

General Zia - His Winged Death

and the Aftermath

By

Sayid Ghulam Mustafa Shah



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Sani H. Panhwar

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DEDICATION
TO MY GRAND CHILDREN
MASOOD
MOHSINA
MAHMOOD
WHO HAVE MADE MY OLD AGE
LIVABLE & LOVABLE

PREFACE

In Pakistan's chequered, pathetic and desultory history there is so much to write about, but to write on General Mohammad Zia-ul-Haq is an attempt to depict a military adventurer, an evil spirit, a diabolical mind, a fugacious charter, a callous ruler, a devil's disciple and a veritable snake.

I had the opportunity and privilege to have intimately known every man in authority, of intellect and erudition, every president, every governor-general, every Prime Minister and every provincial governor or Chief Minister in Pakistan throughout its history from Quaid-e-Azam to Ghulam Ishaq, from Liaquat Ali Khan to Benazir, and every teacher and scholar and thinker or statesman or politician of consequence. When Pakistan fell in the clutches of mean men, profligates and pederasts, with the hanging of Bhutto, idiocy in the politics of Pakistan reigned supreme. Falsehood became the qualification and criterion for preferment, public life and governance. In this atmosphere of inordinate falsehood, the thinking and the good stood stupefied by manners of men and, the bewilderment of events. If there were no fools, cowards and crooks in Pakistan there would be no dictators. Oh this unlucky and miserable nation.

One has to be a military man or a millionaire to be an absolute liar. There is no validity in, nay it is an idiocy, to believe that he can be protected by the sword and money. It is a historical falsehood of human belief and behavior nature whatever it be, destroys both swindling and force in the end. Lie protects and preserves nothing. A lie must vanish under the inexorable pressures and compulsions of nature.

We as a nation are not only obsequious, vain and vainglorious in our thinking, manners and ways, but our thinking is circumscribed or vitiated by arrogance and the boasting of the superiority and monopoly of wisdom. We hide crime with conspiracy, and in the garb of tonsorial and sartorial piety and in hauteur of sacerdotalism. We are living in the atmosphere and conditions of Europe in the middle age. We have habitually cheated ourselves and heavily paid for cheating our people long enough and cruelly enough. When will the real moon of freedom rise and shine and the sun of faith and hope really appear and give warmth of liberty and peace. In our eccentric and even lunatic society, unfortunately the victims are the partners and participants in their own undoing, misery and destitution, foolishly extolling the horrible oscillations of their own fate of fifty years with total insensitivity and unconcern and oblivion of all consequences. In the history of lies and blunders we have lost the capacity to reflect and gain the right sociological direction for our efforts, and discernment of the people and the groups who have regulated and controlled our lives. Where politics goes wrong nothing goes right.

In my whole life I have loved to call a spade a spade in writing, and by words of mouth without bothering about whom and where I had said. My reactions have always been honest, heartfelt and sincere and spontaneous, but never abusive and literally derogatory; they may be sharp for the mind only, to generate a sense of reality, profundity and horror.

I have been lucky to get away with it and survived with honor under cruel circumstances we have lived in. The sharpness of the truth has been condoned even by the callous and the infamous who ruled us. I have moved before the end of a barrel of a loaded gun, under portents of ubiquitous danger to life but never cared or felt scared. I have lived firmly in the faith that God alone is the arbiter of destiny and life, and the courage he gives is the only strength of existence and consolation of life. Courage comes with the mother's milk; it cannot be injected.

Our vanity, arrogance and rodomontade blind us to the hypocrisy of our governments. We have learnt nothing from British history except "Hypocrite Anglesse" and the tricks of the proverbial Albion. Punjab was the master of subterfuge, hypocrisy and the imperial art, craft and graft of governance.

We constantly eulogize power, and proclaim tyrants, conspirators and cut-throats as paragons of virtue. The very victims of lawlessness and bloodshed, sanctify autocracy, despotism and lying. We are victims of our own extravagance and unrealistic ambitions. Our masses are the agents of their own undoing. Mass movements have foreboded mass massacres. We are living in the world of inebriation, make belief, imagination, false reasoning and phantasmagoria, let us get out of this phenomenon, this inveterate curse, this unreality and this self-immolation. We must read the writings on the wall, face facts and accept the truth. To use a metaphor used by Byron taken from a Greek source, "We are assiduously sharpening the pinions of bayonets which are being pressed against our very breasts."

Modesty is the soul of reflection, and compromise the spirit of socio-political wisdom and governance. We have denied ourselves both. Does this trait not endanger most certainly our very existence and survival. Have we not seen to our dismay, horror and shame the consequences of unfolding events and of inevitable fate. The penitence and shame we appear to have lost long ago, what remains is the final disaster. This writing is a humble but a heartfelt and intimate and frank diagnosis and prognosis of our national malaise.

I have never bothered about or wasted my time, attention and energy to contradict, controvert or combat my critics, most of them fanatics, mercenaries, ill-mannered and undereducated, selfish purveyors of conscience, unthinking and sullied, so called moralists – the veritable wolves in sheep's clothing. My caravan of life moved

undisturbed, unruffled and unhindered; my sincerity gave me constant strength. I could retort and retaliate but avoided debate and acrimonious exchange of words with the ignorant and the uneducated. In the realm of reflection and analysis I thought it disgraceful

I have never answered and controverted with the dishonest, the unthinking and ill-intentioned. I have directly taught for twenty long years and spent another twenty in educational administration in every part of the country.

I am no moralist, and I am no preacher. I take Islam as a religion both secularistic and spiritual. I think nothing ill or evil about secularism and take no special credit for being religious. In my belief I am obliging no one, and I consider no one an authority on religion. I am an iconoclast. In our mundane life I take no one sacred and worth idolizing. Religion is something between me and my God any my Prophet (PBUH).

I have been insinuated at and accused as a Sindhi; but that is what I am. I want every Punjabi to be a Punjabi, a Pathan a Pathan, a Baloch a Baloch. Mohajirism is foolish, fake and false. They who have come to live in geographical Sindh must accept and take it in its entirety and totality. I love Pakistan and played my part in it with honor and integrity, but that does not make me less Sindhi. If only the exploitation of Pakistan by Punjab will stop, and if they will be proud of their language and culture. In meretricious, military and *mulla's* Punjab faith is a ruse and a subterfuge. It is recorded judgment of the Punjab High Court that even the dying declaration of a Punjabi cannot be trusted. Hybrid Punjab is true and honest to nothing, not even to itself.

I am grateful to God that destiny has never left me feel helpless or needy. I have always held my head high, and loudly and courageously wrote and vociferated what I have believed in. There has been nothing pinch-beck about my life, my writing and my work. God had spared me the idiocies, the sophistications and addictions characteristic and endemic in people of my class in Sindh and Pakistan. I have lived a life of integrity and simplicity and have done an honest piece of work. Intellectual honesty has been my proudest asset. I have done and said nothing for money convenience or for status. Contentment has been the spinal cord of my life. God had spared me the disgrace of succumbing to falsehood and ephemeral conditions of life. There is nothing I have done in life which others like me would only do for seductions of life, emoluments and temporal rewards. There is nothing I have done I am ashamed of; meanness, the chief trait of power and greed, I have never allowed any access in my life. I have believed that the reward for having done a thing honestly and well is to have done it. Wanton and shameless acquisitiveness are the characteristic and flagrant traits of Pakistan society. God had spared me such extravagance in life. I have avoided naming anything that I have built in my name. I have left all calculations and computerization to God. The belief in transience of life and final atonement has been my cardinal faith. I crave the mercy of God.

Every one appears armed and ready for intrigue and insurrection – the mad military, the cowardly , but arrogant and conceited bureaucracy, the coadjutors and conspirators of Muhajir Quomi Movement – a heinous and diabolical body of men and women without education, without values, without noble and abiding commitments, without thoughts for the present and hope for the future, with stinking and bleak past – the veritable sappers of Pakistan. MQM has been a secret movement, a well deliberated and systematic policy and programme progressively initiated and enunciated right from Liaquat Ali Khan, which matured and burst on to the world consciousness with the explosion of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International, pure MQM affair aided by U.S.A and Inter Services Intelligence of Pakistan and Ziaul Haq – a clandestine organization operating from general headquarters of the Pakistan army to the police lines and the secretariats of the Governments of Sindh and Pakistan.

The MQM metaphysics and ambivalence played with Punjab bureaucracy through subterfuge and guile-partners in One-Unit, killers of institutions and democracy, which did not suit them in the least. They had built banglows and palaces from destitution and robbed the populace and the land of Pakistan. They built their grand houses but never thought of Pakistan as a home-foreigners from the places from where they came and floating clouds where they came to seek refuge and to live, but still governed by the idea of escape and jumping away from Liaquat Ali Khan, Rushdi, Zia, Aslam Baig, Altaf and Abedi – Pakistan was the rendezvous of ill-intentioned, desperadoes to prosper and to thrive in the country and to run away to United States with their green cards ready and already handy.

They have cheated this poor country and its people. For Zia Sindh was a Mohajir's *jagir*. He said he was a *mohajir* by immigration, a Pathan by domicile and a Punjabi by ethnic connections. A marvelous combination for a perfect specimen of devilry by design. Mohajir Quomi Movement is a farfetched, instigated, fantastic, illogical and preposterous conception. It is an activity and ingenuity unfortunate, artificial, unnatural, unhistorical and untenable and bogus. It is an effort of irrational effervescence, a creation of one day and it is bound to vanish overnight, it will disappear under natural processes like fog or smog.

There is nothing new about MQM. It all started from the inception of Pakistan and only appeared and crystallized nearly forty years later to fish in troubled waters of bedeviled politics and democracy in Pakistan. Zia was a prodigious liar like all generals and an atrocious ill-intentioned man. All immigrants in Pakistan during last fifty years have lived in an unreal world of hypocrisy, propaganda, ambivalence, lies, press and propaganda.

Punjab has a peculiar place – demographic, geographical and military and historic. It has been a land of confused existence. In the history of the Punjab all the advancing and

retiring invaders have left behind nothing but debauched population and illegitimate offspring. Same has been the fate of *mohajirism* from 1948 to 1955. That is why strumpetocracy and illicitly and promiscuity are valid even today. There are absolutely no taboos, and disapprobation's attached to promiscuity and marriages from the notorious quarters of the oldest profession. Punjab has always been governed and trained to live by money, muscle and gunpowder. In the other provinces they have always searched for stooges and spies. In the other provinces the Punjab needed a G.M. Syed or a Pagaro or an Altaf or a Junejo or a Jatoi or a Khattak or an Abdul Qayoom, a Jam or a Mumtaz to play their part and do their bidding. The Frontier always took a stand or gave way, as it monetarily profited or lost, from it, but Sindh and Balochistan have had stooges in scores. Sindh had no leaders except Bhutto and his daughter. The rest were all mean ephemeral, evanescent purchasable, cowardly and obliging pederasts. The call of Sindh and Balochistan often times was a hollow slogan with which the people were incontinently and constantly cheated.

Bhutto was a marvelous freak in Pakistan politics; but an instance unique and par excellent in nature. His education, his family background, his training, his profound study, his bubbling energy, his sharpness of mind, perception and vision, his feudal pride and tremendous sense of history and belief in his destiny, his over confidence in his judgment and assessment of men and events, the depth of his understanding, his boldness of decision, the foolhardiness of approach, his superior intellect, eloquence and courage, made all the military men around look like midgets and minuscule's and urchins of idiocy and inferiority. All these were traits and handicaps of his education, politics and sensitivity. He generated and excluded fear in the dam fools and dullards and in the fullness of their weakness and shock of inferiority, they could only think of getting rid of him by any means fair or foul, by hook or by crook. They mutilated justice and disgraced law and procedure they sent him to gallows, but even after nearly two decades of his death, they have not been able to kill him, he remains on the memories of men and a hero of the masses, an indelible phenomenon. Punjab has a history of inferiority, subordination and subservience and they always accepted the results of power with equanimity and a *fait accompli* and with perfect fatality. It was scared of force and seduced by power and subdued by superior strength, seduction and corruption of life. They will accept everything, with willingness and callousness and insensibility of a coward, under sinews and awe. There was no Punjab before Ranjit Singh. It was gun fodder and source of espionage and an imperial agency and instrument for the British, who used it at will as mercenaries and in every other despicable way from Lawrences to Douglass Young and Francis Mudie; and when Pakistan fell in their hands like a ripened plumb by the farsightedness and sagacity of Attlee and reluctant acquiescence of Churchill and consummate geo-politics and clever performance of Mountbatten, they greedily gormandized with élan and gusto to wreak vengeance of centuries of insults, slavery, dishonor and rapacity on the rest of the country and its people.

When Bhutto was gone and more so when his daughter was dismissed all the mercenaries, sycophants, turncoats, speculators and cowards turned their tails and went scrambling and gamboling like curs for remnants of power and pilferage, for bones and marrow. Zia had left a carcass of power for cadaverous groups. What the end of some of them had been and what awaits the remnants nature will show, the history will record and the memories of men will marvel at and mock. Cowards always pay in disgrace and dishonor. The rascals and usurpers and those who are ready to stab their benefactors on payments and by intrigue are never spared by nature. Treachery is a delusive triumph. When will Armageddon be played in Pakistan. Till then it remains a nation in limbo of hopelessness, helplessness and confusion, neither dead nor alive – sulking in coma and stupor of arrogance and falsehood.

Charlie Chaplin performed a divine duty when he made traitors and dictators figures of fun and ridicule. General Zia in his manners and ways, in the final analysis was murderously funny. It is an excellent thing to poke at and make fun of world's traitors and dictators and to reduce them to nakedness and obloquy. In the life of men and nations there come moments of consciousness, when suddenly their eyes open and minds react to the phenomena of life. In case of Zia in the words of Dryden:

The enclosure narrowed; the sagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.

There was more treason in the barracks and the bungalows of Pakistan than in its villages and slums. There is a mysterious swinging of pendulum of life from hardship to comfort, from indigence to prosperity, from rise to fall, from uncertainty to hope from life to death. It is the law of God; mud must return to mud.

I have written this book for the liberation of Pakistan mind and for the stirring of its conscience. Zia is merely symptomatic of a disease of obscurantism, cussedness, religiosity and adventurism. Pakistan must get free in mind, body and soul. This book is to expose the pretences of the uniform and the songs of religiosity and clericalism in Pakistan. It is written in the serious traditions of Rousseau and Carlyle, and in sharpness of diction of Voltaire and Frank Franz. Somehow in any state, vacant or pensive, prosperous or poorly, somewhere on earth and in history man is not safe with man, the irony of the universe.

It is an irony to, call a *coup* a revolution. It is a mockery of values, words, and laws of God; a travesty of truth and justice, intellect and intelligence. We have in our follies and foolishness condoned, eulogized, rewarded, elevated, heralded, idolized, edified and raised the ruffians to glory, veritably a delusion, a lesson held aloft by nature for individuals and nations. We may live or die as a nation, there is nothing remote from the grips of God in the comic and tragic conditions of history and nature we may

demonstrate ourselves as the oddest and the most inexplicable phenomenon, if history cares to remember us as a people truly deluded and indeed betrayed.

There can be no true and real Islam till malignant *mullas* are muzzled as Ataturk did or Ubaidullah Sindhi and Jamaluddin Afghani or Amanullah Khan preached and prescribed. The very nobility and virtues of our faith are scandalized by fanatical eggheads of *mullaism*. *Musllaism* and militarism thrive on ignorance, on the gullibility and the innocence of the masses and on the pelf and power of plutocracy and the hypocrisy of the generals and journalists of our land. All plutocratic Trusts and Foundations are sources and means of corruption and all the so called philanthropic and altruistic work done in them is an eye wash. *Mullaism*, militarism, bureaucracy and feudalism are intellectually and morally depraved and perverted. They are cults of Sophism, Epicureanism, Philistinism, Pharisaism prudery, corruption and treachery the upholders of every persecution, this is history. Liberty and faith can only be safe by the elimination of the diabolical triangle of this veritable devilry. Liberty is sacred, and thought is a gift of God, and they both stand incarnadined by the bloody tongues and dripping bayonets of the cult of the uniform. Ambivalence is the greatest curse of Muslim society. *Mullas*, military men and feudal classes are a grand combination of contradictions, moral, physical and intellectual. Perversion and hypocrisy are writ large on their faces and deeds.

In the west religion is no longer the opiate of the masses. Ideologies are crumbling, communism as a religion is beset with endemic troubles and is bursting from its bowels and tearing apart from its seams; but the Muslims in general and we in particular are still victims of our delusions. It appears even heavens have forsaken us as lost. The dream of Pakistan of the poor and the masses disappeared on the next day of its inception; it became "a dream of the past." We were stuck to chauvinistic and mulish ideas of existence.

They all say they fight and kill for the good, the beautiful, for the nation, the children, for humanity, for civilization and religion – liars all. They are literally killing and robbing for the hard-hearted, the perverted and the corrupt. When one comes to think of it, they weep and lament with lachrymose eyes and canting tongues in this vulgarized, insensitized and demoralized society of Pakistan thoroughly in the grips of numskulls of *mullas* and headless men in uniform. Nothing valuable can be done and achieved in such abject conditions to benefit society and to honor the institutions, mercy of God. How degenerate and pathetic has been the lot of "the land of the pure," an irony of history, a tragedy of stars, a curse of devilry and anathema of God.

A large generality of generals in Pakistan history have shown that they are a tribe of traders, jobseekers and land-grabbers. There are not a few instances in history when murderers and depredators have sung Marseillaise. Zia's government was immoral, the man's face and eyes were evil, his decisions worse. His government was not only a

decay of the mind but a disease of the heart for the nation. No community in the world saw worse, no revolt, no groan, no cry was possible in the dead heart of Pakistan. There is no gratitude in politics in general, but military politics is a deadly national poison. Stupidity, as H. G. Wells said, is a characteristic of military mind, and result of the lack of education, social responsibility and conscience. General Zia was a desperado and a bandit like so many soldiers of fortune in history, and perhaps in the present in South East Asia, the toys and collapsible creation of America in the Muslim world, Africa and South-East Asia. These nations have always feared the American unpredictable moves and maneuvers and their influence, especially in the former colonial nations. In the colonial wars of the early twentieth century America came out clean and with integrity, but after the World War II, it appeared flagrantly much dirtier than any other imperial nation. In American international diplomacy one is surprised how unopportunately the unexpected can happen. General Zia's life and demise are a supreme instance of this phenomenon.

I should like to relate some relevant incidents of this period, General Abbasi, the Governor of Sindh, sent his Education Minister Syed Ghous Ali Shah, an old students of mine asking me to help the government in the reformation of the students of Sindh, who the government thought were getting communistic, atheistic and anarchistic. They thought I was a good practicing Muslim and I could help them by my writings and lectures to bring them on the path of belief, ethics and rectitude. I was told that this was also the desire of President, General Zia. I was told that the government has got used to my iconoclastic and nonconformist articles and writings in Sindh Quarterly that they would like me to help them in reforming the recalcitrant and truant Sindhi Youth with my moral influence on them through my long service of nearly half a century in the field of education, literature and social service. I smiled at what Ghous Ali Shah said. I knew how genuine Ghous Ali Shah was and I knew that he was trying sincerely to be helpful and useful to his masters. I had an impression that there was a concealed element of seduction for me in what he said, but he could not openly and courageously articulate. I told Ghous Ali Shah that first of all I do not trust either the president or the governor and I do not think I can be of much help. I am a recluse and have given myself entirely to reading and writing and to my modest agricultural and village interests, I had already decided from 1974 to keep away from educational institutions and student activities and gatherings. My work now is purely social and educational. But there is something I should like to tell them to be cautious about. I know the youth of the whole country and in all the provinces intimately, as Director of Education, as Vice-Chancellor of a university and then as the National Commissioner of Pakistan Scout Association for ten long years. I would request the generals not to make any invidious distinctions among the youth of different parts of Pakistan. What they see in the Sindhi youth is true of the youth of the Punjab, the Frontier and Balochistan. They are in grips of unemployment, frustration and hopelessness. They are not to be entirely blamed. We must all share some burden too. Please do not divide and do not indoctrinate and seduce youth with your military and obtuse thinking and solutions. I have nothing to

ask for, but I would like to request them to spare contamination of the youth of Pakistan with all kinds of ideas which would only make them more recalcitrant pugnacious and an embarrassment for government.

A couple of years later after the 1983-84 movement for the Restoration of Democracy in Pakistan I returned from abroad in the end of 1984 after nearly six months stay away and I had heard a great deal and read so much about the movement which for all intents and purposes was confined to Sindh and a little in Balochistan and in the Frontier. The Punjab remained passive and inactive. In Sindh the Mohajirs stood aloof. Raja Zafarul Haq came to Sukkur to thank Muhajirs for helping the government and saving it from collapse. In this movement more than fifty railway stations were immobilized and closed. Train traffic at night was considerably curtailed. The internal communication system in Sindh and on interprovincial roads had become hazardous. Convoys were organized under military guard from Jamshoro to the borders of the Punjab. on both the National and Indus Highways on both sides of Indus river. All the Sindh leadership was in jail. The youth had become restive. For the first time a miracle had taken place and the notorious cowardly *wadera* of Sindh was defiant and courting arrest. Accounts of tremendous and innumerable stories of courage and heroism were on every lip in Sindh-in the youth, in the middle aged and in the old Sindh was in utter effervescence. Cries were heard, tears were flowing and blood was shed. Villages were burnt by live bombs dropped from gunships and helicopters. Men and youth were dragged from their houses to the roads and were shot point blank among hundreds of women wailing all around. The innocent illiterate rustic people were made to stand in line and were asked to speak in Urdu, Punjabi and Pushto, when they could hardly reply properly in their own Sindhi. In this mess of course a number of soldiers were killed and their bodies were thrown in to the canals and in the Indus river. Dead bodies of soldiers appeared on the platforms of the cantonment railway stations in the Punjab and the Frontier. There was scarcity of oil and petroleum in the north where rationing was contemplated. The road-traffic charges and passenger fares had doubled and tripled. Goods were stock-piling in the harbors and ports – both sea and air. Bitterness was written on the whole life on the earth and in the firmament. Morality, life and confidence and security had lost their meaning in the corridors of government. Fear was written on every face. What was this miracle that had jolted Sindh, and all its classes to this hatred and frenzy. What is it that somnolent, lethargic and dead Sindh had violently stirred, agitated, fought, defied and incendiary. The whole atmosphere was charged with hatred, suspicion and violence. Ominous and portentous despondency, suspicion and frustration had taken over.

There among the strong haughtiness and anger,
And here among the weak an impotent rage.

I got thousands of letters, telephone calls and personal demands to go to the badly affected areas, meet the people and the victims in the villages, and console them and

help them morally and financially. We organized a group who had nothing to do with politics: Mohammad Ibrahim Joyo, Sayed Qamar Zaman Shah, Moulana Azizullah Bohio, Mukhdoom Rafique Zaman, Shah Mohammad Shah, Hassanul Azmi. We started our journey from Hyderabad on to Hala, Sukrand, Lakha, Sonahri, Naushero, Mithiani, New Jatoi, Dadu, Sehwan, Mehar, Nasirabad, Larkana, Naudero, Shikarpur, Sukkur, Jacobabad, Kandhkot, Kashmore, Ubavro, Ghotki, Rohri, Khairpur, Gambat, Nara, Kandiaro, Halani, Bhiria and back to Hyderabad. It took us two weeks to see the affected areas and villages and the desolation and destruction all around. We saw wailing women and crying children. There was terror all around. Cattle were forcibly taken away and slaughtered and gormandized. People were beaten and robbed. Shops were looted and goods taken away at the points of guns and bayonets. The Hurs in the aftermath, showed their own criminal proclivities in flagrant abandon.

It was after this tour when I reached Karachi, with harrowing sights and tales of tears, that one fine morning at my house, I got a dear visitor in Rahim Bux Soomro. I had always liked him and loved him for his own sake, and for the love of his father for me when I was in my early youth. I had received love, affection and condescension from Allah Bux Soomro, a brave man of Sindh who was assassinated.

Rahim Bux Soomro asked me most insistently and persistently to join him for lunch at his house in Muslimabad. He would not tell me who were to be present. He was so good and persistent that I could not refuse, but certainly I was intrigued and amused. On reaching Rahim Bux's house I found about ten guests present. Except Syed Zafar Ali Shah, Illahi Bux Soomro who was then the Minister of government, and Rahim Bux's son I knew nobody else. I sat down in a corner quietly and said a few words to those I knew. I sat blank and felt thoroughly amused.

After a few minutes a short plumpy and more than middle age man introduced himself to me as Masroor Hasan the Director of Intelligence Bureau of the Government of Pakistan, and there were two other men with him I never asked who the other two were. One of them later in 1988, I knew as Laghari who was now the Director, but then Masroor Hasan's Deputy. There were other two men one a fine gentleman, an industrialist from Punjab and the other I was told Seth Abid. I had heard about him but never met him before. There was a third man present who I did not know nor did I ask. I did not talk to any of these three.

Masroor Hasan began by telling me that he was grateful to me for being there. He had been ordered by General Zia, the President who had left for Turkey, to see me and talk to me. He said the President will be back from Turkey after a couple of days and had asked him to discuss the socio-political conditions in Sindh with me, get my views about the problems of Sindh and my suggestions for any solution. I had nothing to say and nothing to advise. I was surprised at all this. I told Masroor Hasan I was nobody and really I had nothing to say and had nothing to advise. I had no solution of my own

problems and remedies of my own difficulties, how could I advise the President. Except for Soomros and Zafar Ali Shah I know no one in the gathering here. I have never seen anyone in this gathering before including you and perhaps your two companions. Please forget all this. I am not a professional advisor or a busy body or a *Khudai Faujdar* or a *Thekedar* of Sindh and Pakistan. I am a poor retired teacher and I want to stay as such.

With all my protestations and refusal Masroor Hasan was persistent in trying to know my views, After some general and very fraternal and congenial talking, I told him what I had seen in places where the MRD Movement had spread. I told him I had a meeting with Roedad Khan, Secretary Interior also. I told him of the places we had been to. I specially told him about the foolishness of asking poor, illiterate and innocent people to reply in Urdu, Punjabi or Pushto. When we had candidly talked and exchanged views at some length the good industrialist interjected and said to Masroor Hasan. "From whatever I have silently heard, I am convinced that the only dignified solution is that the general should really repent, draw his moustache a little low, and apologize to the nation and say that he had committed a mistake and he was going to call for elections for the nation to take its own decisions and have what it wanted." I and Masroor Hasan just smiled at the sincere but innocent suggestion. The gentleman did not realize that the matters had gone too far, for that simplistic solution.

Our talks continued but finally I told Masroor Hasan the story about something that had taken place in London in early thirties. I told him that Gokhley of the Servants of India Society had gone to England and he was invited to address a joint meeting of the two houses of the British Parliament. He argued and spoke to them for more than an hour and a half and ended his address with these words "Mr. Speaker, Gentlemen and Ladies of House of Commons and House of Lords, what we want and what we are agitating for in India, is the change of heart and change in the system of government that prevails in India. Without that change nothing can mend matters. Every other solution and step would only engender distrust, agony and tension and bad blood. My lords and gentlemen of the commons, in India we are living and functioning in a system in which the noblest and the tallest of us has to bow down before the exigencies of the situation. The system of government and the manner of handling the affairs in India is just rotten, unacceptable and unrealistic. It must change. It will endanger the very fabric of Indian society. This is the only solution if you want to keep India with you."

Having related this story to Masroor Hasan and to all those present I told him, "No patching and plugging please. Think of all this and convey my regards to the President." Masroor Hasan smiled and gave a big sigh, and said Shah Sahib "I entirely agree with you, I will tell everything to the President, but I can say that what you want they will not accept much less follow and do." I told him that in that case let us get up and go for lunch. What happened in this country and to its people after that, is known to all of us. Foolishness, lunacy and military rule are one and the same thing.

In February 1983 I was summoned to meet the General in Islamabad. I was thoroughly intrigued at the invitation. On coming to my place of residence in Rawalpindi I was informed that the time given to see him was at 12.30 midnight. This only added to my mystification. I drove to the house of the Chief of the Army Staff and I was received by the ADC to the General and taken in, where he was sitting, and to my horror and surprise I found A.K. Brohi and Qazi Fazlullah already present. I wondered why I was there with these two men. I pitied both. Brohi I had known since 1937 when I was a student in Sindh Madressah, Kazi Fazlullah I had respected, and valued for his fine political past but now reduced to imbecility and political mendicancy.

