

THE SUBCONTINENT TIMES

Toronto, On Edition
Also published from
Lahore, Islamabad, Dehli, Karachi,
Mumbai, Kochi and globally on the
World Wide Web at
<http://www.thesubcontinent.com>

Sunday October 20th, 2013, Zil-hajj 15th, 1434 A.H | A project by Aam Awaam & Other Asias, presented by SAVAC & Art Metropole, Toronto | This project is not endorsed by, or affiliated with any government. The events depicted are entirely fictive | Curated by Fatima & Zahra Hussain



THE BORDER IS THICK

GOTH MACHH: Cathedral of lights installed commemorating the new border. The lights span a radius of 3.75 miles covering the width of the border between the two new territories.

MILITARY, MEDIA & MANGOES

by our correspondent from Lucknow

Murmurs greeted the document, but few grand proclamations. Predictably, some voices declared the text a forgery, perhaps manufactured by rogue elements within Pakistan's ISI. While the Prime Minister's office guards a cautious silence, a junior minister in the Indian cabinet made a statement assenting to the document's validity, but denied that it possessed any binding force. Anonymous sources quoted in the New York Times suggests this line has the approval of the U.S. State Department. The subsequent release of more papers, and an expert evaluation of the signatures, will likely lay the question of its authenticity to rest, at least for the time being. But its meaning could not be more obscure. Signed by Gandhi, Jinnah, and Sir Cyril Radcliffe, the document agrees to the redrawing of South Asia's borders in the year 2014 on the basis of a more equitable division of natural resources and a greater ecological balance. Of course, few in power have any intention of such an event transpiring. The Hindu right wasted no time in declaring the agreement a scheme for "repartition," an even greater assault on India than the original division of the two countries. Replaying a script from two years ago, the chauvinist gang running Gujarat—spurred on by Modi's intimations of violence against the province's Muslim minority—should such a scheme even be entertained—banned the text and map outright. One source reports that a high level meeting of Pakistani military officers responded to the agreement with spasms of laughter. An official remarked, "Can you imagine us absorbing the northern part of Bangladesh? It would be like a rerun of 1971." In turn, the Bangladeshi government released a statement alleging that the launch of balloons on February 19th conveys the spirit of these assemblies.

document confirmed an Islamist conspiracy against the state—an ominous message in light of the recent trials and anti-government protests. Throughout the region, those who hunger for war sense a shift in the winds. Interestingly, the Taliban and rebels in Baluchistan have greeted the text with cautious approval, supporting a new Muslim state that would decentralize power and recognize the autonomy of separate Pashtun and Baluchi provinces. No others followed suit. Yet the document has managed to cast a strange spell beyond palace walls, exerting a powerful and unexpected influence over millions of people. As Mahmoud Mandani suggested following the Tahrir Square demonstrations, the truly momentous events of history are almost never foreseen, precisely because they break free from the routines and common sense of the present. Spontaneous celebrations have erupted in far-flung and often improbable locale: Bombay and Port of Spain, Quetta and Durban, Varanasi and Scarborough (Toronto). The Undefined Border collective's massive launch of balloons on February 19th conveys the spirit of these assemblies. A few days later, maps began to appear on walls around the subcontinent's cities—montages assembled from newspapers or stitched together from old saris and head scarves—advocating impossible cartographies in which borders no longer represented instruments of exclusion. Ten thousand images of possible "Indias" and "Pakistans" blanketed cities overnight. Using the published map as a base, poster makers drew new territorial entities with symbols of peace and unity ranging from the Charkha to the Hammer and Sickle. In one design, the multiple branches of the Indus River become sections of the border—erasing the distinction

Why does the document exercise such magnetic force? In 19th century Russia, a story frequently circulated before peasant rebellions that the Czar had issued a decree freeing all serfs, but the landed nobility had suppressed the order. Similar rumours preceded slave rebellions in the British Caribbean. The idea of the sovereign's edict, hidden by the betrayal of his trusted advisers, remains a powerful theme in subaltern consciousness. It's a popular Gnosticism, which allows ordinary people to negate the legitimacy of an awesomely-powerful state by holding onto the promise of a more original covenant. Someday, a revelation will uncover the true nature of the law, now perverted by unjust rule. Perhaps, the map speaks to a desire to return to the moment of Partition and renew the foundation of both countries according to a different logic of belonging. Perhaps, it represents a desire to cleanse both states of a founding act of violence. The release of two different versions of the map has added considerably to the initial confusion. In early February, the international press published a leaked map demarcating only two countries—India and Pakistan—divid

