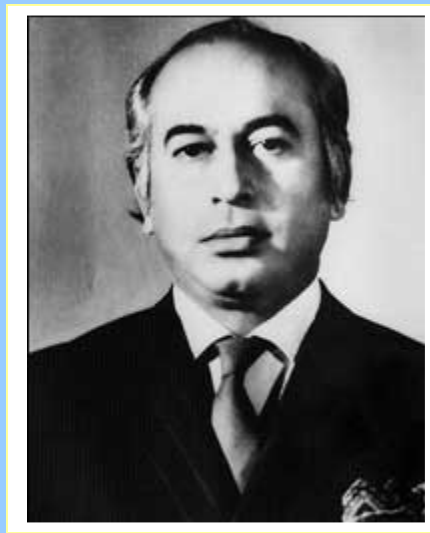


BHUTTO THE MAN AND THE MARTYR

BHUTTO THE MAN AND THE MARTYR



**SAYID GHULAM MUSTAFA
SHAH**

**Reproduced in pdf form by
Sani H. Panhwar
Member Sindh Council PPP**

INTRODUCTION

This book is not exactly a biography of Zulfiqar Ali Khan Bhutto indeed a phenomenon in Pakistan's history, life and politics. It is an evaluation of a well-educated, erudite, courageous, colourful, loquacious, versatile, ebullient, indefatigable man, and above all, the only martyr in Pakistan for Pakistan. In the assessment of his life and work I have suggested and pointed out his virtues but I have not glossed over his weaknesses. He may have committed sins, misdemeanors and shown dexterity of a politician, but indeed like all men of his nature, talents and training, he was on the way to full statesmanship. He was and remained even in his death a shining star in Pakistan's firmament. His was a loss for generations to come. His luminosity was dimmed by devilish intrigues, and when extinguished, Pakistan reverted to darkness, aimlessness, confusion and obfuscation of every kind.

Man is born to die; but Bhutto had the distinction of real celestial death. He was a hero who was made a martyr, and he remains a hero in Pakistan's political history. The age at which he died makes the tragedy poignant and puissant. He had inherited a defeated, disgraced, dubious and decapitated Pakistan. But for him, the remnant would not have existed and survived. He was hanged by those, who should have been the most grateful to him, but gratitude is not a virtue of the Punjab's generals and dictators. Bhutto's death had again put Pakistan on an erratic trajectory. Pakistan had still to spin politically and pass some harsh and horrendous moments of realism. Pakistan was still left a land of intrigue, conspiracy and hypocrisy, sweat, tears and blood.

This book is not a chronology of events or the annals of Bhutto's times. It is a socio-political assessment of his place and leadership in a deranged and unbalanced society. I have presented him in the perspective of the circumstances and the personalities of his time. I do not think intellectually or in bold intimacy any one knew him so well as I did. Probably over the years from 1953 we had come to know each other, respect each other and depend upon each other. We had sometimes great and undisputable differences, but with all that he valued my advice, and anytime he sought any abstract discussion in the theory and on any principles of governance he would immediately summon me to his side. I had no axe to grind, and he knew that I will not dilute my intellectual integrity and let down on ideological principles. I had a long and intimate socio-educational background and I had developed acquaintance and acquired knowledge about and intimacy with all those who had mattered in Pakistan from its inception. I knew equally well those in Government or in the opposition right from 1943.

I was not a politician and my discussions and my conversations with him always took place when we both were alone and no one listened or participated in what we debated. To that extent he was generous throughout the years I knew him—in youth, in power, in decline, and fall. Bhutto with the passage of time,

from the days of his induction to government office in October 1958, had set himself the task to see, to know, to analyze and digest and form opinion and draw up programme for years ahead. He was a marvelous store house of information on Pakistan—literally an encyclopedia.

I have portrayed and delineated events, episodes and personalities in the nature and circumstances of Bhutto's times both in Pakistan and abroad —this writing is a combination of reality and abstract approach—Bhutto was a marvelous combination of both. This writing is not an encomium or a denigration. It is not written to praise or to please anybody. It is no make belief or a myth. I was not a disciple or Political supporter of Bhutto, but I valued his talents, youth and approach with a realistic, sociologist's and historian's assessment of a man who could have given so much to Pakistan, but was cut short in the exuberance of his life. What will be, will be.

Bhutto's life was a marvelous amalgam and lesson in the mysteries of fate and mystifications of nature. Whatever it be his deposition and hanging were a symbol and demonstration of the malaise in the society of Pakistan, and a commentary on the tragedy of Pakistan.

They wanted to solve the problems of Pakistan by hanging him. What fools lacking history, lacking vision, lacking memories, lacking moral commitments, lacking sense of nationhood, lacking faith, lacking unity, lacking discipline, lacking all conviction in the secret working of nature —a self centered, dirty, intriguing and grabbing lot -a-disgrace to Pakistan. Pakistan had only two and half leaders— Quaid-e-Azam, Bhutto and his daughter—Iqbal was an invented one. The rest of them all riff raff or dullards from every corner of India—the scum of the earth and the curse of God.

Bhutto's advent as a democratic and popular leader appeared to be an instance of ancient history, a phenomenon from some apostolic lore - the appearance of Moses and Joseph nurtured and matured in the homes and palaces of the Pharoalis or Younis coming out from the belly of the whale. Bhutto was a product of one martial law, he survived the second but was deposed by the third. For Pakistan he was a whiff of fresh air in between the cruel regimes, before and after him. What sort of erratic and eccentric country we were! Had God a design in its creation and disintegration, a rude lesson to Muslims. Did the poor and innocent people of Pakistan deserve all this. They must not speak and think they must not hold their head high, perhaps they must be taught that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and that liberty lies in living by the laws you have yourself made. Muslims in general and Pakistanis in particular must wash the sins and crimes of militaristic, feudalistic and plutocratic regimes. Bhutto's was a brief passage of bracing and salubrious breeze, and thereafter the holocaust and hell fire again.

Acknowledgedly Bhutto was perhaps one of the most written about leaders, politicians and personalities of Pakistan, perhaps of the world, peradventure so was his daughter. His daughter proved to be a very courageous woman with all the oppression and persecutions she had to face. It appears in the politics of Pakistan, both the father and the daughter were victims of their principles and virtues - crusaders for democracy and rights of the peoples.

Bhutto of course was a leader of the Muslim World, an original mind and an international personality, meeting all the requirements of universal acceptability as a statesman, as defined by thinkers in all ages and historians of civilization. Representation, popular acceptance, intellect and erudition are the universally accepted criteria, principles and sine qua non of statesmanship. Bhutto certainly met all the conditions of these definitions. He would have done credit to Pakistan and won laurels for it more than the generals could ever think of, if he had not been cut short in the prime of his life and growth as a statesman. He had the courage to fight for the right causes and he certainly went fighting to the gallows. Perhaps next to Attaturk, Bhutto was the only Muslim leader who was most written about. He had forged bonds in the Muslim World and the Third world and given place of honour to Pakistan, which no other leader of the developing world could conceive and achieve. Bhutto had secured a place of confidence and dependence in the Muslim world and in the world at large. He had gained recognition in status for Pakistan which no ruler of Pakistan in civilian clothes or in uniform had the intellectual and moral strength to stand up and secure.

Pakistan historically has been destitute of men of calibre. It was mainly ruled by the under-educated and ill-fitted men, mediocre and mean and moneyed men least qualified to govern nations who could not rise even a few inches from the ground. After Quaid-e-Azam till today, except for Suharwardy whom we poisoned, we have had, except for Bhutto and his daughter, only mice, midgets, mediocrities and immoral men of whom we were most ashamed - bureaucrats, military-men, plutocrats and rascals, who could only bring the nation nothing but disgrace.

In the 20th century, and specially after the last Great War II, and more so after the collapse of erstwhile Soviet Union, there is nothing but pure representative parliamentary democracy which can secure us national peace, harmony and prosperity. Pakistan was a country of great sociological variety, distinctions, history and traditions. It had to live and work as a pluralistic state and a loose union of peoples or collapse.

Adventurism of every nature in the world today is obsolete and anachronistic, and any recourse to it would more certainly mean nothing but frustration, failure and national chaos and disintegration. Will those who are fiddling with Pakistan's polity will ever learn any lessons from history— more particularly our own!

The meaning, the timing, the circumstances, and the nature of the death of Bhutto was cruel, and brutal, contrived, hypocritically and dexterously, after a farcical, ludicrous and shameful trial. His death so foolishly contrived, revived and refreshed at every turn of events since his death, his name and his memory. Bhutto can't be killed he had left indelible impression of self-respect and freedom on the hearts and minds of men. It is said martyrs never die, and what other proof do we need when we see and mark every successor of Bhutto unsuccessfully engaged in killing him. Bhutto even today generates hallucinations, nightmares and day-fears in those who killed him. Murder always pursues its perpetrators. All government decisions are taken with a view to killing him, but he appears to pop up after every assault and stratagem of his oppressors and adversaries. It is nearly fifteen years and his name continues to give creeps to those who connived at his death or killed him.

There is potency in the laws of nature which conspirators, hot-heads and numskulls cannot comprehend and refuse to countenance. Civilization lies in the civility of man; and he can be best governed with sympathy goodwill and understanding. Let Pakistan get out from the feudalistic and oligarchical ideas of the middle ages, and live a life of reality and sympathy, and principles of representative democracy and popular sovereignty and socio-political recognition - imperatives so obvious of the 20th century. Let us enter the 21st century with hope and harmony.

Karachi.

1st February 1993

Sayid Ghulam Mustafa Shah

I

AQUAINTANCE AND REMINISCENCES

The year was 1953. It was in the late afternoon of the day in the winter of that year, that Hassanally Abdul Rehman the Principal of Sindh Muslim Law College phoned me to say that a young lecturer by the name of Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto, who had joined him a few weeks ago, wanted to come and see me. I had heard about the young man a great deal from my own students, who were his close friends. We had our Commerce Section of Sindh Muslim College in the afternoon and we were just across the road from Sindh Muslim Law College. I had not seen the young man, but his father I had seen a few times, when I was very young, in the company of my grand father, who was then the President of Sindh Zamindar Association. I had heard about him from G. M. Sayed who spoke highly of him. His father Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto was one of the biggest Zamindars of Sindh, and a favorite of the British Government, and this proximity of the British had incidentally cost him a great deal, especially when he lost his election in the first Provincial Assembly of Sindh in 1936.

Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto had lost against an impecunious politician, but a man who was a great scholar, a journalist and a convert to Islam from Hinduism at the young age of eighteen - Shaikh Abdul Majeed Sindhi. The rival of Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto in Larkana constituency was an orator, a political worker and a thinker and a writer who had tremendous socio-political background. He was incarcerated by the British a dozen times from 1919. This man was a household word in Sindh. He wore handspun cloth, had led in the Khilafat movement, and in Sindh he was a nuisance and an eyesore for the British. He was editor of Al-Waheed, a Sindhi Daily paper, which had the longest serve in the field of Muslim journalism and politics in Sindh, and the biggest share in the struggle for the separation of Sindh from Bombay presidency and struggle for Pakistan in Sindh. Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto lost on account of his British knighthood, and Shaikh Abdul Majeed won in a constituency which Sir Shah Nawaz called "his lion's den". Sir Shah Nawaz squandered his money in the election on the voters, but the voters got money from him and voted for the opponent.

Elder Bhutto had the ambition to be the first Chief Minister of newly created Province of Sindh. Provincial autonomy was conceded by the British in the Indian Act of 1935 - a niggardly, reluctant and fanciful concession to the developing agitation for self-government in India. On his failure in this election Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto stayed in the government job as a member of Bombay Public Service Commission and later became the Chief Minister of Junagarh State till the partition of India; - into India and Pakistan. He was thus a dejected man and lost to the politics of Sindh and India.

It was Sir Shah Nawaz's son, a young man from Harvard and Lincoln's Inn, who was destined to be Prime Minister of Pakistan, who was coming to see

me. I had heard about his talents and about his fiery speeches, here and there. He gave every impression of being a rebel and a firebrand. He was a young man of education, vigour and ebullience. He had also written against One Unit, which conspiracy was burgeoning in the minds of Ghulam Mohammad, Choudhry Mohammad Au and Ayub Khan and the coterie of king-makers of the Punjab in Gurmani, Col Malik, G. Ahmed, Saeed Hassan, Aziz Ahmed, Hafiz Abdul Majeed, S. M. Sharif, Mian Anwar Au and so many others, which led to the shooting of the first Prime Minister of Pakistan, the dismissal of the second, kicking out of the third, the poisoning of the fourth and ousting of the fifth. There were a series of causalities of politicians to prepare for the Military revolt of 1953, to start with, and the Military coup in 1958. Young Bhutto's anti One-Unit stance was not favorably looked upon by his reactionary father, who was a devoted follower of the British, had the old habit of toeing the official line and a protégé, by long years of service, of the British. Young Bhutto had joined G. M. Sayed in the anti One-Unit movement, but under pressure from his father, had reluctantly but peacefully and calmly withdrawn from his stand.

The reward of ministership in the Government of Sikandar Mirza on the 7th October, 1958 came to young Bhutto - his father being a friend of the father of Sikandar Mirza. Sikandar Mirza had a long and dubious history of patronage by the British, and he was a perfect British stooge trained in the truest British traditions of the Raj, who demonstrated his allegiance to the British crown even when Pakistan was becoming a Republic from a Dominion in the British Commonwealth.

Sikandar Mirza on the eve of this change phoned Foster the British Ambassador in Runnymede, the official residence of the British Consul General and later of High Commissioner in Karachi — a piece of her majesty's territory in Pakistan — and requested him that he and his wife would like to spend the night of the change over from the Dominion to the Republic, at the British High Commission— diplomatically the domain of Her Majesty the Queen.

Young Bhutto walked across the road from Sindh Muslim Law College to the Sindh Muslim College and came outside my office door where he sought the permission of the attendant to see me. I saw him open the door in the curtain profile and in a sort of a silhouette, and I yelled out, as I always did, to the peon on the door to let him in. I had developed a loud and hoarse form of talking, and I always shouted for some body to come in instead of using the bell, electric or otherwise. My way of politely telling a man to go was "Asalamo Alaikum", and this meant he was over-staying. There being no internal communication system or a loud speaker system, I could stand and address an audience of three to four thousand students without a microphone. I called for him to come in. During the course of years I could discern the demeanor of visitors and students who came to see me. I was sitting with my usual posture, just at about the closing time of the college, with my feet resting on the drawn wooden panel of my huge table with a glass top. I welcomed him with my eyes and turned in my revolving chair

to see him in full view. I could see he felt a bit abashed and red, but I smiled at him and let him rest and feel easy and comfortable. I had then the horrible reputation, though not a fact, for speaking loudly and shouting my instruction to servants from every available window or door of my office. I could be easily and audibly heard from my first floor office on the footpath below, and in the body of thousands boys in open space in front of the Boy's Common Room.

I told him I was glad to see him. I had heard about him in so many praiseworthy words from senior and responsible men, and about his scholarship and progressive views, and that he had withdrawn from anti One-Unit movement on account of the strong opposition of his father. He felt a little embarrassed and red, but I comforted him with a guffaw of intimacy and said "Do not bother about this. You are young. I have seen boys of your age changing views and colors from Jama'at Islami to communism and vice versa."

This was a time when I always spoke in English, and I liked his talk. He spoke sometimes in English with Sindhi accent and intonation like his father, Allama Kazi and Dr. Daudpota. I called for tea— it must be the thirtieth cup of tea that day for me for him I did not know, but he joined me heartily and relished it. We sat down to talk for more than two hours. It had gone so much beyond sunset. I liked him. Probably he was still affected by my talkativeness and loquacity. In my usual habit I talked to him and attended to visitors and students also. I was never disturbed in the process and never lost the trend and chain of discussion. I had developed two other habits, one of talking and dictating to my different assistants and the other I had acquired the skill to order myself to sleep for any length of time I wanted, and would get up exactly in time. I had controlled my sleep.

During the course of our conversation half an hour or so after he had settled and relaxed and felt welcome and comfortable and got over his shyness and reserve, he said to me in rather a hesitating and an apprehensive fashion, that he had never seen an office, of a great Principal of a large college and distinguished institution, so austere and bare but still exuding authority and command without even simple sophistications, trappings and paraphernalia of a modern furnished office else where. I smiled at his observation. Of course, I knew my office was simple, perhaps even insipid and bland and awe-inspiring— an office of a teetotaler, serious and even forbidding man. A man entering my office might feel strange and lost. I told him I had deliberately kept it so. This simplicity had sanctity and authority and utility for a stranger or a visitor.

My office was a large room nearly forty feet by twenty feet, with four feet wide and eight feet high windows on each side two on the east opening on the boys common room, two on the west opening on a small garden (where students moved some time mischievously, shouting cat calls to the girls and friends through the windows) and four on the south opening on the main road right to the Burns Gardens — a place generally for students exhibiting their physical pranks

and exercising their lungs. There was a large door at the entrance which I kept open with a simple translucent adjustable screen from inside from which I could see and observe the movements of numbers on the staircase and in the corridors. I never liked to be sheltered, and accepted no impediments and obstructions, visual or physical, between my students and me and between the teachers and myself. The door opened on an eight feet wide main staircase on which whole mass of boys came to the classes and went out to the Boys Common Room, after the change of class room periods. The girls had a separate staircase for entrance and exit, but I could see and observe the movement of the student body right along the landing. The windows had no Curtains; they carried only simple glass panes and I kept, all except two behind me on the south, open. The rest were never shut when I was in the office. I had a huge and formidable wooden table in front of me with full glass top. The chair on which I sat was a wooden revolving one with simple net, both on the seat and at the back - no cushions and no foam rubber. A dozen and a half chairs near the table and beside the wall were all with wooden backs and net seats without hand rests and arms. The only luxury that I had permitted myself were the black telephone on my table and few glass paper weights, and of course a huge open shutter less cupboard with shelves twelve feet long and four feet high with all shelves stacked with standard books on education, political science, biography, and books on famous speeches and essays; but no fiction, no poetry, no colored albums, no maps and no photographs, except one above and behind me, for any one entering the office to look at, of the Quaid-e-Azam, which was done on a typewriter so very ingeniously and thoughtfully by a young journalist. The caricature with shoulders and head of the Quaid-e-Azam had appeared in Dawn, and I had paid then a tremendous price and purchased the original. I had no soft sofa of any kind in the room or a carpet on the grey tiled floor. The room was nothing but me and the wooden furniture and books and nothing else. I explained to Bhutto the metaphysics and the thinking of my idiosyncratic or eccentric, but meaningful and purposeful propensity.

I told him these were the chairs on which all visitors and speakers sat, including Miss Jinnah, Begum Liaquat, Sir Zafarullah Khan, Suleman Nadvi, Faziur Rehman and so on. We had a laugh together which only added to the intimacy of our introduction and made the meeting auspicious and worth repeating. In my house except in the drawing room, I had no items of luxury and extravagance. Mine was a puritanic life of self-abnegation. I never collected or tolerated anything tiny and small in my house and hated low roof rooms. I always loved things which were massive and places which gave the ideas of space.

I told Bhutto mine was a private, impecunious but proud institution where I had already served for ten long years and where I was to stay longer to complete twenty. I was not only devoted to the work of instruction, writing, games and sports (my students became captains of national teams in cricket, hockey, football and badminton over a number of years) but I interested myself thoroughly well in the development of the personalities of my students, both boys

and girls. I am grateful to God that after viewing it today, fifty five years before this, I draw every satisfaction, pleasure and consolation, and even pride, from what my students have achieved in every field of national life, both government and in private. Bhutto himself had, as Prime Minister, six of my students in his federal cabinet, one from the Punjab and one from Baluchistan; and Mumtaz Bhutto, as the Chief Minister of Sindh, had nine of my students out of eleven in his cabinet, and in general more than ninety percent members in the Sindh Assembly were my students or the children of my students. One of the reasons I resigned in 1973 as Vice Chancellor when Bhutto was at the pinnacle of his power, was my wish to let the boys free from my encumbrance.

In personal proximity and intimacy he initiated another topic—"Shah Saheb, they say you speak very loudly as if shouting. "The telephone rang and I picked it up, and as usual said "Yes". He laughed and said "This was more than talking, to me it was shouting". I talked in the phone and said to him "Was it". He again said "They say you are very emphatic in your "yes and no." Your "Yes" they say is "Yes" and "No" is "No". I looked at him and merely said "Do they", (and kept to the phone) the way you say "Yes or no" and so loudly, even in normal conversation. They say students and visitors come to you with any amount of trepidation and fear." Here I could not control my gullaws which every one in a radius of 50 yards in the Boys Common Room or on the ground floor or on the road must have heard and felt strange. I had guffawed thus after a long time. This incident took away all reserve and strangeness between us. This state of controlled reserve and confidentiality remained till I saw him last in September 1978—a day before he was finally arrested and never released, till hanged.

We had a good and long talk and we became friendly and free. It was surprising for both of us to have taken to each other so quickly and so kindly. He was younger and I in the middle age, I was not very soft with youth. He had a number of friends of the bottle and the table who were also my students, and he had youthful interests and predilections which were not of my way of liking. I was a teetotaller and a non-smoker. He was fond of things which were no longer of my interest. He was slim and athletic. I had become fat and bit corpulent. He was youthful, ebullient and exuberant and I was serious, dull and insipid, given to reading and writing— even television did not carry any fascination for me, except for news, and I hated radio whole-heartedly. I had heard the boys say I never smiled during college hours except when I was speaking on the stage or giving them a bit of my mind, which I would punctuate with sentences and phrases of mirth and jollity. The crowd must be humored. I had some seven thousand students to control and humor, and I occasionally relaxed and teased them into clapping. Probably he wanted to sit and talk longer, but my evening commerce classes had closed, and on account of him, I had overstayed in my office. I stood up and said to him to come to see me if he wanted to, but must phone me in advance.

Later on I came to know that 1953 was the year in which his daughter Benazir was born. This is what she told me in 1988. I had not met his wife and had never been to his house till 1960 when I was transferred to Lahore, as Director of Education. He was Minister in the Martial Law Government; and it was the time when Khuhro had hard-pressed Ayub Khan on the issue of language in Sindh. Tikka Khan then a Brigadier, was talking, behaving and ruling like a damnfool, as Deputy Martial Law Administrator in Hyderabad - this trait he carried even as a general and after retirement. A good fellow, very good at shooting bullets and bombshells and exhibiting military inferiority and intellectual incapacity and diffidence. I am reminded of the observation of Bottomley the Leader of the British Parliamentary delegation visiting Dacca, where Tikka Khan was the Governor and the Martial Law Administrator of East Pakistan in 1970. Bottomley said, "we talked to the general a great deal but every question that I put to him could never strike his head, it went far high above it'.

1960 was the year I left Sindh Muslim College after nearly nineteen years of continued service. It was commonly asserted that Sindh Muslim College and I were synonymous. My departure and parting were rather sad and lachrymose. I shall talk of my meeting Bhutto in Lahore and other places in the course of this writing.

Bhutto and I did see each other occasionally in Karachi, mostly in the Karachi Gymkhana where he came to see his friends and to collect books — he always had an armful and a bundle of books about him. We occasionally talked or just said hello in the Gymkhana. Gymkhana had no special attraction or interest for me. I was away from sophistications, show and social mixing. I had joined the Gymkhana to bring in some foreign friends or guests and visitors and to entertain them to a meal if necessary. My first wife was in Purdah and the second talkative, though herself the principal of the biggest Girls College in Karachi and educated in Aligarh, I.T. College Lakhnow, University of Allahabad and London School of Education. Our children were her constant engagement and concern. I had a lovely home life. My first wife was mother of all my children. She became sick and inspite of medical treatment of several years she could not recover. She became totally bed ridden and physically debilitated. Her physiological condition began to deteriorate steadily and badly after 1960, when I got married again. I married a close friend of my first wife who was of mature age and a refugee from India - thoroughly liked by my mother, and my first mother-in-law- I consulted both before marrying. Both my mother and mother-in-law died under, from religious point of view, most wonderful and auspicious circumstances. My mother died on Thursday saying evening prayers and my mother-in-law died on the Third of Ramzan on the prayer mat after saying her morning prayers. It was my second wife who was a teacher and a scholar and an administrator in her own right and Principal of a college who looked after my first wife's children and educated them, got them married and looked after my grand children—a perfectly normal family life. It was just luck that in twenty years of

married life we had no serious controversial or disputasious moments or verbal bouts.

Bhutto I had seen for the first time in my office in Sindh Muslim College in 1953. I had seen his father once in the house of G.M. Sayed of whom he was very fond and respectful, but I had known young Bhutto's father-in-law (the father of his first wife) rather closely and well, through Nana Ghulam Ali the great octogenarian educationist of Sindh and Pir Hussamuddin Rashdi, who were Khan Bahadur Ahmed Khan's great friends. I used to walk with Nana Ghulam Ali to Ahmed Khan's house or drive Nana to his house in Parsi Colony for tea and idle talk. It is a strange co-incident that Nana Ghulam Ali was about 70 when I had known him and I was of twenty four years of age then. I joined Sindh Muslim College as a teacher and I was appointed warden of the only hostel for Muslim students called "Leslie Wilson Muslim Hostel". He called me "Curzon". Ahmed Khan Bhutto was a big land owner, a sophisticated man just about Nana Ghulam Ali's age and so was Pir Husamuddin Rashidi, but we were so close and free or playful and buoyant — full of hilarity and fun when we met. I had been to Naudero, the village of Ahmed Khan Bhutto in Larkana District. I always had with me foreign friends whom I took to see Moenjodaro, which was only a few miles from there. He was one of the few people of Sindh who owned two cars. He was a typical aristocrat and a miser. Later on he took another wife in a Hindu lady.

As Director of Education, rather easily available for consultation in Lahore, young Bhutto called me or Pir Hussan'iuddin Rashidi. Then the capital of Pakistan had shifted to Islamabad, which was really Rawalpindi to start with. Ayub was a coward. He was no politician. He was in jitters because Khuhro had issued a number of statements on Ayub Khan's educational policy and Tikka Khan's misbehaviour with the Vice Chancellor of Sindh University, I.I. Kazi, and Tikka Khan's effrontry to the Sindhi Language. Khuhro had given creeps, phantoms and sleepless nights to Ayub on this issue. Already anti-one Unit agitation was burgeoning and crystallizing and these statements of Khuhro, Hyder Bukhsh Jatoi, G.M. Sayed and Shaikh Abdul Majeed Sindhi were rather politically and morally disturbing for Ayub and his coadjutors. He asked Bhutto to come to his rescue. Another coward in S.M. Sharif, the Education Secretary of the Government of Pakistan, a perennial bachelor and a rascal was in tantrums. He was more than 60. I was called to see Bhutto in his suite in Falletti's Hotel, Lahore. Some how I had the habit to enter Bhutto's office or residence once my appointment was fixed, unannounced but in exact time. He tolerated this misbehaviour or lack of official mannerism and etiquette and decorum or formality or protocol right till Sept., 1978 when he was arrested and never released, till assassinated. I had not seen him in prison but we were in contact through Memon Ghulam Ali his lawyer. What a devoted and wonderful man Memon was, a student of mine and died defending Bhutto on the charge of murder. I was attached to Bhutto deferentially and felt no subordination or compunction or hesitation of any kind on meeting, talking or debating with him. He was generous to my temper, voice, idiosyncrasies, abruptness and cavalier

attitude and behaviour which I had acquired at the Kings College in England (1946-49).

He was a Minister, a President and a Prime Minister. People marvelled at our respectful and appropriate intimacy and easiness - I could say no to him any time if no had to be said, and he would accept my response with candour and generosity; though he did occasionally express his views of my insolence and abruptness and forthrightness and lack of official decorum and attitude at any gathering or reception or any discussion with his intimate friends and colleagues, where I was not present, but we talked freely and intimately and trusted each other. We thought alike on all issues, but we differed on the *modus operandi*, and there, I am afraid, complications arose.

For him Sindh was a loveable but shrewish and uneasy part of Pakistan. For me Sindh had to have a personality and a separate identity, He knew I had no other axe to grind and I had nothing to get from him. He was a politician, and of course I never forgot that I was the senior most man in educational and literary fields in mid -sixties in Sindh and outside, and a Vice Chancellor. I always talked to him on terms of equality, frankness and sincerity. He knew it. He had his Ministership, Presidency and Prime Ministership; he had political training and experience of administration and intrigue. I knew nothing of intrigue. He recognized my sociological place and credit in teaching, my standing and place and the contact with students and youth. Indeed men and women of Sindh respected me for my views and for what I had done for them. I had now more than two hundred thousand students and disciples who loved me and respected me. I had never been afraid to say and do what I thought best for Sindh. I would not stand any nonsense about me from anybody. He had to fight the elections. I did not have to. I was averse to elections. My electorate was the whole of Sindh. I am not boasting or braggarting, I had served as a teacher, as a Principal, as a Director of Education all over the country, and as a Vice Chancellor, with all the courage, rectitude and ethics and certitude which God would give to any man. I had served everywhere honourably and with self-respect and authority of ethics and scholarship. I had spent on the education of boys and girls in charity from my own pocket. Everybody knew my love for Sindh and what I had gone through in this effort and I shall die in that noble attachment to Sindh.

After about a dozen meetings from 1960 to 1962 we were about to evolve a satisfactory formula for the problems of language in Sindh. Sharif the education secretary who was absolutely confused and nonplussed gave a sigh of relief. Bhutto stood by us. Sharif was saved from dismissal, and from 1962 we became friends — though I hated his tricks, circuitous methods and escapades, and said so to him in his house in Gulberg Lahore, where I had come back in 1967 as the Director of Education from Hyderabad. I had to stay in Lahore for three years. Kliuda Bukish Bucha and Kirmani then the leading politicians in the Punjab and West Pakistan wanted my life ex-communication from Sindh, and I was transferred to Lahore - as Director of Education and put under police surveillance

and under the eyes of intelligence - a ridiculous thing to do, knowing Punjab as I did. I could never put any trust in the men and women of Punjab if I had to intrigue or conspire.

This period from 1966 to 1970 not only for me, but for all the Sindhi officer in serving the Punjab in general, and in Lahore in particular was a hard time, and they had to do a lot of tight-rope-walking in government service and exercise caution and vigilance and prove efficient.