Immediately on sitting down and after exchange of brief formal pleasantries, I at once said to the General "President Saheb I am grateful to you for asking to see you but let me tell you at the very start that I am not here to accept or request you for a job or a post. I do not know what I am worth in these circumstances." This observation made my two friends look in horror and surprise. Brohi had a long face and thoroughly drawn, Kazi Fazlullah who was sitting hunched into the sofa could hardly hear, hardly see and hardly walk, but on my loud observation looked dazed. The general was at once silent and grim, and after some moment again said, "I was discussing the other day with the Governor of Sindh the Idea of constituting a committee of Vice-Chancellors of Universities in Sindh and to appoint you as the Chairman of that Committee. I controlled my laughter and very discreetly stopped my guffaws. I ignored his casual remark. Kazi Fazlullah and Brohi wanted to say something and anticipating this, I asked Brohi about his brother who was my class-fellow in Sindh Madressah and I enquired from Kazi Fazlullah about his adopted son who lived next to my house in Karachi. The general then began talking about students in general and scouting in particular of which a few years ago I was the National Commissioner for nearly 10 years till the 15th July 1978.

This idle and Useless talk went on till about 1.30 a.m. and I sought the president's permission to go. He got up and shook hands and took me to the door at the entrance of the drawing room, and then I was taken by one of his ADCs to my car. One of ADCs a few years later told me that the general was very polite and solicitous on receiving or seeing the guest off with all the show of mannerism and ostensible courtesy, but had the queer, obnoxious and uncanny habit to curse, abuse, swear, mimic and anathematize and even ridicule people he had seen off, in chaste Punjabi, which is so eloquent in such kind of terminology. The general was a perfect personification of prudery. I wondered in my heart what compliments he must have paid to me and how kindly he had taken my very first observation to him. At a gathering in Multan he loudly said "Next to Benazir, Ghulam Mustafa Shah was the most dangerous man in Sindh because every educated man in Sindh respected him and followed him." This was soon after we had held the Sindhi Adabi Conference in November 1981 over which Mahmood Haroon (our patron and then Minister of Interior) presided and we had held

the Sindhi Women's Conference in April 1982 in which more than 4000 women had collected in Shah Abdul Lateef Gulistan School Karachi. That gathering in November 1981 was the first biggest Conference of its kind since the declaration of Martial Law and assassination of Bhutto in which more than 15000 students, scholars and teachers, men and women, from all over Sindh from Kashmore to Shah Bandar had collected.

After Quaid-e-Azam's death there was nothing but weakness, imbecility and desolation – the governments corrupt, ministers lethargic, lifeless, irresolute and unthinking, they truly symbolized the decaying and crumbling country. The country had been deteriorating fast at an unthinkable speed. The people of any nation do not care who their rulers are? If there be peace order and justice, if they can laugh and live in their simple ways unhindered and undisturbed; if peace and order are disturbed they blame the rulers. It is our misfortune to have reached this stage of governance. Today the peasant prayer is "Oh God provide pestilence to these plundering ministers and functionaries of state, let them be destroyed by poison and stinging insects and venomous vipers of the earth. Oh God give us peace we have had enough of tears and blood."

It is surprising how much and how many readers have a serious look at or give a serious thought to the preface or the introduction of any writing. Preface or Introduction carries the hopes, the expectations and the mind of the writer and the author, and intrinsic meaning of his writing and presentation.

A preface or an introduction might be a call, an appeal, an excuse, a mere dull presage of a writing or an epitaph, an exposition of the whole content and purpose of writing of a book or the hope of change or an analysis of a dilemma. Preface is the visage and personality of the author himself, the subject and the object of his writing, criterion of his knowledge, expanses and depth of his reading, writing and thinking, a mission of his mind and originality of his presentation and the nature of his art, it must be candidly read.

To live at seventy-seven is not to be afraid; but even otherwise fear had no place in my life, in my endeavors, decisions and writings. Fear and propaganda are the bane of all writing. One cannot live under excuses, explanations, props and swaps and still be honest and convince. Except God I feared no one. Fear stood banished from my thoughts and heart. When truth guides, directs and impels the heart speaks with sincerity and spontaneity. They are the essence of valued writing. The mind can be delusive, evasive and deceptive, but the heart remains steadfast and true. It is only an honest heart which can carry an honest conscience.

I present this writing to my compatriots and to the world of general readers with candor and humility, truth and humility must always go together, lies come out of pride, ignorance and arrogance.

Let the scourge of dictatorship and fanaticism stand banished from Pakistan forever.

SAYID GHULAM MUSTAFA SHAH
KARACHI, FIRST JANUARY, 1994

GEN. ZIA
AND HIS
WINGED DEATH

I

On the 17th of August 1988, I was in a far off place, in a country villa, twenty miles from a beautiful small industrial town called Lohya, which itself was about 60 miles from Helsinki in Finland, when a good neighbor came to tell us, that in Pakistan a plane accident had taken place in which "General President and some thirty odd mad caps of Pakistan army and an American intelligence trained Ambassador had been killed." It was unbelievable, but confirming it to be true, I was rather sad but relieved too. It was a marvelous instance of the mysterious working of the wrath of God, and His nature and methods of punishment of sins of brutish authority. I was amused too at the uncanny and exorbitant and inexorable functioning of nature. General Zia always gave the impression that he had secured a Bull for longevity and invincibility from some Mashaikhs whom he had incessantly invited and cajoled, for nothing special and nothing important, and constantly fed them and paid them in his most extravagant court and at the Islamabad Hotel. Those who come to power by dubious ways, specially by force, have a strong faith and tendency for the extravagance of the table and take to pleasure as a favorite pastime and privilege of their personality and prerogative of their authority. He had resolved, it appeared, to punish and badger Pakistan for a hundred years. I was sad because the poor country with such chequered history and miserable years of uncertainty, dishonor and disgrace to its credit and dismal future, was again ejected and propelled in a political and social trajectory, and catapulted to spin and roll in space of aimlessness, misery, confusion and obfuscation. What a misfortune for a country, a novel creation, which began with so much hope and so much noise and aplomb, was again buffeted thus by fate to unknown and unpredictable future.

I waited to read some English newspapers and journals from England and Europe, which could give me more concrete information on the good riddance of one more foolish dictator of the world and for the relief of Pakistan; a novel instance and phenomenon of how generals who crept out from their base, foul and squalid interstices and crevices and sat on the thrones with the sword, the lash and the rifle had held the countries by their throats, with no idea and intention to leave this world with honor. They must wait for the nemesis a Mirza, an Ayub, a Yahya and a Zia would Pakistan

have another obscure subaltern, a sergeant major or a deputy secretary raised to the dignity of the presidency.

I had thoroughly looked around with a certain amount of assiduity, as a matter of intensive research, at all the English newspapers and journals of Europe, England and America, but I did not read a single kindly word for the dead dictator. They were all candid, cruel and forthright in their descriptions, comments and predictions, in their photographs and cartoons. They had hardly a word of sympathy and compliment for us as a nation, not a word of commiseration for the dead, and not a word about our capacity and strength to meet this great and sudden challenge, but welcome tragedy. For forty years we had neither merited nor deserved compliments for our national acquiescence in repeated wrongs against our nation. Our incapacity to stabilize was emphasized, and no one gave a serious thought to what the future will bring to the country. The general was described in most unkindly and offensive language, and we were dismissed as a nation of no consequence with all our hyperbolic self-appraisal and braggarting. The only words of consolation, as if by way of posthumous obituary or epitaph, came from Brzezinski, the retired special security advisor of President Carter in the *London Times*, a pathetic assessment and appraisal, a ridiculous writing in itself which could convince no one, and only advanced and added fuel to the fire of tragedy and hatred. Perhaps these adverse and offensive comments were the result not only of our history but of our impotent and foolish responses to dictatorial changes about which we were so callous and oblivious and unconcerned. We appeared to be a nation which did not care what happened to it. Our history was far more laughable, derisive, delirious and damnable, and no one in the world appeared to care or expect a popular and democratic change. Events of forty years had taught us nothing. This world's public opinion and the press condoned and concealed nothing. After the death of the despicable military dictator, and giving the devil all his dues and, hues, having written what fools and tools we had been made by the global powers and what advantage he had taken to gather, both money and ignominy, he was called a killer, a murderer; and baser compliments could never be paid to him. They brought out the whole traditional history of the army and of the Punjab for review before the international eyes.

Questions were asked and doubts were expressed about of our future. Were we a senseless . nation dishonest to our own selves! Have we the capacity to comprehend our historical processes and tragedies, even after forty years of independence? Is not our army still a mercenary force? Is it a private, state-paid personal force of the Army Chief of Staff? Is it a force sworn to the Constitution and the people of the country? Is it a force which takes orders from the legal government? Does it not work under the whimsical command of its Chief of Staff and his Junta? Is the Chief of Staff essentially a conspirator against the state? Is it a tradition we are incapable of facing and rectifying. Our Pakistan Army and armed forces disobey the government and follow traitors in uniform and follow the military leader who is the employee of the state.

They speculated, was General Zia caught in the cobwebs of his own philosophy and ratiocination. He oscillated between religion and secularism, talked of Islam but kept the carnal interests of the military in mind, and psychologically in his conclusions and decisions he was serving no one, neither Pakistan nor the military; he was interested in keeping himself in the saddled. A military mind is incapable of understanding socio-political phenomena and is always impatient to apply its own nostrums and talismans for quick and mesmeric solutions. General Zia was caught in three dimensional vortex of Pakistan's history of forty years and his personal expectations and success. He had before him the tricks of Liaquat Ali Khan and the panaceas, mistakes and gimmicks of Ghulam Mohammad, Sikandar Mirza, Ayub and Yahya. They were toppled down by their Chiefs of Army Staff. He had his own experience of ascending on the military ladder and vertiginous professional life at Amman, Attock, Multan and Islamabad. He had extra-professional and extracurricular indoctrination and perception of Politics. He had the additional taste and experience of political evanescence.

All the Martial Laws had not only robbed the country of political status and dignity, but had generated a breed of politicians who were nothing but a disgrace to the state without honor, without comprehension and without vision. Martial Laws had abundantly and profusely produced Politicians who were imposters, fifiers and clowns and buffoons.

All national armed forces are on oath for discipline, obedience and the security of the state. What a part Pakistan's armed forces had played in their entire history? Perhaps poor soldiers and men did not know the difference between obedience to the officers and allegiance to the state; perhaps poor soldiers and men did not know the nature of state and the relationship between the armed forces and their working under the generals as the servants of the state.

All national armed forces are sworn to stability and sacredness of allegiance to the state, but what renegades the generals, the air Marshals and the Admirals of Pakistan proved. For them the oath, the Quran and God, had no meaning. Perjury was writ large on the armed forces heads. It appeared another oath of allegiance, more secret and compelling than that to Pakistan, had made them tear up all sacred papers and documents with impunity. This secret oath of allegiance appeared to have been stronger than the oath to the state, if not they would not have been manhandling, mauling and massacring its people and sapping the country's foundations and ravaging its international honor and status. This lunacy had disgraced the poor people of Pakistan in particular and Islam in general; what believers we were, and how had we behaved.

This was not an edifying phenomenon or a praise of both the people and the armed forces. Is our army still sticking to old accusation of being the gun fodder in the disputes and wars of others, cowardly to arrest our own people, occupy our own country and kill our own masses. Had the words "The people" and "the citizenship" any

meaning for us. Even after fifty years of so-called freedom we were so unconcerned to what happened to us and to our leaders at the hands of our armed forces. Had the universal saying, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" any meaning for us. Had institutional strength no meaning for US? Did we know the meaning of the words nations and constitutions. Did we believe in popular representation and popular will? Were we serious about our fate and prepared to learn and to set our armed forces on the right track, and take them to task for deviation from their ideas and legitimate jurisdiction. Were we totally incorrigible in our lethargy and fatalism and thoroughly impervious to what happened to us and the country.

They traced our history from the middle of the nineteenth century when the Punjab was conquered by the British from the Sikhs. We served Ranjit Singh slavishly and killed Shah Ismail and Shah Abdullah in cold blood. We served the British in 1857, and saved them from disaster and we continued to serve them till 1947. The photographs of Roosevelt and Churchill appeared with Sir Sikandar Hayat in the middle in Cairo in the Second Great War. Zia's death brought all the shameful aspects, incidents, episodes and historical performance Out in the open before the universal reading public. The whole nature and character of our armed forces was analyzed and brought out in full and in naked form and in no ambiguous terms. The institution of gangsterism was exposed and depicted, dissected and disemboweled and put on international public exhibition we were made bare before the world public a laughable stock.

Oh; but Bhutto! He was revived with the death of the dictator. He was back on the world stage. He was back with his ideological strength. To kill him again was impossible. His martyrdom was proved. Martyrs never did. History had declared there are no heroes where there are no martyrs. He was now stronger in his death than all the armies of the world. Questions were asked. Was he really hanged or died before the formalities of the gallows? Was he strangulated and killed prior to his head being put in the noose? Who would tell the truth. The guard, the jailor or the hangman? Will this nation ever know anything basic and intrinsic about itself? Was our memory being deliberately destroyed by keeping all the aspects of state functioning under cover and. confined to classified documents, where time and dust will pulverize them to a mass of rubbish? Were our armed forces and their collaborators cheating us and duping us into silence and complacency? Was. this nation ever to be permitted to know itself?

The greatness of a nation lies in its own self-analysis and self-understanding by its intellectuals, thinkers and the press. Will there ever be a Lecky, a Bryce, a Seeley, a Trevelyan, a Lovell, a Montesquieu or a Laski in Pakistan. It was Laski, who as the Chairman of the Labour party, won the 1945 United Kingdom elections for the labour party and gave Great Britain the 1945 Education Act long before the world war was over. It was he who persuaded Attlee and rationalized for Britain to quit India and hurriedly so. Will Pakistan be allowed to produce men of stature and scholarship who

only thrived on open truth? Intellectual bankruptcy and haughtiness were writ large on the leadership of Pakistan except for Bhutto and his daughter.

But in Pakistan right from August 1947 every information which would help the country for self-realization was put out of bounds and out of view, locked behind the iron gates, iron bars and under the supervision of bayonets. Pakistan was served doses, of ludicrous songs and religious intoxication to keep it in slumber and in stupor. The people of Pakistan must forget themselves, they must be fed and led on fibs and phantasies even when alive they must live in the darkness of the grave. How much have we been allowed to see, to know, and to understand Pakistan. How much have we tried to know the genesis of our ills and misfortunes.

Zia's death had brought the whole scope, panorama and the spectrum of our existence poignantly pointed by the world press. They wondered at the amorphous and mythological character of the nation. They were surprised at its existence without memory and without the spirit of resistance to wrong. What people these? Have they any right to live without the spirit of sacrifice for its existence and normality. The world was reminded of history of Pakistan its events, episodes, personalities and processes. Had we forgotten our socio-political stresses and strength. We were made naked to our very bones.

The death and the manner of dying of the devil of a general had done it, predictions, speculations and ridicule were all over the world. They speculated whether the matters will improve after this catastrophic death or had we fallen lower still; They speculated on the rationale of our existence. Would we even or were we at all capable of regaining our balance and poise. The mills of God were working and muffled drums were beating. Where were we to be tossed the nature alone could tell, because reason had no scope, field and possibility to operate in the miasmatic atmosphere of Pakistan's socio-political life. Generals will rule Punjab and Punjab will rule Pakistan. The country danced to the tune of the band master and the ring master and will continue to do as a matter of habit and training. Even the generals and the men in the army called him a Bandmaster. Is that the fate reserved for us. Praise be to God alone.

For more than a month, after, the incident of the plane, as a Pakistani, I moved about in Europe, in shame, humiliation and horror. Our whole reeking past was raked up for fun, entertainment and obloquy, by all kinds of media of information and publicity, audio, visual and in print everything in blazing color and horrendous reality. Programmes were put up to ridicule, lampoon and defame the nation for the sins of its soldiers. There was a mortifying, brazen and hated noise and publicity all around. One's eyes, brain and ears pained and the mind was monstrously blasted and bombarded with facts and stories and repeated *ad nauseum* and to the limits of lunacy. What sort of a country were we? Our innocent common masses and the country were attributed

unthinkable characteristics and processes and exposed to undeserved weaknesses for the faults and foolishness of our generals.

Let me aver at the every start that this writing is truly a tale of an agony, is a narration of merciless misfortunes, mutilations and mayhem of this beautiful country. Who shall we blame men or nature, certainly men. Nature gave up this country for lost, because we had no confidence to handle it with love, devotion, care and hard work and vigilance.

How long we are going to use military arguments, military solutions and military methods to attend to and to mend our multifarious problems. Have we not seen that every military operation meant for our constitutional advance and ethical amelioration had only complicated and increased our misery and retarded our progress, multiplied our problems and made their solution more difficult and remote. How do we expect numskulls to find human and national solutions. "Humanity, pity and generosity and vision are not the methods and attributes of the generals," said Tolstoy.

How long are we going to keep up the idolization of the armed forces and give them the impression and expression of involuntary and mercenary panegyrics and praise? What services have they really rendered to us? Why have we such a standing white elephant getting stronger every day, and gnawing, eating and fattening at the expense and deprivation of the poor masses of the country? What are we going to conquer or colonies! We are merely increasing our dependence on foreign military assistance. When are we going to stop producing Attilas, Halagus, Temerlanes, Alauddins and Abdalis. What does our history teach us? Have the recent events in Europe, America, Middle East and Russia taught us anything. The standing armies, from rascal Alexander to mad Saddam and totalitarian Russia, what have they brought but havoc of ambition leaving behind blood, tears and death to the nations. Is mere killing the purpose of life? Our killing is confined within our own borders. Was it what we bargained for and wanted to perpetuate and pride in when we started our life as an independent nation!

Russia is collapsing under the weight of its own boots. What kinds of Ghazis and Shaheeds had we produced. The only two *Shaheeds* we have had are Quaid-e-Azam's Pakistan and Bhutto, what an edifying phenomenon. General Zia on the invasion of Iran by Iraq had said Iraqi army is going to overrun Iran in no time. Did it happen? Could it happen? Saddam had no intention of doing such a foolish thing; he was merely wanting to prepare for bigger destruction and punishment of Iraq and its people, and that is all he had achieved.

It is rather madness to talk of Ghazidom in a world of hunger, famines and suppressed populations. Our military philosophy and operations and ideas are more of treason and of *decoits* than of men of peace and progress. Is Pakistan not sufficiently infested with *decoits* of every kind enough? All our soldiers and commanders are *decoits*, all the

millionaires are smugglers and thieves. We have merely to look at the military men and the millionaires and we find the wrath of God clearly chiseled on their bodies, faces and souls "Ludicrous" was the word Johnson used for their faces and visages.

A more hated man and general Pakistan had never had for its ruler, and with such curs around in his office as his co-adjustors, the cowardest that had collected to rule us, as if forever. The plane supposed to be the safest and the most reliable to fly among all the machines which moved in the air, came down in that infernal and providential plunge and thuziderous blast. Nature takes its revenge in a million and one ways when it is flouted and challenged with impunity. The Grip and Anger of God are strong indeed! It was supreme instance of the inexorable laws of God. To hell went the conspirators of more than a decade, lock, stock and barrel; but still some ominous remnants remained.

I was to stay in the country two weeks more and tried, by every means to read and see what the world thought of us, and read the comments from the world all over. Zia had died a death of universal condemnation. His early life was not only not known, but unknowable. Men of such obscure origins uprooted from the soil and cut off from their moorings are always pathological cases of one sort or the other. The lurking sense of deprivation and lack of information of the early life and original environment, the lack of pride of confidence and of the strength that comes out of. that knowledge of lineage, that should give real honor, pride, strength and stay in life to talk about with elation and exultation, became a handicap, a depression of bitterness and purposelessness of existence, and this handicap and desolation loosened the chains and the binding forces of sociological compulsions and social approbation and disapprobation and sense of personal and social responsibility. Such men have no compunctions about what they say and do, and what the social consequences. of their actions and behavior would be. Such men are uncommitted to. values and nothing but vagabonds, and they acknowledged no moral, social and national obligations; and thus they are not only deranged but cruel and oppressive, the idea being after me the deluge. What will happen had no effect on their minds and decisions. This lack of consciousness and lack of memory can be a diabolical factor on the behavior and mental equilibrium of any man. They never bothered about what was said. About such men Alexander Pope wrote;

For when success and ambition toils attend,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his end.

The existence and functioning of Pakistan itself has been a matter of universal debate by the experts and the lay all the world over. It was another tragic phenomenon that from its very inception Pakistan was exposed and subjected to both physical and ideological experimentation and absurd geographical operations. it was either on a surgeon's dissection table, or on the Bed of Procreates.

I had seen the man closely. I had wondered at his personality and stature, mental and physical. I had seen the squint in his eyes and marked his words and gestures with doubt and suspicion, and feared for the future of the poor nation. He was an ornery, aberration of nature and curse of God. Carlyle had said in relation to Napoleon that men short in stature and those with physical defects, specially with squint in their eyes, were dangerous to themselves and others and should never be trusted. They were more or less vampires and they should ever be dreaded. They were always mischievous and foreboded disaster when in power and authority. Pakistan had dictator generals before, but he was the most despicable instance of that tribe of bombastic hoodlums. Army is a queer institution. There is no innocence, goodwill and hope in the intentions and actions of the men in uniform. They are the least to be trusted. When they pontificate they lie. With them any idea of integrity becomes a falsehood. When a man in uniform lectures and becomes rumbustious, he always talks through his hat. Talking generals are always ominous intellectual perverts. Chesterton had said, "I would hate to see a man in uniform make a speech, more so, if it is a good speech." Sir Walter Scott had said, "However disciplined and valiant a soldier he should never be trusted." H G Wells had said, "A professional military mind is by necessity an inferior and unimaginative mind; and no man with talents will willingly imprison his gifts in such a calling." Bertrand Russell had said, "All generals are narcissistic and they have no sense of history." Bernard Shaw said, "Soldiering is the art of the coward of hitting mercilessly when strong and getting out of the harm's way when weak." Tolstoy had said. "The greatest generals I have met were all stupid and absentminded men." Napoleon had said, "The more vicious the man the better the soldier." He again said, "I had picked up my marshals from the mud and the gutter." Lippmann had said, "When Clemenceau said "War was too serious a business to be left to the generals, then I must say, that peace is too delicate a business to be left to the generals." Johnson had said, "Soldiers and priests have been the corruptors of the earth." The prophet of God had said, "War and soldiering are matters of cheating and deceit." Roguery is an essential part of soldiery. It is ridiculous to see a man in uniform compose a sonnet. In history army dictatorship, autocracy and strumpetocracy had always gone hand in hand.

Pakistan army is conditioned by the cult of the uniform. The cult of the uniform is the most diabolical and devilish sociological phenomenon. It is not only false and fake but a bane of human nature and human peace. The cult of the uniform is as horrendous as witchcraft and hydrophobia or guru worship and idol worship. Pakistan army with its cult of the uniform which includes the retired officers and men with their colonies, reservations, exemptions, privileges, business and commercial and industrial interests, literally constituted a nation within Pakistan. The haves of the uniform, new and old are there, to rob and govern the millions of have-nots of Pakistan.

In Pakistan we have learnt to our dismay, sorrow, pain and horror that the armed forces have become a murderous octopus, multidimensional, thoroughly entrenched and pampered, and are an institution beyond their worth and utility, and even in their

strength and existence, both in reality and in the abstract. They have opened and spread their tentacles in every field and aspect of national life. We would read and heed the warning given by Eisenhower to exercise vigilance, he had expected from the people of the United States in his last address as the President, on the ill effects, consequences and character of the military-bureaucratic-industrial complex that had burgeoned after the end of the world war in the United States and in Europe. What an irony of fate that while the whole world wanted, wrote and talked of peace, we talked of war and eulogized soldiery. What a hoax, farce and delusion our fights and campaign have been. Instead of being ashamed, we braggart and boast by playing fanfare on our failures and defeats. My friend Maloim Muggeridge said to me in late fifties in Karachi, What sorts of people are you? The whole world talks of peace and you have a popular daily paper called "WAR" (*Jang*).

The complexity of the modern wars and the economic and industrial activity and opportunity they offered for irregularities, illegalities and cheating and graft made the people in the United States and the politicians of the country, to be on their watch against misbehavior of the generals, the bureaucrats and the host of consultants and advisors and the flagrant circumvention and violation of laws and monetary ethics, endemic in the expansions ambitions and strength of the armed forces Pakistan had hundreds of hushed up scandals by a vicious camaraderie which emanate from the complexity of modern government organization. "Today employees of arms merchants and contractors tomorrow and consultants to government the day after. Thus billions of rupees are shelled out among compatible friends who were more concerned with self-interest than public interest." General Zia scandalized diplomatic, juridical and political services beyond the imagination of a right-thinking and honest man.

Pakistan army was not only putting Pakistan in shackles and manacles, but it was binding and chaining the country hand-foot and body, and in all socio-economic opportunities and venues of advancement, promotion and prosperity, which were being denied and taken away from it or clogged against talent in the country. Personal endeavors and efforts, individual enterprise and even collective efforts for promotion in life and gaining economic standing, confidence and advancement, were being taken away from the general masses of the people of Pakistan and given to exclusive interests with every lousy and problematical background. Nobody in the armed forces, with pull and push, appeared to retire, even after leaving the forces and getting his rights of pension and other emoluments and benefits beyond their expectations as if a beneficent largesse from the heavens. Defence Housing Societies, Defence Industries, Defence Commercial Organizations, Defence Public Transport, Defence Internal Services, and common business and trade and all kinds of agencies, with privileges not vouchsafed and guaranteed to other private individuals and groups and national organizations, had been given to them, and these defence institutions and bodies had become covetous and seductive fields for employment of the haves and the powerful groups in the armed forces even after superannuation. Corruption had spread and circulated like cancer in a

substantial form, more malignant and more lethal than anywhere else in any phase of our national life, through the whole range and field of trade, commerce industry, administration, real-estate and construction. Anyone in the armed force nearing retirement, even earlier, if he would pull strings and creep through interstices and cracks in the defence shield, he would slip into tempting fields of making money, to smuggling of narcotics and arms and counterfeit money and forgery of legal documents. All this has helped to develop the cult of the uniform to facilitate aggrandizement and socio-economic aggression and plunder.

II

The diabolical cult of the uniform is eating into the vitals of the socio-economic, moral, administrative and industrial life of the country. General Zia in his prolonged possession of power had corrupted the armed forces and the nation beyond any measure, magnitude, and ethics and rationality, and the people were denied every opportunity and every effort for socio-economic advancement and good. Army he made exception to every rule and all the men and officers were taken to be angels of heaven. He very nicely and cleverly gave Martial Law duties to the recalcitrant and fractious among the officers and men. Let us not go into hundreds of scandals published and unpublished, proved and suppressed and alluded to and insinuated, and talked about in the villages, streets and bazaars of Pakistan, right from the days of the falling of the ten mile long cement boundary wall of the Wah Ordinance Factory in the days of Liaquat Ali Khan, to the faulty and defective and substandard construction of the airports and runways of Pakistan and the bloody and devastating disasters of Ojhri camp, Nowshera Cantonment under the very eyes and noses of our army command. Army incompetence has become glaring and expensive beyond questioning and imagination. Every report of every committee or any commission has remained a secret, undivulged and under cover. By keeping the armed forces and their budget out of the control of politicians and representative institutions and newspaper comments, we are damaging national interests irretrievably, and making the foundation of every institution of state weak and shaky and leaving them at the mercy of lunatic generals. Gunpowder which Lord Bryce smelled everywhere during the British rule in India, is still more sharply and suffocatingly smelling everywhere in Pakistan. Guns and bullets are not the guides, diagnosis, panacea and treatment for respectable national status, prosperous, social conditions, goodwill and peace. Army cannot be kept away from mischief in any field they operate, as it is their chief function by philosophy and training. They have nothing to give to the nation and they must keep the country restive and berserk. We should have court martial led and publicly tried, shot or hanged a few generals long ago. There is more treason in the generals than, attributed and insinuated in the politicians. It is this security, immunity and escape from accountability, and added insult to injury, promotion to posts of power by hook or by crook, which had put the nation on the wrong track and in the throes of grab and loot.