Why does the document exercise such magnetic force? In 19th century Russia, a story frequently circulated before peasant rebellions that the Czar had issued a decree freeing all serfs, but the landed nobility had suppressed the order. Similar rumours preceded slave rebellions in the British Caribbean. The idea of the sovereign's edict, hidden by the betrayal of his trusted advisers, remains a powerful theme in subaltern consciousness. It's a popular Gnosticism, which allows ordinary people to negate the legitimacy of an awesomely-powerful state by holding onto the promise of a more original covenant. Someday, a revelation will uncover the true nature of the law, now perverted by unjust rule. Perhaps, the map speaks to a desire to return to the moment of Partition and renew the foundation of both countries according to a different logic of belonging. Perhaps, it represents a desire to cleanse both states of a founding act of violence. The release of two different versions of the map has added considerably to the initial confusion. In early February, the international press published a leaked map demarcating only two countries—India and Pakistan—divid

Tale of two borders; the story of Badal

and Dhanak

by Peter Hoffmeister

continued on Page 2

Tour Trackers

Declared Shared Property

The recent meeting held between the Indian and Pakistani Border Marking Team (BMT) comprising of three sections; experts who are deconstructing the SC document, cartographers who are re-drawing the map using the latest digital technology available and the team on the ground that is measuring the line and marking the exact start and endpoint of the line, it was announced that BMT is actively working towards to releasing a statement soon. However, the experts in-charge of reading the document in light of current national territorial laws of both the countries and the international law are suggesting that the natural resource will most likely be declared a shared property which will lead to a situation where all land in the sub-continent marked 'natural reserve, natural Park or natural resource' will be shared property. If the country's collective means of supporting itself or becoming wealthier has to shared - what measures can be taken to minimize damage/corruption and secure the effective function and regulation of these resources?

continued on Page 2

"Nation is a Skin Stretched over the Bones of the State"

by Jon Dylan Soske

An interview with Hamid Parsani

continued on Page 3

NATURAL RESOURCES DECLARED SHARED PROPERTY

Tour Trackers

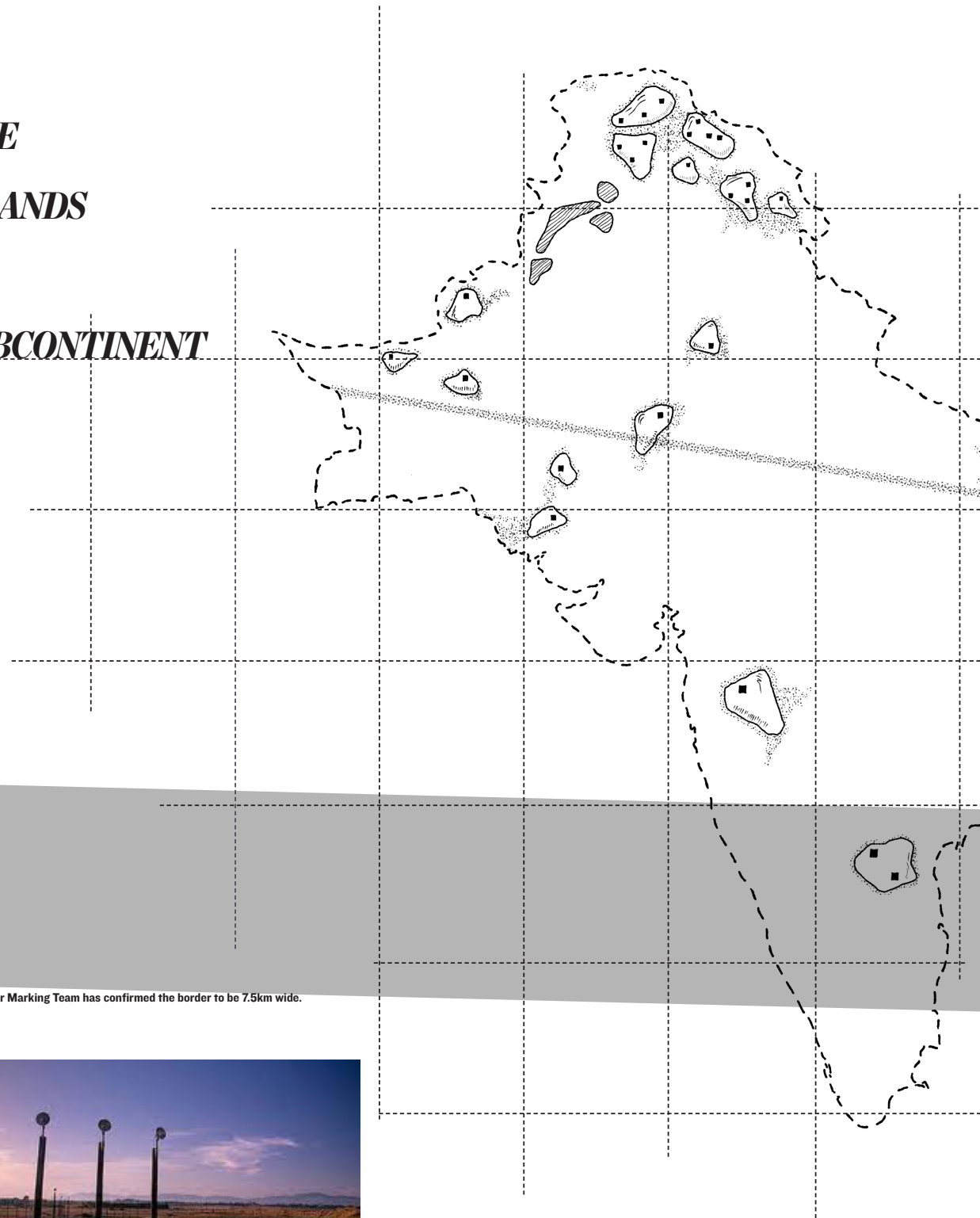
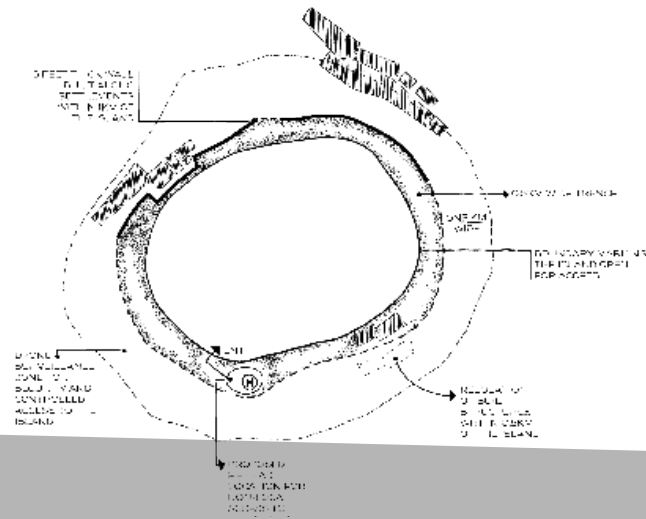
continued from Page 1