Anti One-Unit agitation had gathered strength from 1962 when I already had been to Quetta, Karachi and Hyderabad as Director of Education. I was brought to Hyderabad in 1966, but I was suspect in the eyes of the One-Unit Government. Bhutto had resigned after the defeat of Pakistan by India and the Tashkand fiasco by Ayub Khan. Shastri was the Prime Minister of India and returned from Tashkand with triumph and honour. Bhutto had resigned on account of his differences with Ayub Khan on the Tashkand accord. It was an ideal opportunity to corner Ayub and disgrace him for his methods, policies and ways. I still met Bhutto in Karachi and Larkana. This was not liked by the men in authority in the One Unit Government. I must be taken away from Sindh. I protested against Ayub's manner of handling problems of Sindh specially education, and the shooting of the Sindhi youth all over Sindh specially in Sindh University. I, by every means available to me showed my concern at the events in Sindh and showed my horror on what the commissioners were doing all over Sindh. Niaz, Masroor, Abu Nasr, Nusrat, Yousif were typical bureaucrat, MQM rascals who played havoc with Sindh and its cowardly leadership. Some of them were meaner than thugs and more cruel than the wildest animals, for Sindhi students, teachers and politicians. Ayub's blue eyed boys in commissioners of Sindh had played all kinds of tricks with the public of Sindh. I protested publicly and in divisional councils. I took oath in the Hyderabad and Khairpur divisional councils in Sindhi and they did not like it. I was incorrigible and for them undesirable in Sindh. I must be taken away. I came to Hyderabad in March 1966 and I was shifted to Lahore in September 1967 as a suspected supporter of Bhutto in his agitation against Ayub. Every Sindhi Officer then was suspect in the Punjabi Bureaucratic eyes.

In Lahore I served Punjab with all sincerity and integrity. I put restrictions on my own movements. I never attended private parties and receptions. I never went to a cinema hall or a theatre. I never went to a hotel or the Gymkhana. I kept myself to my office, official public duties, and to my house on college road G.O.R. Colony, where Muhammad Khan Junejo was my neighbor and my oily political friend. I was never afraid to exercise my authority. I did even-handed justice in my decisions, I never bothered about Bucha, Wattoo or Haque. I respected Begum Mahmooda Saleem and Mohammad Ali Hoti, both the most noble politicians in West Pakistan Government, whereas most of the Ministers were rotters all. A generality of them smelled horribly and odiously.

To serve in Lahore was a tricky affair; and rough going for every Sindhi Officer. While the people loved us for our impartiality, sincerity and integrity, rare qualities seen in the Punjab bureaucracy, government suspected us whether we were or were not the agents of Bhutto. Whenever he came to Lahore on his tour I went to see him. He had unleashed a storm of agitation and effervescence. I had friends in Bandial, the Deputy Commissioner of Lahore, and Mukhtiar Masood, the Commissioner of Lahore. Both knew who I was, and I used to drive with them through crowds and throngs. I never missed seeing Bhutto. I liked his courage, initiative and originality of ideas and approach rather unexpected and abnormal in Pakistani drawing room politics. He had caught the generals on the wrong foot and had started beating them on their tender parts. He showed tremendous amount of courage and initiative which according to Dr. Johnson had to be valued even when associated with vice, but this was a noble and national effort.

Bhutto was a new phenomenon in the firmament and atmosphere of Pakistan. People were jolted from their slumbers and given consciousness of their existence. I continued to do my duty with all vigour and honesty to education and the society of Punjab. I did not expect any rewards from the government. They could give me nothing more, I was in the highest cadre of service and at the top. They could not bring me down, or push me up. They could cashier me easily, but it was not easy to dispose me off. I kept my personal reputation high and unsullied in promiscuous Punjab, and, remained aloof and unruffled. It was a difficult and delicate situation but I did my three years of service with credit, till Air Marshal Noor Khan took me away in 1969 as the Vice Chancellor of Sindh University.

Punjab teachers and scholars and men of merit arid standing and morality resented my transfer. I am proud to say that I left life long friends. Hamid Ahmed Khan, Prof. Sirajuddin, Dr. Jahangir Khan, Sufi Ghulam Mustafa Tabasum, Prof. Sarwar, Dr. Bakir, Dr. Waheed and so many great scholars of Punjab were some of my closest friends. I was Deputy National Commissioner of Pakistan Boy Scouts Association and collected fifty seven lacs of rupees from all over the country for the movement and built Jungle Mangal near Mansera. N.M. Khan was the National Commissioner of Pakistan Scouts Association. He marvelled at my bringing money to him and collecting funds for him. N.M. Khan was a dear man, a great I.C.S Officer. We became very close friends. With this money we wanted to establish a scout's school but this was made impossible by the disintegration of one unit. N.M. Khan died in 1970 and I became the National Commissioner of Pakistan Scouts Association till 15th of July 1978. I resigned this honorary post the day Choudhry Fazal Ellahi the President of Pakistan, resigned.

He was a lovely man. When I had resigned in December 1973 as Vice Chancellor and Bhutto was the Prime Minister, Choudhry told Bhutto, "What a loss and pity that Ghulam Mustafa Shah has left." He told me he was sad and he, when I had gone to see him, had said so to Bhutto." Bhutto also said, "So am I. I do not know what happened, he told me nothing. There must be something

between Mumtaz and him”. Mumtaz was arrogant but never rude and forthright with me - what I disliked was his meddling in student affairs.

I resigned on the 5th December 1973, and took one year’s leave preparatory to retirement. On the 6th December, Bhutto phoned me in Karachi and said; “Why did you resign, why did you not tell me if there was something between you and Mumtaz, I could have looked into it. What are you going to do”? — and all this he said in one breath. He said “I thought you will stay as a Vice-Chancellor till you die” I had a laugh and said “would that be a blessing or an amathema.” I told him I was going to read and write and travel and look offer my lands. He asked me if I wanted to be an ambassador or Chairman or Managing Director of a corporation. I said “No”. I told him I wanted no job now. Then the retirement age was 58 years and I had left earlier to enjoy my privilege leave of one year. My wife and I immediately left on a tour abroad for two months.

In March 1974, I decided to get my son married. The Chief Minister of Sindh had changed. Ghulam Mustafa Khan Jatoi had taken. I invited Mumtaz Bhutto to Sujawal and he joined us there as Minister of Communications Government of Pakistan. I invited the Chief Minister Jatoi and about four hundred people to Valima Dinner at the Beach Luxury Hotel where Jatoi was kind enough to join us. Then at the dinner table something interesting took place.

Earl, the British Consul General, who was a friend of mine, was officiating as the British High Commissioner. We were about two dozen people on the table with Jatoi at the head. Earl sat on one side and I on the other near Jatoi. Earl very mischievously said “Prof. Shah may I ask you about the secret of something. In this country nobody leaves any job or is allowed to leave like you did. They all wanted extentions and extra remunerations and stuck to their chairs like leeches and dogs, but I cannot understand how you were allowed to honourably leave, given one year’s leave preparatory to retirement. I thought they always suspended people or dismissed them in such cases. This kind of treatment to you is rather strange and unexpected. How did it happen”? All those on the table enjoyed the observation and laughed loudly. I enjoyed it too and I asked Earl to put that question to the Chief Minister who was there. Jatoi very nicely said, “We could have done all what you say to him too, but we could not. He has so many students among us, and he is loved by teachers and youth of Sindh - we respect him. For me he is my elder. I am here in this dinner at his command. I had to cancel an important engagement outside Karachi in order to be here”.

After, I took over as a Vice Chancellor in 1969, soon after Air Marshal Noor Khan was dismissed by Yahya Khan rather unceremoniously and indecently, and General Attique Rehman took over as a Governor of West Pakistan and he became our Chancellor. He was such a delightful man. Yahya had ordered the disintegration of One Unit from July, 1970. Attique Rehman called me to Lahore for a dinner meeting and there at the Governor’s House I

met my old Aligarh friend General Attaul Ghani Osmani, later the Commander-in-Chief of Bangladesh forces. He was called to Lahore to participate in military ceremony of Punjab Regiment at Sialkot, as its colonel commandant, and he was staying with the Governor. At the dinner table I started to talk to Osmani in Urdu; but on this table, with two dozen Punjabi military and senior civil officers and some politicians he loudly said, "Mustafa, I no longer speak in Urdu. You speak to me in Sindhi or Bangla." A hush had fallen on the entire gathering. I thought Bangladesh was coming.

Another interesting event took place in Islamabad. Shamsul Haque, Yahya's Educational Minister was an old friend of mine from 1948. He was Director of Public Instruction East Pakistan, and later, after separation of East Pakistan, the Foreign Minister of Bangladesh. He invited me to dinner in 1971 in Islamabad where there were nearly three dozen guests. I was the only Sindhi. There were four Bangali Ministers and rest were all politicians and civil servants of the Punjab. This was the time when the hot subject of discussion everywhere was Shaikh Mujeeb-ur-Rehman's six points. In this buffet dinner gathering the subject became pretty loud and heated up in discussion, and Shamsul Haque, when he found that perhaps a climax had been reached, said, in his usual hoarse and loud voice, to all those present, "Gentlemen in view of what is being talked about this evening here, if you agree I would like to propose something and know your opinion. I am prepared to go to Shaikh Mujeeb-ur-Rehman and request him to withdraw his six points if you only agree to one point". Every body was alert and all ears. He continued and said, "That one point is that we should shift the capital of Pakistan from Islamabad to Dacca". My God what a bolt from the blue. What a bomb shell he had dropped. What blasphemy. The East Pakistan Ministers exchanged eloquent glances. Shamsul Haque looked at me and smiled. Not a word was uttered by anyone from West Pakistan, not even as a gesture of candour and courtesy. There was absolutely no response, not one said "Why not". After two minutes of dumb and demoralizing silence, but still so eloquent and sharp and significant after this pause, Shamsul Haque quietly said "Gentlemen this is the end of Pakistan". We had an uncomfortable dinner. We had failed in our patriotism. Our response to a patriotic proposal was dishonest, and our conscience was not pricked, our hypocrisy was proclaimed. We from West Pakistan were devoid of sincerity and attachment to the country. Sindh was in as good or bad a shape as East Pakistan. Pakistan was being driven to the inevitable. We know all the later developments. Events had overtaken us and they were beyond our control. The misbehaviour, ill-will and ill-intentions of West Pakistan to East Pakistan were now clear right from the inception of Pakistan. Punjab was exposed as the supreme mischief monger.

Yahya's General elections had taken place. Bhutto called me from Hyderabad to see him in Karachi. He wanted my opinion on the political and ideological situation, and he wanted me to go and talk to Wali Khan. I knew the whole Khan family. I knew so well Wali's great father. He had stayed in my house at Karachi in the fifties for nearly ten days. I used to drive him in my car along

with Shaikh Abdul Majeed and G.M. Syed to my cabin at Hawks bay nearly every day. I told Bhutto it was rather not proper, nor possible for me to do so. I had met Wali Khan and I knew how he felt. I had already been to Charsada and Peshawar and knew the futility of the effort. I related both General Osmany's and Shamsul Haque's stories to Bhutto. Just three months before the police action I was in East Pakistan, and I was guest of Abu Saeed Choudhry then the Vice Chancellor of Dacca University, and who later became the President of Bangladesh, in his house at Dacca as his guest for two weeks. I knew what was coming. Lalu Bilqis Bano, Mrs. Rehman of Eden Girl's College, Ali Ashraf of Bengal Academy, Shamsul Hassan of Commilla Academy, Dr. Malik Vice-Chancellor, Chittagong University, were all my close friends and they were in terrible temper and furious.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto had risen to power at such a young age. East Pakistan he knew had become a Jagir of the Generals and Punjab bureaucracy. Sikandar Mirza was called Mir Jafer of East Pakistan. As Jam Sadiq Ali Mir Sadiq of later Pakistan. When Sikandar Mirza declared Martial Law, Ayub was more or less the Prime Minister. Bhutto's father's connections with Sikandar Mirza became handy and useful in his ministerial selection and appointment, Sikandar Mirza nominated him to the Ayub Cabinet. N.M. Khan was the Chief Commissioner of Karachi, he was consulted and told me about all the intrigue that was taking place. N.M. Khan had left a fine reputation and great amount of good will in East Pakistan. He had close and friendly relations with Suharwardy and Mujeebur Rehman. He was pained to see all that was happening. He was the senior most technocrat of Pakistan, and he left in the days of Ayub.

Bhutto's choice was novel but good. He was a representative of Sindhi feudalism and British traditions. He had political family background and above all a fine education and training. His stay at Harvard and Lincoln's Inn stood by him. He had a fine personality, though boyish looking and little gallant in his manners. He was a progressive young man, ready to learn with patience- to Study and also to plan his future. He was a good speaker and amongst generals and bureaucrats an intellectual giant and stalwart. He was at once thrown in the most unexpected office and among the most powerful group of men who were governing Pakistan. He had the good fortune to have had his own personal and material resources and money. His fathers British connections could have become a disadvantage and a handicap, but these were now an advantage and a qualification which put him where he was. He was to study and learn the art of government and administration. He entertained lavishly, squandered profusely, enjoyed life to his heart's content. He took full advantage of his money, power and personality. From 1960 when I went to Lahore I saw him independently or deliberately or according to programme. He would insist on my sitting down and talking to him about general socio-political situation. Till 1960 I was a teacher and a Principal for twenty years, but now my transfer to Lahore dragged me in the vortex of politics and intrigue of administration.

Lahore was good to see and to know, but I always thought of it as the biggest and the most beautiful village of Pakistan. Its socio-economic and political corruption, voluptuousness, profligacy and urban growth were apparent and visible. It was a haven of Punjab bureaucracy and a place for the delletanti, the ruffians and the rascals - a place of song and bachus; but Karachi was the only city of Pakistan and Dacca was struggling to be so.

I am sure Bhutto had an edge on his colleagues and he deserved the highest and the best. He was eminently qualified for high office among the foolish bureaucrats and cocky generals. He was the only man among them who could think and see visions and dreams of ambition. He alone among them was to think and to profit from the past and planned for the future. All the rest were dullards for whom history had no meaning and future of no concern. He waited with patience and abided his time, turn and opportunity. He could not have organised a coup. He had to be more subtle, thoughtful, steady and perseverant, and develop his strength to a degree when he could defeat the generals on their own grounds. The Punjab gave him strength and he showed his competence and affection among the people of the country, specially in the Punjab. He could defeat anyone and secure majority in Sindh, but he had to gain mass support. He was learning, gathering strength, by slow and steady degrees. After his successful mission to Moscow in 1964 when the Soviet Union had brought down the American U2 plane which had taken off from the U.S. Military Base near Peshawar, he went and cooled the Soviets down. He had returned from a difficult but successful mission. On the success of his mission and diplomacy in this handling and negotiating with the Soviet Leadership, Miss Jinnah told me "In Ayub's government Bhutto was the only politician, the rest are all idiots". So true indeed!

There is an incident which I must relate in his mission to Moscow. On a general exchange of views Khrushchev the Soviet Leader, abruptly turned to Bhutto and said "Tell me Mr. Bhutto, it is so difficult to understand. Will you tell me something? You are such a fine young man, handsome, well educated, intelligent, clever and competent; your President has such a fine personality. He is handsome at his age and carries himself so well; but may I ask, with all this, why do you take such dirty decisions which land you in trouble and bring you a bad name. Can't you have a policy and be on your own. Your dependance on others will bring you disaster and ruin you". This embarrassed and confused Bhutto.

The generals can't help intriguing. Sikandar Mirza soon after take over on the 7th of October began conspiring on the basis of his sect to remove Ayub Khan and put in Moosa, the biggest idiot of the army. Moosa collapsed in the stupidity of his intelligence and courage. Having consented first to Ayub's removal, he perhaps got cold feet and his mental and physical deficiency could not stand by him. In his consternation and fear he divulged the secret to Ayub, who very nicely removed Sikandar Mirza on 27th October, 1958 and despatched

him and his glamorous wife, about whom so many stories were rife, to England, to manage a hotel.

Grace has never been the quality of Pakistan politics right from Quaid-e-Azam, Liaquat Ali Khan to Nawaz Sharif. Benazir tried but could not succeed against odds arrayed in her opposition. Feudalism, Mulatism and Militarism must stay together rise, live and fall, together — a historical axis not easy to break. Bhutto collapsed under this artifice, so did Benazir two great opportunities for the establishment of democracy in Pakistan were lost. Was Pakistan worth its making, questions were asked? In 1988 its continued existence was thought to be problematical. Zia's death saved Pakistan from imminent disappearance, but the problems remained. The common man became skeptical and hopeless.

Life had to be lived as it is and not as it ought to be—Pakistan's political life was nothing but show, flamboyance, tamashas, jashans, pyrotechnics, loot, tumcoatism, profligacy, smuggling, barbarism, blasphemy, prejudice, subterfuge, ecclesiasticism, religiosity and noise. I am reminded of Abdul Fazal's words "If Abu Hanifa were alive today he would write a different Theology". It is more applicable now that a Shariat Bill had been passed in Pakistan to insult Shariat and Islam — the cheating of it all.

When I retired having refused all offers of service and employment I took to reading and to pen and paper. I had great friends and examples in Malcolm Muggeridge from 1949, and so in George Scott and Martin Moir. We kept up friendship till the former two died. Muggeridge was in Pakistan in mid fifties, in PEN delegations. He was Principal of Fort William College, Calcutta and then the Editor of London Punch. We were together in the United States at the time of the Queen's coronation and he was making money by poking fun at the Queen, and writing impudently and iconoclastically about her - her physical deficiencies and about the obsolescence and archaicism and uselessness of monarchy in England. It was fun to him. Scott was more serious. He was religious, Malcolm was a bull in the china shop and a literary rebel, surprisingly later in life he became a Roman Catholic.

Bhutto and I always met-wherever I served in Quetta, Karachi, Hyderabad and Lahore. We met in Peshawar and Dacca even when I was no longer a Vice-Chancellor. He used to call me for analytical and objective, sociological and political discussions. He always saw to it that we were alone when we talked. I remember once he sent a special messenger to my village asking me to see him in Hyderabad. I went to see him in the Circuit House and I barged into the drawing room. Around him, he had all his colleagues, cronies, and courtiers and Politicians — Khar, Mumtaz Bhutto, Mir Aijaz, Qamar Zaman Shah, Amin Fahim and dozen others. He always stood up when I entered. He asked me to sit beside him. After about five minutes he asked all the rest to leave. They were all rather surprised and intrigued. We sat talked for an hour and then I left. All the fellows, who were his close and senior allies in politics all began to wonder and speculate

on what could be the discussion he was having with me in such confidence. I was nobody — no Vice-Chancellor, no member of any assembly, no official of any kind. I never asked him for anything for me personally or for my children. I was contented with my simple life. I knew whole of Pakistan from Turkham to Keti Bander more than any one outside. I was trusted by teachers, scholars and students. I could tell him the truth about personalities and events from every nook and corner of Pakistan both the East and the West—sometimes I innocently took him for granted both as President and as the Prime Minister. I had no respect for any official mannerism and silly protocol. I should like to relate two special occasions I had with him.

He called me at Hyderabad. I had a mind of talk to him about the foolish attitude of the National Book Foundation to a publication by Dr. Adrian Duarte which his daughter wanted them to publish - A book on British India and Sindh. We were so busy talking about so many things that I forgot to introduce the subject of Dr. Duatte's book to him. We met in his bedroom on the first floor of the Circuit House. I left him and came down, and after a few words to so many friends in the veranda, who had come to see him, I left the Circuit House and remembered Dr. Duartes book at the outer gate of the Circuit House. I asked the driver to go back. I came out of the car and straightway went up the stairs, after about fifteen minutes I had left him. I opened the door of his room and went in. He was surprised. He had a guest with him. He stood up and walked to the table at the entrance of his room. I did not bother to know or see who was with him. General Imtiaz his military Secretary came running up and opened the door, Bhutto asked him to go back and said to me. "What is it now?" I told him about the problems of Dr. Duane's book and his daughter. He said tell all this to Pirzada. Tell him to order all that you want to be done," and I left him.

He again phoned me from Islamabad to say that he wanted to visit the University, I was glad that he thought so, and we fixed the date. This was the time when Mir Rasool Bux was the Governor of Sindh and the Chancellor of the University and Bhutto had developed strong differences with him. In Hyderabad immediately on his landing from the helicopter, he said to me in my ear 'I do not want Mir to sit beside me in the car. Let him follow in another at the back. You sit beside me in my car". I had ordered my driver to work as a pilot to the whole motorcade and asked the police to go back and follow. I did not like this public insult of Mir Saheb as my Chancellor. I merely caught him by his arm and pushed him besides Bhutto. I pushed the Military Secretary in the front seat to the driver and I sat in the front scat. We spent more than three hours touring the University and seeing its buildings spread out in a radius of five miles and he addressed the boys and the faculty in the jam-packed auditorium of the Faculty of Arts. He saw the trees I had planted. When we came to my residence on coming out of the car he said to me "This is a President's House", and I at once said to him with a smile "But the President does not live here". I showed him the new Sindhi Typewriter we had got prepared and Mumtaz Bhutto tried typing his name in Sindhi. They were so glad at this effort. Mumtaz Bhutto was the Chief Minister of

Sindh. All this time that Bhutto was on the campus he did not show any reaction to my pushing Mir Rasool Bux into him in the car, but in the evening at a dinner at Qammar Zaman Shah's house he said very loudly and in the hearing of all those present "Ghulam Mustafa Shah does not know and understand protocol. I told him I do not want Mir with me and he pushed him into me". He laughed loudly and I kept quiet and I took it easy with a smile.

Soon after I took over as Vice-Chancellor for the second term I was rather angry and furious when I got a letter with an order of arrest of Liaquat Jatoi who was a lecturer in the University. In my anger I immediately took up the telephone to talk to Bhutto. I told him that I would not let this happen. I had just taken over and I considered this as an insult and a censure. I told him, "You better let me go back. Whatever your differences with his father, Abdul Hamid Jatoi, why punish the young man". He said "But you are interfering in the administrative affairs and orders and putting your fingers in politics". I said "No I am not. I am protecting the honour of the University which has contributed to your being where you are. Why insult the teachers. I shall resign and go if Liaquat Jatoi is arrested; but I have one suggestion to make and see if you can agree. I am prepared to get the boy's admission for postgraduate studies in some university abroad in the United Kingdom or the United States. Let him go out of Pakistan and he will be out of your way". He kept quiet for a few seconds and said "But you mend him" and I said "That I will certainly do", and thus Liaquat Jatoi was saved from imprisonment and the University and its staff from insult and ignominy and, perhaps University agitated by a strike by teachers and students.

There was another serious occasion of a complicated nature. Dr. Hamida Khuhro, who very beautifully fits in any groove wherever she is put in by the United States or its agencies, was a teacher in the University of Karachi. Bhutto did not like her father. I had no special regard or tenderness for either the father or the daughter. On the suggestion of Bhutto, Yahya Khan the President of Pakistan had asked Dr. Mahmood Hussain the Vice-Chancellor of the Karachi University to throw her out of the University and dismiss her, and she was duly sent away. She went to England. This was the time when I took over as Vice Chancellor, Sindh University. I had personally rather a good opinion of Dr. Hamida Khuhro as a scholar of history. I thought she would be a help and an asset to us in the writing of the history of Sindh, specially the British period. She had personal contacts with many surviving British scholars and administrators who had worked and served in Sindh, and had known Sindh well and had written a great deal about it. I decided to recall Hamida Khuhro to the University and I sent her the order of appointment as Professor of History. She returned from England and joined the University and on the very next day I got a telephone call from Bhutto. He spoke to me in Sindhi and said, "Why have you brought this girl, the busybody, in the University". I told him, "I have not brought her as Ayub Khuhro's daughter, but as a scholar to help us in the writing of Sindh history. He said "Ghulam Mustafa Shah but she is not a scholar. She is a socialite interested in having and giving dinners and luncheons to Bhugti, Bizenjo, Mengal, Marri and

Daultana. She is not a scholar. She is useless as a teacher, please send her out". I told him that I wanted him to wait till we met. He agreed and hung-up. I called Hamida Khuhro and told her what had transpired. I knew she was intimate and friendly with Begum Bhutto and I asked her to speak to Begum Bhutto, if she could soften him. This is what probably happened. I got no phone calls from Bhutto again and when I met him after that, he immediately smiled on his seeing me and said to me in Sindh, "So you made me keep quiet and surrender".

I must say to my dismay and disappointment that Dr. Hamida proved exactly what Bhutto had said. The Oxford University Press representative in Pakistan told me, "She is no longer a scholar for us. We do not assign any literary work to her". G.M. Sayed with whom she was very close said to me "We just keep her going, she does not like the company and association of women. She always wants to be in the gatherings and organizations of men. She is an intelligence agent of U.S. and I.S.I. but we are used to her". She later developed great intimacy with General Zia and was very close to him, and he used her as a spy on Akber Bhugti, Ataullah Mengal, Hafeez Pirzada and the leaders of the Jeeay Sindh Movement in which she was a leader herself.

A third incident was more interesting. Soon after Bhutto had taken over as the President of Pakistan, the Jama'at Islami had held a big public meeting in Lahore, where they abused him wantonly. I was staying with General Fazie Mugeem in Lahore that night. On the next day of this Jama'at Islami public meeting, a lady who had served under me, as an Inspector's of Schools when I was the Director of Education, Lahore, came to see me and said to me that that night the executive committee of the Jama'at had met and had discussed Bhutto being the President of Pakistan, and in their discussions they had decided to eliminate four people from Sindh and they were Bhutto himself, G.M. Sayed, myself and Katpar who was a Minister in the Government of Sindh, but also an old student of mine. The information was authentic because the lady had her brothers and cousins in the Jama'at and also in the higher echelons of Punjab bureaucracy. I related this incident to Bhutto when we met. He smiled and said "I knew it, but I do not understand why Katpar. Tell G.M. Sayed to be careful", I smiled and said "But you are the President what about me. God will take care of me. These devils of Jama'at Islami do not believe in God and they are the biggest and most inveterate enemies of Sindh". He said "You are right".

One day I teased him about something I had marked. I could take liberties with him because some of my oldest students were his close friends right from his youthful days, Katpar, Soomro Abdul Razaq, Junejo, Lahori, Qaim Ali Shah, Memon Ghulam Ali, Ghulam Hussain Abbasi, Mairaj Mohammad Khan, Qazi Mohammad Bux, Qazi Ghulam Hadi, Zafar Ali Shah, Jam Sadiq Ali and so many who enjoyed his confidence, comradery and participated in his professional and other interests, escapades and predilections. They would all come and tell me everything right from 1953. There were scores of my contemporaneous friends who knew him well and intimately and participated on his dining table and on

the wine stand; but they all told me of his intelligence, alacrity, sharpness of will, balanced thinking and vision of the future. He did look ambitious, but he never showed it in his actions. He kept that secret to himself till his open revolt and parting of ways with Ayub Khan. He managed the generals well by his intelligence, the bottle and the booze.

His variety of interests was as wide and vast and characteristic of feudal Sindh. He was brilliant when he felt inspired. He made a marvelous speech at the Sindh University convocation, where they made him Doctor of Laws (Honoris Causa) when Hasanally Abdul Rehman was the Vice Chancellor. He had a marvelous, both subtle and open sense of honour. My second wife was a Mohajir from India. Once he told me that they say, "You are against mohajirs". I said to him "God forbid, it is a lie. I just want them to be Sindhis. I had more than one lac fifty thousand students among mohajirs. I love them and I have served them devotedly and sincerely and they know it. I have spent money on their welfare and education from my own pocket and my wife is a mohajir". He smiled and said, "Probably that is way."

One day in our general talk he said to me, you have built that mausoleum on 1.1. Kazi. You have known him I am told from 1937. There are people in Sindh who adore him and respect him and worship him. Tell me this, "If he is such a man, would you name some man or woman who could be called his product in knowledge, general standards of conduct, and stature in public life". It was rather a sudden and abrupt observation and enquiry, and I, after a bit of pause, told him exactly this, "We first of all must bear in mind the mediocre and even depressed and oppressed nature of our society in Sindh and Pakistan morally, intellectually and in general. By and large we have been without education, without values and principles of life both in personal and public capacity. The educated, the intelligent and the well traveled and well associated among us are so few, and they all come from middle or lower middle classes. There are inherent weaknesses they are working and labouring under. They live under compelling inhibitions and handicaps socially and economically. They are full of vigour and ambition, fervour and hopes, but also angry, frustrated and furious. There are among them some firebrands and anarchists. I have seen them full of expectations but they face frustration everywhere. They have no opportunities of higher education, and to travel in or outside the country; and they are labouring under higy depressing and demoralizing conditions in their youth. They are needy and hard pressed in their economic resources and our feudal system. Thus knowing the conditions and compulsions of life and deprivations in Sindh, and even in the whole of Pakistan, I can not give you the names because the ideal ones are not there, and this society in the present stage can hardly produce them. But Qazi Sahib's is a great effort; and after all what I have said, as a preamble and as a matter of my observation and analysis of socio-economic life, I can mention a few names like Qazi Faiz Mohammad, Memon Abdul Rahim and Hamzo Khan Qureshi. Not any extra-ordinarily outstanding men but still the products of our society, men who are of tremendous integrity and courage. From

the day when we would produce outstanding men, in the international terms, we are still more than half a century away. Perhaps in our feudal, selfish, rapacious and chauvinistic society a century away". He agreed with me. He knew that he himself with all his education, talents, resources, had innumerable problems and handicaps to contend with. Bhutto was sharp in his gibe and retort. His over-self confidence was his weakness. He somehow after the elections of 1970 gave me the impression of forgetting the rungs of ladder he had risen on. He somehow alienated many of his initial and close friends and colleagues. He became arrogant and aloof, and that told on his political career and strength. He underrated his enemies and forces working against him. He thought he could counter all intrigues and face all the odds. He tried to placate his adversaries - a futile hopeless and infructuous effort. Whatever it was, he was a man of rare acumen, position and distinction in his views and values, in his personality and perceptions, in his intimacy and candour. He died as a brave man dancing to the gallows, fighting his captors till the end. He died as a legend - A miracle in Pakistan's socio-political firmament. In his death Pakistan had shed the first sacred and hero's blood.

One day he called me at the Governor's House at Karachi and the Military Secretary told me to come at once. I left my house unshaved and I was taken straight to him. I was taken to the main hall at the Sindh Governor's House. I found him sitting all alone.