Let the soldier know the status of the citizen, and know and distinguish the limits of military and civil authority. Citizenship is an honor and a pride. When the soldiers of Rome, the praetorian guards, put Rome on public auction and started killing pillaging and beating its citizens, Alexander Severus, went round on his chariot in the streets and lanes of Rome yelling and calling "O, the soldiers of Rome do not insult, beat and kill the citizens of Rome. They are your source and strength and superior to you. They are the pride and strength of Rome." Will our slightly over educated generals read Gibbon, Carlyle, Tolstoy, Lippmann, Rose Macaulay, Ambrose, Barbar and may be their own writers, Liddle Hart, Machiavelli, Clauwitz and SunTze and text book writers of military strategy and tactics and war. Let them look into the matter of their own conscience if they have any left. Johnson said "Poor conscience is also most of the time so mercilessly, incessantly and menacingly abused that it gets benumbed and enervated and it refuses to respond even when poked by bayonets, spears and swords."

Pakistan's armed forces have to be dislodged from their high pedestal of infallibility, incorruptibility and power, and kept away from and out of the seductions and temptations of socio-economic life and corruption, if the country has to expect any survival, resurrection, vigor, and honor.

By paying and spending uncontrolled billions and wasting time, resources and energy and expertise thus, we are not serving and strengthening Pakistan, but we are merely making its continued existence problematical. Let the army be not the base of our nation. It is the people who are the real foundation of nations. This is what Quaid-e-Azam had said on the 7th of August, 1947 in Delhi before his departure for Karachi and to his Pakistan. Thank God generals and *Mullas* were nowhere in the field in the making of Pakistan. They, would have put us back under the British; but we are afraid our present fortunes appear to be no better. For the generals and bureaucrats Pakistan had created new pastures for grab, goof and gormandizing. We hope Zia was the finale of this farce and false-hood and the end of military lunacy in the polity of Pakistan.

Every artificial cult is vicious; it has no validity and no theology, it is a binding force of evil and falsehood, it must live and survive in matters and conditions of secrecy, conspiracy and intrigue. It must be extensive and exclusive, and an enemy of all those outside and without it. All cults need caves, hideouts, dungeons, fortresses, isolation and clandestine functioning. A cult is a horrendous ideology a veritable ominous witchcraft of unfathomable dirty dimensions. It is terror and horror in its falsehood and irrational untenability.

This country has got to get out of the false, fanatical and devilish cult of the uniform which is holding Pakistan at ransom. If I may quote my discussions with so many generals specially Barki, Azam Khan, Wisal, Shah, Fazal Muqeem, Attique Rekhman, Rehman Gul, Ghawas, Tikka Khan, Admn. Ahsan, Noor Khan and Asghar Khan they acknowledged and confessed to the existence of this cancerous phenomenon and cult of

the uniform in the country and the disastrous consequences that have ensued, They all confess and in retrospect consider, the declaration of Martial Law in 1958 the biggest blunder they had made. Even Ayub could not but be honest when he said, " I cannot sit on your back and hold you by your throats forever. We in Pakistan must have a political government and a constitution; if not Pakistan will not stay and last." This was in reply to a question and observation from his courtiers and cronies not to withdraw Martial Law from the country, and to continue it for a longer period. Martial Law suited only the generals, the bureaucrats, the speculators, and thieves and immigrant uncommitted population. The country had no place in the thinking of the generality of men whom Martial Law suited best, and they loved to fish in troubled waters; specially so and in Pakistan Martial Law was a haven for Jama'at-e-Islami, *Mullas* and generals and so called muhajirs of Pakistan.

Somehow because martial law in Pakistan was essentially the affair of the army and their intrigues and in their numerical preponderance and dispersal, they had shown little or scant respect for other services of the armed forces, the Navy and the Air Force. Right from 1958 I have had the occasion and opportunity to work closely and watch the men in authority in Pakistan, and saw intimately how they ridiculed the leaders of the other two branches of the armed forces. Asghar Khan's reluctance to join in the first gamble and adventure, and later succumbing to the inevitable force of circumstances, is an instance at the beginning of martial law in Pakistan, where he alone had the courage to resist persuasion to join.

Every martial law was pure and simple Punjab affair and Punjab rule; and Balochistan and Sindh were the real and historical victims. The only man who showed any regard and deference to Asghar Khan was Sikandar Mirza. Ayub and others never thought of him as a colleague. General Burki was an unwilling victim of his pusillanimity because he implicitly believed in Ayub Khan and everything he said and did. He was a close friend of mine and told me of his weakness and total silent allegiance to Ayub Khan. Of course Ayub Khan was a coward (all martial law proclaimers in general are cowards) as many books and pamphlets later on let us know. Every martial law is a phenomenon of cowardice. General Burki in his calm, and pensive moments told me a few months before his death that martial law of 1958 was a mistake they had made.

All military men hated and feared the students and the masses. Ayub talked of killing two lacs of people if any agitation or insurrection took place in the streets, but in the face of his being called a cur in the streets and villages of Pakistan, his canine tendency collapsed in the face of peoples uprising which began with the initial revolt of the students of Rawalpindi Polytechnic. When suggested and advised to call for plebiscite he averred "Don't you see the plebiscite in the streets." In his humiliation and frustration, he lost his nerve and collapsed in his soul and forgot national honor, legal and moral responsibility, and subverted his own constitutions. He transferred power

illegally, as if it was his personal property, to Yahya Khan. All the generals had scant respect for the people or the institutions.

When Noor Khan was the Governor and martial law Administrator of West Pakistan I remember how ridiculously General Riaz, Brig. Afzal, lampooned and made fun of him, Brig. Anwar Toohooed. Airmarshal Noor Khan in Hyderabad in a speech he made to the total. hilarity and clapping and appreciation of those present, made me get up from my seat and leave the dinner table. In his inebriation he would not spare Quran itself. To my observation on lack of decorum for a superior, General Riaz, whom I happened to know personally, and intimately said to me "Shah Saheb it is we the army who are running and ruling the country, the Air force and the Navy are there by our sufferance and generosity." I can never forget when we went to receive Noor Khan at the Karachi Airport what he kept saying on the way, we were receiving technically his superior, the Governor and Martial Law Administrator of West Pakistan. No wonder Yahya Khan booted Noor Khan unceremoniously and brought in General Attiq-ur-Rehman, a good and noble soul. God save the nation from the profligacy, lies and irresponsibility of the tongues and deeds of the generals. For them bastardism was an innocent word, which of course historically applied so well to Punjab society according to Moulana Ghulam Rasool Mahar, a friend of Dr Iqbal and a great historian, scholar and journalist in his own right. We have to read Moulana Attaullah Shah Bukhari and even Iqbal to know the nature and the genesis of Punjab society.

The defeat of the sacred cow of the armed forces of Pakistan and the fall of the generals became visible in 1965, and since then it is a downward slip and an inevitable decline. Bands, bugles, parades, marches, tatoos and glitter of the medals and shine of weapons, caps, plumes and dresses do not make an army. From 1965 to 1970 there still remained some hope to return to democracy and sanity but that too vanished in 1971. The pendulum of fate had stopped for the people of Pakistan in 1977. In the truest traditions of military hypocrisy, the junkers and the generals staff, they fell to the limit of treason and hanged the Prime Minister of the country. The accumulated evils from 1977 to 1988 could have been avoided if the eighth amendment in the constitution was not accepted. The referendum was not only ridiculous, but disastrous. It had been the most scandalous infliction on the nation. During the so called police action in East Pakistan, the leader of the visiting British Parliamentary delegation expressed his view about his meeting general Tikka Khan the governor and Army Chief in Dhaka, "However great a general he may be but every question I put to him went so clean right over his head."

Our national neurosis has shown the uncertainties of the national existence, and brought so many parties and groups and individual aberrations in the nation. This nation has to be honest to itself and to acknowledge that it is disintegrating at its seams and exploding from its bowels. The widening and the deepening extremes of poverty and prosperity in our country have become a chronic disease, except that providence has spared us the extreme conditions of hunger and destitution in Pakistan. Nothing

else appears to inspire and sustain hope. Continual and increasingly bestial military rule has built walls on the boundaries of our country and the provinces. The general impression is that it is the Punjab which has built these walls and the smaller provinces will have nothing less than fortresses. The commanders and beasts must be kept out and politicians and governments saved from their clutches.

Hinton the most offensive, the most forthright and the rudest of the American Ambassadors in Pakistan, had no hesitation to say publicly that the Pakistan army men lacked the intellectual, educational and professional training and efficiency which is so necessary to understand and to profit from advanced military training, education and, technology in the United States and in the United Kingdom. That is why military training institutions and governments in U.S.A. and U.K. no longer accepted military men from Pakistan. They are chronically contaminated with indiscipline and carried the germs of conspiracy."

III

On that fateful day General Zia having passed a long reception line, waiting for him and to see him off, with his pompous and lackadaisical gait and smiling teeth, shaking hands, with bugles blowing, salutes exchanged, briskly ascending in twos the steps of the stairs of the fatal plane, with all the military show and crescendo, aplomb and non-challance and arrogance and triumph and power, the angel of death began its ferocious galloping towards him. The muffled drums of death were beating. The roar and the shrieking of the engines invited and prognosticated disaster and catastrophe. The jets were breathing fire and terror and emitting from their nostrils clouds of smoke and throwing and blowing dust from their exhaust. He had hurt thousands, throttled hundreds, insulted and abused scores. He had incarcerated men, women and children without any rhyme and reason and without number. He had pained and excruciated millions of human hearts, except the sycophants, minions and mercenaries. He had lacerated and bludgeoned the innocent, and rubbed in the dust the most loveable and noble human lot, with atrocious and outrageous demonstration of power and authority. He had worked to the disgrace of the citizens of the country. He had whipped, buttoned and bastinadoed men, defiled women, tortured children and hanged them by their feet. He had battered the helpless and remorselessly treated the self-respecting in his haughtiness, arrogance and chicanery. He had reached the limits of terror, the most hated human traits in the eyes of God.

What he was, it was difficult to define a beast, a dragon, a rascal, a gangster, a despicable phenomenon or a real scourge of God. In this act of dying, he must have gone through all the horrendous processes of death and through all characteristic and condign tortures in which he had put hundreds of individual men, women and children, the citizens of his own country in one go and single experience of death. It is a phenomenon worth pondering that Zia in his death, from fastening his seat belt to his

flying ashes and pulverized corpse went through a dozen processes of dying, a horrendous thought. What a reckoning and what an atonement even on this terrestrial plain, the hereafter is any body's guess. In this fall God wanted him to taste every stage of horror and terror and pain of winged death. He tasted the anger and fury of God in immeasurable and unconquerable terms

He had passed all imaginable and conceivable steps of death of different kinds. The horror Of failing engines of the flying machine, the rush of the approaching fatal and lethal solid earth, and his dashing towards it below against which he was to strike, the fear and prospect of rock and sand against which he was to hurl expecting the breaking of bones in the expectant fall, the gaping tongues of flames which were to smother and suffocate and incinerate him, the engines which were the agents of providential conflagration blowing nothing but doom, the approach and throttle of the angel of death, expecting fear and horror of the mangling and melting iron of the plane and the burning inferno burgeoning before his own eyes, no escape, no delay, no jumping off, no holding on to a straw, no hope of safety, no chance of survival, the fire engulfed him and his associates with no possible pause and prospect of escape, pulverized bodies and gushing blood enveloped him and the whole machine and all men there, and the combustible material he carried incendiary to ashes iron, aluminum, flesh and blood went into this horrible holocaust. Nothing was left behind except the dubious teeth which bit, cut and hurt and chuckled with animalish gusto, relish and rapacity.

What a moment of the potency of nature! What an indelible instance of history! What lesson for rascals and vagabonds a lesson for all Musalmans; but will they learn and repent? During the ire and anger of God for fifty years we have learnt no lesson against our wildest intentions. For such victims of this anger God had no mercy. All greatness belongs to God not to Generals and *Mullas* in the words of the Quran. Finally "all greatness" as Byron said "is littleness". That is the verdict of history. I was duty bound do depict and narrate in candid form what God had ordained.

It is done, but yesterday a tyrant.
And now thou art a nameless thing
So abject and thank God dead.
Is this the man of thousand years who strewed our earth
With hostile woods and can he thus survive.
No man nor fiend had fallen so far
Ill minded man why scourage thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee by gazing on thyself grown blind
Though thee taught the rest to see with might, unquestioned power,
To save thine own gift, has been the grave
To those who worshipped thee not till thy fall,
Could minsterels guess, ambition is less than littleness.

I thought I must write about him because I knew so much at first hand personally and from his closest friends who had known and worked with him for years. I was also a target of his ire. Thank God there was nothing pinch-beck about my life, and there was nothing I was ashamed of. It was time these rogues who had rubbed the face of Pakistan in the dust were taken to task. They had played with our lives for some scores of years and had gone scot-free of accountability. He would talk of short of hanging me. He would order my incarceration one day and offer the gubernatorial office the next. Brohi, Mâhmood Haroon, Masroor Hasan will bear witness to this. Mahmood Haroon stood between me and the threatening prison. He would not have saved me from being shot, as Attaullah Mengal's son Asad was shot and hunted like a rabbit. Except for God there is no barrier between the bullet and its victim. He never accepted my condition about announcement of elections to oblige him in 1984. I told him that there is a saying in Sindhi "He has eaten the dog, but he is still hungry." He wanted me to eat the dog and I asked him if he would just tell me when he would hold the elections. Elections were something to the very mention of which he was so allergic. He would get inflamed at the very mention of word election, in which he saw his doom. Trust in the people was invitation to his political death, personal fall and military power and an impediment in the continued government by the generals.

I had heard so many men and women in different professions and walks of life describing him in my mind, having met him and talked to him on a number of occasions, I was involved in serious debate to define him and name him. John Gunther had called Ataturk "The Gray Wolf" that was a great compliment. John Kennedy had declared Ataturk "the greatest man of the twentieth century!" Ataturk was a man of steel," as the Duke of Windsor (As Prince of Wales) had said, "He had a sharp and piercing look-a look which Alexander carried for his friends and foes, he subdued them by mere turn and slant of his body." Ataturk was the very soul and spirit of Turkish revolution.

The advent of Islam was indeed a revolution in Muslim history, the only other serious revolutions were in Karbala, and the other was, the Turkish revolution of 1924. Ataturk ran for his life from pillar to post. He was hunted both by the Turkish guards and British intelligence agents. He carried his head in his hands. He slept on the footpaths of snow covered, frigid and windy streets of Istanbul in order to reach his goal. Iqbal's bunkum about revolution and Muslim magic of slogans could not have given satisfaction and brought success to Ataturk. He could not have survived the *Mulla's* deception. It was he who chastised the *Mullas* first, if he had to succeed. The only revolution after the Turkish the Muslims had seen was Imam Khomeini's in Iran; and perhaps now a Revolution was in the offing for the Arab World in particular and the Muslims in general in the Gulf war. Saddam's resistance and defeat and its consequence we have to wait and watch. History has given birth to a new force and new resurrection in the world. Flatterers and sycophants have attributed greatness to every robber and sang songs of praise for the ruffians.

The so called great of the world have been the greatest rogues and rascals of the earth, from Alexander, according to Demosthenes, (including his father) to Akbar, from Frederick (including his father) to Nicholas (including his father) from Elizabeth (including her father) to Catherine (including her father) from St. Augustine to St. Gregory; Popes who were killed with women in their beds in St. Peter's Basilica, an abode of One million and one "cousins" of the Vatican clergy. Promiscuity in Roman Catholic and other nunneries and ecclesiastical cloisters was proverbial. "What institution against the order of nature," said Browning.

Amongst the noble great were indeed Solon of Greece, Cicero of Rome, Umer bin al Khitab of Arabia, Abraham Lincoln of America, Ataturk of Turkey, Khomeini of Iran, and perhaps Saddam in his defeat in the Gulf, may turn out to be the biggest revolutionary of the Arab world of last five hundred years. He has left, the profligate, degenerate, harem keepers, eunuch trainers, squalid shaikhs of Arabian peninsula dazed, shocked and berserk, (perhaps so the Maliks and Mushaikh, Pirs and *dacoits* of Pakistan) wallowing in vice and debauchery, vulgar acolytes of Aphrodite, frantically scrambling and squandering millions on Adonis and Venus, nauseating hoodlums parading their falcons and concubines to the accompaniment of Bacchus and Dionysus, devoted members of the orders of Sodom and Gamorrah.

A British statesman said to me a few years ago that in order to conquer Saudi Arabia all you need to do, is to drop a hundred young girls over Jeddah and a hundred young boys over Riyadh and Saudi Arabia is conquered. I saw the Shaikhs of Arab peninsula flocking to Beirut, Alexandria, Tunis, Casablanca, Cyprus, and Sardinia and in Casinos of Beirut, Nice, Las Vegas, Cafe de Paris and Dorchester ball. Except for Egypt, Lebanon, a bit in Syria, not a single Arab country can claim a decent bookshop in its bazaars. These fiddlers of rosaries and donors of gorgeous clothes, hid all their sins one can think of in the paraphernalia of Religion. In the fall of Lhasa in Tibet, in the fall of the Ottoman Empire, in the fall of Junagarh and Hyderabad, in the occupation of Kuwait by Iraq came out hundreds of thousands of young concubines and harem girls incarcerated in their cubicles and cages by voluptuous Nawabs, Sultans and Shaikhs, the scandalous aspect and interest of the leadership of the Muslim world. What a ghastly picture and portrayal of piety and religiosity. These otiose of the Muslim countries are a disgrace of the Muslim world.

We have terrible, portentous and shocking misgivings about what we see happening and unfolding. Is Pakistan in for another nature's fury to descend upon it. The steps we see being taken to bring Islam and Shariah makes one shudder at the possible consequences. It appears our rulers are competing with God in his maneuvers, contrivances, cunning and ingenuity. What a futile self-destructive effort. Nature has million and one ways of fulfilling its purposes and designs.

The people in power may be cocksure of what they want to secure, but I am a staunch and incorrigible fatalist. I believe in what Quran says, "The grip and wrath of God is secure indeed."

I agree with Tennyson:

There is a divinity that shapes our destiny
Rough hew it as we will;

I must find and search for an adequate name, a damnable epithet, glaring and onomatopoeic appellation to suit his physical form, psychological thinking and actual functioning. He had wronged thousands of men and women and children in every conceivable way. He was an anathema of God for Pakistan. He had disgraced both the uniform and the profession he had belonged. In this he was certainly not the first of his kind in history, but perhaps in Pakistan and in the Muslim countries the most adroit, uncanny and blood thirsty rascal, a viper nurtured in a bed, a poisonous reptile of the grass. Only God never asked the man, "Why was the blood of thousands allowed to flow forth like water that a worm must rule."

God had declared this nation a conglomeration of hypocrites and had sent incessant punishment in the form of rulers who fiddled with our lives and played with our country's destiny with all the show of patriotism, morality and religiosity. Zia looked to be the finale of our agony, a lesson for his like, lesson for his profession, a warning to his successors, a preamble of hope for the nation, but alas! it appears this may not come to be! His legacy fell on the shoulders of mediocrities, inveterate, unscrupulous and sinning who were to carry his mission of doom for the country euphemistically called Pakistan. The military man and his cheating could only be surpassed by a despicable and hypocritical bureaucracy. Who knows what is in store for this gullible and unfortunate nation. The dismissal of an elected government was certainly a prelude to disaster, and did not augur well for Pakistan. The harder and unluckier days were in store, and more ingenious torments were perhaps still to appear. When tyranny appears, justice cries and weeps and men lose confidence in the protection and security of the laws.

To my mind the selection of the name and title of this writing was important both for its reality and symbolism. And lo, and behold! on my return to Pakistan a month later, my problem was solved. I chose the title exactly from the interest he had already developed, and in which he had become notorious and had the shady appearance and zest for him as a hobby. I had debated the name with British and European scholars who had known Pakistan well and who were valuable friends of Pakistan. I talked to a number of scholars who had developed intimate intellectual and literary association with hundreds of Pakistanis in and outside the country. The title had to connote meanness, cruelty, cheating, lying, stealth, surreptitiousness, guile, treachery, tyranny,

tomfoolery and treason. The word had to be realistic and symbolic of his habits and inclinations and behavior and thinking, characteristic of his personality and appropriate to circumstances and aptly applicable to the man who had proceeded in his professional life by subterfuge, and the men who had surrounded him pampered him and propelled him to villainy. It had to be suitable of the worst that man can think of. It must mix and combine murder, rapine and callousness, with bestiality with blood thirstiness and venom. It must combine a certain amount of exactitude which was personal to him and his ambiguous and dirty past. It had to be draconian giving a creeping feeling and sensation, a detestable word both by utterance, impression and sound. It must show that the shedding and the tasting of blood had only sharpened his appetite for more. The Palestinians whom he had killed with all show of bravery and venomous relish, only sharpened his lust and passion when he came back home. He knew the society in Pakistan, mainly controlled and governed by liars, and lying was the chief trait of all military education and training. "All, generals are liars" said Russell and Lytton. I had to search for the exact word and exact name and I came across the title so suddenly and so appropriately. My search was arduous and difficult, but it yielded results.

Ghazi Salahuddin told me that he had heard from a general very close to him say, that the man who was consumed, by that infernal conflagration was an expert in snakes. He had done long and great research in the colors, the behavior, the nature of assault characteristic of that poisonous reptile, the eternal and the oldest enemy of man, that the general used to walk in wilderness, in bushes and dunes, forests and mountains surrounding the Attock Fort to study the enemy of the human race. He was seen roaming, scrambling, prowling and rummaging in thistles and thorns all over the place. He studiously followed the traces of the snakes, the location and nature of their habitat and the nature of the conduct of their liaisons. He knew the strength of their poison, and perused the subject of his interest with sufficient serious assiduity, so that he could decipher the nature of the snakes by the very path the reptiles left behind.

Ghazi Salahuddin referred me for corroboration to Aitzaz Ahsan who acknowledged this interest of the general, indeed a lunatic predilection and addiction. He knew this when the general was presiding at the military tribunal at Attock in early seventies when Aitzaz was representing before him the defendants. He had seen the general walk in wild area in and around the Attock Fort thoroughly probing and searching near and around the town and Attock Fort and tracing the movement of the snakes every day early in the morning. Aitzaz was surprised at his uncommon interest and his serious effort and varied knowledge of the snakes. The general had a substantial literature on snakes and extraordinarily extensive information of these hated beasts wherever he had been and served.

Again a businessman in Karachi, a neighbor of mine in my village, with his lands adjacent to mine, with whom I was on the deepest and most intimate and privileged terms, to whose house in Karachi, he would repair and depart informally even at

midnight for loose talk and relaxation, told me once that a few times he used to ask the general about his reaction to all the turmoil that was taking place in the country. He would answer spontaneously and with alacrity and gusto and perfect ease and without any compunctions or qualms of conscience and say, "Had he not hanged Bhutto," to prove what sympathy and concern he felt in the affairs of the life and the people of Pakistan. He did not bother who and how many in Pakistan got wounded, maimed, killed, tortured or flagellated and insulted. All this did not disturb his sleep. All this did not give him pain and remorse. All this burden of misery of the people he did not carry in his head and in his heart. This good businessman said to me that he always marveled at the general repeating his cruel and callous emotions and sentiments without any feeling, practically every time he visited his house. He began to think and diagnose and analyze the looks and manner of this man, in his glances and in relating his sentiments and in his zeal and passion for pain and his sadism. He thought in the twinkling and turning of his eyes the general gave him the impression of "a dancing snake." He said most certainly the manner of his looks and the agility of his eyes showed him a real ominous strabismic.

The SERPENT was the name I chose for him for his interest, for his quality of nature and character and of his hobby and tendencies in life and in his state-craft, for his manner of handling national affairs and national institutions.

The snake had participated in the first fall of man from heaven, the fall of Adam and Eve. It is recorded as the oldest and the most primordial companion and an eternal enemy of man - a deceitful and concealed eternal foe. The title was perfect, real, factual, characteristic and true to his life and rule for ten long years, that beast of God, that poisonous reptile of Pakistan had polluted all the ethical, religious, sociological and national values of Pakistan and had left it in shambles and gyrating, unstable and reeling.

"Power like a desolate pestilence
Pollutes all, all that it touches"

The harm he had done to Pakistan's polity and its people had become an incurable sore, a malignant tumor, a blood cancer circulating in the country's politics from top to bottom. He had injected hatred and poison in every aspect and phase of national life. He was the biggest, probably the most successful snake among the generals who ruled Pakistan beginning with Sikandar Mirza. He had shown his rapacity and rancor, and insane and threatening skill to the senior most bureaucracy of Islamabad on the thirtieth of May the day after he had kicked out, right up in the plane in the air, Muhammad Khan Junejo from his office of Prime Ministership; but this victim of his caprice had gone to him in perfect supine condition and crouching on his fours and begging his mercy. The lack of guts and self-respect and honor and lack of the value and status of the office of the Prime Ministership has been a shame of our national life. Of course he

was not the first one Bogra, Noon, Doctor Khan Sahib, Jatoi, Khuhro, Pirzada - such a glittering line of nincompoops.

The general had wisely chosen an imbecile, and subservient politician as the Prime Minister; that is the way that tradition went in the history of Pakistan except, for Bhutto. He had neither any difficulty nor any compunctions nor pricking of his conscience to cast his Prime Minister out in mid air before he landed on the Islamabad Airport. That Junejo had survived the shock and insult of dismissal showed, a kind of degeneration of spirit and soul which few self-respecting politicians and men of merit could countenance and condone. We had f alien in the hands of dwarfs who loved their disgraceful survival, and the urchins wanted pardon of their lives.

Pakistan during the ten years of Zia's rule had plunged under bleak Military Rule to keep the Army, an institution we should basically distrust, in control and command. He started his hold with holy and pious ideas - thoroughly normal and in keeping with the idealism of his rank and profession. *Mullas* were the easiest and most effective instruments and weapons of his armory, ever indigent purveyors of conscience and morals, bulbous and ventripotent. He started with Quran and the *Mashaikhs*. His Puritanism was false, a ruse and a subterfuge. He fed the rotund and the plummy lot well and squandered his largesse and funds on them. Autocracy sanctified by pious slogans and *taranas* of hyperbole, had reduced Pakistan's polity to a farce. Having hanged one Prime Minister and kicked out another, the president disbanded the parliament, purchased the Politicians, ingratiated the American, played as an agent of money and imperialism abroad. He increased and developed ambition for the conquest of Afghanistan. An unnecessary standing army could not be Stopped from mischief outside and adventure within both by habit and professional proclivities An idle soldier is a mischievous man. It is the idle mind which is the devil's workshop, and a general has the devil as his leader. In the notorious tradition of old hypocrites of Islam, General Zia talking of being God's man ended up as the devil's own. Quran says "*Be not deceived God is not mocked, for whatever a man soweth that shall he reap.*"

IV

General Gracy as the first Commander-in-Chief on handing over command of the Pakistan Army to Ayub Khan had vaticinated the trend of the rise and burgeoning of "Young Turks" in Pakistan's armed forces, which slowly but surely developed, on account of the collaboration of the Indian immigrant elements and lose control and inefficient and lethargic political command and vigilance, into series of Martial Laws which we have had the misfortune to live under, suffer from and pay for so heavily. America had already invaded Pakistan's armed forces through its readily available indigenous agents in the Punjab and the mercenary groups through immigrants of India, right from the day Liaquat Ali Khan had visited U.S.A. and more or less

committed the entire immigrant population to the United States intelligence services, both in the bureaucracy and in the industrial and commercial life, and we see the climax of these Policies and processes in the so called patriotic Muhajjr Quamj Movement and the military bureaucracy immigrant Axis in Pakistan recently so flagrantly and glaringly clear on the collapse of the Bank of Credit and Commerce, an MQM institution in conception and constitution.

General Gracy did not say anything about the bureaucracy which Pakistan had inherited with its traditions of high-handedness and criminal rudeness and arrogance and predatory clever designs and which later developed under inadequate and inefficient political conditions and control made worse by military and intelligence agencies, with audacity and impunity and their tomfooling with political institutions. The Army played with the nation's political weakness, and the bureaucracy of Pakistan played ducks and drakes with the fools of Pakistan army and dam fools of the Pakistan politicians. Bhutto had the opportunity, intellect, intelligence and experience of state functioning to mend, reform, control and direct in the right channels that developing hydra, but his efforts were cut short by the collusion and clandestine combination of the generals, the bureaucracy and king makers in the bureaucratic industrial and commercial life. I know it personally that Wajid Ali Shah, a millionaire industrialist, a friend of Sikandar Mirza, knew about the *coup* of 1958 at least a week earlier.