"Natural reserves and natural parks in the Sub-continent are shared property under the new document. This means that all peoples of the Sub-continent can access these areas, however, a new treaty is being devised for the protection and secure usage of these areas as they will require a separate accessibility system."

Press Release, BMT.

The accessibility system is said to be under the Border control authorities. A new plan is being chalked out for these independent islands as the press release further mentions, "... specific natural parks/ reserves sites will be tested in this regard on either side of the current border." The BMT is in conversation with the Governments to mark a site to test the smooth functioning of the proposed system before the line takes place in the year 2014.

THE ISLANDS OF SUBCONTINENT



The Border Marking Team has confirmed the border to be 7.5km wide.



FIG 1 - BORDER IS THICK

FIG 2 - MAN TROOPS DEPLOYED ON BORDER AREAS AND NATURAL RESOURCES

How It Happened: Dhanak and

by Peter Hoffmeister

continued from Page 1

I first met Meenakshi and Ayesha in 2049 at the Dhaka Convention on Human Rights. Our conversation began in a predictable way, sharing tips on various restaurants and bars that were worth trying in the area, and somehow ended up on the India-Pakistan border dispute. I being from the United States, and having no personal experience with the line, was naturally curious to get their take on this eternally controversial issue. However, it was only years after the conference, in 2070, that a particularly rare story was discovered, starting first with Ayesha's stumbling across a mysterious book, and Meenakshi's consequent unearthing of its origins. Ultimately we gained a front row seat into the lives of two lovers, Dhanak Singh and Baadal Iqbal, intertwined with the drawing of Border 2-2014, and culminating with their attempt to save their home from this line, which was set to slice it in half. We had all kept in touch over the years, and so it was only natural that they share this discovery with me. I was more than thrilled. When they mentioned that one of Dhanak's grandchildren, Hala, lived near my home 30 minutes north of Manhattan, I volunteered to go up and see if she had any interesting stories to share. When I arrived, Hala was very hospitable and more than happy to tell what she knew about her grandmother. She then surprised me by pulling out a stack of letters, all in pristine condition, between Dhanak and Baadal. I couldn't believe my eyes.

