.indiatimes.com/Chandraprakash_Dwivedi/articleshow/826679.cms>

32. Amrita Pritam, quoted in "Amrita Pritam: a symbol of courage in the face of suffering," Ishtiaq Ahmed, *In Remembrance* JPS 12.2: 333-34 <www.global.ucsb.edu/punjab/12.2_Remembrance.pdf>.

33. Suresh Kohli, "Juggling two lives," *The Hindu: Online Edition of India's National Newspaper* 13 Nov. 2005 <www.hinduonnet.com/thehindu/mag/2005/11/13/stories/20051113000301000.htm>.

34. Ishtiaq Ahmed, "Amrita Pritam: a symbol of courage in the face of suffering," *In Remembrance* JPS 12.2: 334 <www.global.ucsb.edu/punjab/12.2_Remembrance.pdf>.

35. Nonica Dutta, "Tribute: An alternative voice of history," *The Hindu: Online Edition of India's National Newspaper* 4 Dec. 2005 <www.hindu.com/bi/2005/12/04/stories/2005120400040100.htm>.

36. Amardeep Singh, "Reflections (and questions) on Amrita Pritam," 2 Nov.2005 <www.lehigh.edu/~amsp/2005/11/reflections-and-questions-on-amrita.html>.

37. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 49.

38. *Pinjar*, dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha, Lucky Star, 2003.

39. Ibid.

40. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 23.

41. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, interview with Sukanya Verma, 22 Oct. 2003 <www.rediff.com/movies/2003/oct/22chandra.htm>.

42. Ibid.

43. Ibid.

44. Urmila Matondkar, interview with Syed Firdaus Ashraf, 21 Oct. 2003 <www.rediff.com/movies/2003/oct/21urmila.htm>.

45. Ibid.

46. Meenakshi Sharma, interview with Deepti Laroia, Chandigarh, Sept. 2006.

47. Manoj Bajpai, interview with Subhash K. Jha, 21 Aug. 2004 <www.indiaglitz.com/channels/hindi/interview/6117.html>.

48. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 13.

49. Ibid., 35.

50. Ibid., 20-21.

51. Ibid., 21.

52. *Pinjar*, dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha, Lucky Star, 2003.

53. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 22.

54. Ibid., 22.

55. Ibid., 17-18.

56. Ibid., 34.

57. Ibid., 34-35.

58. Ibid., 34.

59. Ibid., 35.

60. Gyanendra Pandey, *Remembering Partition* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2006) 6.

61. Shashi Deshpande, quoted in "Sharp nibs," Reema M. Parashar <www.indiavarta.com/.../news.asp?ID=IE_20051115071214&Title=Trends&nDate=11/15/2005&topic=346>.

62. *Pinjar*, dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha, Lucky Star, 2003.

63. Ibid.

64. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, interview with Sukanya Verma, 22 Oct. 2003 <www.rediff.com/movies/2003/oct/22chandra.htm>.

65. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 8.

66. Ibid., 6.

67. Ibid., 4.

68. Ibid., 4.

69. Ibid., 4.

70. *Pinjar*, dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha, Lucky Star, 2003.

71. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 43.

72. *Pinjar*, dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha, Lucky Star, 2003.

73. M. S. Sathyu, interview with Deepti Laroia, at the Chandigarh Film Festival-2008 held at Chandigarh, 2 Feb. 2008.

74. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 3.

75. Ibid., 3.

76. Ibid., 3-4.

77. *Pinjar*, dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha, Lucky Star, 2003.

78. Ibid.

79. Ibid.

80. Ibid.

81. Ibid.

82. Ibid.

83. Ibid.

84. Ibid.

85. Ibid.

86. Ibid.

87. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 9.

88. Ibid., 9.

89. Ibid., 10.

90. Ibid., 8-9.

91. *Pinjar*, dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha, Lucky Star, 2003.

92. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, interview with Sukanya Verma, 22 Oct. 2003 <www.rediff.com/movies/2003/oct/22chandra.htm>.

93. Ibid.

94. Simona Sharoni, "Every Woman is an Occupied Territory: The Politics of Millitarism and Sexism and the Israeli–Palestinian Conflict," *Journal of Gender Studies*, Vol. 1, No. 4 (1992): 447-62.

95. Sudhir Kakar, *The Colours of Violence* (New Delhi: Viking-Penguin, 1995) 181.

96. *Pinjar*, dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha, Lucky Star, 2003.

97. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 2.

98. Ibid., 2.

99. Ibid., 1.

100. "Preview: *Pinjar* – Celebrating Humanity," *Screen*, 26 Sept. 2003: 12.

101. "Review: *Pinjar*," *Screen*, 17 Oct. 2003: 14.

102. Shafqat Tanvir Mirza, "Amrita Pritam: sensitive soul of Punjab," *The Dawn*, 2 Nov. 2005 <www.apnaorg.com/articles/dawn-9>.

103. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 23.

104. Ibid., 23.

105. Ibid., 28.

106. Ibid., 28.

107. Ibid., 50

108. V. K. Sunwani, "Amrita Pritam: The Black Rose," *Language in India*, Vol 5, 12 Dec. 2005 <www.languageinindia.com/dec2005/amritapritamsunwani2.html>.

109. Amrita Pritam, "The Skeleton," *The Skeleton and that Man* (New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987) 34.

