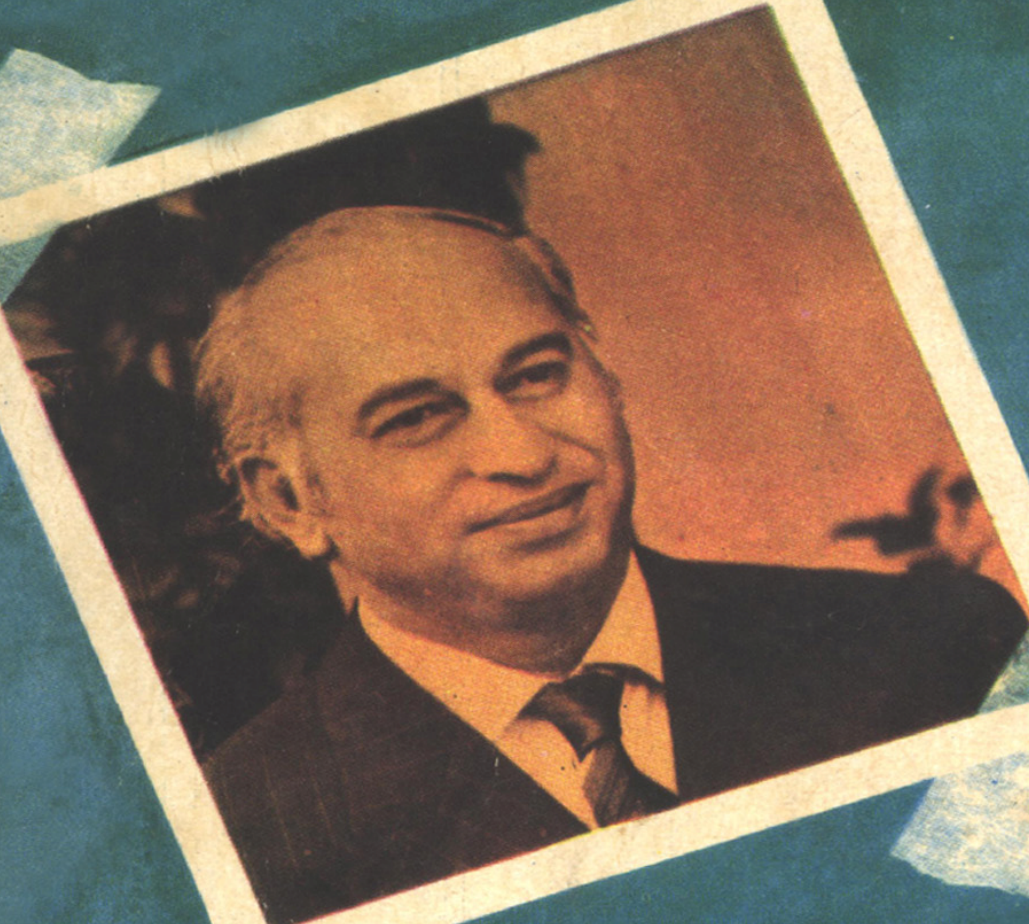


Zulfi
my friend
Piloo Mody



Produced in PDF form
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Preface

ILAY NO claim to objectivity, nor is this a biography in the true sense of the term. As a friend I find it difficult to attain the first—though I shall try; the second requires intensive research and a scholarly approach, either of which I refuse to plead guilty. In undertaking this task I have allowed myself the luxury of time that I cannot afford and fulfilled a fancy which I will not discuss. My excuse for writing this book is really a request made by the publisher and a pandering to a vanity I would have preferred to conceal.

Zulfikar Ali Shahnawaz Bhutto has been, and will always continue to be a very dear friend—not because he is the most sensible of men, not because he is balanced and fair-minded, not because he is truthful and forthright, not because he is the President of Pakistan, but because he is Zulfi, warm and loyal to those whom he loves, affectionate and tolerant to human weakness. He also happens to be the central figure and dominant personality in the six most formative years of my life between 1945 and 1950, between the ages of 18 and 24.

For India and what later became Pakistan, these were the crucial years. In 1945 Pakistan was a pipe dream; by 1946 it was an obsession, by 1947 an established fact. For two young men living in post War India it was the beginning of things, the fulfillment of national pride with the prospect of a great and glorious future. Our interminable conversations invariably started and ended with politics, having run through the entire gamut of life as we saw it—entertainment, movies, books, friends, sex and back to politics. Nehru, Jinnah and Mahatma Gandhi were all distant figures in a drama that involved considerable heat but little action. Had we agreed then, there would have been no argument: if we were to agree today, there would be no dialogue.

By background, tradition, custom and family life we were poles apart; yet it made no difference. Its politics I was with India and Nehru, Zulfi was with Jinnah and Pakistan. Over the years I might have drifted away from Nehru, but Zulfi's loyalty remained firm.

New Delhi

Piloo Mody

First Encounter

WAIT, I AM going down!” were the first words that I ever uttered to Zulfikar Ali Shahnawaz Bhutto. I was ten, and he was nine years old. Both of us were at the Cathedral Boys’ School in Bombay. I was even in those days generously endowed and Zulfikar was only skin and bones held together by a squeaky high-pitched voice. Zulfi was really the friend of my cousin, Jehangir Mugaseth, the son of my mother’s younger sister. Of all my cousins, Jehangir was the closest to me, being of my age-group: he was only slightly younger than I; and his sister Silloo was only slightly older. As kids, we three grew up together, my own brothers being too old for me: Kali is four years my senior and Russi almost nine years older. Silloo and Jehangir always had a roomful of toys and I used to go, or rather was sent, to play with them in the house where they lived at Byculia. Often they would come and spend weekends with me where we lived at Cuniballa Hill.

Soon thereafter the Mugaseths moved to Marine Lines, Silloo went to the Cathedral Girls’ High School, and Jehangir followed me a year later to the Boys’ School. Zulfi, whose background I have already described, unfortunately had not gone to any school but had been taught this and that at home; he was being sent to school about the same time. Our Principal, Col. Hammond, thought that perhaps Zulfi should join the Girls’ School before he could be admitted into the first standard at the Boys’ School. But Zulfi revolted at the idea and Col. Hammond patted him on the back and said:

“That’s the spirit, boy!” and admitted him into the first standard of the Boys’ School, where Jehangir was also studying.

This is perhaps the main reason why Zulfi’s early school career was not as bright as it might have been, considering his potential—he was always trying to make up for the years lost in kindergarten and primary school. It is here that the two boys met and developed a friendship which included going to each other’s house to spend the day and play. It was on these occasions when Zulfi was playing at Jehangir’s house that I used to run into him. I still recall quite clearly seeing Zulfi in his boy scout’s khaki uniform, with its half pants, its broad leather belt, black woolen stockings and white sneakers, with a couple of green ribbons displayed at the calves to indicate that he belonged to Savage House of the Cathedral School. His whole make-up coupled with his high-pitched squeaky voice always seemed somewhat incongruous to me.

That is how he remained in my memory as I went to the Doon School for the next five years. Zulfi continued at the Cathedral till I returned to Bombay in 1945 after having finished my H.S.C., to meet him again as a grown boy entering his final year in preparation for his Senior Cambridge examination at the Cathedral. His voice had improved, and he had grown to be a tall and good-looking adolescent with tolerable manners and the correct amount of deference.

It is at this stage that our acquaintance developed and grew into a firm and permanent friendship.

We two came from very different and divergent backgrounds. Zulfi belonged to the Bhutto family of Sindh. Where a rigid feudalistic society continues to exist even today; the Bhutto's were one of the prominent clans, sharing with the Talpurs and the Pagaros a pre eminent position in Sindhi society. Where Sindh was concerned and where Sindhi opinion was required, the Government and the authorities invariably sought the views, co-operation and collaboration of some member or the other of these families as an indication of the fact that they were carrying Sindhi opinion with them

It is surprising how, despite the constraints of such a rigid feudal system, Zulfi's father, Sir Shahnawaz Bhutto, had managed to extricate himself and, through education and family background, create a position of importance for himself in British Indian society. Nevertheless, it is a fact that Zulfi's father had acquired the reputation of being a spokesman of Sindh in British India, having been primarily responsible for the separation of Sindh from Bombay Presidency. Over a period of time he occupied important positions in Government and out of it, having been a member of the Bombay Legislative Council and the Chairman of the District Co-operative Bank of Larkana. He had been Chairman of the Bombay Provincial Committee which co-operated with the Indian Statutory Commission. Sir Shahnawaz had become the first non-official President of the Larkana District Board and was President of the Sindh Mohammedan Association.

In 1931 Sir Shahnawaz, along with my father, attended the Round Table Conference on India, where his principal contribution was to demand a separate State for the Sindhis. In 1934 he was appointed a Minister of the Bombay Government. After the separation of Sindh he was made the Chief Adviser to the Governor of Sindh until a popular ministry could be installed after the elections of 1937. Sir Shahnawaz formed the Sindh United Party, won 18 out of sixty seats, but lost his own seat. This was typical of the man. He must have spent all his time and money getting his colleagues elected and must have neglected his own election. Many years later Zulfi was to do some thing similar of a much larger dimension and on a far bigger canvas in West Pakistan, but incidentally he also won six seats himself!

Having failed to create a ministry of his own, Sir Shahnawaz returned to Bombay to become Chairman of the Bombay-Sindh Public Service Commission. In 1947 he moved to Junagadh, a small Princely State, and became the Dewan. Under Jinnah's direction he advised the ruler to opt for Pakistan when the transfer of power took place—this action was responsible for at least a part of the bitterness initially caused during the partition of India.

Coming from a wealthy Zamindar family in the days when taxation was reasonable, and practically non-existent for the Zamindars, the Bhuttos had acquired a vast fortune, the income from which was spent not always too wisely. Zulfi's father was an eccentric and colourful character and there were several anecdotes that were floating around Bombay society about his aberrations.

My father on the other hand grew up in a rather prosaic family whose values were more akin to those of Victorian society, with a spicing of the puritanical approach. Father studied at St. Xavier's College with zest and energy and the confident feeling that some day he would amount to something. He always maintained a high sense of purpose and honor and had a ready wit and easy capacity to enjoy a joke at his own expense. His attitude towards money and wealth verged on the indifferent, and even in the days when his earnings were handsome, it did not whet his appetite for making or saving any money. These were days of great travail and greater achievement. India was preparing for the decisive struggle for independence and self-assertion. While Mahatma Gandhi was building up the Congress at the rice roots level in the villages of famine and misery, India was producing a galaxy of mostly self-made men of eminence in law, letters and industry, through whom the country gave a convincing display of its capacity for leadership in every field of life. My father was one of them.

As far back as 1908, at the age of 27, father had won the Laidlaw Prize for his essay on *The Political Future of India* (Hodder & Stoughton, London MCMVII). The competition was organized by a liberal member of the House of Commons and carried the munificent prize of Rs. 2,000, a great deal of money in those days. In his essay father had made out a case for India's right and capacity for self-government. He had foreseen India as being welded into a compact nation in fifty years and being independent 'before the end of the century'. In his own life he set out to prove India's capacity for leadership and its right to rule over itself, and it was a passion for him to 'Indianise' all offices; this he pursued with single-minded zest all the way into the Viceroy's Executive Council, which partly accounted for his never quite hitting it off with Lord Linlithgow.

Moving from literature to law and then on to business and public affairs, he projected the image of a man of strong will and leadership in every sphere in which he set foot. His outstanding steering of the cotton textile industry through the critical years and in the face of fierce hostility from the alien rulers demonstrated his capacity for negotiation and leadership.

He was also deeply immersed in public affairs, following in the footsteps of Sir Phirozeshaw Mehta into the Bombay Municipal Council. There he ruled with firm determination for almost two decades till he was put in charge of the Millowners' Association of India, which took him to Delhi into the Central Legislature. Here he debated with just about every leader of any significance, much to their disadvantage. In 1935, he joined Tatas, and stuck with them except for two stints as the Member for Supply in the Viceroy's Executive Council and later as Governor of Uttar Pradesh.

Wealth was hardly the object of his life. He wrote "Long before I thought of earning an income I interested myself in various institutions dealing with all manner of problems, from released prisoners to deserted children. Work in this direction gave real pleasure.

He was too independent to be anyone's follower. He crossed swords with the British Power, and although an admirer of Gandhi, he did not hesitate to criticize or challenge him either.

Throughout his life he stuck to his own values and never shirked a fight. As his biographer Dr. Mankekar remarks: "Mody was either chasing crises or crises were chasing him." This inevitably led him into head-on collisions with the greatest of the great of the day — Gandhi, Jinnah, the nationalist leaders, the trade unions and the Viceroy. He went his self-proclaimed way through the jungle of Indian self-doubt, with wit and with wisdom. And we, Zulfi and I, grew up to the clang of those battles, absorbing the echoes of great debates and getting familiar with the great names of the day, who made history with the splendour of their personalities and who have remained unmatched in post-independence India.

Such a background certainly influenced my own thinking and personality and gave me my own liberal outlook, which was to mingle with Zulfi's personality, jelling the two into a synthesis.

So it was in the year 1937 when I was walking down the broad wooden stairs of the Cathedral and John Connon High School that F found a skimpy little boy trying to overtake me in a hurry, which induced me to put my arms out and say: "Wait, I am going down!" Looking at my size and hearing my imperious voice, and being aware even at his young age of nine that discretion is the better part of valour, Zulfikar Ali waited and followed—and continued doing so for many years to come.

2 Our World

THAT OUR FRIENDSHIP has lasted through innumerable quarrels, the partition of the country and four wars, to some extent demonstrates the universality of human nature and the relative insignificance of governments, nations and even nationalism.

India, during World War II, was really in the melting pot. The clash of many cultures, the conflict of various ideas, being on the threshold of new concepts and the expectancy of a new future were intermingled with the lives, thoughts and loves of a vast population.

The frustration that enveloped the nation was caught in a sensitive passage in Jawaharlal Nehru's *Discovery of India* in which he wrote:

“But though the war had come to India, it had brought no exhilaration of the spirit to us, no pouring out of our energies in some glad endeavor, when pain and death were forgotten and self itself ignored and only the cause of freedom counted and the vision of the future that lay beyond. Only the suffering and sorrow were for us, and an awareness of impending disaster, which sharpened our perceptions and quickened pain, and which we could not even help to avert. A brooding sense of inevitable and ineluctable tragedy grew upon us. a tragedy that was both personal and national.”

But neither Nehru Gandhi, nor the British Empire could stem the initial drive of the Axis powers, which brought the war and its cruelties to the very borders of India with an impending Japanese Invasion. Nehru reacted violently to this, as it further intruded on our freedom struggle, and the nation's mood is significantly described by him in the same book when he reflects:

“The chances of that invasion were growing, and hordes of starving Indian refugees were pouring across the eastern frontiers of India. In eastern Bengal, in a panicky state of mind in anticipation of an invasion tens of thousands of riverboats were destroyed. (It was subsequently stated that this had been done by a mistaken interpretation of an official order.) That vast area was full of waterways, and the only transport possible was by these boats. Their destruction isolated large communities, destroyed their means of livelihood and transport, and was one of the contributory causes of the Bengal famine. Preparations were made for large- scale withdrawals from Bengal, and a repetition of what had happened in Rangoon and lower Burma seemed probable. In the city of Madras a vague and unconfirmed (and, as it turned out. a false) rumour of the approach of a Japanese fleet led to the sudden departure of high government officials and even to a partial destruction of harbour facilities. It seemed that the civilian administration of India was suffering from a nervous breakdown. It was strong only in its suppression of Indian nationalism.”

The British had been ruling over us for a long time and had created a society based on an administration which would protect the interests of the Empire in perpetuity. The urge for independence and control of our own destinies had created in the population a yearning which was increasing every day. The war, with all its brutality, had become a total effort, being fought to preserve the very existence of civilization, and particularly Western civilization. There was general mobilization of all forces, military and civilian, with an all-out appeal to every section of the population, even school children, to come forward and prepare to fight a long and bitter war.

Unlike previous wars, when military action engaged only the armed services, in this war, Hitler to begin with, and later the Allies, involved the whole mass of the civilian population. The front lines were no longer on some distant battlefield they were in the streets of every city and in the home of every citizen.

On the moral plane World War II was a conflict between fascism and military expansionism on the one side, and democratic values on the other. In reality, everything became fair in war.

Although the cause of waging the war may have had some moral base, once it was declared it turned into a conflict of wills where no holds were barred and where victory became imperative at any cost or sacrifice, whether of men, materials or principles.

Unfortunately, those very people, involved in preserving democracy, were tainted by their own colonial past. While proclaiming to the world that they were concerned about the preservation of freedom, their conventional thinking and attitudes towards subject nations persisted, making their ideals less credible than they might have been.

It was in this dichotomy between moral principles and the compulsions of expediency that the national movement in India was caught—hoping that the Allies would win the war and yet refusing to co-operate to make it possible.

Once a world war has started it embroils nations unconnected with the conflict, and the active pursuit for allies produces strange bedfellows. It is indeed strange that a war declared with the avowed purpose of protecting Western civilization, democratic values and the peace necessary to perpetuate them, should end up in an alliance between democracy and communist totalitarianism against fascist dictatorship.

It was in this context that India was dragged into the war. Being a colony of the British Empire she had no option but to fight on the side of the British, regardless of what the people of India desired or felt about the war and India's involvement in it. This anomaly created its own contradictions. For the Indian leadership, which visualized India as a great democratic society based on social justice and yet could not collaborate with the British, who in India at any rate were oppressors, it was a difficult decision to make.

The Congress started off by wanting to collaborate with the British as partners in the struggle, requiring them to fulfill certain conditions which would enable them to share the

responsibilities for the conduct of the war. The British on the other hand continued to remain highly suspicious of Indian leaders, seeking their co-operation but refusing to share any responsibility with the Indians.

This attitude of the British finally led to a break, resulting in the heroic Quit India movement and the launching of non-violent non co-operation for the duration of the war. For the Communists, on the other hand, who were hitherto with the Congress, there was no such conflict of conscience. Before the Soviet Union got involved in the war, the Communists regarded the Second World War as a fight between imperialism and fascism, and were not prepared to support the war at all. In fact they were happy that imperialism and fascism were destroying each other and hoped that a stronger communist movement would emerge out of it. This posture of the Communists lasted only as long as the Soviet Union was not embroiled. But when Hitler attacked the Soviet Union, the 'imperialist war' overnight became the 'people's war' and the Communists immediately joined the fray.

This led to a piquant situation between the Congress and the Communist Party. When the Congress was willing to co-operate, the Communists balked; when the Congress withdrew its support the Communists promptly extended it. To a very large extent this was responsible for splitting the national movement.

Even in those days, there existed a considerable section of Indians who thought that the weakening of imperialist forces at any price might strengthen the independence movement and they therefore refused to cooperate with the war effort. This opinion became the backbone of Subhas Chandra Bose and his breakaway faction of the Indian National Congress which believed in capitalizing on the British weakness and its present embarrassment, even if this meant collaborating with the fascists. A further complication introduced in this already confused thinking within the nationalist movement was the Mahatma's strict adherence to non-violent methods—a code of behavior capable of being interpreted in innumerable ways by Gandhi—which totally baffled even his most ardent followers. It certainly created a very serious conflict in Nehru's mind, which he reflects in *The Discovery of India*:

“The approach of the war to India disturbed Gandhi greatly. It was not easy to fit in his policy and programme of non-violence with this new development. Obviously civil disobedience was out of the question in the face of an invading army or between two opposing armies. Passivity or acceptances of invasion were equally Out of the question. What then? His own colleagues, and the Congress generally, had rejected non-violence for such an occasion or as an alternative to armed resistance to invasion, and he had at last agreed that they had a right to do so. But he was nonetheless troubled, and for his own part, as an individual, he could not join any violent course of action. But he was much more than an individual; whether he had any official status or not in the nationalist movement, he occupied an outstanding and dominating position, and his word carried weight with large numbers of people.

“Gandhiji knew India, and especially the Indian masses, as very few, if any, have known them in the past or the present. Not only had he widely traveled all over India and come into touch with millions of people, but there was something else which enabled him to come into emotional contact with those masses. He could merge himself with the masses and feel with them, and because they were conscious of this, they gave him their devotion and loyalty. And yet his view of India was to some extent colored by the outlook he had imbibed in his early days in Gujarat. The Gujaratis were essentially a community of peaceful traders and merchants, influenced by the Jain doctrine of non-violence. Other parts of India had been influenced much less by this and some not at all. The widespread Kshatriya class of warriors certainly did not allow it to interfere with war or hunting wild animals. Other classes also, including the Brahmans, had been as a whole little influenced by it. But Gandhiji took an eclectic view of the development of Indian thought and history and believed that non-violence had been the basic principle underlying it, even though there had been many deviations from it. That view appeared to be farfetched, and many Indian thinkers and historians did not agree with it. This had nothing to do with the merits of non-violence in the present stage of human existence but it did indicate a historical bias in Gandhiji’s mind.”

The Americans, who were natural allies of Britain and France and yet were tenaciously holding on to their policy of isolation, were ultimately compelled by the force of circumstance to plunge into the war with all their might.

With the large influx of American soldiers into India, a new dimension was added to Indian society. All the relationships and patterns of human behavior were rudely disturbed by the uninhibited mingling of the ordinary American G.I. with the people in the streets, particularly the urchins who till then constituted the untouchable sections of Indian life. At the other end of the scale, American permissiveness in matters of sex and public behavior was another jolt to those who believed that these were matters entirely of the private domain.

In many ways it was a healthy infusion which broke through the social barriers of centuries and demonstrated the vitality of democratic thought, which believes in the equality of man.

It is in the curious interplay of all these forces that India found itself confused, hurt and bruised, and generally used as a doormat by every interest.

As Rabindranath Tagore wrote in his last testament:

“The wheels of Fate will some day compel the English to give up their Indian Empire. But what kind of India will they leave behind, what stark misery? When the stream of their centuries’ administration runs dry at last, what a waste of mud and filth they will leave behind! I had at one time believed that the springs of civilization would issue out of the heart of Europe. But today when I am about to quit the world that faith has gone bankrupt altogether.”

While rural India might to some extent have gone on its old weary way, urban centers in India were inevitably drawn into the war, with uniforms and military personnel all over, shortages of everything, and a raging black market in scarce commodities.

During a war, and particularly such a deadly war when the certainties of life, liberty and property definitely shrink, horizons are foreshortened and the anxiety to enjoy today replaces the desirability of a secure and permanent tomorrow.

Nobody ever really quite appreciates that eternal conflict is inevitable in such an irreconcilable situation. On the one hand, the struggle for independence continued to be waged in fulfillment of the eternal yearning for self-government, while on the other hand, those connected with the pursuit of the war were fighting a life and death struggle, quite unconcerned even if they might have been sympathetic towards Indian independence, and in fact wondering how anyone could be obsessed with independence at a time when the rest of the world was engaged in a total war to the finish.

It was in such an atmosphere that Zulfi and I found each other.

Formative Years

HAVING RETURNED FROM the Doon School, somewhat over educated for my environment. I found Bombay a little dull and oppressive and to some extent lonely. When one spends five years in a public school detached from the world, one makes a lot of friends but once outside, one finds the world a strange place to live in. The total protection that a public school provides is replaced by uncertainty, not only because of a different cultural background, but also because life and time are no longer regimented. In a public school from the moment you get up to the tolling of the bells till lights out, every minute of your day is accounted for and scheduled and any deviation results in punishment, to avoid which you instinctively develop a healthy respect for discipline.

Even though we went home twice a year during the holidays, most of the time was spent meeting members of the family— which in India tends to be large—calling on every uncle and aunt. The family also makes you go through some religious instruction, which naturally was neglected at school, with occasional visits to the temple to propitiate the gods and plead for the wisdom necessary to avert or circumvent punishment meted out in case of any short coming, infringement or violation of rules and regulations at school. Some time is obviously taken up in writing letters to school friends.

In my case, the family had moved to Delhi for about eighteen months when father became the Member in charge of supplies in the Government of India, and I had to spend my holidays in Delhi, further breaking my links with Bombay.

After finishing school and being left to my own devices I found time hanging rather heavily on my hands particularly as I had lost contact with my childhood friends and had not yet made any new ones, except of course my two cousins, Silloo and Jehangir, whose house I visited regularly those days. Being accustomed to daily exercise at the Doon School, I continued to play tennis, badminton and squash at the Willingdon Sports Club, and while away the time between lounging at the swimming pool at the Club and listening to music and reading history and philosophy at home.

My parents had finally built their dream house about which I had heard conversations since my earliest recollections; even as a child I had become attracted to architecture and having seen a few building plans lying around I had started preparing some myself. During the construction of the house I had taken a keen interest in the designs, construction and details and having seen our architect. a dapper, neat and intelligent man called Jehangir Billimoria, who had just returned from England, I had decided that I wanted to become an architect myself.

My mother, who always fancied herself a very practical woman who understood housing and architecture and still continues to advise me on it, constantly interfered with the designs and ultimately, I believe, drove our architect round the bend, resulting in his suffering a nervous breakdown. We even went to the extent of appointing a consultant on

the house; I am told—I don't know how true it is— that even he later committed suicide! It was in fact n those days that I developed the technique of client resistance and a degree of firmness in dealing with them.

Anyway I had decided that I was going to be an architect arid, therefore, when the time came to choose a profession, it was only natural that I should seek admission to the J.J. School of Arts, which was then the only institution providing architectural education. The war was still going on and therefore the idea of going abroad had to be postponed till peace was restored. But colleges did not start till mid-year, and I still had six to seven months of holidays left.

It was in those months that I again ran into Zulfikar, who helped me quite considerably in passing the time.

Full of fun and joy and always ready for any adventure or any joke at somebody else's expense Zulfi, as I said before was doing his final year in high school. During holidays and Vacations he would join us in our daily routine, which started with tennis at 7.30 in the morning followed by some badminton and squash, winding up the morning session at the swimming pool where we splashed around for a while till about 1.00 P.M. Back home for lunch, Zulfi occasionally joined us; after a rest it was time to go to one of the local theatres for a matinee. From the cinema we were back at the club where we spent the evening by the pool, to return home by 8.30, when my father insisted on having hs dinner. After dinner Zulfi would walk past my house and whistle at the gate and I would join him for an after-dinner stroll till about midnight, when we all went to bed. These days Zulfi's family used to live in Uhia Mansion on Carmichael Road and his house was almost across the street from mine. It was a carefree life devoted to much pleasure. In these hours we thrashed out the problems of the world, formed partnerships and broke them, acquired professions and dismissed them, and generally discussed the politics of the day, which by then had grown to exciting proportions as India faltered forward to independence. When college opened and we had less time for pleasure and politics we made up for it on the weekends and during the holidays. At one time Zulfi and I along with another friend, Ram Lalwani, had even planned on opening a clothing shop, but like many of our other plans it fortunately remained in the air.

At the Willingdon Club our gang kept increasing; amongst others were Rashid Habib, a member of the Habib Bank family now in Pakistan, Jango Readymoney, Manu Shirodkar, the son of the very eminent gynecologist Dr. V.N. Shirodkar, Mustan Tyabji, Dharamsce, Jiloo Hormusjee, Arif Currimbhoy and an Anglo- French product we met called Angels Felicite Finister Armstrong, in addition to, of course, Silloo and Jehangir Mugaseth and Ram Lalwani.

In all our fun and arguments Zulfi always took my side and supported me and was naturally hurt when I did not reciprocate fully. Very often Zulfi and I were alone, and in those hours his lively and energetic mind would seek out a host of subjects, asking, learning and remembering everything in minute detail on a wide variety of topics, ranging over history, literature, politics, philosophy, music, art and economics. I would

tell him about the books I had read and the ones that he should read discuss plots and people and exchange a vast variety of personal experiences and anecdotes.

Zulfi had a very perceptive mind, a phenomenal memory and an insatiable thirst for knowledge. Yet I cannot understand why he was unfortunate enough to fail in his Senior Cambridge examination in December 1945, the results of which were not out till about the middle of 1946 because of the uncertainties of the war. Perhaps it was due to the lack of early grounding in education that he had failed to develop the study techniques and discipline required for effortless schooling. At about the same time a tragedy struck him his younger sister, of whom he was very fond, died. This most certainly distracted him. But rather than making him despondent, his failure merely spurred him on to greater effort and for six months thereafter he became virtually incommunicado, spending every spare moment studying till he passed his Senior Cambridge examination in December 1946.

It was during these years that Zulfi fell in love. It was a platonic romance, but for Zulfi it was the end of the world. Not only was he genuinely in love with the girl, but he was even more in love with the idea of being in love. However he was unhappy because the family of the girl would not permit him to see her and court her, and Zulfi had to content himself with devising schemes and hatching conspiracies to spend a few moments with her, here and there. It was tragic in the sense that Zulfi was sincere, but her family was wholly against him. Zulfi continued to torture himself, but never forgot her even after he had become considerably worldlier.

Although I had played cricket for five years at the Doon School, where it was compulsory, it was only in these years that Zulfi got me really interested in the game. His enthusiasm had led him to strike an acquaintance with all the famous cricket players of the era; he also introduced me to many of them, which naturally sharpened my interest in the game. We used to go and watch them play and share the enthusiasm which was whipped up by the commencement of the Test matches between England and India after five years of suspension during the war.

It was the great era of Indian cricket, with names such as Vijay Merchant and Hazare, Mushtaq Ali, Amarnath and Mankad, Hafiz Mohammed, Rusi Modi, GuI Mahomed, Kishan Chand and, of course, the Nawab of Pataudi, who was chosen to skipper them in England. Mushtaq Ali, with his style, his speed and his impish audacity, was outstandingly our favorite. He also happened to be friendlier with Zulfi.

In the trials for the Test series, there is one occasion that I remember very vividly. Zulfi, Mushtaq Ali and I were watching the game from the third tier of the Cricket Club of India when Hafiz Mohammed or Rusi Modi, I cannot remember who, sent the ball for a six and all of us enthusiastically applauded the shot. At that Mushtaq Ali said:

“You wait and see. I will send the ball right here” The place where we sat was considerably higher than the point to which the ball had reached. A little later Mushtaq went in to bat and, in brilliant spurts, scored 96 runs when he stepped out and whacked

the ball to the point where we sat. This brought the entire stadium down at his having completed his century with a sixer, and drove us absolutely mad with joy and admiration. With the very next ball he tried to repeat the performance and having missed was stumped out. But that was Mushtaq Mi.

It was in the year 1943—44 that Mushtaq Ali had come to Bombay for the Pantangular Cricket Tournament. In those days he was at the top of the cricket world, a hero to every school boy and the envy of every cricketer.

Zulfi's acquaintance with Mushtaq began, when one morning a group of young boys went to see Mushtaq in his room at the Cricket Club. Zulfi and his friend Umar Quereshi were also among them. Umar Quereshi later became the best known commentator on cricket in Pakistan.