It is the people of Pakistan who had to pay the price, and the result was the vivisection of Pakistan. The solution of Pakistan's ills of polity lies in the subordination, control and reduction in the strength of the army and the bureaucracy and their subordination and obedience to the country's political authority and constitution. Political mechanism is important in any polity without which intrigues and machinations by vested interests will always appear and thrive. If this is not achieved in a couple of years, by the end of the twentieth century the country may as well see its tragic disappearance. "Pakistan army will eat up Pakistan" - with already steeply escalating budget prepared under duress and threats from muddle-headed brass hats to seventy percent, out of which ninety percent went to the Punjab. Pakistan Army is a Punjab affair. Right from its inception no effort was made to give it a national and patriotic character.

It is very unfortunate that the country has suffered so at the hands of men who had no commitments to the existence of the state. Armies live on certain phobias in training and in wars. They are tuned to the art of obscenity, killing and cheating. Hatred must be created even if it does not exist at the beginning of the conflict before it is spread in the institutions among the citizens and the forces. The soldier's mind must be tuned for an expectant war and conflict, real or imaginary to the highest frantic pitch and psychological state of hate against his opponent to impel him to killing. He must be tuned to the state of total beastliness and lunacy, and drummed and bugled and arrayed to madness for the shedding of blood. "Morality, pity and mercy" as Tolstoy said, had no place in military training, profession and combatancy.

In Pakistan to the army must so develop its phobias, if it is none without, they must contrive some within; find, devise and concoct all kinds of lies to spread hatred. The generals and immigrant population and the bureaucrats joined in this common cause of hatred of East Pakistan, Balochistan and Sindh. We saw what happened in the creation of Bangladesh. It is a story of bureaucratic hypocrisy and chicanery and a story of military failure and political deficiency. Ayub Khan bombarded the villages of Balochistan. East Pakistan had to pay the price of sinning against Sindh and Balochistan, and in having collusion with and in being helpful to Punjab in the creation of One Unit. Having got rid of East Pakistan, the politicians of the Punjab and the military out-laws and brigands turned their hatred in right earnest initially to Balochistan later to Sindh; and we saw the culmination of this hatred in the MRD Movement in 1983-84 and 1986 general Zia's venomous achievement and contribution and legacy to us.

Sindh was the focus of special pernicious intentions of general Zia in particular and the army in general, in terms of plunder, accusations, insinuations, fantasies and phobias, whereas in reality it applied to him and his kind who came without Pakistan. Somehow circumstances so conspired, right from the days of Liaquat Ali Khan, that the hatred of the army against Sindh and Balochistan and hatred of Sindh in the immigrant populations from India, in the bureaucrats, the riff-raff and the promiscuous went together. The separation of Karachi from Sindh, the dismissal of Khuhro government, the creation of One Unit, the declaration of martial law, (1958), the planned deprivation of Sindh in general and trampling upon its rights and privileges and repudiation of commitments made to it right from 1948, were forgotten in all decisions and actions by every subsequent government. It was in utter helplessness and defeat that the army had turned to Bhutto for resuscitation, revivification, vigor and strength. Bhutto played in the hands of the Punjab and the immigrant bureaucracy in the judiciary, civil administration and armed forces and he went to the gallows when he had played his part to their satisfaction and he was needed no more.

Zia lost no opportunity in denigrating Sindh and Sindhis in his cabinet meetings, in official gatherings, in his confidential discussions, in his actions and in addressing the officers and men of the armed forces. It was this hatred of Sindh and sinning against it which took him to fate which the fatal fall of the plane foreboded. It is a natural phenomenon that the people in power hate those they had harmed. We always suspect the men we have robbed. Fifty years of history have proved that Punjab will not tolerate a peaceful and prosperous Sindh. This land of Punjab is loyal to nothing-no, not even to God. In the words of Attaullah Shah Bukhari "They would hear speeches and lectures on Imam Hussain but would vote for Yazid."

For Sindh the misery of destitution, cheating and conspiracy began in 1953 or more so from 1954 when One Unit was established. From 1953 the Punjab bureaucracy and the

generals were in full command and for Sindh University and the Sindhi Youth the life of torture and terror began. The people of Sindh were lathi-charged, tear-gased, shot at and incarcerated in hundreds.

Of course Sindh Society had its own weaknesses; Ayub Khan in trying to persuade and pacify Bhutto at Larkana after Bhutto tendering his resignation in 1966 Tashkand negotiations, had said to Bhutto that what will Sindh do for him, "Sindh is so easy to handle. Since Pir Pagaro could be easily handled through a sub-inspector of Police or a Mukhtiarkar, Sindh Waderas are a cowardly lot, out to please us with festivities, jashans and Shikars, they are such a dirty and unreliable lot, why to expect sacrifice and courage from them."

But soon Sindh opened his eyes and those of his successors. Ayub Khan had said that One Unit was his idea and creation of Ghulam Mohammad and Choudhry Mohammad Ali and the rapacious king-makers of Punjab bureaucracy, but it could not stay and had to be undone, and the whole credit for the success goes to the Sindhi Youth. Even in his hanging it was Wadero Bhutto who did credit to Sindh and to Pakistan and so Nusrat Bhutto (a Wadero's wife) and Benazir (a Wadero's daughter).

Sindh after 1955 began to grow and appear as a new and revived Sindh. Waderas, Sayids, Pirs and Sardars in Sindh may be adespicable lot, but they also produced Ghulam Mohammad Bhurgari, Jan Mohammad Junejo, Haider Baklish Jatoi, Shaikh Abdul Majid, Shaikh Abdul Rahim, G.M. Sayed, Pir Sibghatullah Pagaro and Bhutto, like of whom no other province of Pakistan could produce. The Punjab bureaucracy armed and unarmed or disarmed had no value for democracy. They took cover under Islam and gave it a bad name and made dirty use of it.

This phobia against Sindh is so marked and conspicuous in the programme and policy of the Mohajir Quomi Movement. Their pockets of intrigue exist from G.H.Q., generals to the workers in the arms and ordnance factories. They hate Sindh while they live in Sindh, and unless they are transported to U.S.A they may find themselves buried in Sindh. The hatred of Sindh in MQM is the only cementing bond of unity with the military and the bureaucracy. It is the only factor which binds them together, an illusory phase, which gives them lust of power and intrigue in the calculations of the army and the bureaucracy and the Punjab politicians. In MQM they have found an anti-Sindh indigenous ally. If this hatred of Sindh disappears among the so called mohajirs, no justification is left for MQM to stay and exist. They also will have their own nemesis and the payment of type of Zia, and how and when is the secret of God, but exorbitant and inexorable are the laws of God.

The evil of the MQM must disappear before Sindh and Pakistan will see peace and stability. The MQM and continued existence of so called mohajirism even after fifty years is an utter falsehood and treachery to Sindh and animosity to Pakistan. Will the

Punjab heed and the army learn - of course there is not much brain and farsightedness under the cap of a general and vision in the eyes and thinking of a bureaucrat.

MQM is a creation of Zia and the U.S.A. The entire leadership of it is raw, rough, young, undereducated, thoughtless and irresponsible, just good enough and old enough to easily play in the hands of others and be hoodwinked in vice, killing and rape. The so called middle class men of Altaf - a mad cap without education, without training, without history, without vision, without farsightedness, can be of no good to his followers or the country. The leaders of the movement who claimed leadership of the poor and the middle classes who fought elections on foot and bicycles, bachelors all of them, once in power had left their instincts of loot and graft and bloodshed amuck and unbridled. Destitute but eligible's all have collected gifts of crores of rupees in marrying maids who thronged round them with all the paraphernalia of seduction, gorgeousness and guile. Their sociological scandals are too many and known to everyone. The existence of secret enclaves and hide outs have destroyed the salutary character of peaceful coexistence in Sindh. They smuggled arms right from the Pakistan Ordnance Factory, Wah with the connivance and under the very noses of the officers incharge. Has any accountability been done of the weapons pilfered and stolen in the Hyderabad Fort, and taken back by the army officers by disarming the surrounding police force of Sindh?

The MQM has given birth to a phenomenon of Hitler's ways and tricks and processes to terrorize and incendiaries all over. Thus cities of Pakistan of the twentieth century live under siege and live behind iron gates and fenced lines. All these areas and boundaries are abodes of vice and theft and centers of insecurity and obscenity. Sociological security does not come by erecting diabolical gates and protecting walls, they are in fact invitation to crime and certainly not any signs of civilized living and responsible citizenship.

Strangely enough the generality of the leadership of MQM is so volatile and induced by ideas of running away and escape and jumping to the United States. The entire leadership carries American green cards and have secure places and footing in that country. As if nowhere else they could go except to U.S.A. Of course why not? If diplomacy and intelligence and money can secure the results and purposes of imperialism why shed any blood to secure success. Super powers of today do not need and do not want shedding of their own blood, the blood of others is of no concern to them. They have all the means to hit from far off and secure total destruction without the involvement of their ground forces. War for them certainly is a sociological and economic necessity. Gullibility is not the characteristic of individuals only, it is a phenomenon of nations too. The globe and its mishandling by man is enough proof of the madness of man.

It is the bureaucracy which is the think tank of the MQM and its source of finance, and also the political conditioning and basically governed and oriented and financed by American Intelligence and diplomacy. The only solution of Sindh lies in a population merger and assimilation with the indigenous of Sindh society. It is most important to eliminate the power and mischief of immigrant bureaucracy, which appears to be dominating and playing its mischievous part in the armed forces and the civil administration and creating a preposterous organization like MQM itself, so hollow and nebulous and amorphous and politically untenable, alive.

I know thoroughly well the men and women behind this intrigue of imperialism, and global U.S diplomacy has its easiest and cheapest success in all immigrant populations all over the world. I have my students in the MQM leadership. I have their sons and daughters in it. On many occasions they have acknowledged their folly and silly misadventure and thoughtless part. In their myopia they did not understand the horrendous consequences. So many are beginning to repent but to get out of the grips of gangsters is riot an easy job. They appear to be in the throes of insecurity and death. Socio-political phenomenon of this nature is bound to create fear and doubt and suspicion and disillusionment and harsh reality of the future consequences of their exuberance. They are now worrying about the future and fortunes of their sons and daughters and their settlement, peace and promotion in life. It is a sad, agonizing and an atrocious phenomenon that the Muhajir so called, ridiculously and lunatically so, even after fifty years of living, earning, progressing and aiding a self destructive organization as Mohajir Quomi Movement. They know nothing of the history and geography of Sindh. Altaf does not know the topography of Karachi and Hyderabad. Mohajirs are living in fear and stratosphere. Let them come out on earth, where they will have to come down one day, why prolong the agony and pain of Sindh.

MQM followers are not the worshipers of truth but purveyors of falsehood. How sad that the so called Mohajir said to be middle class, intelligent, educated and progressive should socio-politically go and join a mad organization as MQM. How can a section of a small community terrorize another, a majority, into total helplessness and inanity. Mohajirism does not mean Urduism. Mohajirs today in Sindh constitute less than twenty percent of Sindh's population, and even they, have a large generality of sections, which do not accept the position of Urduism, but constitute very important part in socio-economic life of the province. I think we can't help asserting that the non-Urdu speaking Mohajir population has been as much cheated by the so called "Worshipper of truth" as the people of Sindh. The so called Mohajirs inspite of the fact of calling themselves progressive have agonists and atheists among them. They went for all kinds of religious fanatics and fundamentalists and voted for them all these years through Jamaat-e-Islami and Jamiat-ul-Ulema Pakistan, the two politico-religious parties which have been responsible, for the introduction of martial law in Pakistan right from the days of Nazimuddin and Sikandar Mirza, and they have even condoned the criminal

lapse of Liaquat Ali Khan and helped him in deliberately avoiding to give Pakistan a constitution.

It is thus that the Muhajir-army-bureaucratic axis burgeoned and grew into a monster with the passage of time; and today has resulted into dacoits both in the armed forces and the civil life. The MQM and the dacoits are the products, gifts and legacy of Zia. The army developed the courage and itch to kidnap Pakistan, and we see every day kidnapping the order of socio-political life from the top to the bottom, in every aspect and phase of our life. How does it happen that intelligent, educated, and highly developed even prosperous communities and nations fall such easy prey to the mischief of a hoodlum - be he a Hitler, a Mussolini, a Jojo or an Altaf Hussain who blew nothing but fire and destruction. This is what happened to Germany, Italy and Japan the most intelligent and philosophically and technologically so superior and advanced. Lunacy is not a peculiar tendency and challenge of poverty and ignorance, it is a disease more readily and seriously available and endemic among the educated, the rich and the powerful.

MQM is a diabolical and a shameful organization not only for Mohajirs, but for Sindh and Pakistan. All these shouts, noises and harangues by its leadership are false, hollow, self-destructive and ominous. The constitution and concentration of Mohajir population in sections and Muhallas in the cities they live in and prosper, had entailed and given rise to a plethora of evils, vices and sins. Hundreds of thoughtful and farsighted Mohajir citizens are alarmed at the growth of vicious atmosphere and even sinful conditions in this ominous concentration of population of ethnic groups. The whole Mohajir areas on account of congestion and concentration stink and produce horrible odors and smells. Every MQM enclosure is a brothel pure and simple, and candidly admitted so by Mohajirs themselves. The difference is that it used to be Jamaat-e-Islami with its pious mischief, now the MQM with its secular, and murderous philosophy. What this thinking and behavior is going to finally result into, what disgrace and what catastrophe and conflagration and effervescence they are going to bring, is anybody's guess. The portents and consequences forebode nothing but disaster.

General Zia did not know that in MQM they were creating a new breed and class of *waderaism* and *goondaism* and pardon much cleverer than classical waderas of Sindh. The Wadera is a dam fool and a tool of men in power and a stooge and agent of a Sub-Inspector or a Mukhtiarkar (as Ayub said to Bhutto on his resignation), a dirty profligate out to ruin himself and endangering his whole progeny and the generations to come. He may go hunting birds and animals but he does not shoot men, he may get it done from others, from the gangsters, thieves and police men, but the MQM Wadera is cleverer and more *agile-a desperado* without any past, without any present and without any future-reckless, uncommitted, unashamed, free from pressures of moral and social compulsions, intimidating and gun totting, always in state of '*farar*' (running away) from his immediate surroundings which haunt him in his sleep. From his country he

had not been allowed to learn loyalty to the earth, and ideas of prosperity and welfare and permanent settlement. A mohajir is a citizen in the air and in a dilemma. An MQM young activist is like a little John or a Lockenwhar. He is so conditioned in body and mind that he has no idea of peace and repose. He lives with tense nerves. He is like proverbial John Lilleburne who must fight, if there is no one else to fight with, John will start fighting with Lilleburne.

V

By defining general Zia physically, professionally and metaphorically, by his ideas, harangues, actions and decisions 'behaviorally and allegorically' we see the whole power, part and performance of the armed forces, mainly of course of the military. They are the visible, numerous, commanding and dominant agency for the people to see. In the public eye too it is the army which has made claim that they are the protectors of the nation. The army like the snake or some antediluvian reptile or leviathan has twined itself around the body of the nation to drain it and squeeze the last drop of its blood and even the life out of it. One is only ashamed about our reactions and responses to this monster and the horrible pressures it is exercising on the body politics of Pakistan. I am reminded of the answer of Morarji Desai, the Prime Minister of India, to the possibility of martial law in India in reply to a question by a senior diplomat of Pakistan travelling with him and conducting him round. Desai said "One thing I know, Martial Law cannot come in India. It will not happen. The people of India will not stand it for a minute; but even if it does come I, as the Prime Minister of India, will be the first man to present myself for the first bullet to resist it and to defy it." In our history Bhutto was the only man who dare do it, and did it; and the other politicians went crouching for cover, safety and succor; of course under army connections and prompting. Jamaat-e-Islami and Mohajirs went exhilarating and dancing in glee.

General Zia was a consummate combination of Tamerlane, Machiavelli, Ranjeet Singh and Tara Masih. No one seems and appears to know about his childhood and early life and biographical antecedents. He ever tried his best not to talk about his life, and even on enquiry, he would side-track the subject and ignored questions on his life and background. General Burky told me "He was a cobbler's son", they both belonged to the same town of Jallander. Brig. Shakoora, who was his second-in-command in Multan, and who led the Pakistan Day parade in 1976, whom general Zia dismissed the day he deposed Bhutto, said to me very recently that the fellow will never talk of his birth and youth. It is said there was something gory, glaring and mystifying in his life and connection with Africa a sort of doleful and dreary memory of bitterness and humiliation years which one would rather not remember or be reminded about, which stinked with shame and mortification and matters so intimate that he made every effort to forget. My friend Chhatari, who was Pakistan's Ambassador in Jordan, with whom I and my wife stayed a week in Amman, told me that general Zia had created a terrible impression about Pakistan on account of his cold-blooded massacre of Palestinians in

Jordan, about Pakistan among the Arabs in general and Palestinians in particular. He did all this to ingratiate himself to the King of Jordan who himself then, was a queer combination in his manners, habits and methods of handling state affairs of Scarlet Pimpernel, Ronald Colman, Sir Douglas Fairbanks, Tyrone Power and Errol Flynn. It was the king of Jordan on whose recommendation Bhutto had appointed general Zia as the Chief of the Military Staff, superseding a dozen officers senior to him. General Wisal as military Secretary of Ayub Khan, told me in Mardan, that though Zia was recommended by Army General Headquarters, he as Secretary had opposed his being sent to Jordan. He thought that Zia was not only a dudd and dullard but a foolish firebrand and a disciple of Jamaat-e-Islami. Perhaps general Zia's early mental retardation, his childhood polio and his wife's early ideological associations and physiological and anatomical incongruencies had something to do with the general's physical condition and that of his poor children.

I had seen him closely a number of times in Pakistan House, Medina which was King Saud's gift to Ghulam Mohammad. It is a phenomenon of history and human nature that men who had dubious, hidden, unpresentable and unknown past have proved to be the most intriguing of men and most dangerous and cruel as rulers. Zia had the additional advantage and mischief in the shortness of his stature like field marshal Pilsudski in Poland, Generals Akram and Sajjad told me in Madina (Akram and I were living in the same room) that in the eighties the desertions in the Pakistan army were the highest in its history. He told me that inspite of the rules and regulations and orders and restrictions on extended tenure of service of men and officers who served in Saudi Arabia and Gulf States, he and other generals were fed up of the repeated extensions and continued secondments being granted by the highest quarters to those serving outside Pakistan in many cases for so many years on end. They even deserted and disappeared and carried on their own trade and business. But the generals could do nothing to them abroad, Brig. Shakoor told me that in Multan General Zia's manners and habits and the use of army funds and resources was scandalous and horrible, and he had an obnoxious reputation both among officers and men. The manner of cajoling flattery and prostrating, in pleasing Bhutto with Quran in his hand and his military cap on Bhutto's feet, were common talk of the armed forces. In all receptions of Bhutto at Multan, he put in line and arrayed wives and grown up daughters and women from elsewhere on both sides of the red carpet and showering rose petals and waving Peoples Party flags.

It is said he relished seeing blood. Those close to him vouchsafed his blank moments of mental aberrations and bouts of fits and frenzy in the form of shouting and laughing both in glee and in paroxysms of excitement. In his jubilation and exhibition of abnormality he at once retired or was taken away by his staff. Yahya Khan, urinating and leaving a spot at his feet through his trousers, with a glass of wine in his hand and surrounded by so many heads of states in the royal pavilion and in the presence of Shahshah Iran and the Queen and Potgorny and other heads of states in Shah's

celebrations of 2500 years of royalty and kingship in Iran, and Ayub Khan pursuing the legs of Miss Keeler in Lord Astor's swimming pool in London, are traditions and anecdotes of a different kind and character.

It is said people near to Zia suspected the movement of a major very close to him. The major was even suspected by general's wife, as a waiter at Pakistan House, Madina told me. She sought assistance of a pious man in Madina who came to them to help in getting rid of that major. It is generally said the manners of all generals are those of the Italian organ-grinders without the assistance of their monkeys. General Fazal Muqem told me that he as Defence Secretary had dissented on the appointment of general Zia as the Chief of the Army Staff and general Zia never forgave him for that. The flagrant meanness of general Zia was proverbial among the armed forces. Whenever he wanted a talkative officer to be directly muzzled from debate and stopped from fractiousness or recalcitrance, he assigned him martial law duties, which were a source of tremendous income, and provided ample opportunities for committing irregularities for self-development.

In fact all martial laws were only for Sindh and Balochistan and so were the Rangers and the Frontier Constabulary; and the Hur force had their fill in every way looting persons and animals, driving people from homes and shooting them on the roads, asking the innocent and illiterate people of rural Sindh to speak in Punjabi and Pushto and Urdu, and killed them if they did not. They had their stooges in Pirs, Syeds, Mirs and waderas in their shooting escapades in birds, animals and men. A Wadera could pay and get anything done from a general. General Kazi had his gay day and hay day in Hyderabad, so much so that even Zia had felt scandalized and had to remove him. General Rahimuddin who was the Chairman of the Military tribunal which tried Shaikh Mujeebur Rehman for treason, was another dullard who disgraced and dishonored Sindh. He abused Sindh and Sindhis in his Cabinet meetings as Governor of Sindh, and he only faced a match for him in Abdul Hameed Jatoti in Dadu.

I was sorry for dear old Dr. Mahmood Hussain whose son-in-law he was. Dr. Mahmood Hussain's family after his death was more attended to and taken care of by me and by Mumtaz Bhutto than by any one of his relatives. It is his bried wife who knows better. Like the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Bluchure, Ayub and Yahya gave military commissions to the sons of mothers who spent nights or adequate time in their bedrooms. Our army selection boards are scandalous to say the least in their proceedings and methods. I do not want to say anything of the address of general Gul Hassan the Chief of Army Staff to military garrison at Malir, the honest confession in the most direct and perverted language of a soldier. After the great war with the blessings of both general Montgomery and Arch Bishop of Canterbury, England passed the law "Homosexuality among consenting adults in private is permissible."

Cantonments in Pakistan are nothing but stinking social centers. They are nothing short of being socioeconomic and commercial racket. They are nothing but bets, allurements and seductions for officers to indulge in greed and graft, crime and sin. The lands are developed at military expense and army offices pleased for future plunder. They are carved out into plots in anticipation of distribution among army officers - all expectant by force and exploitation. They are so strategically interspersed all over the country. The army has a finger in every pie and a base in every geographical area, as an octopus which holds with its dangerous fangs, tentacles and off shoots, the country and maintains a position of political maneuverability. The cantonments are equipped to hold the nation at ransom. The wastage of expense and even in innocent fields like schools and colleges and sporting activities, is enormous. It is criminal to say the least. The cantonments are a trick and contrivance to intimidate, asphyxiate, twine and squeeze the people of Pakistan. The standing army, its expansion and escalating expenditure are political investment by the army in Pakistan. In the Punjab the army has an electoral college, an agency to manipulate vote and secure acceptable results by coercion, corruption and highhandedness. For the small provinces the cantonments are signals and signs of bondage and bloodshed; centers of gun-powder to be used against them. Proliferation of cantonments is a matter of the politics of the army to interfere in every political process and to justify its existence and increasing defence expenditure to keep the country subdued and paralyzed whenever needed.

Islamabad was conceived and planned by Yahya and his Commission on the lines of a cantonment and subsequent events and political repercussions proved that Islamabad was deliberately located in the proximity and under the shadow of one of the biggest garrison towns in Asia. The rancidity, perversion and intrigues of cantonments in autocratic countries are well known. The politicians of Pakistan must live under the fear, terror and awe of guns and bayonets. Pakistan must not move on the road of a civil or civilized society. It must not grow to the heights expected by its founder; but must dwarf, wither and ossify. Islamabad was constructed to serve the purposes of generals and Jamat-e-Islami.

Pakistan armed forces are only for display, gamboling and killing the innocent citizens and positive trainers and leaders for dacoits and robbers in the form of deserters from the armed forces. Pakistan army was only for marching, parading, drilling, saluting, goose-stepping for color, gorgeousness and spectacular show. Where once velour and discipline were attributed to them, now it is a myth which is meant only for slogans and vulgar consumption. These dancing peacocks and piccadios are a national disgrace. Is the history of Pakistan not a witness enough to our braggarting, and our performance belies all our claims of competence. General Zia ruined the professionalism of the Army and today only its skeleton remains. He destroyed by habits, by seductions and allurements the character, the nature and the constitution of the armed forces. His was the martial law, in which for the first time, he thoroughly destroyed and corrupted the Air Force and the Navy also. Pakistan armed forces were no longer that reputable

fighting force. Air Marshal Shamim, Admiral Sirohey, generals Rahimuddin and Aslam Baig are supreme instances of the generation of professionalism and deterioration in the standards of the Armed Forces. Pakistan armed forces are today a phenomenon of professional hollowness and inefficiency. The salt had lost its savor long ago.

General Zia had left a terrible legacy in Pakistan for generations to come. Zia ruled Pakistan as if it was an antediluvian society thoughtless, predatory, hypocritical pompous and incontinent - every man's hand against everybody else. Chou Fin Lie said "How could Afghanistan be called a country, a land of money-lenders, maliks, usurers, smugglers, narcotics peddlers, loving to shed the blood of any body for money, for whom killing was a pleasure and a sport and religion a ruse." If this is what Chou Ein Lie said about Afghanistan, in Zia's regime, Pakistan was no less retrograde, perhaps in his chicanery and manner of government worse still. Zia left nothing in Pakistan untarnished and unstained and everything he touched he contaminated and polluted. His every action was unabashedly callous and blood thirsty, given to vandalism and exultation in destruction, in Sindh specially, which was the playing field of Pakistan Armed Forces. He had no conception of the consequences that a government carried on by murders, rapine and intrigue by tricks, by spies and excesses of mean minions till popular disquiet and disaffection ripened into rebellio, is no government - it is a curse, it is a scourge of God - the very fall of man.

General Zia displayed a marvelous medley of Machiavellianism and military subterfuge and stratagem. He had successfully and successively been able to collect a whole conglomeration of politicians, bureaucrats, judges and lawyers to use them at will and then drop them as squeezed lemons - an age old habit of autocrats, potentates, kings and dictators. The nearest of courtiers are always in the greatest danger of disgrace and death. It is amazing what a galaxy, a constellation, a mixture of rascals and rogues and conspirators of every variety and specification, he had collected round himself - mendacious Chishty, profligate Fazal Haq, treacherous Gilani, perfidious Najeeb, Rasputin in Pirzada Sharifuddin, the Brutus in Brohi, and scheming poltroon in Dr. Afzal, the murderer of justice in Anwarul-Haq, the depraved personality of Moulvi Mushtaque, the perfidious concoctionist in Suleri, the scum of journalism in Altaf Qureshi and Salahuddin, the embodiments of hypocrisy in all the Mullas and generals and in Jamat-e-Islami in particular, and a host of Pirs, Dargah Nasheens, and Mashaikhs surrounded him like cats and dogs-hungry men jostling for favors and largesse.

Jama'at-e-Islami is the most flamboyant conglomeration of demagoguery. We are afraid by their performance and tergiversation and ambivalence the generals and Jamaat-e-Islami have been serving against the people of the country and the constitution of Pakistan with brazenness, and by loosely and hypocritically invoking the name of Islam, have been tragically but certainly, weakening its compulsive hold on Muslims Society and thus cutting at the very roots and sapping the foundations of Pakistan. Generals and priests have never stood by the poor in history. Somehow in Pakistan

from 1953 the armed forces of Pakistan began to develop the habit and reputation of being a political party.

VI

In Pakistan Politics is a tricky game hinging on the pinions of bayonets and on the barrels of guns, at the centre of this stage in this whole circus stood the animal trainer and ring-leader and instructor with his dexterous whip, brandishing his lash-general Zia himself. A collection of such evil men could never mean the welfare of Pakistan. He had a whole array of cowards, bureaucrats toadies, in Sayids, Mirs, and Pirs, Sardars and Waderas of every color and kind. That he had an abundance in them is a phenomenon characteristic of Pakistan. He used all the tricks, crafts and artifices of military training and metaphysics of corruption and extravagance. The poor country of Pakistan had the capacity, patience and the stomach to suffer and stare. To the dexterity he had displayed and the methods and machinations he had used and survival of his operations and schemes history alone will testify. He had corrupted the nation, demoralized the people competing with the devil himself in cheating and concoction. He brought every misery, misfortune and disgrace to the people of Pakistan. We wonder who Zia was aiming to surpass and compete, with such consummate and characteristic leadership of the devil himself.