Supposedly after Dhanak's death Hala's parents held on to these letters, and they ended up in their current location. She said as a child she read them and fantasized about what it must have been like to be her grandmother. They were her bedtime stories.

I've included some of Dhanak's letters here, as I began to focus more on her in particular. There was something about her, and I have to admit a part of me has fallen in love with her. Not only was she a beauty (her granddaughter showed me pictures), but the voice in those letters had an unmistakable depth. Ultimately, Dhanak's letters surprised me in the fact that they came across as a cathartic sort of self-expression. Where as I was expecting a cursory reaction to the line, I discovered something more akin to the thoughts of a poet. Perhaps exactly what the border discussion was missing back in 2014.

When it became clear that Dhanak and Baadal were writing these particular letters by hand because they thought they were being watched by government agencies, I thought we should file a FOIA request to see if the United States had a file on them—a long shot since the US had no direct interest in the couple. And wouldn't you know it, the FBI had in fact worked in partnership with the Indian Intelligence Bureau, intercepting communications between Dhanak and Baadal while she was in New York. These included benign emails asking basic, everyday questions and ambiguous Instagram photos, both of which I have also included. Considering what the file looks like, it shows how paranoid governments can be.

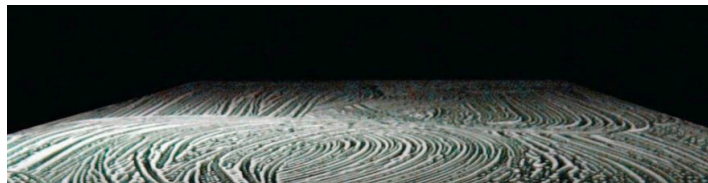
But knowing that Baadal, who worked for the Indian Department of Geography, did have a hand in sabotaging the line shows they were on their trail, and worried. So much so that apparently they requested the help of the US to spy on them. Truly, Dhanak's Instagram photos appear more as artistic musings, and do not betray any sort of sinister will. But perhaps the authorities were trying to, in their mind, break a secret code between Dhanak and Baadal.

An interview with Hamid Parsani



by Jon Dylan Soske

continued from Page 1



Soske: If we understand the planet as composed of living entities—you write about its telluric insurgency against the empire of sun—then archeology must take a radically different form: it now becomes a science of the geopolitical dynamics produced by the underground, the invisible spaces within apparently solid forms, the porous and therefore “cadaverous” nature of all materiality, the inside and its manner of infecting everything on earth. Does this archeology give us the tools to think about territory and the division of the earth by borders? In other words, does archeology offer any possibilities for thinking through the state and its form of sovereignty?

Parsani: The problem of state—which is the term for the earth’s vivisection by competing delusions of mastery, delusions specific to the particular technological-human configurations you call economy—has always been a problem of law in its purist, and therefore most incestuous, sense. We might invoke here the figure of Aži Dahka or Zahhka, the dragon tyrant that committed incest with his own mother. This type of law, sovereign law, is an absolute residue of the divine, its complete absence. Its form is apophysis: it reign everywhere without control, it assumes the physical form of absence only when violated, when a criminal demonstrates the powerlessness of law through his transgression. The phenomena of borders compounds this paradox because the border at once emanates from the law but also circumscribes its domain by binding the divine residue to a particular stretch of earth, therefore making God’s exorcism slave to the human. One can never occupy a border. One can only pass in between absent Gods. Reaching the border would be a violation of Zeno’s dichotomy paradox. It would involve a subliminal unity with chaos, with what the Zoroastrian’s call druj, the root of “lie” in Persian, with the mutual antithesis of both the godhead and creation. Satan. The priests of the law, however, are consumed by sacrilege and seek to rebuild heaven on the surface of the planet, a crime against both law and earth. The state is one name for this crime. The state is a reflection: an anti-paradise, a mirror image of Eden. Anticipating when the law will be broken (a border breached, for example), the priests create rituals of power in advance of the manifestation of divine absence: castles, watchtowers, bridges, dungeons, gallows, border stations, demilitarized zones. They claim to be defending order and the divine will by waiting for the moment that the law will be broken. This human arrogance simply mocks God by creating a twisted caricature of reason. In saying all of this, I should emphasize that I am using the term “divine” figuratively. It is essentially the limit of the earth, the limit that the earth constantly comes up against and then uses to remake itself as ground, as foundation in both senses of the word. This limit emanates openness, the relationship to the outside that makes history possible. Every discussion of the law requires that we use theological metaphors because language itself belongs to the earth and therefore can only name the open obliquely.