A few days later Zulfi went to Mushtaq's room to invite him to a cup of tea at his home, which Mushtaq agreeably accepted. This was Mushtaq's first visit to Zulfi's home. Zulfi introduced him to his father, mother and sisters, and a warm friendship developed between him and the family.

Mushtaq, who had come from Indore, found a home with the Bhutto family in Bombay, and was greatly impressed by the devout and God-fearing nature of Zulfi's mother and sisters.

In those days Zulfi was 16 and Mushtaq probably ten years older. Zulfi's adulation of Mushtaq's cricket was contagious and he missed no opportunity of spreading the virus amongst his friends. Mushtaq recalls that Zulfi was smart even then: he spoke good English and was very fond of cricket, clothes and good food as well as films. Extremely sensitive, very touchy and easily offended, he often showed his temper and sulked—something that Mushtaq remembers quite vividly. But as it was with Zulfi, he never let these occasions interfere with his friendship.

Over the years Mushtaq became quite close to the Bhutto family, and whenever he was in Bombay he stayed with them. After a while another Test cricketer GuI Mahomed also joined Zulfi's group and the three of them were quite inseparable in cricket circles. Zulfi's passion for cricket made him entertain cricketers rather lavishly when he took them out to dinners and picnics.

Mushtaq feels that Zulfi had great talent for cricket and that if he had persisted he might have been able to play a good class of cricket. Fortunately for both of them, Zulfi never talked about politics in those days.

After Mushtaq's visit to Bombay in 1946, the cricketers went to play the Ranji Trophy Match between Holkar and Bengal. On this occasion Zulfi accompanied Mushtaq with Sarwate and Nimbalkar. All four of them stayed at Kalyan Sen's house in Calcutta. As they had a few days to spend they went to Hazaribagh, where they played a cricket match in which Zulfi was also included.

The following year Mushtaq had come to Bombay and was as usual staying with Zulfi when he was badly hurt by a ball from Shute Banerjee. He was put in plaster and made to stay at the Cricket Club of India. During the night he was so uncomfortable that at about midnight he rang up Zulfi and asked him to come to the Club. When he arrived Mushtaq requested Zulfi to take him home, which he did. At home with the help of a pair of scissors they removed the plaster, after which Mushtaq had a restful night.

Mushtaq received many presents from Zulfi and his family, and on one occasion they exchanged watches. Zulfi's family presented Mushtaq and some other cricketers with new suits when they were going to England. Mushtaq still cherishes the memory of it.

Soon the family moved to Junagadh where Zulfi's father had become the Dewan. With that, Zulfi lost contact with Mushtaq, but for an occasional exchange of letters.

It was not until 1954—55 that Mushtaq met Zulfi again when he went to Karachi to play a cricket match in aid of flood relief. Keith Miller had also come from Australia for the same purpose. Zulfi and his family were as usual kind to Mushtaq. But Mushtaq noticed that Zulfi had lost interest in cricket and developed an interest in politics.

I also lost contact with Mushtaq as I was on my way to America, and but for a few chance meetings I have not seen much of him since those days, although when it comes to cricket, Mushtaq's memory lingers on.

But cricket was not our only interest.

In 1945 Jehangir Mugaseth and Zulfi went on a holiday to Mussoorie, and I decided to join them for a few days. Going to Mussoorie was very pleasant for me because it meant that I could spend a few days at the old school in Dehra Dun. This was of course soon after I had left school and still had a host of friends in captivity. All three of us were staying at the Charleville Hotel and I have absolutely no doubt in my mind that the hotel must have made a whopping loss on the three of us. Apart from eating enormous quantities of food, every time the pudding came around Zulfi would empty the dish in his plate and Jehangir would do likewise with the next dish.

It was on this trip that Zulfi and Jehangir took lessons in ball room dancing. By then I was already considered an expert and used to tender gratuitous advice not only to the boys but also to their professional partners. It was my first holiday on my own and I made up for 19 years of being chaperoned.

Our Friendship, Our Disagreements

DURING THESE YEARS the Cripps Mission was succeeded by the Cabinet Mission. Well meaning as Sir Stafford Cripps was, his proposals fell far short of Indian aspirations at the time. In a day and age earlier than when he arrived in India, the Congress Party might have accepted the proposal as a step which would lead to greater autonomy in the future, but as it stood it came too late and even then did not assure that the end of the war would automatically bring with it the goal of independence. Maulana Abut Kalam Azad, in his book *India Wins Freedom*, summaries the Congress objections to the Cripps Mission as under

“1. I now clearly saw that the British Cabinet was not prepared to transfer power to India during the War. The British felt that to do so would be to take a risk, and they were not prepared to take it.

“2. Circumstances of the war and especially American pressure had brought about a slight modification in the British position. Even the Churchill Government now felt that India must be given an opportunity of co-operating in the War on a voluntary basis. This was the reason why they were prepared to set up a purely Indian Executive Council and to g it some more powers. In law the Council would, however, remain only a Council and not a Cabinet.

“3. It was possible that in actual practice the Viceroy would adopt a liberal attitude and normally accept the decisions of the Council. The position of the Council would, however, remain subordinate to him, and the final responsibility would rest on him and not on the Council.

“4. It therefore followed that the answer to the basic question raised by the Working Committee as to who would have the ultimate decision was that it would be the Viceroy.

“5. So far as the future was concerned, it was possible that the British Government would, in the words of Cripps, consider the Indian problem from a fresh angle but it could not be said with any certainty that India would become independent with the cessation of hostilities.

“6. There was, of course, a strong possibility that alter the war there might be a new Government in place of the Conservative Government headed by Mr. Churchill. It was possible that such a Government would consider the Indian question in a spirit of greater understanding and sympathy but obviously such a contingency could not be a part of the proposals.

“7. The result therefore was that if the Congress accepted the Cripps offer, it would be without any clear assurance about the future of India even after the cessation of hostilities.”

With this wide difference between aspirations and assurances it is not surprising that the Cripps Mission failed, particularly in view of the fact that Britain was still very far from victory and Churchill was still presiding over the British Empire; though, had it been left to Cripps, he might have made the first acceptable deal and left quietly. The failure of the

Cripps Mission so completely upset the equilibrium that what followed was a consequence far worse than anything that the British might have expected. There was an uneasy interval followed by the famous Quit India movement and a period of complete confrontation between the Congress and the British Government embodied by their Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow. It was not till the war had taken a favorable turn and Lord Linlithgow had been replaced by Lord Wavell that a new effort was made by way of the Simla Conference. The only memorable outcome of the Simla Conference was a sudden realization that the independence of India no longer rested on a simple transfer of power from Britain to India, but that it was necessary to determine ahead of time who in India would inherit the power. The Muslim League had emerged with a claim to that power and Congressmen found that it was easier to negotiate with the aliens, but more difficult to arrive at any settlement with their own Muslim brethren.

During the days of the Quit India movement right up to the time of the Simla Conference, Jinnah had been quietly but assiduously building up his case to justify the creation of Pakistan, for a separate Muslim community with a definite identity in the Indian sub continent.

Pakistan owes its existence not only to the skilful and deft handling of the situation by Mohammed Ali Jinnah, but also very largely to the inept and callous, verging on the boorish, attitude of the Congress on the question of communal guarantees. It is in this atmosphere that the British Government announced the arrival in India of a high-powered Cabinet Mission. Meanwhile the empire had rejected the man who refused to liquidate it and installed in office Mr. Clement Attlee whose sympathetic and liberal views on the Indian situation were well known.

The Cabinet Mission Plan came within inches of success; it was accepted by both the Congress and the Muslim League. The only thing that remained was the official ratification by the A.I.C.C. which for years had accepted all resolutions drafted by the Working Committee. This particular resolution on the acceptance of the Cabinet Mission Plan ran into some hot water, with the Congress socialists and the extremists making fiery speeches for its rejection. However, the Working Committee carried the day and the Cabinet Mission Plan was officially accepted by the Congress.

Mr. Jinnah and his Muslim League had accepted the plan because he had got his Pakistan in substance if not in fact. From all points of view it was a happy compromise which would have preserved the unity of India, gained independence without bloodshed or recrimination, and eliminated the possibility of two hostile neighbors within the same sub-continent.

But destiny was to move in a different direction and in one of those strange moments which alter the course of events, Jawaharlal Nehru held a press conference on 10th July 1946 at which, in reply to a question, he repudiated the Cabinet Mission Plan. He stated that the Congress would go to the Constituent Assembly “completely unfettered by agreement and free to meet all situations as they arise”.

All the parties to the agreement recoiled with horror at Nehru's interpretation, which virtually repudiated the Cabinet Mission Plan. Jinnah threw a fit and maintained that the interpretation given by the new Congress President would place the minorities at the mercy of the majority in the Constituent Assembly and that in fact the Congress had rejected the Cabinet Mission Plan. He immediately called a meeting of the Muslim League Council at Bombay on 27th July at which he reiterated the demand for Pakistan and decided to resort to direct action for achieving it.

The die was cast. From here on there would be no looking back. India was lost and in its place was to emerge Bharat and Pakistan, two constituent units which would light for the next 25 years in perpetual hostility towards each other.

By now Zulfi was a confirmed follower of Jinnah and I was a confirmed devotee of Mahatima Gandhi. Psychologically I could never accept the partition of India and could not understand its rationale. Zulfi on the other hand was a great advocate of the two-nation theory and felt that without Pakistan the legitimate rights and interests of the Mussalman could not be safeguarded.

In those days and indeed even today I just could not reconcile myself to recognizing people in terms of sects or categories, let alone identifying them with any region or religion. My own thinking must have been very largely conditioned by the philosophy I had read and by my environment at home, which was always liberal. And having spent five years at a public school, which is a great leveler, I had not noticed any polarization of thought or feeling on these issues, the Doon School being at that moment the most perfect of secular societies. Zulfi's family background and the sort of people who collected at his house must likewise have helped to crystallize his beliefs; living in Bombay with its communal riots and tensions and the gossip associated with them must have left its indelible mark on him. What is more, it is possible that he heard only one side of the story. Our interminable arguments used to travel the well-worn grooves of current debates. There was not too much original thought or any depth of understanding or study in the positions that we maintained, and some of the arguments advanced at the time could, as I recall in retrospect, best be described as uninformed childish prattle. About one thing there was basic unanimity—that British rule in India must end and self-government be established.

It is rather interesting how the pronouncements of our various leaders were accepted by us as sincere statements of their position on issues of national interest; we did not cynically attribute to them any motives or *mala fides* normally associated with politicians. This perhaps is the virtue of adolescence—to be able to accept pronouncements on faith without any of the doubts that usually accompany a discussion of motives.

I had known Jinnah for many years. In fact as far back as I can remember. He was a colleague of my father in the Central Legislature and was one of the many of father's colleagues with whom I have played as a child. But of all father's colleagues, I found Jinnah always a little cold and aloof. Therefore even as a child I could not warm up to

him. This may have been one of the reasons why I had a total lack of sympathy for Jinnah's demands. His daughter Dina Jinnah I knew somewhat better and as a child left to my own devices, in search of company or mischief, I would go to Dina's room to while away the hours.

Strangely enough I did not know Zulfi's father at all. Apart from a chance meeting now and again for a few seconds when I was at Zulfi's house, I never had an opportunity of talking to him for any length of time.

As a matter of fact it was in Zulfi's company that I first became aware of religious distinctions, at the wholesome age of 19. And therefore it always amused me to find Zulfi and all other friends arguing with such heat about religion and confusing it with politics. For Zulfi everything that Jinnah said or did was correct, and it was probably this attitude of his that led me into thinking that everything Gandhi said or did was better.

What is remarkable is how our friendship was to deepen and mature in spite of these radical differences and violent arguments. For this I feel that I must give greater credit to Zulfi. His personal loyalty, his capacity to absorb abuse and anger from his friends, and his refusal to allow such incidents to diminish his respect for them was quite remarkable. This perhaps was the most attractive facet of his personality. A much uglier aspect of his character was his total incapacity to extend the same courtesy to those for whom he did not much care; on the contrary his lack of civility towards such persons put a considerable strain on the circle of our friends. It certainly put a tremendous strain on me, because he treated my other good friends, for whom he did not care, with violent antagonism. But in spite of these shortcomings there was something in the quality of the man that remained firm and steadfast and which laid the foundations of an everlasting friendship.

In Search of a Career

TOWARD THE END of 1946, as normalcy was returning to a war-torn world, I started thinking of going abroad to complete my studies in architecture. For a year and a half I had been studying architecture at the J. J. School of Art but apart from doing some work in class I do not recall having put in even a dozen hours of study. Meanwhile, an article had appeared in Life magazine about California architecture which appealed to me immensely, and I decided that I would like to go to California or at any rate to America, to complete my studies. It was time that I went abroad and caught up with the family tradition of a foreign education.

As a matter of fact my brothers and my cousins had followed a tradition established from the time of my uncles of going to Harrow and subsequently to Oxford, and even my early schooling in India was organized to prepare me for passing the Common Entrance Examination in England. I had been slated to go to England in September 1939 or at the latest in the following year.

Whatever destruction and dislocation Hitler may have raked on the rest of the world, to me personally he rendered a singular service. Had the war not broken out I might have gone the way of my family through Harrow and Oxford and found myself returning to an independent India, as neither fish nor fowl. The war altered the course of events and sent me to the Doon School, where I imbibed Indian culture and came in contact with a representative cross-section of Indian society, acquiring friends and contacts from all over the country.

But for this dislocation I might never have met Zulfi, or at best got to know him at Oxford, under very different circumstances and environmental background.

After considerable correspondence with friends and officials I finally got admission to Harvard, the University of Southern California and the University of California at Berkeley, being left with the choice of picking one of the three without, having the necessary data or background information to make a rational decision. Without hesitation I discarded Harvard on the ground that it was too big an institution, rejected the University of Southern California as being a school for playboys, and opted for the University of California at Berkeley as being a nice small university with a good reputation. Thus I flew from India and landed up in the largest university in the world! In every way it was a very wise choice, although made on totally false assumptions.

Berkeley has been in the forefront of liberal thought and action for decades. It is a university where the seeds of dissent are most easily sown and it is also a nursery of new thoughts and ideas. What is more, it is a state university, and therefore overlooked by the wealthier Sections of American society, which tend to congregate in private universities,

giving them their conservative outlook. Being a vast university—America's largest campus is at Berkeley, with some 24,000 students—the University of California had seven other campuses at the time, specializing in various fields of education.

What Berkeley lacked by not being a small, intimate university where the students could get to know each other much better, it made up for by the excellence of its academic standards and the eminent scholarly personalities of the world that it could attract by virtue of its vast resources and research facilities. It proceeded on the simple principle that it was better to sit twenty yards away from a really great man than to sit five feet away from a very mediocre one. Apart from everything else, its location at the foot of the Berkeley Hills, in the centre of the San Francisco Bay area, was spectacular.

Climatically the San Francisco Bay area enjoys some of the finest weather conditions in the world, never too hot in summer nor too cold in winter, being easily accessible to the sea and the mountains, to the lakes and forests and national parks. In addition to all this it is just across the Bay from San Francisco, easily one of the greatest cities of the world, with a cosmopolitan atmosphere and the most charming aspects of urban chaos.

The trip from Bombay to New York on the TWA inaugural was exciting in every way. Starting on the 10th of January 1947, I arrived in New York on the 13th, having traveled on a DC4 Skymaster, which for all purposes was like a private charter, carrying only about six passengers, all of whom were old friends from Bombay. Amongst them were Nehru's sister Krishna Hutheesingh and her husband Raja; Fali Mehta, a Bombay industrialist; Babs Talyarkhan, a journalist and sister of the famous cricket commentator Bobby Talyarkhan and Rusi Talyarkhan who was later the Chairman of Voltas; and one Mr. Patel. We were accompanied on this trip by General Giles, who was one of the Vice-Presidents of TWA. Although the trip meant spending long hours at almost every airport for mechanical repairs, it had its more exciting moments, because whenever we wanted we could request the plane to make the necessary detour so that we could feast our eyes on some of the greatest sights of the world by encircling the Pyramids and hovering around the Acropolis.

It was the same well worn route that Zulfi and Jehangir Mugaseth followed eight months later. Jehangir and Dharamsee went to prep school on the East Coast and Zulfi had secured admission to the University of Southern California in Los Angeles.

The next year and a half passed by with Zulfi in Los Angeles and I at Berkeley, exchanging frequent visits over weekends and holidays.

At this time I was living on Bancroft Way, sharing a room with Aziz Pabani, an ultra leftist who at one time was involved with some movement which was being led by Aruna Asaf Ali. My association with Aziz helped me to formulate my own liberal philosophy, rejecting what was conservative in my background as well as the radicalism of Aziz and the bitterness he had acquired from being indoctrinated in the class struggle. In the following term Aziz migrated to a co-operative and I started sharing a room with Jimmy

Fozdar, a fanatical Bahai whose entire life revolved around the Bahai faith and whose dreams centered around science-fiction, reminiscent of space comics.

Jimmy and I agreed on nothing. In fact, even today, to me he is a character from another world. But in spite of our very violent arguments, both verbal and physical, he continues to be a very dear and sincere friend. The arrangement worked because I was bigger than he, and his girl friend Paru, who was very sweet and whom he later married, generally restored peace. Over the years I have met him several times and the violence of our arguments has not diminished, although with age both of us lack the energy to settle issues through physical combat.

Jimmy left in September 1947, and in his place came Madhav Prasad, an old and close friend from my Doon School days. Madhav, or Bunty as we call him, and I had a great deal in common apart from the Doon School. In size and temperament he resembled me and shared the same likes and dislikes. The only arguments we ever had were on where to eat and what to eat. In a very short time I brought him in line with international eating habits by turning him into a carnivore, though he had started out as a rather conservative vegetarian.

It was at this time that Zulfi arrived in California. At the university all of us got terribly excited about American football, though for most of us it remained a spectator sport. American football was played in various leagues and the season was climaxed with the final match at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, between the winner of the Pacific League and the winner of the Big Ten which was a league of the Midwestern Universities. The University of California at Berkeley generally went to the Rose Bowl as one of the two teams contesting for the title. The event of the year was the spectacular Rose Bowl Parade in Pasadena, which was reputed to be the most beautiful annual parade in America and was held on every New Year's Day. From the Parade we all went straight to the Game.

Pasadena and the Parade, the Rose Bowl and football were all exciting events, but the main purpose was always to get together with our friends in Stanford and the University of Southern California, and this fully occupied our weekends.

Headquartered in Los Angeles, even before I reached California, was another old friend from the Doon School, Sardar Madan Jit Singh Malik, who incidentally had also been studying architecture at U. met him several times and the violence of our arguments has not diminished, although with age both of us lack the energy to settle issues through physical combat.

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These were the days immediately after independence, and news from the sub-continent was very sketchy in the American papers. The discussion on politics centered on issues like Hyderabad, Junagadh and Kashmir and the mammoth migrations, with their abundant brutality, savagery and blood. Very often we used to go to some central place like International House to read the news bulletins issued by the Indian Embassy in Washington D.C.

We had just been to Los Angeles for the Rose Bowl and before the month was over Zulfi was back in Berkeley to spend some time with us. It was the 30th day of January, 1948. I had gone in the morning to sit for some examination and was just returning when one of the boys living in the same house said, "Have you heard the news? Mahatma Gandhi has been shot dead." I did not believe it. Somehow it had never occurred to me that Gandhiji would ever die. For years I had been an ardent devotee of the Mahatma, although not a practicing Gandhian. To me he was a saint, philosopher and guide who could do no wrong. It was difficult to imagine India without Gandhi. It was only Gandhi who could bring India to the path of ahimsa, non-violent struggle; it was only Gandhi who could ensure that ends do not justify means; and although I understood the rest of Gandhiji's life as symbolic of the struggle that he was waging and did not see the need or use of trying to emulate them, non-violence and just means were a living creed with me and still continue to be the touchstones of my conscience.

Years later, on his birth centenary, I was to write a little piece on the Mahatma, which accurately expresses my emotional feelings towards him:

"Many did not understand him. The British were jinxed by him. Nehru would not agree, but could not argue with him. Rajaji corrected him. The Sardar obeyed him. The Aeharya worshipped him. Many admired him. A few criticized him.

“He loved them all.

“Love was his strength. Love would not permit him to hurt. Love forbade violence.

“For him, love produced truth.

“He built with love, created with love, lived with love. “With love he made heroes of men of clay.

“In India, too many have been allowed to forget. But around the world his disciples are legion. The young, the dispossessed, the dreamers of dreams. They remember.

“Why, then, have his own disciples lost his message? “Of fear he knew nothing. He did not understand it, he did not use it. He only feared his Master—and whether he had understood Him right.

“He thought of his dumb millions far more than other men considered their money. He wanted to meet them all. They wanted to get his darshan..

“But how was it possible?

“Only if he stripped himself of all inhibitions, all need, and all lust. Only if he reduced his surroundings to the lowest denominator to sustain life—and to the highest purity to justify it.

“He fought the British, but only as hard as he fought the evil in an Indian’s heart. But most of all, he fought the evil he saw in his own heart.

“Having melted his own soul into the soul of India, he poured it into every crevice of India.

“And on the other side were the British.

“Yes, his was an empire. But there were no troops, there were no orders, there were no guns. There were only thoughts flowing from his head, after a prayer.

“Gandhi was India. India is-Gandhi”

In that moment of shock I felt fatherless, country less and creedless. I rushed into the house and up the stairs and burst into the room to find everybody in a state of shock. I could not hold it any longer and It was quite some time before I could bring the tears and sobs under control. The next few days were spent in utter despondency. Throughout this period it was Zulfi who consoled me and nursed me out of my condition, sharing my sorrow, and in commiserating with me, being careful not to say or do anything which would upset me in any way. Eight months later I did the same for him when Jinnah died in September 1948.

Together at Berkeley

LIVING IN A foreign country one become terribly proud and possessive of all things Indian. A great deal of the critical approach one has at home gets blunted in a foreign environment The yearning for the motherland develops into a formidable hunger which is appeased only by some good news from home. The unbelievable turmoil that completely overtook India in the wake of independence and partition just could not be accepted or believed. That such atrocities could take place in Gandhi's non-violent India was too much for our comprehension, and we waited with feverish expectancy for the news to come that the holocaust had finally petered out.

It was during these days that Nehru visited America, and I recall with what pride we followed his visit, hanging on every word he uttered. I still vividly remember the beautiful California summer day when Jawaharlal Nehru addressed the University of California at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley and how the student audience spilt over and out of the Greek Theatre and up the beautiful Berkeley Hills. Nehru's speech that day filled me with pride and inspiration when he concluded by saying:

“As I stand here in the beautiful campus of this university, surrounded by the peace and beauty of nature and the genius of man, the conflicts and troubles of the world seem far away. The past crowds in upon me, the past of Asia, of Europe and of America and standing on this razor's edge of the present, I try to peep into the future. I see in this past the long struggle of Man against adverse surroundings and in the face of innumerable difficulties.

I see his repeated martyrdom and crucifixion but I see also the spirit of man rising again and again and triumphing over every adversity. Let us look at this perspective of history, gain wisdom and courage from it and not be oppressed too much by the burden of the past and of the present. We are the heirs of all these ages that have gone before us and it has been given to us to play our part during a period of great transition in this world. That is a privilege and a responsibility and we should accept it without fear or apprehension. History tells us of Man's struggle for freedom, and in spite of many failures his achievements and successes have been remarkable. True freedom is not merely political but must also be economic and spiritual. Only then can Man grow and fulfill his destiny. That freedom has also to be envisaged today not merely in terms of group freedom often resulting in nations warring against one another but as individual freedom and order. The problems of Asia, of Europe and of America can no longer be dealt with separately; they are parts of a single world problem.

“The future appears to be full of conflict and difficulty but I have little doubt that the spirit of Man, which has survived so much, will triumph again.”

I was fortunate enough to know a Mrs. Ambrose Diehl who was a very well known San Francisco hostess. She gave a dinner in honor of the Prime Minister and was gracious enough to include my name in the guest list. It was a very small and exclusive banquet for about thirty people at her home at Pacific Heights, San Francisco. The guest list included celebrities who were flown in for the evening from all over the country, including New York. I remember talking most of the evening with Lily Pons, the famous operatic coloratura, which I found most satisfying in view of my considerable interest in Western classical music. Mrs. Vijayalakshini Pandit was our Ambassador in Washington and her son-in-law to be Avtar Dhar was the Indian Consul General in San Francisco. With Mrs. Pandit and Dhar I had an easy relationship. But in the presence of Nehru I was completely tongue-tied—something that my friends even today find very difficult to believe.

In January 1949 Zulfi migrated from the University of Southern California to the University of California at Berkeley and enrolled as a major in the Political Science Department. He moved into our digs and started sharing my room. About the same time our land lord Bob Geddes purchased a house at 1800 Allston Way and all of us decided to move into it even though it was a little further away from the university.

A beautiful house at the corner of two streets lined with cherry blossoms in a quiet section of West Berkeley, 1800 Allston Way was about six blocks from the University and about eight blocks away from our departments. Before we moved in, a war council was held to distribute the chores on two principles; the first, each one's share of the work load and chores was to be pre-determined; the second, that the work and the chores were to be decided on the basis of how much time they took and not on the basis of how odious the work might be.

As I was the only one who knew anything about cooking, it became my responsibility to feed the brutes. Madhav Prasad and Yadu Kaul were to wash the dishes and keep the kitchen clean., and Zulfi was supposed to clean the house and make the beds. This was the closest that any one of us got to a Commune or a Kibutz. It was an arrangement that worked very well almost to the end, but ultimately it broke down because washing the dishes became too much of a chore and Yadu developed a skin irritation as a result of detergents. Asif Currimbhoy and Ed Mannon moved in upstairs.

With our shifting to the new house, 1800 Allston became the centre of a great many activities—parties, political discussions and weekend camps. Many nights we would sit up till two or three in the morning discussing politics and economics with whoever was willing to listen. On any weekend several corpses adorned the living room floor.

It was in these days that I met Vina, whom I was to marry many years later in 1953. In some ways Vina was the female counterpart of Zulfi, always ready to plunge into any project, expedition or adventure. They were also alike in generosity, loyalty and warmth of heart. But there was a difference in that Zulfi was an exuberant showman, while Vina was restrained to the point of self-effacement.

In our entire lives Zulfi and I were never in the same class except for one post-graduate course in the Political Science Department which both of us did together. The course, given by Professor Lipski, was a complicated one, being a history of philosophy over the centuries since Socrates and Plato up to modern times, and its bearing on the establishment of a theory of international relations. Keen competition developed between Zulfi and me, which did not end till both of us had obtained A's in the course. For me it was an elective far a field from my architectural studies, but for Zulfi it was in a sense the culminating course of his studies in political science and international law.

Zulfi and I also shared our great respect for Professor Hans Kelsen, whom we both considered an outstanding authority on international law and with whom I had taken a couple of under-graduate courses in the political science department. It is really Hans Kelsen who gave Zulfi and me our solid moorings in democratic thought and practice.

Even today there are still too many people who doubt Zulfi's sincerity in spite of his professions. Only time can tell whether Zulfi's reading of history and constitutional law will overcome the temptation of succumbing to arbitrariness and expediency.

More recent history has revealed that whereas I succeeded in living and abiding by my democratic concepts, Zulfi must have had to shop around for many years before he came around to opt for it. But then this must be very largely due to the fact that India since independence has remained a democracy with varying degrees of success, while Pakistan's instability and chequered history has forced various political systems on the people of Pakistan.

Each year Zulfi kept improving in his studies, doing ever better in his course, reading more and more, broadening his mind and preparing himself for a political future in Pakistan about which he never had the least doubt or hesitation.

As a test of things to come Zulfi even fought an election at the university, contesting one of the 12 seats for the Students' Union Council, which governed the Association of Students of the University of California. All of us worked very hard to see that Zulfi won, which indeed he did, although Zulfi insists on maintaining that I voted against him. He was the first Asian to contest successfully for a seat in the Council and all of us were very proud that he won.

These reminiscences would not be complete if I did not mention that there was a small period of time when I was so angry with Zulfi that I refused to speak to him. But Zulfi's loyalty and ideas of friendship were very different, and they carried a certain attitude of permanence, and in spite of the fact that I was being mean to him he continued to make my bed and put away my clothes as if nothing had happened.

This was basically Zulfi's most endearing quality, that for those for whom he had developed an attachment there was no wavering in his devotion and service. In friendship there was no *quid pro quo*, it was total surrender.

Like all good things my happy days in Berkeley came to an end with Zulfi going to England to pursue his studies at Oxford and law at Lincoln's Inn, while I stayed over in Berkeley to complete my Master's degree in architecture. As Zulfi drifted away from Berkeley I went to spend my summer holidays in Europe in a group along with Vina, amongst others, pursuing my passion for architecture and music.

Bunty also left for India after his Bachelor's degree and Yadu Kaul went off to some place on the East Coast, and in their place Azam Arif moved in, another product of the Doon School, who had come to study architecture at Berkeley. Ed Mannon moved in downstairs with us and Brij Thapar and Inder Chhabra moved into the apartment upstairs. At this point I lost contact with Zulfi and we entered the world pursuing our individual paths and fulfilling what lay in store for us.

Groping Forward

AT THIS STAGE it is necessary to evaluate the character of Zulfi as it evolved over the years. It is indeed unfortunate that his family did not start Zulfi's education till he was nine years old. Even for those days Zulfi can be considered a late starter. This was the academic disadvantage he was to live with for the next nine years, while always trying to make up for lost time and opportunities and always trailing slightly behind in his classes. Most people never recover from such disadvantages, and therefore it speaks volumes for Zulfi's attitude and determination that he overcame this initial hurdle and thereafter pushed forward to claim the academic excellence which was his by virtue of his brilliant mind, attractive personality and shrewd judgment.

What Zulfi missed in the educational field was amply compensated for by his home environment. Living in Bombay and staying away from the almost tribal atmosphere of his home in Sindh, his family life and the manner in which he was looked after showed rather a high degree of perception and understanding. Although he was given whatever he needed or wanted, Zulfi Was also permitted the necessary amount of independence, which built his character and judgment. He also did his share of roughing it out and experienced the normal amount of knocks which as a result of his mischievous nature were quite frequent. This made him realize the value of companionship and friendship which I have described earlier as his most endearing quality.

Although Zulfi is perfectly capable of using people to gain his own ends, he is almost as willing to allow others and particularly his friends to use him even when he realize it. The can dour with which Zulfi can admit having tried to fool someone, and failed, is what ultimately induces people to trust him.

He wrapped his entire personality in garments of current style, very particular about his turnout and very meticulous in his choice of clothes. He normally sought approval from his friends about the way he looked. Even his casual appearance was studied, but there was no flamboyance or overstatement, as far as clothes were concerned at any rate. About his speech it was a different matter. He used to revel in language and concentrate on effects and when necessary would exaggerate or overstate a proposition. This was also for effect, and the combination of the two traits has created a personality which has obviously attracted his many friends, as it has the people of West Pakistan, and in particular those of the younger generation.