What confusion, tensions and animosities and misery he had left behind-province against province, man against man, men against women, youth against society, *Mulla* against rationality and humanity, soldier against his people, bureaucrats against their compatriots, MQM was his legacy, a party burgeoning and behaving like Ku Lux Klan, Fidaeen of Alamut, Hitlers junkers and young Tigers, all lost to exercise killing and lunacy. Peradventure in his death he had prognosticated and hastened and quickened the disintegration of Pakistan. In words of Akbar Bugti "It took twenty-five years for Pakistan to divide into two, it should take another twenty-five years to dismember into three or four".

Thanks to God this earth of Pakistan had not given birth to Zia. He was a foreign importation, all Pakistan's misfortunes and miseries, illicitly, illegalities, illegitimacy and promiscuity had some from outside and abroad so clearly vouchsafed in the book "*The mid nights children*".— We in Pakistan were such a moral and noble community in 1947. Can't we plug this percolating puss and drain out the filth and the rubbish which has infiltrated from abroad.

In nearly fifty years of Pakistan history it is both saddening and maddening phenomenon to observe that Sindh and Baluchistan were taken to be the perennial sinners of the country, the Punjab could do no wrong. The Frontier in the words of Dr. Wizard (Dr. Mahboob-ul Haq) of Pakistan "can always be paid and pacified and silenced" - a great weakness which even the great Badshah Khan acknowledged with

candor. For fifty long dreary years, we in Pakistan have been nurturing snakes and serpents and innocently "sharpening" the lethal weapons which have been pressing so fastidiously and assiduously against our very breasts. How can a healthy nation be obtained living under guns, swords and gallows. Iqbal was made and an inebriated poet to proclaim and sanctify this weaponry.

General Zia was a disgrace for the whole country, for all generals and for the army, He was a disgrace to the very institution and its name. No wonder in March, 1991 at a dinner Air Marshal Noor Khan said to me, "The Pakistan army was not meant to fight battles on its borders. It was a sort of mischief within, and an embarrassment without." The failure in two wars with India had synged them and scared them so badly, as general Aslam Baig had the candor to say and acknowledge publicly-though that speech itself was a disgrace to the profession of armed forces and the traditions of respectable and recognized institution in any respectable and recognized country of the world. One could easily ask, "Can Martial Law be a polity". Is it any wisdom which reconciles and combines crime with character. Dictatorships in history have invariably developed a strong propensity for infallibility and divinity. Dictators in their vanity and lunacy and pettiness have converted themselves into sacred cows, superior deities and masters of wisdom and contrived by every conceivable and despicable means to permanently preside on the misfortunes of their nations-but nature has its own revenge in being ignored. The military mind is a bulging barn of ego and narcissism. This dear land of Pakistan stands dyed and incarnadined with the blood of its own children. We are an unlucky nation which values men by their thews and sinews. There is no true leadership without integrity and intellect. The spirit of revenge and guilt destroys the foundation of states.

It is an irony of history that during the twentieth century every military *coup* and take-over had been ridiculously given the status and appellation of a Revolution. Etymologically, historically and ideologically a revolution must mean a socioeconomic and political change which will affect the entire spectrum of national life, brought about by prolonged and excessive misery, poverty discontent, helplessness and the oppression of the people. The beheading of Charles I, Mary Antonette wondering why people could not eat cakes if bread was not available, why Bastille should be stormed, the Americans resenting taxes without representation and the rule of mad George ifi the King of England, Lenin rousing the plebs and the proliterate extirpating and exterminating the entire Czarist families, Ataturk putting an end to the farce and facade of the Sultanate of Turkey, Mao marching thousands of miles and collecting the people of persecuted China and jolting it into revolt, life unity and resurrection, Gandhi reducing the British Empire to helplessness and leaving them no alternative but to hurriedly quit, these are revolutions, but not so Hitler's advance on Munich, Mussolini's taking over of Rome, Ayub Khan's cancerous inception of military adventure, Yahya's tos and fros and Zia's one step forward and three steps backward and playing with the life of the nation. They are not revolutions but playing with the destiny and fortunes of

the nation. This sacred word revolution military men and lunatics have outrageously marred and scarred and scandalized to the humiliation of their own people. Napoleon said, "If there was no Voltaire there would be no Revolution". A revolution is not for donkeys to drive and mules to pull as we have seen to the misfortune of Pakistan. The soldiers can only plunder and kill, rob and rifle, they cannot build.

A real revolution is a leap forward, a movement to look ahead a land-mark in a nation's life, a change of considerable spiritual and intellectual magnitude and dimensions for the future wellbeing amelioration and prosperity of a country; whereas a *coup* is a leap backwards, a pull of evil forces and retrogression, a myopic ecclesiasticism, and atavistic phenomenon, a tendency to darkness, a physical and mental retardation, and asphyxiation of the bleakest age. A revolution is no miracle or a blunderbuss, it is not a mere accumulation of events and episodes. It affects the whole being of a nation and gives it a new vision and direction. A revolution affects the soul of the whole people of a nation. It is the total hope of the national aspirations and expression of their "General Will". It is the dream of generations to come. It is the educated, the clever and the contriving whose atonement is going to be the most severe and the reckoning of sins and crimes the hardest, Quran says, "Why talk when you have no intention of doing what you say. Nothing is more hateful in the eyes of God as saying what you have no intention to do".

A military *coup* is a madness, a misdemeanor, a falsehood a deception and a treason. Even Mao said "The power comes from the barrel of a gun, but it is the people who must control the guns". The national, rational and institutional way to reform is to do it through the now universally acknowledged principle of popular representation. Government by the uniform is a ruse and a subterfuge. We certainly value and honor the soldier, but he has to honor the oath to the state and the constitution. A soldier, is not a personal employee of his general nor the general high command. I am afraid in Pakistan the armed forces, the way they have behaved in our history, have given the impression that the soldiers are the private servants and a personal force of the chief of general staff. Is it any justice, is it humanity, is it any revolution when general's men forcibly enter houses, seize, pillage, plunder and kill. Are not the generals purveyors of treasures spoilers and repines. What is it in which peace is better than war. An ass cannot turn into a horse with zeal, and energy. It is a historical truth that military men know little distinction between personal loyalty and public duty.

Revolutions are not any sudden occurrences or volcanic eruptions or sociologically spasmodic and sporadic phenomena. They develop in the minds and memories of men. They are the result of physical and spiritual upsurge. They are the result of slow and long historical processes .and accumulation of a series of events of universal nature. A single and isolated incident may ignite a conflagration which may spread to unexpected limits and dimensions. They may be even the innocent and accidental matters of thoughtlessness and with no idea of deliberation and design or widespread

consequences. They may be the planned and visionary expression of a people who can look ahead. Their consequences to start with may not be thinkable and positive, but with the passage and length of time, they may be so basic and fundamental a change, they may be the result of temporary and emotional revolt, they may be the contrivance of new mischievous measures to start an insurrection, they may start with foolish, desperate or astray incidents and episodes without any thinking and meaning and without any vaticination. What they would produce, grow into and result into, may be any body's guess. The throwing of the tea chests in the Boston Harbor in U.S.A. the shooting of a Prince at Serajevo, the imprisonment of Gandhi in Africa, the conspiracy and intelligence operations of T.E. Lawrence, the emergence of Ataturk, the rise of Soekarno, the appearance of Bin Bella, writings of Rousseau and Voltaire, the publication of Das Capital, emergence of Mao's China may be the initial agitating and igniting factors but gave no indication, of any revolution as such. Who knows what the consequences and changes the U.S. Iraq war would, bring in the Arab region for the tribal Arab world. The Gulf War may be a storm and a turning point in their fortunes and their history. It is a secret of history that the leaders of all great revolutions died penny less and in poverty; of course having given a supreme direction to life of progress and having presided on the hearts and minds of men. All the revolutions so called in which people are not involved or valued are rapacious processes and fake. It is an irony of history that beheading Charles I brought Cromwell, storming Bastille brought Napoleon but exhuming the body of Cromwell brought New Revolution in England, in the fall of Napoleon a relief to France. When leaders look for riches, land and acquisition they are bound to prove disastrous.

In Pakistan we had no revolution; it was not even a civil war. The exchange of population was a misfortune. Independence came to us by fluke and one as a by-product of the efforts of others. Amongst its geographical constituents Bengal came by sincerity, Sindh by simplicity and innocence, (may be idiocy) Punjab by greed and chicanery and design, Frontier by accident and Baluchistan by force; and the rest were all adventurers and vultures to prey on the prosperity and the resources of Pakistan.

Pakistan army has had a desultory history. It was supposed to be our pride at the time of independence and an honor and a delight but soon it fell, and failed so badly. It became a sacred cow and enemy of the nation and not a stay for the nation, a hope and guarantee of its existence, but the country collapsed under the weight of its generals, and the general staff. Today it has a reputation of madness.

Ayub Khan played with it for land, industry and profits. The country had in the words of Sheridan "auctioneering ambassadors and trading generals." Hunger for land took roots and burgeoned with luxuriance. Riches and revolution do not go together. Money never ennobles, it only corrupts and degrades.

The military the sacred cow has now caught us by our throats. One wonders why in Muslim history except for the initial and basic revolution in the advent of Islam in all the centuries the conception of people collapsed. The only real revolutions were of Karbala, the Turkish Revolution of 1924 and the revolution of Khomeini in Iran, Islamic countries had seen no other. The people and the masses never mattered in any Muslim country perhaps the most tragic instance of this failure and phenomenon is Pakistan, and specially the years from 1976 to 1989 the period of lunacy.

What a disconcerting phenomenon and fact of history that after the massacre of Karbala, the Muslims have always elevated honored, eulogized and panygerised the murderer, the traitor and the criminal. Bhutto I am sure must have read Lytton, Meredith, Russell and Toynbee, and when general Gilani was giving him lectures and lessons on morality, military ethics and telling him fibs and rationalities, he should have remembered what they said, "When a general is talking of morality, rationality, altruism and metaphysics be sure he has something else at the back of his mind". "Never trust a general, the more he talks of loyalty the lesser he has to be trusted". Trust is a quality of politics, an attribute of representation, a phenomenon of statesmanship, the sign of vision and a signal of sacrifice and service.

We have seen to our misfortune and horror the tricks and strategies of the army generals in playing with politicians. The armies never want a political consensus of the people, for them they are the gun fodder as the soldiers are the gun fodder of war. Nations with cohesion are a constant threat to the generals. Martial Laws were always promulgated to destroy political consensus in a country and to thwart any understanding or national unity, and to keep the pot of hatred among the units and sections boiling. Zia was a supreme example of this animosity to consensus. His party less elections were the basis and principle of that strategy, though the process was beautifully started by Ayub and Yahya to our shame and discomfiture. All martial laws frustrated consensus as we saw in the negotiations of 1970, in the changes in 1972, in the processes of 1976. This was amply proved by the events of 1956, 1977 and 1990. The success of political negotiations ushered in the martial law. How much we have lost during the last fifty years developments is a ruse played by all martial law governments. They have developed this country into a graveyard, and right into their bulging pockets. Our national neurosis has shown that our uncertainty, animosity and suspicion have brought us nothing but *coups*, individual derangements and institutional aberrations.

Let this nation be honest to itself. Let it realize that martial laws have reduced it to helplessness and impotence, and it is disintegrating at its seams and exploding from its bowels. The widening and deepening extremes of poverty and prosperity and social distinctions, and slow but sure sapping of national morale have become a chronic disease, except that Providence somehow has up to now spared us the extreme

conditions of hunger and destitution. Nothing else appears to inspire hope. It is all darkness and confusion before us.

We cannot help assessing the disasters and intrigues of our constitutional development in Pakistan. All constitutional safeguards and processes had collapsed and sunk to the depth and lost their value, usefulness, - integrity and hope. General Zia converted politicians and *Moulanas* into courtiers, songsters, *tabalchies* and purveyors of conscience. It is always a fact that the desire for office, influence and affluence, and promotion, of liars in national polity led to hypocrisy and moral degeneration. Men of little thought little education, bumptious and fugacious, turned to him with their beards and turbans, in their habitual dance to please him and pander him for money. The generals around him helped themselves with whatever they could grab, and fell like vultures on rich lands and military estates carved out from the rich green lands of Pakistan to the detriment of the masses of the nation. Every succeeding martial law manifested itself in the form of neurotic and miserable petty tyrants and thus became hated as no government in the history of Pakistan had.

For such a considerable length of time, the Pakistani people themselves were now governed from a centre and a city which was conceived as a cantonment, and found themselves in the iron grips of an authority in which they had no say. Anger and hatred sprouted and surged forth specially in the three small provinces (though Punjab too was not faring any better) stronger than ever because their expression was difficult and impossible. It is the poor who carried the burden but could not utter a word. They cried in pain and yearned for a day when their voice will be heard and their personality will come back and be recognized. They had lost the right and sense of expression which Bhutto had given them. They waited for a harbinger of hope, that appeared in the shape and form, courage and aggressiveness of his daughter.

General Zia must go down in history as the worst representative of dictatorship and military rule, hypocrisy, subterfuge and treason. He was no soldier he was a cheat a real snake "A military cap" No nation since the second great war in the twentieth century, had been subjected to such flagrant mendacity by its governments as Pakistan and all in the name of ethics and Islam. If patriotism was the last refuge of the scoundrel then religion was the last refuge of the hypocrite. It is in the name of religion that Pakistan was being ruined and driven to disappearance.

We wonder why we have made religion a matter of debate. Doubt and internecine and intestinal war are. In Pakistan religion was never in doubt nor a subject of dispute and debate and differences. It was the foundation of its creation. Religion does not mean bloodshed and madness. We wonder how we have now dragged it out for street processions, foul language and shedding of blood. Thus having used religion as a tool and instrument of aggrandizement and perverted it for fifty years, and allowed it to rest in the hands of the most ignorant and myopic *mullas*, we now see ourselves groping for

Safety and succor, and seeking protection from our perfidy and hypocrisy by appealing to Prophet and God, a perfectly legitimate thing to do, but little did we realize and probably intensively believe that God could not be cheated; we have only cheated ourselves. This blessed year 1993 has begun rather ominously for us; perhaps the cataclysm must come. "Good is the strongest and the noblest of all contrivers".

General Zia was the product of an ambiguous birth and background. His lineage was vague and uncertain. His past nebulous and even problematical. The imbecility of his physique and constitution were acknowledged with candor even by himself, physical polio at an early age according to Dr Istiaq Hussain Qureshi, his teacher in St. Stephens College, Delhi accompanied his mental aberrations. Early bitterness, impecuniosity and indigency of youth must have left mark in the form of sadism and masochism. For a physique and mind so tortured from birth and embittered from deprivation and the life so desolate and forlorn and barren, army was the only career left to pursue. This was the road of freebooters, gamblers, maniacs, rascals and depraved minds. According to H G Wells it was the fact and verdict of history to the present day.

VII

The Muslims of India had committed a mistake they had not only divided themselves into three bits but they had exposed themselves to lunatic experimentation and horrible bludgeoning and rough handling by the rude, the crude and the cruel. When the country had lost the capacity to produce great leaders, balanced politicians and sound statesmen, the ruffians were on the galore. A complacent nation could not pay the price of liberty. It is only the eternal vigilance of the nation which can secure freedom and retain it.

Pakistan was fully exposed to the depredations and mischief of the adventurer. It was still living in mediaeval times. To individuals and nations many a time misfortunes come in series as to Pakistan, but Pakistan was destined to have an unbroken chain of cheats and scoundrels to rule it in its history. It was an unlucky country though conceived as the land of the pure, and the people of which were not destined to see peace and progress. Fates had so conspired that dullards, poltroons and numskulls, without knowledge of history and human nature, without education which gives competence and sobriety and balance in the handling of human affairs, without the sense of proportion and sense of compromise without which no political processes are possible, without vision, without sympathy, without pity, without the thought of the consequences and pitfalls of future began to preside on its destiny. A more maladjusted and preposterous nation could not be conceived. Jinnah was a lawyer and in about a few years he became the head of a new state. Lawyers by nature are psychologically rational and practical but uncommitted. They are by nature untouched by the profundity of natural processes, unconcerned, oblivious. and myopic of human evolutionary processes and ethical and metaphysical principles of life. After having

been paid for getting a fellow hanged, they turn around and search for another victim with perfect equanimity and satisfaction and without any compunctions of conscience. Professional lawyers and professional soldiers are a curse for the ignorant, illiterate and beleaguered nations. Pakistan from its very inception had an ominous start. Very soon its development and progress became disquieting, glaring and even alarming.

Though a historical trait of generals, General Zia's mendacity was proverbial. He had no conception of the importance and the sanctity of the constitutions and the laws. He thought all constitutions were mere waste paper and were only meant to be torn to pieces and thrown to winds – were pieces of paper not worth much in the true traditions of Cromwell and Napoleon and Hitler.

On the ouster of the Bhutto's government and the packing the parliament of the country, he had broadcast to the nation, on the Radio and the Television, and promised that he will hold the general elections and the country will have a new parliament Within ninety days, as prescribed by the 1973 constitution; and he also said that his was the third martial law and the fourth will destroy Pakistan. One wondered why he took the third step if the fourth was meant to end in his ominous predictions. When ninety days were over he gave every excuse for postponement of elections. He played with and dodged the politicians of Pakistan National Alliance, who had foolishly joined his government were soon disillusioned in his promises and commitments and they resigned. He made politicians dance to his tune, and avoided all the democratic processes. His party less polls were a disaster and a disgrace. This obtuse process could not function. It was so fake, and when he destroyed it he was doing so to what he had himself sworn. From his party less parliament he got passed the most sinister atrocious and hypocritical 8th Amendment in the constitution and thus doing away with its very body and soul.

From the very day he took over he assumed the place and powers of the Prime Minister this is what Choudhry Fazal Illahi the President of Pakistan told me, whom he had cleverly not removed but retained on the false promise and hope of holding elections within ninety days, which never appeared to end.

In April 1978 I decided to resign my honorary position as National Commissioner of Pakistan Scout Association. I went to Choudhry Fazalillahi, the President, who was also the Chief Scout of Pakistan. Choudhry Fazal ifiahi was a wonderful dignified and gracious man. I had known him closely when he was the speaker of West Pakistan Assembly, where a cousin of mine was the Deputy Speaker, and I was serving in Lahore as the director of education. I told him I wanted to resign as national scout commissioner, he looked at me and said "I want you to wait till I am here. These HARAMZADAS promised me to hold the elections of the Parliament during ninety days, but their ninety days do not appear to end. I have stayed in the interests of

Pakistan, and I am sure they are trying to destroy Pakistan. I may very soon decide to resign and then you may do so."

I met Choudhry Fazal Illahi in Karachi in June 1978 on his return from Turkey. He told me he was resigning from fifteenth of July, "I have had enough of these dam fools and cheats, they have used me and the nation enough. I cannot stand lies any more". I too had enough and I also decided to resign my position as National Commissioner of Pakistan Scout Association along with him. He told me to stay on and I declined. I told him that it will not be the same again after he was gone, and so on the fifteenth of July 1978 I also resigned.

The resignation of Choudhry Fazal Illahi was a great opportunity and the finest thing that could have happened for general Zia. He quietly filled the vacuum and assumed the presidency of Pakistan; Like Napoleon, who on his coronation as the Emperor of France, snatched the crown from the hands of the Pope and put it on his own head, saying "It is I who have earned it, you have no right to put it on my head." Thus the last link with the democratic-order was snapped with Choudhry Fazal Illahi's resignation, General Zia peacefully and shamelessly went through the ridiculous metamorphosis from martial law Administrator to the Chief of General Staff, he was already the Chief of Military Staff, technically a subordinate post, but most effective and militarily most powerful. He thus assumed the powers and functions of the Prime Minister on the dismissal and bundling of the democratic government, and quietly assumed the presidency in addition to everything else. The circle of politics for him was complete. He had rolled and risen to all the political heights; as a matter of fact to the great heights, from which now he could only fall. There was nothing higher left to go for, and he disappeared in the form of the burning plane in which he was incinerated to ashes. God's laws had also completed full circle for him; but for Pakistan he left enough mischief and political and sociological, and constitutional chaos behind. The boat of Pakistan was still to rock, an ill-fated country.

The Prophet of God had always prayed to Providence to spare him the horrors of an accidental death. It was like landing and jumping into the hell fire on the terrestrial plain even before death; a punishment which God had reserved for the most obnoxious of his sinners against humanity. He died in the sight of the people who had come to see him off, with all the hopelessness of escape; to be thrown to earth in the burning air craft, what a punishment of God which did not allow him martyrdom, shaheedism and ghazi-ism. The common place and deceitful words in Pakistan's military history. For Zia conspiracy was a daunting end. We Muslims are truly a deluded people against mysteries of God. What freedom! what liberty! The destiny of Pakistan.

From the very obscure beginnings, the origin of every adventurous general, he managed by intrigue and conspiracy and subterfuge to control the destiny of a hapless and unfortunate nation and a stupefied people. What a rise of a ruffian to heights from

which he was destined to fall-from the slaughter of the Palestinian in Amman through sheer, art and craft and conspiracy and cajolery, he boldly reached the stage with all temerity of treason but when he was to be punished by nature we waited for the verdict and the work of God: All the generals of Pakistan history who ruled whether Sikandar Mirza collapsing in the soup of his own intrigue, Ayub collapsing at the height and pinnacle of his power, Yahya in the exuberance of. Bangladesh massacre and in the propinquity of pimps and prostitutes, and now Zia pulverized to ashes by a conflagration which only nature could command. God had ordered the fire to be cool to Prophet Abraham, but this air-conditioned aircraft became an incandescent inferno by the order of the same God. God does not allow any fiddling with his laws for long. These are some moments and incidents which should be examples for people to awaken and to learn, but will Pakistan (nay Punjabi) ever learn.

To die is the destiny of man; how where and when is the secret of nature. History has a long and tremendous record of the death and the end of tyrants, Attila at the hands of his wife, Napoleon in his forlorn St. Helena, Cromwell exhumed from his grave and his skull still on auction, Hitler burning himself to death, Mussolini hanging in Milan, the Shah of Iran hunted from pillar to post, forsaken by his patrons and protectors, Tojo hanged in the view of all in Japan. All enemies of humanity had a condign compensation in the novelty of their death. God has his own ways to take revenge. Blood has never gone unpaid and unrewarded in a multiple measure. To burn alive in the very exuberance and pinnacle of power is the rudest conception of God's punishment which must take him direct to infernal conflagration and beyond. What an irony of fate. The very flying machine which took the dead body of Bhutto to his village; the surest, the most reliable and the safest of machines, took all the murderers of Bhutto to a common grave, how inscrutable are the ways of nature. Indeed God is extremely just in His judgments and punishments.

General Zia's Islam was confined to public show a falsehood in which all lofty principles of religious and common ethics were invoked in public but flouted in private and in the councils of state with gusto. The men closest to him began to see through the game and began to doubt his sincerity. With every passage and period of time, they suspected his motives, they distrusted his pious professions. They feared for their lives. They saw Shiwaji in him embracing Afzal Khan. He was a marvelous mélange of Aurangzeb Ranjeet Singh, Cromwell, Jaffer Mansoor and Mir Jaffar, like the last days of the Khilafat of Hazrat Ali, Pakistan produced a whole lot of precursors and prototypes of Zia.

Zia's rule was a real kakistocracy governed both by mad administration and extravagance. His were artifices and tricks which was made Pakistan a menagerie of wild beasts. His general's rodomontade and bastinado put to shame even the drunkards and the lunatics. His glistening teeth were meant to tear, gnash and gnaw with cannibalish relish. He played with the laws of God and the traditions of the Prophet and

the ideals and the noblest principles of men, laws and institutions with abandon and non-challance. The sacred had no place in his actions and decisions. While he incessantly talked of Quran and Hadith, they had no place in his actions and decisions. He was thoroughly carnal and brutish in his thinking and actions. He was the most outrageous and unashamed secular and pseudo theoretic man. There is no religion in generals and cantonments.

Politically general Zia was not only ignorant but thoroughly nave and silly. He had come to assume that he could in Pakistan, fool and play with success, with all the people with all assurance. He had created more than a dozen intelligence agencies, all thieves set to catch the other thieves, all reporting directly to him and none knew who was spying against whom. He had gravitated to take his decisions like a fool, and fell in the hands of jugglers, necromancers, hagiologists, soothsayers and palmists in utter state of suspicion and confusion. He had made Pakistan a political Zoo. Men who believe in bayonets have no faith in rational and political processes. They played havoc with the tenderest threads of national life. Gen Zia had converted the most rational processes and instruments of decent political life from 1977 into an animal farm and circus. He had declared politicians as curs and made them dance to his tune on the turn of his baton. He had ensconced himself in the intrigues and circuitous political maneuvers and constitutional niceties, and left the country thoroughly exposed to his own whims and to the criminals, lawyers and judges. His political *maladaptation* and even tomfoolery had made Pakistan a laughing stock in the world. He inducted army officers and other personnel in strategic position in civil administration to spy on their superiors. The International press on both sides of both the Atlantic and the Pacific had dissected and desiccated him threadbare from a parhya, that he was in 1977, he became an apple and a cynosure of American eyes in 1979.

1979 had made Gen. Zia a favorite of the Western nations, specially the United States. To keep himself in power he did not stop from doing the most scurrilous and sordid deeds. In him America had lost a devil they loved, used and patronized the most - perhaps finished him having been caught in his own net of intrigue. In this abject status he had recourse to the wildest and most hypocritical virtuosity not practiced by any dictator before with such sophistication and finesse. General Zia's political antics were last nails in the coffin of Pakistan, which his military predecessors were hammering away to ensure its doom.

It is a painful and pathetic phenomenon of Pakistan's socio-political development that we marked with total helplessness and mortification the steady and unmitigated moral and political deterioration in standards and values in all men in authority. We observed a slow but sure retrogression in the caliber and stature of men who enjoyed power and authority. It was a continuous process of decline (except four years of democratic rule) till we reach 1977 when we had a real precipitous fall. They say there has been a constant deterioration of religion, education, intellect, ethics and aesthetics in men who

have ruled from 1947 till today. Ignorant dullards for whom sobriety of thought, word and respect for values in actions, terminology, discussions and debates had no significance and meaning. The acceptance from 1977, even in highest councils of state foul and filthy language of the barracks and the parade grounds became a normal and standard form of expression. the loose and wagging tongues had nothing sacred praiseworthy in their lives. Every discussion was a scandal, every debate shameful, every exhibition of viciousness flagrant; every observation an obscenity, every sentence moral affront and every word an abuse. This is a view of some of the closest accomplices of the general who had still some moral standards left to acknowledge lapses and degeneration. From 1977 fear, suspicion and vulgarity had taken absolute possession of men and women. Punjab had always had a predilection for vulgarity, abuse, obscenity and villainy in social life-legacy of military monopoly and the British sergeant Majors training, schooling and rodomontade.

Low and behold the strange are the ways of God! Fates had, it appears already decreed that Zia must prove false to everything he had said, promised, envisaged, vociferated about showed or done. There was an intrinsic falsehood about him. He must pull down everything and the whole nation to the earth. Providence in His wrath had ordained that he must, before his body was incinerated, demolish and extirpate everything he had made, raised or built pontificated about, contrived or designed. He had juggled and cheated individuals and bodies of men and the nation with relish. One by one he took his turn in undoing them all and sapping their foundations, and razing them to the ground. Fate had given him time and a long and free rope to err and to cheat to his heart's content. Both the pious and the profane began to see and pay for the game. The circus master was using his whip with agility and expertise. Administration had collapsed, men toppled, his ephemeral adjutants danced and disappeared, government was plagued by every military and political trickery that was audaciously resorted to. Men's minds stood boggled and confused at the sudden, spectacle. Slowly and steadily the whole panorama of destruction was revealing itself in a painful way. Gen. Zia's mischief and treason must not co-exist. No one he had spared, no institution he had not polluted, mauled or destroyed and nothing he would spare spoliation by the time he went in that ball of fire. He had left nothing in its place functioning and living. Every aspect of life was in shambles. He had mauled and killed everything. He had started with pious asseverations but must end in murder.