110. Ibid., 34.

111. Ibid., 42.

112. Ibid., 47.

113. Sukanya Venkatraghavan, "*Pinjar*: Border-line," *Screen*, 31 Oct. 2003: 6.

114. Kshama Rao, "Pinjar," <www.go4bollywood.com/movie_reviews/ pinjar_244.html>.

115. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, interview with Sukanya Verma, 22 Oct. 2003 <www.rediff.com/movies/2003/oct/22chandra.htm>.

CHAPTER-III

1. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, interview with Sukanya Verma, 22 Oct. 2003 <www.rediff.com/movies/2003/oct/22chandra.htm>.
2. Govind Nihalani, an interview with V. P. Sathe, "Getting Over a Trauma," JA-37 (New Delhi: Sarai, CSDS, 2007-02-07) 31-32.
3. Ibid., 32.
4. Ranjani Mazumdar, "Memory and History in the Politics of Adaptation: Revisiting the Partition of India in *Tamas*," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 313.
5. John W. Hood, *The Essential Mystery: Major Filmmakers of Indian Art Cinema* (U.K.: Sangam Books Ltd., 2000) 333.
6. Ranjani Mazumdar, "Memory and History in the Politics of Adaptation: Revisiting the Partition of India in *Tamas*," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 313.
7. Ibid., 313.
8. Ibid., 314.
9. Yves Thoraval, *The Cinemas of India (1896-2000)* (Delhi: Macmillan India Ltd., 2000) 173.
10. Ranjani Mazumdar, "Memory and History in the Politics of Adaptation: Revisiting the Partition of India in *Tamas*," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 314.
11. Govind Nihalani, an interview with V. P. Sathe, "Getting Over a Trauma," JA-37 (New Delhi: Sarai, CSDS, 2007-02-07) 32.

12. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 3.

13. Ibdi., 4.

14. Ibid., 4.

15. Alok Bhalla, "The Landscape of Memories and Writing of *Tamas*: An Interview with Bhisham Sahni," *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar, and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 86.

16. Ibid., 86.

17. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 204.

18. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

19. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 204.

20. Ibid., 134.

21. Ibid., 135.

22. Ibid., 350.

23. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

24. Ibid.

25. K.K. Raina, *So Many Cinemas: The Motion Picture in India*, B. D. Garga (Mumbai: Eminence Designs Pvt. Ltd., 1996) 255.

26. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

27. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 125-26.

28. Govind Nihalani, an interview with V. P. Sathe, "Getting Over a Trauma," JA-37 (New Delhi: Sarai, CSDS, 2007-02-07) 33.

29. Ibid., 34.

30. John H. Wood, "Govind Nihalani," *The Essential Mystery: Major Film Makers of Indian Art Cinema* (UK: Sangam Books, 2000) 333-34.

31. Govind Nihalani, an interview with V. P. Sathe, "Getting Over a Trauma," JA-37 (New Delhi: Sarai, CSDS, 2007-02-07) 32.

32. Ibid., 33.

33. Alok Bhalla, "The Landscape of Memories and Writing of *Tamas*: An Interview with Bhisham Sahni," *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar, and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 86.

34. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

35. Ibid.

36. Ibid.

37. Ibid.

38. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 269.

39. John H. Wood, "Govind Nihalani," *The Essential Mystery: Major Film Makers of Indian Art Cinema* (UK: Sangam Books, 2000) 336-37.

40. Govind Nihalani, an interview with V. P. Sathe, "Getting Over a Trauma," JA-37 (New Delhi: Sarai, CSDS, 2007-02-07) 32.

41. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

42. Ibid.

43. Ibid.

44. Ibid.

45. Alok Bhalla, "The Landscape of Memories and Writing of *Tamas*: An Interview with Bhisham Sahni," *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar, and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 86.

46. Ranjani Mazumdar, "Memory and History in the Politics of Adaptation: Revisiting the Partition of India in *Tamas*," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 318.

47. Alok Bhalla, "The Landscape of Memories and Writing of *Tamas*: An Interview with Bhisham Sahni," *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar, and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 86.

48. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 17-18.

49. Ibid., 16.

50. Ibid., 16-17.

51. Ibid., 64.

52. Ibid., 100-01.

53. Ibid., 100.

54. Ibid., 100.

55. Ibid., 327.

56. Ibid., 327.

57. Ibid., 327.

58. Ibid., 14.

59. Ibid., 14.

60. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

61. Ibid.

62. Ibid.

63. Ibid.

64. Ibid.

65. Robert Stam, *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 23.

66. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

67. Bhisham Sahni, quoted in "The Landscape of Memories and Writing of *Tamas*: An Interview with Bhisham Sahni," Alok Bhalla, *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar, and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 95.

68. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 34.

69. Ibid., 34.

70. Ibid., 34.

71. Govind Nihalani, an interview with V. P. Sathe, "Getting Over a Trauma," JA-37 (New Delhi: Sarai, CSDS, 2007-02-07) 34.

72. John W. Hood, *The Essential Mystery: Major Filmmakers of Indian Art Cinema* (U.K.: Sangam Books Ltd., 2000) 339.

73. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 288.

74. Ibid., 288.

75. Ibid., 278.

76. Ibid., 279.

77. Ibid., 279.

78. Ibid., 279.

79. Ibid., 281.

80. Ibid., 331.

81. Ibid., 330.

82. Ibid., 330-31.

83. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

84. Ibid.

85. Ibid.

86. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 334.

87. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

88. Ibid.

89. Govind Nihalani, an interview with V. P. Sathe, "Getting Over a Trauma," JA-37 (New Delhi: Sarai, CSDS, 2007-02-07) 32.

90. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

91. M. S. Sathyu, interview with Deepti Laroia, at the Chandigarh Film Festival-2008 held at Chandigarh, 2 Feb. 2008.

92. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 41.

93. Ibid., 195.

94. Ibid., 192.

95. Ibid., 85-86.

96. Ibid., 161.

97. Ibid., 162.

98. Ibid., 192.

99. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

100. Ibid.

101. Ibid.

102. Ibid.

103. Ibid.

104. Ibid.

105. Ibid.

106. Ibid.

107. John W. Hood, *The Essential Mystery: Major Filmmakers of Indian Art Cinema* (U.K.: Sangam Books Ltd., 2000) 333.

108. Govind Nihalani, an interview with V. P. Sathe, "Getting Over a Trauma," JA-37 (New Delhi: Sarai, CSDS, 2007-02-07) 33.

109. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 184.

110. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

111. Ibid.

112. Gyanendra Pandey, "In Defence of a Fragment: Writing of the Hindu-Muslim Riots Today," *EPW*, 26.11 (1991): 561.

113. John W. Hood, *The Essential Mystery: Major Filmmakers of Indian Art Cinema* (U.K.: Sangam Books Ltd., 2000) 337-38.

114. Ibid., 333-34.

115. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

116. Ibid.

117. Govind Nihalani, an interview with V. P. Sathe, "Getting Over a Trauma," JA-37 (New Delhi: Sarai, CSDS, 2007-02-07) 32-33.

118. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

119. Ibid.

120. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 130.

121. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

122. Bhisham Sahni, *Tamas*, trans. Bhisham Sahni (New Delhi: Penguin, 2001) 190.

123. *Tamas*, dir. Govind Nihalani, perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni, Doordarshan, 1986.

124. John W. Hood, *The Essential Mystery: Major Filmmakers of Indian Art Cinema* (U.K.: Sangam Books Ltd., 2000) 335.

125. Ranjani Mazumdar, "Memory and History in the Politics of Adaptation: Revisiting the Partition of India in *Tamas*," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 323.

126. Nandi Bhatia, "How Long Does Lahore Burn? History, Memory and Literary Representations of the Partition," *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar, and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 200.

127. Alok Bhalla, "The Landscape of Memories and Writing of *Tamas*: An Interview with Bhisham Sahni," *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar, and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 86.

128. Yves Thoraval, *The Cinemas of India (1896-2000)* (Delhi: Macmillan India Ltd., 2000) 173.

129. John W. Hood, *The Essential Mystery: Major Filmmakers of Indian Art Cinema* (U.K.: Sangam Books Ltd., 2000) 338.

130. Ibid., 338-39.

131. B. D. Garga, *So Many Cinemas: The Motion Picture in India* (Mumbai: Eminence Designs Pvt. Ltd., 1996) 253.

132. Ranjani Mazumdar, "Memory and History in the Politics of Adaptation: Revisiting the Partition of India in *Tamas*," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 319.

133. Bhisham Sahni, *Apni Baat* (New Delhi: Vani Prakashan, 2000) 172.

CONCLUSION

1. Robert Stam, "Introduction: The Theory and Practice of Adaptation," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 10.

2. Ravikant, and Tarun K. Saint, introduction, *Translating Partition*, eds. Ravikant, and Tarun K. Saint (New Delhi: Katha, 2001) xi.

3. Lalit Mohan Joshi, quoted in "Cinema's taboo on partition," Mehboob Khan, 11 June 2004 <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/south_asia/ 378337.stm>.

4. The panel discussion amongst Namvar Singh, Sahni and others quoted in "Introduction," *Translating Partition*, eds. Ravikant, and Tarun K. Saint (New Delhi: Katha, 2001) xviii.

5. Partha Chatterjee, "The Films of Ritwik Ghatak and the Partition," *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension*, eds. S. Settar, and Indira Baptista Gupta, Vol. II (New Delhi: Manohar, 2002) 59.

6. Deepa Mehta, interview with Richard Phillips, 6 Aug. 1999 <www.wsws.org/ articles/1999/aug1999/meh-a06.shtml>.

7. Govind Nihalani, an interview with V. P. Sathe, "Getting Over a Trauma," JA-37 (New Delhi: Sarai, CSDS, 2007-02-07) 31-32.

8. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, interview with Sukanya Verma, 22 Oct. 2003 <www.rediff.com/movies/2003/oct/22chandra.htm>.

9. M. S. Sathyu, interview with Deepti Laroia, at the Chandigarh Film Festival-2008 held at Chandigarh, 2 Feb. 2008.

10. Gautam Ghose, quoted in "New editions," Madhushree, *Brunch: Hindustan Times Sunday Magazine* (New Delhi) 1 July 2007: 9.

11. George Bluestone, *Novels into Film* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1957) 4.

12. Gulzar, quoted in "Memory and History in the Politics of Adaptation: Revisiting the Partition of India in *Tamas*," Ranjani Mazumdar, *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 315.