His taste in clothes in his younger days verged on the casual: smartly tailored trousers, open-crested shirt and sporty shoes, with just that extra gloss on his hair.

At the university Zulfi was very particular about being seen in sports coat and tie, with an occasional bow that somehow never quite sat on him. His formal wear was normally quite sober. Occasionally his tastes ran wild—and it took some doing to drag him back to

normal. These occasions always caused some hilarity, and to punish me he would start using my clothes—ties, socks and shoes, the only things that would fit him! Being so conscious of clothes he would invariably notice what others wore and would spare no opportunity to have a mild dig.

Zulfi reveled in positive statements in which he strained quite hard to introduce Latin legal terminology. Although in argument he was vehement, when alone with me he would always test out his ideas and would not be dogmatic.

I remember one occasion when we had gone for dinner to San Francisco at a restaurant called the Greek Village (we liked Greek food because it was spicier) and the talk turned to food aid to India. It soon developed into a full-scale argument with Zulfi vigorously maintaining that aid should be refused as it inhibited self-reliance and I contending that you just could not let people die of starvation. These ideas must have fulminated in his mind and one can see the evidence of it in his book *The Myth of Independence*.

His attachment to socialist ideas is not a new one, nor did it come about suddenly—or so he claims. He is irritated when I tell him that somehow or the other he stumbled into becoming a socialist! He indignantly maintains that his commitment to socialism is an old one which found its origins in the grotesque poverty of Sindh, that it is a commitment that stems from human values and from human reactions to the realities of life. It is of course true that Zulfi heard many lectures by Harold Laski both in the United

States and in England and had read most of his books, including his famous treatise *The Grammar of Politics*, but he insists that the lectures and writings of Laski did not make him a socialist; they only confirmed his ideas and his own convictions. This was also true of the other contemporary socialist thinkers, he said; they did not convert him to socialism, they merely confirmed his own views.

As early as 1948 Zulfi gave a lecture at the University of Southern California on the subject of *The Islamic Heritage* in which he spoke of the need for socialism in the Muslim countries. I recall that during our long discussions in the Willingdon Club, Zulfi often told me that Nehru's socialist thinking appealed to his mind. In those days Nehru "wrote and spoke like a socialist," Zulfi said, adding that he did not know that on becoming the Prime Minister of India he would change his views! At least that is what Zulfi felt. I hold different views. Nehru lived like a Fabian and died a Fabian, and no amount of evidence could make him change.

It is really not surprising that Zulfi was a socialist in those days, so too was I—we both read the same books. As some sage has said: "If you are not a socialist at twenty you have no heart, but if you are a socialist at forty you have no head." But whereas I read to broaden my outlook, which with experience and observation matured, Zulfi read to learn an ideology, which at points must have touched his earlier experiences. Moving from Berkeley to Oxford and out of contact with me must have sealed his fate.

Many years later he was to translate his thinking into the programme and manifesto of the Pakistan People's Party. It is indeed tragic that his brilliant mind and lucid thinking were to founder on his uncritical attachment to the glamour of socialism and his paranoiac distrust of India. In the foundation papers and manifesto of the Pakistan People's Party is to be found abundant evidence of lucid reasoning in the best liberal tradition, only to be marred by illogical conclusions of socialist affirmations. Time and again in his many writings Bhutto jumps from liberal analysis to socialist conclusions, only because he would rather be called a socialist than a liberal.

Zulfi had the time and opportunity of cultivating the Western Wing of his country, where his success has been remarkable; I have no hesitation in assuming that if he had had the time he would have succeeded as well in Bengal as he did in Punjab, even though he himself came from Sindh. It is perhaps only the language which might have deprived him of the mass contact in Bengal that he enjoyed in West Pakistan; but I am sure Zulfi would have devised some means of overcoming that.

Zulfi always assumed that he was destined to be something some day and all his actions and thoughts were directed towards that end. In our American environment in the years 1947—50, the hopes of the whole world hinged on the United Nations and its capacity to preserve the peace. In those days Zulfi imagined himself as being his country's representative at the United Nations. As it happened, Zulfi had a surfeit of representing Pakistan at the U.N. Perhaps as the capacity and quality of the U.N. deteriorated, he must have changed his sights and started thinking about domestic politics.

It was during one of the summer holidays while he was still at Berkeley that Zulfikar felt he needed some practical training in government and administration, and decided therefore to go for training as an apprentice to Pakistan's Embassy in Washington.

It so happened that my parents were also visiting the United States that summer. This inevitably took us to Washington. So after they had returned to India I went back to Washington to spend the balance of the summer with Zulfi before returning to California. Washington was so steaming hot that even the thought of eating was repugnant. The result was we started the day with sipping champagne cocktails and this extravagance in any ease left us with little money for food.

The fruits of a life so organized and purposive could not be denied forever, and it was not very long before Zulfi entered the Government and started a steady climb with zest and vigour to meet his destiny and the summit of his ambition. He became President of Pakistan on the 20th of December 1971 before his 44th birthday.

GOING TO ENGLAND for higher studies, Zulfi took Jurisprudence at Oxford University, attended Christ Church College and completed a three-year course in two years, gaining a high distinction and missing a first class by a short run.

A good deal of Roman Law was in the Latin language—and it was compulsory to pass in Roman Law to qualify for a Degree. Bhutto knew practically no Latin and the standard of Roman Law at Oxford is very high. So it was something of a miracle that he got a second class in Roman Law. As he was to confess later, he still sees Latin in his dreams. In fact Zulfi had to cram the language in such an intense fashion that he developed a repugnance for learning languages that is with him to this day.

Despite the tall order of having to learn Latin and complete the course in two years, Bhutto spent every short vacation in Europe and both his long vacations in Pakistan. In the process he married Nusrat while he was in Pakistan in September 1951. Since he had to concentrate on his studies and see the world, he simply did not have the time for institutions like the Majlis, or even the Oxford Union, although he did visit the Union off and on.

In 1952 after completing his studies at Oxford, Zulfi went to London to finish his Bar examination at Lincoln's Inn. In less than a year he was called to the Bar and given an appointment as a Professor of International Law at the University of Southampton, though he could not take this up as he suddenly had to leave for home on account of his father's serious illness. Zulfi had been admitted to King's College, Cambridge, for further education, but for the same reason he could not go to Cambridge. After completing his exams he did his pupillage under Ashe Lincoln, a well known Queen's Counsel. He returned to Pakistan in November 1953 to look after his family affairs.

On Bhutto's return he got down to taking charge of the family's huge estate which had been badly neglected because of his father's prolonged illness and the lackadaisical attitude of his brother Sikandar Ali Khan. This does not mean that Zulfi devoted all his time to the family estates in the districts of Larkana and Jacobabad, for simultaneously he set up a lawyer's office in Karachi, where he was put under the charge of Mr. Ramehandani, a highly successful Sindhi lawyer both in Civil and Criminal Law. However, Ram Chandani, apparently fearing he had a potential rival in his ambitious junior, did not give him any training and in fact did his best to try and discourage Bhutto from pursuing the legal profession, advising him earnestly that he was wasting his time as he was more cut out to be a politician.

Sensing his attitude, Bhutto shifted to an independent office next door and tried to learn the local civil and criminal procedures and the Law of Evidence on his own to be able to practice proficiently in the courts.

Strangely enough his first case came before a full bench of the Chief Court of Sindh, which was Pakistan's High Court of Judicature. At that time the Chief Justice was an Englishman named Constantine. After he had finished his arguments, the Chief Justice paid Bhutto rich tributes, saying he could confidently state in the court room that Zulfi would soon become an outstanding lawyer, an accolade that pleased Zulfi—who loves a pat on his back—no end.

Bhutto handled a number of other complicated cases, and won without exception all the murder appeals that came to him, In one he was pitted against some of the country's top-lawyers; it was a complicated case involving the succession of the Chandlo tribe, whose Sardar owned the largest *Jagir* in the Indo-Pakistan sub continent before the land reforms. He won this famous case too, but his time was hopelessly divided between his responsibilities in Larkana and Jacobabad on the one hand and his duties as a lawyer on the other. Clients would come and find his office closed for days on end; rival lawyers would spread the word that he had given up the profession. Law, like politics, Zulfi discovered is a jealous mistress and needed all his time.

During these days in 1956 Zulfi also taught constitutional Law at the Sindh Muslim Law College whenever it was convenient for him to fit in lectures during his visits to Karachi. I can just imagine Zulfi pouring out all he had learnt from Prof. Hans Kelsen and Professor Lipski in our salad days at Berkeley.

Whilst he was in the process of trying to arrange his dual responsibilities on the land as well as in the courts of law, Zulfi was caught up in the whirlwind of a political agitation which arose on the Government's decision to abolish the various provinces in West Pakistan and amalgamate them into a single province called the Province of West Pakistan.

This was a major decision which could have far-reaching consequences. It aroused great feelings of resentment and Bhutto found he could not allow it to pass with him standing idly on the sidelines. Jumping into the fray, Zulfi was elected President of the Sindh Youth Front. He spoke bitterly against the unitary system and wrote a - pamphlet called *Pakistan, a Federal or a Unitary State*. The Government of Sindh, which was then headed by Mr. Khuhro, was seriously thinking of arresting Bhutto, but because of the considerable influence of the Bhutto family in the politics of Sindh and his father's own unique position as an elder statesman and architect of Sindh's separation, this action was not taken.

Warnings were given and there were plenty of petty attempts at victimization. After the agitation on One Unit subsided, discovering that the inevitable bug had bitten his son prematurely, Zulfi's father 'ordered' him to keep away from politics for some time. Sir Shahnawaz told Zulfi it was essential for him to come into politics, in fact admitted he had trained him for it and was expecting him to play a prominent role in politics, but he added that in the art of politics timing was an essential factor. In his opinion Zulfi would be making a fundamental mistake, perhaps an irredeemable one, if he took the plunge prematurely. For this reason Bhutto kept out of the provincial elections and other political

activities, though he later told me he felt unhappy about the constraints placed on him at the time.

By 1956 Zulfi found himself concentrating more and more on his lands. His ancestral house in Larkana, where Motilal Nehru and Qaid-e-Azam Jinnah had stayed with his father and which had many other pleasant memories, was demolished by him against the wishes of all others in the family.

In its place they built a new house which was completed by 1955.

From that time onwards he began to live much more in Larkana, cultivating old acquaintances of the family, and making new friends. It was much easier to go to Jacobabad from Larkana than to travel from Karachi, Bhutto found, so his visits to Jacobabad also became more frequent. The family's former associations in that district were also revived, the estates were improved vastly, and he imported tractors and tried to modernize the lands.

I had not heard from Zulfi nor met him since the summer of 1950, when he had left Berkeley. Occasionally I used to run into someone who had met him, who conveyed to me his salutations and regards. At the same time Zulfi was getting to be quite popular socially in Karachi, where he was regarded as an up and coming man.

What time Zulfi was in England, pursuing Jurisprudence and international Law at Oxford and Lincoln's Inn, I was apprenticed to Le Corbusier and Jeanneret, Fry and Drew at the Capital Project at Chandigarh. In 1953 I returned to Bombay to start my own architectural practice, at about the same time that Zulfi returned to Karachi to establish himself as a lawyer.

Zulfi entered active public life the easy way Iskandar Mirza was an old friend of the Bhutto family; his uncle was an engineer in the Government of Bombay when Zulfi's father was a Minister. They were very close friends. Bhutto used to meet President Iskandar Mirza and General Ayub Khan when they came to Larkana for the winter season. On every such occasion they met his father and were entertained by the Bhuttos either to lunch or dinner, and often went for a shoot with Zulfi's uncle, who had one of the best shooting preserves in Pakistan.

On one occasion Zulfi had a very long session with President Iskandar Mirza. This was at the end of 1955 and apparently the President was so impressed by this marathon discussion that he decided to send Zulfi to the Security Council to represent Pakistan in the Kashmir debates.

Chowdhury Mohammed Ali was the Prime Minister of Pakistan and Iskandar Mirza asked him to put Bhutto on the delegation. Zulfi was asked over by Chowdhury Mohammed Ali in order to size him up. Unfortunately, Mohammed Ali was not impressed, as Zulfi entered into a controversy with him on the handling of the Pakistani case in the Security Council as well as on internal problems. The Prime Minister put his

foot down and told the President that Bhutto was too young to handle the Kashmir debate in the Security Council.

After some months Bhutto was summoned by Iskandar Mirza to Karachi. He told him he was furious with Chowdhury Mohammed Ali for not sending Bhutto to handle the Kashmir debate, but as he was the Prime Minister, Iskandar Mirza could not overrule him. He assured Bhutto, however, that he would ensure his attendance at the General Assembly session in September 1956.

A little later Hussain Shaheed Suhrawardy became Prime Minister. Earlier, Zulfi had quarreled with Mujibur Rahman some time in 1955 at the residence of Suhrawardy. This was not, however, the reason for Suhrawardy striking out Bhutto's name from the Pakistan delegation to the General Assembly in 1956. The reason was that Suhrawardy was angry with Bhutto for repeatedly refusing his offers to join the Awami League.

On one occasion Suhrawardy in fact came to the Bhutto house and pleaded with Zulfi's father to make him join the Awami League. When he was told that Zulfi was free to join any party of his choice and that his father could not influence him on such a matter, Suhrawardy felt rebuffed, since he realized that if Zulfi's father had advised Zulfi to join the Awami League, he would certainly have obeyed his orders.

Perhaps for this reason, Suhrawardy wanted to hit back at Zulfi and his name was once again deleted from the U. N. delegation list. Iskandar Mirza felt terribly embarrassed. When he came to Larkana in the winter of 1956 he tried to give some explanation, but his embarrassment was so visible that everybody around felt equally embarrassed. Zulfi on his part told him that going on such delegations was not all that important and that in good time all these things would come, so there was no need to worry.

In 1957 the Karachi Municipal Corporation was dissolved and President Iskandar Mirza wanted Bhutto to take charge of the Municipal Corporation of Karachi and function as the Mayor of Karachi. He flatly refused this offer, telling him that he did not want to get appointed to an office which was really electoral in character and that his commitments in the interior of Sindh did not permit him to spend all his time in Karachi.

In September 1957 while Suhrawardy was still Prime Minister, Bhutto was finally sent as a member of the delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations. On this occasion Suhrawardy did not raise any objection. Zulfikar All Bhutto was then 29 years of age. In the Sixth Committee of the United Nations he gave a speech on 'The Definition of Aggression', a speech which is still regarded as one of the best on the subject in certain circles, though others take an entirely different view.

While he was in the United Nations his father expired on the 19th of November 1957 at Larkana, and Zulfi had to rush back to attend to all the problems arising out of his death. As there were no major outstanding matters or family disputes, within two months the family was able to settle all questions relating to succession. As a matter of fact, all

Zulfikar's sisters and his elder brother Sikandar requested him to continue to look after the estates and the family interests.

In March 1958 whilst Feroze Khan Noon was Prime Minister of Pakistan, Bhutto was sent as the leader of the Pakistan delegation to the United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea in Geneva. He did well in this conference, and many Governments wrote to the Government of Pakistan paying tributes to his leadership. John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State of the United States, spoke very highly of him.

After Iskandar Mirza and Ayub staged a coup, there was much scouting around the country for civilian talent to run the Government. Naturally every government tries to maintain some semblance of regional balance. In seeking representation from Sindh the choice was limited to the few influential families which were controlling Sindh, and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was the natural and obvious choice.

Being a scion of the Bhutto family, whose father had been a delegate to the Round Table Conference in London in 1931—32, the Minister representing Sindh in the Bombay Government, the Chair man of the Bombay Public Service Commission of Sindh (Bombay), the first Chief Adviser of the Sindh Government, and later Prime Minister of Junagadh, Bhutto possessed the natural background. Academically and professionally he had the re-qualifications.

It is therefore not surprising that in the search for talent from Sindh, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto stuck out as the most obvious choice. What is more he had some experience of government, having done so well as a member of the Pakistani Delegation to the Twelfth Session of the United General Assembly and in February 1958 as leader of the Delegation to the United Nations' Conference on the Law of the Sea at Geneva.

It is typical of Bhutto that on both these assignments he must have worked exceedingly hard, familiarizing himself with the subject, studying and memorizing his facts, being shrewd enough to realize and pursue what was in the best interest of his country.

Strange as it may sound, Bhutto is not one who would push himself to the forefront. By training and temperament he always showed enough respect and deference for his seniors and tried his best to assist them efficiently. With these attributes—academic excellence, personal connections and his brilliant performances at the U.N.—Bhutto earned his seat as Minister of Commerce in the Ayub Cabinet.

That he was more concerned during the initial stages of his minister ship with making a good job of his charge than with building himself up can be read in the sparse reference to him in L. F. Rush- book Williams' *book The State of Pakistan*:

“Later, he (Hafizur Rahnian) was given charge of Commerce, which to begin with was in the very capable hands of Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, a young man new to politics, but with a reputation already established among economists. He later

took charge of Fuel, Power and Natural Resources, before becoming Foreign Minister after Mohammed Ali Bogra died.”

Reading and researching his life since 1953, I did not find a single instance where Bhutto demanded something he had not earned, or fell a victim to accepting easy office by compromising his stand on any issue of fundamental importance to Pakistan.

In spite of this preponderant evidence, speculation persists about how Bhutto may have found his way into the Mirza-Ayub *coup d'etat*. *The Observer*, London, of 2nd January 1972 refers to a shoot presumably arranged by Bhutto for Iskandar Mirza and General Ayub Khan. It is just possible that Bhutto might have been some thing more than the host at the conspiracy that was supposed to have been hatched at the shoot. Nevertheless it is absolute fact that Bhutto was well in with Mirza and Ayub, and therefore it did not need much persuasion to include him in the Cabinet.

Zulfi had no illusions about the fact that he came from a privileged class and in fact was quite objective in analyzing his own advantages. Speaking at the National Assembly on 10th July 1962, he said:

“I too am a part of that society. Perhaps one reason why I am here today as a Minister is because I belong to this privileged class. Therefore, I do admit the advantages of the system. But, Sir, in spite of the advantage that some of us have derived from the system, in spite of the fact that some of us would fight to see it remain, it has many inherent drawbacks. It leads to petty intrigues, it leads to victimization of the people, it leads to callousness towards poverty and it leads to lethargy. So when feudal rivals clashed with each other the people remained exactly where they were. There was no development, no factories, no roads, no communication; absolute darkness and miserable poverty prevailed. Only the great ones, the chosen few prospered. What issues were such arrogant lords going to take to their chattels—the downtrodden people?”

As a member of Ayub's Cabinet, first as Minister of Commerce from October 1958 to January 1960, and then in charge of the portfolios of Minority Affairs, National Reconstruction and Information, and later saddled with the newly-created Ministry of Fuel, Power, National Resources and Kashmir Affairs in April 1960, Bhutto did very well, learning all the time. When he was reappointed Minister in Ayub's Cabinet under the new constitution he was given charge of the Ministry of External Affairs in 1960. He had reached the position he most coveted. Throughout this period he served Ayub with zeal and dedication, genuine respect and loyalty.

It was only when the war broke out in 1965 that his differences with Ayub grew, culminating in Tashkent, which was wholly against Bhutto's ideas and policies. After he fell out with Ayub he lapsed into inactivity, partially due to his own disillusionment, but basically because Ayub stopped trusting him, and therefore ceased consulting him. He offered to resign several times and even threatened to do so, but Ayub was determined to throw Bhutto out in his own sweet time, and as a matter of fact threatened Bhutto with

dire consequences should he try to precipitate anything. Ultimately Ayub sent Bhutto to London on an enforced sick leave and by so doing eased him out of the Cabinet.

As a result of the Tashkent declaration, unrest started to develop in Pakistan and steadily grew in momentum. Bhutto was relatively quiet but secretly delighted with the beginnings of a movement which was ultimately to hoist him into the position of supreme power.

Once Bhutto had quit the Cabinet Ayub found it increasingly difficult to control him, even though Ayub stopped at nothing to harass and victimize him. Bhutto maintains that at one time Ayub went so far as to plan and encourage his assassination. The Intelligence Bureau, the Police and other Government agencies were let loose against Bhutto, his family members and friends. At one point the Ayub Government in the course of a parliamentary debate went as far as to state that Bhutto was an Indian national.

Several attempts were also made to confiscate Bhutto's family collection of firearms and to appropriate his lands and those of his relatives and trusted servants.

Reflections and Refkctions

WITH THE BHUTTO saga brought up to 1958 it might be worthwhile looking at some of the events and personalities dominating Pakistan in those days. A great deal has been written on them both in Pakistan and in India, but the following thumb-nail sketches are the gist of what Zulfi thought of his rulers as I recall from my conversations with him in later years.

Ghulam Mohammed was a maniac, according to Zulfi. He loved power, was bureaucratic in his thinking, illegally dissolved the Constituent Assembly of Pakistan, and paved the way for dictator ship. My father knew him well as a Director of Tatas.

Khwaja Nazimuddin was a good man, as Bhutto recalled him, but weak; his authority was not readily accepted, partly because he was from East Pakistan and partly because he lacked force of character.

Sir Feroze Khan Noon, Bhutto thought, was a misfit, a Zamindar who did not apply his mind seriously to problems but was a gentle man and got into office partly because of the luck which always seemed to be with him and partly because people did not think him quite as dangerous an intriguer as some of the others in the field.

Suhrawardy was, according to Zulfi, an outstanding man, brave and intelligent, but with his share of weaknesses. He indulged far too much in patronage, for one thing. He was also more conscious of his party than of his higher responsibilities. He had no political philosophy or commitments, and was not at all ashamed of making the quest for power his exclusive political philosophy. At one time he wanted an independent foreign policy and a socialist order, but hp with first to compromise on the defense alliances and to change his other commitments. From being an irritant to the Americans he became their favorite, needless to say much to Zulfi's disgust.

Iskandar Mirza in Zulfi's opinion was a gentleman who knew nothing about politics. He thought that by small gestures, pranks and tricks he could run the ship of State. But Zulfi himself admitted this was greatly oversimplifying a very complicated matter.

I. I. Chundrigar of Bombay always remained a petty business man, a manager of a commercial bank rather than a Prime Minister of the largest Islamic State. Bhutto clearly despised him.

Chowdhury Mohammed Ali was intelligent, cunning and crafty and believed in keeping East Pakistan in its place. He had a pleasant personality and was a charming conversationalist, Bhutto felt, but although he always gave the impression of being very reasonable, at heart he was not so at all; he was in fact rigid in his thinking and fond of

indulging in quite a bit of favoritism. Zulfi summed him up as being “genuinely provincial-minded though he had the veneer of being a nationalist in outlook”.

Nobody took Mohammed Ali Bogra seriously, Zulfi said. Although he had a political background people somehow felt that he was rootless, a plaything in the hands of Ghulam Mohammed and others. He was Pakistan’s Ambassador in Washington when Khwaja Nazimuddin’s Government was illegally dismissed, and was flown over from the States suddenly to be installed as Prime Minister. Having come from the States he tried to conduct politics on the American style, which made the people think he was a buffoon, although he was quite intelligent and charming. He was not a big man.

Zulfi has always considered that there were three important decisions taken between 1953 and 1958 which altered the course of Pakistan’s history

- (a) The illegal dissolution of the Constituent Assembly by Governor-General Ghulam Mohammed in October 1954.
- (b) The Constitutional formula to have parity representation instead of proportionate representation in the Constituent and National Assembly of Pakistan. (This is known as the Mohammed Mi Formula and was introduced on 14-9-53).
- (c) The illegal imposition of One Unit, which dissolved the historical provinces of West Pakistan and created the Province of West Pakistan. This was done in October 1955.

The dissolution of the Constituent Assembly before its work was over, the imposition of parity between the two regions of Pakistan, and the dissolution of the historical provinces set the course of destruction which subjected Pakistan to almost fifteen years of military dictatorship and ultimately undid the very concept of Pakistan itself.

Zulfi Achieves Recognition

AS A MINISTER of Ayub’s Cabinet, holding various portfolios from 1958 to 1966 Zulfi Ali Bhutto contributed quite substantially to the earlier popularity of the Ayub Government and regime as L. F. Rushrook Williams has recorded in *The State of Pakistan*:

“What was impressing ordinary people we found, as much as anything was the change that had come over the public services. The drive against inefficiency and corruption, and the screening process, described in an earlier chapter, resulted in action being taken against 138 first-class civil officers, 221 officers of the second- class, and 1,303 third class employees. Dismissals, compulsory retirements, and reductions in grade totaled 3,000. As we have already seen, this thorough-going shake-up both improved immensely the morale of the good, hardworking officers, who found themselves now empowered to set the tone for the whole of their department; and also brought home to the subordinate ranks the reality of their responsibilities as public servants. The result was that Government offices were open at proper times; the officers attended to their duties honestly and conscientiously; the clerks were civil to the ordinary citizen and helped him in his difficulties. It was no longer necessary to give a bribe in order to make an appointment far ahead to see the right official; he was on the spot—ready to be seen. There was a notable cutting of red tape; the transaction of official business was thoroughly speeded up. The reaction of the higher officials, of the men who had striven so hard—and often so vainly—to hold the administration together was one of great relief. ‘Thank goodness,’ one of them remarked to me, ‘we can now get on with our job without interference from those wretched politicians!’

“The caliber of the new Ministers was notably high; like the President himself, they worked ceaselessly....”

The administrative mess that was Pakistan was rapidly being cleaned up. Corruption, which had reached epidemic proportions, was just about wiped out, maybe more out of fear than out of any innate desire to reform. Social consciousness and some civic sense at least in the cities were manifesting themselves.

When I visited Pakistan in 1959 and 1960 I found Karachi— which by all accounts had grown abnormally in the last decade and had become quite unmanageable—very clean and orderly, almost like a European city. A new suburb had been planned and built in record time, with a rapid bus service which had taken the pressure off Karachi. The removal of huts and shanties had been conducted by the army with military zeal. And there were no beggars.

It lasted only a few years, then as the Ayub regime lost its luster and popularity and the new class became phlegmatic and started indulging in the corrupt practices of the erstwhile politicians every thing slid back into its conventional disorder at the same rate and pace.

For a man with Bhutto's driving ambition this was a great opportunity, and in whatever ministerial capacity he happened to find himself he acted with tremendous energy. Bhutto was only thirty years old when he was first appointed Minister of Commerce in the Revolutionary Government in October 1958, becoming the youngest Central Minister in the sub-continent. During his tenure of office he was responsible for the export bonus scheme and some good work in regulating foreign trade.

In January 1960 Bhutto took charge of Minority Affairs as well as National Reconstruction and Information, and three months later took on the additional portfolio of Fuel, Power and Natural Resources.

Heading the Ministry of Kashmir Affairs—from 1960 onwards—gave Bhutto the necessary experience for his future position as Minister of External Affairs, for it was a portfolio that provided ample scope for oratory in the United Nations, where he was the chief spokesman of the Pakistani viewpoint on Kashmir on several occasions.

In September 1960 Bhutto led a Pakistani delegation to India to evolve a joint Indo-Pakistan Press Code. A few months later he went to Turkey to establish contacts with the post-revolutionary Government, and in December 1960 he led a Pakistani delegation to Moscow to negotiate an oil agreement.

Bhutto's primary interest was, however, in the field of foreign affairs, and he really came into his own when he was appointed Minister of External Affairs in January 1963. In order to successfully tackle so many nations, each with its own conflict of interests, he had to do a good deal of tight-rope walking. It is certainly a tribute to his diplomacy that, despite the special relationship between India and the Soviet Union, Bhutto managed to push through an oil deal between Pakistan and Russia.

As he declared quite openly: "I have always advocated the normalization of relations with the Soviet Union and Communist China. I do not believe that our membership of the Pacts (SEATO and CENTO) is incompatible with such an approach.... There is a great deal of territory on which we can meet the Communist world as friends in the common cause of preserving world peace."

Relations with China had been bedeviled for many years, as Bhutto was to tell the National Assembly on 17th July 1963, when Mohammed Ali Bogra died before he could go to China to conclude an agreement. Bhutto went in his place and "came to a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the boundary." Under this settlement Pakistan, according to Bhutto, gained about 750 square miles of territory, some of it rich in natural resources.

More important from Bhutto's viewpoint and that of Pakistan's security, the agreement with China "removed any possibility of friction on our only common border with China.... We have eliminated what might well have become a source of misunderstanding and of future troubles."

As the entire world knows, Pakistan and China were in course of time to come far closer, so close in fact that when President Nixon sought to establish a bridge to Chairman Mao Tse-tung he made considerable use of Pakistan as a kind of honest broker in arranging the visit of his special emissary Dr. Henry Kissinger. It was largely on account of Bhutto that Pakistan not only arrived at a settlement with its giant neighbor, but also secured a breakthrough in its long embittered relations with Afghanistan.

As Bhutto later reported to the National Assembly, Pakistan also settled outstanding issues with Iran, sorted out its differences with Burma, greatly improved relations with Nepal and consolidated its relations with Indonesia, the Philippines and Thailand.

On a more practical level Bhutto was largely responsible for establishing an air link between Red China and Pakistan, which became one of the first countries outside the Communist world to be granted this right by Peking.

Bhutto even succeeded in establishing fairly friendly ties with Ceylon, not only managing to resolve the question of people of Pakistani origin living in Ceylon but, after negotiating this agreement, also getting the Ceylon Government to state in the joint communiqué issued at the end of the Pakistani President's visit that "the question of Kashmir must be settled according to the wishes of the people of Kashmir."

Bhutto justifiably regarded this as quite a feather in his cap and boasted in the National Assembly "..... we in Pakistan regard it as a very important declaration. We think it is of very great significance because it comes from a neighboring country, and we are thankful to the Government of Ceylon for taking a correct and moral position on an important international dispute...."

All these activities were rapidly earning Zulfi recognition both at home and abroad. The Argentine, for one, was impressed enough to give him its highest civil award, the Grand Cross of Liberator General San Martin. Knowing Zulfi, I bet he was pleased.

Grievance Against India

THE ORIGIN OF Zulfi's attitude towards India has its roots way back in history. The outlook of the entire Muslim community during the British Raj was based on seeking favors' and demanding representation on the basis of minority rights. Wherever possible attempts were made to create administrative stress where the Muslims predominated, which would obviously give them a share in the administration and the power of negotiating with the British authorities.

As far back as 1930—31, Zulfikar's father, Sir Shahnawaz Khan Bhutto, advocated in the Round Table Conference in London the separation of Sind from Bombay Presidency in order to create a Muslim majority region. Thereafter Sir Shahnawaz was a consistent advocate and pioneer of the theory that the Muslims, as a separate nation, were entitled to a separate homeland.

It was Sir Shahnawaz who was primarily responsible, even before the partition of the Bombay Presidency, for advocating special institutions for Sind in which the Muslims could dominate. It is in furtherance of this that two public service commissions were created in Bombay Presidency, one for Sind and another for the rest of the Presidency, with Sir Shahnawaz Bhutto becoming the Chairman of the former.