Soske: But if a border can't be crossed, can it be moved?

Parsani: The engravings within pyramid of Unas do contain a passage about the apotheosis of a dead king, who hunts down gods in the fields, and when

are bound, he disembowels, roasts and eats them. But an absent god devouring an absent god? Absurdities. The question that you ask cannot be answered from the vantage point of the law. The border can't move. It disappears and reappears elsewhere. In that moment, you will see why the earth can never be truly enclosed. The border is pure surface with no depth. (Soske: like the pure event in Deleuze's Logic of Sense? Parsani: Shakes his head.) The earth is a name for the depth within the depths. But this depth is not a simple emptiness. Every grain of sand in the desert is surrounded by a void, creating an uncountable number of pathways. The abyss consists of rotting pores.

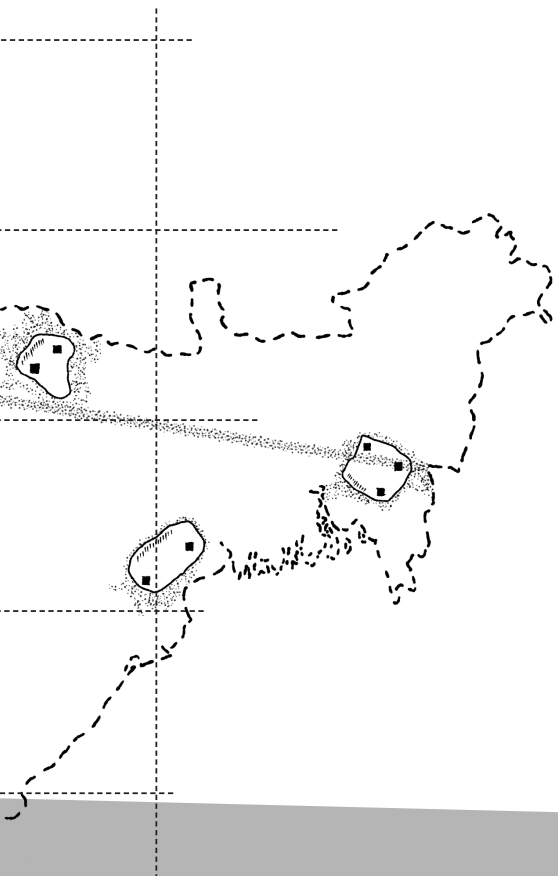
Soske: How then do we understand the question of the secret law? Does the idea not suggest a fissure within what you are calling the absent divine, a depth within the surface? Can this problem be tied to the geopolitics of the War on Terror?

Parsani: The nation is a skin stretched over the bones and organs of the state. This membrane allows for the conceptualization of the state as a single entity, its personification as a coherent actor, as an organism. It is unclear that the state can be thought, or has yet been thought, beyond personification. But war, as I have discussed in my article on the “Assyrian syndrome,” requires that the state engage outside of itself and produce agents, war machines, capable of acting in an autonomous fashion, and therefore pursuing the state’s interests with their own volition and judgment. Before oil used industrialization to animate the entirety of global techno-capitalism, the individual sovereign’s role in articulating and organizing the state meant that it was still conceivable for war machines to escape from and betray the sovereign will.

I have enumerated this process in detail: it leads to the state’s pollution and impoverishment as its apparatus becomes contaminated by increasingly autonomous elements which bring the outside of war into the state’s body, perforating its operations and producing decay. Oil has transformed this once cyclical process into a structural feature of modern politics, which increasingly blends everyday life with perpetual mobilization for battle. The state has become a set of organs without a body. There is no single sovereign will, no clear line between the inside and the outside, no human plan that could comprehend, let alone encompass, the totality of war machines that feed off the king’s disintegrating corpse. The secret law is the theological expression of this parasitism and our surge towards the apocalypse.

Soske: Does the nation not have another afterlife in the realm of art and poetry? I am thinking of Jean Genet’s final statement in the Thief’s Journal: “I intend to report, describe and comment upon the festivals of an inner prison that I discover within me after going through the region of myself which I have called Spain.”

Parsani: Your Genet is a great heretic. He understands that the Janzenists were wrong. Our actions can impose obligations on God.