13. Ritwik Ghatak, *Rows and Rows of Fences* (Calcutta: Seagull, 2000) 74.

14. George Bluestone, *Novels into Film* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1957) 1.

15. Ibid., 5.

16. M. Madhava Prasad, *Ideology of the Hindi Film: A Historical Construction* (Delhi: OUP, 1988) 5.

17. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, interview with Sukanya Verma, 22 Oct. 2003 <www.rediff.com/movies/2003/oct/22chandra.htm>.

18. Ranjani Mazumdar, "Memory and History in the Politics of Adaptation: Revisiting the Partition of India in *Tamas*," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 316.

19. Shyam Benegal, quoted in *Shyam Benegal*, Sangeeta Datta (New Delhi: Lotus, 2003) 3.

20. Shabana Azmi, "Cinema as a unifying agent," *Screen*, Vol XLVII, No.36, 22 May 1998: 12.

21. K. Moti Gokulsing,and Wimal Dissanayake, *Indian Popular Cinema: A Narrative of Cultural Change* (New Delhi: Orient Longman, 1998) 10-11.

22. Urvashi Butalia, *The Other Side of Silence: Voices from the Partition of India* (New Delhi: Viking, 1998) 4-5.

23. Deepa Mehta, interview with Richard Phillips, 6 Aug. 1999 <www.wsws.org/articles/1999/aug1999/meh-a06.shtml>.

24. Chandraprakash Dwivedi, interview with Sukanya Verma, 22 Oct. 2003 <www.rediff.com/movies/2003/oct/22chandra.htm>.

25. Sandip Ray, quoted in "New Editions," Madhushree, *Brunch: Hindustan Times Sunday Magazine* (New Delhi) 1 July 2007: 9.

26. Shyam Benegal, quoted in "New editions," Madhushree, *Brunch: Hindustan Times Sunday Magazine* (New Delhi) 1 July 2007: 11.

27. Robert Stam, "Introduction: The Theory and Practice of Adaptation," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 9.

28. Aruna Vasudev, *Liberty and Licence in the Indian Cinema* (New Delhi: Vikas Publishing House, 1978) 206.

29. Terence St. John Marner, comp. and ed. *Directing Motion Pictures* (London: The Tantivy Press, 1976): 11.

30. Ranjani Mazumdar, "Memory and History in the Politics of Adaptation: Revisiting the Partition of India in *Tamas*," *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation*, eds. R. Stam, and Alessandra Raengo (USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005) 319.

31. Seymour Chatman, "What Novels Can Do That Films Can't (And Vice Versa)," *Film Theory and Criticism: Introductory Readings*, eds. Leo, Braudy, and Marshall Cohen (New York: OUP, 1999) 435.

32. Chidananda Dasgupta, quoted in "The novel path to cinema," Shoma A. Chatterji, *Spectrum: The Tribune* (Chandigarh) 10 Feb. 2008: 1.

33. Shyam Benegal, Live Chat, Chandigarh Film Festival-2008, Chandigarh, 2 Feb. 2008.

34. Satyajit Ray, *Our Films, Their Films* (Hyderabad: Orient Longman, 1976) 22.

Works Cited

PRIMARY SOURCES

Literary Texts:

Pritam, Amrita. "The Skeleton." Trans. Khushwant Singh. *The Skeleton and that Man.* New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1987. 1-50.

_____. *Pinjar.* Delhi: R. C. Publishers, 1996.

Sahni, Bhisham. *Tamas.* Trans. Bhisham Sahni. New Delhi: Penguin, 2001.

_____. *Tamas.* New Delhi: Rajkamal Prakashan, 1977.

_____. *Tamas.* Trans. Jai Ratan. New Delhi: Penguin, 1988.

Sidhwa, Bapsi. *Ice-Candy-Man.* New Delhi: Penguin, 1989.

Films:

1947: Earth. Dir. Deepa Mehta. Perf. Aamir Khan, Rahul Khanna, Nandita Das, Maia Sethna, Kitu Gidwani, Arif Zakaria, and Kulbhushan Kharbanda. Jhamu Sughand, 1998.

Pinjar. Dir. Chandraprakash Dwivedi. Perf. Urmila Matondkar, Manoj Bajpai, Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sanjay Suri, Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Lillete Dubey, and Sandali Sinha. Lucky Star, 2003.

Tamas. Dir. Govind Nihalani. Perf. Om Puri, Deepa Sahi, Amrish Puri, and Bhisham Sahni. Doordarshan, 1986.

SECONDARY SOURCES

Print Sources:

Agnihotri, Ram Awtar. *Modern Indian Films on Rural Background: Social and Political Perspectives with Survey Study.* New Delhi: Commonwealth Publishers, 1991.

Altman, Rick. *Film/Genre.* London: British Film Institute, 2000.

Anderson, Benedict. *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Growth of Nations.* London: Verso, 1983.

Andrew, J. D. *Major Film Theories: An Introduction.* London: OUP, 1976.

Armes, Roy. *Film and Reality: A Historical Survey.* Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1974.

Arnheim, Rudolph. *Art and Visual Perception: A Psychoanalysis of the Creative Eyes.* California: U.P., 1954.

_____. *Film as Art.* Calcutta: Rupa and Co., 1992.

Azad, M. A. K. *India Wins Freedom: An Autobiographical Narrative.* New Delhi: Orient Longman, 1959.