I went and sat on a sofa near him. He looked at me and said I want to get your opinion on a few matters. I gave him my own assessment, and my experience of my having served in Lahore and having scores of friends among the young and the old teachers and literary men, generals and politicians. When we had talked for more than half an hour I told him, I thought it would be better if he took a serious view of things as they were developing. I told him we all started as citizens of a British possession, we played our part, at least I did in the making of Pakistan. I was a student in Aligarh and was close to the Quaid-e-Azam from 1938 to 1946, and I had the privilege to be called 'my dear boy' by him, and this is the phrase which Miss Jinnah also used, when she met me and called me for any discussion, suggestions or wanted any advice both when I was Principal, Sindh Muslim College, Karachi or Director of Education.

I told him I was really worried about our next generation. I know the mind and trends among the boy and the nature of their thinking. The country is in the grips of the uneducated and in the grips of intriguers. The war with India has left us in utter frustration and humiliation. The young people and children have not seen slavery which we saw. They are born as free citizens of a free country. They all are full of emotions and sentiments of independence. They have been yelling "Quaid-e-Azam Zindabad" "Pakistan Zindabad". They have been repeating and singing the Pakistan's songs and taranas. Pakistan National Anthem is on their tongues, hearts and minds. We have seen the disintegration of Quaid-e-Azam's Pakistan, let us save whatever is left. You better be careful, I

know the difficulties. You probably know more about the intrigues, but let us save Pakistan for the sake of our children and for the generations to come”. He looked at me and said, “That is my life’s commitment. I shall serve Pakistan to the last drop of my blood, but I cannot help saying that Pakistan is surrounded by all kinds of evil forces over some of which we have no control. He got up and said “Come with me we will drive to my house”.

As we left the Governor’s House we were alone in the car and I remembered something I wanted to tell him long ago. Shaikh Abdul Majeed Sindhi was lying sick for nearly fifteen years. He was bedridden. He was the man who in his pennilessness had defeated Bhutto’s father in 1936 Provincial Assembly elections. Shaikh Abdul Majeed was a poor man. I used to go and see him in the Sharda Mandir opposite the Civil Hospital once or twice a week. I told Bhutto to forget the past and help Shaikh Abdul Majeed. He had been living in that Mandir from 1947 which was an evacuee property. I wanted him to allot a portion of the Mandir to Shaikh Abdul Majeed who had been living there but no one was helping him. I also told him that he needed medical treatment. He was lying on his bed in forlorn state and he must not only get him the allotment in the Mandar but also financially help him in whatever way he could. Bhutto looked at me kept quite for a moment, and then said “So this is what you want me to do. All right I will”. I am glad he did. He allotted the portion of Mandar to him on which his sons have built residential flats and he sent him Rs.40, 000/- for his medical treatment. I had also asked him to go and see Shaikh Abdul Majeed personally in his sick bed, which of course he did not do. He sent me a word that what I wanted him to do for Shaikh Abdul Majeed he had ordered to be done. I was so glad about it and felt relieved. I was glad he had a heart to feel and a generosity to show the great rival of his father, but a famous man who died at the mature age of nearly hundred years.

When I first took over as Vice Chancellor of Sindh University in 1969, I was appointed by Air Marshal Noor Khan. He was the Governor of West Pakistan. Then came the disintegration of One Unit. On the announcement of Yahya Khan the old provinces and their status of August 1947 was re-established. What a ridiculous position. The boundaries of the provinces were fiddled with by executive orders of the Governor General. Portions of provinces were chopped off and added to others at will at random and autocratically. The historical provinces were then recreated. Karachi, which was separated from Sindh in 1948 in the name of Islam and Pakistan, was given back to Sindh. One Unit was created in 1955 in the name of Islam and Pakistan and so parity between East Pakistan and West Pakistan. That an outrageous and unconstitutional and vulgar step was taken against democracy was also done in the name of Islam and Pakistan, One Unit was abolished and Karachi given back to Sindh in the name of Islam and Pakistan. Police action, as a matter of fact total war, against East Pakistan was conducted in the name of Islam and Pakistan. Bangladesh was condemned in the name of Islam and Pakistan, and recognized in the name of Islam and Pakistan. Baluchistan was bombarded and

incendiaries in the name of Islam and Pakistan, Sindh was punished, tortured, plundered, ruled and devoured and debauched in the name of Islam and Pakistan. Bhutto was hanged in the name of Islam and Pakistan. The judiciary gave their verdict and judgement of Necessity in the aim of Islam and Pakistan, and in keeping well to the traditions of cheating, General Pirzada the Principal advisor of Yahya Khan, was intriguing with the assistance of Inter Services Intelligence and Jama'at Islami for the separation of Karachi in the name of Islam and Pakistan; again in collusion with the Jama'at and mohajirs working against General Rakhman Gui, the Governor of Sindh, in the name of Islam and Pakistan. What sins and crimes have not been committed against this country and its people in the name of Islam and Pakistan.

Within one month of the disintegration of One Unit and appointment of Rakhman Gui the Governor of Sindh, he was nearly going to be dismissed by Yahya Khan as a result of this Jama'at Islami, General Pirzada, Mohajirism and I.S.I conspiracy. One thing goes to the credit of Yahya Khan. He was rarely sober and without dozens of concubines and whores and philanderesses around him in naked and semi naked state. Once he called his Secretary, Abdul Qayyum, when he was in the process of his liaisons, and when Qayyum happened to hesitate to enter, Yahya ordered him to come in and ordered him to ask the Governor of The State Bank of Pakistan to sanction one hundred thousand rupees worth foreign exchange for the lady he was so ridiculously and unsuccessfully negotiating with. It must be said to his credit that when sober and away from women, he took great decisions. He ordered disintegration of One Unit and the holding of fair and impartial general elections.

Rakhman Gui and I had developed rather a close relationship of confidence and dependence. A deputation of mohajir leaders consisting of 3. Rahim, (Bhutto's Secretary General, in the Peoples Party), Hussain Imam (the uncle of a friend of mine and a room-mate in Aligarh, later a congress Minister in Behar), A.B.A. Haleem (my teacher in Aligarh, whom I was instrumental in bringing to Sindh in 1946 as Vice Chancellor of Sindh University), Moulana Ehtashamul Haque the great savant whom I knew so well, Hashim Raza (His exhausted highness of Rampur) went in a delegation to see Rakhman Gul and they all abused him and abused me left, right and centre. They called him and me all kinds of names and cursed us for introducing the Quota system in Government services and admissions in the Engineering and Medical institutions. They ended up in abusing Bhutto, though J. Rahim was Bhutto's Secretary General. Elections had taken place but power was still not transferred to the Peoples Party or to Shaikh Mujeebur Rehman.) When as Prime Minister at a gathering of his cronies entertaining him in scores and craning for his looks somebody began saying something against me, he silently heard it all, and at the end very loudly said at the top of his voice "Tell me all of you here which one of you has the guts and the courage Ghulam Mustafa Shah has. It is he who could take the decision on the Quota system in the services and in admission in the educational institutions. I could not have done it even as Prime Minister". A hush

had fallen on these cowardly Pirs, Mirs, and the Vaderas of Sindh in Tando Mohammad Khan.

Rakhman Gui after the elections and the transfer of power was appointed ambassador to Libya by Bhutto. I was in Beirut on a lecture tour in the American University whose president was a friend of mine, when he was adviser on Health with the United States Aid office in Pakistan. Rakhman Gul had a stopover in Beirut. When he came to know from Pakistan ambassador Qureshi that I was there, he extended his stay to meet me and talk to me. I met him and his wife at dinner the next day in a hotel. He said he stayed on hearing about my being there and he wanted me to convey a message to Bhutto, and “you are the right man to do it”.

Soon on my return to Pakistan I had a meeting with Kamal Azfar the Finance Minister of Mumtaz Bhutto on the Sindh University Finances. Kamal Azfar’s father was a friend of mine and had visited my house in Karachi scores of times and his son knew about it. I was furious in my discussion with Kamal Azfar about Sindh University Finance, and I was forced to write a letter to Mumtaz Bhutto who was in Sukkur for a few days stay.

After a few days I met Bhutto and conveyed the message of Rakhman Gui to him, which was “Please don’t trust J.Rahim and Kamal Azfar”. On my telling him Bhutto at once shouted, “I know Ghulam Mustafa Shah, I know. They both are snakes - veritable dirty cobras but I am helpless.” I kept quiet, and referred to my letter to Mumtaz Bhutto.

S.M. Sharif the Education Secretary, Government of Pakistan insisted that I must return to government service from Principal ship of Sindh Muslim College where I was on deputation for more than twelve years (Sindh Muslim College being a private college). I was told to come back to government service before I could be promoted. I was due for promotion and I found no other way but to request the Sindh Madressah Board and its President Hashim Gazdar to let me go. I was posted in Lahore as Assistant Director of Public Instructions, and six months past but no orders for promotion were issued. I asked Provincial Education Secretary, Prof. Sirajuddin, why the delay and, he at once said “I want to issue the orders now and at once, but Sharif stopped me and has asked me to wait till he hears from him”. I was rather amused and amazed. I had to live and function under very trying and hard conditions economically, and away from my children who were schooling in Karachi. I could not bring all the five and my other family to Lahore for few months. Two more months past when, Dr. Jahangir Khan the D.P.I. a wonderful man and cousin of General Burki, who was also a friend of mine, called me and said, “Sharif wants you in Rawalpindi”. He did not know why and he was a man of few words and added “Sharif must be up to something-some trick”. I went and saw Sharif in Rawalpindi and he said to me, “You go and meet Bhutto.” I wondered what for. I did not mind it, I was rather glad about it, but I was intrigued why. Bhutto was not there and I went back to Lahore. When I

learned about Bhutto's coming back to Rawalpindi I phoned him and went to see him. It was August and extremely hot in Rawalpindi. I went the next day to see Bhutto, very early in the morning in a house on Peshawar Road, Rawalpindi. It must be just a little after sunrise. I told his servant to inform him, that I had come. He went in to tell him. Bhutto perhaps had just got up from his bed. He came out in his bedroom clothes and sleeping pajamas and said to me in Sindhi 'What for, why are you here so early. Come along and sit down'. We sat in the verandah and I told him why I was there. He was furious and said, "That rascal and profligate and bachelor Sharif wants to please me and to harass you. That fellow keeps siring all the spinsters in the Ministry of Education, in Lahore, Rawalpindi and Karachi. I know his tricks. I will see that your orders are issued at once". I had a cup of tea with him and stood up. He embraced me and gave me his assuring glance and hand shake. I went to Lahore and related the whole story to Dr. Jahangir Khan who said, "These are Sharif's crude and dirty ways".

I was amused at what Bhutto had said about Sharif. It appeared Bhutto had a very low opinion of Sharif, and his manners and ways which were of course known to all of us. He was said to have been entertaining Ayub Khan in this fashion. His stories of personal predilections and liaisons were so many and so ingenious and atrocious. He managed his extensions in service by pandering to the desires of Ayub Khan, and some of his generals. In that way, he retired ever so many years after he was sixty.

When Bhutto was saying all that about Sharif, I wondered at the wild oats he himself was strewing about all over the places, but of course internationally, in higher circles of bureaucracy and the aristocracy of the Punjab. Punjab had tremendous sinister and voluptuous women's spare population for grazing and pasturing. To be in Lahore one is in unfathomable reservoir of scandals and illicit connections. Lahore sounded as a great big brothel—every man against every woman, and every woman against every man - the proverbial nerve centre of Jama'at Islami and so called religiosity.

The Election of 1970 had taken place. He was not the president yet. Early in February 1971 some mohajir miscreants set fire to the most valuable library of the Institute of Sindhology in the old campus of Sindh University at about 3.30 a.m. I was informed about it as I got up for my morning prayers at my Jamshoro residence. I immediately left for Hyderabad after saying my prayers to have a look at things. It was horrible and ghastly business to look at. I was furious but could only shed a few tears at this loss of such a real collection of books by fire. It was pathetic and tragic. I asked the driver to go straight to 70 Clifton, Karachi. I was there little after 8.00 a.m. I opened the door at the back entrance of Bhutto's House and asked the servant to let him know that I was there. Luckily he was up and rested and came down. I told him everything and he said, "So what am I to do ". I said, "You are coming with me to Hyderabad". He said, "Now"? I said, "Yes'. He again said, "I have so much to do. I have more than two dozen important appointments and all these people will be coming. I am so busy". I said to him

they can wait, you will come back by lunch. He protested but I insisted. He finally quietly looked at me and said, "All right let us go". He called for his coat and looked at a young man standing by and said "Can I take my son," and I said "By all means". We drove in his Toyota Crown to the Institute building at Hyderabad and he saw the ashes of burnt books and manuscripts — the devastation and the havoc. He had tears in his eyes. He wrote a small note in the visitors book and looked at me and said, "Now what do you want me to do". I said "I want a promise that you will give us two crores of rupees to build the Institute of Sindhology at Jamshoro". He looked at me and said, "That is a promise". We drove together to Jamshoro and I got out of his car. He came out and embraced me closely. He tapped me on my back and drove to Karachi. I was triumphant. He told his visitors in Karachi he could not refuse me and let me down. He had to go to give me support. He said that I needed it.

In 1976 we were holding the Quaid-e-Azam International Scout Jamboree at Fortress Stadium at Lahore. I invited him and he said he was busy, but I refused to accept his refusal. A week before the Jamboree I pursued him by phone wherever he went till from Thatta his Military Secretary, a day earlier, phoned to say that he has agreed, but some adjustment has to be made with the President of Pakistan Choudhry Fazal Illahi. The President of Pakistan had to inaugurate the Jamboree. Bhutto phoned the President to delay his arrival by one hour and come to us after he had been with us and gone. Choudhry Fazal Illahi agreed. Bhutto came to the camp of 7000 boys. He was given a tremendous reception and went round the whole stadium standing in an open army jeep with me. He stayed for about half an hour, had tea and left saying "Am I allowed to go now". I said, "Thank you, you can go". Choudhry Fazal Illahi came for the inauguration about half an hour after Bhutto had gone and said to me, "Bhutto so much wanted to be with you and phoned me to delay my arrival here".

Choudhry Fazal Illahi was a wonderful man he showed me real filial affection. He had told me "Shah Saheb doesn't fix any appointment with me. You just come over, whenever you like and I shall see you whatever the programme and whoever the visitors". It was so gracious of him. His Military Secretary always opened the door to announce my arrival, he was the same general Awar who was Martial Law Administrator, in Hyderabad, who wanted to arrest me on the instigation and with the collusion of some mohajir leaders. Manzoor Illahi the Chief Secretary, Yousuf the Commissioner, Shahid Hussain Siddiqui, the Assistant Commissioner, Kotri, was the first to play the stooge and the dirty part. When Attiqur Rehman took over I told him of the whole mischief and I asked him to remove Nusrat Hussain as Commissioner, and he did it and on my agreement brought in Syed Akhlaque Hussain. This conspiracy cost the University a great deal. It is interesting to note that Nusrat Hussain and Nawab Muzafar were the conspirators who were my contemporaries and classmates in Aligarh. In Sindh mohajirism and mischief were synonymous. Muhajirism knows no patriotism.

Once Bhutto called me to the Sindh Governor's House. He perhaps was told that Major General Fazl-e-Muqueem was an old friend of mine from 1940, when we were at Aligarh. He was G.O.C. East Pakistan and a friend of General Osmany who later became the leader of Bangladesh revolt and finally the Commander-in Chief of Bangladesh forces. Osmany was a fine officer of Pakistan Army but Punjabi generals would not promote him because he was firm East Pakistan and "A black Bengali" and not fit enough and tall enough. They even beat him badly in the Rawalpindi Club which was a notorious rendezvous of a variety of women and officers and a voluptuous centre. Osmany in spite of being beaten was prematurely retired. He never forgot or forgave this insult.

East Pakistan's disillusionment with West Pakistan began when Aziz Ahmed was appointed Chief Secretary in that part of the country. East Pakistan he made a colony of West Pakistan. I used to visit East Pakistan nearly three and four times every year, and I had dear friends all over in scholars, literary men and women in East Pakistan, and in Fazl-e-Muqueem who was G.O.C. Yahya Khan hated Fazl-e-Muqueem, and forbade Ayub Khan to promote him, though Fazl-e-Muqueem had better service record than Yahya himself, whom some how he always happened to follow on a transfer in every post in the army. Bhutto asked my opinion if he could be suitable as his Defense Secretary. I told him he could depend upon Fazl-e-Muqueem and on his loyalty and confidence. Fazl-e-Muqueem was appointed Defense Secretary but as luck would have it, after some time Bhutto took Ghulam Ishaque Khan from the Governorship of the State Bank and appointed him as Secretary General Defense- from here the collusion of the Punjab army, bureaucracy Mullaism and Muhajirism and judiciary and the conspiracy against Bhutto began. Zia, Gilani, and Aftab (Bhutto's Principal Secretary) formed the nucleus and worked their way in their fields surreptitiously. Fazl-e-Muqueem was asked not to see Bhutto without the knowledge and permission of the generals and they put him under intelligence surveillance. Fazl-e-Muqueem tried his best to see Bhutto in the last six months of his government but could not do. He was even threatened if he did; till the conspiracy succeeded. Fazl-e-Muqueem was taken away and Gilani took over as the Secretary Defense, and become Zia's real confidant. Aftab had conveyed Bhutto's intention to remove Zia to the generals and that very night the coup took place. Ishaque Khan became Zia's Finance Minister and advisor in every civil ministerial decision. Finally Ishaque was made Chairman of the Senate and so put on the journey to the presidency. Zia gnawed his way up. He assumed the position of the Prime Minister by the fact of military conquest of Pakistan; and in a year's time in his political poker game contrived the ouster of good old Chowdhry Fazal Ilahi and he crept into the presidency. Fazl-e-Muqueem was sent to Saudi Arabia where he was the most isolated ambassador both with his own government and with the Saudi government. On the suggestion of Hafeez Pirzada in the final stages of Bhutto's trial, in order to gauge Saudi attitude, my wife was sent to Saudi Arabia to meet Fazl-e-Muqueem to find out the Saudi attitude in case of Bhutto's assassination. Fazl-e-Muqueem went on relating the story of insults being heaped on him both by the Saudi Foreign office and the Pakistan Foreign office. The

facts were ominous and portentous. On coming back to Pakistan he was put under surveillance by Zia.

The last I saw Bhutto was at his Karachi residence at about 5.00 p.m. in his study, a day before he was finally arrested in September, 1978. He had been freed by Justice Samdani of charges against him. I had returned from Montral World Scout conference and Umra that very day. When I saw him in his study we talked for nearly three hours till about 8.30 at night. I had been to a number of countries on my way and he wanted to know the reaction of his deposition and trial. We sat in that marvelous collection of books to which I had made my own contribution. He showed me my books on the shelves and the entire collection of Khan Bahadur Ghulam Ali Nana on Napoleon which I had managed for Khan Bahadur to sell and for Bhutto to buy. What an unusual and extra-ordinary collection on Napoleon— and work and labor of nearly 70 years of life. K.B. Nana sold it when he was about 95 years of age. This was a rare and unique collection of books, pamphlets, photographs, paintings, cartoons, caricatures, battle scenes, statuettes, and other relics and writings on Napoleon; perhaps a collection so rare in one single place, probably only the British Museum or Paris Library will equal or excel this collection. What a life interest and effort.

We discussed what had happened, He was expecting arrest in a day or two again. He even foreboded disaster. He talked of Sindh which he loved, the youth he had organised and resurrected the nation he had revived and served, knowing me nearly for more than twenty five years, my work and attachments and abhorances and family, we talked and discussed Pakistan which was in the mouth of wolves and grips of the octopus. He told me what he wanted to do. He blamed himself for a few lapses. When I got up to leave he walked with me to the outer door where again, we stood, talked for ten minutes or more in a lighter mood. He was in his half sleeves silk shirt and white trousers. He laughed heartily. The next day Abdul Hafeez Pirzada told me “Sam you had been to Sahib last night, I am glad you went to see him and talked to him of things we never talked about or discussed with him. He said he felt easy and rested. Do go and see him again”. But that was not to be. He was arrested the very next day never to come back to home again in Karachi, except to inevitable grave in his ancestral village.— buried with all Military and Civil precautions — a glorious end—an end so noble and great, greater than that of the man who had deposed him could imagine. For they all died in dirty and infernal fire reserved for all Brutuses in all the ages.

Bhutto died as a phenomenon. I admired his knowledge, his intellectual status, his speeches, his openness of heart, his geniality and joviality. On many occasions and on many issues, we did not see eye to eye, but we liked each other and respected each other. We seriously differed on so many points about Sindh or some other matters of modalities and methods of approach. But we liked each other. He would accept refusal from me with candour and magnanimity and never became off hand, abrupt or rude. He was cut short not

only in his life but in his growth to loftier heights of greatness in the service of the poor and fettered Pakistan. He was a star in the firmament for millions. He was on the minds and lips of the poor and the deprived of Pakistan and abroad. Gallows had made him not only great but a hero and a legend.

My wife and I went on a trip to Iran, Iraq and Saudi Arabia after his death. I had to seek the permission of the Government to leave Pakistan every time I wished to travel outside Pakistan. I was under intelligence surveillance even on my agricultural lands and in my villages, but I never bothered. In Sindhi they say the beggars never bother about the barking dogs. We went to Shiraz to see the city of Sa'adi and Hafiz. From the airport to the Persopolis, the magic city in the desert to celebrate two thousand five hundred years of royalty by the Shah of Iran. We went in a taxi and the taxi driver on the way said "You from Ali Bhutto's country". We said, "Yes". The same we heard in Iraq and Saudi Arabia from the humblest of men. In poverty, reality and sincerity are never destroyed. Ingratitude is the attribute of the Punjab. Ingratitude is God-lessness. The prayers of the people and the poor are the most abiding tribute of man to man. This manifested in the election of his party and his daughter. Life has its mystery. Nature has its marvelous ways to accomplish results. Whatever his personal and social weaknesses (and he had many) he had a sharp mind, a sense of character and attachment, a courageous sense of honor-rare phenomenon and a brilliant candle in Pakistan—an unfortunate and pathetic country. How difficult and insecure it is to rule and serve Pakistan and Punjab. How quick and unpredictable and sudden it is to extinguish the flame and the candle of life.

I must relate an extra-ordinary incident. He was the Foreign Minister of Pakistan. They had called a conference of Foreign Ministers of Common Wealth Countries fly Karachi, and British Foreign Secretary Lord Douglass Home was there. I was Director of Education. Bhutto phoned me a day before the conference to see him very early next morning. I asked him how early and he said, "Before sun rise." I went to 70 Clifton when it was just about sun-rise and I found Nawab Chatari (Bhutto always called him Nawab Sahib even though he was his sub-ordinate) - an old Aligarh friend of mine, who was Chief of Protocol in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, already there. I asked Bhutto's servant to announce to him that I was there. - Chatari had not done so. He had to wait till Bhutto came down.

In the few moments before I was called to Bhutto's room upstairs, Chatari and I had a delightful conversation on art and beauty. Chatari was a marvelous connoisseur of music, song and art, finesse and mannerism. He was a lovely man. In the few minutes that we sat in the entrance lounge of Bhutto's house, he looked at the huge mordemistic painting on the wall at the turn of the staircase. A man of tender and finer tastes, he let his imagination go at this conglomeration and display of colors. For me this huge painting appeared drabbing of red, yellow, blue, crimson and white by a child or a lunatic. In his enthusiasm and ebullience he said to me, looking in the painting, "Mustafa imagine this painting as the commotion and disturbance in the firmament, of lightening, clouds, storm,

thunder and rain (I saw none of these). How awfully beautiful, or imagine yourself in the thick odorous smoke and color and gorgeous setting of Moulin Rouge in Paris—the variegated blending of colors so characteristic of that famous night club. Those colors lifted you to heavens bliss and delight”. I am afraid I was not lifted. I enjoyed these few minutes of his verbosity and artistic appreciation and extravagance. In this process of lifting by Chatari, Bhutto called me to his room upstairs. He told me to sit on his bed, the rest of his room was strewn with clothes, papers and files.

He knew I had gone to England as a research scholar in 1946 and had returned in 1949—I went as an Indian and came back as a Pakistani. I was a student at the King’s College Newcastle-upon-Tyne and during that three years stay I had really become a Northumbrian in talk, in accent, in manners, in habits, in clothes, and in gait. I was a half Scotch and half Jody sandwiched between Yorkshire hills and moors and Scotch rocks and castles—the most beautiful parts of Great Britain. The land of coal mines, heavy industry, ruggedness, innocence, simplicity and delightful hilly billies. King’s College was an Institution where great M. Morrison of Aligarh name and fame was once the Principal. The Institution, the surroundings, the land and the topography suited me fine—equidistant from Wordsworth’s Keswick in Lake District, Northumbrian Airedale and Berwick castles and gridded by Roman and gothic and Northumbrian forts, and the University of Durham on the highest hill in that area on the bank of river Tyne, with the famous University, the Durham fort and the Cathedral. Tyne flowed in its majesty with more than a dozen bridges crossing it, and the river and the bridges gave the land-scape an inexplicable beauty. For me it was the Indus of Great Britain.

I was expected by Bhutto to entertain Lord Douglass Home with his familiar country side talk, to break the tedium and monotony of politics and keep him away for a few moments from being pestered by conversation on foreign affairs and politics. Lord Douglass Home was a Scotch and Bhutto thought it will be a respite for him to remind him of his own country. At a reception in the day Bhutto put me by the side of Lord Home and we talked and got engrossed in our conversation for nearly half an hour. In our enthusiasm for Northumberland, we did not say a word about politics and foreign affairs. We talked of Tyneside and Mersy-side, Inverness and St. Andrews. This made him feel nostalgic. We talked of Tomy Handley and his famous programme of ITMA on the BBC a war time popular invention. We talked of Lord Eustace Percy (Rector of the King’s College), who wanted me to stay in England after I had secured my degree, on the teaching staff of the College—which I gratefully but regretfully refused. We talked of George Scott and Malcolm Muggeridge the great journalists who were my dear friends from 1947. I had transported Lord Home to familiar surroundings. He marveled at the intimacy and variety of my experiences in the places so familiar to him. Of course we talked of the College Rag, which reminded me of the days of Aligarh Mud Riots and Introduction Nights. Later he told Bhutto that he enjoyed those moments of relaxation and welcome talk. He

told him that he would like to see me in Great Britain, but that was Scotch formality. All Scotch are miserly, but the Aberdonians are beyond descriptions. It appeared I had served the purpose of my invitation. For me also it was such a revivification of the memories which I was beginning to lose. Lord Home gave me a Pakistani hug and a Scotch pat, and I disappeared from the scene, with these memories which made life worth living.

I was a country lad and a veritable cowboy from Sindh (India) catapulted in war ravaged Britain with all its rationing and scarcity but with an exuberance and joy of triumph and abandon. In Great Britain of those days, there were no inhibitions, no reserves, no taboos, no strangeness, no foreignness, no impediments, no regulations, and no restrictions. It was a jubilant, buoyant, festive and relaxed Great Britain victorious and gorgeous after a horrendous war.

II THE MAN

Bhutto was a phenomenon of nature in Pakistan and in the people of the third world —the world of have-nots, of the miserable, of the wretched of the earth, the milling millions in search of food, dignity and even existence, the so-called free but real slaves, the nations of affluence and resources, but helpless and hungry, with great potential in men and materials but paupers and beggars on the world, with wealth and riches in their earth and sky but helplessness and impotence in their fate, with great expectations but emptiness in the air, countries of misery, destitution and death. Inscrutable are the ways and laws of God, but they must work and operate; what will be—will be.

Bhutto had begun his public life miraculously and marvelously. It was a God-sent opportunity to him. If merit was the criterion of affairs, he held it in full in the developing world—nay a position of honor in the galaxy of the statesmen of the globe. In a government of generals he was the only respectable citizen. With his very introduction to public and political life, with his education, training and travels he was kindled by ambition. He was fully and eminently qualified to witness and take lesson and learn from every procedure, every move, every trick, and every stratagem of politics. He was a lawyer and a student of international relations. There was so much he had acquired, read, rummaged and rumbled in his famous schools which would stand by him, and he could count upon them in time. Life in that aspect had started for him auspiciously. If experience is any school of teaching. He started his education in the best of circumstances and with the most potential possibilities and profoundest hopes. He started accidentally at a stage higher than normally vouchsafed to a young man of Pakistan, and in its socio-political conditions. He was catapulted in the midst of them as if nature had placed him with an eye on the future.

In the politics of Pakistan, dirty and ephemeral, he had to work with the most of the numskulls one could expect. If fools had to teach, he had plenty and abundant around him. He had to take it easy, prove his worth and value, create dependence of the rest on him, show them that he had education and talents which destiny had denied them. By nature or by nurture, he took full advantage of this knowledge and distinction and of his intellectual superiority.

He 'had come from a real and intrinsic feudal background which unfortunately applied breaks to his progressive views and efforts for social change. He was still not powerful enough to assert and to finally decide. He never thought himself a reformer, but he could only think of Pakistan as a strong, prosperous and progressive nation. He valued what he had acquired; he was conscious of his strength, but he gave no airs to himself or entertained any false illusions. Pakistan politics was already by 1958, a tricky affair, he must keep his position and save it by hook or by crook, without losing his biggest asset of intellectual courage and superiority. His vision took him to Himalayan heights; but

those he was wanting to serve were not free, though powerful and numerous enough to shake off their yokes and chains. He wanted to minimize their hurdles and burdens, but it was difficult to carry his dull, foolish and suspicious colleagues with him, who could hardly see beyond the tips of their noses, or the bulge of their stomachs, till he was an elected representative with the support and strength and power and fear of the people behind him. As a man of vision and ambition, from the very inception of his career he wisely assessed and evaluated his difficulties, hazards and impediments. He had to be something —to be known and certain to reach a stage and station of influence and where he could be known and be valued and be recognized and honored and accepted. He kept his designs and ambitions hidden or camouflaged. The generals were bound to bungle. They had no heads and no sense of history. In his head, he carried history of civilization, the knowledge of the rise, the decline and fall of nations. He knew the ominous or auspicious circumstances in which institutions burgeoned, Consolidated and thrived. He must strike when the time was ripe and their graph of fortunes was tending to decline and fail which would jolt and hurt the inebriated nation's and foolish general's ego. He knew that morality and consistency were not the virtues of Pakistan politics. The rule of the generals had no continuity and no assurance of permanence - Mullas just gathered and conglomerated where the generals trailed.