It must have been in the midst of discussion of these matters that Zulfikar grew up. Such discussions must also have left their indelible mark on him, which has manifested itself in his various pronouncements ever since. It was after the passing of the Lahore Resolution in 1940 that Pakistan was given its first formal shape, although what was then visualized might have been somewhat different from what actually emerged with the partition of India. The Lahore Resolution was very largely due to the events following the Government of India Act of 1935 and the elections that took place in 1937, following the provisions of the Act. A great deal has been written on this subject and I do not need to cover it. But as a result of the elections the Congress won handsome majorities in almost all the provinces.

It is now an established fact that it was primarily due to the highhanded behavior and arrogance of the Congress in denying the Muslim minority its rightful place in the Government that the already prevalent suspicion harbored by the minority community was greatly enhanced, thereby strengthening Jinnah's determination for a separate State and culminating in the Lahore Resolution of 1940 and the formal demand it made for an independent State of Pakistan.

A great many Muslims who hitherto had been satisfied with an assured and guaranteed rule within a united India, for the first time started conceiving a separate State as a feasible solution to their natural fears. The Bhutto family amongst others had by now completely cast its lot with The Muslim League and its demand for a separate State.

Hereafter every effort made by Mahatma Gandhi and the Congress to reconcile the position within one India was doomed to failure, not only because of the suspicions inherent in the situation, but also because the demand for a separate State had whetted the appetite of the Muslims of India.

Except Mahatma Gandhi, and perhaps C. Rajagopalachari, there was hardly a leader of any prominence in India who grasped the full significance of this separatist demand. They allowed themselves to be lulled into a state of complacency, comfortable in their belief that Pakistan was an impractical proposition and therefore unlikely to be taken seriously, if Pakistan was at all created, it was because of a callous disregard for minority sentiment by the Congress leaders after the 1937 elections.

The formative years of Zulfi coincided with the growing and painful divergence between the two countries. The more the Congress leaders tried to berate the demand for Pakistan, the more strident became the efforts of the Muslim League to justify it.

Zulfi matured in an atmosphere of passionate and fanatical zeal among the Muslims to prove the viability, necessity and inevitability of Pakistan. That zeal has stuck to him throughout and along with it the fear that Indians would never reconcile themselves to a partition of the country and would forever seek to undo it.

This has been the pathological background of Pakistani fears over the years. Zulfi's obsession with Pakistan's security in relation to India arises out of this sense of fear, which stayed with him even as late as 1968, as evidenced by what he wrote in *The Myth of Independence*

“Now that the Muslim has succeeded in carving out a home for himself”, he poses a greater challenge to Hinduism. Pakistan is considered a cruel mutilation of Bharat-Mata, and Hindu militarism is straining at the leash. Patel once declared that if India so desired she could sweep up to Peshawar. Between 1947 and 1954 she was prevented twice, if not three times, from undertaking such an adventure for fear of international censure and repercussions. In 1965, however, came the treacherous attack; Indian militarism being under the chauvinistic illusion that it would be able to overwhelm Pakistan.

“The Indian leaders agreed to Pakistan only when it became clear to them that partition was inevitable and that they had to concede to this division as a price for the transference of power from British to Indian hands. Even while agreeing to Pakistan, Gandhi, Nehru, Patel, and the others never really conceded the two-nation theory. They accepted partition as a matter of bitter expediency in the hope and expectation that the new State would not be viable and would collapse under pressure from its larger and more powerful neighbors.”

It is this assumption of Zulfi's which is the keystone in the arch of his political theory.

The Muslim League, led by Mohammed Ali Jinnah, an astute politician with a shrewd legal mind, played its cards with consummate skill, capitalizing on every fault and

shortcoming of the Congress leaders and gleefully building up its own case on the loose and undisciplined pronouncements of the Congress leadership.

It was only natural for Zulfikar to latch on to Jinnah as his hero. He admired him and worshipped him to the point of fashioning his own life and style on Jinnah's career.

If one were to study Zulfikar's attitude and style during the crisis leading to the creation of Bangladesh and Jinnah's conduct during the crucial years before partition, one would find a wealth of similarity not only of posture, but also of style. The cause and results were obviously not the same, but the similarity of behavior is unmistakable.

I consider it one of my singular failures in life that I could not persuade Zulfi to veer away from this congested or even constipated attitude of grievance and accept the great liberal philosophy which cuts across narrow parochialism and even historical compulsions. And while Zulfi festered in an atmosphere of fear and ultimately partial gratification through the creation of a truncated Pakistan, India moved forward on the basis of a secular society and succeeded in creating a liberal constitution—that it did not last is no fault of its creators, but of the avarice and greed of those who followed.

It is interesting to note the thought processes which transformed the desire for a separate Muslim State into a posture of confrontation against India and a dislike for its majority community. What the Lahore Resolution visualized and what the transfer of power conferred on Pakistan were two very different things. It was not anticipated by the separationists that Punjab and Bengal would be partitioned and that the rulers of Princely States would be granted a virtual veto over the aspirations of the people, although the rulers were advised to arrive at a decision in keeping with the wishes of the people. What followed in Junagadh, Hyderabad and Kashmir was a result of the inherent contradictions embodied in the instrument of transfer. Pakistan developed a sense of grievance, bordering on suspicion, from the manner in which the country was carved up. Zulfikar in *The Myth of Independence* writes:

“The British Government, however, took every possible opportunity to increase the imbalance against Pakistan. The Punjab was partitioned and, in violation of the principle of partition according to the composition of population in contiguous regions, vast Muslim-populated territories stretching up to the fringes of Amritsar and including Gurdaspur and Ferozepur were arbitrarily handed over to India. Assam was relinquished, Bengal partitioned, and India was granted corridors allowing access to Jammu and Kashmir in the north and to Assam and Tripura in the east. In North Bengal, such a corridor leading to Assam provided India with an uninterrupted contiguity with the southern boundaries of Nepal and gave her access to the Himalayan States of Sikkim and Bhutan bordering on China. In no instance was the benefit of doubt given to Pakistan in the division of territory or its other claims.

“In the circumstances prevailing in the sub-continent at that time, the British Government could not have done more to tilt the balance of advantage in India's

favor. The transfer of power was peacefully determined as a result of agreement between the British Government, the Indian National Congress, and the Muslim League; but the manner in which the transfer was affected by the ruling power betrayed prejudice against Pakistan. No attempt was made to provide Pakistan with the minimum requirements for administration, defense, and finance. The country was left to fend for herself. In the maintenance of law and order, the division of assets, military stores, and sterling balances, and even in the transfer of funds, India was given a stranglehold over Pakistan. It was intended to punish the Muslims for winning self-determination by giving them a weak and emasculated State which would quickly wither away in the non-Marxian sense.”

As a result of these happenings and also as a result of the hasty manner in which the Radcliff Award had been made, as well as because the principles adopted in the Punjab and Bengal were not applied to Assam, the culminating point was the horrendous tragedy connected with the mass migrations on both sides, in which each side saw only its own sufferings and discounted the sufferings of the other. In his book *The Quest for Peace* Zulfi repeats the charge that in India there have been 550 communal riots after independence, in addition to five million Muslims being forced out during partition. He forgets to mention anywhere the millions more who were forced out of their part of undivided India and the communal riots over there. It was on these unhappy foundations that the future pattern of relations between India and Pakistan would be built.

Concept of Foreign Policy

PAKISTAN FROM ITS very inception suffered from the complex that it had been cheated, particularly on Kashmir, that there was no avenue open to it to seek redress, and that its only satisfaction could come through successful armed conflict.

Pakistan's foreign policy' has been overburdened by these grievances, which have succeeded in warping its attitude and mentality towards India. Its entire relations with the rest of the world, as formulated by each succeeding regime in Pakistan, have been fashioned on what would damage or weaken India and help Pakistan in its policy of confrontation. Justifying this policy, Zulfikar in *The Myth of Independence* has argued

“It has been suggested that Pakistan should become realistic and seek rapprochement with India without the settlement of out standing disputes. Even this would not resolve the dilemma. Pakistan has already lost valuable territories to India under pretext of realism and, if applied to Jammu and Kashmir and other disputes, this process would involve the territorial attrition of our country. It would mean capitulation by installment and eventual liquidation. By settlement of a dispute we mean a solution designed to achieve lasting peace. Only through an equitable settlement can such an honorable peace be secured and if it is our fundamental objective to achieve this, as it should be, then we must consider how it is to be achieved. Can it be achieved on India's terms? Certainly not; because if India's terms were to prevail, there would no viable Pakistan. If the worst were to come to the worst, would be the consequences of Pakistan abandoning Jammu and Kashmir? It is clear that a compromise of this nature would whet but not satisfy India's appetite and, with her growing military power and possible acquisition of nuclear weapons, she would use these territories as a rallying point to integrate the remaining parts of Pakistan.”

Pakistan has also found India a convenient whipping boy in order to foster unity within its own borders and curb any unrest or differences among its own people. This gives its policy a rather flimsy base when it comes to building up of international relations. But by far the most significant damage done to Pakistan was wrought by the incessantly hostile anti-India propaganda of every succeeding Government, whipping up hatred and fear against India. Well read and widely-traveled as he is, Zulfi is not free from this attitude. In his writings and public pronouncements he quotes only the lunatic fringe of the Hindus, and some bizarre authors like Nirad Chaudhuri. What he fails to appreciate is that the Hindu Mahasabha and other such organizations have never represented Indian thought, as is evidenced by their lack of following in India.

Today it has become difficult to convince almost anyone in Pakistan that India has no ill will or ill feelings towards it, that India has no designs on Pakistan's territory, and that India is not interested in weakening Pakistan, because a weak and disunited Pakistan is a

threat to India's security and well-being, because weak nations become the playfield of global interests, and finally that India would like a durable peace based on firm friendship with Pakistan. For this Bhutto should have ample evidence from the pronouncements of Gandhi, Nehru, Rajaji, Indira—and even me! What more can Zulfi or Pakistan demand by way of assurances?

Conceived in suspicion, Pakistan was born in suspicion and survives on suspicion. The reaction amongst Indians is equal and opposite. Now the situation has been further aggravated by irresponsible remarks made on both sides by people who have built up their cases on flimsy data and some bellicose statements. This makes any understanding between the two countries considerably more complicated. Now that East Bengal has seceded from Pakistan and become Bangladesh, the need for peace becomes all the greater. Instead, the suspicions only see to grow.

Bhutto, at any rate, substantially agrees with the view that the rancour of the past must be forgotten and in his speeches has produced convincing arguments in its favor.

Speaking to the Pakistan National Assembly as far back as 10th June 1964, he said:

“There comes a time when we must reconcile our differences and there comes a time when we must fight for our differences. As far as our neighbor India is concerned the time for settlement has arrived. It is time for us to put an end to our past differences, to turn our backs on the rancour which has divided us, and to reappraise the situation. The time to act is today. Tomorrow may be too late.”

When Bhutto spoke these words Ayub was in power. The following year India and Pakistan were at war. War was again to break out seven years later. Bhutto was later to indulge in plenty of saber-rattling—as any politician will in moments of crisis. But none of this alters the fact that in a deadly sober moment, before the supreme legislative body of his nation, the same Bhutto came out openly against a policy of confrontation and advocated, instead, a policy of friendship.

At the core of Bhutto's political philosophy was his deep conviction that Islam could be the unifying force of a Muslim State. Applying this to the sub-continent, he looked upon Pakistan as the end result of a historic inevitability. What actually emerged as Pakistan after partition in 1947 was so different from what its protagonists had envisaged that it shocked even those who accepted it in the name of expediency. Apart from the well-known arguments about Kashmir and why it should be with Pakistan, the actual division of the Punjab and Bengal left the Pakistanis dissatisfied.

The proponents of Pakistan had imagined that India would be divided on the basis of Muslim majority provinces, little realizing that States would have to be broken up on the basis of contiguous areas. Even after the partition of these States was accepted the principle followed in allotting areas was not on the basis of Muslim-dominated areas going to Pakistan and Hindu-dominated areas going to India, but on the basis of Muslim

majority areas going to Pakistan and all other religions, castes and communities going to India.

In other words, the partition of India took place on the basis of Muslims on one side and all the others remaining in India. This the Pakistanis found particularly galling because even those areas in which the percentage of Muslims exceeded the percentage of Hindus, if the Muslim percentage was below fifty the area was left in India. This the advocates of Pakistan found especially difficult to swallow, little realizing that this precisely was the basis of the two-nation theory.

It was the Muslims and only the Muslims who advocated that they were a separate nation entitled to a separate identity. They could hardly claim the same was true of the Nagas, Mizos and other tribes, although later they were to quote the unrest amongst the tribes as a revolt against Indian rule and use this to substantiate their earlier arguments.

Bhutto felt that without a just and equitable solution of these problems relations between India and Pakistan could never be normalized. In spite of the fact that Bhutto has spoken of a thousand years of war with India he himself has rejected the theory of eternal enmity between India and Pakistan on several occasions, notably in his book *The Myth of Independence*, where he says with particular reference to India that “there is no such thing as eternal enmity. Once disputes are equitably resolved, tensions give way to normal conditions.”

In the same book he analyses with some force and considerable credibility the proposition that any developing nation like Pakistan cannot genuinely exercise its independence because of its inherent weaknesses which require the acceptance of help and aid on a large scale to sustain itself economically and militarily. He claims that Pakistan could not pursue its national interests, which he describes as the consolidation of Pakistan on the basis of the two-nation theory, and at the same time remain aligned to the United States, which was hardly interested in the same objectives. He constantly refers to America’s perfidy in its relations with Pakistan particularly when they came in conflict with American interests in India.

He blames President Kennedy for responding so generously to India’s request for help in its confrontation with China and feels that American military aid to India against China was a breach of faith and contrary to the Mutual Defense Assistance Agreement. He also ridicules the notion that Pakistan was the most ‘allied ally’ of the United States.

Just as it is necessary for Indian politicians to realize that American arms to Pakistan were not supplied with the purpose of endangering India, it is necessary for Pakistanis to appreciate that India was not being armed by the United States to endanger the unity of Pakistan. The fact that history belied both intentions justified the worst fears of both India and Pakistan. But it would be a gross misreading of history to imagine that the Americans really intended the two to fight. For us in India this propaganda does not square with the sustained multi-dimensional aid we received from the U.S. and the same thing must be borne in mind by Pakistan which on innumerable occasions succeeded in persuading the

United States and its allies to support Pakistan against India. These arguments have been advanced partly to raise the bogey of espionage and subversion in a deliberate attempt to cover up the activities of the U.S.S.R. in India.

Bhutto also felt that the Americans were using their influence in Pakistan to pressurize the Government into settlement with India on any terms; this he felt was not only detrimental to Pakistan's interests but would largely run counter to the two-nation theory and thereby jeopardize the very existence and basis of Pakistan.

It is because of this reasoning that Bhutto vigorously objected to SEATO and CENTO and came to the conclusion that the interplay of global powers in Pakistan could only be countered by cultivating its Islamic neighbors, gaining for Pakistan enough maneuverability in its dispute against India.

Bhutto also felt that the only effective method of counteracting Soviet influence in India was by befriending the People's Republic of China, thereby forcing the Soviets to initiate a dialogue with Pakistan. To some extent he succeeded in this policy.

In his assessment of the global situation Bhutto felt that the compulsions of history and geography would force the United States and China to arrive at an understanding and wanted to prepare Pakistan for such a day. He even predicted in *The Myth of Independence* that when the U.S. and China decided to come together, Pakistan could provide a useful bridge in bringing about the rapprochement.

With two giants, the Soviet Union and China, on his northern frontiers, Bhutto quite rightly assumed that befriending one over much would naturally attract the hostility of the other—something that Pakistan in its geopolitical situation could not afford. He builds his entire thesis on such an observation and combines it with a shrewd assessment of the self-interests of the three global powers.

By contrast Indian foreign policy has relied on a series of 'happenings': each event taking us by surprise and leaving us in a state of shock. When the Chinese attacked us we were devoid of any policy projections or credible answers. When Pakistan joined SEATO and CENTO we criticized these alliances on the ground that they contributed to the sharpening of the cold war, but when Pakistan arrived at an understanding with Peking we sought satisfaction in accusing them of betraying their own alliances!

In order to strengthen ourselves militarily we first sought the aid of the Western democracies, and it was only when we felt they had let us down that we rail to Moscow on the rebound. Yet when the Soviet Union started arming Pakistan again we were left speechless since we had framed no policy to counter such an eventuality.

The basic realization that global powers act in their own global interests has yet to dawn on us; if we have already realized this we have yet to evolve a policy on that basis. Bhutto on the other hand had not only understood brutal strategic realities, but had analyzed them in great depth, arriving quite logically at the conclusion that Pakistan was

merely a pawn in global warfare and therefore had to arm itself militarily, economically, politically and diplomatically to maintain its identity.

Bhutto, however, shares one failing common to the ruling elite in Pakistan: the belief that India accepted partition under pressure of events and would seek to undo it. Viewing partition historically in relation to the conflicts between Muslims and Hindus during the pro-British period, Bhutto says: “The roots of confrontation between India and Pakistan go deep.... not only in the military context.” This therefore is not a call to war but a call for total preparedness in which alone he feels the independence of Pakistan can be secure.

He even sees the election of a Muslim as President of India as a result of the strength of Pakistan, and from that goes on to state that a strong Pakistan is the best guarantee for the rights of the Muslim minority in India. He completely fails to realize the ethos of the Indian Muslims. It is not necessarily a strong Pakistan which protects the rights of Muslims in India, but friendly relations between India and Pakistan which will give them that sense of security.

Pakistan’s foreign policy, according to Bhutto, should be entirely molded by the need to obtain political support for its cause from fellow Muslim nations and neutralize the capability of global powers to intervene in favor of the status quo which, he says, favors India to the detriment of Pakistan.

Whether this thesis is right or wrong is not for me to contend here. Its very foundation, namely, the unity of the Islamic people, was shaken by the experience in Bangladesh and even elsewhere. What is more important for us in India is to understand the springs of such a belief. The three semitic religions, Christianity, Judaism and Islam, have a strong streak of self-righteousness in regarding their experience and belief as the sole truth. Christianity outgrew this in the West with the infusion of liberal thought during the industrial revolution, though not completely and not without great inner struggle and a lot of blood-letting. Dogmatic exclusiveness is now looked upon as a reactionary attitude in the West generally.

But Islamic nations from the Maghreb to Malaysia have yet to be watered by the springs of liberalism; on the other hand, their bitter colonial experience with the West acts as a deterrent to the free flow of liberalism. For their rulers too, absolutist doctrines make a useful appeal, since they serve to establish and strengthen their control over an explosive people.

In India, the broad springs of nationalism arose not so much from Hindu revivalism as from the impact of Western liberalism. The great early leaders of the movement were themselves the children of Western education and in many cases inspired by Western liberal thought. Gandhi interpreted Western liberalism in the Indian Context as tolerance and equality of all religions; in that, perhaps, he was taking a step backward, and soon the liberals parted company with him.

With Nehru the influence of Western liberalism was more dominant than the influence of Gandhi's religious approach. Though it was Gandhi who won freedom, it was Nehru who by and large fashioned the Indian polity. But his very secularism in the context of a divided India made India and Pakistan implacable foes. The integration of Kashmir into India was for Nehru a test of secularism; for Pakistan, as Bhutto confesses, it would have meant that the very *raison d'etre* of a separate homeland for Muslims had collapsed.

Ultimately, the threat to the two-nation theory emerged from the sub-nationalism of the Bengali, which India was able to assimilate but Pakistan was not. In this changed context, Kashmir ought to fade into the background. It is not inconceivable that in the decades to come Islam will be influenced by the inevitable consequences of industrialization and its exclusive and isolationist philosophies will become eroded.

The integrity of Pakistan is in danger not because of the Kashmir dispute and Indian 'ambitions', but because of its own inner conflicts. Therefore an era of peace for Pakistan has become a necessity. Bhutto's thesis was that such an era of peace could come only after Pakistan's grievances over Kashmir had been settled. But circumstances will force Bhutto to change priorities, and as far as I know his mind, he has already realized this.

He may not give up his claims, but the emphasis on them will vary. A generation of peace, which he wants desperately, could change the very thinking of Pakistan. Particularly with the new generations in charge in both Pakistan and India, to whom an undivided India is as much a historic memory as is the Holy Roman Empire to the Western man today, Indo-Pak problems might at last fall into proper perspective. There is a stake in peace for both countries, an opportunity that comes only once in an era.

We Meet Again

I WAS WORKING on the Bank of India building in Aden and this needed occasional visits. The plane touched down at Karachi and I would grab the chance of meeting Zulfi during the halt or spend a few days with him by breaking my journey.

It was at three o'clock in the morning some time in February 1959 when my plane on its way to Aden touched down at Karachi air port. I was meeting Zulfi after eight years. Zulfikar Ali, who was then Minister for Commerce, and his wife Nusrat were at the tarmac waiting to receive me. We spent an hour in the V.I.P. room at Karachi Airport, talking about old times. It was my first meeting with Nusrat, and I was very keen on making her acquaintance.

It will be one of my eternal regrets that the doctrine of confrontation and its resultant effect on Indo-Pak relations deprived me of a closer association with Zulfi's family. Apart from chance encounters in the few days that I spent in Pakistan more or less in transit, time and circumstances transpired to keep our families apart. On this score Zulfi is luckier, because he did know Vina in California and has had the opportunity of renewing her acquaintance. However, I met Nusrat for the first time at 3.00 that morning. To meet the wife of a lifelong friend at such an unearthly hour in the cold, in personal surroundings of the V.I.P. lounge at an airport is, according to me, highly unsatisfying.

A year later, I was again visiting Aden, this time with my wife Vina, and we decided to spend a couple of days with the Bhuttos before proceeding to Aden. On this occasion I had a better opportunity of reviving old memories and getting a feel of how Pakistan was shaping under Martial Law. We did some sight-seeing and met some old friends, including a cousin of mine, Bapsy Limjee, from Bombay, who had married Dr. Jemi Mehta in Karachi, who at one time was also family doctor to the Bhuttos.

Though we were staying with the Bhuttos, Zulfi was quite busy, involved in the National Reconstruction of Pakistan, and it was Nusrat who was really taking care of us.

Of Iranian extraction, born in India and married in Pakistan, Nusrat was warm, charming and considerate, always attentive to our smallest needs, and so very much like my other close friends from Bombay that it did not take me long to feel at home. On that particular occasion I saw little of the kids, what with some of them being away at school and the others barely out of the nursery.

The thing that struck me most on this particular visit was Nusrat's natural modesty, bordering on reticence, in whatever she did so efficiently. Even on the streets and in the shops she never gave the impression that she was a Minister's wife or that she was entitled to any special consideration.

In particular, I remember her waiting for long hours with me at Karachi airport where by mistake I ran into some trouble, having declared my travelers' cheques in the equivalent amount in rupees coming in but declaring the same cheques in pounds sterling on departure. Throughout this episode, when the customs officer was trying to browbeat me by wondering sarcastically how Indian rupees had turned into pounds sterling, Nusrat with great patience and without any attempt to reveal her identity kept trying to explain to the custom officer how and why the mistake had occurred

Ultimately it was not Zulfi's influence through his wife, but my own unexpected influence with the customs officer that got me off the hook, for much to my astonishment he turned out to be a distant relative of mine. The ubiquity of the Parsi tribe knows no national barriers, and centuries of inbreeding have produced a wide network of relatives in all the distant corners of the world who can be counted on in awkward moments to emerge and do their bit for God and race!

On my return trip I had planned to spend some more time in Karachi, but unfortunately our plane, having lost two engines, had to make an emergency landing over an island off the Arabian coast called Massarac. Here we remained for over 36 hours.

It was an old Royal Air Force base with a minimum of facilities and a few RAF boys to man it. I remember spending the night in the local dispensary alongside a fellow passenger who was suffering from some spinal trouble. Throughout the night he let out ghastly yells which kept us all awake and heightened the sense of drama and tragedy that we were experiencing. Others slept on the floor of the so-called airport building and my wife Vina was put up in some dormitory along with other women.

The Air Force boys knocked themselves out trying to make us comfortable, giving us their rations and feeding us as best as they could, but before long we had run out of water, run out of beer, run out of food and just about run through everything the place contained. Even though we were only 450 miles out from Karachi, the replacement plane had to be sent for from Nairobi, and it arrived in some thirty-six hours, much to our relief.

We all boarded the plane, got comfortably settled in, and the aircraft taxied out to the runway. It was about to take off when the captain announced that there was a small mechanical defect which required us to go back again. You can imagine the groans and protests that were evoked by that announcement. But without an alternative there was nothing to be done but sit it out till the defect was set right, and we took off once again to arrive in Karachi at about three or four in the morning.

The Shahenshah of Iran and his Empress were on a state visit to Pakistan at this time, and that evening there was banquet at the Iranian Embassy to which I was invited through the kind courtesy of Zulfi. To this day I remember the sharp contrast of a night on that little island off the Arabian coast and the banquet at the Iranian Embassy, attended by the Shah and the Empress, by President Ayub Khan and members of his Cabinet and the upper

echelon of Pakistani society. It is such studies in contrast that deepen a man's perspective of life.

That evening I wrote a small footnote to Pakistan's history. I was talking to President Ayub Khan and told him how happy I was that they had decided to build a new capital for Pakistan, but that to make a city like that a living thing, it was necessary to give it an inspiring name so that it could fire the imagination of the people; it was no good just talking about 'a federal capital for Pakistan'.

I remember this very distinctly. It was a Sunday night. On Monday I returned to Bombay and on Wednesday morning I read in the Bombay papers that Pakistan had named its new capital Islamabad. At the time I dismissed it as a remarkable coincidence but later I learned that Ayub had been taken up with my idea. On Monday the Cabinet had moved to Rawalpindi. On Monday afternoon there was a circular that a Cabinet meeting would be held on Tuesday morning—no agenda. When the Cabinet met on Tuesday, Ayub informed them that he had met me and that I suggested that the capital should be named immediately.

Several suggestions were made, including Ayubabad, then some body mentioned Islamabad, and Ayub said, "That's right" - and so the capital of Pakistan was named. For weeks thereafter Ayub told the story, so I hear, to several people at social gatherings.

I was happy to get back to Bombay on this occasion, because after the trying experience of the last three days fatigue was finally overtaking me and we were happy to have returned home safely.

I have already described in some details how my plane had to make a forced landing on the little island of Massarac off the Arabian coast, some 450 miles from Karachi, and the glaring contrast between the night spent in a make-shift dispensary next to a howling patient with a back injury and the glittering banquet at the Iranian Embassy for the Shahenshah and the Empress of Iran. Through out this great psychological transformation it was Nusrat who gave us comfort and nursed us out of our stupor.

From 1956 to 1964 I was doing some architectural work for the Oberois, designing and building the Oberoi Intercontinental Hotel in New Delhi. In April 1961 Biki and Goodie Oberoj, who are very dear friends of ours, asked me to visit Rawalpindi, where they had just completed some renovations and built a new wing at Flashman's Hotel. Their architect in Pakistan, Bill Perry, was also a good friend of ours and when we finally returned to India I was rather sad, because while I was in Pakistan I was offered innumerable architectural assignments which I knew I was not equipped to take on living in Bombay, even though Bill Perry and I had decided to do them in partnership. Ultimately, I knew it just could not work out....

My being invited to Pakistan by the Oberois gave me another opportunity to meet Zulfi and his family. We were also very excited about seeing the new capital at Islamabad, which was then under Construction.

After spending a few days in Pindi we traveled with Zulfi to Peshawar, where also the Oberois had a hotel, and from there went on to Swat at the invitation of the Wali of Swat, whose grandson Aurangzeb, an old friend of mine from the Doon School, had married Ayub daughter.

Swat is a valley of incredible beauty and I was happy to have the opportunity of visiting Aurangzeb in his home environment. The banquet that the Wali gave in our honor will always be memorable for the quality of its service. I have never had the experience of attending a banquet at which the servitors were so efficient, quiet and drilled to the point of absolute precision.

Zulfi also took us to the Khyber Pass about which we had heard and read so much. We lunched with the Pakistan garrison there, and were greatly impressed by the spit and polish of the officers, then returned to Peshawar before going to Lahore a city where so many of my friends from both India and Pakistan had lived. It was my first visit to Lahore. I had often wondered why Lahore had endeared itself to so many people. After visiting it I understood.

We traveled by car throughout and Nusrat was with us, always eager to point out things and show us places, giving whatever information she had about the various spots we passed. It was on this trip that I got to know Nusrat so much better, my only regret being that Vina was not there.

The wonderful thing about Nusrat was that she always looked and felt in place and was always exquisitely turned out, attractive, well-groomed and glamorous. In fact, years later, I was greatly surprised to find her leading demonstrations and addressing rallies when Zulfi was in prison in Mianwali Jail. I remember seeing a couple of her photographs and being impressed by the manner in which she seemed to be conducting herself.

It is not surprising that in spite of Zulfi's many preoccupations Nusrat has bred four lovely children, three of whom I am still to get to know although I have seen them as kids.

Though I cannot forgive Zulfi for not bringing Nusrat to Simla I was delighted that Benazir was with him, because it gave me the opportunity of getting to know her better. I can see that Zulfi is exceedingly proud of her, as indeed he should be, because Benazir combines her mother's charm with her father's self-confidence. A brilliant student, studying politics at Harvard, there is no question about it that the manner in which she handled herself and the people who met her, and the press which was trying its best to trip her up, showed/a high degree of maturity for one who was only 19. As a matter of fact in fact she certainly excels her father.

There is no doubt either that she completely worships her father and thinks the world of him, and she was rather surprised to hear me talk to him in the manner in which I did,

because she had never heard anyone tackle Zulfi in that fashion. But having got over the initial shock she thereafter relaxed and seemed to enjoy seeing her father's leg being mildly pulled.

However, there was one thing that hurt her terribly, and that was the mean and virulent fabrication about her father and his family that occasionally appeared in the press and in the various books written by Indian authors. I recall myself seeing a magazine with a highly distorted sketch of President Bhutto with 'WANTED' written in large letters in the form of a poster reminiscent of such notices in the American far west. It happened to be in a cartoon book for children. I remember being upset by it myself, and I cannot blame Benazir for reacting the way she did.

I have no doubt that Benazir has a very bright future, and I certainly hope and pray that she will fulfill her father's aspirations. I am now looking forward to the time when I meet the other three children, and particularly the elder boy who, if one is to believe his photographs, might turn out to be a Beagle!

In March 1963 I was building the Life Insurance Corporation building in Calcutta at Chowringhee and Middleton Street. Those were the days when I had to visit Calcutta quite frequently. So when Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and Sardar Swaran Singh were busy with their talkathon on Indo-Pakistan differences, I thought I might go to Calcutta and incidentally spend some time with Zulfi. Zulfi was staying at Raj Bhavan in Calcutta and I was staying at the Grand Hotel. Whenever Bhutto was not with Swaran Singh, we were together in his room at Raj Bhavan, talking as usual about old times and arguing about current politics.