Aziz, K. K. *History of Partition of India.* Vol. I. New Delhi: Atlantic Publishers and Distributors, 1988.

Azmi, Shabana. "Cinema as a unifying agent." *Screen.* Vol XLVII, No.36. 22 May 1998: 12.

Benyahia, et al. *A2 Film Studies: The Essential Introduction.* New York: Routledge, 2006.

_____. *A5 Film Studies: The Essential Introduction.* New York: Routledge, 2006.

Bhalla, Alok. Introduction. *Stories about the Partition of India.* Ed. A. Bhalla. Vol. 1. New Delhi: Harper Collins, 1995.

Bhardwaj, Dev, and Gurdev Chauhan, eds. *Amrita Pritam: A Living Legend.* Chandigarh: India Inter-Continental Cultural Association, 1995.

Bhaskar, Ira. "The Persistence of Memory: Historical Trauma and Imaging the Community in Indian Cinema." Thesis. New York University, 2004.

Bhatt, S. C. *The Great Divide: Muslim Separatism and Partition.* New Delhi: Gyan Publishing House, 1998.

Bhattacharjea, Ajit. *Countdown to Partition: The Final Days.* New Delhi: Harper Collins, 1997.

Bluestone, George. *Novels into Film.* Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1957.

Bordwell, David, et al. *The Classical Hollywood Cinema: Film Style and Mode of Production.* New York: Columbia UP, 1985.

Boyum, J. G. *Double Exposure: Fiction to Film.* Calcutta: Seagull, 1989.

Braudy, Leo, and Marshall Cohen, eds. *Film Theory and Criticism: Introductory Readings.* New York: OUP, 1999.

Butalia, Urvashi. "Community, State and Gender: On Women's Agency during Partition." *EPW* 28.17 (24 April 1993): WS12-24.

_____. *The Other Side of Silence: Voices from the Partition of India.* New Delhi: Viking, 1998.

Byran, M. B., and B. H. Davis. *Writing About Literature and Film.* New York: Jovanovich, 1975.

Cartmell, D., and I. Whelehan, eds. *Adaptations: From Text to Screen, Screen to Text.* New York: Routledge, 1999.

Chakravarty, S. R., and Mazhar Hussain, eds. *Partition of India: Literary Responses.* New Delhi: Har Anand, 1998.

Chandra, Bipan, et al., eds. *India's Struggle for Independence.* New Delhi: Penguin, 1989.

Chatman, Seymour. *Story and Discourse: Narrative Structure in Fiction and Film.* Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1978.

Chatterjee, Partha. *The Nation and Its Fragments: Colonial Histories.* Princeton: Princeton UP, 1993.

Chatterji, Shoma A. "The novel path to cinema." *The Tribune: Spectrum* 10 Feb. 2008, Chandigarh: 1.

Chowdhury, Prem. *Colonial India and the Making of Empire Cinema: Image, Ideology and Identity.* New Delhi: Vistaar Publications, 2000.

Clason, W. E., comp. *Elsevier's Dictionary of Cinema, Sound and Music.* Elsevier: Amsterdam Publication, 1987.

Cohen, Keith. *Film and Fiction: The Dynamics of Exchange.* New Haven: Yale UP, 1979.

Collins, Larry, and Dominique Lapierre. *Freedom at Midnight.* New Delhi: Vikas, 1976.

_____. *Mountbatten and the Partition of India.* Vol I. New Delhi: Vikas, 1982.

Datta, Sangeeta. *Shyam Benegal.* New Delhi: Lotus, 2003.

Deleuze, Gilles, et al. *Cinema I: The Movement Image.* London: Continuum, 2005.

_____. *Cinema II: The Time Image.* London: Continuum, 2005.

Desmond, John. *Adaptation: Studying Film and Literature.* New York: McGraw Hill, 2006.

Dickey, Sara. *Cinema and the Urban Poor in South India.* Cambridge: CUP, 1993.

Dwyer, Rachel, and Divia Patel. *Cinema India: The Visual Culture of Hindi Film.* New Delhi: OUP, 2002.

Engineer, Asghar Ali. *Communal Riots after Independence: A Comprehensive Account.* Delhi: Shipra Publications, 2004.

Ezra, et al., eds. *Transnational Cinema, The Film Reader.* New York: Routledge, 2006.

Gandhi, Rajmohan. "Why Partition Occurred and the Wounds of 1947." *Revenge and Reconciliation.* New Delhi: Penguin, 1999. 262-77.

Garga, B. D. *So Many Cinemas: The Motion Picture in India.* Mumbai: Eminence Designs Pvt. Ltd., 1996.

_____. *The Art of Cinema: An Insider's Journey Through Fifty Years of Film History.* New Delhi: Viking, 2005.

Gazdar, Mushtaq. *Pakistan Cinema.* Karachi: OUP, 1997.

Ghatak, Ritwik. *Rows and Rows of Fences.* Calcutta: Seagull, 2000.

Giroux, Henry A. *Breaking In To The Movies: Film and the Culture of Politics.* U.S.A: Blackwell Publishers, 2002.

Gokulsing, K. Moti, and Wimal Dissanayake. *Indian Popular Cinema: A Narrative of Cultural Change.* New Delhi: Orient Longman, 1998.

Gulzar, et al., eds. *Encyclopaedia of Hindi Cinema.* New Delhi: Encyclopaedia Britannica, 2003.