From the very beginning of his introduction to public life and as a minister, he endeavored, studied, analyzed and sweated to see the Country geographically, know it demographically, meet the leaders and men of influence and standing, know their strength and weaknesses know them in their homes and habitations, know their clans, tribes and contacts, try to develop acquaintance, friendship and intimacy with the old and the young, and make himself thoroughly conversant and acquainted with youth and their ambitions and gain their confidence and following and their trust and dependence, a strength which will stand by him in need, to distribute favors and rewards and give them guidance in the course of his career and show them the way to triumph and power- and what next.

There was nobility in what he had learnt, and he belonged to a proud lineage. His ancestors were known for their affluence and influence, and his constant effort was to widen and gain new ground for his objectives and ambitions. He joined the generals in their booze and profligacy and addictions of modernity. He went for shikar and extravagance of the table. He joined the youth in their hurrahs and guffaws, frolick, amour, abandon and Wantonness in order to increase his acceptability and intimacy. He read, practiced Machiavellianism and Napoleonic tricks and feudal idealism. He knew intellect alone was no help in Pakistan's politics, a certain amount of art and craft and chicanery were necessary processes, conditions and qualifications to give him firm foundations in certain conditions, stages and decisions. He had accepted to surrender to foolishness and idiocy, now that it was the tradition of Pakistan politics or keep his silence, and some times of course showed his strength by arguments,

protests and dissent as in throwing out powerful and voluptuous Moinuddin in puissant Punjab bureaucracy. He never protested on the conspiracies, vagaries and intrigues of the generals. He let them bungle and stumble and fall. He was thrown among them and he had to watch every step. He was seeing and watching their methods, reactions and responses. He had read Napoleon, Wellington, Charles Napier, Lawrences, Dui housie, Carson and Kitchener - the ideals of Punjab feudalism and bureaucracy. He could neither guide them in their obduracy nor reform them, a waste of time and energy. They were beyond repair and redemption, and reform. He must watch and chalk out his own course and above all gain time, they were not quiet either.

For the the generals people were as good a gun-fodder as their soldiers. They could only be over-powered, over-awed and intimidated and subdued in their failure and defeat in arms and in the battle field. They conceived and recognized no other setback or collapse except that of their weapons and their armor. He waited till the means through which they had come to power and ascendancy had failed them and disgraced them in arms. Debate and intellect they did not recognize. The only defeat they recognized was their physical failure, and there they were the cowards of the first order, myopic in their thinking, confused in their decisions, and berserk in their actions and obfuscated in their programme. They lived from day to day. Socio-economic planning or political sagacity were beyond their brains and vocabulary. The carpet of power must slip from under their feet. Their politics of terror and arrogance and blood had reduced them into rabble and confused mass of men. Their minds were boggled. Their grip over affairs was uncertain and likely to be lost, and the direction and vision to get out of a difficult situation became unthinkable for them. They could only blunder and fall and bring disgrace to the nation at large and to their own profession and to their gullible men.

Such a moment had come in 1965, but it was not puissant, unnerving and disillusioning enough. They must see confusion with failure, defeat and disgrace, and collapse in the very moment of their success and triumph. This one they had got over, but Bhutto and they knew they had lost face but not power - the place of aggression and aggrandizement within. They had reorganized and recovered their poise after their defeat. They had not collapsed but were jolted hard, and were now apprehensive and among themselves a little demoralized and shaken. From 1965 the Country was slipping with intrinsic and inevitable encumbrances, weaknesses, disunity and chaos. They were useless in their thinking and poor in all political processes, and decisions. They prostituted every good thing in Pakistan to their hearts content. Political manipulations were the limit of their thoughts. Ayub was confronted by a woman and he could only come out of this dilemma and succeed by cheating, lying, cajoling, conspiring and paying his way. He was shaken in this unexpected and unbelievable process of democracy.

Miss Fatima Jinnah had emerged from her seclusion as a nightmare and ghost for the generals. It is a famous saying that Rome will finally fall with the speech

and on the command of a woman the students and women could alone defeat the generals, in a bloodless or bloody battle. They could, through their strength and numbers, dislodge the generals. The generals got a rude Shock in their popularity and political acceptance. They realized the existence and power of concealed, subterranean and covert forces. It was impossible for them to make amends, find ways of disentanglement, and secure Solutions. By training, habits and education and vision they were incapable of reaching rational Conclusions the more they tried to stir and move they were getting immersed in swamps, and bogged down in their own quagmire.

Tashkand accord was a surrender of arms - Porus prostrating before Alexander. India was a victor in arms, and its tiny prime minister was a master of diplomatic art and success. It is here that Bhutto saw the chance to wage his battles of wit and intelligence. - A weapon that he could not successfully use against guns and swords before. He began mobilizing the minds and the power of the people and the masses in numerous ways, through press and public addresses, and private gatherings. He was moving all over the country. Humiliation in arms was the precursor of the generals, demoralization and collapse. By 1970, in Pakistan, the confusion in politics was worse confounded. Bhutto took advantage of the defeat of the generals in the war in Bangladesh, and the failure of the soldiers on the negotiating table.

General Manikshaw, the Commander-in-Chief of Indian Armed Forces had advised Indra Gandhi to take it easy. He saw no hurry for taking Indian action. He said he knew Yahya so well, he will provide enough excuses and plenty of time and opportunity for the government of India to take its decisions, and for the Indian Army to make its moves. This is what exactly happened. Yahya bungled into war with India. He was forced against his wishes to declare war on the western front which was a total fiasco. General Manickshaw after the success of Indian armies in Bangladesh, and on the Eastern Front, told a press gathering that, "The success of the Indian army and its military operations against Pakistan in Bangladesh, and in the west, was first and foremost due to the very definite and clear political decisions taken by the government of India". The Indian army was told what to achieve and what were the political objectives and they were left free to make their moves. There lay the secret of their success. It was a great tribute paid by a grateful general to the politicians of his country. Indeed both peace and war are too serious and delicate a business to be left to the generals. Unfortunately we had handed over both to the nincompoops of the Pakistan army, like the British faced against the Japanese in Singapore in a disgraceful surrender, and the loss of battleship Prince of Wales and aircraft carrier Repulse—even Churchill cried and wept on the floor of the House of Commons. The surrendering Chief Air Marshal was condemned by Commons as a nincompoop, and so was Niazi; but of course Pakistan generals knew how to rehabilitate their fallen and disgraced colleagues, and reward them with honorifics and aplomb.

The tragedy and separation of East Pakistan and the abject dismemberment of Pakistan, was the direct result of the prolonged conspiratorial collusion and conduct of the army, the Punjab bureaucracy and the Jama'at Islami. Priests and soldiers always get easily demoralized either with money or defeat. The Prophet of God had said the learned of Islam will become sources of evil and bloodshed. These purveyors of conscience and faith were a menace to humanity from ages. The propagators of intolerance, hatred and shedding of blood, the vicious elements of discord and denial of fair play, and justice, these accursed elements of history, sacerdotalism and ecclesiasticism, have been the enemies of people through ages and brought all civilizations to decline, and fall. Their palpable piety and religiosity brought all the nations miseries and desolations untold. Madness and myopia of the soldiers and priests put an end to Quaid-e-Azam's Pakistan, and they were undermining and threatening and leading to ominous disintegration of the remnant.

Generals were always afraid of political parties, popular elections, public representatives and mass references. Yahya's tricks in his referendum is a moot point and example, but the defeat in these events and circumstances, had forced them into inescapable fall and disaster.

With the removal of Ayub, Yahya and his generals tried to play all kinds of political and military tricks with all ill-intentions, but they soon found that the sands were shifting from under their feet. Politically matters in Pakistan were becoming unmanageable by the generals and getting out of their control. Indra Gandhi played her cards marvelously. She had kept the whole world guessing on her worldwide tour of important capitals; and like a wondrous woman gave no inclination of her intentions and designs in all her debates, discussions and conferences and press statements to attack East Pakistan. In hiding her aims and objectives in her conduct she was superb. She kept talking about her problems of refugees pouring into India, but she never showed she was a lioness seriously contemplating to pounce upon Pakistan. She was in no hurry or impatient. India had an opportunity of a century to dismember Pakistan and weaken West Pakistan and be safe and strong on either side.

Pakistan Army once defeated and decimated in the East will not stand in the West. Yahya had reluctantly declared war in West Pakistan but collapsed in a week and asked United Nations for armistice. The disgrace of Pakistan army was complete. He tried some diplomatic tricks. He was catching the last straw. He called upon Bhutto for help. Ayub after the failure at Tashkand had gone to Larkana supplicating Bhutto to bring him round. The generals were on their tender hooks. Bhutto did not go back to Ayub. Now Yahya was in a quandry. He supplicated Bhutto's assistance and sent him to the United Nations to Bhutto's great political advantage. He got the publicity the world over, and the praise and acceptance of his worth among the people of Pakistan. He had created enough favorable atmosphere and demonstrated that he alone could save the devastated, defeated and disheveled and demoralized armed forces of Pakistan.

Yahya was like Napoleon returning from Moscow trying to save his throne. In defeat the generals were the biggest cowards. They were always worried about their necks, and wanted Bhutto to save them - with an eye to hang him.

For Bhutto it was a God-sent opportunity. The confused, and humiliated and hesitant generals were reduced to helplessness and prostration by the results of general elections. Bhutto had the trump card. Mujeeb-ur-Rehman was adamant in his proposals against the generals and the army. The compulsion of events made the generals surrender to Bhutto. Bhutto had no experience of the chicanery of the generals; while they were placating and cajoling him in Larkana, they were also busy in stabbing him in his back behind the arras. General Pirzada and General Hamid were precursors of General Zia, Chishti and Gilani—but nature failed them in their mischief and endeavors—they were digging their own graves and preparing for Pakistan's funeral.

For Pakistan life was no longer moving at any giddy or favorable pace. The generals saw phantoms, hallucinations and night-mares. The rumbustious declarations and speeches were of no avail. The general elections and the failure and fiasco in Bangladesh had made them surrender to Bhutto. In their failure and humiliation and shame they saw in him a savior and support. Bhutto was generous to them. He did not want to rake up the muck which Hamoodur-Rehman Commission had probed and proved. The honor of the army and the name of Punjab and the survival of Pakistan became dear to the triumphant politician of Pakistan. Generals were constrained to lie low, and prepare from strength, and then jump on him.

The army had surrendered to the inexorable fate and the inevitable circumstances and inescapable events. The hypocritical agency of Jama'at Islami was at work, but with no success. They had avoided nemesis but were in the grips of catharsis. They used Bhutto for their survival but they were harboring their ill-intention to dislodge him and to sap his strength. How come a civilian and a Sindhi had come to power! They hated Sindh and let loose Jama'at Islami to abuse and to hound out Bhutto. He too fell in their intrigues and fell in their trap. Ingratitude is the notorious attribute of royalty and military. General Azam had said in 1958 "Now the army will rule Pakistan for ever". But what was this unexpected catastrophe—what had happened, and destroyed and killed Quaid-e-Azam's Pakistan. They waited for their Opportunity. They tried all their tricks of army philosophy and training—appreciation, camouflage, decoy, surveillance, prevarication, sapping, blasting and killing.

The principles of army metaphysics and training must work in their giddy way. The culmination of their duplicity and trickery came on 5th of July 1977. The people of Pakistan must remain subdued and scandalized. Punjab must rule by hook or by crook. Punjab must rule, trade, cheat, deceive and rob. Bhutto must be hanged for his generosity and talents and capacity to appeal to the masses. He must be eliminated in the interests of their resuscitation and invigoration.

They must line up in the fiendish, infernal and devilish ideas of militarism. In the hands of traitors, bureaucrats, treacherous Mullas, auctioneering ambassadors and trading generals, no country, no people should expect survival and freedom. In these conspiring hands no nations can be free and live with honor, hope and progress. Mullas and generals and bureaucrats are proverbial bed-fellows of history, from the times of the Pharaohs and Lins of China. Bhutto must not be allowed to remain a rival and a power to reckon with. He must be hanged if any control of the nation and supremacy of the army in the country were to be confirmed and to continue.

Tendentious detractors of Bhutto by a combination of sinister groups intriguing, cowardly, mischievous and hypocritical, Out to play in the hands of the United States for political purposes and pelf, without any nobility of purpose except to denigrate greatness and talent and to ensure the jeopardy of country's existence and stability and punish a great Sindhi son, does not forecast any verdict of history nor does it reduce its historic value. The glory of immortality for him ensured the disgrace of his detractors. Now that he was dead it was nobility to honor him and salute him for his vision and bravery. By honoring Bhutto we shall only hope that greatness will be valued by society and that we are not destitute to produce or honor the great. If a Bhutto did not rise and the like of him we did not produce, this nation is dead for ever. Bhutto today is a test of our values, vision and capacities to survive.

Bhutto is a measure by which we should judge the dwarfs who had ruled us since the death of the Quaid-e-Azam. He will not come again, but let us not ensure that such a man should never rise. Take away Bhutto and there is no ruler in Pakistan except Quaid-e-Azam to respect and honor. Gallows made him and Pakistan great. He is the only leader who made Pakistan great in his life, in his death and in history.

Bhutto had all the virtues and weaknesses of character of the youth, of education, training, habits and predilections and social out look of his feudal class. He knew his own worth and talents, had gained confidence from being an ebullient fire-brand and an anarchist in the beginning, to being arrogant and forceful as he grew in power and influence and social status and politics and family connections. He flaunted with the ideas of the youth in revolt, and joined every kind of activity, unrest and effervescence he observed in Pakistan from early fifties. From 1951 the whole socio-political and educational atmosphere in Pakistan was in commotion. His leftist leanings he did not hide inspite of feudal and plutocratic association by birth and training. He could afford to be extravagant physically and financially. He acquired the flexibility and malleability of manners, demeanor and attitude. Pakistan was the creation of the masses but they were robbed in the very inception of their triumph. Life gave him the rare opportunity and he jumped from more or less obscurity and anonymity to prominence and limelight and publicity. He was a good student and trained well in the delicate arts of modern sophisticated living, and had tastes of feudal living,

addictions and extravagance. He had gone through the courses of the conventional institutions of education and youth activity, agitational and scholastic, but now he had the providential opportunity to prove himself as a man of confidence, courage and originality. He had visions of the future, and he tried to find means to pursue his objectives with vigor, caution and steadiness.

Bhutto was modern, mediaeval, progressive and retrogressive. He was pragmatic, but simultaneously energetic and sharp. He thought of himself to be a man of destiny. He had touch of Napoleon in his ways, methods and decisions, and he had adored the dirty corporal of Corsica, and had even the premonitions of his future. He knew where ambition had led men in history, especially when they lived in an atmosphere of intrigue and military ascendancy.

He had seen lot of life and even knew the erratic, eccentric and eerie habits of Pakistan society and would not lose sight of or forget what could happen, Perhaps he had in his pensive moments known his end - certainly under the circumstances and conditions a glorious one. He had read Muslim history and had thorough knowledge of it. He had read voraciously about the fall and rise of nations; and he knew that the men catapulted into power and brought up as he was, could expect as quicker a fall. He knew in general, the fate of Muslim rulers in history - the game of cheating, poison, sword, torture, dagger and gallows. He knew the hazards of Muslim leadership and the dangers of Muslim fanaticism. Jinnah had truly said that in order to be a leader of Muslims, one must have a lot of cash of ones own in ones pocket, and Bhutto had lot of it. Life had taught him steadily, clearly and abundantly, but he could not alter the decrees of fate. The Muslims ran after cash, ostentation and extravagance. Poverty as an attribute of real and sincere leadership they had forgotten. All the great leaders of the world, history tells us, died penniless. The Prophet of God said that he prided in his poverty. All Prophets of history and men who gave direction to nations were poor. It is the poor who were said to be the closest to God, and his sincerest worshipers. Napoleon had said "Take away God and religion and the poor will eat up the rich."

All standing armies have been the bane and curse of nations and civilizations. The biggest machine of modern times that of Russia had collapsed. There is no solution and elevation in arms. All soldiers are deprived by nature of vision and perspicacity; they know only the language of force. Cantonments are brothels of history. In Pakistan by and large ruler ship had been monopoly of scoundrels who talked of religion and faith. Pakistan was a country in which they killed with the most pious intentions. In Pakistan all the sins and crimes were committed in the name of duty and religion. In Pakistan we had no homes or security within the four walls we slept in, or within the boundaries of the country. Death stalked everywhere in both the conditions whichever, — asleep or awake. In Pakistan it was civilian Prime Ministers who died of bullets, poison, gallows, or by abject ouster by the military. All the military heads lived and amassed wealth.

They were secure against accountability even when out of power. The civilian must die.

Bhutto was great in crises. He loved confrontation, even when in the sight and throes of death and in the proximity of gallows. Haykal had said what cowards the generals and policemen were when they were faced by prison and its rigors and terror of death. It is the civilian fighters who dared death and looked straight into its eyes. In reality martyrs are not made by bayonets and boots. Soldiers are no martyrs they are paid for dying and killing. Edifying and idolizing the army will lead us nowhere but doom. This nation is mad in its conception of glory and shahadat. Let us learn to be humble the way God wants it. There lies the triumph and usefulness of life. We have been wasting it all these years. Martyrs are made of different and celestial elements. We are merely killing or getting killed - the futility of it all. In fifty years we have accumulated innumerable false and sham martyrs for nothing. Except for Bhutto no martyr of Pakistan has been a hero. Since his death we have been engaged in forgetting and killing him, but he comes back again and again, more powerful and ineffaceable than before. The fragile cannot stand the taste of time. We make no distinction between martyrdom and crime. In Pakistan crime is piety for mullali. It stalks in the country with bandon and impunity. Obscene habits, street names and display of medals do not make martyrs. Mullas were cheating us. Instead of life they talk of heavens; for them every thing will be fine after death, but let us bear in mind that everything in life will be fine after they are dead that is the way Attaturk worked. Let us live and not kill ourselves by contrition. Martyrdom lies in courage and bravery and not in merely being killed. Martyrdom is for a cause and not for dying for pay and plunder. Certainly martyrdom is more than holiness.

The depraved society of Punjab gloried in blood and death. In Pakistan you have to be a Punjabi to be acknowledged as a hero and a mohajir to be known as bed chamber partner. Every garrison town automatically becomes a cesspool of whoredom and prostitution and as a centre of homosexual abuse. The military rulers of Pakistan were proverbial admirers and addicts of obscenity. Like the German Emperors they loved to see the troops dance naked before them. The tunes of the music of Iqbal and Byzantinism were best portrayed in the cantonments and military courts of Pakistan.

The Punjab raised Bhutto to the honor of Prime Minister Ship and dropped him when they had squeezed the last ounce of his blood and energy. Punjab had never stood by the brave in history. Their allegiance was always temporary and ephemeral. In the words of the Attaullah Shah Bukhari "They heard lectures and discourses on Imam Hussain but voted for Yazid". Yazid and devil were the supreme ideals of Punjab, epitomized in its military. Pakistan's generals are nothing but ingrates from Ayub to Aslam Baig - from a duffer to a cheat.

All those years when I was Principal of Sindh Muslim College till 1960, Bhutto and I kept up a certain amount of reverential intimacy relaxed when we met but

did not have any prolonged discussion or exchange of views. He had a large generality of his friends of the bottle and of the table and in the professional life who were my students, and they had told him that in my presence they will not be able to smoke and drink and speak freely, let alone laugh, jump and joke. Some of these young men were the most fractious, riotous and mischievous students the college had produced, but who were on their way to recognition, standing and status in their lives —some of them were already ministers of government, eminent lawyers and judges and administrators of Pakistan.

This gave me strength and so I gained confidence and proximity to the centres of power and to Bhutto personally. We understood each other, we differed and sometimes so seriously, but we still could count on each other for sincere counsels and opinions and debate. It is strange how quickly he lost the friends of his early political life and even eliminated them. Power like a desolate pestilence pollutes all — all that it touches. Over- confidence in his judgement and arrogance robbed him of sincere counsels, and dependable friends and his fall demonstrated all this so abundantly.

It is not generally vouchsafed to a human being to see laurels in his own life. In my long association with Sindh Muslim College, from which nearly two hundred thousand students had passed, I had seen the results of my hard, sincere and devoted efforts. This achievement was universally acknowledged; and I am grateful to God to have given to me in life which so many teachers and men like me could hardly claim posthumously. It is my years and days of Principality in Sindh Muslim College and as Vice Chancellor that I remember with pleasure and honor and elation—certainly more than I spent as Director of Education. I had received a large compensation of approbation in my own life. It is this life of teaching and principal ship and association with students and youth which stood by me in coming years everywhere in Pakistan and abroad. My continuous and devoted service in the college and University had given an enviable name and recognition to me. It is this moral strength which gave me the place of deference and respect with all the rulers of Pakistan including Bhutto.

To Bhutto good things of life had come at an early stage— respect by his contemporaries and safe and comfortable livelihood and easiness, not vouchsafed by nature to many. In his personal habits he had given himself occasionally to abandon and extravagance. In his assessment of men and groups he was, in his impatience, likely to falter. It is this weakness which brought him to a precipice and so to a fall. It is from great height that the worms and reptile are not visible—he should have known their presence in Pakistan in abundance. Muslim individuals, groups, nations, governments in history somehow have been prone to inordinate extravagance and haste in functioning. There has always been an artificiality, superficiality and flamboyance to which Muslims are prone and exposed and Bhutto was no exception.

Bhutto's, by education and training and experience, was a rational and agile mind, and a historical mind — virtues denied to the generals and the bureaucracy of the Punjab. Theirs was a queer lust of immediacy—sans nobility and vision. Bhutto after 1965 was now convinced of the impending and imminent disintegration of old Pakistan. The generals had rejected and insulted the sincerity, the intentions and patriotism of East Pakistan. They had their own bloated ideas of selfish and imperious patriotism of Punjab. Bhutto umpteen times vaticinated and warned of the commotion which will be created in that napless province. He now began preparing for the unavoidable eventuality. Pakistan had not seen or experienced genuine democracy—the very test and working were denied to it. In Pakistan the people and masses did not exist and were not allowed to claim any human rights. They were gun fodder created and cheated to be wiped, tortured, raped and shot. That stage of destiny also came on 5th of July, 1977.

Bhutto believed in the destiny of Sindh; and by his physiognomy, facial expressions, articulations, intimate reactions and habits he was a solid Sindhi, of the definition of Jama'at-e-Islami and meretricious mohajirs. With all his efforts to galvanize the helpless country he faced frustration and finally assassination. The people of Punjab had not yet been allowed to develop the sense and the courage, the strength and the will to get out of the grips of the soldiers and bureaucratic rulers. The poor and the masses of the Punjab were inebriated to be their own enemies, and agents of their own serfdom and slavery. They were constantly being made to sharpen the points of bayonets and swords pressing against their very breasts. Bhutto in his ouster still depended on Punjab- on their consciousness, rise and revolt. He saw the last hope of the continued unity and existence of Pakistan in the consciousness and resurrection of the Punjab, but he was not only disillusioned but betrayed and allowed to die.

He loved Sindh, but to serve Sindh was a hazardous and frustrating effort and Endeavour. He had fixed ten years in the Constitution to inculcate and inject ratiocination and vision and the urge to improve and to live with popular democratic processes but he was fighting a losing battle. He had predicted from his prison cell and in the highest court of justice the consequences of his murder. He was really divine in his death. These ten years would have seen a steady, sedate and rational Pakistan, but the generals, the judges and the bureaucracy of Pakistan would not let it live upto 1983. They must remove him long before that universal process of reality, circumspection and commitment to institutions and habit of living under a sovereign state burgeoned or matured.

Bhutto had warned of the ominous forebodings and hazards and everything he predicted came to pass. In Bhutto's trial the bitter and battered Sindh began to stir and resurrect. History was setting Pakistan's geographical pattern right.

1983 proved potent and propitious. Sindh and Baluchistan were in effervescence and revolt. Punjab demonstrably proved a sociological and pathological case. Sindh and Balochistan were dragooned and bludgeoned to learn to die and to kill. This is what General Rekhman Gui, Shah Faridullah Shah and Abdul Hashim Khan told me in the university guest house in Peshawar in 1985. Sindh was set on a course of an irreversible process. Myopic and hypocritical Punjab gloated on the horrendousness and bloodiness of military operations. Raja Zafarul Haque came to Sukkur to thank the mohajirs of Sindh for betraying Sindh. In 1986 I took Raja Zafarul Haque to task for the foolishness of his utterances, at a dinner which Murtaza Pooya gave in my honor, where nearly two dozen senior politicians, diplomats and officials were present. He acknowledged his idiocy. Ziaul Haque and Zafarul Haq were chips of the same block.

Bhutto had a great and unique political honor and achievement to his credit which survived his ouster and assassination. Pakistan had been in search of a constitution from its very inception. The father of the nation, who gave Pakistan its soul and body, died before the efforts at constitution-making could be initiated. With his death the tempo and torrent of intrigues began. Liaquat Ali Khan was a hypocrite and a coward. He prevaricated and procrastinated. He cheated the nation by a pious ambiguous and delusive resolution which left constitutional matters undefined, vague and deceptive. The Basic Principles Resolutions was a ruse and a hoax played on the gullible and innocent nation. He died with the dishonor of having left an aimless nation in his three years of governance. While we confabulated, prevaricated and contended, our sister country had produced its constitution in two years. This conspiracy against constitution-making put us in ominous political oscillations and doldrums till 1972, and by that time what comedies, tragedies, ridicules, disasters, tears and blood had surfaced on the planes of Pakistan, and the problems we had to contend with.

It was universally questioned if Pakistan was capable to give itself a constitution. Had it the men of education, intellect, stature, experience, vision and will to push and steer its boat safely Out of the tempest it was tossing on to the shores of certainty. There was a steady deterioration in standards, morals and men in the country which prognosticated failure and disaster. The fiddling with our supreme sovereign legislature left us confused, helpless and berserk. Every attempt at constitution-making was conditioned and circumscribed by intrigue and hypocrisy. It was the basic principle of forces within and without to thwart all such efforts and endeavors. What calumny and disgrace we had earned till we reached 1972.

The Independence Act of 1947 had envisaged and adumbrated a period of ten years of trial and experimentation for the newly created dominions and to exercise their option to change their political setup or to opt for secession; but this right was denied by acts of political jugglery, manipulation and treason.

Ghulam Mohammad dismissing Nazimuddin's government was a misfortune of tremendous magnitude. The travesty and gravity of the decision threw us into wild circle of political uncertainty. Then came the condemned and occurred One Unit and the ten years of option were gone. The armed forces and the bureaucracy of Punjab joined hands to play ducks and drakes with our constitutional procedures and the nation's fate. Legislatures were handled and manipulated and became quasi-legal and pseudo-sovereign bodies. Falsehood was the core of every institution. The Constitution of 1956 was blocked and the cowardly Prime Minister was arrested by the traitors of the armed forces on his landing at the Karachi Air Port. He was bound and brought and pushed before the mad and imbecile Roman Emperor in the Governor General's House, castigated, abused for the honest duty he was doing to the nation, and later in his pusillanimity was bundled to Japan to enjoy his life in laziness and disgrace. Then followed the coup of 1958; and the generals unnerved and confused by the anti One Unit resolution of 1957 became the masters of the country's destiny.

From 1958 to 1972 every one in authority and incharge of affairs of sovereign state began to play with impunity with the fate of the country. Constitutions were given, bestowed or withdrawn, legislatures were created and dissolved, leaders were conjured up and disgraced with total callousness, non-chalance and bravado. A woman's voice gave uncomfortable moments and night-mares and day-fears to the obfuscated and confused generals and headless politicians. In this poker game nothing of value remained and nothing sacred was spared of contamination and pollution. Men who came from the back door were catapulted through the ceilings. Ghulam Muhammad was slapped out of the Governor General's chair by his successor, who in his turn was kicked Out by his friend Ayub Khan, who in nature's order of political decadence went out as a 'dog' tearing up, extirpating and trampling Constitutions he himself had made; and Yahya having his opportunity booted Ayub Khan to resignation, and he in his turn died in the lap and embrace of a whore. Can our generals and politicians see their visages and reflections in the mirrors of time and in the events of history. In trying to escape nemesis the Country was sundered into two with pious incantation of Jama'at-e-Islami with the flow of blood and tears of our brothers of Bangladesh. What was all this? Was it a farce, a myth, a fiction, a mirage or some menagerie. Nay it was total bankruptcy of commitment, intellect, vision, heart and will. Quaid-e-Azam's Pakistan was not valued as a country, and was not sacred enough to be saved, and to abide, but be broken in pieces, and only lip service remained.

Bhutto tenderly and courageously took up in his hands the remnants of a discomfited and paralyzed nation. He rebuilt Pakistan from scratch and ashes. He gave it constitution of national consensus. Everyone acclaimed the achievement; even the cheats and hypocrites blew their bugles and trumpets and cymbals to show appreciation and triumph. A new era after a waste and lapse of Twenty Five years had dawned. It was speculated will it last? Will it stay? Will it survive the subterranean conspiracies in the name of patriotism and religion.

Scoundrels had grown in numbers and strength. Peradventure history had something more in store for Pakistan. This intoxicated and wobbling nation had more misery and frustration and obfuscation to face and pass through; the triumph of Bhutto perhaps had become his undoing. His courage in nursing the nation now wallowing in disgrace, bleeding and flabbergasted, took him to supreme valour of martyrdom.

Having hanged him they still did not know what to do with his constitution. They had slandered it, munched it, mutilated it cursed it, and disfigured it but did not know how to do away with it. 1973 constitution was Bhutto's constitution, and with it he still lived. To absolutely obliterate and tear it up, as others before it, was impolitic and inconvenient and even impossible so they besmeared it with black and crowned it with crimson. Whatever its shape and form and skeleton it must be upheld and even after his death sanctified. The despicable, demoralized and cowardly judiciary was invoked and caressed and bludgeoned for executive assistance. The usurpers must find justifiable, plausible and pious cover. From Munir to Anwar and soon the whole line and chain was an abject lot and rotten to the core. Pimps, panderers and profligates had been elevated to the seats of justice and it was found bleeding in the plains, villages, greeneries and in centres of urban squalors and intrigue. Where justice stands crucified nations are reduced to inanition, decay and disappearance; but God is just, omnipotent and generous, but cunning too. If the poor and the oppressed are his special favorite's and most loved, the condyne punishment came in the form of the burning plane, and hosts of bees surrounding the soulless body of a mendacious and blasphemous judge.