On one occasion I think it was after his talks with Sardar Swaran Singh in Delhi - Zulfi decided to come to Bombay to spend a few days and to visit his sister's grave in Poona. He was living with me at Spirospero, where he had spent many a night as a young boy, and it was good to have him with us and meet some of his old friends in Bombay.

The last occasion I saw Bhutto before he became President was when he and Ayub had gone to Colombo. Ayub was returning by naval ship to Karachi and Bhutto was flying back and requested a stopover in Bombay so that he could spend an hour and a half with me at the airport. With difficulty I persuaded the Customs to allow me to see him and spend some time with him in the V.I.P. room at Santa Cruz Airport.

On this occasion I told him that relations between India and Pakistan had deteriorated considerably since he had become Foreign Minister and that I put ninety per cent of the blame on him. He argued that it was not so, and that circumstances had changed, creating different alignments. I told him that this was a lot of nonsense and that as things stood even if I became the Foreign Minister of India we would not be able to settle our differences. He replied no, that was not so, and that he was sure we could reach an understanding within half an hour.

Aurangzeb and his wife were with Zulfi on this occasion, and the Indian actor Sanjay along with his wife Zarin, an old friend of Aurangzeb's family, had also come to meet them.

This was in December 1963. Thereafter I was not to see Zulfi till we met at the Summit in Simla in June 1972.

By then a great deal of water was to flow down the Indus. Mean while, India and Pakistan had been at war twice, first in Kutch and later in Punjab and Kashmir. Zulfi's own fortunes had also fluctuated considerably. From being Ayub's favorite Minister, he fell from grace, mainly because Ayub began to get jealous of him, regarding him as a potential rival. Zulfi's open defiance over Tashkent sealed his fate, sending him into the wilderness from which he was to launch his epic struggle to fight and defeat the two military dictators and to establish civilian rule in Pakistan.

14 The 1965 War

THE ORIGIN OF the Indo-Pakistan conflict of 1965 is shrouded in considerable mystery. Several political commentators and journalists have advanced plausible hypotheses to explain why Pakistan chose that particular moment to settle old scores on the Kashmir issue. I have no doubt that I could produce one myself if I was so inclined. But how does it help? Events were inexorably moving towards another conflagration between Pakistan and India and it seemed that both sides were too paralyzed by this idea to think constructively.

The entire process started with India's difficulty in arriving at a border settlement with China. Nehru refused to believe that there was any border dispute and Chou En-lai kept maintaining that China had to settle its borders with India through consultation and negotiations. One thing led to another and before we knew it, Indian public opinion had been whipped up to a frenzy accusing the Chinese of perfidy and violation of ancient friendships. The disastrous consequences of our confrontation with the Chinese, combined with the Himalayan blunder of our military strategists and the arrogant postures of politicians at the helm of affairs, drove India to adopting the so-called forward policy, with its advanced posts imposed on troops ill-equipped and unprepared for this sort of warfare, and a chain of command that was highly politicized. The result was inevitable. What we could not do with China, Burma and Pakistan achieved without any pain, settling their border disputes and establishing firm frontiers.

This was the opportunity that Bhutto was seeking to forge forward in Pakistan's relationship with China. He had as he admits found the 'plus factor which would help his country to counter-balance the influence of his relationship with the United States and his defense alliances in SEATO and CENTO. With Ayub and Chou exchanging state visits and Bhutto constantly endeavoring to woo the Chinese, it finally resulted in Pakistan establishing a counter to American influence and putting the Soviet Union on notice.

Pakistan's constant fear was that India was becoming too strong by virtue of its massive armament programme helped along by the United States and Great Britain, who were anxious to hold the Communist frontiers north of the Himalayas. The unrest caused in Kashmir as a result of the Hazrat Bal incident, when the holy relic was found missing from the mosque, coupled with the release of Sheikh Abdullah the undisputed natural leader of the Kashmiris after 11 years of preventive detention, convinced the Pakistanis that the time was now ripe to stage another insurrection in Kashmir. The impression, fostered by propaganda, that Nehru was no more and that India was being ruled by an indecisive man, must have given the Pakistanis further confidence to launch an onslaught on India. A little teaser in Kutch was to act as the launching point for a wider confrontation with India.

In analyzing the situation Bhutto must have played a predominant role, although much later Bhutto was to try and dissociate himself from having had any hand in the conflict of 1965.

People on both sides of the border are inclined to the view that Bhutto had a great hand in persuading Ayub and his Government to take the precipitate action of waging a war on the grounds that this was the most opportune moment. Knowing Bhutto, it is quite possible that he might have provided the arguments and furnished the brief that could have clinched Ayub's mind.

It appears from this that informed public opinion in Pakistan held that its armed forces were adequate to take on India and 'liberate' Kashmir. There is absolutely no doubt that Pakistan had better equipment. Yet we all know that the 1965 war ended in a stalemate or, more justly, in a moral victory for India, not only because India stemmed the Pakistani onslaught, but also in terms of overcoming the advantage enjoyed by Pakistan in superior equipment as well as by virtue of territory captured.

This raises substantial issues regarding Pakistan's capacity to fight India, particularly in view of India's much larger industrial base. It also raises the question of the efficacy of a fighting force which has got enmeshed in politics. In this context the debacle of the Egyptian forces in the face of Israeli attack may pro a good parallel example. Yet within Pakistan there undoubtedly is a body of opinion incited by propaganda which maintains that the 1965 war was a glorious victory for Pakistan and the 1971 war was at best a draw. It is precisely this sort of jingoistic propaganda that has been responsible for the miscalculations and actions of Pakistan's various policies and warlike postures.

To the extent that Zulfikar Ali Bhutto might have contributed to this atmosphere, it was a measure of his immaturity. But it appears that by 1971—and about this there is ample evidence—he had acquired a more balanced outlook and had a better understanding of Pakistan's fighting capacity. Whether this latter acceptance of reality has made him less hawkish is a matter of conjecture, but it has certainly made him mature enough and wise enough to understand that the solution of the problem does not lie in armed conflict.

One indication of this may be his easy explanation and toning down of his belligerent statement about being at war with India for a thousand years. Once the gas had gone out of it, he explained away the phrase as a "historical, philosophical and metaphysical concept. It simply meant the nation would never surrender." In any case, just how seriously does one take such a statement? Because a man who makes such a statement is quite likely to talk in the following week of a thousand years of peace!

It is not so material as far as India is concerned whether Mr. Bhutto means what he says or is genuine in his desire for peace; it is far more pertinent to find out whether the realities of the last decade have dawned on him and convinced him that amongst the options open to him armed conflict has to be ruled out.

The outcome of the Indo-Pakistan war led to the decline of Ayub's military regime. It began to dawn on people that army spit and polish might be a limited answer to the insincerity and drift of sloppy politicians, but it did not mean a better conduct of war and, if anything, demonstrated that an army with political power tends to become corrupt, luxury-loving and soft, and therefore loses its fighting efficiency. It must have been a partial realization of this fact that led to student demonstrations against the regime after the Pakistani defeat.

The outcome of the Indo-Pakistan war was also the beginning of a parting of the ways between Bhutto and Ayub. Whether Bhutto's disenchantment with Ayub arose out of the poor conduct of the war or whether Bhutto with consummate political skill wanted to dissociate himself from the responsibilities of the war is a question that may never be answered. His defense of Pakistan at the Security Council on May 5, 11, and 18, 1964, and September 22 and October 25, 1965 was, in marked contrast to his brilliant performance in defense of the Kashmir issue on earlier occasions. This, I feel, is significant.

Apart from the rising anger of the people who had been fed by propaganda to believe that Pakistan would have a cake-walk over India, a considerable amount of rethinking started taking place about the basic wisdom of the policies pursued by successive Governments in Pakistan.

Inordinately great hopes had been built up around the hope of Chinese intervention in the war. It was expected that China would provide an effective diversionary move to keep India's forces locked up on the Chinese frontiers, thereby giving Pakistan an easier time in the Kashmir sector. It was also part of the military strategy of Pakistan to imply that the Chinese would look after the defenses of East Pakistan should the necessity arise. When it dawned on them that China would not play ball, the Pakistanis were thrown back into a state of stupor. All of a sudden it became apparent to the people of East Bengal that Pakistan was not even capable of ensuring its defense except through unreliable neighbors. This very considerably contributed to the enunciation of the now famous six-point demand for East Pakistan's autonomy.

West Pakistan by this time realized that military pacts and alliances signed with the big powers were purely one-sided affairs created for the protection and safety of the big powers, not intended to help smaller pawns in their hour of need. What is more, the firm commitments made by the United States and Pakistan to each other, for which Pakistan had paid a heavy price both in international credibility and economic dependence, were abruptly terminated by a ban on arms supplies to Pakistan after the commencement of hostilities.

Pakistan just would not accept the fact that it was being armed to fight communism, not to settle its old scores with India—even though this had been made abundantly clear through assurances given to India that these arms would not be used against her. Having labored under self-deception for so many years Pakistan was inclined to brush aside these technicalities until reality struck with a vengeance. The people, and particularly the

students, began to realize that there was something fundamentally wrong with the policies pursued by Pakistan and that by now the country definitely needed a new approach to make a fresh start under a new leadership.

It is this moment of history that Zulfikar Ali Bhutto grasped with both hands and with single-minded devotion pursued to the very end till he became the President of Pakistan. It is indeed tragic for Bhutto and Pakistan that the process of transformation should have taken six years, cost thousands of lives, and uprooted millions of people and finally truncated Pakistan, resulting in a sovereign Bangladesh, before Pakistan had even completed its Silver Jubilee. History had taken a hand in rendering some poetic justice: the illogical consequences of the untenable 'two-nation theory was finally applied to Pakistan itself. The principal proponents of the two-nation theory recoiled in horror as it hoists them with their own petard.

Parting of Ways

THE WAR WAS followed by Tashkent, and although serious differences were brewing between Bhutto and Ayub, with Bhutto offering to resign on several occasions, Ayub refused to release him because he felt that at least Bhutto should be made to share, if not to pay the price for, Pakistan's failures. Bhutto spent the months between the war and Tashkent mostly at the United Nations building up Pakistan's case on Kashmir. Apart from that there was little that he could do as he had fallen from Ayub's confidence and the seeds of suspicion were beginning to grow. Ayub also must have felt that Bhutto was preparing to succeed him and this realization could not have helped matters. It was a sullen Bhutto whom Ayub took with him to Tashkent and it must have irritated Ayub considerably to find that he was not getting Bhutto's wholehearted co-operation at the Tashkent talks. After signing the Tashkent Declaration, Bhutto made some effort to make it acceptable to the people of Pakistan through press conferences called in Larkana on 15th January 1966 and again on 9th February 1966.

By this time the student demonstrations immediately following the war had increased in tempo and intensity. As Foreign Minister in Ayub's Cabinet, Bhutto was called upon to defend Government's policy, but his heart was not in it. He yearned for a return to the old days when confrontation with India was the sport of politicians. He also had his secret sympathies with the leaderless agitation that was spontaneously gaining momentum, and it must have filled him with frustration to remain a silent spectator, but Ayub would not allow him to resign his ministership and join the mob. As a matter of fact Bhutto had become a captive of the Ayub regime, threatened with dire consequences if he made trouble of any sort. The position was getting hot West Pakistan felt a sense of betrayal and Ayub found his popularity slumping.

To take the heat off West Pakistan, Ayub thought it was necessary to divert attention to East Pakistan and to get the people of East Bengal to welcome and accept the Tashkent Declaration as a counter to the agitation in West Pakistan. After all Kashmir was not such a hot issue in the East, and the Bengalis had always complained about having to forgo development funds to arm West Pakistan in its efforts to recapture Kashmir, particularly so as the Bengalis were left unprotected from the possibility of Indian or Chinese attack throughout the 1965 war..

The techniques employed by Ayub and his approach to the East Pakistanis were crude, to say the least. For this purpose he recruited the services of the Nawab of Kalabaug, the Governor of West Pakistan. The plan was to seek out prominent East Pakistani politicians and take them under his wing with inducements of one sort or another. Part of the scheme was to play up Mujibur Rahman and give him a sense of importance. Of course Kalabaug was the wrong man to choose to execute a plan of this nature for he was feudal to his finger tips, a crusty aristocrat lacking vision and insensitive to human frailties. It was often jokingly said that Kalabaug carried the province in his snuff box, because he

normally carried his snuff box wherever he went. He had at one time been so bold as to say that West Pakistan was the Germany of the sub-continent, with one race, one stock and common aspirations.

Every political party tried to cash in on the general unrest and an All-Pakistan National Conference consisting of all Opposition leaders was called in Lahore to oppose Ayub and to organize resistance against the Tashkent Declaration. Sheikh Mujibur Rahman attended this conference and quite unexpectedly, out of nowhere, produced his Six-Point Formula.

The authorship of the six points has never been determined. Some say that the U.S. Consul General in Karachi had a hand in it, others maintain that it was one of Ayub's bureaucrats, Altaf Gohar, who was the author, and many think that it was the handiwork of some journalist. Nevertheless, the authorship was attributed to Mujib, a keeping with Ayub's latest scheme of pacifying East Pakistan, Mujib's demands were given widespread publicity in the Government-controlled press and the State-owned radio and television.

Mujib returned to Dacca and for the next three months, February, March and April 1966, made political hay touring around East Bengal propagating his Six-Point Formula. The Government arranged for all his tremendous publicity through its controlled media, and overnight—in a bare three months—Mujib emerged as a great leader of the people of East Bengal.

There is no shadow of doubt whatever that East Bengal had become a colony and suffered all the disadvantages and hardships inherent in colonial exploitation. In the matter of development funds East Pakistan, with a majority of the population, got only about 11 per cent in the early years. In the matter of schools, where West Pakistan increased the number of schools by about eight times, East Pakistan actually suffered a drop in the number of schools operating. Earning more foreign exchange than the West, East Pakistan got less than its fair share of it for development. The same disparity prevailed in the issue of licenses, quotas and permits. Rice grown in Bengal was sold at cheaper prices in West Pakistan than in the East! The catalogue of grievances is inexhaustible.

This step-motherly treatment had created severe resentment amongst the people of East Bengal and several agitations had already taken place, while the demand for equal treatment on the basis of parity had also gained tremendous importance. This competition or uneasy equilibrium had existed between the two wings since the inception of Pakistan, and the domination by the West wing, and particularly by Punjab, had resulted in merciless exploitation.

Over a period of time the susceptibilities of the people of East Pakistan had become sensitive to the extent that on every delegation and committee, representation on the basis of parity had become necessary. If a factory was started in West Pakistan, a similar factory had to be started in East Pakistan; if a petrol pump was opened in West Pakistan, a petrol pump had to be opened in East Pakistan. The position had become both ludicrous

and quite intolerable, and a reaction had begun to set in West Pakistan against what they considered the 'favorable treatment' being dished out to East Pakistan. Tongues were wagging, and privately the East wing was accused of being a drag on the nation.

Such talk was obviously discouraged and did not find its way into print. But in a very real sense, the grievances in East Pakistan continued. The cause was there, and now Ayub had inadvertently created and supplied a leader to East Pakistan who, armed with the six-point programme for autonomy, surged into power and became the principal spokesman of the people of East Bengal. As the demand of East Pakistan became more coherent, it started to disturb Ayub, who always imagined himself as a sort of father-figure and therefore felt that the East Bengalis were being ungrateful in not appreciating his almost divine bounty.

The position instead of improving deteriorated rapidly. The agitation in the West against Tashkent intensified and the demand for autonomy in the East grew at an alarming pace.

At this stage Ayub panicked and called in Zulfikar Ali Bhutto to seek his advice. Bhutto advised him to call a meeting of his councilors and to reject outright the six-point programme, saying that if he got the President's approval and permission he would like to travel around the country and start a public debate with Mujib on the six-point programme, which he was confident he could tear to shreds. Then let the people decide for themselves. Ayub seemed to agree and called a meeting of his principal supporters. Meanwhile, Ayub's principal confidants had got around him and poisoned his mind against Bhutto by saying that Bhutto had devised the scheme to rehabilitate himself. At the party councilors' meeting Ayub, as President, gave a very militant speech, omitting all reference to a national debate on the Six-Point Formula and ended up by saying that the time for words was over and that only the language of weapons would work.

Bhutto was very surprised at Ayub's militancy because it was totally contradictory to the advice he had given the latter and which Bhutto thought Ayub had accepted. After Ayub's speech, it was Bhutto's turn to speak as Secretary General. He criticized Ayub, disagreed with him completely and ended by saying that he did not think the language of weapons would work at all; rather the weapon of language perhaps stood a better chance.

Ayub was furious with Bhutto's speech and remonstrated with him for having criticized the President. He said he had made up his mind, and in pursuance of his policy he put Mujib in jail. Inexplicably there was not a murmur at Mujib's confinement. No one raised a little finger, and apart from some labor trouble in a jute mill at Narainganj where three or four people were killed, which may or may not have been as a result of Mujib's arrest, there was no protest whatever.

Bhutto had hardly spoken to Ayub all these months and after the incident at the councilors' meeting, Bhutto was quietly relieved and asked to go on enforced sick leave to Europe. While Bhutto was in Europe, Ayub made elaborate plans to put him in his place by mounting an extensive propaganda campaign to downgrade and devalue him. In

October 1966, four months later, Bhutto returned to Pakistan, stripped of all his power and position.

Soon after his return Bhutto went to Dacca to address the students of the Engineering College, which was supposed to be an Awami League stronghold. In his speech he attacked Mujib's six-point programme, analyzing each point, one after the other. To his surprise the students were overwhelmed and gave him a standing ovation.

During his visit his assessment was that the six-point programme enjoyed somewhat limited support amongst the students and merchants, but that in the rural area there was hardly any support for it and very little indeed amongst labor.

At this stage it appeared that President Ayub's strength and popularity were greater in the East wing than in the West. The main contributory factor to this strange phenomenon might have been that a belated realization had dawned on the Government that East Pakistan had been neglected and to make up for this massive development funds had been poured into East Pakistan and a large number of licenses, permits and quotas had been issued in the East wing.

According to Bhutto's assessment, Bhashani was still quite influential in the East wing—much more so than Mujibur Rahman—and Bhutto felt that Bhashani had some secret understanding with Ayub, which he could not quite understand, except that it might have been something that had been engineered by Kalabaug.

On returning to West Pakistan Bhutto was quite despondent because he could not see any way by which Ayub could be toppled.

Almost a year passed before an opportunity presented itself. Bhutto spent almost the whole of 1967 overcoming his frustration; at the same time there was a lot of heart-searching and deep thinking on how the political process should be restarted in Pakistan. Towards the end of 1967, the Agartala Conspiracy Case was uncovered. It was suggested at the time that Mujibur Rahman had a part in it; Ayub at any rate was satisfied he had sufficient evidence to implicate Mujib. Ready to seize this chance, Ayub thought that here was the ideal opportunity of finishing Mujib. He was so sure in fact that he decided upon holding an open trial.

When Bhutto heard about this he was shocked, because he felt that whatever might be the outcome of the case, having an open trial would only help Mujib. He was right. With each succeeding day as the trial dragged on, Mujib got more and more publicity, his position became stronger and his popularity in East Bengal kept on increasing. For months the case dragged on, turning Mujib into a hero in East Bengal to the detriment of Ayub's popularity.

Zulfi's period of watching was coming to an end. He could no longer be a spectator. As cautioned by his father about waiting for the right time, when it arrived he took it with

both hands and set out with fanatical zeal to start his own political party; in this he neither spared himself nor his friends.

By the end of 1967 Bhutto had decided that what Pakistan needed was an entirely new orientation and that this should be supplied by his new party. Already for months he had been thinking and planning, and once he had made up his mind he drove himself and his colleagues mercilessly till he had whipped together the entrails of a new party.

At the inaugural meeting of the new party a number of foundation papers were issued embodying certain guidelines, which obviously bore the stamp of Bhutto's thinking, character and personality, and of which he was probably the author. Justifying the need for a new party its sponsors felt that as Pakistan entered the third decade of its existence fundamental issues involving its 120 million citizens remained in a state of 'anxious uncertainty'. With his usual sense of drama Bhutto spelt out the nation's ills in no uncertain terms, in fact so bluntly, that it was obvious to anyone reading the new party's guidelines that he had irretrievably burnt his boats as far as the old regime was concerned.

Pakistan, Bhutto realized, was not only beset with corruption and nepotism, but the social and moral life of the people was also demoralized, and law and order were affected. The rights and expectations of the workers were being carelessly disregarded, and the miseries of the overwhelming majority of the people of Pakistan were growing.

Instead of attaining internationally accepted standards, efficiency was receding rapidly, the peasantry and labor remain without 'sensible direction', the middle classes and salaried employees found the necessities of life beyond their reach, and parochialism had infected society. Education was sinking into decay, and all national institutions except the Judiciary and the armed forces were threatened by crisis.

The imposition of Martial Law had not affected any long-term cure. When it was removed in 1962, it was replaced by an almost equally stringent blend of democracy and authoritarianism. After 1962 things degenerated still further. The Judiciary was weakened, crime and violence exceeded all past records, industry advanced at the cost of agriculture producing a series of economic crises, and large quantities of food had to be imported by depleting foreign exchange reserves. Labor was in turmoil, inflation was rampant. The intellectuals and the younger generation were apathetic and willing to accept degenerate values.

If Bhutto really believed that Pakistan was in such a state of degeneracy and despair, one must admit that it took guts to form a national party. But Zulfikar Ali Bhutto never lacked confidence, either in his country or in himself. When he formed his new party he confidently declared that he hoped for unity between all Opposition parties so that a constitutional struggle could be launched for the restoration of democracy. To forge this unity Bhutto wanted Opposition parties to stress common links rather than differences, stop criticizing each other fruitlessly, work out a common Opposition platform, and

approach the task of national political revival without “preconceived prejudices or personal vendetta.”

Bhutto clearly regarded both the Establishment and some of the Opposition parties with a measure of contempt. His party’s inaugural paper noted that the National Awami Party was divided into three conflicting factions and that the gaps between these factions were growing ever wider. The paper set out what amounted to a declaration of war by saying that:

“...a growing and powerful body of the people, spearheaded by the younger generation, firmly believes that the old ways and the traditional methods are not sufficient to surmount the colossal problems facing Pakistan. The people are not prepared to return to the past. Nor are they willing to tolerate the present system much longer. They want a new system based on justice and attached to the essential interests of the toiling millions.”

Zulfi always had a fondness for Marxist catchwords!

Nor was Zulfi bent on ‘revolution’ in the sense of destroying the past altogether. He took pains to point out that “only those interests which converge at the patriotic point of national interest” would be strengthened but clouded this further by promising that “the basic guide to all problems” would be the teachings of Qaid-e-Azam Mohammed Ali Jinnah and that his party would apply itself to the nation’s problems “with unshakable faith in God Almighty and with pride in the religion of Islam.”

Realizing that the Ayub regime had neglected the nation’s popular base and had confined its ameliorative measures to the privileged few, Bhutto decided to reverse the emphasis. The foundation papers lamented that in the Pakistan of 1967 the means of livelihood were not open to all that the rich kept on growing richer, while the poor became poorer. Landlords denied the farmer his rights, capitalists deprived the laborer of his share, manpower was not productively employed, national wealth was usurped by a few, and socio-economic inequalities gave rise to oppression.

Ayub did not at all take well the constant criticism and the mounting popularity of Bhutto and his party. At the inaugural session of the party, he described political freedom as an illusion, and felt that the people’s will was powerless to change this rule, that freedom of the press was mortgaged that civil liberties were curbed and that national political life was in a state of paralysis.

On Kashmir Bhutto’s views reflected the popular attitude in Pakistan. Their firm belief in the two-nation theory led them to disregard the history of the past twenty years.

His harangues on Kashmir are polemics in the grand manner:

the people of Jammu and Kashmir had been denied their inherent right of self-determination “by the arbitrary exercise of authority of a fleeing despot”; “the usurper State of India” had occupied Kashmir by force; by “both history and

geography the people of Kashmir were linked inseparably to the destiny of Pakistan”; “no matter what the obstacles” they “must return to the brotherhood of Pakistan” to fulfill the two-nation theory....

In 1967 Bhutto’s Pakistan People’s Party swore that this mission of restoring Kashmir to Pakistan would take precedence over all other internal and external responsibilities of the party, that the party would not- cease to strive to achieve its targets, and that in working towards that end it would brook no interference either from the United Nations or the great powers.

Facing Military Dictators

BY SEPTEMBER 1968 Bhutto had decided to take action. On 21st September 1968 at Hyderabad he launched his first direct attack on Ayub. In a rousing speech he attacked Ayub over the short comings of the regime, attributing Pakistan's current situation to Ayub's failings, taking Ayub to task for dereliction of duty.+

Bhutto's attack brought forth a tame rebuttal in the press by General Musa. Four days later, on 25th September 1968, Bhutto began his tour of the North West Frontier Province, keeping up the pressure and attacking Ayub more vigorously in his own home province. In his search for an audience he traveled into the remotest caverns of those desolate mountains and to remote villages where no Pakistani politician had ever been, using whatever transport, neither sparing himself nor Ayub. Thus began an epic journey which finally destroyed Ayub image all over the country including on his own ground.

By 5th November 1968 Bhutto had reached Peshawar, where he addressed a mammoth meeting and received a tumultuous ovation. It is this Peshawar meeting which hurt and upset Ayub the most, because it was a case of bearding the lion in his own den. Ayub decided to take action. Bhutto was to be curbed or intimidated in his public activities. Ayub also decided that he himself would rebut Bhutto's speech in Peshawar.

From Peshawar Bhutto moved on to Rawalpindi, where on 7th November 1968 he collected an enormous crowd. On Ayub's instructions, the meeting was disturbed and teargassed and one boy was shot dead.

On 10th November 1968 Ayub took the stage personally at a meeting in Peshawar, It was a foolish thing to do in view of the frenzy whipped up by Bhutto and the good impression that he had left behind; but then dictators after a while delude themselves into believing in their own popularity and infallibility. Anyway, Ayub started by saying that he had sat at home long enough watching all this nonsense... He did not get much of a chance to continue his speech. The people started hooting. Firing followed and the meeting ended in a shambles.

Meanwhile, Bhutto continued his attacks with redoubled vigour and went on to Lahore to address another mammoth meeting on 11th November 1968.

This was too much for Ayub. On 13th November 1968 Bhutto was arrested and imprisoned in Miaiwalj Jail.

But there was also a great deal happening on the political plane, all of which was important both to Bhutto as one of the principal actors, and to the comrades who stood by him in this dark period of travail, when he opposed two ruthless dictators and had witnessed as well as helped create events that profoundly affected his nation's destiny.

Bhutto's dramatic exit from Ayub Khan's Government in June 1966 and the unparalleled reception he received from the people in his famous journey from Rawalpindi to Karachi was a rare and indescribable experience.

During his forced visit to Europe for four months from July to October 1966 considerable spying was done on him by Pakistan as well as the host countries - surely an unnecessary invasion of his Privacy.

On his return to Pakistan in October 1966 he made strenuous efforts to break new ground, From that point of time to the day he formed the Pakistan People's Party he learnt a great deal about the struggle, the isolation and the various attitudes of the intelligentsia and the people, He was victimized and according to him various attempts were made to murder him. The general treatment given to him and his family taught him a deeper lesson in the understanding of human character and in mass psychology.

On 1st December 1967 Bhutto and his political colleagues formed the Pakistan People's Party at Lahore and on 2 September 1968 from Hyderabad he officially launched a movement of the people against the dictatorship of Ayub Khan.

In the story of the formation of the party, the convention at Lahore and his extensive contacts with the people throughout the country, Bhutto's tactics and strategy in playing a hide and seek game with Ayub Khan are of considerable significance. He managed to keep political activity alive and yet did not fall to the hatchet prematurely. His approach to the six points, his efforts to reconcile the conflicting interests of the diverse parts of West Pakistan and carry the collective support of all the people in the face of a hostile government machinery holding the monopoly over the press and the information media, is a story in itself. The places he chose to visit to ginger up the Opposition, his triumphant entry into Rawalpindi, the capital city, his equally triumphal entry into Lahore on 13th November 1968, his trial and his final release from jail in February 1969, constitute vital elements in his nation's history. He struggled not only against Ayub Khan but against all the combined Opposition in not attending the Round Table Conference, and thus started the chain of events leading up to the overthrow of Ayub Khan.

The election campaign is a big chapter in itself. Yahya Khan's meaningless negotiations with Bhutto and with Mujibur Rahman and Bhutto's own attitude need to be studied in depth most carefully.

All these are recent events, and to put them into proper perspective may be left to the future historian. These are, in any case—perhaps fortunately—outside the scope of the present volume.

The military action taken on 25th March 1971 in East Pakistan and its aftermath have been the subject of many articles and books—most of them unfortunately biased and inaccurate. This period was, however, the most eventful in the entire history of Pakistan and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto played a conspicuous role. There are anecdotes galore. There

were moments when Bhutto and his family stood on a razor's edge. There was the sensation of triumph and of victory and the experience of an impending national calamity. On more than one occasion Bhutto and those around him literally missed disaster and death by inches. One false move and their heads would have rolled "like those of our poor Bengali brethren", as Bhutto himself was later to put it. People talk about walking on a tight rope; they were walking on a sharp knife, and at times it seemed that the walk would never come to an end or that suddenly it would with all of them drenched in a torrent of blood.

Despite Bhutto no longer being on the scene, the movement against Ayub persisted in West Pakistan, for with or without leaders, the West Pakistanis were determined to continue their agitation against Ayub. So far East Pakistan had been totally unaffected by either the Tashkent Declaration or by the anti-Ayub forces demonstrating in West Pakistan. But now East Pakistan also joined the fray, and there was a spontaneous and completely unorganized movement which had started in East Bengal towards the end of December 1968, though even as late as January 1969 it was not total or complete, due to lack of organization and leadership.

By February Ayub found that his position had become intolerable. With great reluctance he went on the air to announce that he would not be contesting the 1969 elections, hoping thereby to assuage the people's wrath. But this unfortunately did not have the desired effect, and the movement persisted, with the law and order situation not improving in the least.

When his gimmick of pretending to step down did not work, Ayub decided to call a leaders' conference on how to effect a change of power. As a token of goodwill both Bhutto and Mujib were released so that they could attend the forthcoming conference.

In preparation for the conference and to ease his own work, Ayub decided to recall Yusuf Haroon from the U.S. and appoint him Governor of West Pakistan. The choice of Yusuf Haroon is significant—Mujibuj- Rahman at one time had been an insurance agent to Haroon.

Within a week of his arrival Haroon was dispatched to East Pakistan to persuade Mujib to strike a deal with Ayub. It is said that Ayub offered Mujib the Prime Ministership with a parliamentary form of government, in the hope that he himself would be made the President.