Those who served him feared him in their hours, of wakefulness and in their slumbers and dreams. They cursed him for ruining them. They cursed themselves for serving him. When he died he could have as well have said like Attila, "I am glad in Athens and Rome there is not a single statue left on its pedestal, of which the head had not been cut off". Nature had its own ways of handling and ending the lives of despots under circumstances they could not remotely conceive.

All generals, conquerors and dictators have a strong propensity to live in fool's paradise. They believe in their infallibility, omniscience and destiny. The crash of the plane was a nature's revenge and well timed decision for Pakistan. Gen. Zia like all the generals before him in their devilish decision and treason, had pulverized under their boots, all the noble and essential principles of civil and civilized existence-whatever they said they lived for was right; they could not be wrong in their bombastic orders and decisions but everything they said or did stood falsified by the verdict of history. Generals lack the historical sense. They followed curs who lived from day to day. His demoralized bureaucracy were slaves to the rich but tyrants to the poor. Death was drawing nearer every hour.

With Gen. Zia's exemplary death we hope the political ethics, antics and methodology of Pakistan's generals, if they are wise and sincere to the nation, should come to an end. Will it? How disastrous they have been, is not a hidden fact or phenomenon. Their deeds are written in crimson in the firmament. Myths could never be truths. The credibility of the generals of Pakistan stands starkly shattered. They made the nation live in self-deception and the nation had paid very dearly for its dancing to their tune. Now was the moment of relief, lesson, prayers and repentance;

But let us be warned, with the death of one Nero other Nero's did not stop appearing. Is that not in the chronicle of nations to protect such diabolical agents of devil, evil and myths from appearing. It is the function of politicians and political institutions, to beware and reform. The generals have excruciated and squeezed the last ounce of energy and sensitivity of self respect from the nation. Shall we hope for some revivification and perhaps resurrection? We must remember the truth from the devil himself. He did not declare fourth martial law which he had prognosticated in his very first speech in 1977 that it will destroy Pakistan. Only that he had left it on the brink of that prediction and disaster.

VIII

Turning from past experience and present realities to future vaticinations requires a breath of vision, a largeness of heart which we are sorry to say is not vouchsafed to the generals at all. Theirs is a history of shame. We wonder if the nation is bent upon inviting its ruin by allowing the monkey's to rule. In the words of Churchill, Zia's end signifies the end of the

Dark Age, made more sinister by its protraction and perversion. The generals designed and built everything on our national weaknesses. It is with our memories, our reminiscences and experiences that we should approach and design and plan our future. The up-shots of irresponsibility and vagrancy are obvious. Are we to countenance with equanimity the personal extravagances of the perverted and demented ruffians to the total detriment of our existence.

Let us bear in mind that all dictatorship and Irresponsible and unrepresentative governments are inherently inefficient, corrupt, misguided and unwise. That is history. Irresponsible power must end in disaster. In all dictatorships men and nations live in the air and in fool's paradise, in which burgeon and flourish intellectual and moral perverses who live on flattery, astrology, drugs, alcohol, profanities and ostentation anything to fool or inebriate a nation. In Pakistan patriotism in high place is little understood when greed, passion and shedding of blood are hardly softened or governed by reflection and education and fusion of social order, classes and distinctions.

Dictatorship not, only affects the political lives but corrupts the educational, scientific and technical progress and processes. Even in our military that decline is obvious. Our disgraceful failure in military conflicts, the enormous numbers of desertions in our forces, the lowering of professional standards and the conduct of selections and allurements of commerce and industry and the bungling of plutocracy were an open secret. Our army once the pride of the nation is today not only a ridicule but a disgrace. Sikandar Mirza and Ayub initiated the process and Zia let it reach its abyss. Irresponsible military professionalism is a disease which is eating into the vitals of our society. It is snobbism, narcissism, falsehood and a mirage. Generals have elevated crime to politics and politics to mystery and a Joke. With the exemplary death of general Zia will the people of Pakistan forget forever the fatal traditions of *Badshahat*, *Sultanat* and invincibility. Let us be a bit modest in our assertions and vociferations. It is fact of history that the conception of historical greatness generally becomes a historical doom.

Was Pakistan the creation of hatred? It was regulated by fear and terror. Every citizen must prostrate before the rulers with the guns and the bureaucrats with the batons. Hatred is a poison for both the victors and their victims. Hatred eats into the vitals of values which give nobility to humanity. Hatred is a two-edged sword, it cuts every way it turns. It has left Pakistan without any destination, and a random society-without aim, without zeal, without will and without any hope to live and survive. Terror has ruled it and doubt has pervaded In it from the very next day of its birth and inauguration. The demon of disintegration has hovered over the heads of all those who ruled and, they all without exception, talked about the danger of its disappearing, of its economic insecurity, its fears and fragility and all confidence we lacked; both within and without, and proclaimed it from house tops and so incessantly. They were so uncertain of themselves and the country they ruled with relish and total abandon. The governing principle of administration was to suspect every citizen, of treason or, for intelligence of a foreign power. They had nothing in mind but to terrorize. It was an, exercise in who could terrorize, whom how much, how quickly, how grievously, how instantaneously and how menacingly. It appeared, killing and murdering were amuck in all the provincial capitals and in the national capital of the state.

In the wake of its existence Pakistan was faced with a queer and peculiar phenomenon of mass immigration. This turned out to be the most ominous, inauspicious and malignant infliction. Immigrant communities and populations are rarely any harbingers of peace, goodwill, good intentions and modesty, and with any urge and desire to live and accept the indigenous so easily. This was found to be the more inexorable and inveterate trait of immigrants to Pakistan; but in Pakistan, by the conspiracy of fate, the immigrant populations were also arrogant, mischievous, hypocritical and masqueraded as angels a veritable devilish gift sent to govern, to cheat and to loot. In no country in history had immigrant populations the audacity to aim at any commanding status. Pakistan fell into their hands as a juicy and ripened plum to gulp and gormandize. They had left their homes because they had no affinity with the soil and the earth they had lived in for centuries, and where they were constant and continuous agencies of agitation commotion and effervescence their age old and inveterate habit-and they came to a country and to communities with which they did not endeavor to merge. Having never learnt to take roots in the land they had come to and descended upon, the leadership of Pakistan was ideally suited for their arrogance and aggrandizement. Religion somehow in history has been, the ideal cover for the cheat and the hypocrite. Lacking the will, the desire and effort to be absorbed in the new state, they became a source of nuisance and mischief in the new habitations and settlements. All Pakistan's disasters were to emanate from this phenomenon and , tendency of ill-will and aggrandizement by the alien. The country became an ideal ground for plunder and deprivation by the uncommitted and an easy agency and instrument for foreign machinations and interference to burgeon and thrive. All immigrant populations and refugees are mercenaries and exposed to the mischief by super powers.

Nearly fifty years is a long period even for a blundering nation to learn and to stabilize, but Pakistan began to crack even in twenty five years after its existence! The 14th of August 1947 was the twenty seventh of Ramzan it was ominous that this most auspicious day of fasting, had become a day of eating, feasting, drinking and revelry long before the sun had set, right at the centre of the state. The huge and gluttonous gathering at the Governor Generals house, exhausted and devoured to the full, every prohibited and intoxicating eatable or beverage available. Everything on the tables was consumed to the last drag and drop and to the tiniest bit. There were men like Allama Shabbir Ahmed Usmani, Syed Ali Akbar Shah and Pir Ghulam Mujdid Sarhandi who left the inebriated conglomeration weeping-was a disaster and a curse in the offing and around the corner. Past fifty years have demonstrated the inauspicious nature of the title, the occasion and the gathering - the forebodings were ominous and glaring. It appeared from the day and the time of the celebrations that the wrath of God was not far behind.

Intellect and generosity are the supreme attributes and virtues of statesmanship. The meanness of the character of generals of Pakistan had shown that we were in the grips

of such intellectual dullards that the country would never see statesmanship. It was slowly and surreptitiously but surely falling in the grips of mad generals. The two statesmen we could have produced, who had a hopeful and a great future, we killed Bhutto by hanging him on the gallows and poisoning Suharwardy to get rid of him. The dangers and hazards of forging prudent, competent and democratic leadership, the country should have vaticinated. Some glimpses and shadows of mischief and intrigue were evident and seen, but no remedies were provided, and nay they were with - held and mischief allowed to grow and increase and spread like cancer.

From the 15th of August of 1947 Pakistan fell in the hands and grips of mischief mongers. One feeble figure, which could have stopped the rot, was soon paralyzed into inactivity and imbecility and decay and was carried to death. With Jinnah's demise the army began to inch its way into the country's politics and the young Turks appeared in full force. Pakistan fell in the hands of inept and mediocre men the deputy secretaries of the rotten bureaucracy and captains of the Army. It became a victim of misfortunes in the hands of numskulls whose gaze did not take them beyond the tips of their noses or the bulge and rotundity of their stomachs. Little men were feverishly and frantically engaged in outwitting, excelling and undermining each other. Politics and government degenerated into fiddling with the national life, patching here and plugging there.

The country must not have a constitution. It did not suit the alien, the pious, the adventurous and the uncommitted to have one- the idea and the state of Pakistan must remain as amorphous, vague and nebulous, and its governance and continued existence as precarious and in as incompetent hands as possible. The manipulators and sharks in politics cleared the decks for the ignorant in the army to take courage, conspire and step in. They disarmed their own nation, conquered their own people-cowards and vacant minds could think of nothing else.

The countries created and taken care of as Pakistan was, at their very conception and inception breathed conspirators, clowns and spies. There was a tradition of all these left behind by the British, specially so among the Muslims in general and in the Punjab in particular. Barrenness in men of courage, confidence, caliber and vision, left the field free for rats and reptiles to emerge. Men of stature and farsightedness were ostracized, scandalized, besmeared and insinuated as seditious and treacherous. Governments of Pakistan became laughable, ridiculous and an abject oscillation between treason and patriotism, until a stage was reached in which patriotism disappeared and treachery held the poor and unfortunate country by the neck, and soon settled and bridled it to be ridden. In the words of Tolstoy "They will do everything for the poor and the masses except get off their backs".

The rot began with Jinnah's infirmity and immobility at Ziarat. The treatment, recuperation and convalescence at such a remote place at that age was invitation to neglect, conspiracy, disaster and death. He was brought to the place of his birth and the

metropolis of his state as a dead man. He had left national stage clear for tyrants, vampires and dragons to appear, stir and sneer and pounce upon the hapless country and people with impunity and wanton abandon. After Jinnah the survival or existence of Pakistan was not only problematical but any body's guess. Every individual, group or community in power had a free field to exploit, aggrandize and conspire and to compete in subterfuge and hypocrisy. Pakistan was seriously becoming everything, an ochlocracy, plutocracy, an oligarchy, an autocracy but not a democracy of its founder. We produced a democratic leader and we hanged him; the next we spared because she was a woman, and had not ruled long enough to qualify for the gallows; she could still be scandalized and fall with a bullet, dagger or a pill of poison- in the full traditions of Muslim history and of Pakistan.

From April 1948 the politics of Pakistan became a feature and phenomenon of little heads and little minds and little hearts and it very soon fell prey to lunacy. The country became a victim of the buffeting and throttling of fate in quick succession to tragic events and conspiracies, leaving the country and its people confused, bewildered and aghast. It was a free-for-all. Every episode and every step and every stage took the country away from its goal of freedom, honor and prosperity into wilderness, confusion and destitution and slavery. Never in history a people in such large numbers, with such abundant resources, virgin soil, talent, hopes and enthusiasm gravitated to such hopelessness, waywardness and confusion. Jinnah left the country so disorganized and so unexpectedly and suddenly and in such poor hands and leadership, lacking vision, sincerity and courage, that overnight it lost its sense of direction, effort and hope. In the General Head Quarters of the armed forces they were even engaged in contriving and devising plan for taking over the affairs of state - there being nothing else to engage them as professional men. The brass hats of Pakistan must conquer Pakistan as many times as possible with all the horror, humiliation and shame and suffering that went with it.

Nature abhors vacuum, the common excuse for inefficiency, failure and defeat. When men fall, nature and community are blamed. The myopic must find excuses; the crafty found ideal conditions to creep into the places of power without fear, check or hindrance. When the - good disappear the Gangsters galore.

From October 1952 the country was taken over by the devil himself. Nazimuddin was fiddling while the country was burning, the warning of an aborted *coup* and conspiracy was not heeded. The protectors of its borders saw visions of forcing their way in with bayonets and bullets. The whole field was clear for tyrants to enter and settle down in comfort - initially with doubts, fears and misgivings but later with temerity, courage and confidence. In 1953 the spirit of independence had spent itself; the rule of law was a thing of the past a mere memory. The tyrants appeared with the draconian nonchalance and bravado.

It was inevitable that the sanctity of political life and institutions be despoiled and desecrated; and so the politicians were either purchased or demoralized or banished. There should not survive or live any who could remind of liberty or self-respect and honor. The nascent nation and the recently established plant of liberty must be violently shaken to destroy any hope of its sprouting or growth. Its spirit must wither and die. The ideological state was in physical shambles. Every effort was afoot to destroy the relics of its establishment; the one institution which would have given hope of a recovery and survival and even vigor was packed out and disbanded and bundled by a lunatic. The country was ruled, handled, fiddled, dallied with by administrative orders and ordinances as a *jagir* and a pocket borough of the Punjab. Politicians were held aloft for exhibition and for ridicule and derision. The judiciary was called in to bless and sanctify force and deceit and give it legal and moral facade, status and rectitude Islam was just a veneer of pseudosacrosancty. Traitors were adorned in the patriots clothing. From 1954 Pakistan was rattled and tossed on the seesaw and oscillations of patriotism and treason, religion and secularism. In this game of power, intrigue and aggrandizement, political stability and peace became not only utterly impossible but hopeless mirage and distant illusion.

In the formation of One Unit the very geography of Pakistan was mauled by administrative orders as a *jagir* of the Punjab. The gun and the sword invited Islam to vivisect it. The physical mutilation with all shamelessness and audacity was the limit of its desecration and foreboded the possibility of its evanescence.

The tyranny began with One Unit in 1954 but was audaciously confirmed in October of 1958. In ten years Pakistan was miles and ages away from the ideals of Jinnah, principles of Islam and theories and processes of democracy. General Azam Khan, the major devil of the show, a stooge of Ayub Khan, in 1958 declared, "Now the army will rule Pakistan forever." What a rude shock! What a realization of ideals! What a mutilation, and augury of freedom and surgery of liberty. Now Ayub Khan wanted to demonstrate himself as a thinker and a literary man. He wrote a silly book "*Friends not Masters*," which turned out to read, "all masters and No friends" It disappeared, from the markets and memories of men, as quickly as his government had sold it.

People Set the government they deserve. Punjab leadership in general and the army in particular were gnawing their way to the seat of power and sources of pilferage and aggrandizement. Steadily but surely, obstacles in ideas, men and institutions were removed. The bullet in Liaquat, dismissal of Nazimuddin and the formation of One-Unit and finally the declaration of martial law in October 1958 made the circle of ill-luck complete. From a Federal Parliamentary Republic, Pakistan had become a *Jagir*, a pocket-barony of the army and a pasture for Punjab bureaucracy and they pounced upon it with gusto and abandon like vultures on a carcass. The religious leaders and *mullas* said their incantations to give this national massacre, a certain amount of sanctity and piety, and Jinnah's Pakistan a sanctimonious burial without even a funeral oration.

Army the most impious and subordinate of political institutions in which thought, feelings, character and nobility, pity and sympathy had no part to play to inspire or regulate life, became the regulator and the arbiter of the nations destiny. Very soon Pakistan's survival began to hang in the balance and the country gravitated to disintegration.

Nations which come into existence as a by-product of the efforts and sacrifices and the struggles of others, if they are not tenderly, judiciously, thoughtfully and sympathetically handled, ossify, disintegrate and collapse. Force never gives guarantee, basis and confidence and assurance for survival. It is the spirit of the people and the urges of the masses which are the real stay and support of healthy and hopeful institutions. The power of the people and the masses lies in the continuity, the depth and profundity of their institutions and their mental and emotional commitment to their institutions. without institutions the people are a mobocracy and exposed to the vagaries of fortune and depredations of the adventurous, who by slow and sure degrees deteriorate in morals, standards and intellect and fall in the grips of rapacious bureaucracy and kakistocracy.

In the governance of Pakistan the military rulers have habitually used armed forces and called it politics. The excessive use of military force and for such a number of years has destroyed the will of the people of Pakistan to live. Cruel military decisions and more criminal consistency have destroyed all moral and political values. The nation looks habitually resigned to fate with no will and strength left to move and to resurrect.

It is so difficult and even impossible to write Pakistan history when men and their deeds and collaborators are so securely ensconced in classified documents and by bayonets, and enjoy the protection of the gun-powder. In the twentieth century gun boat diplomacy is not a means of foreign policy. In the Gulf War even America and the western nations found military hooliganism so in-convenient, embarrassing and expensive. It is sinful and criminal in internal national policy. Military men in Pakistan had been ruling an incapacitated, demoralized and beleaguered nation. Military has been in the politics of Pakistan from 1953, but have we done any honest political analysis of the army, the most despicable force which has destroyed the nation's will to survive it can't cry when it is hurt, it can't protest when it is insulted, it can't groan when the weight of military boots hurts, it has stood flagellation, batoning and bludgeoning. It has suffered in silence a habitual phenomenon of slave society. The generals by ruling by stealth, unabashedly and continuously have made military an arm of God and instrument of Providence, a sacred institution, an arm of fatality, an agency of infallibility, all those attributes which should automatically, morally and naturally disqualify it for political power. By its very nature philosophy and principles of training military rule, reflection and character do not go together.

In modern times and complex condition of existence the course, the direction and the ideals of a nation are rarely safe in the hands of individuals. When individuals dominate nations deteriorate and institutions are reduced to hollowness and ridicule and laughter. The strength, safety, security and hope can only be guaranteed by institutional development and by the soundness and regularity of their functioning and the character and stature and strength of an individual is sustained by institutional, popular and representative backing. Where and when the people are ignored the hope of survival begins to vanish and there the people begin to gasp for breath and life.

Events, episodes and incidents may be a result of individual actions and decisions, but in the long term future always stands jeopardized by prolonged individual authority. Dictatorship in modern times has proved a bane of nations. It is not necessarily the wise who have had the span of authority to benefit nations. It is many, a times the lunatics who have hypnotized and mesmerized nations through false slogans and led them to disaster and to disintegration and disappearance. Hitler's one thousand years were of no avail to him. Mad men had never ushered in the millennium. Czar Nicholas, Kaizer Wilhelm, Hitler, Missolini, Tojo, had no happy or enviable end. Debacles of nations are enough history. It is a famous aphorism of history, when God wishes to destroy a people, he first of all makes them profligate and mad. Rulers unsupported by representative institutions are proven megalomaniacs, whatever their antics and ideological acrobatics and pyrotechnics.

Fifty years of Pakistan history are a history of madness, specially so the years of military rule both direct and indirect, latent or patent.. Every military ascendancy ends up in praetorian guards, Swiss Phalanx or into Janissaries. The fact is that irresponsible absolutism and absence of good will and character of the rulers carried its own doom, fall and destruction. In absolutism all governance is politics of anarchy in which a dictator or a military ruler may try to conceal his own fate and that of the nation. He cannot alter the end and the consequences. Taking cover under piety and propaganda is the easiest route to escape, but not to hide or build. The socio-political forces which military men and dictators unleash get behind them to control. The ambiguity and uncertainty of their politics, the danger and horror of sudden change, the fear of personal revenge and obfuscation of policy lead them no-where but to ruin. Military men are always on tenterhooks or in tantrums.

How wrong the people are in believing in military men and irresponsible dictators and despots is a his lesson for innumerable nations during the last hundred years, Pakistan included. The power of propaganda is the notorious evil phenomenon of hundred years. Propaganda only cheats and conceals for a time the anarchy which really obtains. Propaganda provides temporary fancies, fantasies and illusions of society. The society is exposed to the machinations of the elite be it feudal, military, bureaucratic or industrial. In the endeavors to strengthen and perpetuate class interests corruption takes over and all agencies of state and society appear as termites in a structure. No one can escape the

corruption of absolute power, the leaders or the led. Time comes when Quran says, "Eyes see very sharp and clear."

It is a noted human fact how humble some men ostensibly and in perspective look and behave being ruffians and scoundrels within. Shakespeare said one may smile and smile but still be a villain. Those are the wits, the arts and crafts of falsehood and chicanery. In reading Iqbal one is so rudely reminded of the Nordic nonsense, the Titanic hordes, the Prussian guards, the eternal man and the madness of power. By reading Iqbal Pakistan will only be a mad house and a country of rulers and slaves. Of course, philosophy and metaphysics have given birth to tyrant's in history, but for all nations continued military rule and military dictatorship for any length of time only involves and pushes them into morass, quagmire and swamp of corruption from which it becomes more difficult to come out at all. Every day that passed makes, more difficult to extricate oneself or emerge and survive with safety. For every military dictator the pendulum oscillates between power and ruin-his own and that of the nation too.

IX

In modern military dictatorship it is the army General Staff which holds or wields the reins of affairs. The long standing professional armies develop their own Colonels Blimps and generals Smiths. They develop their own peculiar likes and dislikes. They develop phobias against inconvenient abstractions. Their general staff develops a peculiar vested interest in its importance power and existence. They hate innovations and develop their own politics, strategies and polities and pursue their independent erotic political movements and authority. They even become bold and impudent with the passage of time. They dictate policies and terms of political authority. They decide whom they will fight and whom they will spare. They will not look after the needs, demands and compulsions and imperatives of the nation. In such circumstances a whole-sale dismissal of the entire entrenched general staff is the only solution as was the case with Napoleon and Hitler in the last war. A constant review of the constitution of the general staff is an imperative requirement of today's politics and even principles of modern defence governance.

The military general staff has an intrinsic vested interest in maintaining the social structure in which they come to operate and in which they thrive. There is no escape from military indiscipline and remedy against it, except by constant flux and flushing of the general staff. They oppose defence policies which threaten and weaken social conditions from which they draw their strength. They develop all the propensities in the fable of Ali Baba and forty thieves. In such a case they are a constant danger to political authority.

States which do not control their armies, have no right to exist and to govern. It is the people who must control the military and governments to control the general staff.

There can be no ideological base to a military take over. Politics is a game of patience, reflection and debate, the attributes and elements least operative in a military set up. All revolutions of hope are to be ideological and meaningful. No institution is so prone to corruption and so remote from the people as the military.

All military men have a devilish appetite and habit to hide and conceal unless a government is vigilant. They are in every and constant danger to be overthrown. No General Staff is a conglomeration of rational men. All generals are mad and ominous prudes. It is here that arises the ideological control and the direction of the armed forces. Armies have proved in history the biggest enemies and anathema of their states and nations. Always be afraid when a general talks of rationality, he has something else in his mind. Purging the general staff should be the constant concern of any state. In the atmosphere of total security, negligence complacency and confidence the general staff finds it easy and opportune, inching its way like an elephant, to overtake state apparatus and machinery. The general staff have the most dangerous proclivities of graft, corruption and agreed. They gloat and galore in Byzantine politics. Fifty years of Pakistan history have proved that in the realities of the second half of twentieth century the position of the general staff consists of nothing but Mammoths and Mastodons of antiquity, the superfluous appendices, the only relics of Prussian prototypes and of Hiders junkers. In this thinking and behavior the Pakistani generals had to be studied as an instance and a lesson in political-military conspiracy. Any other way to look at it will be unrealistic, in fructuous and deluding. General Gracy was not far wrong in his prognostication in his valedictory remarks, about young Turks of Pakistan army. The disease instead of being dealt with and treated or exorcized from the very start was allowed to burgeon with audacity and impunity, and nay even with clandestine patronage of petty and dirty politicians with artistry and ingenuity.

All the numskulls of Pakistan had collected to join the conspiracy to kill the nascent state by slow degrees but with élan and patriotic songs, pious processions and subterfuges. Their ideal was no longer the British and American general staff, their ideal was the junkers and the German general staff the Nazis and Janissaries of the Ottoman empire-with ideals of killing, extermination, letting blood flow and, blood being mixed as national transfusion, burning and pillaging with utter elation, bravado and relish and an absolute meta-physics of myopia. They were Goerings and Elagavaluses products of conspiracy, vanity, immoral abandon, impudence, greed and degeneracy, vaticinated by invasions of centuries and subservience.

In the military rule as Gibbon put it, authority was wielded by wimps, pimps and capers without the ideals of tomorrow or the possibility of the rising of the sun, conditioned by homosexuality, concubinage, catamites and flatulent clumps all those random influences which smell and nauseate. The army of the Islamic state was an abode of desecration and pederasty reminiscent of Auckenleck's "Boy Platoons", reduced to this by the political pranks and personal plunder. In the fall of Dacca we

saw, the symptoms of decay and fall of the Roman empire. The disarray and confusion and madness of flatulent and corpulent generals who appeared nothing but criminals and killed us men, women and children without honor, without shame, without fear of retribution or accountability. Never in the history of the world an episode or a catastrophe had occurred in which a nation was put in chains and sundered thus. All the crimes were concealed, or condoned and criminals went scot free. We should have had a purge which Mac Arthur and Montgomery faced, when they exceeded the limits of their military ethics, responsibility and jurisdiction. A disaster which should have put some sanity in the heads of our general staff only gravitated them to utter madness of exaggerating defence fears and needs, and thus plunging the country in the ocean of debts and leading it into foreign involvement and subservience of, the national interests to foreign influences.

It is a pathetic and nauseating sameness in the ends of all tyrants of history. One need not go into remote history. Last seventy five years leave us wondering at the inevitability of fate; Mussolini the III Duce hunted all over with his body gibbeted and hanging upside-down in Milan and paltered and frothed and thrown into the gutter, thus rigid is nature. It is the exorbitance of providential punishment of tyrants and dictators. All Pakistan generals should have expected nemesis gaping at them in the depths of their hearts and in the profoundest recesses of their minds; but vanity kept them going. Ah, but when cataclysm comes nothing appears to stop it. For tyrants and dictators oaths of loyalty have no sanctity and no morality no binding obligations, They are as blind as the weapons they use. In the history of civilization there is more blood of Muslims on Muslim hands than in any other religion. We have the recent instance of the countries around the Persian Gulf. The religion of peace has a history of terrible human carnage and bestiality. There is an elanism in which all dictators, shaikhs, potentates and kings wallow. A dictator's conscience by constant abuse ceases to respond and answer. It is benumbed to inanity forever. In the fool's paradise nothing seems paradoxical, ridiculous or shameful.

Irresponsible and unrepresentative politics is the gift which Pakistan army has given to the unfortunate nation. A recent cartoon eminently illustrated the phenomenon of military behavior in Pakistan. With a satire on Clemenceau's observation "war is too serious a business to be left to the Generals" it was added sarcastically "Politics is too serious a business to be left to the politicians". I am reminded of Lippmann's observation on the dismissal of Mac Arthur "Peace is too delicate a business to be left to the generals". Armies and peace, internal and external are antithetical. We appear to rarely realize that military is sociologically and inherently inefficient and corrupt. That is the verdict of history, which it appears, has never taught any lessons to Muslim generals and in Pakistan in particular. Ominously we call ourselves human and civilized, but have transgressed with impunity, the boundaries of barbarism and insanity. Armies and feudalism are not the nurseries or prospectus of political sagacity

or wisdom. In military dictatorships politicians are prone to being simple mummies, minions and dummies.

Military dictatorship produces perfect prudes, parasites and evanescent and saprophytic personalities and the freaks and jokes of fortune, the paradoxical men of Roman degeneracy-dull Hill-Billies and wild piermots yesterday, but attributes of life and death today, and tomorrow the inmates of the gutter and keepers of public latrines. That is history. Behind the sadism and veracity of military dictators is the dullness, brutishness imbecility of their minds. They kill political consciousness and intelligence. They destroy discussion and debate and originality and reduce visual and spiritual horizons of a nation and convert it into dwarfs. Military dictatorship flourishes in an atmosphere of charlatans and mountebanks and caucuses which become the destiny of nations. We witness nothing but glittering non-entities and scintillating mediocrities and dam fools, who had no yesterday and have no place of honor today; and will die unwept, un-honored and un-sung tomorrow.