Bhutto was truly circumspect. He knew the vagaries, the angularities, the incredibilities, twists and turns, uncertainties and lack-adaisical nature of Pakistan society. In his constitution he took the precaution to allow a period of ten years of trial and error, experimentation and gestation as a parliamentary democracy. He wanted parliamentary democracy to take solid and enduring roots. He had to be cautious of the vagaries of Pakistan's social and political life. This country of lunatic, wild and unthinking men must be tamed and stabilized. The total negation and cannibalization of the 1973 constitution being impolitic, hazardous and risky, efforts were made and initiated to suffocate it, fiddle with it and strangle it with ingenious amendments. They began to put nails in the body of the constitution without burying it out right. The 8th Amendment and the 12th amendment had reduced the original constitution to simulacrum of its original form, and reduced it to a carcass. The time and duration of gestation, trial and error was over in 1983. Bhutto never saw the redesigning of the country in view of his experience and exigencies of Pakistan's socio-political life. He had told me in the past and we had discussed in 1974 and we talked nearly about 3 hours a day before he was last arrested in Karachi— about the shape of the resurrected, invigorated and redesigned country he had in mind. But that was not to be. The devil drove the country.

III THE MARTYR

With the final act of the executioner ended the fifty one years of mundane life of Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto, but he began a celestial life of fame and example, igniting, in the process of dying, the torch of struggle for the people of Pakistan. He had once predicted and proclaimed a war of thousand years, and with death he had given a call of resurrection which could never be silenced. His voice, resonant and loud, will reverberate in the mountains, in the valleys, in the deserts, in the forests and in the plains of Pakistan, and equally so in the centres of sophistication and urban squalor “The poor of Pakistan unite, you have nothing to lose but your rags”.

In the manner of his execution, he had done honor to the gallows. What a glorious line of the great who departed thus, and he the latest in the list: Socrates, Christ, Imam Hussain, Hussain bin Mansoor al-Hallaj, Shaikh Shahabuddin Suharwardi A1-Maqtool, Makhdum Bilal Al-Muhadith, Shah Inayatullah Shaheed, Sarmad and Pir Sibghatullah Pagaro. Any other death would have taken him to the common limbo of oblivion, but this death has taken him on the eternal path of glory and peace. History will pity his executioners and may as well record this act as the latest of its kind in the annals of nations wherein the masses of men all over the world were moved, as much as in Pakistan, he was cheated to death.

The crime he was killed for made justice fake. In the history of the world the judiciary has been an instrument and a servile arm of the executive. In the world's roll of honor, the judiciary has no share, nor pleaders, prostitutes and panderers a place of recognition and glory. There was a Chief Justice of the Federal Court of Pakistan who expounded the theories of “expediency” and “Necessity”, who in his conscience had to leave a dying declaration and a confession of guilt. Death haunts, murder pursues, and conscience drives men to madness and nemesis. It is a secret of nature that some of the dead have had the longest of lives and had left indelible marks, profound remembrances and perfect memories behind.

The prime of life adds to the greatness, profundity, poignancy and universality of the tragedy and death. Nature had decreed that he must have a death and reward commensurate with the deepest feelings of the masses he had touched, stirred and served. Tied, bound, goaled, tortured, humiliated, slandered and abused in his death cell — helpless, caged — it was thought fit to throw dirt on him by every conceivable means of modern propaganda. The dirty papers were not a disgrace to Bhutto in his life, as a matter of fact they added to his stature and popularity. They now stand as an eloquent monument of the folly of the government and humiliation of Pakistan for years. Such Goebbelian tactics have always a tendency to boomerang - such evils always come home to roost, they become nightmares which haunt the living. A publication of lies and half-truths

will somehow remain a monumental record of wasted words, effort and finance, a verdict of posterity on those who produced them, and an anathema of centuries on those who were prolific and impatient in their publication and publicity. Such marks and blots are a shame in the history of nations. Today these documents add to his greatness and proclaim the smallness of his executioners and dishonor to poor Pakistan. Even about truth in such cases Blake had said;

Truth told with bad intent
Beats all lies, lies you can invent.

Was life of twenty years (out of thirty) in a nascent country's evolutionary process a small contribution to its chronicle of events and its annals of history? The man was dead, but the country had to carry the scars of shame and injustice.

A raw youth slowly and steadily matured to Himalayan heights, playing his part and leaving his mark in every strata of Pakistan society and in every nook and corner of the country. Bhutto knew very intimately and individually every man of social, intellectual and political consequence in Pakistan above the age of forty, with his family, education and influence. He was an encyclopedia of Pakistan information with a prodigious memory, impressive personality a facile pen and an eloquent tongue. Such versatility and such combination of talents was a rare phenomenon of modern age. He successfully and bravely went through the school of politics, governance, statecraft and human affairs. In ten years he was a hero who occupied the centre of stage in Pakistan, and had secured for it a place of honor in the community of nations of the world. He was the first man to openly brave the fury, the infallibility and the invincibility of the generals. All arguments are undebatable and unanswerable with guns and gallows, theirs is the last word. Pakistan has seen nothing but the supremacy of the gun powder during last fifty years.

After the death of the Quaid-e-Azam, history of Pakistan has been singularly destitute of heroes, heroic actions and achievement. In life Bhutto may not have been a hero, but in death he had become one. In this country in which evanescence, temporariness, transience and superficiality are writ large we had now a man worth remembering with pride, a sentinel and a permanent mark. He had gone in flesh and blood but he had left a tremendous magic behind. In Pakistan after the Quaid-e-Azam, Bhutto was the only man who literally earned greatness, all the other pygmies we produced had either stolen greatness at night and lost as quickly, or had greatness thrust on them, and they collapsed under its weight and awe-- mean men dazzled and bewildered and mentally incapacitated by power and its inebriation.

In Pakistan we have seen only enemies of freedom and champions of oppression. The leadership in Pakistan, be it in the European attire or sherwani and shalwar, or in uniform has not known honor and courage. Not only individuals and societies, but nations live on honor and courage. Honor and

courage are the life and soul of civilization. During the last fifty years our leadership has wallowed in dishonor and cowardice. Intrigue, conspiracy and cowardice (they generally all go together) are the basest traits of individual or national character.

We have heard our leaders wail for lack of character in our people- what a blasphemy! We have abused the People of Pakistan and insulted their sincerity and intelligence. It is they who gave us Pakistan and gave us Bhutto we had hanged. We have all these years made this country secure for all kinds of monopolies and cartels. May we ask these ungrateful men which leadership in the government of Pakistan after the death of the Quaid-e-Azam had any character to deserve national respect and allegiance and recognition.

Bhutto became an iconoclast of Pakistan society and polity, and raised it to the status of progressive nations. This was impossible! He must pay for his impudent audacity. The mean rats conspired and struck and in another ten years the flicker of terrestrial life was gone but an abiding and permanent torch was lit, which could never be extinguished whatever the contrivances of power, its haughtiness, vanity and trepidations.

He was proud because he represented the common man and the indigenous masses of Pakistan. They must be denied their privileges and rights at whatever shame and cost. He could diagnose and touch the tenderest and the most susceptible spots of men and society and declare "Thou ailest here, here and there". This physician was treating the patient (the people of Pakistan) to life and vigor. He must die. The slow poison given to the country must work- it had paralyzed half of it in 1971 and that was gone and the other half must not be left with health and strength, it must also wither and possibly die. The aim was to kill the patient how dare Bhutto save it. Perhaps by being hanged alone he could do it. This was nature's decree—for the sinners a longer rope.

It was said law must have its course. In fifty years where has been the law and where has been the order in Pakistan. Law in Pakistan was dead at the death of the Quaid-e-Azam. It ossified in the hands of Liaquat Ali Khan. It was crucified in the days of Ghulam Mohammad. It was kicked and thrown in the Arabian Sea by Iskandar Mirza. It was so dexterously adulterated by Ayub Khan and torn to shreds by Yahya. Bhutto tried to rehabilitate it but forces which had destroyed it in 1948 began to work from 1972; gird their loins and came into action.

We began a history of perjury and political falsehood as soon as the Quaid-e-Azam died. What a galaxy of perjurers Pakistan had produced in fifty years. Bhutto would rather get hanged than perjure on the Constitution he had sworn to maintain. For Mussalmans the Quran has been an easy book to swear by to cover and camouflage. Quran is a witness of our Munafiqat and lying. By tearing up the Constitutions we have torn the Quran umpteen times. In Pakistan the sacredness of Quran we have made a lie. There appears to be a curse of the

Quran on our country. In Pakistan we have made perjury a pious and an impudent art.

Somehow Bhutto's trial has been a major interest of the world's newspaper reading public and an episode of suspense for the people of Pakistan. His trial will go down in history as the most controversial and debatable in its annals. It has left field and scope for speculation. Voices are heard and comments made which do not augur well for Pakistan. Nature has its own mysterious ways of doing things. The voice of the people is the voice of God. There is so much explaining to be done to history. Thomas Gray says, "Paths of glory lead but to the grave".

It is an amazing phenomenon that Bhutto is dead more than fifteen years but the agencies which killed him are still engaged in explanations and clarifications of events and personalities. Politicians in power in Pakistan continue to condemn him or to take cover under him—dead Bhutto, still today, regulates and governs their rise or fall. In the history of the world there is hardly an instance of this nature where a man hanged for misdemeanors or felony had still to be intellectually, ideologically and morally demolished. Even after death the demolition of Bhutto was becoming difficult and nightmarish. Even after death he appeared to grow with invective and assault. After his death there appeared to be a search going for treason to help in crushing him.

The heads of Muslim Nations had met at Rabat for the first time. The whole gathering looked and sounded a grand formality an exquisite and spectacular show, a fancy dress parade, a Gala Ball, a festive gathering, a glittering pageant of rulers and potentates, flaunting and parading their colors, concubines and falcons, patently united but still at variance with each other and at logger heads, ostensibly one, but still suspicious and loathful of each other, embracing and fraternizing but still afraid of their neighbors, kissing and smiling but still their daggers displayed and their colts at the ready. In a few years at Lahore this mere formality and this ostentatious display at Rabat became a serious and formidable reality of strength and brotherhood. The Conference of the Heads of the Muslim Nations had found a new direction, a new confidence, a new unity, a new resolve, a new determination, and a new courage to play their rightful part in the community of nations, a place which was theirs but so cleverly denied, a strength they possessed but they were so threatened from exercising. To Bhutto went the laurels of this achievement. Nature had decreed that there would be casualties and blood must shed. We could prognosticate the perfidy of global powers apprehensive and impatient they must strike at the roots of this unity, resurgence and impudent audacity to challenge them.

Faisal died as a direct consequence of this Conference and show of strength—Bhutto was next on the list—he must fall. When Alexander was told a certain fort was impregnable and there was no way of entering into it, he replied, "No way?"

No, not even for a donkey loaded with Gold”? From the colt in the cloak of a dear nephew to the hangman’s rope in a Rawalpindi prison. The cycle was complete.

Those who want the unity of the Muslim world must be ready for the sacrifice of more representative heads. The killers need not be visible and need not come from without. Muslim society throughout history has carried the germs and agents of shame and mortification within. No hand need smite us other than our own. Muslim society has been piously prolific in producing agents of its own annihilation. The resurrection in Islam has always been a painful and bloody process. Hussain also disobeyed the imposter and paid the price in blood flowing in Kerbala. The executioners wounds on nations are never healed— they fester and drive them to lunacy. Invariably in the history of nations, such deaths of leaders have driven men to destiny. Bhutto was a leader of men, of a great caliber and stature, who kept warring Muslim nations together- his sincerity and intelligence, his sagacity and farsightedness were assets and sources of strength for Muslims, he must be removed.

In the vocabulary of International Relations a phrase was cast- THE THIRD WORLD— the world of have- nots, the hungry, the getting poorer, the victims of new, insidious and creeping imperialism and colonialism (economic, social, political, intellectual, industrial, commercial and nuclear) the down trodden, the timid, the helpless, the hesitant, the pusillanimous, the wavering, the shivering and the hedged- in. Bhutto managed to put life in this world and make it look a formidable fighting reality. He had thus irritated and infuriated and provoked the ramparts of power and privilege, and frightened and shaken their inner- most councils. He made Pakistan a leader of the weak and showed them the visions of strength and success. He had put the powerful in consternation and anger. They intrigued and conspired and mortally cut him down.

The appeals of the thinking, the good and the helpless went unheard. We fell from greatness and grace. We had fallen from stage of gratitude and vanguard position of honor to the abysmal fall. At one time though physically small and economically helpless and weak, but being morally strong, everyone in the world of the helpless and the weak loved us and respected us. But now having killed Bhutto no one wants to touch us with a pair of tongs. We have lost the moral stature. Overnight we have become pariahs, cancerous, hateful and mean and leprous, from the stage of Ahsanul Taqweem have reached the level of Assfalu Safleen. We have lost a whole community of friends, at least we have hurt them and insulted them and their sense of honor, goodness and human values— the forebodings are ominous.

Pakistan has had a pathetic development in its defense history. The very first British Commander- in- Chief of the Pakistan Army disobeyed the Quaid-e-Azam in Kashmir Warfare, and the germs of indiscipline and irresponsibility were mischievously and surreptitiously laid with consequences we have seen. We saw the growth of Praetorian guards, the Cossack Cavalry, Russian Hussars, the

French Legionaries, the Swiss guards, the Greek phalanx, the Prussian troops and Ottoman Janissaries. The British gave Pakistan a parting kick and left Pakistan Armed Forces in shambles, and the most un—British diseases were injected from which we have not recovered till today. The military conspiracy against Liaquat Ali Khan, the joining of Ayub Khan with Ghulam Muhammad to overthrow a constitutional government in which he became a defense minister too, calling all the ministers (excepting, Dr. Khan Saheb) in Cabinet meetings “Bastards of the first order”, conspiring to create ONE UNIT and making a confession of all political and military conspiracies in his book, losing the war in 1965 with India, with Pakistan soldiers fighting bravely while the generals had cold feet and ran for cover and life on the highways and in the by—lanes, more mindful and solicitous and worried about their lands, fields, crops on the borders of Pakistan. All this fiasco of the generals on the borders of Pakistan landed us in the abject surrender and Tashkand disgrace. After Ayub Khan again the generals failed. Yahya Khan made old Pakistan a martyr.

In this confusion of Ghazis, Shahids and inverted values of defense thinking Quaid-e-Azam’s Pakistan was the only casualty and victim of betrayal. The only other real Shahid we had was in Bhutto. To call anyone else in Pakistan a Shahid or Ghazi is a pure fantasy, and exaggeration, a farce and a blasphemy and mutilation of Muslim history and thought— in Pakistan only a dead Punjabi soldier or a muhajir is a Shaheed--the rest are all traitors. Yahya Khan left the armed forces in disgrace and ruins and it was to Bhutto that the credit went for the rehabilitation of the generals and Pakistan’s armed forces. Ayub Khan called his colleagues in conspiracy in 1958, the bravest, the finest and the biggest generals in history, and so did Yahya Khan exactly when he was dethroning Ayub Khan. For Yahya too his generals were the last word in military planning and execution, in tactics and in strategy. In 1972 Pakistan’s generals got caught and entangled in Bangladesh marshes, woods and forests with their plumes, tufts, tails and feet. The great qualities of military science and experience landed them in abject surrender at Dacca, crawling for mercy and peace with India, General Niazi stripped naked of his weapons, batons and medals while he was subjected by his conquerors and erstwhile colleague to disgrace in the processes of surrender—a movement of horror and shame for Pakistan.

Bhutto took up in his hands the remnants of Pakistan army which the puny generals were dropping and nursed it tenderly diligently to health and vigor. Till 1977 no one had served armed forces and the indigenous masses of Pakistan more than Bhutto. Generals are always ungrateful but the masses are not. It is a cruel and uncanny part of history that professional soldiers had really no stakes in their countries. It is the masses which have loved their homes with emotions and fervor. In the history of the world, the generals have never had any compunctions about killings, be they mass or individual. Bhutto now is secure from and stronger than the toughest general of history and lines of mad Mullas. They say if Quaid-e-Azam had made a constitution, the generals of the day, the Jama’ate Islami and the generality of the Indian renegades would have hanged

him too. Perhaps he was too big for them all and death took him away before any intrigue could be organized and could burgeon. It was with Liaquat Ali Khan that the unholy alliance with United States blessings began, and so the emergence of Zia with the Bank of Credit and Commerce International and the Mohajir Quami Movement and Aslam Baig conspiratorial and diabolical chain of men institutions and events.

It is a phenomenon worth pondering, that so soon after the ouster of Bhutto from Prime Minister ship, the Qadianis and Jama'at Islami, such avowed enemies, had got so close and so check-by-jowl and became not only strange bed-fellows but formed an agreeable rendezvous in the new order. Was Jama'at really serious in its agitation against Qadianis. In the Punjab bureaucracy Qadianism and Jama'at-e-Islami are so involved and so conspiratorially juxtaposed and comfortable bed-fellows—they both it appears are cheating the masses of the Punjab in particular and of Pakistan in general. Jama'at is very nearly proving a hoax of Islam and a curse for Pakistan. Moudoodi's death and travail of his dead body for ten days from Boston to Lahore, and no part of the earth in between accepting him for burial except his house in Lahore, every one afraid that else where his body will be exhumed from his grave—a work of nature like the nature's cremation of Zia—Moudoodi's devilish protege.

In a short span of fifty years, Pakistan's history is replete with political murders and assassinations. Allama Mashriqui, Liaquat Ali Khan, Dr. Khan Saheb and now Bhutto and innumerable others in between and after. It is a strange coincidence, that Lahore and Rawalpindi had to be centres of this curse, one a provincial capital and the other a national one. Why should the poor people and the indigenous masses of Punjab carry this un-warranted odium and blame. They were as much victims of torture, excruciation, humiliation and death. But they must pay for their silence and acquiescence.

The powers that be in the Punjab only knew how to eliminate giants and stalwarts and put pygmies and perverts in their places. It is death, destruction and gloom which characterize all tragedies, but death also makes life a comedy. Our rulers in Pakistan have made the country a ridicule of nations. In Pakistan we have allowed mad men, intellectual, social and moral perverts to prosper and galore. Popular confidence is a disqualification, a blemish and a crime in our polity. Back-door entry into national life we have made a normal procedure and an absolute rule in Pakistan. Nations don't live and survive in conspiracy and chicanery.

Let it be known that in history constant and conspiratorial killings have not taken nations to recognition, greatness and honour. We all are living like ostriches and frogs where snakes abound. Somehow it is a curious phenomenon of history that the generals have had the honour of the liquidation of nations—those of others and their own. History shows that Pakistan is no exception only that it has suffered longer and more mercilessly but remained unreformed.

There is an immutability and inexorability about laws of nature. Time is an instrument and a weapon of nature. Nature's laws have constantly and universally worked their way in all times and in all ages—ancient, mediaeval and modern. God's mills have never stopped working for men and nations—inscrutable muffled drums are constantly beating to drive them to success or to doom. Nature takes its turns in the rise, fall and disappearance of nations.

Gibbon tells us that it is the soldiers of Rome who brought about the decline and fall of Rome. The Praetorian guards ruined Rome and auctioned it to the highest bidder. Alexander Severus saw the havoc caused by soldiery, and in exasperation, desperation and horror cried and warned "Oh, the Soldiers of Rome do not beat the citizens of Rome" and put the soldiery to shame to save Rome- but profligacy, embecility and degeneracy would not let the Roman Empire survive.

Had the fate decreed that the Quaid-e-Azam's mission must die? Efforts had already been made to deny him the credit as the Founder and the Father of the Nation. All kinds of braggarts and buffoons were competing for the claim and honour- mean men indigenous and immigrant. Pakistan was created on the cry of Islam. Rabaiism, sacerdotalism, ecclesiastism, pietism, clandestine free masonism and they have left rivers of blood flowing in their trail. Intolerance and pietistic arrogance are the roots of all sociological dis-integration and national annihilation. Every falsehood thrived triumphant and impudently.

Bhutto's fall ushered in the most diabolical civil government this country had seen—institutionally, politically, sociologically it was a fall from the sublime to depravity. In civil government we got nothing but a galaxy of bullies, nincompoops, intellectual and moral perverts and renegades who hated the soil and the people of Pakistan—men who had nothing to show but their perfidy and pusillanimity—veritable moving monuments of bad intentions and ill-luck. Consuming ambition to rule and govern is the symptom of all small and shallow men, and lack of institutional growth and instability are the lot of all confused and immature societies and nations. Devil ruled Pakistan from its very inception.

Somehow there had been a common belief, that the only acceptable qualification for civilian minister ship in government, was the intensity of personal animosity of the incumbents of office and the vehemence of vengeance they wanted to wreak on Bhutto. The majority of ministers were devoid of all gray matter in their heads and with their upper stories absolutely vacant sans morals, sans character, sans common sense, sans wisdom and sans sympathy. Such a hodgepodge of political, social and intellectual opinion, no government of Pakistan in history could claim. Such a scintillating conglomeration and concentration of men from Bedlam one could hardly find in any civilized government and it appeared to be in the truest traditions of Liaquat Ali Khan's in its programme, policy and processes and in its constitution and proclivities. It appears that the Civil Government had taken over where Liaquat Ali Khan had left—the portents were so disturbing.

Much worse burgeoned after Zia took over and more so after his incineration. When Zia's romance began to galore dead Bhutto brought his daughter to power and to the helm of state affairs; but rats and rascals of Zia struck again. Her dismissal ushered in the era of kakistocracy in Pakistan.

On the hanging of Bhutto there were sections in Pakistan without roots, without love and affinity for the land, without commitment to the soil of Pakistan, without stakes, without any will and intention to sacrifice, ready to fly off at a tangent and renegade as they had done before and many times more, without sense of values morality and humanity, who distributed sweets on the hanging of Bhutto and showed the true spirit of religion. There were gentle women of Jama'at Islami who thought that Bhutto's hanging should have been televised and broadcast with commentary—women with meretricious tonsorial and sartorial styles and vocabulary appearing in the physiognomical mask of rouge paint and flamboyance. These are the disciples and representatives of Lady Macbeth and Hinda who would have so much wished to lunge and plunge their paws in the liver and lungs of Bhutto to mutilate, tear and munch them. The callousness and the bestiality of such men and women were a novel and a strange demonstration of the Islamic spirit. With all the noise we make, we appear only to pay lip-service to Islam, nay we are out to cheat? Islam and PNA were miles apart.

Bhutto monopolized the stage when he was doing whirlwind tours of Pakistan before the election of 1970 and reaching the farthest corners of the country. He monopolized the stage when he was the Prime Minister of Pakistan. He was the centre of news when in prison, and had the place of honour in the world opinion and world press when dead. No world statesman of recent years, coming from small and helpless countries, had so stirred the interest and sympathies of the common man all over the world—certainly none had the distinction in Pakistan since the death of The Quaid-e-Azam. Pakistan had produced and entertained only third-rate and mediocre men for whom death was only a good riddance of life and passed out unwept, unhonoured and unsung.

The tragedy was that the first and the only popularly elected Prime Minister of Pakistan was hanged, an inauspicious event and a bad omen for the country. Could it happen but it did happen. Was it civilized? Was it national elevation to kill an elected and popular Prime Minister. Soon rabic generals pounced upon his daughter like mad curs.

Is that the fate which awaits those who exert for the country and serve us the most. When history is written Bhutto and his daughter are the only political personalities which would be worth remembering by posterity with pride and gratitude. They will be read, studied and evaluated. They are bound to form the subject of researches and analysis and objects for national reproach. The tragedy and the comedy of power is best epitomized by the life and work of Bhutto, and his daughter. No civilized nation in its senses destroyed with its own

hands, its hopes and its future thus. It appeared Bhutto after his death had become a phenomenon of nature for Pakistan. The literature that had been produced on him from 1967 (he was already one of the most photographed men of the world for a decade or more) and more so on his death all over the world, and above all in Pakistan, makes him perhaps the most written about and talked about man in the last half of the twentieth century. We now also know the pathetic state of intellectual dishonesty and poverty in the highest places of Pakistan society and the state of erudition in our country, we have gravitated further down to rank intellectual perversion and prostitution in all earnestness vigour and colour. Bhutto was often said to have had attempted to destroy morality and values, but it appears we are actively engaged in pulling down faith itself with all brazenfaced ness and uplaumb. The 8th and 12th amendments of 1973 constitution are a disgrace of law, morality and justice. The fools and numskulls and fanatics and blind forces could devise nothing worse and gloated on their ignominious performance.

They only talked of Nizam-e-Mustafa, Bhutto had given it to them before he parted with power-banning liquor, banning horse races, declaring Friday a holiday and declaring Qadianis as a Minority were positive steps. Should he have done all this. Was it desperation? Or loss of will and courage or pure expediency. But he did not prepare a digest of crimes and punishments and call them Nizam-e-Mustafa. They wanted Mullah's Raj. The perfidy of the purposes and intentions was so clear. Only in the elimination and hanging of Bhutto, some pious men of Pakistan saw the promulgation of Nizam-e-Mustafa. Bhutto was not an individual and any man dead. He will live as a historical and sociological phenomenon in the badly treated and mortified Pakistan.

By conceding these measures was Bhutto slipping from the status of a statesman to a panicked politician: Was he surrendering and succumbing to fanaticism and intolerance? Was he in his consternation abandoning the path of political rectitude? Was he losing courage to swim in troubled waters and trying to catch a straw, when he was overwhelmed by events and caught in the deluge? Had fear and uncertainty gripped him to lose his nerve for direction? Had he lost faith in his energy, principles and ideas and forgotten the lessons that power was evanescent and ephemeral? Had he forgotten the lessons of history that Solon, the noblest of Greeks, who in the estimates of Rousseau represented and personified the "General Will", was killed; that Pericles the most farsighted, erudite and eloquent of men was murdered; Ceasor the most resplendent of personalities and the conqueror of men and Mediterranean was stabbed to death through the arras by his own men, friends and confidants. Was not Gandhi, the most modest of men and with strongest will, assassinated for his goodness and sacrifices? Human history abundantly illustrates the multifarious circumstance and innumerable instances of the tragic fate and betrayal of the noble and the great, who were cut short in the exuberance of their triumph and life. Had Bhutto lost the strength of his idealism, the lessons of History and the profundity of his thinking. Perhaps death saved him from painful comments on his errors of life

and judgement, and from adverse animadversion of history, and was saved from disgrace and spity tongues, and from those who hated him to their discomfiture, and peradventure to the horrors, nightmares and ubiquitous day fears of life. They were out to hang him, whatever the appeals and apologies. Cowards and conspirators were saving their own skins and necks. The nation had to pay for its pusillanimity by living under shame and dishonour of Martial Law for eleven years.

In Bhutto an institution had been killed—a man with roots and talents and achievements. He had been given to posterity as a gift, as a romance and a legend. The mystery of dying has so miraculously added to the profundity of pathos and the greatness of his martyrdom. In death lies the criterion of greatness.

The Punjab bureaucracy appears to be the source and instrument of the appearance of curses on that poor province, and others had to pay the price of association. From Raja Ranjit Sing to Jallianwala-bagh, from the massacre of 22nd March 1940 to the holocaust of partition; what a tragedy and irony of nature that the simple masses of the Punjab, with some of the finest and noblest men our country can claim, some real angels among them, the land of so many saints, men of letters, stature and character, should have this fate of miserable denunciation and anathema. Is Punjab a land of curse and abuse— an object of nature's wrath.

Bhutto was the product of the Punjab politics. He served Punjab more than any son of its soil. He gave it a place of pride and saved it from derision and obloquy which it was facing in 1971. He raised it from ignominy and squalor and gave it pride and honour. He served its masses like no one in the Province had done before. He razed the citadels of power and privilege. He gave them personality which they could never dream in history—he saved them from the imputation of mercineries and selfishness and narrow thinking. He raised them to the privileges of freedom, dignity and altruism. He did them the honour of representation and at the height of service and sacrifice for them, was struck as a SINDHI by Pakistan National Alliance. Had Sindh sinned in opting and voting for Pakistan. Had innocent Sindh committed a crime. It has been paying for patriotism for half of the century but others will not escape recompense and retribution.

Sindh merely had the satisfaction of owning him—but he served Punjab more. It is an irony of fate and strange coincidence and shame that the entire tragedy of Bhutto was played on the soil of the Punjab and by its bureaucratic sons. The grateful masses of the Punjab looked bewildered and aghast. Mischief and intrigue against them had won and driven them, and the rest of Pakistan in the bargain, fifty years behind. Punjab has been in history, and it is kept so today by its sons a land in doldrums of politics and morality.

Sindh was benumbed at what had happened. He was not the first one in Sindh in the line of this kind of crucifixion—DODO 'HOSHU' SHAH INAYAT, MAKHDUM BILAWAL, ALLAH BAKHSH, PIR SIBGHATULLAH PAGARO made a proud and unparalleled line of the brave. Sindh was proud of him when he lived, will remain proud of him when dead and will adore him in history. It was an honour to Sindh that Bhutto was born in it, and blessing and inspiration to have been buried on its soil. Death must come and it comes only once. He was a fighter for the common masses and noble causes. He was gentle in emotions and feelings. He would weep in moments of tenderness and intense reaction. He never killed and felt miserable at the thought of killing. Alive he was a fighter—in death he fought a war with the gallows—hands tied and feet roped— after death he will remain a supreme example and a beacon of light. THIS BHUTTO! THIS SINDH!! THIS PAKISTAN!! THIS PEOPLE!!! THIS ISLAM AND THIS FATE!!!! But was he hanged by the rope or in the electric chair or asphyxiated, choked or throttled by mad, and murderous hands before he could reach or be taken away to the gallows or the chair—will the secret come out.

It was for him that Browning had said:

FEAR death?

Yet the strong man must go:

For the journey is done and the summit attained,

And the barriers fall,

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,

The best and the last:

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,

And fate made me creep past.

No: let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,

The heroes of old.