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was totally against the conference because he felt this was simply a ploy by Ayub to remain in power. Therefore Bhutto decided that he at any rate would not attend the conference. He also tried to persuade the other leaders to keep aloof, and in fact went to East Pakistan to persuade Mujib and Bhashani to boycott the conference.

Bhutto was surprised to find that Mujib had become very pro Ayub in spite of the Agartala Case, and was determined to attend the conference. Furthermore Mujib tried to persuade Bhutto to attend, arguing that it was part of one's moral responsibility to ensure

stability, and that sterile excuses were not offered by men committed to a course of action. Zulfikar returned to West Pakistan somewhat disgusted and continued his tours, speaking against the conference and persuading people not to attend it.

On 24th March, Bhutto was flying from Karachi to Larkana for his aunt's funeral when for some mysterious reason his Fokker Friendship aircraft was diverted to Pindi on some trumped up excuse about mechanical trouble, bad weather or some such thing. No sooner had he arrived in Pindi than General Yahya Khan, who was the Commander-in-Chief, sent for him. Bhutto, who knew Yahya well, having dealt with him in the past, saw no reason not to meet him.

Bhutto found Yahya very nervous and jittery, not at all happy with the situation as it was developing. In order to gain Bhutto's confidence Yahya told him that he thought Ayub had failed and that he would have to take over. What did Bhutto have to say to this proposition?

At this stage, having very limited options Bhutto agreed—provided Yahya satisfied three conditions imposed by him. First of all Bhutto wanted Pakistan to follow an independent foreign policy; secondly, he wanted Yahya to break up the One Unit (West Pakistan Unit) and restore the four provinces, Punjab, Sindh, N.W.F.P. and Baluchistan and finally general elections based on adult franchise to be held within a year.

It was a very clever move on the part of Zulfikar. At one shot he got Yahya to accept a foreign policy which he himself had been advocating, thereby ensuring his influence over the Government; he got Yahya to restore the four provinces so that the odium if any attached to such a move would be borne by Yahya Khan; finally, he set a time limit for the general elections and thereby put a similar time limit on the interim arrangement presided over by Yahya Khan.

Yahya on the other hand was relieved to find that no more was demanded of him, and readily agreed to all Bhutto's suggestions.

On 26th March 1969, Ayub finally resigned and handed over power to Yahya Khan his Commander-in-Chief, who in return assured him full protection. Bhutto at this stage called off the movement and relative peace was restored.

This does not however mean that Bhutto was ever more than neutral towards the Yahya Khan regime. His attitude was in fact one of 'wait and see'. Even when Yahya Khan went out of his way to mollify Bhutto by inviting him to advise the Government when ever necessary in international affairs he turned the offer down because he believed that the Yahya Government had come to power without a true mandate and it would not be advisable to associate himself with such an administration.

In a statement on 10th June 1969, Bhutto clearly outlined his views on autocratic regimes, his remarks being apt enough to cover both Ayub Khan (at whom they were specifically directed) and his successor Bhutto said:

“During the regime of Ayub Khan there was much empty boasting about the stability of Pakistan. Stability comes with the resolution of fundamental disputes and with the creation of permanent institutions. It does not come by the perpetuation in power of an individual by threat, fear and force. . . . A country divided into two halves and separated by a thousand miles of hostile territories requires participation of both its wings to cement the bonds of unity.’

Bhutto’s remarks on this occasion clearly show that by no means he was averse to the legitimate aspirations of the eastern wing or shared the views of Ayub Khan, Yahya Khan or other West Pakistani ‘strong men’ who would have liked to keep their eastern brethren permanently in a kind of second class citizenship. Bhutto’s stand as well as his party’s position on East Pakistan was in fact that East Pakistan had been consistently exploited, and that there should be a political settlement of the issues involved.

Even when he was Foreign Minister under Ayub Khan he had urged the President to negotiate a political settlement with Mujibur Rahman and not to have him arrested and put in jail.

Bhutto himself was in fact immensely popular in East Pakistan. Soon after relinquishing his Foreign Ministership he had visited Dacca and had been given a spontaneous standing ovation by the entire crowd when he visited the packed stadium to watch a cricket test match.

True to his word Yahya Khan broke up the unit in West Pakistan and the four states of West Pakistan were again reborn.

In November 1969 Yahya issued a Legal Framework Order scheme which included a detailed study of how power should be transferred from the military to civilian rule. The legal order not only called for elections but also established the guidelines on which the constitution was to be framed. It stated that the’ election campaign would continue for a year, after which the Assembly would meet and which within 120 days had to come up with a constitution which again was subject to the presidential veto.

In January 1970, the campaign began. It was the first election after 14 years of dictatorship: it was also the first election based on adult franchise that Pakistan had known in 24 years. The election campaign was a free-for-all, with innumerable candidates entering the field to take their chances in the first ever free election to be held in the country.

In April 1970, President Yahya Khan’s daughter was to get married. A large number of distinguished guests, including Zulfikar Ali Bhutto had been invited from all over Pakistan. There was considerable bonhomie and in the midst of the festivities Yahya Khan was heard bragging about his having kept his promise. He then turned round to Bhutto and said that he had kept his word so You fellows must now take over.” In reply Bhutto cautioned him not to be so jubilant. He told Yahya that he saw a great many

pitfalls ahead, that after a year of quarrelling amongst the candidates some would fall by the wayside, that others would be devoured by the birds. After such a campaign the elected representatives would do nothing but quarrel making it impossible to agree on any constitution within 120 days. This in turn would induce General Yahya Khan to declare that the politicians had again failed and that he had been once again called upon to lead the country.

In case this happened. Bhutto warned Yahya there would be a terrible blood bath and this time the military would not get away with it. Yahya was upset with Bhutto's remark and suggested that they discuss this further privately and not before the entire assemblage.

When they met in confidence Zulfikar described in detail to Yahya what apprehensions he had and what pitfalls he visualized. Bhutto also recalled a meeting held in March 1969 (when autonomy was still the bone of contention) and said that it might have been better, had all the leaders been called in and promised whatever they wanted—provided only that they all agreed on a rational programme for states' autonomy.

From this conversation it appeared to Bhutto that Yahya had no intention of relinquishing power and that the Legal Framework Order had been contrived to bring about precisely such a situation.

Bhutto was therefore led to the conclusion that this entire drama was an exercise in futility.

The Yahya Khan regime had repeatedly proclaimed that it would remain neutral and impartial during the 1970 election campaign. In fact nothing of the kind happened, and several Ministers of the Government abused their authority to the detriment of the Pakistan People's Party. Their attitude was in no way surprising since it was merely a reflection of the posture their leader had chosen to adopt. For although General Yahya Khan had described himself with unwonted modesty as a 'referee', Bhutto in his very first public meeting after the reintroduction of the political debate was driven to complain sarcastically about the kind of referee who went out of his way to kick a goal against one of the teams. The harassment Bhutto had suffered at Ayub Khan's hand was in fact repeated under his successor, although perhaps not quite so blatantly.

The Government threw almost its entire resources against the People's Party, and on 1st January 1970 Yahya Khan appointed his brother Aga Mohammed Ali as head of - the National Security Council, with specific instructions to impede the progress of Bhutto's party and do all he could to break it up.

The 'referee's' henchmen in fact behaved outrageously in an umpirelike fashion when they set about collecting large funds for the election campaign in East Pakistan, and on behalf of the opponents of the Pakistan People's Party in West Pakistan. The police at the same time did all they could to harass Bhutto and his party members, and turned a blind eye to any and all complaints.

Matters came to a head when after an attempt on Bhutto's life on 31st March 1970, Government tried to draw a veil over the incident, taking nominal action against a few of the culprits and refusing the widespread demand for a probe.

Yahya Khan in fact grew to dislike Bhutto to such an extent that he openly remarked on one occasion that Bhutto was far more dangerous than Mujibur Rahman. It is not surprising that in view of this antagonism certain members of the Establishment went about openly proclaiming that they would 'feed Bhutto to the dogs'.

However, despite all this harassment, there was nothing to do but persist in his methods within the framework of the presidential order. After this meeting Yahya did whatever he could—quietly and secretly—to harass Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and members of his Pakistan People's Party.

Pakistan People's Party

SEeking to give Pakistan a completely new look, Bhutto was determined to effect a series of comprehensive and radical changes which were finally incorporated in his election manifesto, issued in 1970, which clearly stated that the main goal of his party would be 'the attainment of a classless society', a goal which, according to Bhutto, was possible 'only through socialism in our time'.

The manifesto defined socialism as 'true equality of the citizens, fraternity under the rule of democracy in an order based on economic and social justice'. In order to achieve its aims, the party would "bring about peacefully early changes in the economic structure, leading logically to a more judicious socio-economic order by opening the gates to progressive change in the direction of the final goal."

On the face of it, such verbiage sounds rather Nehruvian, but to be fair to Bhutto, once he got down to specific aspects of national life, he was not in the least vague about either the ends he wished to attain, or the means he wanted to employ.

His foreign policy, for instance, was aimed to "get out of entanglements with imperialistic neo-colonialist powers"—which in effect meant that Pakistan would immediately withdraw from the SEATO and CENTO pacts.

The clearly leftist orientation of this policy was further emphasized by the manifesto declaring Pakistan's support for oppressed people against the imperialist and neo-colonialist powers and in particular for the people of North Vietnam.

Yet despite this bias, the manifesto declared that Pakistan would maintain 'good relations on the basis of reciprocity with the great powers.'

It added in the next breath, however, that Pakistan would support liberation movements all over the world. Towards India (obviously with an eye on the Pakistan electorate) the manifesto declared that 'a policy of confrontation' would be maintained until outstanding Indo-Pak disputes were settled.

For good measure the manifesto attacked Israel, supported the secessionist movement in Eritrea, and promised an active policy 'to combat racialism everywhere'.

On the economic front, widespread changes were foreshadowed in the manifesto. Although the Pakistan P Party accepted the 'possibility of a mixed economy', it was made clear that 'all the major sources of the production of wealth' would be placed within the public sector, and that the private sector would be confined to areas of production where small enterprises could be efficient.

Among the industries targeted for nationalization were iron and steel, heavy engineering, machine tools, chemicals, automobiles, electronics, cement, paper and defense industries.

The manifesto added that jute and textiles would also be taken over, as well as mining and ore processing, while the export trade would be the exclusive preserve of State corporations and that what little was left to the private sector would be subject to stringent regulations and quality control.

To ensure proper financing, all banks and insurance companies would be taken over 'forthwith' and taxation would be rationalized in the sense that it would come from 'the surplus value created in industry, agriculture and the rest of the activities employing human labor and effort.'

Under the existing system, the manifesto said, taxes were collected efficiently only from salaried employees and fixed income groups. Henceforth, evasion would be cut down, farming out of taxes would be prohibited, and auctioning of collection rights would be abolished.

In one notably puritanical or retrograde measure, even advertising would be restricted. From now on, it would be 'purely informative, helping the prospective customer to know where to buy the goods or the service advertised.

To cure Pakistan's agrarian problems, the 'phony' land reforms instituted by Ayub Khan would be set aside and the large feudal estates would be broken up. The land ceiling would be between 50 and 150 acres, though productivity of particular regions would be taken into account in setting the ceilings.

The surplus land so obtained would be given to landless peasants, to those holding land below subsistence level, and to social co-operative farms.

In order to integrate the urban and rural economies, some 200 'agrovilles' would be founded, small townships linked functionally with the rural areas. Each agrovillage would have a main square, a town hall, co-operative offices, a library, and a civic centre where the citizens could meet for festivities and exhibitions.

The manifesto also promised the establishment of State farms and social co-operatives to encourage cattle raising dairies and poultry breeding, as well as effective afforestation measures to conserve the country's meagre timber resources and prevent destructive exploitation of forests.

Irrigation in the form of canals, drainage and flood control works was given priority, as well as measures to counter water-logging and salinity.

To the workers, the manifesto held out the hope of 'work to every able-bodied person according to his abilities and qualifications regardless of class or origin.' Skilled personnel would not be affected by nationalization and the growth of trade unions would

be promoted in all sectors of industry, with International Labor Organization standards enforced as the ‘minimum necessary for the protection of the workers.’

Provision would also be made for old age pensions and homes for disabled workers.

The manifesto assured radical changes in the administrative procedure and promised “to make the official personally more responsible for his actions, especially in matters relating to his dealings with the public. The present rule of anonymity will have to be drastically modified.”

This was a truly revolutionary measure, for in Pakistan as in India, public officials behave like in gods, not caring a damn for the citizens they are supposed to serve, confident that whatever arrogance they indulge in will be supported by their superiors right up to the ministerial level.

To prevent such high-handedness, the Pakistan People’s Party manifesto promised that Administrative Courts would be set up in which private parties could sue Government departments for damages caused by official delay, and contractors could sue the Government to obtain their dues.

In the field of jail reforms, the manifesto declared that physical conditions in prisons would be radically improved and a clear distinction made between hardened criminals who had committed serious crimes and first offenders.

In education the manifesto promised free and compulsory primary education, equal opportunities for everyone to get higher education, and an adequate voice for the students in university affairs

As regards the press, the Pakistan People’s Party advocated a liberal policy and an end to ‘censorship of true news items’ on the ground that “we ought to know not only the pleasant things about ourselves, but also the unpleasant facts. We must stop thinking of ourselves as condemned to perpetual immaturity of mind under the tutelage of guardians.”

In the matter of health, a number of bold and radical measures were set forth. The problems in any case were truly horrendous, for to quote directly from the manifesto, “ten per cent of the population suffer from some mental defect, ranging from idiocy and raving madness to loss of mental equilibrium.”

One of the far-reaching changes proposed by the Pakistan People’s Party manifesto was in the electoral system. Bhutto advocated a system of voting for party lists, not for individual candidates. The number of candidates elected from each party would be proportionate to the total number of valid votes cast. In this system “It will depend on the political party concerned how its candidates are placed in respect of priority in its list. Since the local boss cannot by merely spending money hope to get elected unless his name stands high on his party’s list, election expenses will quickly be confined to essentials and political conviction will become more important than personal influence.”

Many of these changes are feasible and necessary, some smack of pure demagoguery, but as the manifesto proclaimed in its conclusion, the Pakistan People's Party's main aim was to overthrow a corrupt dictatorship, and this was possible only by winning total popular support.

It is ironic that with all its lip sympathy to the citizen's rights the manifesto ends with the slogan 'all power to the people' the same slogan that dictators have always used to enslave the very people through whom they have come to power.

My only advice to Zulfi would be not to ape India in its massive, but meaningless, legislation in his fervour to burnish his socialist image. Instead he could learn a great deal by studying the innumerable failures caused by the dogmatic postures taken by Indian leaders and avoid the pitfalls inherent in chasing socialist clichés.

Meanwhile, in September 1970, there were floods in East Pakistan. The Muslim League, which was Yahya's party, had been telling him that they were slowly getting around to breaking Bhutto's hold on his party and on the people, and that all they needed was another two months to finish off the Pakistan People's Party completely. These floods in East Pakistan were seized upon as an excellent pretext for postponing the elections, in spite of protests from every side, particularly the Pakistan People's Party.

Yahya now flew to Dacca for ten days, presumably to sympathise with the flood victims; during this period the harassment of the Pakistan People's Party and its workers was intensified. By 3rd October 1970 candidates of the Pakistan People's Party were put in jail, where they languished for the rest of the election period, but nevertheless won their seats while still in jail. In November Yahya was scheduled to visit China. On his way he stopped in Dacca, where he met Mujib and told him that he could become the Prime Minister and Yahya would become the President; Mujib should, however, find some way of controlling Bhutto.

In relating this story to Bhutto some time later, Mujib added that he had advised Yahya not to take any precipitate action such as putting Bhutto in jail. General Mohammed Omar, who was also present, is supposed to have said that if Yahya Khan gave the word, he would feed Bhutto's body to the dogs!

Meanwhile, Yahya's advisers and party men were finally convinced that Bhutto had lost ground in West Pakistan and could at the most get about twelve seats.

Everything was set for the elections. At this time a tragedy overtook East Bengal. A devastating cyclone rendered five million people homeless. On this occasion all the parties made fervent appeals to Yahya to postpone the elections. But Yahya remained adamant. The only party that did not wish a postponement was Mujib's Awami League. In disgust, all the parties in East Bengal withdrew from the contest, even though their names appeared on the ballot papers, except two independents, who stood and won.

It was rightly felt that if the earlier floods, which were relatively minor, could form the basis of a postponement of the elections, there was no reason why a monumental tragedy like the cyclone could not induce the same response. It was therefore suspected that there had been some secret understanding between Yahya and Mujib.

AT THIS STAGE it was evident to Zulfikar Ali Bhutto that Yahya's Legal Framework Order was inoperable. Without prior agreement between the leaders a constitution could not be framed within the stipulated period, and unless some understanding was reached by the leaders prior to the sitting of the National Assembly Mujib's six-point programme would run into a deadlock. If the method of framing a constitution was to be by majority vote, Mujib would carry the day and in fact write a constitution based on his six points. When confronted, Yahya informed Bhutto that he had discussed the matter with Mujib and that the latter had promised to climb down from his six-point programme once the elections were over.

The elections were held—with results that are now well known. Mujib won a preponderant majority in East Bengal, while Bhutto and the Pakistan People's Party won an impressive victory in the West. Yahya sent telegrams of congratulations to both the winners. Bhutto did not reply till one of Yahya's aides called him up and told him that the President expected a reply.

In January 1971 Yahya went to East Pakistan to meet Mujib. After the meeting, Yahya, in the presence of Mujib, told the press that they were both fully satisfied with the outcome and added that he had just concluded discussions with the future Prime Minister of Pakistan.

Thereafter Yahya returned to West Pakistan and insisted on visiting Zulfikar at his home in Larkana. The meeting was very cordial, with Yahya oozing sweetness and honey, asking Bhutto to forget the past and to co-operate with him in the future. Bhutto said this was all very well, but what about the six-point programme? Yahya on his part asked Bhutto what was wrong with it; apparently Mujib had convinced him that he should accept his formulations.

Zulfikar explained to Yahya that any climb-down by Mujib from his six-point programme should be with Zulfi's knowledge and concurrence, and that this was a problem which could only be solved by persuading Mujib to accept something else in order to preserve the unity of Pakistan. Zulfi explained to Yahya that autonomy for one province would mean autonomy for the other four provinces, and that what they would really be creating would be five semi-independent states, or at any rate two, East and West, and that each state would thereafter have equal powers. If such an arrangement came into being, Pakistan would no longer be a federation of five autonomous provinces but would become a confederation of five semi-independent states.

Yahya's reaction to Bhutto's argument was entirely typical. He said he was a soldier and did not understand the difference between federation and confederation, and declared that

all he wanted was to keep the country together, and told Bhutto that if he wanted any change he would have to discuss it directly with Mujib.

So on 27th January 1971 Bhutto went to East Pakistan to meet Mujib. Meanwhile, Mujib's attitude had changed. He told Bhutto that he was not prepared to talk to him unless he accepted the six-point programme. When Bhutto reminded him that he had made a deal with Yahya in which he had agreed to climb down from his six-point programme, Mujib retorted by saying words to the effect that that was only to fool a military dictator. At one time the six-point programme was his creation; it had now become the property of the people of Bengal.

Mujib also started complicating the issue by making further demands, and according to Bhutto in *The Great Tragedy*, imposed on the people of the West wing an external debt of Rs. 38,000 million out of Rs. 40,000 million and an internal debt of Rs. 31,000 million. According to the Awami League's calculations, the four provinces of the West wing would have to make a contribution of approximately 74 per cent to fulfill the federal requirements. East Pakistan's contribution was to be 24 per cent, notwithstanding the fact that its population was 56 per cent of the total. Moreover, it was intended to set off East Pakistan's contribution against the 'reparations' it claimed to be due from the West wing. This would have meant that West Pakistan would have had to carry the entire financial burden of the Central Government for several years and accept most of the liabilities and debt repayments for the last 24 years, which would stop all development of the West, while it helped only the development of The East. These demands were to become a constitutional obligation on the West wing.

Bhutto and his party were in no position to accept these demands. It would have to be something only the people of West Pakistan could accept—or at best what the elected representatives of the West wing would have to accept.

As for the six-point programme, Bhutto explained to Mujib that although he could not agree to it in toto he would try his best to get the people of West Pakistan to accept as much of it as was possible. In order to do this he needed time, so he suggested that perhaps the meeting of the Assembly of 15th February 1971 could be postponed by a few weeks to enable him to find out to what extent the six-point programme could be sold to the West wing.

Mujib refused to accept any postponement because it obviously did not fit in with his own strategy, which was to bulldoze the six points through the National Assembly, frame the constitution on that basis, and present Pakistan with a *fait accompli*.

Bhutto pleaded with Mujib either to come to an agreement on the six-point programme or to waive the 120-day restriction imposed by the Legal Framework Order. Failing this he pleaded that the National Assembly should not be called for a few weeks, until 23rd March 1971, to give him more time for negotiations. He said that if neither was done, it would be impossible to keep the Assembly intact. But it appeared to Bhutto that Mujib had closed his mind and was not amenable to reason any more. Nevertheless Bhutto

returned to West Pakistan and point by point tried to sell Mujib's six-point programme to the West Pakistanis. By 28th February at a mammoth meeting of a million people in Lahore, Bhutto had got the West Pakistanis to agree to four and a half to five points of Mujib's programme, in fact on everything except currency, trade and aid.

Having succeeded this far in selling almost five points, he appealed to Mujib to let him have a little more time so that full agreement could be reached. Meanwhile Yahya all of a sudden woke up and was apprehensive that some agreement was being reached. So he abruptly postponed the Assembly sine die (it was due to meet on 2nd or 3rd March) and did not even fix a date when it would next be convened.

When Bhutto heard that Yahya had postponed the Assembly sine die, he felt that now there would be trouble, and remonstrated with Yahya for not having fixed an alternate date. Yahya turned round and said that when he did not want to postpone the Assembly Bhutto had insisted that he do so, but now when he did postpone it Bhutto had begun to question the postponement. Anyway, Yahya refused to fix a date, and instead called a conference. Mujib refused to attend and the conference was cancelled.

The postponement of the Assembly created havoc, particularly in East Pakistan. Mujib had seized virtual control of East Pakistan and had begun issuing order to all and sundry. His writ ran over every thing—including the radio and television. He had in fact become the *de facto* authority in East Pakistan, though *de jure* authority was beyond his reach in the absence of any legal sanctions. Meanwhile, although the law and order situation deteriorated beyond control, Yahya lapsed into inactivity and made no move towards reinstating normal conditions in East Pakistan.

Finally on 17th March 1971 Yahya went to Dacca and requested Bhutto to go along with him. Bhutto refused, saying he was not prepared to go to East Pakistan unless Mujib agreed to talk. Two days later Yahya sent him a telegram saying that Mujib wished to talk to him. On 20th March Bhutto went to Dacca and met Mujib in the presence of Yahya. Mujib said that he did not wish to talk to Bhutto and that Yahya could inform him of Mujib's plan, where upon Bhutto left. But on the way out Mujib grabbed him by the hand and said: "Brother, save me," and started making proposals aimed at arriving at an understanding.

Bhutto told him, "Let us not talk here, let us go into the garden." So they walked in the garden, where Mujib told Bhutto that he should become the Prime Minister of West Pakistan, and Mujib the Prime Minister of East Pakistan. He also warned Bhutto not to trust the military, who would destroy them both. To this Bhutto's reply was typical: "I would much rather be destroyed by the military than by history."

Before they parted Mujib expressed a desire that they should meet again at night, whereupon Zulfi retorted that he had not come to East Pakistan like a thief prepared for clandestine meetings. How ever he agreed to send Mujib a trusted man if it was necessary.

Yahya, who had been watching the two from his room by peeping through the curtains, sent his military secretary to ask Bhutto to meet Yahya again. Yahya immediately asked him “What is this? A honeymoon?” Whereupon Zulfikar replied that Mujib had only been explaining his scheme of having two separate committees of the National Assembly, one for the East and the other for the West, after which the National Assembly could meet and tie up the proposals neatly at the top.

By now the Awami League had modified its original proposals. It now wanted two Constitutional Conventions instead of two Committees. It wanted the Conventions to submit two Constitutions, not merely reports containing proposals, to the National Assembly, which would later meet to tie up the two Constitutions forming a Confederate of Pakistan. This was the first time the Awami League had formally proposed a Confederation for Pakistan.

Zulfikar, out of desperation, agreed to the proposal, provided the National Assembly itself accepted to begin with, as otherwise it would create a power vacuum. On 23rd March 1971 Mujib rejected Bhutto’s condition.

On 24th March Bhutto went to meet Yahya and immediately suspected that there was something in the air. Yahya showed complete disinterest in whatever was said and Bhutto felt that Yahya had finally made up his mind about taking military action.

Bhutto confronted him with this and tried to dissuade Yahya, saying that it was too late as well as too undesirable to try and control the situation by force, and that Yahya was ill-equipped to deal with it. Yahya said that he would think about it and speak to Zulfikar on the following day, 25th March 1971.

Bhutto waited the rest of the day to receive some message from Yahya; when finally he did not hear from Yahya he sent the Governor of Punjab to meet Mujib in order to find out what was happening. Mujib asked the Governor incredulously “Don’t you know that Yahya has already left for West Pakistan?”

When Bhutto heard this he did not believe it and ‘contacted the President’s House, where he was told that Yahya had gone to attend a dinner at the Eastern Command mess. Bhutto phoned the mess and was told that the President was at dinner and would not be available, whereupon Bhutto assumed that Mujib had been wrongly informed.

At 11.00 p.m. on the night of 25th March 1971, the Army struck. Bhutto often wondered why he was left behind in East Pakistan if Yahya wanted to take military action. He has now come to the conclusion that this was done deliberately so that Bhutto could observe the might and firepower of the army. Staying at the Dacca Intercontinental, Bhutto had a bird’s-eye view when the army decided to crack down.

The next day Bhutto left for West Pakistan. On the same plane was General Mohammed Omar. But the attitude of the General was very different from what it had been only two days earlier. Even one of Bhutto’s aides noticed it and drew his attention to it.

Back in West Pakistan on 27th March 1971, Bhutto warned General Pirzada that if he thought he could subdue Mujibur Rahman and then try the same on West Pakistan, he was going to be a very sorry man. He also told the General that this military approach was asinine. Pirzada could only make the lame excuse that Zulfi did not understand how hard the President had tried to persuade Mujib to modify his stand.

Along with the reign of terror in East Bengal, Yahya had also launched every type of harassment against Bhutto and his party.

Thereafter Yahya became completely incommunicado and Zulfi had no opportunity of meeting him. When finally he did manage to see him in April 1971, Yahya told him that the back of the secessionists had been broken and that he need have no fear about East Pakistan. Zulfi told him that this was an entirely wrong assessment and that he had allowed things to get out of his hand. The guerrillas were being whipped up with hatred and the problem of the refugees would complicate matters further. He added that the rains would soon come, when the army would find it difficult to operate, and the guerrillas would reap the advantages of this hatred to make reconciliation impossible.

Zulfi found that Yahya was not in the least concerned; he informed Zulfi that these were military matters about which he understood nothing and warned him as a friend to behave; he also made it clear that he would not stand for any more inflammatory speeches and that if Bhutto persisted, he would have to deal with Bhutto in the same manner.

Bhutto simply got up and walked out, saying that he had not come there to be threatened. General Pirzada ran after him and tried to pacify him.

Very soon speeches against Bhutto were started in the army to brainwash the younger officers who were supporting him. The rains came and the situation deteriorated, as predicted by Bhutto.

Meanwhile, the Soviets had decided to take a hand in the matter and there was some exchange of correspondence between Yahya and the Soviet leadership. Finally when the tide turned against the army in East Pakistan Yahya felt cornered and asked Bhutto to find a solution. Bhutto told him to hand over power to a civilian government and let them negotiate with Mujib. A few days later Yahya again called Bhutto, when Bhutto once again asked him to hand over power. Lifting a match box and pushing it toward Zulfi, Yahya asked "Is it as simple as this?" Zulfi picked up the match box and pushed it back to Yahya, saying "Yes, it is as simple as that."

It was suggested that an interim government be set up in East Pakistan by 10 or 15 honest citizens. In pursuance of this Yahya appointed A.M. Malik as Governor of East Pakistan. Finally, at a public meeting at the Metropole Hotel, Yahya gave a jingoistic speech in which he said that if India wanted war she could have it. Bhutto contradicted the speech immediately and Yahya got irritated and asked him the reason for contradicting him.

Zulfi replied, “Because you are not prepared for war—particularly with an army which has been in politics for 14 years.”

Who Was Responsible?

I HAVE GIVEN the last chapters in narrative form deliberately because it has been maintained in several quarters that it was Zulfikar Au Bhutto who precipitated the crisis in the East and urged General Yahya Khan on, so that he could become Prime Minister and not have to play second fiddle to Mujibur Rahman. If after going through this narrative the reader comes to the conclusion that the accusation against Bhutto is justified, he has grounds enough for the assumption, since it is inevitable that some may feel that Zulfi could have taken measures to avert the sequence of events that led to the break-up of Pakistan and the creation of Bangladesh. However, it is equally possible not to arrive at that conclusion if one understands and evaluates Zulfikar All Bhutto's motivations from childhood, and particularly in the last three critical years.

Bhutto did fervently believe in the two-nation theory and he has always been a fervent votary of a strong Pakistan following an independent foreign policy along with progressive economic policies at home. He was the first to observe and to point out the injustice being done to the eastern region of Pakistan. He was the strongest advocate of economic justice and fair play between the two wings of Pakistan. But he never deviated from his desire to hold Pakistan together, whatever the cost might be to him personally, or to his country.

Bhutto's differences with Mujib arose on the interpretation of the six-point programme; Bhutto maintained that it would lead to a split in Pakistan and also had his doubt all along as to whether that was indeed what Mujib wanted. History will argue for generations to come whether Bhutto's acceptance of the six-point programme would or would not have led to the break-up of Pakistan. But each man acts according to his lights, in the manner in which he sees the situation at any particular point. If Zulfi's judgment erred, he is guilty of having made a political mistake—but cannot be accused of having acted in his own selfish interest.

Constitutionally and politically Bhutto's position was correct when he insisted that if Pakistan was constituted into a genuine federal republic of autonomous provinces, Bhutto and the Pakistan People's Party were quite prepared to sit in opposition. But if Mujib's six-point programme was accepted in toto and Pakistan became merely a confederation of semi-independent states, then it was necessary that all the confederating states' should share in the power at the Centre. This argument was unexceptionable, if for no other reason, on the simple logic that a confederation has built into its system the right for any unit to secede. Such a confederation cannot be the preserve of merely a majority party, because it would reduce the other states to the level of vassals.

From early childhood Zulfi had dreamed of a united Pakistan, and recent events were moving towards the shattering of that dream. It is only natural that Bhutto acted in the manner that he did. As a matter of fact I marvel at his restraint, patience and tolerance.