There is an ultimate inefficiency and degeneracy in military dictatorship which leaves nations under them high and dry. A question has been put by a military historian how is it that nations of so much history, originality and vigor fall in such diabolical hands and grips of mad monkeys. The answer is easy. This happens when nations lose all the will and institutions of resistance and are resigned to fate. There is an asphyxiation of intelligence and an onslaught of hopelessness in which life and morals and standards of thought and behavior disappear for good. It is only a providential miracle which can revivify and resurrect them to life and vigor. All armies in history have failed in politics. They have hatched and bred worms, caitiffs and coxcombs.

Incessant Martial Laws have created a phenomenon and condition of hopelessness and despair in the country. This phenomenon both psychological and sociological has created a condition of disinterestedness in the future of the country. It has gone to dogs, let it go down and go to its doom. The constant use of force has enfeebled the power and force of intellect and reason. Politics has become a ridicule, whereas it should occupy the supreme attention and endeavors of the whole nation. Politics has been taken away and snatched from the hands of the people, and life has been made meaningless and purposeless. The entire political arena is vacant, and every Tom Dick and Harry has been left to try his own luck. Every dictator is, in the final analysis, a Bacha Saqa. The masses are fed on and deluded by so called ideas of development which is nothing short of cheating. Fatalism has overtaken idealism. In fifty years the very freedom of Pakistan is under arrest. Independence has lost its meaning. When the salt has lost in its savor whence will it be salted. *Jashans, Tamashas*, parades and pyrotechnics and acrobatics are not any agencies or means to kindle and inspire and engender will to live. These are doses of inebriation, nay, easy methods to delusive anesthesia and temporary palliatives only to postpone or delay disappearance.

The British had drilled and grilled Punjab Society on a very clever socio-economic and administrative pattern to serve their imperial interests in and outside India, Specially in the Muslim world in general, and the Arabian Peninsula and the Gulf States in particular. The Gorkha and the Punjabi soldiers were ideal and reputed mercenaries. There is a whole lot of literature on the imperial history of Great Britain, great writings of Seeley, Chirol, Towsend - Bryce, Lyall - Lecky and Lawrences. Immediately after the conquest of Punjab the British had to face the emergency of 1857 the so-called Indian Mutiny, but really an attempt at the liberation of India from the British. It was here that both the Sikhs and the Muslims of the Punjab came to the rescue of the beleaguered British. Punjab saved the British from this sudden and spontaneous Indian insurrection and revolt.

After their conquest of the Punjab, and knowing the general historical conditions in the Punjab, they gave it a new shape far more worse than Ranjit Singh's. Perhaps Rangit Singh had also some love for the soil and things indigenous about him. Perhaps Punjab was dearer to him than to the Muslims. The British converted Punjab into an ideal place for mercenaryism of every kind of military pandering and strumpetocracy. After the successful suppression of the Revolt of 1857, and they made Punjab their gun fodder and "Spying province" as Gandhi said. They created a new pattern of society in Punjab based on mercenary ideas, crime and profligacy. Punjab was no longer a province for the outside armies coming through the passes going about killing and plundering to and fro or backwards and forwards. India was sealed at the mountain passes at the Indian-Afghanistan Border. Even the creation of the Frontier province had to wait till the beginning of the twentieth century. The British army recruitment was made from the wildest, most barren, most illiterate, most bellicose and murderous areas of the Punjab. Acute poverty, destitution and feudalism reigned supreme in those areas. Punjab society with all its external unity was moth-eaten and perforated-tribes against tribes, clans against clans, areas against areas, individuals against individuals in general people with no commitment of any kind to man or to the earth or to God. They prided in nothing which was geographically, sociologically and culturally theirs. The administrative setup was so designed as to serve British interests in the whole of India and outside. The police and civil service was cruel and rotten to the core as Allama Yousuf Ali said, and he had to resign the Indian Civil Service. General Creach wrote "You handover a man to the Punjab Police and you have seen the last of him".

There was a thoroughly well designed pattern, of Civil Service and Police service and army recruitment and the spying system to serve British imperial interests in India and outside. Punjab society was essentially demoralized into total submission and service to the British. From the imperial policies of Curzon, Kitchner and Cromer the British recruited Police for their Gulf possessions and espionage in the Middle East, and they had their network of intelligence through Punjab throughout the Muslim world from 1900. Punjabi soldiers were rewarded for their shooting in Macca, Madina and

Jerusalem in 1914 war, and on their return from war by grant of lands in the area of Sukkar Barrage.

Punjab spied against Egypt, Turkey and the entire Arab World. After the transfer of administration in the Gulf states to the Shaikhs, as small and cruel potentates, the Shaikhs too maintained their spying operations by recruitment from the Punjab. The Punjab Police in the Gulf States used by the British had given a very bad name to the Muslims of Pakistan. The Arabs hated the Pakistani Muslims, but the Shaikhs and Saudi Arabia after they got the power, used both men and women from Punjab for spying even on the Hajis going for pilgrimage. Jamaat-e-Islami was an ominous, hypocritical, diabolical and mysterious and arrogant participant in this process and they were paid well for their impious service. Punjab took the agents of the oldest profession in the world, to the Gulf States and Saudi Arabia and it is thriving there till today.

That being the socio-economic, cultural and administrative pattern, Punjab could never imagine social equality and democracy. There will be no democracy in Pakistan so long democracy has no place in the Punjab, and the Military and the Police dominate the social and cultural scene and they thrive by every artificial encouragement. They will thrive only in the retrogressive atmosphere full of crime, irresponsibility and corruption of every kind.

Sociologically Punjab is a land of hypocrisy, intolerance, pomposity and social looseness and irresponsibility. In the Punjab to marry a prostitute is not a matter of disapprobation, revulsion, derision or shame. Sociologically in the Punjab prostitutes have an elevated status and preferential acceptance as Ghishas in Japan. They are the rivals in the parentage of royalty and aristocracy as in Aminabad and Chowk in Lucknow, or Anarkali in Delhi in India. The red umbrella about which queen Victoria spoke in England, can be conveniently and complimentarily opened on the whole of the Northern Punjab above Sahiwal. Similarly MQM activities and propaganda have forced mohajirs into psychological inferiority resulting in urban concentration of population and squalor of living conditions. The female mohajir population being larger than of men and more sophisticated and aggressive, there is avowedly and ostensibly terrible burgeoning of prostitution and irresponsible social living, and so obvious a phenomenon of looking askance at social aberrations, irregularities and obscenity. This is the historical present sociological price Pakistan had to pay for Sikh and British occupation of the Punjab and the partition of India. It is pathetic and tragic to read and recount the lapses and scandals in socio-economic, ethical and political life of Pakistan—the devil had his full and free play in the society and polity of Pakistan. This is what imperialism and soldiery have reduced us to.

In 1957 when the West Pakistan Assembly passed the anti-One-Unit resolution, which ushered in the martial law of 1958, Daulatana told G. M. Syed the leader of the opposition "You are in real terms, teaching us democracy in the Punjab. In the Punjab

no-body voted in its history against the government". Quaid-e-Azam used to says "I cannot trust the politicians and the leaders of the Punjab. They come to me, discuss various issues and problems., and they agree with me in my analysis and solution, but soon after they have talked to me, they go to the Deputy Commissioner to know what they should do?"

Punjab is a product of the armies coming to and fro in India throughout ages. Ghulam Rasool Mahar said "Purity of blood and continuity of lineage are non-existent in any family of the Punjab. There is not a single family which has not had an illicit mixture of blood of invading races and nations." Spying, promiscuity and permissiveness and indulgence in conspiracy have been a historical prerogative of the Punjab, and of the greatest political and economic advantage to it, even after the establishment of Pakistan. Beyond Punjab they see nothing else, to that extent they are blind. The history of Pakistan is a history of Punjabi narrowness and myopia. So long there is no democracy and popular consciousness in the Punjab, there will be no democracy and liberty in Pakistan. It was a sad feature of the police action of the Pakistan army in East Pakistan they wanted to apply the historical socio-demographic phenomenon of the Punjab to East Pakistan and to ruin it. East Pakistan Assembly had even rejected the idea and the principles of opening of public schools and cadet colleges in East Pakistan. Ayub forced them down their throats, and we have seen the consequences of independent Bangladesh and the ascendancy and the mischief by its army.

All the Punjab leaders even today are cheating their own masses. Whatever they might ostensibly say on the public platform or in the press about democracy, equality, progress and egalitarianism, they are lying to their people. Punjab leaderships is dishonest to Punjab masses, and they have no difficulty and compunctions about their dishonesty to the rest of the country or to the Muslim World. Ostentation and hypocritical, political verbosity of the Punjab exhibited itself through the activities of the armed forces, to talk of nothing else.

According to Moulana Ghulam Rasool Mahar and Prof. Mohammad Sarwar, Dr. Iqbal was a protagonist and thinker of rude and cruel military elanism. Prof. Sarwar just a few months before his death told me, in his lonely house in Lahore Township, far away from Kot Lakhpat, "I see fire and blood in the cities of the Punjab. In Punjab in all the major cities there is prosperity, luxury and extravagance in the centre, but poverty prevailed in all the places at the periphery. Punjab masses are cheated by Punjab leadership. Growing beards, performing Umra or Haj are no deterrents for social mischief and exploitation-Perhaps they are great help in every kind of socioeconomic aggression and aggrandizement; and unless Punjab is reformed and is sincerely honest in its claims of service to the masses and their welfare, there can be no democratic egalitarian Pakistan". Perhaps Pakistan is proceeding and fast moving to the present phase of the Soviet Union of Gorbachev and Yaltsin and Uzbekistan and Tajikistan.

Pakistan will not accept, live in and tolerate military solutions of socio-economic, political and administrative directions, and problems which are nothing but pure Punjab solutions in their selfish interest. Let the leaders of the Punjab stop lying and cheating their own people and handling them through the army and the police. It is only then that they can be honest to the other provinces. The three other provinces of Pakistan want democracy, whereas Punjab only superficially talks about it but does not believe in it; or it is helpless in the face of administrative intrigues and military high handedness and interference. The Punjab military and administration wag the tail and the rest of the country tosses and tumbles and totters haplessly. This must stop if Pakistan is to be a free, prosperous and egalitarian society.

Let Punjab have democracy at home or the other provinces of Pakistan will be compelled to part. This democracy should not be a cover or a camouflage, it should be real participation of the people-Government of the people for the people and by the people and nothing less. Let Punjab democracy be not a cover for the military rule and falsehood in the eyes of the world. The three small provinces of Pakistan want something more than this sham, damn and hypocritical democracy. Present provincial Autonomy is nothing but slavery to Punjab beautifully camouflaged in Islam, patriotism and hypocrisy.

General Zia's was a providential death; it was an ignominious finale of the pranks of Pakistan generals. It was a cruel and calamitous exhibition of -the fury of God on the institution of military. It was the inevitable death of mundane man, but for us much more sinister and exemplary than that of Hitler, Mussolini and Cromwell-the death reserved for the murderers of men and institutions.

Punjab bedevils Pakistan and the devil rules Punjab. Punjab has become the arbiter of Pakistan's fate. The tricks played by the Punjab leadership in the negotiation of 1977 and a part played by Nawabzada Nasurullah was most intriguing. He was doing a tightrope walking to safeguard the interests of the Punjab and the military while simultaneously talking of democracy and Islam like Moudoodi and Qayoom. This is also the part he played in the MRD movement of 1984 and 1986. If Punjab leadership had been sincere about Pakistan and little less committed to Punjabi army, which was glaringly and entirely anti-Pakistan in its programme and policy, Bhutto could not have been hanged and if Punjab leadership had been honest to its commitment to the MRD movement it would not have failed and played in the hands of Zia. Asghar Khan, Jamaat-e-Islami, and Nasurullah were playing the politics of dishonesty. There is something imperious and imperial in the part of Punjab in Pakistan's history, that is bland fact and truth-nothing short of devilish crime.

X

When Sikandar Hayat sat between Churchill and Roosevelt on a bench in Cairo at the close of the war the British promised him to create Pakistan for the Quaid-e-Azam and conspired against him to give a weakened and bundled Pakistan on a plate as a prize to Punjab bureaucracy and the Punjab military. The generals by and large have been the biggest numskulls of history, they are always good in creating problems and a national mess but they have never solved a problem. The poor people of Pakistan will continue to pay a heavy price in sweat, tears and blood before freedom democracy and dignity will come to them. In helping to create Pakistan the British were simultaneously cheating Pakistani people and the Quaid-e-Azam. Pakistan could only be created on the shoulders of Jinnah but was to be safely handed over to the Punjab bureaucracy after his death. A sick and tottering man had not the physical and mental strength and capacity to save the nation of his creation from the claws of gaping groups; the great hope of the Muslims of India became an absolute tomfoolery of its people.

Punjab had served the British so admirably since the Sikh collapse and the failure of the revolution of 1857. Turkey was a sick man of Europe from the beginning of the nineteenth century and the British were ever trying to conspire to destroy it. For our study and information Lord Cromer, Lord Cuzon, Kitchner, Lawrences, Glubb Pasha and Philby have left honest record of this imperial exploitation. The British succeeded to the heritage of the Turkish empire in 1919. The weakening of the Muslim society all over the world was a phenomenon of one hundred years before 1857, but the rot, disintegration and demoralization began galloping and cantering from 1857 and it reached its limits and nadir in 1919. Arabs like dam fools succumbed to American and British promises and money, but the British only put them under their tutelage till America took over from 1945, Eisenhower the President of United States had to loudly say, "What a mistake it was to have destroyed the Ottoman Empire, we should have handed over these dirty Arab leaders and Shaikhdoms to Turkey instead of dealing with each one of them individually." To the Punjab bureaucracy and the soldiery will go the biggest credit for the success of British imperial designs and expansion. Prof. Seeley, Lord Bryce, Chirol and Lawrence, Birdwood and Curson were philosophers of the nemesis of Muslim collapse and demoralization of the Muslims of India. The British imperial army of the Muslims of the Punjab, the Sikhs and the Gurkhas played their part in ruining Turkey, the Arabs and the Muslims of India with yelling and cries of "Allah Akbar" and "Ali" and "Raider". We destroyed the future of Muslim society and the hope of Muslim resurgence. Can the use of imperial bullets and guns by Punjab soldiers in Jerusalem, Makka and Madina, Baghdad and Cairo, Aden and Bahrain be ever forgotten?

Ornery general Zia died at the age of 64, having given to himself, illegally and immorally, the most outrageous extension as the Chief of staff and as the President of

Pakistan. This kind of extension was a shame for the whole nation. He continued in this fashion for 11 years. He should have had his punishment long ago, but the punishment he got was reserved for him by fate, and it must be commensurate with the crimes he had committed against the people of Pakistan. This fall and

death was the beginning of his retribution. What horrible moments and minutes of eyes boggling and demonic terror, with the earth rushing like antelope and gaping and yawning like an enormous animal of antiquity, and with tremendous ferocity, and the engines of the plane roaring and howling and zooming to the earth with increasingly accelerated speed and incandescent fire with its incarnadined tongues producing suffocation and hellish heat and threatening death in the pitch darkness of the grave. To us humans it may mean a few minutes and seconds from a height of about five thousand feet to the ground, but God alone knows how long must the time be, in terms of millions of days, in the calculations of nature and the duration and the agony of the fall. Nature measures time in its own uncanny calculus and computerization.

This writing is not merely a brief biography of a mad man and an unspeakable rascal and an unknown buccaneer and swashbuckling pirate, it is a story of socio-political, economic and ethical consequences which had left a permanent and indelible scar and bitter and fearful memories at the expense of the nation. Because we do not know the entire life of the man, it must remain vague, untold and untraced, as if a secret of sin. It is not merely the depicting of his personality and performance, but the legacy he has left behind and the uncertainty and confusion this nation must face after his decisions, rules and orders and ordinances and burlesquing performance of the generals who had joined him for nearly a decade and ruled with utter infamy, cruelties, non-challance and discredit.

There is never any logicity in the pronouncements and orders and the doings of the generals. Both the subject matter and the duration of the existence of this country are important. Zia was a phenomenon more or less, I hope the final of our pains, humiliations and misfortunes. Zia was merely the culmination of our mistakes and lapses on the part of the nation and its politicians. In describing Zia we want to depict and delineate the whole gamut and years of our national woes. What continued influences and forces martial laws have generated, and what Zia in particular has left behind. He started with blood, kept shedding it with the advancement of years to our pain and horror and sorrow. The truth was bleeding in the streets and innocent the villages - the real - contribution of Zia was dacoits and MQM the misfortune and the madness of it all. The man was treacherous, sordid and uncouth, by birth and lineage and by his past and his present — a venomous reptile '___a serpent indeed.

From what we see happening to us - injustice, killing and crime; but the biggest of all sins and crimes the lack of law, and whatever it is, the total lack of security and sanctity for everything noble age, erudition and character. Even our judiciary failed us and

scandalized Pakistan the world over. Judiciary failed us miserably. Are we ever to live in the Middle Ages or the Dark ages when the world has progressed and advanced and reached the moon, a feat which we coveted and talked about in our childhood and in our mother's arms. Are we incapable of giving the poor and dear land the strongest base for its existence - a constitution and security and certainty, assurance and dependability on the laws. Is the constitution of the country a matter of no importance, ever to be fiddled with caprice, whims and bellicosity and mendacity of an individual. Is this nation so insensitised and ossified as never to feel the dishonor of its most sacred instruments which give it existence and our devotion to it, which has given us robbers and Little Johns - little men with smaller heads and diseased hearts. With no constitution to define and limit the men in authority, to lay down the jurisdiction of power, and avoid excesses, is the phenomenon which is debilitating Pakistan and enervating it to total imbecility. The falling and the failing of judges as cullions, hidings and hirelings, the debasement of the senseless and atrocious executive, the robbery of all rights as human beings and as citizens, our callous acceptance of all mad men and autocrats laying clown their laws for us, is the foundation of our loss of faith and character. We talk: so much of Shariat and God. We talk of Quran as our basic constitution and command of God, but how much do we ignore it and break it every day, every injunction of it with all shamelessness and impunity. Don't we stand condemned as the religious hypocrites. We appear to have no faith in the hereafter. All the *Moulvies* of Pakistan are today the fuel for the fire of hell. Constitutions and laws are the prerequisites of a sane and responsible order and society. Where laws and constitutions lie bleeding and butchered, there the honor of the people lies sulking and its life ephemeral. We are the architects of our own misfortunes, conspirators against our own faith, ensures of our own disappearance and enemies of our own destiny. In terms of morals laws and leadership, we are a hopelessly diseased and untenable society. Continued and repetitious onslaught of martial laws, as if a normal feature of life, are sure signs that we do not deserve to exist.

Periodical review of all national policies after major socio-economic crises or condition of war is a necessary process for a sane, a balanced and a far-sighted government. We instead of assessing our issues, failures and set-backs have behaved either like ostriches or donkies and only aggravated and complicated our problems to the detriment of our nation and loss of face in the international world.

If we look at the major developments and the reviews that were necessitated in British history one is amazed at the wisdom and sagacity of men in charge of affairs. Whoever meant the soundness of the nation, even in their personal capacity, they had England foremost in their thoughts and decisions. The act of 1832 after the Napoleonic wars was a major step both in political reforms and educational assessment. 1857 was a year of major decision in India when the country passed from the dissipated and diseased East India Company to the British Government when India became, from the colony of the company into an Imperial possession "A Jewel in British Crown" with the declaration

and proclamation of Queen Victoria 1858. The end of 1st Great War necessitated socio-economic and military decisions of very far-reaching nature. The war of 1945 made compulsory not only military assessment but the passing of the Education Act 1945 which was a great step in the socio-economic life of England. The Falkland war made the British government take stock of its foreign commitments and involvements and also assess the socio-economic and military demands and domestic issues resulting from the impact of that war. The greatness, and consciousness of the responsibility of governance depends on the awareness created by such states of emergency and consequences which ensue from them. The end of every crisis is a matter of thinking and assessing of the coming needs and imperatives and finding remedies for the future. The timing of this writing is important. In his death and the falling off the plane an era had ended, and it was hoped that it would be the beginning of a new and genuine democratic process, and the sulking and gasping institutions of state and government will be brought to life. There was in his death a mystery lurking in the air. In conspiracy and classified documents truth may be the permanent casualty. The clouds of uncertainty have not cleared. A government of hope and popular acceptance was dismissed on the 6th of August, 1990 by the remnants of Zia's rule and the coadjutors in his conspiracy of 1977. A new, false, worse, illogical and unrepresentative government came into being after diabolical processes, and the intrigues and clandestine maneuvers and the shameless use of money, in open public view. The country was seemingly given in democratic hands, but it lacked the substance, the luster and honor and status of a democratic government. The most scandalous and abnormal of the institutional and political functioning was resorted to and government working had been denigrated which did not give any confidence and inspire any hope. The half a century of the country's existence was nearly completing. The end of a cruel and shameful military rule had ended, but it did not appear to bring a hopeful democratic order.

The madness of fifty years of life had brought us on the threshold of the twenty first century. Our capacity and will to enter and face the new era of so many changes and daunting issues, domestic in the form of the predominance and preponderance of the armed forces in the political decision making processes and institution of government, and externally the Gulf War and the incompetence and in-capacity of our government to take the right decisions at the right moment, gave us a sordid and slovenly national appearance and a bad name in both the Islamic and outside world among friends and foes. Our incapacity to face international realities due to our intellectual poverty and a lack of perspicacity as a nation, our helplessness and pusillanimity for introspection and retrospection, our living in our own phantasmagoria, and imaginary world of boasting and bombast, our lack of courage and comprehension to call a spade a spade, our escape from issues and problems, our gullibility as a nation to face facts and our habits to put awkward issues aside push them under and postponing problems under the rug, our incompetence to face reality and getting easily overawed and the habit to pronounce to our dismay every failure a success and every set-back a triumph, our tendency, alacrity, agility and dexterity to run away from issues and to look askance at

problems instead of solving them and going straight to face the complexity and enormity of the problems, our habit to go round and round, zigzag and gyrate and even creating artificial circumstances to cheat the nation and diverting the people's attention by theological rigmarole from embarrassing issues and presenting them with plausible and pious fibs and specious explanations, our lack of sense of proportion-the most important ingredient of good government and statesmanship, our running away from reality and calling it confrontation, our creating of dirty and dangerous situations and taking foolish and infructuous decisions lacking vision, wisdom and farsightedness, even positively dangerous for the nation, our running to and from depending on lesser men and killing the better ones, our total myopia in understanding the whole gamut of national needs and imperatives, and our repetitious reverberation of lies and escape from truth, our obtuse rationality which only complicated our existing difficulties and dilemmas and misadventures and calculations, already so ridiculous and preposterous in their very conception and from their very inception, Pakistan more than less was living a life of total imbalance and falsehood.

It is not merely the man I am writing about, though, he is the subject of this writing and the object to provide proof, evidence and logicity and suitability and even the necessity of such writing. This is an analysis and a writing most appropriate in terms of time in the nation's life and the circumstances in which it is living, and in the confusion and darkness in which it is languishing and it has to take delicate and tender decisions. These are matters which this nation must ponder if it has any hope and will to survive-to be or not to be.

General Zia is for us merely a peg to hang our coat on whereas this attempt is pungent and puissant, though brief narration of the past, the present and the future of this nation. No doubt General Zia is an example and a lesson for the nation and the armed forces of Pakistan. Life is not something impractical and intangible, it has to be lived and written about and seen as it is and not as it ought to be. Wishful thinking, slogan mongering, maddening and meandering *Mullaism*, and other theological devices, artifices, crafts and tricks or putting the head in the sand like an ostrich are no honest and realistic approach to solution. There can be no cowardly escape. Everything must be defined, and the events and episodes understood in the context of time and space with courage rectitude and exactitude. I am duty bound to this nation having been witness and a participant in scores of discussions and decisions and enjoying a proximity with persons who were playing with the destiny of this nation. I am answering the call of duty to this nation and God without fearing any accusations, innuendoes, blasphemies and obtuse observations, abuses and comments, which will be heard about me. I am nearly seventy seven years old, I am expecting no reward or compensation from anybody on earth. I am writing with trust in God and conveying truth to blockheads with blocked ears who have as Quran says, "No capacity to see, to hear and to think". If I could generate a thought process by bringing out the naked facts and the brass tacks, I will have my satisfaction in this life and hereafter. This nation has

been cheated and harmed by its dishonest intellectuals, writers and journalists. I am writing against men who have been cowards and cullions and tail wagging curs.

From 1937 to 1993 has been a period of my education youth, maturity, experience and activity. I have participated in events as they were unfolding actively and intellectually and have been a party to many decision making processes. I have observed intimately and assiduously and read voraciously and travelled widely to my heart's content with all the physical resources I could command. I have met individuals of importance and consequence in socio-political life and education in particular in Pakistan, India, the United Kingdom the United States, Canada, France and in the Middle East and Africa and the world over. I have talked to men in and out of authority, men of erudition, vision, age and status - an opportunity hardly vouchsafed to the youth of today; and destiny pushed me, into politics of debate and controversy and intrigue and I entered with a certain amount of integrity and success and luckily left it with no regrets or repentance. I came out intact in spite of all false hood rumor mongering and abuse-storms blew, but being mendacious and false and fabricated, they settled down in their inevitable end I came out unscathed. This was a real blessing of God and good fortune. I sat with giants just to listen and to only occasionally interpose to their appreciation, compliment and encouragement. The present day youth is living with pygmies in the field of education, intellect and tinkers and tiny men in the field of politics. Living among pygmies it is only logical that destiny should force us to developing into dwarfs; I shudder to think of the midgets of the generation whom we see around us. This nation is now nearly fifty years of age and it has no capacity left to produce stalwart in letters and thought. Its lapses of commission and omission cannot be condoned, glossed over and excused. It is time we should do some thinking. The fate of General Zia should shake us from our stupor and slumber. It is time this nation should see its face in the mirror of time and the leadership should hear the bleaker and darker unforgiveable and damnable aspects of its actions, performance and responses. This is an effort at depicting the whole range and panorama of our life from 1947, perhaps even before it.

I have had the good fortune to have personally participated in many movements and in the thinking and functioning of institutions. As a young man I had the closest moments of contact with the Quaid-e-Azam from 1938 to 1946 I had seen as a khaksar the massacre of colleagues and indiscriminate firing on them in Lahore - an innocent and youthful parading as a matter of more protest. Under orders of Sikandar Hayat, the Chief Minister of the Punjab on the 22nd of March, 1940, on the eve of the passing of the Pakistan resolution on the 23rd of March, 1940, blood was made to flow mercilessly without any serious reason. It was an affront and an insult to Quaid-e Azam who was present in Lahore, a demonstration of defiance by Unionists of the Punjab. To kill so many innocent and young people in the streets of Lahore was a tragedy, but instead of giving in and surrendering to the demands for the postponement of the conference, the Quaid-e-Azam decided to go ahead with the conference, with the lion of the Punjab shamelessly and impudently joining on the conference stage. If this conference had not

been held there would have been no Pakistan. Shooting on such a scale was meant to stop the passing of the Pakistan Resolution. This was a massacre as great and as bloody as that of the Jalianwala Bagh.

I had known from 1938 of the lions of Frontier, Punjab, Bengal and Assam running for their lives, when Allah Bukhsh Soomro, the Chief Minister of Sindh, served them a curt notice to quit Karachi and Sindh in twenty-four hours, and all the brave animals scrambled and campered and hurried out of the province in utter fear and consternation of being arrested. I have a photographic memory of men and the events from 1936 till today. I met and rubbed shoulders with the highest in the nation. This proximity gave me knowledge, experience and insight into all happenings, occurrences and political stresses and strains. I was a close spectator and proximate participant in all that happened, from being a teacher, a Principal, a Director of Education, a Vice-Chancellor and as Federal Minister of Education in Peoples' Party Government in 1988.