 NATURAL RESERVES / PARKS

 NATO ISLANDS / STRATEGIC

 POPULATION CLUSTERS

1 is the lucky number

by Benno Ecker

In his 2006 text „Fear of Small Numbers. An Essay on the Geography of Anger“, Arjun Appadurai explains that one of the main problems liberal thought has to face concerning the legitimacy and effectiveness of democracy is in fact the fear of large numbers or „the masses“. On the one hand democracy cannot do without mass participation and legitimisation. On the other hand liberal thought always associated „the masses“ with fascism and totalitarianism and saw them as a group of non-individuals controlled by orchestrating outside forces, such as dictators, states and myths of origin. At the same time, strangely enough, small numbers pose a similar threat because they are being associated with elites, tyranny and oligopolies. So when we look at tyrannies we can see how a small number (the elite) controls a large number (the masses) by establishing a previously unrequired level of certainty about social identity, social values, the nation state and it’s (expandable) borders.

This goal is oftentimes reached by bringing in a second small number (the minority) which, in an effort of community building, is abused in multiple ways in order to establish a difference of „we“ and „they“. The elite will of course do everything in it’s power as to not appear distinct from the masses and to position itself as the epitome of the values it forces onto them.

Liberal thought now again finds itself in the difficult situation that it distrusts the small numbers represented by the elite, but at the same time sympathizes with the small numbers of the minorities - groups suffering from the fictional phobias of the ruled up majority.

It seems that in this numbers game there are only wrong numbers.

When talking about suicide bombers Appadurai defines the individual, the number 1, as the most threatening because of it’s independence and unforeseeability. But this number 1, no matter how well it may be camouflaged, is not truly independent. It has only split from the group by which it has been brainwashed in order to fulfil it’s mission.

The truly independent number 1 is neither a threat nor a promise. It can be accepted or ignored, respected or neglected, but most of all it is imaginable and relatable. Unlike the extremely abstract large numbers of the masses it is fairly easily graspable and it is relatively non-threatening by comparison to the small numbers of the minorities.

1’s problem until now seems to be that it lacks political power and has therefore not been a factor in the equation. But in the age of mobile communication, globalization, terrorism and, as Appadurai calls it, cellular structures, the nation state is no longer the sole maker of large scale decisions.

It now finds itself in the precarious situation that it’s status is more easily challengeable than ever before. The reaction to this situation is oftentimes violent because minorities challenge the self-perceived “wholeness” of the nation state through their multi-faceted mobility. The globalized and highly connected world seems to demand exactly the set of skills that the nation state has tried to suppress for many years: A nomadic lifestyle, few physical possessions and highly developed and flexible communication skills. Strengthening the true number 1, the singular cell, the unit that neither aspires the status of the majority nor is afraid of being reduced to a minority, as a political player therefore might be an escape from this vicious circle and an answer to the demands of a mobile global society. In the second edition of his book “Germany is our problem” Henry Morgenthau Jr., the man responsible for designing the future shape of post-Nazi Germany, had created a utopian vision of turning the city of Berlin into a sort of political chessboard on which all nations could fight proxy wars in order to not harm their civilian population. Morgenthau wanted these “wars” to not be fought with military means but instead hoped to establish a series of rituals and ceremonies that would in the long run replace international conflict and finally make it obsolete. Morgenthau’s long overlooked vision was rediscovered by the Berlin-based initiative “BerlinBorderCast”. After understanding how Morgenthau’s vision, by being filtered through different channels of political interests, had been twisted and perverted into the daily ceremony taking place at the border between Pakistan and India, a prime example of establishing a sharp distinction between “us” and “them”, the initiative had brought the ceremonies back to Berlin and reinstated them as close to the original design as possible.