While Bhutto fanatically believed in the unity of Pakistan, he was not blind to the legitimate grievances of the East wing. In his book *The Great Tragedy*, which was published on 29th September 1971, when the tragedy was already rushing to its climax, Bhutto wrote:

“The differences between Mujibur Rahman and myself arose on principles. It was a struggle of conflicting equities. For Mujibur Rahman equity lay in an independent Bengal; for me in the retention of Pakistan.”

When President Yahya Khan described Mujibur Rahman’s action in East Pakistan as ‘treason’ and wanted to adopt draconian measures Bhutto took pains to try and convince General Pirzada that, although limited military action might be necessary as a last resort to counter secession, East Pakistan could not be saved unless, simultaneously, a solution of a political nature was found and there was an end to domination and exploitation, both political and economic, of the East by the West.

Bhutto certainly did not approve of the barbarity which the Yahya Khan regime was already indulging in. On 13th August 1971 he pointed out that “in this reign of arbitrary dispensation where whipping takes place indiscriminately and where the junta’s saliva is the constitution of Pakistan”, talk about “justice”, “lawful duties”, “fundamental rights”, “due process”, and “rule of law” had become meaningless, and had virtually been forgotten by the people.

To the bitter end Bhutto tried desperately to prevent Yahya Khan from resorting to brute force. Soon after his return from a visit to Tehran, where he had openly said that the military could not solve Pakistan’s problems, Bhutto wrote a letter to Yahya Khan in which he said

“The crisis the nation is going through cannot be overcome without the participation of the people, without the people controlling their own national destiny, without a people’s government.”

In the same letter he went on to point out that the elected representatives of the two wings of Pakistan had a mandate to frame the constitution within the concept of one Pakistan, and that the sanction of the people was a basic requirement in the making and working of the constitution.

Pointing out that Yahya Khan had no mandate to frame the constitution, Bhutto declared:

“No constitution can hope to work successfully until it reflects the will of, and is accepted by, the people.”

For good measure he added that if he had refused in the national interest to put his thumb impression on Mujibur Rahman's constitution, which would have been a constitution drawn by an elected Assembly, he could not conceivably be expected to rubber stamp a constitution dictated by Yahya Khan.

If there had been forces at work in Pakistan which did not want to see its disintegration, the tragedy might have been averted. President and Chief Martial Law Administrator General Yahya Khan, when he proclaimed his Legal Framework Order, should have made abundantly clear to all the political parties the extent of the autonomy that could be advocated within the context of one country.

If Mujib's six-point programme fell outside the scope of the Legal Framework Order, the time to have stemmed the rot was prior to the election, when Mujib could have been told that he could not campaign on the basis of his six points.

But having allowed Mujib to fight and win an election on the basis of his programme, it was thereafter unfair and even unwise to stop him from taking it to its natural culmination,

The fault, if any, for this laxity was first Ayub's and thereafter Yahya's, but never Zulfi's. After all, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and the Pakistan People's Party had also fought an election on the basis of a particular manifesto, and therefore it was nothing unusual for Bhutto to demand, advocate and propagate on the basis of his own manifesto, instead of one that belonged to some other party.

It is not my intention to suggest that Bhutto was not ambitious, nor can it be maintained that he was incapable of, or did not maneuver to fulfill his ambition. To the extent that such ambition did not work to the national detriment, Bhutto was justified in whatever he did. It is also wrong to assume that the blood bath that overtook East Pakistan was at Bhutto's instigation; Bhutto, like most people, is repelled by inhuman atrocities. In any case there was no way by which Bhutto could have known what Yahya and his military commanders were contemplating. Human barbarities are not exclusive preserves of one group or people. They are prevalent in all human beings to some extent, the problem of society being to contain them. It is only when a society allows itself to be permissive, to justify violence in one case while condemning it in the other that it leads to such large scale human misery.

If the simple logic of this argument can be refuted, the reader has every right to form his own judgment. There is sufficient force in the foregoing argument and enough evidence from Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's background to show that he could never be guilty of doing anything that might lead to the break-up of Pakistan.

There is, on the other hand, enough material to prove that it was Bhutto who was acutely conscious of the disparities between East and West Pakistan. It was Bhutto who pleaded with the military dictators to do justice to East Pakistan and thereby preserve the unity of the country. It was Yahya and not Bhutto who planned the military intervention in Bengal;

and finally it was Yahya who sneaked out of Dacca, leaving Bhutto to see and sample from the glass towers of the Dacca Intercontinental Hotel the full military might of Pakistan on that fateful night of 25th March 1971 when the guns started booming and East Bengal was ablaze with the repressive measures instituted by a mad military dictator against his own people.

Bhutto was to be taught by this spectacle to beware of the military. It was intended to intimidate him. It succeeded only in disgusting him.

Did it frighten Bhutto? No. It merely renewed his determination to oust the dictator, which he did on 20th December 1971.

A President in A Hurry

ALL TOO OFTEN election manifestos are only a means of trapping the electorate. Zulfikar All Bhutto, however, was extremely serious about carrying out, as soon as he humanly could, the assurances he had given to the people.

Bitter at past regimes which had oppressed the people and emasculated the nation's economy, he was obviously a man in a hurry when he took over Pakistan in December 1971.

The Baltimore Sun, astonished at the number of new reforms Bhutto was trying to push through, reported, "The catalogue grows daily as Mr. Bhutto works until dawn, sleeping only three or four hours each night."

Bhutto himself made no bones about wanting to achieve results in record time. He exuberantly told the same paper on 16th January 1972: "If you Americans think President Franklin Roosevelt had an amazing first hundred days, watch us!"

Bhutto took the oath of office as President of Pakistan on 21st April 1972, swearing to do right to all the people according to law, without fear or favor, affection or ill will. He had barely taken office when he cancelled more than ten crores worth of permits the previous regime had given to a handful of top people in Pakistan through acts of patent favoritism.

Imposing stringent State control, he took over 11 major industrial units with a capital investment of Rs. 25 crores. In short order import of motor cars and tractors was prohibited and a board of industrial management headed by the Finance Minister was instituted to look after the thirty major industries taken over by the Government.

Knowing that Bhutto meant business, affluent Pakistanis who had concealed foreign exchange holdings worth thirty crore rupees came forward to declare them—they realised they could no longer bribe their way free, if caught.

In pursuit of his declared policy of narrowing the gap between the rich and the poor, Bhutto rationalized pay scales throughout the country, raising the basic pay from forty per cent in the lowest category to ten per cent at higher levels, increasing house rent and conveyance allowances, and affording Government employees drawing less than Rs. 500 per month free schooling for their children.

Having made it clear that the national goal was increased production, Bhutto assured the workers a fair stake in the benefits. The workers' share in annual profits was raised from two to four per cent and a ten per cent bonus was guaranteed if production increased.

Bhutto himself was one of Pakistan's biggest landholders, possessing 250,000 acres at one time, but in line with his policies he introduced radical land reforms, putting strict limits on the amount of individual land holdings, shutting off every loophole, and providing for retroactive corrective measures to deal with violations of the law.

To see that education was imparted as effectively and rapidly as possible, Bhutto passed a law guaranteeing free schooling up to the eighth standard from 1st October 1972, and up to the tenth standard from 1st October 1974. He also nationalized schools and colleges, though whether this measure will benefit the people remains to be seen.

Regardless of whether his measures work, Bhutto's motives appear honest enough, for as he himself remarked, the previous regime had built plenty of schools but in effect the nation had "buildings without students, laboratories without equipment and classrooms without teachers."

In order to improve relations between the people and those in authority, the Bhutto Government set out to reorganize the police force and give it a new look. The Government set up district consultative committees to review the relations between the police and the public, creating an Ombudsman and Administrative Courts where the public could go with grievances against the administration. He raised the minimum salary of policemen to Rs. 110, and ensured that police personnel got disability pensions as well as pensions to widows of police officers killed in the discharge of their duties.

Perhaps the most significant move of all was the creation of a nation-wide People's Works Programme that would generate increased job opportunities, specially for technical personnel. The programme is still in its initial stages, but if successful it could work wonders, for the Government aims to harness manpower at every level and to run the Works Programme as a joint enterprise of the Government and the people, to ensure among other things that, "within a few years, the majority of families in Pakistan will have a house for themselves, no hawker or vendor will be without a shop, illiteracy will be wiped out, and communicable disease controlled."

Addressing the nation on 1st March 1972, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto announced 'a drastic reduction in the ceiling on individual land holdings'. He declared that the Government would not allow a few individuals to possess enormous tracts of land, while millions who produced the wealth of the nation struggled helplessly at a miserable level of existence.

The individual ceiling was reduced from 500 irrigated acres to 150 irrigated acres, and from 1,000 unirrigated acres to 300, or to an area equivalent to 15,000 'produce index units'. In effect, the new reform meant that the existing ceilings imposed by the land reforms of 1959 were slashed by seventy per cent.

One reason for the drastic reduction was that the official class had managed to circumvent the law and retain enormous land holdings despite the 1959 reforms. Under the new law, any Government servant who had acquired more than 100 acres of land

during his term of office or at the time of retirement would have to surrender the excess to the State.

The new reforms also protected the rights of tenants. Among other things it forbade arbitrary and capricious ejectments, shifted the liability for payment of water taxes from the tenant to the land lord, and made land owners responsible for providing and paying for the seeds for their tenants.

Whichever way one looks at it, these reforms were truly radical. As Bhutto himself said: “Under the new reforms the tiller of the soil will not be required to pay a paisa for the land that is given to him. He will be the new owner—without any encumbrances or liabilities.”

On 10th February 1972, President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto announced a New Labor Policy to give workers ‘their fundamental rights consistent with the requirements of industrial development of the State’. Under this new policy workers would be given participation in management of industries and workers’ representatives would be associated with management to the extent of twenty per cent at factory level.

In order to ensure that workers would not be denied their just benefits for increased productivity, Bhutto announced that hence forth workers would be able to appoint “an auditor with powers to inspect any accounts, records, premises or stores of a factory”, the auditor’s fees having to be paid by the management.

Under the existing law workers received two per cent of the annual profits; under the new law this would be raised to four per cent. As a further incentive, “if the workers increase productivity, they may receive an additional ten per cent of the increased profits.”

In order to ensure industrial harmony, if workers’ grievances were not set right within a reasonable time, either the worker himself or the shop steward could bring the grievance to the notice of the management, and if no redress was given within the prescribed period, the matter could be taken to the labor court, which would give its decision in twenty days (instead of the former sixty days).

On the other hand, in order to prevent workers abusing their new rights or launching strikes against the wishes of the majority of the labor force, the law made it obligatory for unions to hold a secret ballot before resorting to strikes.

The new law also pegged wages to prices, so that increase in minimum wages went hand in hand with increase in production. As Bhutto frankly confessed, Pakistan was facing a crisis in production which had to be surmounted by an increase in national wealth of society as a whole.

Strongly condemning the gheraos which had become an unpleasant feature of the labor scene, Bhutto said bluntly that the gherao was ‘a self-destructive procedure’ and that the

majority of the people were disgusted by these ‘demonstrations of hooliganism’ and wanted a return to ‘sensible and civilized methods of protest’.

His demagoguery regardless, Bhutto made it clear that if workers did not behave, “the strength of the street will be met by the strength of the State.” In a final appeal for normality, he urged workers to put an end to lawlessness because any future illegal demonstrations would be combated by ‘the full weight of the law’.

Most socialist governments promise their workers the moon and when it comes to putting words into action, go in for deficit financing and other hare-brained measures. Bhutto at least was honest enough to make it clear to his people that if they wanted a fair share of the nation’s wealth they had to increase the nation’s production, that without an increase in national prosperity there could be no increase in individual prosperity.

Announcing a ‘grand charter of the rights of workers’, Pakistan’s Minister for Labour, Mohammed Hanif, made it clear that while benefits given to workers were not to be regarded as charity, “they must also be connected with the profitability of an undertaking.”

Payment of bonus and extra wages are now obligatory under the new policy—but they are tied to increased productivity. Among the fringe benefits, apart from a higher bonus and special incentive, every worker in the larger undertakings will have the right to have one of his children educated up to the matriculation stage at the cost of his employer.

No longer can a worker be thrown out of employment unless reasons exist which are specifically recorded in the termination notice.

Trade unionism has been strengthened, but increased rights will go hand in hand with increased duties, and it had been made clear that an increase in the general level of real wages will depend on the expansion of the total output.

As the Finance Minister pointed out, “Let no one be under the wrong impression that he can be prosperous even if the general level of production and wealth for the country falls.”

In his speech announcing the new labor policy, he quoted with approval the remark of a foreign observer that if Asian societies want to be better off, “they must put more emphasis on work, less on leisure. There must be less factory absenteeism caused by long leave to go home for harvest or marriages. There must be more weeding and harrowing and less sitting on a cot under a tree, less talking in coffee houses and more study, less theory and more actual field work.”

Throughout the 60’s, Pakistan spent a great deal of money on education, particularly in the West—but it was money wasted, for it went on bricks and mortar instead of teachers, equipment and books. Education had hitherto been the preserve of the privileged, but

under Bhutto it was thrown open to every citizen regardless of race, religion, sect, origin or birth.

In the past, public schools had been a class preserve of the affluent. Under the new dispensation they will be open to gifted children, regardless of financial status or social background, and students who achieve the necessary standards will be provided education entirely free.

In order to relate education to employment opportunities polytechnics will be converted into technical colleges and industrial establishments in the public sector will be required to accommodate for training as many students as possible. To eradicate illiteracy, a massive campaign is being undertaken in every village and settlement throughout the country.

Introducing a far-reaching series of banking and exchange reforms, Bhutto empowered the State Bank to disband boards of directors of any bank indulging in malpractices or misusing funds for their own benefit.

To prevent banks giving large advances to a favored few, ceilings have been introduced on borrowings and banks have also been prohibited from making advances against stocks and shares to directors and their families.

Banks will no longer be allowed to write off big credits, and Agricultural Development Banks with branches throughout the country will provide credit to small farmers who are to acquire land under the recent land reforms.

These reforms were definitely overdue, for under past regimes malpractices were rampant. For example, bank managers charged commission on loans advanced, provided capital to favored customers without bothering about the soundness of the project, and allowed resources to be used by bank directors, executives and employees for their personal ends.

Most fantastic of all, banks regularly gave unsecured loans to favored parties at concessional rates without ever expecting to be repaid! All this is now at an end. No longer are banks controlled by a few rich families and no longer will directors be given lavish perquisites, their payments now being confined to traveling and daily allowances for attending meetings.

In the matter of currency exchange, the Finance Minister of Pakistan frankly admitted that expenditure had in recent years greatly exceeded income, so that the economy had to depend massively on deficit financing.

In 1968—69, monetary expansion ran to more than Rs. 170 crores, with Government printing more and more notes rather than trying for increased production. It is not surprising that within a year the expansion had risen to more than Rs. 100 crores, and that

the same trend continued until the recent change in government.

The Bhutto regime's solution is to face squarely up to the unpleasant truth that increased wealth depends on increased production.

Bonus vouchers for increased exports had been blatantly abused, with the result that Pakistan's foreign exchange availability was distorted beyond recognition and bonus vouchers had become an instrument to depreciate the exchange rate.

Production, meanwhile had been totally neglected, and industries were working far below their capacity. Steel construction, for instance, was 45 per cent below capacity, electrical instruments 42 per cent, pumping equipment 57 per cent, sewing machines 65 per cent, and agricultural implements 62 per cent.

As Foreign Minister Mubashir Hasan pointed out, exchange reforms involved hardships, but if exports were stepped up and production increased, the country would definitely benefit.

The Foreign Minister also admitted that the system of permits and quotas had given rise to corruption, black-marketing and hoarding, and made influential people and those with the right contacts rich overnight.

The existing system has now been scrapped. Small manufacturers will no longer be pushed to the wall. Industrial plants costing less than five lakh rupees will be allowed on aid and barter, while those costing less than two lakh rupees can be imported against cash.

The Government will also provide special incentives to ensure proper use of aid and barter and a rebate on import duty will be permitted for tied aid and barter-financed raw material imports.

Other than these, reforms were introduced on the freedom of the press, a language accord was reached, and fundamental reforms were introduced in the Judiciary to make the entire judicial process more meaningful.

By any standards, these are impressive advances, carried out in record time with sure and swift finality.

In contrast to Pakistan's military leaders, who felt that nothing more than force was necessary to keep a nation under subjection, Bhutto believed in democratic rule and felt no regime could be either secure or prosperous unless it had the backing of the majority of the people. Recent events have placed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and Sheikh Mujibur Rahman on opposite sides. The latter in particular has often given vent to acrimonious opinions and gone out of his way to run down the President of what is today a truncated and humiliated western Pakistan.

Memories tend to be short, but the truth is that Mujib, if he is alive today and head of the State of Bangladesh, owes his survival entirely to Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. While Yahya Khan was in control of Pakistan, Mujib's life was not worth a brass farthing. As the entire world knows, Yahya was capable even of that outrageous suggestion to Bhutto after the latter assumed command of Pakistan that he should quietly execute Mujib, predate the execution order and he (Yahya) would willingly sign it and accept the blame. Yahya's suggestion was the vindictive action of a defeated man, lacking either in humanity or in a soldier's traditional gallantry.

In strictly practical terms it would have been easy for Bhutto to have agreed to what Yahya wanted. The blame after all would not have been his, but Yahya's, nor there have been too many skeptics around to question anything that happened. The heartless manner in which Yahya had behaved earlier would have rendered it entirely plausible that Mujib had been executed in prison under Yahya's orders.

But that was not Zulfi's way. Killing a man in cold blood was repugnant to him, throwing the blame on another for the crime was something entirely alien to his character and temperament. Looking Yahya coolly up and down for a minute or so Bhutto more or less told him to forget such nonsense and informed him Mujib would soon be released unharmed.

In his new book, *Distant Neighbours*, Kuldip Nayar has thrown some doubts on the events preceding Mujib's release. According to Nayar, Bhutto's version was as follows:

“On December 23 when we met for the first time, Mujib took out the Koran and said, ‘I am a good Muslim. I still want Defense, Foreign Affairs and Currency to be Central subjects between the two regions.’

“On December 27, when we met for the second time, he was very vague, ‘I can't say the number of subjects (to be given to the Centre) and what kind of subjects, but links, certainly. I want to retain links.’

“I was skeptical, I told Mujib: ‘As you know, you are saying this here and I take you at your word, but when you go there, see the atmosphere and see all the young men with rifles around you, and having come back from the grave, you won't be able to do it.’ “He was positive. ‘No, no,’ he said, ‘the leader—*main leader hoon, main theek kar doonga.*’ (I am the leader, I shall set things right)—and that sort of thing.

“You know, I like him. The point is that there are so many problems and I don't think he bargained for half of those.”

Later Nayar met Mujib and conveyed to him Bhutto's account of the episode. Mujib flatly denied any such thing had happened and asserted in particular that the business about him swearing by the Koran to allow joint control of some subjects was a complete fabrication.

Mujib, in fact, told Kuldip Nayar, “Bhutto is a liar. I am grateful to him for saving my life, but that gives him no right to spread lies.”

In weighing the truth or otherwise of the statements made by Bhutto and Mujib, Kuldip Nayar tends to side with the latter. As he puts it

The versions are as different as the personalities of the men who gave them. Bhutto is flamboyant, dapper and uncertain; Mujib is retiring, simple and forthright. The former blows hot and cold in the same breath; the latter shows trust and steadfastness.”

In the circumstances one may assume that both Bhutto and Mujib will stick to their guns. But dubbing Bhutto ‘flamboyant’ and Mujib ‘steadfast’ are superficial readings at best, unconnected with their capacity to speak the truth.

After Bangladesh, there has been a tendency in India to lionize Mujibur Rahman and a parallel tendency to cut Bhutto down to size. It is not surprising therefore that Nayar tends to believe Mujib and discredit Bhutto. But placing the incident in its particular context it is difficult to believe that Bhutto made it all up. Is it really believable that Mujib, after months in the death cell fearing he would be executed any moment, would not have agreed to give Bhutto the assurance he wanted in return for his life and freedom?

There have been patriots who have held out against impossible conditions and paid with their lives. But considering the fact that Pakistan had been defeated, considering that Bhutto never had any real hatred towards Mujib, and considering that what he wanted was merely a political accommodation to preserve the unity of Pakistan, an impartial reading of the episode suggests that Mujib did give an assurance but saw no reason to live lip to it later— either because he was now out of danger or because he felt Bhutto had wrung the promise out of him unfairly.

It is worth pointing out that Bhutto never displayed active animosity towards Mujibur Rahman. Publications and official documents of Bhutto’s Pakistan People’s Party indicate that the party was often at variance with Mujib’s policies, but never to the point of unreason or hysteria. When Bhutto rejected Mujib’s Six-Point formula, he did so in a calm and dispassionate manner, rebutting the arguments point by point. He did not panic as Yahya was later to do or view Mujib’s proposals without further ado as the equivalent of high treason or as part of a sinister plot to destroy Pakistan.

There were in fact few real differences between what Mujib wanted and what Bhutto accepted as just and necessary. The following quotations from the booklet issued by the Pakistan People’s Party certainly give little sign of violent hostility to Mujib. In fact, despite the rebuttal of the Awami League’s proposals, there are several passages which support both Mujib’s aspirations and Mujib himself as a leading political personality.

The fact that all this was written long before the unhappy events in East Pakistan gives them added point:

“It is now more than one year and a half that Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, President of the Awami League Party and author of the ‘Six-Point Formula’, has been languishing in gaol. A man can be put behind prison bars; ideas cannot be confined to dungeons. The author has been deprived of his personal freedom, but what his mind conceived is now common knowledge and, furthermore, the emotion by which he was moved is shared in their hearts by millions of our people.

“It is, therefore, necessary that his ideas should be examined, pondered and discussed, even though he may be hindered from answering his critics. It would be of course preferable, and fairer besides, if he were at liberty today to explain and defend his opinions in speech or print; further, he could dispel many doubts about his intentions and also possibly reveal in what respects he has, after mature reflection, modified his previous views.

“One cannot take Sheikh Mujibur Rahman’s word that a certain proposal will have the very effect he says it will. Many a drug that used to be prescribed by physicians has been revealed, in the light of better knowledge, to be totally inefficacious against the disease it was believed to cure.”

Bhutto, far from denying that Mujib had reason to be disgruntled with the deal. He had been getting from West Pakistan, heartily agreed with him, as one can see the following passage:

“No good service would be done to the nation by closing one’s eye to unpleasant facts. The solutions to the grave economic and social problems of the country are not contained in fine words, exhortations and specious excuses, which are liable to be taken as proof of unwillingness to do justice to those who are wronged. What is the situation that has been responsible for producing a political demand like the six points of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman? If that is properly understood, the answers to the problems can be found.

“Nothing is gained by generating ill-will between the masses of the people of the two wings, who all belong to the same nation. In every case where economic exploitation is linked with political questions, the root cause of the trouble can be traced to the vested interests of privileged classes. The masses, to whatever region they belong, are the exploited ones.”

Bhutto goes into considerable detail to establish that there had in fact been a good deal of discrimination against the people of East Pakistan, but while ready to give them a better deal he stopped short of dismembering Pakistan. Solutions to the problem, although they would have entailed a great deal of effort as well as a great deal of goodwill on both sides, could certainly have been worked out if some way had been found to free the country from military rule and place it under civilian control. That Bhutto was keenly aware that East Pakistani discontent was justified may be seen from his own words:

“The imbalance in the service expenditure, though quite large, was not of a nature that gets automatically worse with time. On the contrary, it would have

commenced to diminish, first slowly and then very rapidly, if adequate investment in higher educational institutions had been made early in East Pakistan. As that was not done, the inevitable happened: educational standards did not rise but showed a marked tendency to deteriorate.

“In West Pakistan, on the other hand, more attention was paid to education and furthermore, the sons of the newly rich class created by Government’s economic policy had the necessary means to go abroad for higher education. The economic policy, added to the neglect of education in East Pakistan, made this kind of imbalance a serious factor in the discord between the two wings.

“The real trouble lay in the operation of an unsound economic policy. No attempt was made to create heavy industries, which would have constituted the foundation of a self-reliant system of industrialization. But that would have meant large-scale public investment, since such industries do not bring big profits in a short time. The whole emphasis was on the setting up of quick industries in private hands, so well protected against competition that the consumer was helplessly delivered over to the most shameless exploitation”

It takes more than a politician to admit such things openly. The mere fact that Bhutto stuck his neck out to side with the disaffected millions of the eastern region should have convinced them that he was on their side in everything up to outright independence. Mujib himself, until East Pakistan was liberated and Bangladesh became a reality, was by no means averse to East and West remaining united.

The march of events enabled Mujib to work for a total breakaway. Innate nationalism and a desperate desire to keep Pakistan united even after unity was manifestly impossible pushed Bhutto into the opposite camp. It was the kind of conflict that has often taken place in history. If Mujib’s attempt had failed, he would have been called a traitor; when Mujib succeeded, Bhutto found himself in the awkward position of being regarded as a reactionary who sought to subjugate a whole people against their will.

SOON AFTER BHUTTO became President of Pakistan, newspapers and periodicals kept hounding me to write articles about him but I assiduously turned them down. However, chance remarks that I made in the course of conversation in the Central Hall of Parliament kept appearing in newspapers here and there. Finally it occurred to me that since Bhutto had invariably received a hostile press in India— which, knowing him for 36 years I knew he did not deserve—it might be better to put the record straight, so I finally agreed to give an interview to the *Illustrated Weekly of India* which would give a more realistic appraisal of the man. I also gave them several photographs from my album. Regrettably, my interview was published along side articles, some of them superficial, others inaccurate, which to a large extent detracted from the purpose for which I had agreed to be interviewed.

During these days many people kept asking me if I had written to Zulfi congratulating him on his having become President. I kept saying that it was not necessary and that I was sure he understood my feelings. Soon after, I received a long letter from Zulfi. He had just read my interview, which must have prompted him to sit down and write. Amongst other things he wrote

“I do not have to tell you that our friendship remains unaffected by the passage of time and all that comes or goes with it. Our association is too deep-rooted to be disturbed by lack of communications. On numerous occasions I have recalled our happy days together in School and at the University. Recently, when I took charge of my country’s affairs in its most critical moment. I was tempted to telephone you but, on second thoughts, I refrained from doing so as there is no dearth of petty and stupid people on both sides. I do hope that we meet soon. I think events are pulling us inexorably in that direction. I believe that people in both countries are now anxious to turn from the path of hatred and suspicion to that of friendship and peace. The great pity, nay the great tragedy, is that we have lost many valuable years and in the process the poor in India and Pakistan have had to suffer an insufferable ordeal.

“This morning I received the issue of the *Illustrated Weekly of India* of 23rd January, 1972 carrying an article on me. The photographs published in it took me nostalgically back to each of those scenes—the one on the bench in Los Angeles is outside a tennis court; the other one with Omar Kureshi was taken on the lawns of the Bel Air Hotel, Beverly Hills, when your parents visited the United States. The Palm Springs one brought back to me vividly the conversation we were having at that moment. I doubt if you would remember it but then you have admitted in the interview that I possess a good memory. The photograph taken in the Willingdon Club in 1946 also brought to my mind the conversation we were

having at that time. The group photo graph was taken at the residence of. Omar Kureshi's friend, Mary Jane Finch....”

After receiving Zulft's letter, I felt I should do my patriotic duty. So I met the Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, to convey to her my impressions of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in order to help her to understand the type of person she would have to deal with, particularly as his public image in India was very different from the man himself. I also suggested to her that this was perhaps the most propitious time to arrive at an understanding with Pakistan, and that Bhutto was perhaps the best man on their side to deal with. Having done this, thereafter I took great pains to see that I did not get involved in any way in Indo-Pak relations.

I replied to Zulfi's letter towards the end of March and received a reply, which strangely never came direct to me but arrived from the External Affairs Ministry in the form of a transcribed message without date, salutations or signature, which among other things mentioned:

“...On the personal level I would like to assure you my friend that we will spare no effort to seek this long aenied *modus vivendi*. Naturally I will spare as much time as I can for discussions between you and me. But with all the tall orders of an Indo-Pakistan conference and the attendant factors associated with it I doubt we will find a tranquil enough atmosphere for the sort of discussions we both have in mind. May I suggest an alternative? After meeting in Delhi at your own convenience I would like you and Vina to come to Pakistan to stay with us for a while. It will be a kind of reunion with the family. I would like you to meet my children and get to know them. My eldest daughter flow at Rad-cliffe will also be with us for the summer vacations. We can go for two or three days to one of the hill stations that your army has not occupied in Kashmir. We still have some beautiful places left but I better not describe them else it might further whet your expansionist appetite.

“Looking forward to our meeting.”

After the Indo-Pakistan war of 1971 and the creation of Bangladesh, the political situation in India and Pakistan altered rapidly. A realization developed that it was futile to pursue old feuds and to continue with the theory of confrontation, which persisted over a quarter of a century. It was in this atmosphere that a Summit was suggested and, alter the usual cat and mouse play which keeps politicians and statesmen in business, was fixed to begin on 28th June 1972.

Times change and changing conditions make even the most inflexible ready to accept harsh realities. However belligerent Bhutto's 1967 opinions might have been today circumstances may have forced him to sober down and the habit still common in certain Indian circles of judging Bhutto by his past statements and even his present pronouncements is to make an incomplete assessment of his complex personality. The demagogue who could afford the luxury of a rigid posture five years ago has today been

toned down by the responsibilities of the president ship at least enough to accept what is possible rather than what he may even now consider the most desirable.

I feel this is both a fair and an accurate assessment of Bhutto's transformation, if any, from a man on the make to a man who has made it. There has been a noticeable change in style as well. A note of persuasion and pleading has crept in to replace some of the earlier fire and brimstone, and the limited success of this technique undoubtedly appears to have made Bhutto more confident and relaxed, enabling him to overcome any sense of insecurity he may have had. Zulfi has always been fond of saying that consistency is the hallmark of mediocrity, and has then on set out to prove his own greatness.

Rapid changes of posture do not necessarily signify a feeble will. On the contrary they represent a certain mastery of the situation, besides providing satisfaction in the game of oneupmanship, leaving opponents agape and a guessing, and therefore uncomfortable. At worst it is immoral; at best it is superior strategy. Bhutto, let us make no mistake, is above all a realist—although he may play his cards like a poker player—a great bluffer when he holds a poor hand, but always ready to arrive at mutually acceptable solutions if his opponent is big enough or shrewd enough not to push him into a corner.

People who judge him only by his demagoguery and his occasional intemperate utterances fail to take into account how often he has tempered his demands or watered down his terms.

In the atmosphere prevailing after the war Bhutto's options were severely limited. He could have continued with the doctrine of confrontation and bravely borne the consequences. He could on the other hand change the course of events and give a new lead to a disenchanted and shocked nation.