It is a pathetic narration of facts when one looked into the lives, the thinking and the performance of a large generality of our army generals whom I knew in scores and some of whom became our rulers and gave us fantastic oracles from the mount. They were nothing but products of doom. They, with few helpless and honest exceptions, were nothing but the scum of the earth as Wellington defined or the products of the gutter as Napoleon said. Ayub came from Rehana where his father lived a miserable life of subservience to the landed *maliks* of Hazara. All Pakistan generals are land hungry. Even while at war with India in their advance positions, in the battle fields, they sent messages and phone calls and made wireless contact with commissioners and deputy commissioners from Chawinda to the Rann of Katchh, requesting them to spare their crops and not let tanks and other military transport go through and damage and spoil their fields and crops. Ayub was land hungry. He ruled in the spirit of Bahiul Lodhi. The generals of Pakistan grabbed lands both in the rural and urban areas, in the agricultural sector and specially within the cantonment boundaries. Cantonments were really established to be auctioned to the serving and retired military officers while their lands and areas were all developed at state expense. Cantonments we-have seen are nothing but green pastures and prairie and advance planning for commercial and personal aggrandizement and plunder by serving officers or the retired officers. We have seen this happening in all the cantonments at Lahore, Faisalabad, Sialkot, Sahiwal, Multan, Hyderabad, Karachi and Quetta, and so many others unnecessarily created for the plunder by the officers in the armed forces.

I happen to live in the centre of all them in Kotri Barrage and seen their lands in Guddu and Sukkur Barrages. What scandalous use of army resources for personal development. Whole forests were cleared and huge mounds of earth were leveled at state expense, with military and civil administration machinery given to them gratis for use. General Moosa as Governor of West Pakistan came to his lands on official visit to look at the tube wells which army had put up on his lands to obviate the possibility of

water logging and salinity, for inspection. Ayub had all criminals for his friends as Sikandar Mirza. Ayub saved a cousin of mine from going to gallows when the whole world knew that the young man had shot dead and killed half a dozen of his *Haris* right in the open and in public view. Justice Munir who always joined Ayub both in his shoot and in his booze freed the young man who was the oldest most extravagant organizer of shooting for Ayub and his friends and for selecting lands for them in the Kotri Barrage. He was a pioneer in this settlement of the generals.

Ayub was in the war of 1945 but never saw any battle, not even a skirmish in his life. He sat in his cozy office and in his drawing room comfort. From 1947 the Generals had their ambitions to humiliate us, scandalize, conquer us and rule us and torture us, their own country and its citizens. Selfish and greedy Punjabi politicians galored in this plunder and the rest of provinces were played with like pawns on a chess board game. Ayub made no military contribution of any kind at any stage in his life and Azam Khan made him a Field Marshal by simple resolution of the cabinet he had formed in October, 1958. He was military adviser and a representative of Pakistan on the Indo-Pakistan border commission of Lord Radcliffe, but he made no contribution of any kind and allowed the award to pass to the detriment of interests of Pakistan. There was not even a word from him to protest, or show of resentment and even record of dissent. He was a happy go-lucky man and childish in his predilections and scribbled notes and drew figures and caricatures and duds in any commission or conference he attended or was assigned to work in. Even as Defence Minister and Commander-in-Chief of Ghulam Mohammad, he devoted his time in cabinet meetings in drawing diagrams and cartoons and silly figures of men and animals because he knew that whatever was talked about discussed or decided needed his final consent or acquiescence, latent or patent, overt or covert. He abused Ghulam Muhammad in formal cabinet meetings in lurid language and all in fun and hilarity as Fazal haq did in Zia's regime. Yahya thought of his generals as the last word and supreme authority both in tactics and strategy; but lo and behold what a mess they had made when badly caught with their *Panjamas* down and with their plumes, tails and tufts in the marshes, woods and waters of East Pakistan. Stories of Ghulam Mohammad's and Yahya Khan's escapades their secretaries Qudratullah Shahab and Abdul Qayum had plenty to tell, both being my old friends form 1949. Yahya Khan's naked misdemeanors are well-known both in the East and in the West. It was another tragedy that Pakistan was all the time handled and bundled by both the expert and the lay, the criminals and the judges, by the specialists, and the dacoits, by the knowledgeable and the fools, by the admirals and the generals, by the pious and the profane, by the religious and the secular, by the conspirators and the religious braggarts, by the kingmakers and rascals, with equal zest, freedom and impunity, callous and oblivious of the consequences in the socio-political field, economic order, human sufferings, ideological bungling and metaphysical absurdities, practical difficulties and above all national dishonor and international obloquy and derision. Hail thou hieroglyphic military machine thou hast corrupted all the values of Islam and Pakistan.

Thou hast tortured this nation, thou art an eternal source of misery and desolation, a pestilence for the people of Pakistan. Yahya on the basis of Agarthala conspiracy and trial, on the imminent defeat of Pakistan army in Bangladesh ordered to shoot Sheikh Mujeeb-ur Rehman, when Bhutto said to Yahya "Stop? hold on thou I von The Terrible- hold on. Do not do it?" What do generals know of history.

Pakistan began on the wrong foundations of partition. Independence divided India into two and Muslims into three and Pakistan into two parts. India could still keep its integrity and geographical unity, but Pakistan had problem of distance in its formation. This geographical and demographical distance and difference became the foundation of its troubles and dismemberment. The very founder of the new and young state called it "the truncated and moth eaten Pakistan." The repercussion of geographical division were both painful and disastrous and instead of peace, blood flowed like rivers in spate. Massacres and transfers of population created multifarious, socioeconomic and human issues which are lingering on till today, and are awaiting solution. India at least stabilized itself in its political system and conception, but Pakistan is still passing through poignant phases, paralysis and vivisection. Even judges misbehaved with Pakistan from Radcliffe to Anwar - we can understand the first but can't understand the second. Pakistan judges proved nothing but hirelings, cullions and hirelings of executive authority and got in the law courts to bless and sanctify blunders of executive, power. In India its institutional base was protected and guarded by its judiciary, whereas in Pakistan it is the judiciary which unhinged and rattled the institutional foundations and menacingly rocked the boat of state and we are spinning in space till today,

Pakistan fiddled with its basic principles and the norms of democracy, made and unmade or mutilated constitutions and experimented, played and ployed with novel political procedures and fantastic processes, which left it confused, gyrating, groping and berserk in horrendous confusion and uncertainty with tragic and wide scope for interpretation and terminological fiddling.

Quaid-e-Azam envisaged a democratic, secular and parliamentary system of government based on universal adult franchise, whereas we ignored these principles right from the start. The king-makers fiddlers and conspirators of Pakistan in Ghulam Muhammad, Chaudhri Muhammad Ali, Gurmani, Hafiz Abdul Majeed, S. M. Sharif, G. Ahmed, G. Moinuddin, Col. Malik. Gen Mirza, Saeed Hasan and last but not the least Gen. Ayub Khan, who even claimed the honor of the initiation of the idea and the creation of One Unit and parity between East and West Pakistan. The wisdom audacity and temerity to create political system so novel as parity, between two parts of Pakistan, denied East Pakistan its rights of population majority. They created One Unit in West Pakistan by bundling up the historical provinces by sheer administrative orders, and total highhandedness with all non-challance and bravado and pious incantations

without having any regard and sanctity to the geographical, demographical and constitutional norms of any civilized or normal state. West Pakistan was handled as the *Jagir* of the Punjab.

Other dictators had left Pakistan with a bitter past, but with still some semblance of some socio-political and legal standards, but Zia flouted everything sane, decent and normal and he left the country in minuscule pieces and splinters, very nearly ensuring the fragility of Pakistan, a thought which had haunted the leaders of Pakistan right from the Quaid-e-Azam. Akber Bugti had prognosticated the creation of Bangladesh after Pakistan's twenty five years of existence, and he had already predicted the division of the remnant in another twenty five years. From what we see happening in the hands of juvenile, impious, ill educated and uneducated political leadership of Islami Jamhori Itehad, and conspiratorial presidential authority; the portents and omens are clear and convincing. Burke said, "Small men with smaller heads and smaller hearts and big institutions great ideas and great nations, can't go together."

XI

It is said that Nawaz Sharif was a political heir of Zia - what a misfortune and what a miserable, desolate and horrendous inheritance? I am sorry for him and for his legacy. He has got to get out of the tentacles and claws of the deadly octopus which has allowed him and suffered him in the seat of Prime Ministership; if he cannot be courageous and careful, having no past at all and hardly a confident and a presentable present, he will most certainly have no future of honor and integrity. Let Nawaz Sharif as Zia's political heir beware of the people around him, who were nothing but a collection and concentration of flatterers, cheats and cut-throats. The man is known and gains his reputations by the company he keeps. We have ominous misgivings about what we see happening and unfolding in the political field, God be with us in this tomfooling at the top.

Poverty, intellect and integrity are the auspicious harbingers of greatness. Poverty is the privilege and pride of the prophets and the great leaders of nations. There is no integrity in money. All millionaires are ludicrous said Johnson. Acquisition of wealth is certainly a sin if we take it that all property is theft; but to have it is certainly no crime. Money well spent is a blessing of God. A look around at the great men of history who have left indelible and memorable part and past shows, that they were all impecunious men and destitute and they left nothing in the form of possessions and riches behind. Besides the prophets I should offer a few names. Pitt the Younger, the most successful Chancellor of Exchequer and the Prime Minister of England, who was really responsible for the defeat of Napoleon in his designs, was Prime Minister at the age of twenty-four and he left thirty-two thousand pounds in debts, which were cleared by a grateful British Parliament after his death. Gandhi, Lenin, Mao, Shatri Ataturk, Khomeini, Abraham Lincoln, Ben Bella of recent times, and how many more in history who had

the good fortune to direct the affairs of nations and preside on their destinies, died as penniless mendicants with no worldly possession worth much, but their achievements remain indelible and their memories so fresh for centuries to inspire all the generations to come.

The Quaid-e-Azam had said "To be a leader of Muslims you must have a lot of cash of your own in your pocket" that being the truth, but as a ruler one has to be above temptation and seduction of wealth. Wealth has no permanence and no place of honor in nations character, and honour in the life hereafter. All millionaires are soulless virtuosos of some sort or the other, as Chesterton said.

Let Nawaz Sharif be careful of his rotten inheritance and of his minions. His speech of 10th April, 1991 in the parliament made me smile. What a juvenile and teenage performance, an spectacle of a twelfth class student from his college platform what enthusiasm what passion; what youthful ebullience, what pronounced and proclaimed enthusiasm and gusto what lack of experience, modesty, balance and confidence and sobriety of expression; what lack of study and maturity which come out from education, hardship, experience, and drudgery. I thought of him as he spoke, as a young senior college student all buoyant and over flowing with sincerity and flights of imagination, whims, elusive dreams and expectations, but I am afraid thoroughly forgetful and oblivious of the pitfalls, accidents and contingencies of life. Total lack of experience and knowledge and even of the nation and its institutions had catapulted Zia's protégé to this office of eminence. It was all sincerity of the word, but so forgetful of the *Mullas* and sharks around him.

He has not suffered for his leadership. He had paid his way to the top not without any irregularities of procedure of elections, and let him beware. The closest to him may just be waiting to pull the carpet from under his feet. Let him learn from what happened to Quaid-e-Azam, Liaquat All Khan, Nazimuddin, Bogra, Ghulam Mohammad, Sikandar Mirza, Ayub, Yahya, Bhutto, Junejo and Jatoi, and above all finally to Benazir. No man can be called a statesman and he be a molder of the fate of the nation, wanting reformation and amelioration and progress and advancement and wishing success, can ignore the scum of the society and sharks around him-this is what he has to fear, guard against and the falsehood of jugglers, fifers, buglers, trumpeters, pimps, honor in the life Pirs and chamber maids - an awkward, frustrating and mischievous unfolding heirdom of Zia. The politics of the twentieth century must be a product of study, experience, suffering, slow training, hard ascending, public assessment and reckoning but our leaders have jumped to the top and I am afraid fallen from the so fast. Let us and with Byron again.

The power and vanity,
To thee the breath of life,
The sword, the bayonet and sway

There with renowned was rife
All quieted dark spirit what,
The madness of thy memory must be,
Fair freedom we may hold thee dear
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown

Was General Zia really buried in that grave - was anything buried at all - was this fall the work of Bhutto's innocence and prayers reverberating in the sky, as Uranus put it, a prophetic epitaph a foreboding of ornery General Zia's demise.

Lo! where he lies embalmed in gave
His soul to heaven cries
The flood gates of his blood implore
For vengeance from the skies.

In history it has been found that men of concealed, questionable and obscure origins or inexplicable and humiliating youth, when raised by nature to positions of power and authority, invariably have been led and tempted to deeds of cruelty, irresponsibility, corruption, wickedness, profligacy guile recklessness and ostentation which have landed them finally in some disgrace or horrible end, and they have left behind indelible and atrocious instances and bloody scars on the lives of nations and history of their peoples on whose destinies they presided with such relish, abandon and nonchalance. In Pakistan history General Zia was perhaps the most extreme example of inveterate cruelty in the world in the second half of twentieth century.

There is of course the phenomenon of inevitable occurrence of death, but there is a great and mysterious significance in the manner of dying. Even the Prophet had prayed to God for sparing him the rigors of death and the horrors of accidental death. Socrates coveted death and was ever ready to die. God had ordained such Socratic and stoic or *kalandari* death of valour and nobility for Bhutto. Zia had the death reserved for all fiends in history. Hitler soiled in oil was incendiary in his house. Mussolini died in the gutter and to the open frothing by the Milan population, Tojo in the disgrace of defeat and surrender.

This distinction of dying could be the demonstration of the providential will or command - a punishment or a reward. If there is potent mystery in birth, then more so, the equally profound and meaningful secret in death.

THE AFTERMATH

In 1953 the army of Pakistan had in mind only the grabbing of land and sinews of war; which had become a chronic phenomenon in the socio-political order of Pakistan right from the inception - the roots of this loot were firmly laid by Liaquat Ali Khan, and why should the sword arm of Pakistan lag behind; and this brought them to the temptations and moves of 1953, and then open grabbing in 1958. The armed forces with guns should certainly have prior and superior claim to wealth and pilferage. Till the end of the sixties the army avoided blood, and had only in a small way tasted it in Baluchistan and Sindh - a very minor routine sporting and enjoyable spilling and spoiling in the view of the bureaucracy and the people of Punjab. These were little bloody incidents worth ignoring. These operations in Balochistan and Sindh were just an appreciation and an assessment of what could be done and be attempted and achieved by the Punjab. The army operations in Balochistan and Sindh were just matters to judge how far they could go, without realizing that more disasters will follow, and worse human skirmishes were inevitable.

In 1970 the armed forces not only tasted blood but shed it with total abandon and enjoyed and gloated in it. The soil of Pakistan was now really red but the action was a thousand miles away. They thought they could hide it and cover it. They thought it right and legitimate to kill, pillage and desecrate in East Pakistan, which the armed forces and the Punjab hated, but when the whole phenomenon threatened to overtake West Pakistan they collapsed and cleverly solicited armistice. Punjab must not see blood and emergence of foreign forces.

The real blood was shed in 1979, and West Pakistan paid the terrible price in the form of the death of Bhutto. For the first time heads rolled in the centers of government and the corridors of power. The whole sociopolitical atmosphere was vitiated and grown rancid. This madness prevailed without resistance till the good riddance of August 1988.

This long interlude of eleven years had eaten into the vitals of the state and the armed forces too. Any nation of consequence and honor and self-respect would be ashamed of what was happening. The culmination was reached in the establishment of government of Jam Sadiq Ali in Sindh and the emergence of a muddle headed Prime Minister governed by ignorance and arrogance - the product and legacy of a military adventurer. The catastrophes and explosions of Ojhery camp and Nawshera and the Afghan war were due entirely to the politics of the army, and jamaat-e-Islami. The worst that could have happened to a mad institution was the poisoning and death of Asif Nawaz the Chief of Army Staff - the intrigue had matured, and now come home to roost.

The results of 1958 developed and burgeoned to their logical limits of pain and horror of 1993. The generals had killed their own Chief and had reached the limits of their misguided state interference. They had neither the head nor the means to mend and resuscitate. They must go to the people; they had no alternative, and they did, in October 1993.

The tragedies and horrors of military lunacy and intimidation are written on every inch of this sacred land. The army ushered in and consolidated the era of guns, dacoits, terrorists, smuggling, obscenity, opium, pornography and prostitution - the dismissal of government in 1990 proved a political, social, economic and administrative misfortune and a disaster and it ominously inaugurated the most headless era of Nawaz Sharif which was nothing but pure economic loot, mercenaryism, incompetence, falsehood, humiliation and ignominy of Pakistan both within and without.

From 1953 to 1993 Pakistan in its politics and the armed forces in their thinking and manner of handling affairs had reduced the country to being of no consequence internationally and no hope internally. From the presidency to the peasantry life moved in a giddy, lackadaisical and leisurely pace. The pendulum of time was ticking away; the clock hands had moved a full circle in forty years - a historic number and combination of digits in the annals of time, and nature's computerization. We wonder what we should term the period and the political processes and all the permutations and combinations in Pakistan from 1990 to 1993 certainly not less than a comedy or tragedy of errors. In Pakistan, during the years, from the deposition of Bhutto in 1977 to October 1993, was anything gained and achieved except shame, disgrace, pain, blood and turmoil - a wastage of years. Were these sixteen years worth anything in Pakistan history Zia's regime was diabolical but Nawaz Sharif's inept kakistocracy consisting of the under-educated, the ill-mannered and the pompous prudes. What was their achievement, but the care-taker government in Pakistan - however miraculously useful but a scar on the face of Pakistan.

The care-taker government whatever its acknowledgeable achievements was a queer and silly combination of adhocism and pseudo-constitutionalism. Except for the presidency where Wasim Sajjad took over on the resignation or ostensible relinquishing or peaceful slipping out of Ghulam Ishaq Khan there was nothing legal about the whole new socio-political set-up. A whole lot of exhausted and rickety bureaucratic brood landed in Pakistan without any legal or constitutional authority, without any valid political sanctions, without any political past or a moral force and basis and were thrust and planted to rule Pakistan, conduct its affairs and hold elections. What sort of conglomeration and hodge podge was this. Who contrived this motley medley to hold the reins of power. By whom were they supported, by whom were they propped up, by whom authorized. A generality of them were on the last legs of their mundane existence. It appears in Pakistan a new social contract was made and contrived in a

Rousseau's primordial society or as in the antediluvian times of Hobbes Noble Savage and had agreed on a form of government and procedure to set up and organize and contrive a rudimentary socio-political order. What form and shape this political order would take or foreboded; whose will was it? Who ushered it in, and ordered it, who legitimized it, who initiated it. Was there anything which Locke would appreciate. The whole lot of course had to come to stay and govern, but who gave them the power, who could stop them except the angels or the arms which brought them. That they left quietly and peacefully is commendable, what they accomplished was luckily laudable, but did this mean any institutional or procedural sanctity. Their exit left us perplexed, confused and aghast. That the elections took place and natural socio-political life was initiated and established is all lucky and pleasing, and was such a fine event but suppose in this wrath of the angels something had gone wrong, amiss or awry; where would this country and society be plummeted or brandished, in mystical, mythological and masterly manner. Was Moin Qureshi an angel or Sindabad in Sailor or a ghost which ruled, and presided on mythological country and ruled its people for a time, rather elegantly and nicely, and then flew away on the magic carpet, having accomplished the mission and assignment given to him by the heavenly host. Was Moin Qureshi another some - Azam, some - Father, some - auspicious visitation, some - welcome apparition. Was Pakistan which Benazir had taken over, a country reborn, reestablished and reconditioned? How and at whose command was the continuance possible. Could this country have vanished in this fake and false process. The whole country was for a while looking forlorn and blank.

Good God what an expediency, what a contingency, what a risk, what a hazard, what a gamble, what a miracle, from the blue they fell and in the blue they disappeared and vanished. There is a mystery lurking in this whole process, their coming and ruling and going. Could this happen in a decently organized or a respectable or a thinking society or a well adjusted people with this uncanny constitutional break and political aberration. Isn't it not a new Pakistan precontrived different from what the Quaid-e-Azam had established or Bhutto had inherited and bequeathed. Isn't there a mystical and miraculous evidence and an enigma involved in this process. Had Pakistan disappeared as a political entity during this break. Wasn't it in suspended animation and existence and in a state of unconscious pulsation; except for Wasim Sajjad everything was false reality and unbelievable programme and process, but luckily a welcome and happy end which had flabbergasted Jamaat-e-Islami and *Mullaism*. For this brief period all mischief went dormant and this interlude took Pakistan on some unplanned trajectory, it demoralized *Mullaism*, unnerved feudalism, prostrated and mauled bureaucracy. What a gaping and horrifying reality a welcome but horrendous thought process.

What kind of Pakistan shall we call it now. A new home, a Pakistan of Moin Qureshi or Wasim Sajjad or Benazir. What shall we do, commiserate or laugh. The most unreal and unthinkable situation and mysterious process had given us a new country - a new

Pakistan. A quaint stage in the country's chequered and desultory history. The Quran says "Take lesson oh the sighted ones" and "your eyes should see everything sharp and clear".

Nawaz Sharif government consisted of muddle headed ignoramuses undereducated hoodlums and juvenile acrobats, a brood, as Milton said, left behind by Zia, medley of scintillating mediocrities entertaining buffoons or gorgeous non-entities - a whole lot of intellectually and morally barren blunderbuss.

In his speech as the leader of opposition having lost Prime Ministership, he said he had not resigned under any force or pressure but he had resigned his Prime Ministership because his staying longer and his resistance to resignation would have brought about Pakistan's disintegration and disappearance. What confession of ineptitude and pusillanimity and incompetence. Some invisible but puissant power and force had compelled him to create a political vacuum or at least inertia in Pakistan, but luckily these invisible forces still held the country in their iron and powerful grip with full control over politics and the armed forces and the administration - a force more potent than martial law or emergency that held the country intact and in tight-fisted fingers. Did powers and players in politics of Pakistan perhaps, Ghulam Ishaq Khan and Nawaz. Sharif, hear some covert and concealed commands or muffled drums beating. The elections created or revived Pakistan. This is the second time that such a phenomenon had taken place - the first time when Dacca fell. There was no Pakistan except martial law. It is magic which gave us Pakistan again and we hope peace too. It is a history of romance. The state of Pakistan lived in the presidency alone, on a very thin thread by which it was held.

Probably the country was living under invisible forces and more potent than martial law in Pakistan. There were no proclamations of emergency or show of force to keep that grip, to maintain the facade and carcass of Pakistan under any extraordinary measures till the country was made and handed over to the electorate. What falsehood we have gone through. Is it the way the countries function and the governance defined and accepted. We wonder how to define and characterize this queer category of statehood under the phenomenon of care-takers. Where had they secured the power and authority to get into their places and offices as ministers. Everybody appeared un-nerved, comatose or asphyxiated. The legality or validity or the morality of their installation no one either questioned or knew or revealed. Even commonly fool-hardy and bumptious Nawaz Sharif would not reveal the froth either through fear or expediency. If Pakistan stood in such dire and dreadful dangers why not to tell the whole truth to the whole nation which also appeared to have been dosed, drugged or dazed. It was the total collapse of not only the government but of all men in authority and the institutions of state. Where did they come from, wherefrom did they draw their authority, who fixed their salaries and their emoluments, where did they draw the authority to draw and spend funds and issue orders. Our suppliant, confounded and

cowardly judiciary could have taken *suo moto* notice of this abnormality and unconstitutionality. Were they also petrified and stupefied? Who were the caretakers accountable and answerable to in their coming, functioning and disappearance? What a romance, what a comedy of transfer of power, and a tragedy and novelty of nomenclature.

Pakistan has had a variety of heads of state and government. Some caretakers looked like undertakers of Pakistan. All our military men proved helpless in this state of uncertainty. All military men have so far proved undertakers of Pakistan, but where do we put Liaquat, Bogra, Chundrigar, Noon, Junejo, Jatoi and Nawaz Sharif. Was this collapse not purely moral and political. What was the force and the agency which had sealed the minds and the mouths of men - the presidency, the Prime Minister, the king-makers of Punjab bureaucracy, the armed forces, the general masses. They all stood doped, mesmerized or terrorized into acquiescence by what is euphemistically called consensus in keeping quiet and mystified into inanition and petrification. Does the history of any country provide us in the world an instance of such nature, gravity, magnitude, intensity and disbelief. Any study, solution, rational debate and expatiation and animadversion is difficult or futile. This period of caretakers is the bleakest part of the Pakistan's history in which the nation, its peoples and its functionaries and institutions had suddenly taken leave of absence and were under some anesthesia to be revived into blissful consciousness after a popular election. Even a little thought, reflection and study will prove and demonstrate what General Zia's *coup d'état* had brought the poor country of Quaid-e-Azam to, the giant of a man established it, and the pygmies in uniform had enervated and reduced it to mishandling by ominous and ornery invisible forces. Zia was the supreme demonstration of the slipping of a nation in the hands of men in uniform. Was this pompous duration of

caretakers not an injustice, a martial law, a play by invisible hands, a horrid and clandestine emergency and an unnerving experience of a hapless and incapacitated country. Those who had masterminded or conceived or controlled it, deserve a salute for this trickery, ingenuity and accomplishment, what a conundrum! or *Mysterium Tremendum*.

It is a great tragedy of the history of this country that Pakistan had to pass such a great variety of ugly, sociopolitical experiences and stages of degradation and disgrace from its very inception. The twentieth century had not witnessed a dictator so abject, and mean and a general so cruel, as General Zia who rubbed the very face of Pakistan so audaciously and flagrantly in the dust and humiliated it with such swash-buckling bravado. General Zia left behind such a huge and variegated Miltonian infernal brood and Dantean conflagration of inept politicians, perverted *mushaikhs* and *mullahs*, parading smugglers and promenading narcotic peddlers, money launderers and gun-runners. General Zia had openly squandered with impunity the great name, and fame

and honor that Bhutto had earned, brought and secured for Pakistan and had given such tremendous pride of citizenship to the people of Pakistan. The General had brought the country to such disrepute that the whole world began to give us cruel and abominable appellations and epithets. This is the damage twelve years of military rule and party less politicking had done to us.

The extent to which this vocabulary had gained currency can be judged from the fact that even the text books of children and novels in the market freely carried this horrible abusive terminology against us. One has merely to step out of Pakistan to face the ugly and mortifying phenomenon - however tall, known or noble any one of us might be. This is the price that Pakistan, as a country and its people as citizens, have paid for their silence, acquiescence, aiding and edifying the manner. and the methods and the mischief of the generals and their deluded brood in his own profession and in the politics of Pakistan.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Professor Sayid Ghulam Mustafa Shah (*Birth: October 18, 1918, Death: October 9, 1999*) was an illustrious teacher and educationist of Pakistan. He was eloquent speaker and a prolific writer. He was brave and courageous journalist, and was the editor of the only independent learned English journal of Pakistan - "*The Sindh Quarterly*" for 23 years after his retirement.

Prof. Shah was student of Sindh Madressah, Karachi (Pakistan) Muslim University Aligarh (India) and King's College University of Durham (England) and Exeter College (Oxford). He was Principal of the famous Sindh Muslim College Karachi for fourteen years, Director of Education in Pakistan provinces for ten years and Vice Chancellor of the University of Sindh for five years. Prof. Shah has a number of books to his credit - in English and in Sindhi. He has one son and four daughters.

Sayid Ghulam Mustafa Shah was widely travelled man. He had been to sixty-three countries of the world and had a hobby of collecting rare and valuable walking sticks (more than two hundred) from all over the world. He had the distinction of being the senior-most educationist elected to become the Minister for Education in Pakistan in the people's Party Government in 1988. By heritage he was an agriculturist and deeply interested in farming and planting trees.

Sayid Ghulam Mustafa Shah had formed 'Servants of Sindh society' during the Zia rule. The purpose of the society was to provide a forum for Sindhi intellectuals of study the issues pertaining to the province and raise voice from literary point of view.

Sayid Ghulam Mustafa Shah had long association with men of great standing in the field of education and literature, e.g. Principal Harrison, Prof. Mohammad Habib and Prof. Brian Stanley. Among his friends were Dr. Charles Malik the first President of the United Nations General Assembly, Prof. S. Wallace of Columbia University, New York, Dr Ingram Bloch of Vanderbilt University Tennessee; and great journalists and writers Malcolm Muggeridge, Altaf Hussain and George Scott, and political scientists and sociologists like Lord Eustace Percy and Prof. Hofstra of the Institute of Social studies at The Hague.

Prof. Shah in his life has had intimate association right from 1947 with all the front rank educationists, intellectuals, literary men, politicians and Senior Administrators of Pakistan from Quaid-e-Azam, the Founder of Pakistan, to the present day. He abandoned the field of politics in 1990 and was engaged in writing and journalism till his death.