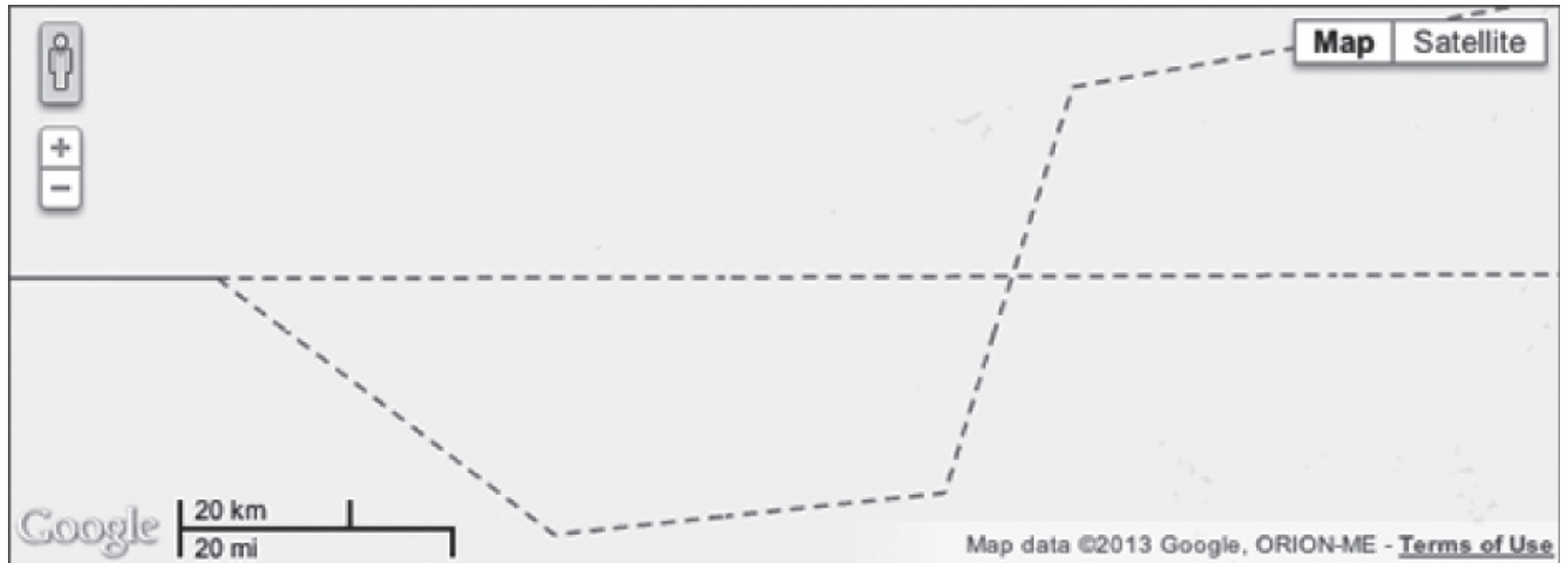
By creating the BILF, the Berlin International Legion of Foreigners, BerlinBorderCast has taken the necessary step to liberate Morgenthau’s ideas from their stationary original design and has made them more flexible and readily accessible for what they call “global foreigners” and what Appadurai calls “collective strangers”. The BILF believes that since modern man will live in highly nomadic and individual structures but will still require a sense of identity, the concept of borders itself has to be made portable and individualized. By contrast to the before mentioned tyrannies, these borders are not expandable but instead connectable and permeable. They are the perfect cellular unit because they allow their makers to create their own myths of origin while at the same time being aware and remaining aware of the fiction of said myth. The Berlin International Legion of Foreigners hopes that dismissing the nation state border system and replacing it with an individual border system will create a more humane, balanced and future oriented interpersonal communication. So far their visions, just like Morgenthau’s ideas, have been mocked and declared overly utopian but the fear of numbers large and small is a fact that cannot be ignored. So do the math 1 time.

TERRA NULLIUS

There is a place that is specifically not wanted by countries which border it...

History is full of conflicts waged between countries over large and small territories but there is a place that is specifically not wanted by countries which border it. In fact they are convinced that this place should belong to their neighbour rather than themselves. Above mentioned area is about 795 square miles (2,060 square kilometers) in size. It was inadvertently created when a neighbouring country drew a different border from the other one.

These two different borders created two different areas and the in-between unclaimed land. There is no basis in international law to claim both territories, equally it would be difficult for any other state to claim above mentioned area.



RE: INHABITANTS OF THE LINE

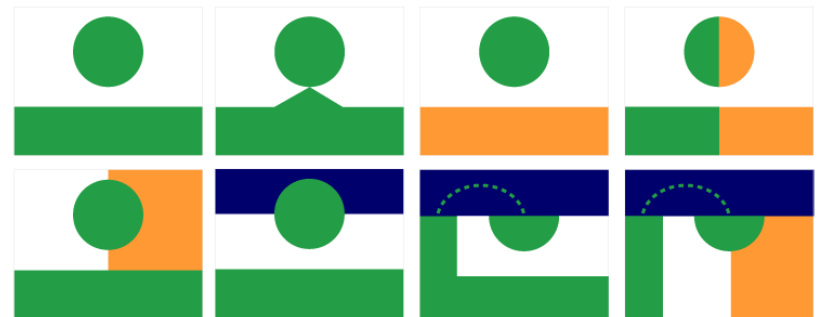
The end to statelessness and access to basic services?