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears,

Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,

The black minute's at end,

And the elements rage, the fiend—voices that rave, Shall dwindle, shall blend,

And with God be the rest:

Ruskin had said "For truly the man who does not know when to die does not know how to live"—The choice of time is hardly and even rarely vouch-safed by nature to man. Man must die, when the call comes. Bhutto it appears had the honour of this choice and he grabbed it with gusto, pride and tenacity. "WHEN TO DIE" can only be a heavenly choice. He was the man of the masses and multitudes and now lonely in the cell of death. The contrast was agonizing for the spectators, but divine for him. This loneliness had now elevated him to the stage of angels and immortals. Now it was the masses and multitudes who were helpless. In a few moments the most replendent and dazzling flicker of life in Pakistan must vanish. He had readied to die the choicest death. For his executioners nature had worse in store.

IV THE AFTERMATH

During about a little more than a decade and a half of the Twentieth century (1960 to 1977) the Muslim world somehow, by accident or a miracle, produced some of the most brilliant men of courage and original thinking, and with long history of revolutionary effort and organization and personal and national sacrifices. Such a contemporaneous collection and combination of talents, competence and resources the Muslim world had not seen for more than two centuries. They all had come to that status, prominence and power neither by luck nor inheritance and fortune but by the fact of their struggle for the liberation of their lands. It was a great coincidence and augury of history that in Nigeria, Algeria, Libya, Egypt, Syria, Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Iran, Malaysia, Indonesia and Pakistan great names appeared and dominated the socio-political scene of the Muslim World, but they became victims of a common hand, and of the same killer, and their careers were cut short in the very exuberance of their lives. Aboo Baker Baleva, Ben Bella, Jamal Abdul Nasir, Shah Faisal, Suleman Demeryl, Anwar Sadat, Soekamo and Bhutto were the men of the same line and calibre, united by their lives of struggle and common aspirations for their nations and the Third world, but all interested in striving to bring a new strength to Muslim countries, resurrect them from their stupor, whereas they were groaning under the weight of the British, French and Dutch imperialism and American hegemony. Fate had decreed that they all must fall at the same assassin's hands. They fell at the hands of their commanders and colleagues they had created and appointed..., some on the guillotine, and some at the hands of their near and dear ones, but all under the scheme of a super imperial organisation.

Never was Muslim community on the globe given such tremendous and simultaneous blow by imperialism. The common thinking of the Muslim world and the unity in its pulsation and state policies in the international affairs, was a danger to the imperial powers, and was not only un-acceptable but it appeared to jeopardise the economic interests and imperial policies of Western 'Europe and America. That this decade was of such a great tragedy can be gauged from the fact that after this, the Muslim countries never gained their balance and political stability. Only those cowards could survive who took cover under foreign protection and accepted assistance and props from those powers as were interested in their destabilization and killings and murders of the heads of the states of Muslim world. Bhutto was the last on the list to extinguish. Pakistan became the poorest in this loss. The Muslim world was exposed to all kinds of intrigues from which it will take years to recover. What about Khumaini and Saddam? They were no fools; there was perhaps method and meaning in their madness. Khumaini was a dangerous fundamentalist (or a Muslim) Saddam was an intractable and inexorable for an Arab to wit. They must not be comfortable, survive and be in peace. Muslim world must be a boiling pot, a restive and effervescent area, a conglomeration of vulgar potentates and voluptuous

Shaikhs, cowardly kings and puppet princes a laughable and despicable stock for the exploitation of America and Europe.

Bhutto was a phenomenon not only in the firmament of Pakistan but also in the Third World. Modern world does not provide many instances of this nature in which the tragic death of a popular leader had so jolted the whole nation and stunned it into inaction and bewilderment, and it stood stupefied and aghast at this sin and crime. The nation at once realized with such a rude shock the abysmal depth of moral, social, legal and political degradation it had reached. Even in the homes of some of the most inveterate decriers of Bhutto there was a certain amount of grief, shame, loss and repentance. Except for some depraved individuals, diseased minds and numskulls of men, the country was shocked and paralysed to its depths and foundations. In Bhutto's death Pakistan society was shaken out of its complacency and somnolence and moral depravity. The nation was outraged and so profoundly and acutely touched that it felt mortified and humiliated by the tragedy. The magnitude and the enormity of Bhutto's death necessitated the longest years of suspense and the infliction of the most prolonged Martial Law the country had seen. The evil forces which killed Bhutto saw nothing but nemesis gaping at them. Crime is a revengeful instinct and an unrelenting evil. Devil had always his hands full with mischief and murder. Murders are always in pursuit of their perpetrators. Deaths of this nature, surely but slowly, take their own time in generating repercussions and in giving national directions. God's laws guarantee retribution. Nemesis was awaiting the cullions and conspirations.

Germany was long in labour till it produced a man in Frederick the great, so said Voltaire. The indigenous people of Pakistan had suffered humiliation and slavery for twenty years and had to bear insults, ignominies and exploitations for nearly two decades till they produced Bhutto. What a man, what fervour and faith in the common man and what an end and what a reward! The sudden fall of the great always produced whirl winds and storms in which nothing but refuge and rubbish and particles of dust, leaves and pebbles flew, circulated, gyrated and blinded. With the fall of the banyon tree the bushes became visible. The mean had scope and opportunity to go on the galore. Pakistan must not produce indigenous leadership. Pakistan leadership must be cut in the middle of growth and at the very inception of its strength. The indigenous Pakistan youth must be suppressed and mowed down. It must never be allowed to grow to maturity and become focus for public exposure, testing, attention and confidence.

In how many ways shall we miss Bhutto— a scholar, an orator, a historian, a parliamentarian, an analyst of events, a statesman, a man of the masses, a physician of their soft spots, and above all a man who appeared to be a divine choice for elevation, betrayal and destruction. He was proud of his talents efforts and achievements. He had no illusions about power, its realities and vagaries. The reality he knew and focused his eyes on it. He knew that human frailty and fallibility were phenomena of nature. Nature had mysterious ways of securing

results. The death of the Quaid-e-Azam's Pakistan was a disaster. He could never forget that catastrophe in his thinking, in the recesses of his heart and his ratiocination. He constantly endeavored to save, protect, mend and build the remnant. If a Sindhi, a Pathan or a Baloch had the honesty, sincerity and courage and vision to be the leader of the Punjab masses, he was assumed and suspected by the Punjab bureaucracy (with or without uniform) to be meddling with and disturbing and agitating a close preserve and an area of monopoly and encroaching and advancing on the age old pastures for plunder and pilferage by the generals, judges and Jama'at-Islami ... he must be removed, and he must die.

The judges, the generals and the Jama'at-e-Islami had no contribution in the creation of Pakistan and had never been part of the indigenous Pakistan. The nation's problems the generals and the mullas could never understand. The judges, the generals and the mullas in Muslim history have always lacked vision and always played stooges and hidelings. Guns, gallows and swords were instruments of terror, mutilation and death, and they do not speak the language of love, peace and compromise. They provide no latitude and scope for emotions, feelings and new horizons. They are instruments of status quo and aggrandisement. After the death of the Quaid-e-Azam for the first time Bhutto was the supreme example of a politician of the indigenous people of Pakistan, and an Antaeus who drew his strength from solid native earth. In his death it is the indigenous people of Pakistan who felt humiliated, robbed and insulted and who had to pay a terrible price for believing in him. The indigenous in Pakistan must not get established and secure in its foundation, he must go. The Mohajir Quami Movement was a clear mischief, a concoction contraption and snare. Zia, America and India played their cards. India, and Indian spies and agents provocateur (Indian immigrants all) played their part in running and ruining Pakistan.

There was the hydra-headed monster of the army and the damnfools of Punjab playing to the tune of the immigrants from India. For fifty years Pakistan was a victim of vicious American global refugee diplomacy.

In the first Martial Law the Punjab politicians and the Punjab bureaucracy were thoroughly allied and aligned with the generals — a part of the anti-indigenous conspiracy. The novelty of the Martial Law gave a certain amount of credence and pseudo validity and acquiescence to its promulgation. No one had known the meaning, the significance and experience of martial law. The trade union of politicians, the generals and the bureaucrats of the Punjab and the immigrants was no longer a secret. The existence of this axis since the very inception of Pakistan was becoming an ominous feature and phenomenon, but had now become an open fact and secret. The cloak of democracy, unity, brotherhood, freedom and Islam was thrown away with all non-challenge and impunity.

The second martial law was a simple change of riders on the back of the poor country which had behaved like the beast of burden for the generals and the bureaucracy. As the date of independence and freedom was receding and getting remote and memories were fading away, the British methods of administration and government were coming in full play. The second martial law was more ostensible and visible. The loss of the major portion of Pakistan was the achievement of the second martial law. Little had Ayub realized the consequences of his adventures from 1953 to 1968. The generals never learnt from history and never cared for posterity. Generals are always impatient and myopic. Yahya in his inebriation and tomfoolery destroyed Quaid-e-Azam's Pakistan. We were slipping into becoming a third rate nation, very soon approximating to become a fifth—thanks to Zia and his remnants.

By the time the third martial law came a change had taken place. A lot of water had flowed down the Indus into the Arabian Sea. In between the two martial laws a new phenomenon had taken place. A period of hope and elation had prevailed in the country. For the first time Bhutto had made life and living under a constitutional and civil government, a reality, a pleasure, a pride and a habit. For the first time in Pakistan history, the masses were moved and were given courage and hope. Popular elected representatives, for the first time in Pakistan history, appeared in command of national affairs and national policies ... a great satisfaction to and elevation of the voter and the common man. The seat of power and the man occupying it were no longer remote and aloof. A link, a chain and a hyphen had been forged to keep the people and country together. There was a certain amount of political unison never seen in Pakistan's history. There was a common pulsation in the indigenous population which brought hope and dignity.

The Punjab politicians were by and large now no longer a part of old axis, but Brutuses and intriguers still remained. The Punjab politicians were for the first time no longer securely tied to the tail of the Punjab generals, the bureaucrats and the Jama'at-e-Islami. They had known and tasted and enjoyed the blessings of self-respect, honour and political power. For the first time the Punjab politicians instead of being camp followers and stooges of the bureaucracy and obeying them implicitly and following the generals, thanks to Bhutto and the Peoples Party, the Punjab politicians were now the leaders of men, representatives of the masses, enjoying their Status in their own right and by their own efforts, endeavors and acceptability. For the first time the people of the Punjab had come to understand and realise with pride and dignity, that the lowliest and the meanest politician of a civil and representative society was much superior, more responsible and more responsive, more helpful, graceful, forceful and accessible than the most vociferous general or the most wily and charismatic and pontificating Mulla. The people realised that they were ruled by the men of their own choice and not by their bosses, who had commanded their allegiance by corruption and intimidation or by the terror of the Sword and the baton. The military and the bureaucratic chains on Punjab masses had just loosened for

them to breathe and live with self-respect, which Punjab politicians had not experienced in history.

The Punjab society was an artificial society designed and made to serve British interests. The Punjab landed aristocracy was a planted society for the bureaucracy to secure and serve its interests. After the establishment of Pakistan Punjab became a Jagir of the Pakistan Army and the rest of the country its colony. Rest of Pakistan was robbed and plundered to keep the Punjab plebs and peasants quiet and contented. The generals became the Waderas of Pakistan.

The people of the Punjab had paid terrible price in their chequered history. They lived in a state of uncertainty and were objects of suppression right from the day the history of the Punjab began and during the rule of the Sikhs; and the times had not changed when the British stepped in. With their advent they seriously and finally assumed the mercenary role and the spying part, but under more organised and well planned artificial and imperial sociological order. The British gun-powder smelt in Punjab administration more than in any other province of India. The people of Punjab became British gun-fodder. The British created distinctions in Punjab society and contradictions in their every day life. They created elitism in one form or the other. The elitist and the monopolistic classes in the Punjab began to take the masses of the Punjab for granted. The bureaucracy, the military and the landed aristocracy and later the industrialists of the Punjab used the masses of the Punjab as slave labour. Human and personal dignity in administration was arrogantly buried. In this game of power, exploitation and aggrandisement the Punjab-based press played no mean and small part.

The Punjab-based press, though talking hypothetically and in the abstract of and about Islam and Pakistan, had been an instrument of terror and corruption in the hands of the elite of the Punjab and had served 'socially and economically strong powerful sections in it. They have lived to play the tune of the bourgeoisie and they cheated the masses of the Punjab. They intoxicated them with Punjabism and kept them ignorant of the rest of the country. No masses of any part of Pakistan are so ill-informed and ignorant about Pakistan as those of the Punjab. They have been misled, nursed and hood-winked in the name of Islam and faith against the other provinces. They have, when given false impression of the people of the other provinces, thought as if except in the Punjab there was no Islam any where outside. They used these tricks against East Pakistan and then against Baluchistan and then against Sindh. They have not been kindly to the Frontier Province and did their best to demoralize the Frontier too, due to its predilections and strong tendencies and agreed for money in any form and at any cost. The Punjab-based press has been the biggest divisive factor of Pakistan and real enemy of its unity. The nature of irresponsibility and immorality of the Punjab-based press was not only Goebbelian but proverbial. Even honest and sincere part of Punjab society and its men of integrity must toe the line set by the

army and the bureaucracy, if they had to eat, live and survive. Through Islam and Iqbal, Punjab stood enslaved to secure elitist interests. The Punjab society has been managed by the elitist groups of the army and bureaucracy and the capitalists like the Danish Circus. The circus instructor keeps the animals, big and small, well-fed and fat in all variegated colours and glistening skins, hopping and capering, jumping and somersaulting but of course with the pistol ready at his hip and the hunter and the lash in his hand as a precautionary and emergency measure. The artificial elitism of the Punjab is its people's poison.

The praising, emulation and beatification and idolization of the armed forces in the Punjab helped the generals and bureaucrats and exploitative classes of the Punjab to strengthen and consolidate their hold on the believing and innocent masses. Every aspect of Punjab administration, education, and teaching were geared to this phenomenon to keep their control secure and permanent. The misery of the Punjab masses is a contrivance of the hypocrisy of the generals, bureaucrats and exploitative classes.

No city in Pakistan epitomizes the facts and processes of Provincial life as Lahore does. It represents so flagrantly and outrageously the juxtaposition of power and poverty and plenty and misery. Professor Sirajuddin, Professor Muhammad Sarwar, Professor Taj Muhammad Khayal and so many of the finest men of the Punjab were always apprehensive of the place of Lahore in the Punjab. Lahore represented the weaknesses, the inequities, the contradictions and vices of the Punjab society, and was the centre of the intrigue not only of the Punjab but Pakistan too. Men of erudition and vision and sympathy in Punjab have always thought of Lahore as the centre of its exploitative elitism and press incendiarism. It is generally believed that Lahore with its distinctions, contradictions, vices and chicanery is ready for any socio-political or economic conflagration and upheaval. Lahore invites and exudes jealousy, bad blood and the fury of fate.

The Punjab tenaciously struck to the tail of the British and forgot everything of its own. The British drugged, drilled, duped, paid and bludgeoned Punjab to secure their power and to persecute its citizens, to hate and reject the indigenous and intimate, and to accept and embrace the alien, to live by grab and play the tune of the imperial power. The Punjab gloated in playing the British part right upto the days of the establishment of Pakistan and then cleverly, adroitly and surreptitiously stepped into the British shoes. Having lived and having been trained as agents and spies they began to apply all imperial British tricks to Pakistan. The weight and the burden of the army and the bureaucracy ate into the vitals of its socio-economic and ethical life. It was robbed of all ideas of honourable citizenship and courageous national existence —virtues which alone can safe-guard human relations and social values. The army and the bureaucracy, artificial and rotten to the core, irresponsible and unreliable reduced Punjab to a mediocre Society and conditions. They were fed and fattened but

silenced through drugging, parading, drilling into abject acquiescence and silence.

Punjab lived to love the foreigner in language in manners in dress, attitudes and personal standards. Even Islam had no 'compelling' influence on their intentions and activities. Christianity, atheism. Ahmedism and bureaucratic gangsterism became ideals of social life and the features of administration and political system. Punjab had to pull itself out of this quagmire of little hearts and little heads, this sham bombasticism and sabre-rattling and buccaneering in social life and politics, to let Pakistan live as a healthy nation. In the Punjab the saner, the wiser, the circumspect and the thinking had to live under fear, terror and suppression. Life was literally reduced to being nasty, brutish and short. This is so much proved from what Dr. Iqbal wrote or did or men like Alama Yousufally, Attaullah Shah Bukhan, Ghulam Rasool Maher, Moulana Mohammad Ali Johar, Moulana Azad, Gandhi, Taj Mohammad. Khayal, Hameed Ahmed Khan and many other nobler men had to say. History has in all manner of ways and pathetic vicissitudes — left Punjab a land of social and ethical responsibilities — permissive, promiscuous, and we see this so glaringly demonstrated and publicized from Lahore to Bradford and from Lahore to Jeddah and Gulf States. The Punjab must own its sins and crimes against Pakistan by both its acts of commission or omissions. Unless this happens Pakistan will see neither peace nor happiness nor liberty. It may as well, on account of its selfishness, grab and greed and mercenary traditions, expedite and secure the country's disintegration and even disappearance.

It was a new Pakistan Bhutto was trying to forge out of the remnants of the old. The task was not easy, chaos was too great and forces of evil too many. Punjab the biggest and the most populous province was still the hotbed of intrigues by its history and experiences. Bhutto was the leader of the Punjab and his policy was conditioned by this phenomenon.

Punjab somehow has to have a perspective of history... It is in its soul a destitute society without memory, without affinities, without anecdotes and tender tales, without nobility of sociological commitments, without moral compunctions, without in-grained loyalty, without the pride of continuity of institutions, without sound traditions or commitments . . . ephemeral, mercenary, crude, without the essential moral values and sound conditions of stay and existence, without values which elevate, without culture and the common faith. It fell to the limits of hypocrisy, betrayal and treason. A society hollow and uncommitted to its vitals, for which tomorrow had no meaning, in which past did not condition the present, and the future was anybody's guess, and a devilish lust for killing and pilferage, a hollow piety of words and deeds, a perfect cover and camouflage for adventurers, braggarts, thieves and thugs. Punjab is a peculiar tragedy of history of the world which reduces to nothingness the deeds of the Huns, the Mongols and the Gorkhas. It has a history of betrayal of Muslim causes from times immemorial to the present day. From rudiments of sentiment, Punjabism had become a religion. It equally embraced Christians, Qadianies, Sikhs, Mullas and

atheists and agnostics. In its greeds and voracity Punjabism overcomes Islam, so much so that modern Punjab is characterised as a version of French Legionairism and Hannibal hordes.

With the advent of Bhutto for the first time the Punjab politicians had personality, status, identity and representative character which they began to value and parade with delight and gusto. For the first time the masses of the Punjab were recognised as the source of power and, the politicians of the Punjab saw strength in the masses and stood encouraged by their contact and nearness. They had tasted the fruits and blessings of power and politics to the charging of bureaucrats and the discomfiture of the generals. They were for the first time free of the terror of the bureaucracy and the fetters of traditional bondage. They were closer to the people. They had worked and gained popular confidence, recognition and status. The police and the gun-powder, the baton and the lashes were no longer a terror. The Punjab masses had been squeezed and excruciated by the so-called elite of the Punjab. The arrogance, greed and intrigue of these elite had made Punjab a land of false and artificial distinctions and attitudes, personal, tribal and professional animosities and monstrosities of which one could find no parallel in any other province of Pakistan. Except for unanimity in aggrandisement and loot, there was nothing of value in the system which operated in the Punjab.

It is a principle of democracy and statecraft that there is no statesmanship without election, and there is no statesmanship without popular representation. Statesmanship is a gift from God, a grant of destiny and a popular acquisition. It is the supreme and noble combination of popular character, erudition and vision. The illiterate, the ill-educated, the undereducated and the dullards and damnfools and cowards may make politicians mullas or generals but they can never make statesmen. Election, learning, character and courage are the essentials of statesmanship. Modern conception of statesmanship is an enlightened and civilized substitute of mediaeval ideas and standards of greatness.

With the advent of Bhutto for the first time the masses of Pakistan were convinced that political power and civil administration and national spirit and great dreams were not in the mental, moral and administrative province of the generals, the mullas and the bureaucrats, and under the circumstances by the nature of things the third Martial Law had to be more visible, tangible and longer. It was governed by the ideals of Cromwell, Wellington and Hitler.

From 1948 to 1970, for the politicians of Pakistan, it was an escalation and a growth and an awareness, from neglect, apathy, inferiority to acute sensibility and shame. There was some hope that New Pakistan may survive the test of effrontery— pain and humiliation. It appeared that the third Martial Law too had matured enough, and was now well set for a sharp and unkind verdict of history and a devastating castigation by posterity. Already the wrath of God was beginning to be visible and it did appear with vengeance and ferocity....??

For Sindh the hanging of Bhutto was a moment of shock disillusionment and disenchantment. Was history in Pakistan going to repeat itself by a single murder instead of a mass murder. The killing of thousands of Muslims in East Pakistan and the enunciation of the principle of dilution of blood and transference of genes and the creation of a new race, may not mean much in a remote province but nearer at home it may be different. The single death left scars and wounds and created an awe which millions of deaths could not generate. In Muslim history the mass elimination and massacre of Muslims by Muslims has not been a rare phenomenon. The tragedy is that it happened in the largest Muslim ideological state supposed to be inspired by Islam. The Prophet of God had said “The blood of your brother Muslim is haram on you”. It appears we merely followed in the traditions and long line of conflagrations and massacres from Ummayyads to Bangladesh, from Indonesia to Iran. Muslim rulers have a lot of Muslim blood on their hands to atone for.

Bhutto’s emergence and resurgence for the first time gave us politics in Pakistan. For Punjab which had nothing historic, heroic and honourable to its credit throughout history, it made a great difference. The Punjab politicians began to understand the secrets of mass support and representative capacity and for the first time knew and were convinced that intrigue, dishonesty and greed in national life did not help and pay. They for the first time realised that living under slavery and subjection was different from living in freedom, it demanded sacrifices and responsibility. The armed forces of Pakistan by the declaration of Martial Laws had given a bad name to Punjab itself. They were no longer a national pride or an asset to the country— by their very constituent elements an agency for safeguarding the vested interests of the Punjab. The Duke of Wellington had said that it was the scum of England which fought the battle of Waterloo. It was the scum of India which was recruited in the British Indian Army. It is the scum and criminal tribes of Pakistan which constituted the core and content of Pakistan Army and the Police force. They had proved that they had nothing to do with the masses of the Punjab.

Perhaps Punjab did not have the head and the heart and the honesty to concede democratic rights, personality and identity to the people of East Pakistan, now found themselves suddenly targets of attack and ignominy because they had sent a part of the country away to the shame and disgrace and international derision and disrepute of Punjab itself. The majority of population was of no use to East Pakistan and they were deprived of all privileges of citizenship and honourable existence. If Punjab minority in old Pakistan, its bureaucracy and the army could do this to East Pakistan, what havoc Punjab could create in the remnant—. Which we have already seen. The Punjab had sinned against Quaid-e-Azam’s Pakistan.

Today we do not grudge them their majority. We are prepared to concede to them all the rights and privileges of their numbers and the blessings of

democratic processes. Let them have after all these tragedies the heart and the vision to accommodate the three smaller provinces. The Frontier province which looked to be a junior partner and sharer in administration and in pilferage had their selfishness and greed satisfied more than enough, but now it also had started becoming suspicious of Punjab and shameful of its part. The part and behaviour of Frontier constabulary in the Sindh was a disgrace which could shame Changez Khan and Hallagu. The ignorant masses of the Punjab had helped Punjab bureaucracy and the Army in their aggrandisement, and arrogance, thus becoming responsible for the ruin of Quaid-e-Azam's Pakistan.

Pakistan was thought to be a free land for the Muslims of India. It was adumbrated as an ideal state based on thinking, sympathy, sobriety and seriousness of approach, inspired by the visions of Islam, a thinker's abode, a planner's paradise, a writer's haven, but in years what a menagerie we have made of it. Every cheat imbecile and crooked mind had to rule Pakistan in the name of Islam. Bravery does not raise the status of a brute or a lunatic to humanity. In the name of Islam we kicked out East Pakistan. This has taught us nothing. Indeed the Jama'at-e-Islami, the Muslim League and the generals have great achievements to their credit. They loved to keep the people of Pakistan on tender hooks and in tantrums.

Where is that dream and vision which we called Pakistan? Is present Pakistan a gift the Quaid-e-Azam gave to the Muslims of India. Is it today the land of opportunity, justice and hope. Is it not today an open ground for freebooters, swash-bucklers and bullies and buccaneers. Is it a land of happy, social and moral order in which every man, and woman would be able to attain the fullest stature and nobility of which they are intrinsically capable and be recognised by others? At home and abroad.

Pakistan today has become a land of false and abject distinctions, of stark realities of bad faith, corruption, Mullaism and grabbing in which everybody's hand is in everybody else's pocket and in everybody's neck. The devil himself must be rejoicing in the miracle he has wrought at no greater effort and cost. Greediness, muddle-headedness augmented by insatiable hunger inspired by plunder, had denuded Muslim society of all its virtues and values and thrown them to winds. The infernal and the thundering call of hell had appealed to the minds and hearts of men in their frantic scrambling for wealth and destroyed this land. In twenty six years the first stage of disillusionment and evanescence of dreams had been attained. It is so mercilessly and ominously prognosticated that in another twenty yours or so we may see the disintegration of the remnant.

We should have seriously thought over the sociological needs of Pakistan and realistically planned the foundation of its polity. We have wasted fifty years and confirmed our incompetence to deal with our dreams and live upto them. In our tomfoolery with the institutions and fiddling with our laws and constitutions political processes and procedures, we have inverted the ideals of state and

come out as flagrant and shameless rough handlers of our people. We have put topsy-turvy the principles of our faith. Our flamboyant dreams disappeared in thin air. For our people, hope and deliverance and honourable existence and peace have become a mirage. Slow and sure deterioration of values was necessarily followed by accelerated dwarfing and degeneration of men in public life and authority. Little men and little minds and big stomachs could not cope with the loftiness of ideals and sublimity of dreams.

On the fourteenth of August 1947, we came out of slavery morally and sociologically intact but intellectually incapacitated. Pakistan became a desert of intellectual acumen. The minds of men in the seductions of life and opportunities for grab were incapable of soaring to great and noble height, of nation-hood and self-sacrifice. From the fifteenth of August, 1947 we put a new slavery in our neck. From the eleventh of September, 1948, we found ourselves in chains and the country exposed to mad experimentation. With vanishing dreams and disappearing hopes life lost its charm, independence became a curse, self-government a delusion, democracy a farce, universal national welfare an enigma and governments became rigmarole of pompous and pious pronouncements. It was declared that we must merely obey, we had no rights and dignity. We must get insulted and beaten. We must exult and smile in all national indignities at home and abroad. This land had inherited myopic men in authority and they crucified our youth every few years and did not allow them to burgeon and grow to maturity. Every generation was cheated and incapacitated or decapitated.... this land must be made secure for adventurers, exploiters, mullas and damnfools.

Today unfortunately to our horror the country stands divided as Rose Macaulay wrote after the Great War, "Between the soldiers and the rest"... indeed an ominous phase and horrifying prospect. The rough handling of the nation has become a constant nightmare and permanent malady. At every step every ruler has mauled Pakistan and its laws and constitutions, mutilated them, twisted them, and kicked them with sadistic gusto and impunity. Has this nation committed a crime in securing independence for itself. No wonder during the mad days of January 1948 the Quaid-e-Azam told Khuhro that he wondered if to Pakistan independence had come premature and twenty five years too early. The tragedy of his death proved that his doubts and fears and misgivings had some validity.

It was French Revolution which heralded liberty, fraternity and equality but it produced Napoleon, Moltke and Foch. Whatever the conditions of hell we are having a marvelous taste of the infernal experiences in a very great and grueling measure. Pakistan has become a jargon and jageer of governments. They will demand obedience but will give nothing in return. They will pounce upon the plebians and partonise plutocrats. They want palaces to inhabit but will do nothing for the lives and the dignity of the poor. Take away fun, frolick, colour, entertainment, profligacy and fear and see how much is left of any government of

Pakistan in history. Take away Bacchus and see how much of Ghulam Mohammad, Sikandar Mirza, Ayub Khan and Yahya and Zia, is left. Take away corruption and high handedness and lawlessness and see how much of any minister is left. Take away seductions and gingling of money and see how much of our writers and intellectuals is left. Human venality and banality is best epitomized and represented is martial law governments and military regulated societies.

V THE INSANITY FAIR

It is a phenomenon of history, that when societies live under conditions of compulsion, force, uncertainty, aimlessness, chaos, greed and intellectual obfuscation, degeneration quickly follows. Societies lose the place and the service of the good and the thinking who finds themselves relegated to a distance from any say in their destiny. They fall an easy prey or become a play for intrigues of power and evil forces. In this state of random development they breed queer individuals and groups of individuals and there burgeon absurd intellectuals who will do and say and encourage and propagate anything for pay and pelf. Every Tom Dick and Harry is a philosopher. Every under-educated and arrogant bureaucrat is a master of the destinies of men, and every pompous general in uniform is a law giver and a philosopher and an infallible guide. Every Mulla has a quick and ready-made solution of national problems and every ignoramus becomes a sage. It is then that the wrath of God appears in its majesty, awe and desolation. The minds of men find no stability and equilibrium and balance. It is then that the Quran says "How many of your God's signs will you deny" and it warns that, "Today your eyes are sharp indeed". The Quran and the Prophet came as noble warners of men, communities and nations. Beware, time never stops moving. Let us weep together, peradventure it may help. We have laughed enough. The Prophet of God said "Whosoever laughs, will be laughed at". We have paid a terrible price for our puerile pranks with our destiny and for our thoughtlessness and national myopia.

No nation during the last two hundred years has so foolishly lost its advantages, dissipated its energies, lost its unity and integrity, honour character and claims to recognition, made itself such an abject object of obloquy and derision at losing a major half of itself, shooting the first Prime Minister, hanging the real representative one and at being so merrily pleased at the incessant declaration of Martial Laws and ridicule, and whose declarants intum had ignominious end, and omens and portents for the future do not appear very elevating and exhilarating.

It is a sad and disconcerting reflection that we are overwhelmed and drowned in fibs which are presented and passed as philosophies, that we are subjected to slogans and Taranas as opiates, and silenced by destitution, impecuniosity and exposed to exploitation. It is a measure of the fall and the degradation of our society. We must put up and be pleased with miseries of our misfortunes and the indignities of the insolent. We must be kept quiet. We must vegetate and be smothered to suffocation and paralysed into inaction and lethargy. Cowardice and silence are not so sinful as in the profession of politics. Courage is that basic divine virtue without which no other virtue can stand.