Hameeduddin, Mahmood. *Kaleidoscope of Indian Cinema.* New Delhi: East West Press, 1974.

Hansen, Anders Bjorn. *Partition and Genocide: Manifestation of Violence in Punjab 1937-1947.* New Delhi: India Research Press, 2002.

Harrington, John. *Film and/as Literature.* Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, 1977.

Hasan, Mushirul, ed. *India's Partition: Process, Strategy and Mobilisation.* Delhi: OUP, 1993.

_____, ed. *India Partitioned: The Other Face of Freedom.* Vol. I. New Delhi: Roli Books Pvt. Ltd., 1995.

_____, ed. *Inventing Boundaries: Gender Politics and the Partition of India*. New Delhi: OUP, 2000.

_____. "Introduction." *Partition Omnibus*. New Delhi: OUP, 2002: ix-xlvii.

Haulseberg, R. A. "Novels and Films: A Limited Inquiry." *Film Literature Quarterly* 6.1 (1978): 57-64.

Hayward , Susan. *Cinema Studies: The Key Concepts*. London: Routledge, 2003.

Hill, J., and P. C. Gibson, eds. *The Oxford Guide to Film Studies*. New York: OUP, 1998.

Hodgkinson, A.W. *Screen Education: Teaching a Critical Approach to Cinema and Television*. Paris: UNESCO, 1969.

Hood, John W. *The Essential Mystery: Major Filmmakers of Indian Art Cinema*. U.K.: Sangam Books Ltd., New Delhi: Orient Longman, 2000.

Jalal, Ayesha. *The Sole Spokesman: Jinnah, the Muslim League and the Demand for Pakistan*. Pakistan: Cambridge UP, 1985.

Jauhar, Mohini. *Be a Film Journalist*. New Delhi: Super Publishers. (P.U. Library, Chandigarh. Call No. 070.48J41B)

Jha, Subhash K. *The Essential Guide to Bollywood*. New Delhi: Roli Books, 2005.

Joshi, Lalit Mohan, ed. *South Asian Cinema: Partition Films*. UK: SACF, 2004.

_____, dir. *Beyond Partition* (documentary film). UK: SACF, 2006.

Sharma, K. K., ed. *Film and Literature*. Delhi: K. K. Publications, 1997.

Kabir, Nasreen Munni. *Talking Films: Conversations on Hindi Cinema with Javed Akhtar*. New Delhi: OUP, 1999.

Kakar, Sudhir. *The Colours of Violence*. New Delhi: Viking-Penguin, 1995.

Kamra, Sukeshi. *Bearing Witness: Partition, Independence, End of the Raj*. Canada : Roli Books Pvt. Ltd., 2003.

Karaganov, A. *Cinema Ideology Box-office*. Moscow: Novosti Press, 1974.

Kaul, Gautam. *Cinema and the Indian Freedom Struggle*. New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1998.

Kaul, Suvir, ed. *The Partitions of Memory: The Afterlife of the Division of India.* Delhi: Permanent Ink, 2001.

Khosla, Gopal Das. *Stern Reckoning: A Survey of Events Leading up to and Following the Partition of India.* Delhi: OUP, 1989.

Kracauer, Siegfried. *Theory of Film: The Redemption of Physical Reality.* New York: OUP, 1960.

Kumar, P. S. "Film as the Literature of Our Time." *Indian Journal of American Studies* 25 (1995): 132-34.

Kumar, Sukrita Paul. *Narrating Partition.* New Delhi: Indialog, 2004.

Lal, Vinay, and Ashis Nandy, eds. *Fingerprinting Popular Culture: The Mythic and the Iconic in Indian Cinema.* New Delhi: OUP, 2006.

Laroia, Deepti. "A Time to Kill: A Study of the Psychodynamics of Violence in Selected Partition Fiction." Dissertation, New Delhi: JNU, 2005.

Lindgren, Ernest. *Art of the Film: An Introduction to Film Appreciation.* London: Allen, 1948.

Low, D. A., and Howard Brasted, eds. *Freedom, Trauma, Continuities: Northern India and Independence.* New Delhi: Sage, 1998.

Madhushree. "New editions." *Brunch: Hindustan Times Sunday Magazine* 1 July 2007, New Delhi: 6-11.

Marner, Terence St. John, comp. and ed. *Directing Motion Pictures.* London: The Tantivy Press, 1976.

Mayne, Judith. *Cinema and Spectatorship.* London: Routledge, 1993.

Mazumdar, Ranjani. *Bombay Cinema: An Archive of the City.* Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2007.

McFarlane, Brian. *Novel to Film: An Introduction to the Theory of Adaptation.* Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1996.

Menon, Ritu, and Kamla Bhasin. "Recovery, Rupture, Resistance: Indian State and Abduction of Women during Partition." *EPW* 28.17 (24 April 1993): WS2-11.

_____. *Borders and Boundaries: Women in India's Partition.* New Delhi: Kali for Women, 1998.

_____, eds. *No Woman's Land.* New Delhi: Women Unlimited, 2004.

Menon, V. P. *The Transfer of Power.* India: Orient Longman, 1999.

Metz, Christian. *Film Language: A Semiotics of the Cinema.* New York: OUP, 1974.

Modi, G. C. "A Novel Adaptation! From Books to the Big Screen." *G.* Ed. Julius D'Souza. 3 Jan. 2005: 35-38.

Monaco, James. *How to Read a Film.* New York: OUP, 1977.