by factAgency

This week marks a watershed in the annals of bizarre geography. It saw the prime ministers sign an agreement that will consign 201 enclaves*, leaving just 49 similes exterritorial patches. The two neighbours will exchange plots clustered on either side of the border. The deal is long overdue. In effect disowned by both states, the enclaves are pockets of abject poverty. In his book "Stateless in South Asia: The making of Enclaves" Wilhelm Schendel chronicles futile attempts by politicians to implement a plan agreed soon after partition: first to regulate the rights of passage of the residents and then settle the matter conclusively by exchanging enclaves. Most strikingly, in 1952, when it was agreed to impose passport and visa controls for the first time, the two states forgot about the people living in the enclaves. Not much has changed since the independence in

1971. The area of enclaves is nearly 70 square kilometres. The agreed transfer could simplify "the messy boundary" but means a 40 square kilometre net loss. It might seem that it is a small price to pay. Predictably though, the enclaves have been presented as symbols of territorial inviolability and an opportunity to attack the ruling party. To the residents what matters is an end to statelessness and access to basic services.

*enclave is a piece of land which is totally surrounded by a foreign territory. In keeping with the original meaning of the word, this apology is a defense of enclaves, a fascinating but endangered border phenomenon.



What you are saying



"We are divided from one another by frontiers. Crossing a frontier is quite emotive thing to do: an imaginary limit, made material by a barrier which as it happens is never really on the line it purports to represent, but a few dozen or hundreds of metres this side or that of it, is enough to change everything. It's the same air, the same earth, but the line is no longer quite the same." [GeorgeFrontier](#)

The Third kind across the Border

by Mehwish Abid

And then I passed through a living street of human.. something like humans .. I could see the sun setting in its place ..like dead in its grave ..i could see the shadows elongating . making their presence visible. Here I met a little girl .who had shine in her eyes ; sparkling like stars ..gleaming like sun ..asked me my age. I said 4 . Without a goodbye and with an insensitive murmur she ran away.

I sat down with my lonely -content eyes. Started scribbling on the pages of memory .things I have seen and possessed. Likes I have kept and dislikes I had believed in. ...hello sir. What are you doing here? Don't you have to go home? Can you hear me? Whets your age old man? there I saw a young lad dressed in his best attire , clad with life , holding his head high with dignity... I have a home ..i have a wife. I have two sons like you...and I can hear u properly ...and I m four years old .. hopefully, I have satisfied all the queries ... laughter was all I heard .. Many people passed by ..asked me who I was ?.where I belonged from ?....whats ma age?...went away laughing...cursing.. thought of me ill ...old man who has lost his senses. I heard the bu-gals . the trumpets as if a stampede of mankind was about to enter my enclosure. The king arrived. Covered in gold and silk . gained my attention. He was told by the maggots, by the ignorant creed that I reside here with ma content and satisfaction...

Asked me who I was...

The two kinds of approaches...

Optimist or pessimist both have there sides of stories. Nobody wants to give in ...and nobody wants to cross their fence and have a little peek at the other side...why should we? When we know better than they do...

The optimist tries to comfort while telling the goods in the world...and the pessimist wants to inculcate all the pain in the other ...self pity, anxiety, depression, denial takes their places ad we fall prey to it...

The third kind is interesting rather intriguing to my thought and my belief...the ones who accept happiness ...and embrace pain...celebrate misery...and look forward to fall prey to it again! The ones who know themselves...the ones who are close to crux of their existence. The ones who live with truth...and die honestly... I belong to this specie

King: What do u do?
I live...I think... I speak ...and I drink
I hide...I cry...i lie...I sleep...I fight...
I sing. And paint...i worship ma lord... I read
I write

I fall and I rise...who are close to crux of their existence.
King: U look as if u has lived a thousand years...
your hair is silver...your skin has many folds
... your eyes have stories, tales...Backbone is
curved with load of pain....
you seem to be the lord of time... the king of
rhymes...

Why do u belittle your self by saying your four...
you say u tell the truth...
While you have lied to all my people...about
your age...about your sage.
I had two lives ...one I lived in ignorance and
lies..And the one in which I opened ma eyes..
I learnt myself ...I learnt the human race.. I
stopped pretending
I spoke truth...lived with honesty...and dig-
nity.. left the concerns of the world...

Began to search myself..who I had lost in cul-
ture, religion and civilization...its been 72
years..i came out of ma mother's womb...but it
had been 4 years , since I was born.

The old man was asked Where did he belong.
Husk voice, parched lips uttered in a no man's
land. Where the lives are small, Where the only
thing shines is a gun, at the border of existence.



"Border is changing in a world in which the national borders are no longer the only or necessarily the most relevant ones for dividing and restricting mobilities. The nation-state provides an important political reference from the point of view of power configurations and set rules. Nevertheless contemporary power dynamics and struggles cannot be contained by national borders or international system of states only."