It is fifty years of this country's existence, and at the age of forty the Prophet of God was commanded to come out, to speak, to show light and propagate reason. We call ourselves the custodians of that mission. But where do we stand! We are like Alice in her wonderland, running and running, sweating and struggling but still staying where we were fifty years ago. Is this land of freedom and equality, milk and honey, piety and virtue or "training", "experimentation" and "tutelage". We hear of "controlled democracy", "basic democracy" and "Islamic democracy", but where is democracy itself? How shall we find it and where shall we search for it. Will it be seen under a magnifying glass or through a telescope. We still hear the imperial and impudent phraseology and vocabulary of the days of Lord Ripon and Lord Curson. . . We hear of "training development", "gradualness", "Law and order", "treason", "loyalty" — all that what is euphemistically called terminological inexactitude and pious humbug. We must remain in permanent and chronic infantile and sociological paralysis, and, as Quran says, we must stop thinking and remain, "dumb, deaf and blind". What blessings of freedom and democracy! In our noisy and repetitious rigmarole we have silenced all voices of reason, and this society has paid a price of blood and tears, of ignorance and degeneracy. The Quran wants us to think to reason, and debate, and we are expected and compelled to being mute and muttering, forgetting as Spinoza said. "The final end of the state consists not in dominating other men, restraining them by fear, subjecting them to the will of others. Rather it has for its end, so to act, that its citizens in security shall develop, soul and body and make free use of reason. For the true end of the state is liberty". In this context when we look at the history of our country, we have no hesitation in asserting that no government of Pakistan has come into existence, without intrigue and conspiracy, and that no government has lived and survived, without having recourse to them. It appears with modern armaments and weaponry, being in the hands of government, or under government control, the business of governance and misgovernance has become very easy and safe. The matters of government have become easier and safer to handle with the modern means of communication and the control over the media of information. We have beaten Dr. Goebbles in his sophisticated art. It is said that sociologically and historically the Pakistan flag has still to win its international laurels. Till now we are afraid, by the history of our goverance, it has not yet acquired the heroism and of colours and pride of letters.

I should like to relate a significant event. Narasimha Rao, then Foreign Minister of India, came to Karachi and addressed a gathering of men of some education, status and consequence in every field of national and sociological activity, under the auspices of the Pakistan Institute of International Affairs, and after his address, he presented a few hundred books to the Institute standard, research and original writings, by Indians, printed and published in India, but to our mortification and shame in the history of nearly forty years, we could not present a single Pakistan book of any standard and pride. Some year ago in England I had the good fortune to meet and talk to Professor Toynbee for a couple of hours through the good offices of my friend and famous scholar

Malcolm Muggeridge. During the course of our exchange of views on the principles and processes of history and national character, he said to me, that for the purpose of international recognition and status in the modern world, there are two things which a nation must have, before it will gain and command respect, place, and recognition in history and among the community of nations, and that is, it must produce a book of international recognition and the other it must produce a man of international status and reputation. We could really have produced one man, but we hanged him.

These are the criteria of national existence and recognition. Shall we compare and contrast, and look into the habits and ailment of our braggarting, and, into our international and intellectual status. In our national predilections and performance of beating, flogging, branding, incarceration, suspicion, and hatred nothing great will grow. In our lunacy to massacre every generation of youth in our country we shall let nothing sprout - no initiative, no values, no freedom of conscience, no tolerance and no institutions of honour. In men, with all our boasting, we have produced only dwarf trees, nothing bigger in height and no expectancy of fruit.

Merely braggarting about Islam, we are afraid is not enough. The enlightenment that is being presented to us in such sonorous, scintillating and palate pleasing form, is nothing but prelude to darkness. The random talk of religion will ruin religion in Pakistan. Our extravagant persistence in pontifications has reduced our efforts to a simulacrum of Islam. We are all Muslims, but Islam cannot be eaten. There is no monopoly of Islam to any section of a community, or to any nation in the Muslim world. There is no Islam in being masters and slaves. There is no Islam between the killers and their victims. In Pakistan, the land of Islam, must the people live like Homers cimmericians in perpetual and absolute darkness. In Pakistan the land of ideology and Islam, has God and nature decreed that the rich grow richer and poor poorer, the 'haves' must have more and the 'have-not' lesser still. We talk of Islam and practice banditry.

Today, in the context of wider aspects of human and national existence, and survival we see the very devil in Mullaism. The Mullas have ruined us. It is they who are responsible for the introduction of gangsterism in Pakistan national life. We started with such a steady and balanced society before Liaquat Ali Khan, Ghulam Mohammad, and Iskander Mirza disturbed its tenor and Ayub Khan irretrievably so. Yahya, of course, had the credit of finishing Quaid-e-Azam's Pakistan.

Compulsive uniformity of opinion in matters mundane has been the bane of Pakistan Society. Coercive methodology has made us a nation of intellectual and psychological pygmies. Conformism has eaten into our very souls. It is unfortunate, that in Pakistan, due to the muddle-headedness of our Mullas, we have interested ourselves, only in enigmas, in pious rigmarole, in story-telling, in emotional beatification, vicious and vainglorious adventures, in misinterpreting

the past, in wanton flights of imagination, but we have not attended to profound thought and cogitation. We have not done any robust analysis of events and realities of life and living. The Mullas have been propitiating the men in power and authority. They have always tried to sidetrack the issues, and presented puerile and specious arguments, for our misfortunes and misdeeds. We have been afraid of that writing, which alone could make thought soar to lofty heights of nobility, sympathy, pathos and hope. Pakistan is singularly destitute, and more kept so, not to rise above mediocrity in men and in their thoughts, which our official media of information and publicity, have not had the head or the heart to encourage. "What am I, if not critical" said Shakespeare. "I think, so I am," said Descarte. Not to think is death.

It is freedom of thought which alone can create, generate, propagate, ensure, and guarantee the future of nations and communities. When thought and reflection atrophy, communities ossify. This society has suffered a great deal at the hands of the scholars of fortune, writers of infame, poets of dirt, songsters of shame, lawyers who are courtiers and darbaries, teachers who are agents and mercenary instructors, and judges who have made a mockery of justice. We have merely to turn the pages of the publications which are normally available in the bookstalls, on the street corners, or on the railway stands, and, we shall know the tinge, the trends, and the standards of writing.

It is the function of the men of erudition and intellect to present facts as they are for the information and knowledge of their compatriots and readers, to give the back-ground of events, and episodes and possible consequences. They have a duty to suggest and locate soft and ailing spots. It is their duty to sift, to dissect, and to delve deep, and bring out the truth from the most secret chambers and deepest recesses, in any socio-political order. It is the function of literature to inform and to entertain; but scholarship and courage must go together. As Strachy said, all writing must be characterised by conviction and passion, if not, it will not survive and be valued. Modesty and humility are the hallmarks of scholarship. All scholarship must stick to the measures of truth and duty for the good, and the guidance of society. But this must be done with sincerity and candour, and with authority and verity.

In modern times, writing and scholarship are necessary concomitants. We are living in a strange age, in which we face all kinds of contradictions and abnormalities of life. It is a phenomenon of our society, which engenders the inculcation of routine and habitual acceptance of false and spurious notions and ideas, which have sapped and undermined the foundations of Quaid-e-Azam's Pakistan, and are doing so now in Yahya's or Bhutto's Pakistan—call what you will. Those who want to serve Pakistan and our community must face the realities of life, but forsake cowardice and greed.

In Pakistan we find a peculiar indifference to education, knowledge, and learning, in the seats of authority and circles of power, which makes the thinking

and the good uneasy about its future and even survival. It is really sad, that the prosperous and well- to- do classes of Pakistan society, are by and large so depraved, unfeeling anti mean no minds, no independent thought, no love of education are books, no inclination or attachment for higher moral and social refinements. The higher sections of Pakistan are a drag on the progress of Pakistan. The brats of Muhajir Quomi Movement and Islamic Jamhoori Ithad the creatures of the ingenuity and devilry of the United States, have reduced Pakistan to the status of a menagerie.

I must allude to a philosophic theory which has been recently propounded in Pakistan. We have heard the adumbration of a novel and strange doctrine, and enunciation of a preposterous proposition, that the armed forces are the custodians of national ideology. The Greek, the Roman, the Muslim, the medieval, and modern historians, and philosophers have said that thinking and talking soldiers are dangerous. The historians of French Revolution and biographers of Napoleon have candidly acknowledged it. We saw what happened to Macarthur and Montgomery when they talked too much. I can quote Tolstoy, Wells, Bryce, Hart, Seeley, Fuller and Lippmann as authorities on military organization and training, and on the principles and process of military science. Guns and swords are supposed to be blind and so those who use them. You do not need a brain behind a gun. ... The lesser, the better.

It is wrong and even absurd to hear the asseverations that the armies could have concern with national ideologies. Those nations are doomed. No general in history has ever been a statesman. Generals grow great only under the shadow of statesmanship. On their own they have always proved a disgrace to nations. George Scott, a famous English journalist, told me in 1948, that on account of military reverses in North Africa during the last Great War, Churchill chided generals Alexander and Aukenleck, as brats in an elementary school. It is a known fact that the United States had the unkindest, and most blustering experience, during the Presidentship of both generals Jackson and Eisenhower. England never trusted them again in politics after Wellington. Sir Walter Scott said, that "The most conspicuous and alarming differences in generals are those of rank, habit, education and morals". Lippman said that "If war is too serious a business to be left to the generals, then peace is too delicate a matter to be left to the generals".

Except for the glory and nobility of death, every stage in the army career, has nothing human or intellectual and moral about it. Chesterfield advised his son to be elected, before he could imagine to be a statesman. It is the citizens and the politicians, however illiterate, who have a right to command, to define, and formulate ideologies, and for the masses to guard them. It is wrong and arrogant to assert that the armies are the custodians of the principles of state existence. The only function of the armed forces is to obey orders, to protect national geographical boundaries, and to save the citizen from physical damage and loss in times of calamities and catastrophe.

It is the citizen who is superior to a soldier, so said Alexander Severus. It is the citizen, and not the soldier, who is the pivot and fountainhead of state-hood. It is the masses, and not the armies, which are the source of strength of a state. It is the politician who imparts dignity to a state and not a general. General Maneckshaw at the height of his triumphant career could pay his tribute with dignity and gratitude to Indra Gandhi. The politicians must think and talk, a soldier has no business to think and talk. Chesterton said "I would hate to see a man in uniform make a speech, more so if it is a good speech". Hart said, he politician is ever fighting a war. He is ever on trial. He is being questioned every day. The politicians are fighting socio-economic and political battles, every day of their lives, whereas the generals are only tested in actual conditions of War of Combatants. Generals, when they usurp political power they always learn at the expense of the country, and its people. The country pays for this experimentation in blood, in character, and in morals. Today there is not a single general of the Pakistan Army worth remembering. They have all gone unwept, unhonoured, and unsung; but there are plenty of politicians who will still be remembered and written about with pride.

Today, we find fault with every representative institution, though popular representation was the foundation of Pakistan. We appear to find everything wrong with the politicians of Pakistan, including the fact that they created Pakistan. We wonder if every thing is right with the generals who have ruled Pakistan longer. Somehow the third Martial Law has made, and confirmed Pakistan as a perfect place for penological study, and experimentation and juridical lunacy. If this is the way and the rate at which we function in national affairs, we shall very soon reach the stage of troglodytes, if not actual cannibals. Charity, justice, mercy, pity, tolerance, and debate are supreme virtues and sine qua non of a well ordered and balanced society. It is these virtues which give nobility to nations, but we are afraid, it is these virtues which have been the victims of Martial Laws in Pakistan the most. Martial Laws unfortunately but assuredly had transvertiberated, both vertically and horizontally, across the whole spectrum of the Pakistan society. Tolstoy said "The best Generals I have known were stupid and absent-minded men. Not only does a good army commander not need any special qualities, on the contrary, he needs the absence of the highest and the best human attributes, love, poetry, tenderness and the philosophic enquiring doubt. He should be limited firmly convinced, that what he is doing is very important, (otherwise he will not have sufficient patience) and only then will he be a brave leader. God forbid that he should be human, should love or pity or think of what is just and unjust".

The doctrine of the armed forces as custodians of ideology, historically and philosophically is as good or as bad as the divine right of kings. It is as ominous, dangerous and pernicious as the lunacy of the popes and the emperors. Kingship is an old institution right from the Mings and the Pharaohs, but military dictatorship of the modern times is a post- First World War phenomenon. History

has been a chronicle of kings, emperors and potentates till 1914, but Lo and behold! There is more blood on the hands of military dictators during the last six decades than on the hands of kings in history — of course no less on the hands of clergy and sacerdotalism. The Mulla and the Military throughout history have been a terrible mixture and they produced a compound as vitriolic as the picric acid.

I am constrained to cast my eye and direct my attention, on the phenomenon of the recent martial law we have traversed which lasted for eleven years, but in cumulative effect, a period of three decades in the life of a nation of less than five decades. We are told, on the very first day of the declaration of the third martial law, that the fourth will destroy Pakistan. We begin to wonder how could the fourth step be taken without the third, and then, why was it taken? Even today, we are not without the threat of fourth martial law. During the few months we have heard from so many pious lips, every kind of statement threatening us and alluding to the danger, the possibility, and even the necessity of the fourth martial law. Somehow, in such cases, the Mulla has prior information of the face and shape of things to come. How cruel and ridiculous, that even the removal of the martial law, was held a threat to us. It was talked about for more than a year, and the noise of withdrawal had become jarring for every sensitive ear, and I told a friendly general, for God's sake let them not withdraw it. Let it continue and let us be spared this agony of the talk of withdrawal. We are used to the infernal experiences. We are so crippled, physically and morally, that we shall stagger and fall. Staying on crutches for so long had taken away from the country, and the peoples of Pakistan, the very capacity to balance and walk with assurance.

When at Aligarh in 1939, when the world war began to advance in its ferocity and extension, specially after the fall of France, at the hands of Germany, and soon after the fall of Singapore at the hands of Japan, and the tottering and crumbling of the British Empire, on reading field dispatches and military commentaries, I so much wanted to be a military historian. So much had happened during those years of war. India was agog with enthusiasm. There was a general expectancy of freedom and liberty.

New hopes were getting birth, and new ideas were burgeoning and gaining ground. But with the declaration of martial law in 1958, the whole horizon darkened and the salt lost its savour. The young Turks as hinted by General Gracy, the first Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army, had appeared in full force and temerity.

I must have known more than fifty generals of the Pakistan Army, and hundreds of officers and men, in all the three services, scores being my students, and some of them my finest friends from the days of Aligarh, and with some of whom I have maintained the closest relations. I saw them working in their offices, messes, and drawing rooms, and promenading on the parade grounds. I found them over the years at what was happening in Pakistan, not only shy, but guilty

and shameful, and apologetic. I found them dumb, confused, and even ashamed, with an insidious and larking sense of inferiority-complex. They all looked helpless and hopeless, bound to the cult of the uniform, which is the most artificial and in-human of cults.

The cult of the uniform is the cult of the ignorant, and the unthinking. It is a cult which reduces humanity to false-hood. It is this diabolical and horrendous cult of the uniform, which is keeping them together in their crimes and sins against Pakistan and its people. The cult of the uniform has no morality, rationality, or philosophy. It is as false as that of a Guruji or a gangster. Paul Satre said, all elitism is gangsterism. When I meet a man in uniform, in my heart I commiserate with him, and pray for his soul. I pity the discontinuance of his cerebral development to maturity. His humanistic initiatives and responses have ceased for ever. There is no Islam in the cult of the uniform.

Information, as the basis of scholarship in Pakistan has become scanty and secret. Candid and analytical writing is becoming impossible. Secrecy in government is eating into the vitals of administration. Secrecy and bureaucratic corruption always went hand in hand. Secrecy beyond a certain point always reduces the health and strength of a nation and makes it lose its direction. In Pakistan, some of the matters which meant the least for governance and administration became classified and difficult to talk about, and know. But even very innocent writing, after the separation of East Pakistan, and declaration of Bangladesh, has become meaningless and impossible. The generals of the Pakistan Army had become a conglomeration of dull minds and ignoramuses. Pakistan Army had prepared itself for censure and oblivion. I do not want to mention what they said of the armies of Hannibal, or what Napoleon and Wellington had to say about their soldiers and generals after the triumphs of war.

Generals, however great they were, throughout the centuries, have always seen history upside down, whether it was Cromwell, Napoleon, Wellington, Blucher or Macarthur. They all had disgraceful ends. Generals did not have the heads and hearts to meet the ideas, and aspirations of the people, and comprehend the processes of change. They completely lacked the historical sense. Generals have never bothered about posterity. After them the deluge. How could they be custodians of ideologies. Circumspection and perspicacity are not within the purview of the generals. We are afraid this doctrine of custodianship could have been easily, conveniently and gleefully accepted, and adopted by Abu Jahal against the Prophet of God. For Pakistan and Islam, both with ideological base, nothing could be more false and dangerous. The doctrine of custodianship is the negation of the ideologies of both Pakistan and Islam. Professor Taj Mohammed Khayal used to say, that Ayub Khan's principles of "Prussianism" will ruin Pakistan, and Ayub had not reconciled with, and recognised, the ideas and facts that the professional soldier had lost his status with the falling of the Atom Bombs. Clemenceau, Churchill, Roosevelt, Truman

and Atom Bombs had reduced the status of the military professionalism to rational limits.

It is important to remember that the professional military mind is a mind of strange limitations and hatcaps. It is an ignorant and impatient mind. It is a suspicious and distrusting mind. It is a mind which protects itself against imaginary dangers and fears. Bernard Shaw said, "Soldiering, my dear madam, is the art of the coward of hitting mercilessly when strong, and getting out of the harm's way when weak'. The whole philosophy of the military mind is a wonderful study of psychological aberrations and incongruities. Wells said, "The professional military mind is by necessity an inferior and unimaginative mind; no man of high intellectual quality would willingly imprison his gifts in such a calling". I would quote so many authorities right from the Greeks, the Romans, the European writers, and historians and above all our Prophet of God, who thought that war and soldiering meant cheating and deceiving.

It is unfortunate that no sociological and political thinking was done at the time of the creation of Pakistan, and this country has seen this tragic and random development of fifty years. It is necessary that a rethinking on the present Pakistan be done. It is imperative, that in view of the enunciation of this doctrine of custodianship, we should talk of the phenomenon of martial law in this country. We have lived under them for nearly thirty years out of fifty of the history of this country. We have lived and obeyed them because disobedience would bring greater disaster. If one more is on the way and prognosticated, we shall obey. But, if we are a country of the thinking and farsighted, and of any sobriety and self-respect, it is our duty to look profoundly into this sociological malaise, this scourge of God, this mutilation of law and morality, this greed and aggrandisement and these sins and crimes. It is imperative that we look into the principles and processes of military organization and training, into the theory and the abstract aspects of force, killing and domination, into the habits, characteristics and phobias, so necessary for military training and instruction, into history of strategy and tactics, and into the sociological status and psychological conditioning of the military and the generals, and finally, into the ends and means and desirability of martial law at our own peril.

Will the universities live up to their social, moral, educational, and national responsibilities. Is it not imperative for us, for our very survival, to save Muslim society from laughter, stigmas and shame of Martial Laws. If we cannot do this, history will declare all of us culprits to Pakistan. Wise men are those who commit mistakes once, but twice and thrice is like jumping into a precipice whose immeasurable depth we know. Are we honest to Pakistan? Can the universities play the part which they envisage and covet for themselves, that of Madina, Cairo, Andalus, Baghdad, and Isphahan, and that of the Universities of America, Great Britain, Germany, France, Japan, India and elsewhere in the world of letters and intellect, which they respect and wish to achieve. Have they finally merged themselves into and succumbed and became part of the establishment.

If this fate has over-taken us, good- bye freedom and honour, and probably then, Pakistan.

In this country, the Martial Laws have reduced politics and society to the status of the business of vermins ... sans thought, sans courage, sans education, sans vision, sans self-respect, sans hope. We know that Martial Law has made our living and future problematical. Our continued existence as a nation is doubted. Our capacity to survive questioned. Our efforts to face the future ridiculed. Our inherent strength to recover and resurrect derided, and our integrity as a nation disbelieved. In Martial Laws, politics has been reduced to the business of hirelings, reptiles and weather- cocks. The country and its people have been robbed of the faith in their destiny. Our institutional establishment and consolidation is taken as a mirage. The moral deterioration in men and values is commented upon with utter pessimism and shame. Martial Laws have dwarfed both men and their measures.

Terrible pranks have been played with the history and the memory of this country. The impression appears to be that there was nothing in Pakistan between the death of the Quaid-e-Azam and the 5th of July 1977 — no men, no governments, no institutions, no people, no traditions, no disasters, no triumphs and no hopes. Between the Quaid-e-Azam and the third Martial Law the country was an abode of darkness, hopelessness and horrors. Pakistan between these two dates was a country of absolute villainy worth forgetting.

Briefly and precisely speaking, Pakistan's has been a chequered history. With the death of the Quaid-e-Azam ended the period of throbbing and ebullient Pakistan, but still uncertain and oscillating between despondency and hope. After his death began a period of political adventurism and opportunism, in which patriotism degenerated into jobism, loot and grab. Ghulam Mohammed ushered in the era of political moral, intellectual and physical embecility, reminiscent of Gibbon's. "Fall of the Roman Empire". Iskandar Mirza and Ayub Khan gave us the gift of greed, smuggling, promiscuity and profligacy. Yahya's years were characterised by what Carlyle would call "stumpetocracy", and we witnessed the demise of the Quaid-e-Azam's Pakistan. From 1948 to 1972, the country remained in the grips of hedonists, epicureans and political peccadilloes. Bhutto came on the scene like a whirl-wind with an intelligence, energy, gusto and impatience and he left nothing in its place and shape. He moved and shook things to their foundations and alarmed the citadels of monopoly, power and privilege.

We have ended the third martial law which was just ripe for an unkindly castigation of history. Those who want to have glimpse into it, I would recommend the reading of Sir Walter Scotts "Woodstock" as a preliminary and pleasurable prolegomenon. Never in the history of any civilized community in the world, have the norms of sovereignty and citizenship been so violently shaken, violated, and corrupted, with such audacious and impudent bravado and non-

challance. Never in history the citizenship of a country was taken on such a beautiful joyride as if it did not matter or exist. Never in history public representatives and leadership stood so pusil1animous uprooted and dishevelled. History is a cruel task master. History contributes to and advances national pride, but in Pakistan, we have lived bad history, and even the little we can pride about, we can't tell, and we hide and forget. Nations which want to forget their history forget themselves.

We have gone though the suffocation of three martial laws and degenerated in values and assessment. This country has seen mayhem in thinking, in education, in literature, in morality, in geography and in society. We have been brought to the verge of total sociological and educational derangement and collapse. Sharpness of the sword is no substitute for the sharpness of the intellect. Under guns and swords nothing of value grows. Intellect and morality can only be nursed in the climate of freedom. Intellect cannot live and survive in suffocation and slavery. Whatever Dr. Iqbal's doubtful contribution as a thinker of Pakistan, he can easily be declared the destroyer of Pakistan. It was outright blasphemy when he said that Muslims had grown great in the shadow of bayonets and swords. This is slavery and slur on Islam. This is fascism. We have paid a terrible price for this thinking and this tomfoolery.

We have reached a stage in which even the biography of the Quaid-e-Azam and the history of Pakistan cannot be written. Pakistan exemplifies and typifies so marvelously the writings of George Orwell. For a historian and research scholar, the history of Pakistan, and the biography of the Quaid-e-Azam, have become a frustration and a wilderness both in fact and in the abstract.

Martial Law is a pure and simple mundane and secular phenomenon, whatever the extravagant and farfetched spiritual and religious construction we may put on it. Its biggest and foremost protagonists will not claim any piety for it. It has nothing legal, moral or metaphysical about it. How come that we talk of religion and piety, whereas a thing more secular than martial law cannot be conceived. Martial Law is brutal secularism to say the least. Martial Law can never be an agency of purification, reform, and redemption. By any reasoning and analysis, by its very functioning and operative mechanism, martial law is neither saintly nor other worldly ... it is carnal from the beginning to the end. For what armies have done to their nations, we can go to the historians of civilization, from Ibone Khaldun to Professor Barker. Martial Laws sap the nobility, the confidence, and the foundations of the national character. They reduce the communities to menageries. We should see the writing on the wall, and recognize and be alarmed at the horrible prospects of our existence. This is no pessimism. This is the bitter truth, however piously and adroitly we may hide or masquerade it with fanciful perorations. We hear wailing, weeping, and noise in the seats of power and privilege about deterioration in national character. Where is that character in the people who have ruled us. Where are examples of character set by the bosses of Pakistan. Where are the heroes to follow. We hear of virtues and need

for discipline, but where do we see discipline among those who have ruled us. Discipline is a word easily uttered and used but rarely understood. It is a phenomenon of mind, heart and habit. Merely parading, drilling, saluting, dragooning and drugging are not discipline. The real meaning of discipline is lost on men in authority. They are above discipline and law. In Pakistan, law has been the first victim of all governments except one. From 1948 till today contempt for Law is a glaring phenomenon, and characteristic of all governments who have made perjury a pious and impudent art. Martial Laws are nothing but humanity in its most depraved and beastly form.

Martial Laws have left the country morally, and spiritually and juridically hollow. We have seen defacto elevated to de jure umpteen times. De facto has given us the pious beatification of the doctrine of necessity. This poor country has been put on the block by the judiciary. It has been put on the constitutional and sociological bed of Procrustes. Living under chains, has taken away from the people of Pakistan the very will to exist and survive.

We appear to be a nation running and swimming against the order of nature, and processes of history— on the horns of a dilemma, a Hamlet's soliloquy, to be or not to be. All national disasters have taught us nothing. Our obduracy in our failures and lies, in our manipulations and subterfuges, in our hallucinations and fantasies, in our pious humbug and pontificating lectures will bring nothing but ruin to Pakistan. Burke said "Nations led by little minds and little hearts must prepare for shocks, disasters and disappearance".

I love Pakistan. Islam has taught me iconoclasm and nonconformism, and at this age, nothing daunts and impedes thought and expression. Life is very short. Iconoclasm is the mission of our Prophet and faith. Poverty and prosperity, slavery and dominance, are not permanent nor fatalistically and divinely ordained. Let us bear in mind that the real history of the world is the history of the poor and the penniless, and not of the plutocrats and purveyors of conscience. Poverty is the pride of the Prophets. Nothing demoralizes more than power and plenty.

Lord Bryce came to India, and said that British administration throughout India smelled of gunpowder, so has Pakistan for the last nearly forty years. We were part of the great subcontinent, why, and how is it, that the trunk is living an honourable life of freedom, dignity and strength, but the splinters are still in the grips of dishonour, slavery and gunpowder. Let us know for sure, and bear in mind forever, that the remedy for the ills of democracy is more democracy, and the remedy for the ills of education is more education. Let us know as an eternal verity, that there is no alternative to representative institutions, for decent, honourable, and purposeful existence, for men, communities and nations.

We have had enough from pseudo moralists, and so called Islamists, about salvation and punishment. This is something between our God and us. What we

want now, is honour and emancipation, relief and fresh air. Let Pakistan be not run, managed and manipulated as a country of apartheid. This country expects a treatment, and future better than that.

VI THE EPILOGUE

I am a teacher and I love reading—my biggest pleasure and stay in life. I have enjoyed myself constantly in the study and analysis of men and events -- in history or in contemporary life --- analysis and writing are my biggest assets in life. I write with sincerity and courage — all that God has vouchsafed to a human being. After more than fifty years of hard work and sacrifice in the field of education, I suddenly found myself called upon in the interest of Sindh and Pakistan after fifteen years of retirement — as a politician. I am writing with the courage as of old, and when an opportunity came rather so quickly after 20 months. I withdrew from politics, but not to be a recluse, but more active than before. In the words of Browning:

I was a fighter ever.”
“One fight more, the last and the best”.

Here I am still fighting in the interest of the life of Sindh and Pakistan. From this fighting no one can make me retire or withdraw until I enter the life beyond. I am a servant and a child of Sindh to my bone and marrow, to my blood and soul. Sindh inspires in me the profound emotions of its past, present and future. I have great faith in it. Sindh has had the capacity to withstand the buffeting and oscillations of history. It is today in the grips of the most sinister and formidable fight; don't worry, it will survive and come out triumphant. Like Quran, God has looked after it for ages and aeons of time. The oldest of lands of myth, history and research has been guaranteed by God. It is as old as the earth itself. Sindh inspires in me the proudest sentiments and urges of its nobility and sacredness, of its history and literature.

I miraculously but temporarily became a politician, but we were audaciously dismissed through the orders and agency of the president by what you might call, chicanery and bombast and by a phenomenon about which Eisenhower spoke in his last address on relinquishing the presidency of the United States —the developing military— bureaucratic and industrial complex. We were bundled as a parliament in the most sordid and outrageous traditions of Cromwell and Hitler— by the magic, tragic and surreptitious wand of the president drawing his authority from the 8th amendment of our Constitution. They had mutilated and given it a bad shape long ago which had rendered it to a carcass, by the mad man and master of magic, and make-belief general Zia — the veritable devil's disciple. I thank God I left the field of politics with a good, clean and honourable stay and record, and on the dissolution of the National Assembly, came out with a good taste in the mouth. I left politics with perfect equanimity, assurance and honour; and later in spite of all the persuasions, appeals and seductions, I decided to stay back and do my real work of service to Sindh and Pakistan. I knew what politics was and had read voluminously for years, and now I had seen politicians in Pakistan and abroad, inside out, before and more so now.

Politicians know how to wriggle, wiggle, giggle, gambol, wangle and wrangle, but I was made by nature and experience of a different material. My real ideals were Bhitai, Allama Kazi, Ubaidullah Sindhi; Abdul Majid Sindhi, Hyder Bakhsh Jatoi, Allah Baksh Soomro — I enjoyed the proximity, affection and condescension of all of them.