Moran, A., ed. *Film Policy.* London: Routledge, 1996.

Morris, Beja. *Film and Literature: An Introduction.* New York: Longman, 1979.

Murthy, N. V. K., ed. *Aesthetics of Cinema.* Pune: Film and Television Institute, 1983.

Nanda, B. R. *The Making of a Nation: India's Road to Independence.* New Delhi: Harper Collins, 1998.

_____. *Witness to Partition: A Memoir.* New Delhi: Rupa, 2003.

Nandy, Ashis. *Secret Politics of Our Desires: Innocence, Culpability and Indian Popular Cinema.* Delhi: OUP, 1998.

_____. "The Invisible Holocaust and the Journey as an Exodus: The Poisoned Village and the Stranger City." *Postcolonial Studies.* 23 (1999): 305-29.

Narang, Harish, ed. *Semiotics of Language, Literature and Cinema.* New Delhi: Books Plus, 2000.

Nelmes, Jill, ed. *An Introduction to Film Studies.* London: Routledge, 2003.

Page, David. *Prelude to Partition.* Delhi: OUP, 1982.

Pandey, Bishwa Mohan. *Historiography of India's Partition: An Analysis of Imperialist Writings.* New Delhi: Atlantic Publishers, 2003.

Pandey, Gyanendra. *The Construction of Communalism in Colonial North India.* New Delhi : OUP, 1990.

_____. "In Defence of a Fragment: Writing of the Hindu-Muslim Riots Today." *EPW* 26.11 (1991): 559-70.

_____. "The Prose of Otherness." *Subaltern Studies*. Eds. David Arnold, and David Hardiman. Vol. 8. New Delhi: OUP, 1994.

_____. *Remembering Partition*. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2001.

Parmar, Prabhjot. "Films and Partition: Train of History." *The Tribune: Spectrum* 5 Aug. 2007, Chandigarh: 1.

Pfleiderer, Beatrix, and Lothar Lutze, eds. *The Hindi Film: Agent and Re-Agent of Cultural Change*. New Delhi: Manohar, 1985.

Prasad, M. Madhava. *Ideology of the Hindi Film: A Historical Construction*. Delhi: OUP, 1988.

Raghupal, I. S. "Cultural Ideology and Gender Relations in the Cinematic Representation of Literary Texts." Thesis. PU, 2005.

Rajadhyaksha, A., and Paul Willemen, eds. *Encyclopaedia of Indian Cinema*. New Delhi: OUP, 1995.

Rajadhyaksha, A. "Neo-Traditionalism: Film as Popular Art in India." *Framework* 32-33 (1987): 20-67.

_____. "The Epic Melodrama: Themes of Nationality in Indian Cinema." *Journal of Arts and Ideas*. 25-26 (1993): 55-70.

Rao, Shakuntala. "Collective amnesia: where is the cinema of Partition?" *The Tribune* 17 Aug. 2007, Chandigarh: 11.

Ravikant, and Tarun K. Saint, eds. *Translating Partition*. New Delhi: Katha, 2001.

Ray, Satyajit. *Our Films, Their Films*. Hyderabad: Orient Longman, 1976.

Richardson, R. *Literature and Film*. Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1978.

Roberge, Gaston. *Films for an Ecology of Mind: Essays on Realism in the Cinema*. Calcutta: Firma Klm (P) Ltd., 1978.

_____. *The Subject of Cinema*. Calcutta: Seagull, 1990.

_____. *Another Cinema for Another Society*. Calcutta: Seagull, 2005.

Roberts, G., and H. Wallis. *Introducing Cinema*. London: Arnold, 2001.

Rotha, Paul. *On the Film: A Selection of Writings about the Cinema*. London: Faber, 1958.

Rothman, William. *'I' of the Camera: Essays in Film Criticism, History and Aesthetics.* Cambridge: OUP, 1988.

Sahni, Bhisham. *Apni Baat.* New Delhi: Vani Prakashan, 2000.

_____. *Meri Sahitya Yatra.* Chandigarh: Punjab Sahitya Akademi, 2001.

Sarkar, Kobita. *Indian Cinema Today: An Analysis.* New Delhi: Sterling Publishers, 1975.

Schneider, H. W. "Literature and Film: Marking Out Some Boundaries." *Film/Literature Quarterly* 3.1 (1975): 30-44.

Sen, Mrinal. *Montage: Life, Politics, Cinema.* Calcutta: Seagull Books, 2002.

Seton, Marie. *Film as an Art and Film Appreciation.* New Delhi: NCERT, 1964.

Settar, S., and Indira Baptista Gupta, eds. *Pangs of Partition: The Human Dimension.* Vol. II. New Delhi: Manohar, 2002.

Sharma, K. K., and B. K. Johri. *Partition in Indian English Novel.* New Delhi: Vimal Prakashan, 1984.

Sharma, K. K., ed. *Film and Literature.* Delhi: K. K. Publications, 1997.

Singh, Anita Inder. *The Origins of the Partition of India, 1936-47.* Dehli: OUP, 1987.

Sinyard, N. *Filming Literature: The Art of Screen Adaptation.* London: Croom Helm, 1986.

Somaya, Bhawana. *Cinema: Images and Issues.* New Delhi: Rupa, 2004.

Stam, R., and Alessandra Raengo, eds. *Literature and Film: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation.* USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005.

_____, eds. *Literature Through Film: Realism, Magic and the Art of Adaptation.* USA: Blackwell Publishing, 2005.

Stephenson, Ralph, and J. R. Debrix. *Cinema as Art.* Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1974.

Stringer, Julian, ed. *Movie Blockbusters.* London: Routledge, 2003.

Swaminathan, Roopa. *Star Dust: Vignettes from the Fringes of the Film Industry.* New Delhi: Penguin, 2004.

Synyard, N. *Filming Literature: The Art of Screen Adaptation.* London: Croom Helm, 1986.

Thoraval, Yves. *The Cinemas of India (1896-2000).* Delhi: Macmillan India Ltd., 2000.

Vaidyanathan, T. G. *Hours in the Dark: Essays on Cinema.* New York: OUP, 1999.

Valicha, Kishore. *Moving Image: A Study of Indian Cinema.* Hyderabad: Orient Longman, 1988.

Vasudev, Aruna. *Liberty and Licence in the Indian Cinema.* New Delhi: Vikas, 1978.

_____. *Frames of Mind: Reflections on Indian Cinema.* New Delhi: UBS, 1995.

Vasudevan, Ravi S. *Making Meaning in Indian Cinema.* New Delhi: OUP, 2002.

Virdi, Jyotika. *The Cinematic Imagination: Indian Popular Films as Social History.* Delhi: Permanent Black, 2004.

Virilio, Paul. *War and Cinema: The Logistics of Perception.* Trans. Patrick Camiller. London: Verso, 1989.

Vitali, Valentina, and Paul Willemen, eds. *Theorising National Cinema.* London: British Film Institute, 2006.

Williams, Linda, ed. *Viewing Positions: Ways of Seeing Film.* New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1994.

Zakaria, Rafiq. *Price of Partition: Recollections and Reflections.* Mumbai: Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, 1998.

Zaman, Niaz. *A Divided Legacy: The Partition in Selected Novels of India, Pakistan and Bangladesh.* New Delhi: Manohar, 2000.

Internet Sources:

Ahmed, Ishtiaq. "Amrita Pritam: a symbol of courage in the face of suffering." *In Remembrance.* JPS 12.2: 334 <www.global.ucsb.Edu/Punjab/12.2_ Remembrance.pdf>.

Parashar, Reema M. "Sharp nibs." <www.indiavarta.com/.../news.asp?ID=IE_20051115071214& Title =Trends&nDate=11/15/2005&topic=–346>.

Dutta, Nonica. "Tribute: An alternative voice of history." *The Hindu: Online Edition of India's National Newspaper* 4 Dec. 2005 <www.hindu.com/bi/2005/12/04/stories/2005120400040100.htm>.

Gill, Tejwant Singh. "Tejwant Singh Gill: Amrita Pritam." <www.museindia.com/showcont.asp/id=164>.

Khan, Mehboob. "Cinema's taboo on partition." 11 June 2004 <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/south_asia/ 378337.stm>.

Kohli, Suresh. "Juggling two lives." *The Hindu: Online Edition of India's National Newspaper* 13 Nov. 2005 <www.hinduonnet.com/thehindu/mag/2005 /11/13/stories/ 20051113000301000.htm>.

Mirza, Shafqat Tanvir. "Amrita Pritam: sensitive soul of Punjab." *The Dawn* 2 Nov. 2005 <www.apnaorg.com/articles/dawn-9>.

Nair, P. K. "Partition in Cinema." <www. southasiancinema.com/new/ pknair.htm>.

Rao, Kshama. "Pinjar." <www.go4bollywood.com/movie_reviews/ pinjar_244.html>.

Sandhu, Gulzar Singh. "Always Amrita, Always Pritam." *Saturday Extra: The Tribune*. 5 Nov. 2005 <www.tribuneindia.com/2005/20051105/Saturday/ main1.htm>.

Sidhwa, Bapsi. "'Cracking India': Watching My Novel Become Her Film." 5 Sept. 1999 <www.partners.nytimes.com/library/film/090599film-india.html>.

_____. Letter to the *Hindustan Times* also posted on the World Socialist Web Site, 19 May 2000 <www.wsws.org/articles/2000/may2000/dm2-m19.shtml>.

Singh, Amardeep. "Reflections (and questions) on Amrita Pritam." 2 Nov. 2005 <www.lehigh.edu/~amsp/2005/11/reflections-and-questions-on-amrita.html>.

Sunwani, V. K. "Amrita Pritam: The Black Rose." *Language in India*, Vol 5 12 Dec. 2005 <www.languageinindia.com/dec2005/amritapritamsunwani2.html>.

INTERVIEWS

Bajpai, Manoj. Interview with Subhash K. Jha. 21 Aug. 2004 <www.indiaglitz.com/channels/hindi/interview/6117.html>.

Benegal, Shyam. Live Chat. Chandigarh Film Festival, Chandigarh. 2 Feb. 2008.

Dwivedi, Chandraprakash. Interview with Sukanya Verma. 22 Oct. 2003 <www.rediff.com/movies/2003/oct/22chandra.htm>.

____. Interview. *Mini Film Reporter*. 11.41 (11-17 Oct. 2003): 5.

____. Transcript of Live Chat. Mumbai. 24 Aug. 2004. <http://chat.indiatimes.com/Chandraprakash_Dwivedi/articleshow/826679.cms>.