Bhutto was seen as a proud, able, delightful sociological freak, and a new phenomenon of a politician in Pakistan, in the Third world and in the world politics — a meteor which became a victim of the missiles of ISI, CIA, and the dirty bureaucracy, and other local vermins, mice, midgets, cowards and clowns, in and out of the country, aliens not yet acclimatized floating elements, unsteady and changeable, and unassimilable who could only creep and conspire; Lo and behold! in their gloating and impatience to kill him and to hang him, they gave him a martyrdom and a glorious death on the gallows. He would not ask for a pardon, nor would he repent— he went galloping and fighting on his last battle to the gallows in the truest traditions of the heroes of Islam and Sindh. His daughter also wanted to retrieve and save that conspirators of Pakistan were endeavoring to destroy.

Jinnah had bequeathed in his own words, “unstable”, “a moth-eaten”, and “a truncated Pakistan” —the creation, as he said, of his “typewriter”. As he was dying he left a hapless country in incompetent hands and in intriguing groups — small men with little heads, and still smaller hearts and unreflective minds. The country was infested by conspiracies and bad intentions and was taken over by storm, by the bayonets and berserk. It began in the uncalled for frenzy of blood and unthinkable exchange of populations and was soon sundered, in incarnadined hands —the tragedy of a nation, and its incapacity to handle it affairs with circumspection, tenderness and care.

It was hard to persuade me, against my resolution and determination to go back to politics again. My life and belief in the service of Sindh was beckoning me back to Sindh and its abiding service. A large generality of youth, both men and women, are products of those policies and steps from 1969 to 1971 which Rakhman Gui and I had formulated. Bhutto used to say, “Ghulam Mustafa Shah had great and courageous service and work to his credit. What he had done for Sindh, I could not have done it even as Prime Minister”. The system under which we recreated the opportunities were characteristic of our thinking and long-range view of life in Sindh and Pakistan—in perfect consonance with our status and commitment to Sindh.

It needed a woman of courage, youth, education, sincerity, reflection and the fighting spirit to draw me into politics, when I abhorred entering it. I found her in the purest, truest and noblest traditions of Sindhi women but surrounded by not a few of the country, aliens not yet acclimatized floating elements, unsteady and changeable, and inassimilable who could only creep and conspire; Lo and behold! In their gloating and impatience to kill him and to hang him, they gave

him a martyrdom and a glorious death on the gallows. He would not ask for a pardon, nor would he repent—he went galloping and fighting on his last battle to the gallows in the truest traditions of the heroes of Islam and Sindh. His daughter also wanted to retrieve and save that conspirators of Pakistan were endeavoring to destroy.

Jinnah had bequeathed in his own words, “unstable”, “a moth-eaten”, and “a truncated Pakistan” —the creation, as he said, of his “typewriter”. As he was dying he left a hapless country in incompetent hands and in intriguing groups — small men with little heads, and still smaller hearts and unreflective minds. The country was infested by conspiracies and bad intentions and was taken over by storm, by the bayonets and berserk. It began in the uncalled for frenzy of blood and unthinkable exchange of populations and was soon sundered, in incarnadined hands —the tragedy of a nation, and its incapacity to handle it affairs with circumspection, tenderness and care.

It was hard to persuade me, against my resolution and determination to go back to politics again. My life and belief in the service of Sindh was beckoning me back to Sindh and its abiding service. A large generality of youth, both men and women, are products of those policies and steps from 1969 to 1971 which Rakhman Gui and I had formulated. Bhutto used to say, “Ghulam Mustafa Shah had great and courageous service and work to his credit. What he had done for Sindh, I could not have done it even as Prime Minister”. The system under which we recreated the opportunities were characteristic of our thinking and long-range view of life in Sindh and Pakistan—in perfect consonance with our status and commitment to Sindh.

It needed a woman of courage, youth, education, sincerity, reflection and the fighting spirit to draw me into politics, when I abhorred entering it. I found her in the purest, truest and noblest traditions of Sindhi women but surrounded by not a few of the cowardest, most myopic and ambitious and ephemeral and elusive lot of Sindhi men. In her thinking and efforts I found her talking and persuading me to join, in the manner of the heroines of Latif, those innocent but brave ideals of the deserts, forests, mountains, lakes and above all the glorious river of Sindh. In her I saw a harbinger of hope, with odds arrayed against her — mean, mad, ambitious and unreliable men. Her sincere and noble efforts were cut short by Brutus stabbing her behind the arras. Her father was hanged by the so called pious hypocrites, clean shaven, or hirsute, ravenous and rumbustious with their lofty pronouncements and sacred and holy incantations.

He was too tall and Himalayan a man in education, intelligence, daring, originality, and courage; a danger to the mean, the dullards and the cowardly. He was hounded, and condemned to hang as a Sindhi. That is what Maudoodi and his minions and mercenaries, with malicious tongues had proclaimed — the fifers, buglers, drummers and Rasputins like Brohi and Sharifudin Pirzada. In utter fear and consternation, myopia and hypocrisy they cut him short and left a

vacuum of hopelessness and helplessness, which has left this poor country tottering and reeling till today. His daughter had also the determination, competence and will to challenge and confront the evil forces of Mullas and military men. Military theocracy and hypocrisy ruled and ruined Pakistan. I wonder if it will survive the shock of Alaf and Abdi, who appear to be out to destabilize and disintegrate the country with the clandestine blessings of ISI and CIA. Serious doubts and fears are expressed everyday even by the close coadjutors and collaborators. Tariq Ali wrote “Can Pakistan Survive”, and they see now Quaid-e-Azam’s doubts and prognostications coming true. Akbar Bhugti said me in 1972, “It took Pakistan to divide into two in 25 years, and it might take another 25 years more to divide into three or four”. We appear to be making the forebodings and vaticinations come true.

The time, the nature, and the gravity of the intrigue and the reptilian gnawing and military sapping and cheating appear to be becoming clear and portentous. George B. Shaw said, “Soldiering my dear madam, is the art of the coward of hitting mercilessly when strong and getting out of harms way when weak”. Napoleon said, he had made his marshals from the mud, and picked them from the gutter. Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won by the scum of England; and he had a disgraceful political end. In paroxysm of passion and excruciations of starvation and pain, man is a rapacious and ravenous animal and even prone to cannibalism. We have seen our own man eaters, and what legacy they have left for Pakistan in their HAUTEUR and folly. Historically our political past is clearly drawn in the cloudless firmament. The conspiracy has been deep and well planned and old — it appears to be more patent, portentous and potent now. It is as old as 1949, well deliberated, cleverly construed and contrived, insidiously conditioned, meticulously and devilishly executed with only one factor in these horrendous calculations and computerizations missing, and that is the power or the contrivances of God. God has neither resigned nor abdicated. The Quran says, “The grip of God is steady and harsh indeed.”

Liaquat All Khan, Rashdi, Zia, Aslam Baig and Rahim, Altaf and Abdi are a diabolical chain and a lethal line for Pakistan. The world of the alien is crumbling. The nature is exposing its international miscreants and ramifications of mischief naked and bare. Allama Kazi used to say, “the mills of God grind very slowly but they grind wonderfully fine’. In this burgeoning conspiracy, every agent in his own time will meet his condign punishment. Specious rigmarole finally was of no avail when nature decides to take its own toll. Truth must triumph, reality must appear — Liaquat for scheming and his chicanery went with the bullet, Zia in that infernal conflagration, Rashdi in his devilry, Abdi in his disgrace, are the great lessons. God knows what Altaf, an ignominious hoax has in store, besides the bullet he has had in his leg and for the whole damnable clan of opportunists, adventurers, and thugs.

I am a student of history, civilization and institutions and have marked the invisible hand of nature. I have studied the rise and the growth and the decline of

nations and the end of all varieties of disasters and conspiracies. Nature allows no fiddling with its laws. The nemesis for all rascals is inevitable. For all intrigues and ill intentions they must pay. That is the commitment of God to man. The criminal can't escape, the swindler must disgorge, the raucous must surrender and the Quran says, "Your eyes will see sharp and clear". It challenges all who can run away from the inevitable. Life is no fantasy; it is a reality and it has finality. How, when and where is the secret of God and this confounds the mind of man.

Lest I should forget. Let me talk of a very real and relevant phenomenon. I must talk and Caution of some omens, evils, dangerous incidents and phenomena. I must talk about the terribly embarrassing and even traumatic times and sequence of events and incidents globally known but intimately effecting our lives. We have been experiencing from 17th of August, 1988 — Zia's going in those flames of providential fire and pulverized to ashes, its reaction on the world public opinion about conditions and the state of our society and then came Rashid's foolish and blasphemous book written in efforts to please the adversaries of Islam who make money—ubiquitous aim of western civilization, "Get him before he gets you", "Make hay while the sun shines", "Make money by hook or by crook". More by crook than by hook.

The dissolution of the National Assembly of Pakistan was to dislodge the People's party, and with the, invidious and insidious step to annihilate it. This was followed by MQM intrigues and then Gulf war and our part in it, and now that latest dilemma of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International and the scandal that is going with it.

Every year since 1981 I have gone to Europe, Middle East, the United States and Canada. I know the psychological strain on our compatriots in all the countries of the world. I know what they have gone through, for no fault of their own by these events at home. I know the dismay and mortification in working and living in the alien land. I know how hard our people are working and how hard they had to work. I do not want to go into the detailed aspects and ramifications of many things that I have seen happening or I have been marking all over the globe. These are tragedies which need a number of books to be written about. I shall spare the readers, the ordeal of description and effects for no fault of their own. I would only say kindly beware of these men who are victims of their old habits of fraud and FRAR. Those who have built beautiful and palatial houses from total destitution in Sindh, and enjoyed the bounties of its wealth and the generosity of it's welcome, but never, even after 50 years, made it their home—under this psychological and sociological phase and phenomenon they are the agents of the aliens and are just not worthy of any trust. They are born in Sindh, but refuse to call it their motherland. They have patriotism on their tongues and lips but deceit in their hearts.

One thing more. I should ask all so called veterans and youth of so-called nationalism in Sindh — all of them for all intents and purposes my students of course — to see the consequences and chaos created by their thinking, individual ego and group strifes. Have they lost all the sense to see the writings on the wall and the forebodings and the apprehensions of such thinking and behaviour? These self-opinionated egoistic and foolish attitudes and resulting into intestine and internecine ailments, will weaken them, harm them and harm Sindh —it already stands wounded and bloodied. Let them not take their enemies for their friends, like the place of Jews in the Christian apostolic lore. We have in Pakistan, whole battalions and tribes of Mullas moving berserk and vociferating, but I shall take their one symbolic and symptomatic odd man out. He is moving today on the crest of his fanaticism and chauvinism - a half-educated doctor posing as a philosopher with venom in his words, curse in his soul, mind and heart, of the same traditions of monopoly of wisdom, as James I, called, “The wisest fool in Christendom” --- a fellow called Moulana Dr. Israr who appears to think that Sindh is redundant, and Sindhis could only be accepted as hewers of wood and drawers of water, suitable as a peasantry or as dacoits, and that it was a mistake to have opened schools, colleges and universities in Sindh; that it was a mistake to have appointed Sayid Ghulam Mustafa Shah as the Vice Chancellor of the University of Sindh by Noor Khan initially, and by Bhutto subsequently. He had put a new spirit of reality and revolt in Sindh and revolutionized and awakened the youth of Sindh.

This wise man, presuming to be an oracle on the mount, makes money at the cost and expense of us all - a rank hypocrite indeed, a curse for the country in general. He goes about repeating and vociferating ad nauseum, as the final word, in thought and wisdom, in religion and diplomacy and experience, and frantically goes around haranguing Punjab and placating MQM to bellicosity and abuse. What arrogance and tomfoolery for the people of this country —these are the men who talk of patriotism in Pakistan and its custodians of morality— what effrontery and immorality of thought and grace. So are his other scurrilous colleagues the protagonists of Punjabi chauvinism and MQM chicanery— partners of the same trade and commerce as the Bank of Credit and Commerce International — all tagged, bundled and tied together as a grand Bank of Discredit and Loot with monopoly of lies, and the conduct of journalism of the type of Altaf Qureshi, the albino of the Dayal Sindh College, Lahore, henchman of every dictator specially of strabismic Zia, and of the bureaucracy of Pakistan, and a stooge of Jama’at Islami whose founder could not find a grave for two weeks after his demise in Boston and had to be buried in his home fearing the exhuming of his body elsewhere. Altaf was ejected from that institution I do not want to tell you why, and so, Salahuddin once the editor of Jassarat of Jama’at Islami, thrown out from there and now the editor of Takbir. He was a primary teacher when I was Director of Education, Karachi. One wonders at the ominous end of these stalwarts of this movement. Wait and watch—this poor country and its fate in such hypocritical hands. What somersaults? You marvel at the polity of this miserable and unfortunate nation - the sheep today, the jackals tomorrow,

and the wolves the day after - matters of derision and tickling guffaws — ridicule of the world.

By God, it is this devilry of Maulanas, mounte— banks, debased thinkers, urchins of intellect, and symptoms of lunacy, it is these microbes of society you have to guard against. Has Pakistan not paid enough in blood and tears at the hands of these venomous tongues and the falsehood of their lachrymose eyes.

So against this BIDAAT of Tablighi Jama'at of Raiwind —a hoax of a moral and religious movement. What arrogance of piety, and sharks in their tonsorial and sartorial outfit—the smart snares of CIA and ISI and Mohajirism and Punjab chauvinism Dr. Johnson truly said, 'Soldiers and priests are the corruptors of the earth'.— truly in history the biggest bar and impediment in the physical and intellectual liberation of mankind. Oh God, save us from our friends and the spity tongues of hypocrites—that is the prayer you say on the pilgrimage. I've had the misfortune or good fortune to have known all these men inside—out and lived long enough and close enough to know, to watch and assess their intentions and movements, akin to the devil himself, and I worked, as the Director of Education, Punjab for four long years. Oh God, save helpless and innocent Sindh from these tongues of fire and dirt, from the evil of these sharks and hypocrites of our land.

In Sindh in the words of Demosthenes, Byron and the Earl of Cromer," We have been assiduously sharpening, with our own hands, the pinions of bayonets, which are being consistently and mercilessly pressed against our very breasts". When had Sindh not had it's deprecators and enemies? When has it been without it's betrayers and tumcoats? This phenomenon today should give us new vigour and a new shine to our society in general and the youth in particular. We have suffered tortures and pain and these are the crucibles of nature from which people rise and giants grow. Is this not history and the lessons that go with it? We have seen tribulations and triumphs of history for centuries and resurrected afresh from the most hopeless conditions of existence. This land of Sindh is eternal in its creation, marked by nature on the globe right at the very start. I wish Moulana Girami were here to write for you.

What men we have produced in history—in Pakistan history no province could claim a man like Bhutto a king of martyrs! How brave in his demeanor and end — only Khushal Khan and Ghaffar Khan could come near to him in the nature of his demise. Punjab never had any martyrs in history, except in the words of Gandhi, "Spies only", and in the words of a judge of the Punjab High Court, "You cannot trust even the dying declaration of a Punjabi".— for us all a disconcerting notion.

What men we have to our credit in even the most obfuscating times. Brave scholars, intrepid thinkers, sociological diagnosticians, and prognosticians in Ubaidullah Sindhi, Dr. Daudpota, Mirza Qalich Beg, Allama Kazi, Hyder Bakhsh Jatoi, not the minor minions of ISI and agents of CIA. MQM is a medley and

hodge-podge of both —the consummate creation or decoction of Zia, CIA, and ABDI. The BCCI blast is beginning to tell the whole story. I used to wonder how ABDI was carting President Carter in his plane in the Middle East, and they came to pay their respects to Zia too. How many hands stand sullied and bloodied in this stupendous mischief as Carlyle said, “Men of the swindlers century”—heroin, hashish, cocaine, guns, sweat and blood of the innocent, the paradise of adventurers, smugglers, free-booters, buccaneers and swashbucklers, the beastly gun-mongers, the victimization and the robbery of the gullible by the greedy, the exposure of the inveterate racketeers and cut throats.

Our Pakistan of fifty years has had a pathetic, desultory and chequered history, right from the very inception, and the upshot we witness to our shame, horror and agony. From the very start the indigenous had no part in its governance. It is the alien, the stranger, the imported, the uncommitted and the migratory who ruled and dominated - this unlucky indigenous mass and populace—impotent millions in numbers. The alien and the migratory had nothing in mind but to grab and run with the greed and graft— moral, financial, cussedness, intellectual dishonesty — without any commitment to the body politic, or the spirit and soul of the nation --- to the land of their birth, suspended in the air, neither here nor there, and no where. Pakistan has been plagued by the alien from Liaquat to Altaf and Abdi and we are the victims of all this adventurism and sociological misfits and aberrations.

We have merely to look at the nature and the constituent elements of government to assess that we have in Pakistan the most ignominious government of uneducated, under-educated, pompous feudal lords, money-lenders, clerics and hypocrites who have no interest in the nation and its future, so much given to fishing in troubled waters, and the extending planks to jump off across the seas to pastures new in U.S.A. with the blessings of C.I.A. Their looks do not go beyond the tips of their noses or the bulge of their stomachs. This country never saw and expected such a depravity in manners and means and utterances of a government — a real kakistocracy — the worst that can happen to a nation.

This country, I am afraid, is being ruled in a huff and a goof. There are more dacoits in government and in socio-economic life with multiple telephones on their desks—consummate dacoits of their kind, than outside in the hills and forests of this country. What is BCCI? With the collapse of this inverted pyramid of sand and rubble, this hollow cavernous colossus of masterly jugglery of funds and finance, aided by CIA, incidentally now exposed thoroughly vitiating the whole manner of money and finance and sociological atmosphere of Pakistan, through the trio of army, Altaf and Abdi — strange, wonderful bedfellows.

Where has this beleaguered and obfuscated people to turn to and take refuge, safety and recompense, to the government or to the courts, or call like Locke, “Appeal to heavens?” We were once proud of our judiciary, we could call

on them for redress of our grievances, go for safety and protection, till Justice Constantine and Mohammad Bakhsh Memon and then deluge and darkness ensued. Today justice is on sale. The judiciary has lost its status and integrity. Today they are the henchmen of authority — from Munir to what — unadulterated hidings and hirelings who have to their credit nothing but grandiloquence and bombast about judicial values and have only come to preside on the ruination of Pakistan. There are a million crimes on the hands of the judiciary and as many sins to their credit. Their corruptibility of word, morals, financial, intellectual and judicial is so obvious and known —the pusillanimous judiciary of our land. From 1953, it really stands committed to the dock, the darkness and the bedlam in our socio-political life.

Sindh and Balochistan are today the victims of continuous conspiracy and inexorable exploitation. Armies live on hatred and phobias. After the loss of East Pakistan, which was hated the most by the pious and the profane, they switched over their rapacious intentions to Sindh and Balochistan. Armies live on suspicion and intrigue. They must concoct fears and hallucinations to justify their presence, existence, expansion and extravagance. Are not the last fifty years of Pentagon and records of the United States Congress proof enough of the dangers of military professionalism!

We have merely to read the postwar literature of Europe and America —“the soldier versus the citizen”, from MacArthur and his dismissal, to the disgrace of Montgomery. Read Lippman and Rose MacCaulary. Our so-called nationalists are veritable buffoons in their alliances. Let them not play the dolls and puppets in the hands of the detractors of Sindh, and be the only tools and agents of our misfortunes, tortures and troubles. Our nationalists are a deluded and gullible lot living in their world of make belief, hallucinations and phantasmagoria. To me, they are not only pathological victims but hypochondriacs. Let them open their eyes, perhaps they may be able to make the difference between black and white.

Pakistan was a dream for us, a dream we constantly talked about, but the alien, the ISI and CIA have made it, “a dream of the past”, a dream of history, an idea of frustration, a hopeless paradox. Sindh has been a romance of history— five thousand years B.C., now reduced to total disarray and in the grips of a stark and cruel reality. Let us not be cheated in our innocence and sincerity. If these fifty years have nothing to teach us about our calamities, what do we need and must we have to teach us and to open our eyes?

I am by and large, an incorrigible and obstinate optimist, let us beware of the forces of evil, of the venomous tongues and the sweetened pills. Many a noble endeavour was smothered in the bed and shattered on the rocks of division and had vanished in thin air and gone stale and ridiculed. Want of commitment and consistency are an ailment of any Country and Society. Beware of those who stand condemned by God and man —the Mulla and military men — they have been the bane of Pakistan’s polity for fifty years — these purveyors of

conscience, misanthropes and minions of authority, so slippery and ephemeral in their oaths and commitments to religion and allegiance to the nation and to God.

Life is no shallow miracle, or an empty dream. It is to be lived with rectitude and courage about which Dr. Johnson said, “Courage is the only virtue which is valued even when associated with vice”, and, “Without courage no other human virtue will stand”. I should like to allude to some very recent and pertinent events of great lesson and consequence for the world which should be a hope and eye opener for us.

During last forty years, Mao marching with his millions of the poor and peasantry in China and throwing out Chiang Kai Chek, and China occupying Tibet on the roof of the world and bringing two-thousand years B.C. within the ambit of civilization, Khumaini bursting forth on imperial Iran with the aid of persecuted and oppressed masses, and Russia being rocked by cataclysmic military and KGB conspiracy and saved by the will and the efforts of its people, winning unarmed against the roaring battle tanks — the mightiest military machine and the rudest of generals. Mao said, “Power comes from the barrel of the gun, but it is the people who must control the guns”. Khumaini said, “Our fight is not with the Shah, we are fighting against the army of Iran. They are our oppressors and enemies”. Gorbachev was ousted by a clique of the army and bureaucratic combination and KGB, equivalent to our in — famous ISI, and we saw how the people and the masses of Russia with empty hands against the tanks came out triumphant in three days. When the wretched of the earth and the poor rise and move nothing can stop them. Earth belongs to God and the people. The voice of the people is the voice of God. God says his severest and harshest anger and wrath is reserved for the learned who do not raise their voices against tyranny, oppression, injustice Our country is also caught in the tentacles of the octopus of our army and ISI —they control and stifle every aspect of our national life. They are not a national army by any means —they are an external force that is what our own military experts have candidly acknowledged. Their history and idiocy show that their national character is problematical. Let our rulers take out hatred and mischief from their hearts. We are a country of believing people with noble hearts and of pure gold. Why make us the victims of the art and craft of the generals, the ISI and the bureaucrats? Let us take lessons from recent history lest it should be too late —the universal verdict of nature on the destiny of deluded nations. Nature is highly inexorable and exorbitant in its calculus. Look at Russia and so at Estonia, Latvia, Luthania, Croatia and whatnot, they are the historic instances of the limited vision of the men in power.

Our dreams disappeared and vanished with the death of the Quaid-e-Azam long ago. Our romance has been very costly and painful for five decades and today our realities are facing us most menacingly, outrageously and horrendously. Now the only solution, as a historian, I see, is the devolution of power to obviate the lunatic uprising of the masses. The only solution of Pakistan lies in its units enjoying a sovereign status —not factious or fractious or facetious

and camouflaged intrigue —what we need is a negotiated political interstate arrangement and settlement with a sincere will to live together — no provincial autonomy, no confederation, no four subjects to the center and no mumbo-jumbo of British political vocabulary. Will our governments with their millions have the vision, will and courage, now that they have the political strength, move in the right direction —they will gain more but will they be realists to face facts — confused, terrified, betrayed as they are. Let us hurry, the time is elapsing fast. A new solution might prove too late, if unnecessarily and cleverly delayed.

Our whole military organization and administration in their principles, ratiocination, working habits are debased, abused, archaic and out of tune. The general headquarters are the relics of Lord Kitchener, a British invention from 1900. They must be disbanded and our forces put under the command and control of the people and their representatives. General headquarters is a parallel government with men like Pir Pagaro its slaves who owe allegiance to it more than to the state. Inter—Services Intelligence is an agency against the government and has agents and stooges in Altaf and Abdi. The whole army is MQM infested from the generals to the workers in the Steel mill. They are in every organization, industrial or commercial. Recent revelations and ramifications have been so obvious. We must have civilian control over our brasshats who have been easy prey of foreign powers and finance—again so abundantly proved by recent events and incidents of fifty years. The changes taking place in defense thinking, after the last war, and more so after the Falkland war and the Gulf war, have made our defense thinking and organization foolish, extravagant and redundant. Let our generals, thinkers and journalists read Sun Tse, Clauwitz, Searle and Liddle Hart and recent literature on principles and practices in defense. Our conceptions, tactics, and strategy are Out of tune, our steps and conclusions wrong and a waste of time, effort, resources and technique. This grabs and loot and cheating must end on the principles of Clemenccau and Lippman.

Let us do this thinking and make our efforts during the next two years. Our constitutions cannot be torn or mischievously temporized. We must all work under equal conditions and status if we want to put Pakistan still on the map of the world. Let us save ourselves the burgeoning omens of the late twentieth century — under present trends and circumstances, the twenty-first century may not see us survive —let us hasten, think and work, here and now.

In our last meeting in his house, Bhutto said to me that he was gravitating to my way of thinking about the future of Sindh and Pakistan. He was beginning to make a move and was contemplating making constitutional amendments, when sensing this, he was deposed. Some of his constitutional moves to save Pakistan from the sharks of the army and the bureaucracy were thought ominous and dangerous and he had to be removed. It appears Pakistan polity was destined to live in this false metaphysics of the army and the Jama'at-e-Islami. If it is true, Pakistan is doomed as Russia of Stalin was doomed. We hope wiser counsels

will prevail if not the smaller provinces may as well part their ways in peace - without rancor and bloodshed, of which as a nation we have had unfortunately more than our share. Pakistan can only survive as a loose Union of Four Sovereign States —Punjab, Sindh, Baluchistan and NWFP, anything else will only mean misery and hardship, lawlessness and chaos, robbery and ill will, bad blood and doom which may as well mean and result into disappearance of the country.

Appendix

Jamshoro
19th August 1973.

Janab Mumtaz Ali Bhutto Sahib,

Today at about noon I went to see Mr. Kamal Azfar the Finance Minister to discuss the Sindh University budget provisions and general finances and academic requirements. (There was a young man sitting with him). I put facts and figures before him and informed him of the academic state of the University. I went to him for understanding, sympathy and help but I found that the facts and figures and the provisions in the budget were so obvious, glaring and eloquent that the Finance Minister suddenly got disturbed, irritated and worked up and became unnecessarily verbose as if very much berserk. Let me quote some of his sentences.

- 1) "Shah Sahib why did you people create Pakistan.'
- 2) "You are discussing matters in the language of Bangladesh."
- 3) "This is the language of separation which Bizenjo speaks."
- 4) "Karachi is paying taxes and large funds are being spent outside Karachi. People of Karachi have right to this expenditure".

For me it was a bolt from the blue. I was completely horrified and taken aback at this ebullition. I wondered if he knew what he was saying.

I merely quietly told him," Azfar Sahib remember I came to you for understanding and sympathy and with an appeal. I am neither a Thekedar nor a Khudai Faujdar of Sindh or the Sindh University. I am a poor teacher and Vice-Chancellor. I have my duties to the University which had been neglected for the last 18 years. I would not like to preside on a University which is crippled and which is neither dead nor alive. I came to you to help me to put academic life in the institution. I came to appeal to you and this what I get. All what you have said is irrelevant and unkind. Your reaction has amazed me. Why talk of Bizenjo and Bangladesh. What has that to do with the Sindh University, Its academic developments and finance. I came to you to talk of facts and figures and I am sorry for your reaction".

Probably he realized the mistake of his sudden out burst and immediately phoned Mr. Zahidi the Development Commissioner and Mr. Akhund the Finance Secretary. At this stage the young man who was sitting there left. I wanted to leave but controlled myself. I did not want to show my reaction to the officers who were coming. I sat down to have a word with them also, and after doing so I left.

You really can not imagine the situation in which I was and the impression which Mr. Kamal Azfar's words left on me. I was reminded of a number of Karachi leaders who went to General Rehman Gul and abused me left and right and closed their vituperations by telling him, "You are a Sindhi Nawaz and a Sindhi

Parvar, you are trying to ruin us.” It is on record how much they and the Jammat-e-Islami harassed him when he was in office and spoke lies about him.

Mumtaz Sahib, it is only Bhutto Sahib’s and your kindness, affection and regard and my desire to be useful to you and to our community that is keeping me here. I have stood this kind of venom and nonsense and suffered enough. Kindly let me go. I appeal to you. I have stood house arrest and I was nearly going you be dismissed. The Chief Secretary, the Commissioner, Hyderabad and the Martial Law Administrator Hyderabad, using a foolish young Assistant Commissioner as a tool, stooped low to conspire against me and it was General Rehman Gui who stopped them and bashed this intrigue. Sir, to serve Sindh University with honesty and integrity is no joke.

Mumtaz Sahib, I am hurt. I appeal to you to retire me. I am qualified to retire by age and by service. I can not stay here neglecting the interests of the University of Sindh and students of Sindh, I do not want to be intimidated thus. I can not stand the tricks being played with the University of Sindh. I never forget my politeness and dignity of word but I can not forget the interest of the University also. I can not sit and watch and be pleased with my salary and remain a Vice-Chancellor. I can not stand all this for the sake of this job. I had not gone to Azfer Sahib for any thing personal, and I hope in life I never will. I appeal to you in the name of Almighty God to let me go and have some body else as the Vice-Chancellor. I should like to disappear as a recluse. I attach herewith the copy of a certificate from the Accountant General Sindh for your perusal.

With Kind regards,

I am,
Your’s very sincerely,

(SAYID GHULAM MUSTAFA SHAH)

Mumtaz Ali Bhutto Sahib,
Chief Minister,
Government of Sindh,
Chief Minister’s Hours,
Karachi.

3rd December, 1973.

Janab Mumtaz Ali Bhutto Sahib,

I have already requested you for retirement and I feel I will not be able to look after the University. I should like to leave service altogether. May I request you to grant me Leave Preparatory to Retirement for which I have already given you the certificate from the Accountant General, Southern Area. May I request you, to appoint a new Vice-Chancellor and relieve me as early as possible.

Mumtaz Sahib, I should like to express my profound gratitude to you and to the Prime Minister. Your love and condescension have stood by me all these years. I shall always remember your kindness. Even after retirement if I can be of use to you, I shall be ready to serve you without a salary. I wish to spend the rest of the days vouchsafed to me by God in writing and reading.

With Kind regards,

I am,

Your's very sincerely,

(SAYID GHULAM MUSTAFA SHAH)

Janab Mumtaz Mi Bhutto Sahib,
Chief Minister,
Government of Sindh,
Chief Minister's Hours,
Karachi.