He did not come to Simla under any illusions. He was humble enough (and to a man of Bhutto's nature this must be truly galling) to come to India after he had already told the people of Pakistan that they had been badly battered in the war and could no longer afford the luxury of a confrontation with a vastly stronger country. He knew that for many years to come Pakistan would be unable to recoup its fortunes on the battlefield, but he was not prepared to let that impose upon his national pride, nor did he want his audience at home to think that he was weak. That is why I think that India did an eminently wise thing in not insisting on imposing harsh terms on Pakistan at Simla.

Having known Bhutto down the years, I can state from personal experience that he can be magnificently responsive to even the smallest gesture. I believe, therefore, that he was in earnest when he claimed he desired a just and genuine peace and I feel we would be wise not only to take his words at face value, but to go out of our way to match his friendly advances with open-heartedness and an equal desire for peace.

BHUTTO STILL RETAINED his fondness for rhetoric, he could still indulge in demagoguery. He could still sway a crowd of his country men with verbal fire and brimstone. But at the same time he was mellowed enough to leave polemics aside when it was necessary, and face unpleasant facts squarely.

With Pakistan battered to a standstill, with 90,000 prisoners of war in Indian hands, with the East wing broken away, with the West wing rent by defeatism and despair, Bhutto realized that the time had come to forget the past and to work towards a future where the sub-continent would be free of war and the threat of war.

On 26th June 1972 at a press conference, Bhutto reacted sharply to India's insistence on a guarantee of peace from Pakistan, saying that it was Pakistan that should seek sureties in this regard, since India had a larger military machine and more resources and was far bigger as a nation.

Even though Pakistan's weakness must have been gall and worm wood, Bhutto meant what he said. On 27th June, addressing the nation, Bhutto was definitely a sadly chastened man. He spoke of the 'tragic legacy' he had inherited and pointed out that he had warned against the war, insisting that the power-drunk junta had pursued its mad course despite his warnings, plunged Pakistan into war and involved it in a 'most intolerable surrender which did grievous harm to our country'.

Bhutto went on to say that Yahya Khan's junta did not know how to make peace or to make war. It had made a first-class fighting machine degenerate through involvement in domestic politics and brought Pakistan to the edge of a political, economic and moral collapse:

It is worth stating once again that telling these home-truths so bluntly to his people could not have been possible unless Bhutto had learnt his lesson. There is further proof of his change in attitude in certain other passages, as when he said:

“The past 25 years have been an era of confrontation and war... our people remained the poorest, most illiterate, ill-housed and disease-ridden in the world. The people of Pakistan have sacrificed everything. All this must change. The people of Pakistan must enjoy and progress. To give them a chance we are going to India in search of a durable peace in the sub-continent. I hope the Indian leaders share the same sincerity of purpose.”

Bhutto seemed embarrassingly, on the defensive when he referred to the Treaty of Versailles and urged India not to enforce a humiliating peace. On the other hand he

certainly was not prepared for an abject surrender. India, he said, had no justification moral or legal, for continuing to detain Pakistani POWs, since this was in flagrant violation of the Geneva Conventions. “If India thinks it can force us to accept humiliating terms it is mistaken. We will not barter principles of State for human flesh.” He clarified it in so many words: “We desire peace but not at any price. We desire peace but not at the expense of principles and honor.”

At the same time he made it clear that Pakistan would have to be ready to make concessions, for later in the same speech he said:

“If you want to be emotional, well, I am not against being emotional, for I am the most emotional person in Pakistan. But emotion alone will not bring peace. We shall have to rely on both emotion and sense. We shall have to ponder the consequences of our decisions.”

On Kashmir and Bangladesh, Bhutto was self-righteously rigid while facing his people. But as his attitude showed during the Simla talks, he was prepared to yield in large measure if the Indian side displayed a certain measure of tolerance and flexibility.

The foregoing speeches represent Bhutto’s view on peace with honor. Let us now see whether he managed to achieve his aim.

It is probably fair to say that Bhutto was reasonably pleased with the Simla agreement—enough in any case to sincerely wish to uphold it. In India, certain chauvinistic sections of the people claimed that Simla had been a sell-out. Precisely the same thing happened in Pakistan, where Bhutto apparently came under heavy fire from ultra-nationalists who considered the Simla Summit a rank failure because it had not resulted in the release of the prisoners of war.

In Bhutto’s own words the Simla agreement was important as a ‘starting point’—a starting point that could turn in any direction, as he explained on 31st July 1972 to a gathering of intellectuals at the Pakistani Institute of International Affairs, Karachi “it can turn in the direction of peace—a durable peace. It can turn in the direction of a permanent peace. Or it can take a turn in the direction of an immediate confrontation.”

Bhutto continued that the Simla Agreement contained nothing that was to the detriment of Pakistan but if people still felt that national interests had been sacrificed, he was afraid the “future would be rather bleak.”

Drawing pointed attention to the changed condition of Pakistan today, Bhutto made it clear that Pakistan’s status at Tashkent was a different thing from Pakistan’s status at Simla. “After the 1965 war we went to Tashkent in a condition of equality,” he said. But he went to Simla with 90,000 prisoners of war with India, with half the country dismembered, and with its army humiliated. There fore, he urged the people not to expect the impossible.

He could also be eminently reasonable. “Let us assume that some people wish confrontation. I cannot understand even their approach to or criticism of the agreement. Even if they think war is such a good thing. . . they should know that this is not the time for it.”

Finally, losing patience with his critics, he flatly declared that those who opposed the Simla agreement were agents’ provocateurs that were not interested in the welfare of Pakistan but wanted to obliterate the nation through the back door through their jingoistic opposition to the Simla Summit.

About the future course of Indo-Pak relations Bhutto said:

“It is not exchange of territory, it is not return of prisoners of war. What they have to decide and we have to decide, is what kind of future we want in the sub-continent. If we want a future of implacable hostility, of neither war nor peace, then it does not matter whether territory has been returned or whether prisoners of war are to be returned or not.

“If territory is returned and there is another conflict, the territory may come and go to one side or other, and if prisoners of war come and there is another conflict, there will again be prisoners of war from one side to the other.”

Bhutto, on his return from Simla, clearly did not want this ‘merry-go-round’ of successive wars. As he put it towards the end of his speech: “At the heart of the matter lies the concept of a durable peace—and a peace to be durable has to be fair.”

About three or four weeks before the Summit I wrote to the Prime Minister asking her if the Government of India would allow me to entertain Mr. Bhutto so that I could arrange for him to meet a few of his old friends from all over the country. I also mentioned that as she was going abroad she might not have the time to reply to my letter and therefore I was sending a copy of the letter to Sardar Swaran Singh. For two weeks I got no reply either from Mrs. Gandhi or from Sardar Swaran Singh. Finally I received a telephone call from Sardar Swaran Singh when I was in Bombay, in which he informed me that as the Summit would probably take place in S it might not be possible for me to entertain Mr. Bhutto, to which I replied that it was not my intention to entertain him in Simla, explaining that I had suggested it in case I could do so at my house in Delhi. Thereafter I asked him whether it would be possible for me merely to meet him, to which I was informed that the request would have to come from President Bhutto and that if it came, he would inform me. When he kept insisting that the request must come from President Bhutto I finally told him that there was no difficulty about that. The problem was only with the Government of India.

I arrived in Delhi a day before the Summit, immediately contacted Sardar Swaran Singh, asking him whether the plans had been sufficiently crystallized for me to know when it would be possible to meet President Bhutto. I was told that he would convey to President Bhutto that I wanted to meet him and that if President Bhutto wanted to see me he would

inform me in Delhi and I could come up for e day. The arrangement seemed most unsatisfactory to me and I also got the impression that the Government of India was not at all keen that I should see my old friend Zulfi.

While I was mulling over the problem in my mind, my friend Gautam Khanna rang up to say that he and Rai Bahadur Oberoi were going up to Simla the next morning and would Vina and I like to join him. Without hesitation I accepted and the next morning we drove from Delhi to Simla, arriving there at about 3.30 in the afternoon. I tried to contact Sardar Swaran Singh's secretary at the telephone number given to me, but could not locate him, whereupon I phoned Himachal Bhavan and informed the Military Secretary to the President that I was in Simla and staying at the Cecil Hotel.

It appears that meanwhile Sardar Swaran Singh had informed President Bhutto during the helicopter ride from Chandigarh to Simla and on arrival Bhutto had asked one of the Indian staff at Himachal Bhavan to get in touch with me. Apparently they could not locate me! Anyway, on receiving the message from the Military Secretary, President Bhutto sent a car with a security officer to featch me from the Oberoi Cecil. Not finding me there, he came to the Oberoi Clarkes and informed me that the President would like me to come to Himachal Bhavan. Vina and I were with him for about two and a half hours recalling old days and inquiring about each other's families. The next morning, as no Summit meeting was scheduled, I received a message to say that the President expected us at 11 o'clock in the morning and would like us to stay over for lunch, which did not finish till 3.30 p.m.

As no Summit meetings were scheduled and no news was coming out about the nature of the discussion between the officials, the press corps of almost 300 journalists started getting very restive and kept hounding and pursuing me to give them some idea of how the Summit was proceeding, particularly as I had by then spent six and a half hours with the President of Pakistan. I kept warding off the journalists on the plea, which was true, that I had come to Simla only to meet an old friend, that the Government of India was not at all anxious that I should be there, and that as I did not like to meddle in other people's affairs I had scrupulously steered our conversation away from any talk about the Summit.

Those who know me well believed me; others did not, with the result that rumors and pressures persisted. On the third day I felt it was time that as President of the Swatantra Party I should hold a press conference and give the Party's attitude towards the Summit. This press conference had nothing to do with my being in Simla. Had I been in Delhi I would have held a press conference there. But being in Simla I had a captive press and by virtue of my having spent so many hours with the President I had a large press conference at Davico's in which I explained the Swatantra Party's attitude towards Pakistan, welcoming the initiative of the two leaders in agreeing to a Summit, expressing the hope that the Summit would lead to firm and everlasting peace and friendship between India and Pakistan since that was the only way to keep South Asia out of Big Power politics. Thereafter I answered all questions put to me as truthfully as possible.

According to me Indo-Pak differences were based on deep-rooted suspicions which I did not think the bureaucrats could overcome because they functioned only according to their files, in which the well worn arguments of decades continued to persist. I believed the Summit required President Bhutto and Mrs. Gandhi to spend long hours together so that they could get to know each other as a result of which old suspicions might disappear. In fact I suggested that “the two of them should be locked up in a room and the key thrown away till the smoke came out of the chimney”—an obvious reference to the Papal election.

This suggestion of mine lent itself to some misunderstanding, much to the amusement of those who understood its significance. I was informed later that the Allahabad Bar Association had summoned a member of the Swatantra Party and grilled him for an hour and a half to find out what exactly I had meant when I had suggested that the two leaders should be locked up in a room!

That night President Bhutto had invited us for dinner and we spent three relaxed hours with him and his daughter, Benazir, who was doing better on her own than both Mrs. Gandhi and Mr. Bhutto at the Summit.

On the fourth day I fell ill as a result of something I had eaten the day before, and therefore spent the whole day in bed. Meanwhile, the Summit had warmed up a little and I believe some meetings took place between Mrs. Gandhi and Mr. Bhutto which kept Bhutto and his party busy all day long.

On the last day it appeared that the Summit had all but fizzled out and that nothing would come of it all.

As is customary, on the last day President Bhutto gave a farewell dinner to Mrs. Gandhi, at which Vina and I were the only non officials to be invited. It was towards the end of the banquet that Mrs. Gandhi and President Bhutto abruptly got up and decided to make one more try at reaching a solution.

Very soon the atmosphere became overcharged with energy, with consultations back and forth suddenly taking place between Bhutto and his party in the Reception Room and Mrs. Gandhi and her party in the Billiard Room. The two leaders would meet and then go back for further consultations and then meet again. Meanwhile, the press corps had descended on Himachal Bhavan and forced their way into the halls and living room. As this hectic activity was going on doors leading into the Reception Room and the Billiard Room were continuously being opened and shut.

At one moment when the door to the Billiard Room opened it revealed an unforgettable sight. Despite a score of photographers and cameramen being present, they failed to take this immortal picture: As the door to the Billiard Room opened, we saw Jagj Rain sitting on the billiard table, Mrs. Gandhi leaning over the green frantically scratching away, obviously at the draft treaty, with Chavan and Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed pouring over the

table, with a host of bureaucrats surrounding them. It was a great shot that will have to be kept in memory!

At last, at about 10.45 p.m. the final draft had been initialed by both leaders and it became necessary to draw up the final treaty. All of a sudden it was discovered that there was no electric type writer at Himachal Bhavan and a wild dash had to be made to go and collect it from the Oberoi Clarkes Hotel. While the guests and journalists were milling around, I could not help but remark that this would be the only treaty that would ever be signed on Oberoi Clarkes' stationery! Meanwhile, the Pakistan delegation realized that the official seal of the Government of Pakistan had inadvertently been sent back with their heavy luggage that afternoon. So both sides had to forego putting their official seals on the document.

There were several telephones in the Reception Room and one could hear frantic journalists inventing quite imaginative stories about the outcome of the Summit. In the midst of all this noise, one overheard a rather impatient and guttural voice shouting on the phone: "Where is All India Radio and the Films Division? Everybody in the world is here.. .Where have they gone? Ask them to get here at once I never did find out if All India Radio and the Films Division ever made it to the Summit in time!

Meanwhile, some emergency arrangements were being made to set up a table for the official signing of the treaty, and at one point I saw ten bureaucrats trying to lay a tablecloth on the signing table, each pulling in a different direction. Thereafter a dozen officious bureaucrats checked and rechecked all the arrangements at the signing table inspecting the inkwells and the pens—at the signing, Bhutto had to borrow someone's pen, the official pen just would not work!

It was not till forty-five minutes after midnight that everybody was ready for the signing. The flash bulbs popped and the classical picture associated with all treaties was finally contrived. Thereafter President Bhutto saw Mrs. Gandhi off to the car and returned to take Vina and me upstairs to celebrate the treaty.

It was officially announced that the text of the treaty would be released to the press the next morning at 9.30 am. With 300 newsmen dying to know the contents of the treaty, a copy was handed to me for my opinion. True to my resolve that I did not want to get involved with anything to do with the Summit, I glanced through the treaty rather casually and then re-read it to understand its full implications, this time noting the words and the phraseology. Thereafter, except for some noncommittal remark about the treaty, I contented myself with saying I was very happy that some understanding had been reached and hoped that this would be a good beginning of an even better ending. Zulfikar on the other hand kept talking about the treaty, discussing its various clauses with his two principal advisers, Rafi Raza and Burkhi. In general it seemed they were quite pleased with the treaty.

At this point it was necessary to communicate the news to Lahore, and I must admit that I was not only surprised but quite taken aback at the elaborate preparations that had been

made for communicating the treaty to Pakistan. Three separate plans had been prepared depending on whether the Summit succeeded or failed, and on the basis of their assessment it was conveyed to someone over the 'hot line' to Lahore that he could go ahead with 'Plan B', emphasizing this, understating that and playing up a third point. The man in Lahore was quite relieved on getting the news and is supposed to have said - "Thank goodness you called." because he had prepared to launch 'Plan C'. This sort of efficiency was commendable by any standard and showed remarkable foresight on the part of Bhutto and his followers.

We finally broke up at about 2.30 a.m. and next morning I went to the helipad to bid farewell to Zulfi and promise him I would visit Pakistan as soon as I could.

That same day I arrived in Delhi and issued a press statement on behalf of the Swatantra Party, welcoming the Simla accord:

"The Indo-Pakistan Summit has taken the first hesitant step towards the establishment of an everlasting peace. There are many more steps along the way, but basic to any solution is the elimination of suspicion on both sides which has plagued our relations for a quarter of a century. It is not merely treaties or agreements, but firm faith and friendship that must be established if both countries are to move forward to a greater future.

'From the experiences of this Summit it should become evident that in a war there are no victors and no vanquished, for as Emerson said, 'The real and lasting victories are those of peace and not of war'."

The Journey Ahead

BEFORE ZULFIKAR ALI Bhutto came to power, Indo-Pak relations were firmly set on a course of unremitting hostility. Even today those relations might swing either way, for a worsening of the situation is still possible. Yet there undoubtedly is a marked improvement over previous positions, and much of the credit for this easing of tension all round belongs to Bhutto.

This is certainly paradoxical, for Bhutto over the years has gone out of his way to create a conscious image of himself as a champion of confrontation.

Bhutto's abrasive remarks had roused justifiable anger and caused the majority of Indians to erupt in fury when in one of his marathon speeches to the United Nations he referred to them as 'Indian logs'.

For such a man to exude sweetness and light represents a sea change, and a markedly pleasant one. Yet even this change is not in the least surprising, considering that Bhutto, for all his ideological tub-thumping and dogmatic postures, is essentially a pragmatist, always ready to look on 'isms' as 'wasms' the moment they appear to him to be beyond his reach.

At the time of the Algerian struggle for independence, for instance there was the question of recognizing the Algerians, who were at the time fighting the French. Bhutto's heart was with the Algerians, but his head held him back and did not permit him to accord recognition till three years later. France, after all, was a member of the Security Council, and had he antagonized it by siding with the Algerian 'rebels', France might have retorted by opposing him on Kashmir. So, regardless of any considerations of 'Muslim solidarity', Bhutto refrained from doing anything that might antagonize the French; the interests of Pakistan outweighed everything else.

It is exactly this trait of hard-headedness and practicality that enabled Bhutto to switch overnight from hawk to dove where India was concerned.

During a recent interview to the editor of Blitz, a Bombay weekly which in the past has been an implacable foe of Bhutto and every thing he stood for, the Pakistani President was asked how he could reconcile 'the contradiction inherent in Bhutto, the sabre-rattling politician, and Bhutto the peace-seeking President'.

Bhutto plainly said that there was no contradiction at all, since "I am subservient to objective forces." He amplified this statement by explaining: "There was a time when objective forces were tilted in Pakistan's favour as a result of the massive military assistance we received from the United States in 1962.

“Perhaps you might criticize me for it. But if I was in Ayub’s place, I would have seized this opportunity. I believe in seizing opportunities and I would have seized the 1962 one without hesitation. But now the objective conditions have materially changed, and I cannot ignore these facts.”

In other words, Bhutto made it quite clear that whatever might have been his view of and intentions towards India back in 1962, they had completely changed in the present context when Pakistan had been routed in war and had had its entire eastern wing lopped off.

Politics has aptly been defined as the art of the possible. One of the main reasons why Bhutto has succeeded in attaining the top position in his country, despite previous setbacks, is that he always knew his limitations and never engaged in a tussle in which he did not have at least an even chance of emerging on top.

There can be no doubt that if, instead of Yahya Khan, Bhutto had been at the helm of Pakistan when the Bangladesh crisis erupted, war between India and Pakistan could have been averted, if only for the reason that ‘objective forces’ would have made him seek peace.

When asked in the interview referred to above whether he agreed that Pakistan could afford a confrontation at the present moment, Bhutto replied that the new relations between India and Pakistan were in fact the result of a confrontation: “You intervened in East Pakistan. You used arms and force; and that was confrontation implemented. Mine was Confrontation not implemented. You did it and the issue was clinched.”

When the interviewer suggested that India had been “swept into the Bangladesh affair” by “forces beyond our control from your side”, Bhutto flatly disagreed: “India is too big a country to be swept into anything.”

But he accepted the wisdom of India’s action philosophically, remarking, “Anyway, the issue was finally clinched on confrontation, and also the policy of confrontation was vindicated. Perhaps, India is the beneficiary.”

Yet although he is willing enough to accept whatever buffetings Pakistan may have received as a result of Yahya Khan’s stupidity, Bhutto cannot understand why India, having gained a clear-cut victory does not immediately get on with solving the disputes between her and Pakistan on the basis of justice and common sense.

As everybody knows, there are three crucial points still in dispute:

1. The settlement of the Kashmir dispute;
2. Recognition of Bangladesh by Pakistan; and
3. The return of Pakistan POWs presently held by India.

On the question of Kashmir the positions taken by the two countries are too well known to need further elaboration. There is hardly any maneuverability left except in the realm of attitudes. Which side will be first to declare openly that the only solution lies in

partition? Because the acceptance of partition will necessitate massive doses of sugar-coating. Elsewhere in this book I have advanced a solution—there may be others. What is really required is the man or the woman with the necessary courage to bell the cat.

It is significant that Bhutto chose to give his interview to R. K. Karanjia of *Blitz*, since this paper and its editor have in the past been vitriolically opposed to him.

The true significance of this interview does not lie in Bhutto's statements but in editor Karanjia's assessments of Bhutto's stand.

In the past, right up to the interview itself in fact, Karanjia had regarded Bhutto as an out and out hawk who simply could not be trusted because of his sudden changes of front. Karanjia also gave the impression of virtually idolizing Mujibur Rahman. Yet in his respective assessments of Bhutto and Mujib, Karanjia has now swung round to the view that it is Bhutto who is responsible and reasonable and Mujib who is acting like an obstructionist.

Looking at the way Mujib has been lionized by India this past year and also how Bhutto has been reviled, one can hardly expect that Indian public opinion will immediately shed its partisan view point and look upon either Bhutto or Mujib with complete objectivity.

Yet objectivity and impartiality are vitally necessary if Indo Pakistan relations are to be set afresh on an honest, workable and friendlier footing. It is to clear the record of past obfuscations that I take the liberty of quoting extracts from the interview granted by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto to R.K. Karanjia as reported in the *Blitz* issues of 16th and 23rd September 1972.

Regarding the two crucial points, of recognition of Bangladesh and prisoners of war, Karanjia has said that Bhutto "desired to break this deadlock" and was willing to continue the talks 'till the cows come home" on both recognition and the question of the POWs.

Karanjia has reported that Bhutto kept emphasizing that he was willing to meet Mujib any time and at any place, regardless of convenience or personal pride; also that Bhutto assured him that recognition "was implicit in the talks" he desired to hold with Mujib.

As Karanjia has reported, Bhutto assured him: "Whatever may come out of the negotiations, we will recognize Bangladesh." This did not depend on the success or failure of the negotiations or whether Bangladesh accepted or rejected Pakistan's desire for links according to Bhutto, who concluded, "The moment he meets me anywhere, any time, and recognition will follow."

When Karanjia referred to a possible hitch in the way of recognition posed by China's veto in the United Nations, Bhutto assured him that there was no Sino-Pak "conspiracy or diabolical under standing" on this matter, and that "We are free to recognize Bangladesh as and when we want. We are under nobody's orders."

As for the delay in meeting Mujib, Bhutto clearly proved that he was in no way responsible. He stated that he had originally planned to take the issue of Bangladesh to the Pakistan National Assembly and get it passed by September 1972, and had mentioned this not only to Mrs. Gandhi, but to ‘friends in Turkey and other places’, assuring them that he (Bhutto) had expected to meet Mujib some time in July.

According to Bhutto, as quoted by Karanjia in his interview:

“Mujib himself had assured me before I released him. I had met him on 27th December and then again on 7th January and he himself volunteered the suggestion that he would meet me again and he wanted to meet me as soon as he went back. He would establish, he told me, his footing in his country, and the first thing he would like to do thereafter would be to return to London and hold discussions with me there....

“I phoned him from here to enquire about his health. I reminded him that he had repeatedly assured me on 27th December and 7th January that we must meet, thrash out all preliminary problems and then go ahead to take the next step.

“It may suit his purpose now to deny it, but I can tell you that he not only gave me the assurance, but also took out a copy of the Quran from his pocket and put his hand upon it to say exactly what I am telling you.”

When Karanjia asked Bhutto whether he might not have forced these promises out of Mujib and asked, “Was he a free man then or was he a prisoner?”, Bhutto replied “I had told him I was releasing him and that I had saved him from possible execution, I don’t think he had reasons to doubt my word that I was going to free him. So he was not under any duress. In case, even if he was under duress, why should he have taken out the Quran and sworn upon it, which was not necessary?”

Bhutto went on to explain that he had planned, after preparing public opinion, to take this issue to the Pakistan National Assembly and have it passed, after which “we could have even co-sponsored the admission of Bangladesh to the United Nations.”

Bhutto was obviously rather bitter when Mujib refused to accept any of his overtures in good faith and in effect insisted on Bhutto eating crow in public before he would engage in any talks with him.

As Bhutto explained, it was necessary for him to carry the people of Pakistan along with him in any settlement, and a unilateral capitulation on his part on the issue of recognition would have provided lethal ammunition to his opponents in Pakistan.

As Bhutto told Karanjia

“First of all we expected to meet Mujib and go through the whole process. Then I wanted three weeks or so to prepare public opinion because other leaders, who are

either hostile to recognition or oppose it just because they happen to be in the Opposition, had gone about stirring up emotional aspects of the situation—like recognition of the fruits of aggression. or if one part of a country is swallowed up by India in this way other parts would also be swallowed up, or recognition would mean the negation of the two-nation theory. Now I was not in a position to go to the people and to scotch this kind of propaganda because I was tied up and unable to meet Mujib.

“If I had met him and come back and told the people: ‘Look, we did our best to effect reconciliation. This is not the negation of the two-nation theory. It does not mean that India can swallow up the rest of our country, etc.,’ I could have easily carried them with me.”

To remove any last shred of doubt that anybody might still have, Bhutto flatly told Karanjia:

“Our stand is that we are going to recognize the State. It is not that we have said that if the negotiations break down, we won’t recognize it. **Whatever the outcome of the negotiations, we would recognize it.**”

Making it clear that he was still committed to the ‘principle’ of recognition even though there had been ‘a little delay in the timing’, Bhutto suggested that he would be happy if India could use her good influence with Mujib in arranging a meeting without loss of face.

Amplifying the reference to loss of face, Bhutto explained:

“I say this because I know he is very touchy on this question of loss of face — even when I spoke to him on the telephone he was talking about his pride. “The point is that we must find a way out ‘for his pride, and I don’t mind if it is at the cost of my pride, but we must find a way out. This done, we can come to some productive results at the second summit.

“However, if this is not possible within the summit framework, Mrs. Gandhi is welcome at any time for a goodwill visit to Pakistan. We would really like her to come. Let her come and see our country.”

The other crucial point still in dispute between India and Pakistan concerns the POWs. According to the Indian standpoint, the Pakistani army in the East wing surrendered to a joint command of the Indian and Bangladesh forces, and Bangladesh therefore had the right to have a say in their disposal.

According to Bhutto, a joint Indo-Bangladesh command was a myth; his position in effect is that any contribution Bangladesh forces might have made to the final outcome of the war in the East was minimal and that without the active engagement of the Indian army in the conflict the results would have been completely different.

Instead of splitting hairs or going in for legal quibbles Bhutto got to grips with the central issue and said he was prepared to see that any Pakistani troops guilty of atrocities were suitably punished.

Explaining that war crimes trials would complicate his problems “immeasurably so far as the armed forces are concerned and the situation will reach the point of no return”, Bhutto suggested a via media — if there had been excesses or crimes, he was prepared to try the culprits in Pakistan by Court Martial.

Bhutto explained that he had no objection to Mujib providing a list of soldiers accused of war crimes, along with relevant evidence of their guilt. He gave an assurance that he would set up a military tribunal and see to it that justice was done.

It was quite plain, on the other hand, that Bhutto had grave doubts about how fair the proposed war crimes trials would be if held in Bangladesh; in fact he said openly that if they took place in Dacca they were likely to develop into a big *tamasha* and would also vitiate the atmosphere between India and Pakistan.

When Karanjia pointed out that Bangladesh was as involved in the controversy over the POWs as was India, Bhutto replied:

“All right, suppose even if you take the position that Mujib’s consent is needed—though I don’t see why—well, he has a list of some thousand and odd prisoners he wants to put up for trial. Why can’t you release the rest of them?”

“You can retain some more of them just to keep him amused. If he says 5,000, you may keep 10,000—but why must you hold on to the whole lot, including so many innocent civilians? There are even small children in your camps; and I would like your people to realize the absurdity of keeping them all as prisoners of war.”

Nothing could be more straightforward than Bhutto’s stand in this matter, and however much one may admire Mujib or sympathize with the past sufferings of the Bangladesh people, it is difficult to justify Mujib’s continued harping on past wrongs and his refusal to allow conditions in the sub-continent to return to normal.

Bhutto’s sincerity in the matter has certainly been accepted by Karanjia, who in his summing up of the interview stated that Mujib had every cause for indignation and outrage where Ayub Khan or Yahya Khan were concerned, but could hardly lay such charges at Bhutto’s door.

As Karanjia has remarked:

“Mr. Bhutto is quite willing to make amends for the past, short of the POWs trials, because the war crimes were really committed by the military regime and its leadership rather than the officers and the soldiers who executed their orders. “Moreover, whatever may have been Mr. Bhutto’s involvement in Pakistan’s shoddy past, the fact remains that

he personally saved the Sheikh from the gallows at least once, and maybe twice, if we recall the Agartala conspiracy case.”

Later on in the interview, Karanjia also throws the blame for the deadlock bluntly on Mujib, accusing him of ‘banging the doors’ on any compromise solution by insisting on recognition before talks, pointing out that Bhutto’s formula should meet ‘what ever arguments of pride and prejudice stand in Mujib’s way’.

As for the POWs, Karanjia feels that Bhutto’s offer that India can keep all the prisoners that Sheikh Mujib wants to try, and more if necessary, but should release the rest, is a far advance on his previous position, and wonders “what prevents Dacca or New Delhi from acceding to this reasonable suggestion.”

In the course of the interview Karanjia has also brought out into the open something that the majority of Indian newspapers have deliberately chosen to conceal—the fact that atrocities were not perpetrated by the Pakistani side alone but were indulged in by Bangladesh as well, and were in fact initiated by personnel of the East Bengal Rifles.

As Karanjia reports:

“I am afraid the war crimes trials are likely to boomerang against the interest of Bangladesh itself.

“An effective devil’s advocate would be able to confuse the judges and confound the trials with the argument that the massacre was really started by the East Bengal Rifles, who executed several West Pakistani officers on the night of March 26, 1971.

“There is evidence, even photos, supporting this charge. There is evidence also, supported by pictures and films, to prove the killing of the Bihari collaborators by ‘Tiger’ Siddiqi and his guerrillas after the surrender,”

This admission, belated though it assuredly is, places in proper perspective the question of atrocities perpetrated by Pakistani troops against the people of the East wing. The atrocities themselves cannot be condoned: on the other hand they cannot be labeled spontaneous acts of senseless cruelty.

In the light of the ‘executions’ carried out by the East Bengal Rifles at a time when Pakistani units were heavily outnumbered, the subsequent brutality of the West Pakistan soldiers should more aptly and accurately be described as reprisals—savage, insane inhuman, but reprisals all the same, motivated by a desire to seek vengeance.

Admitting that there had been atrocities by the Bangladesh side is most significant coming from Karanjia, since Blitz itself had earlier dismissed such stories as fabrications and had even alleged that photos showing the despicable ‘Tiger’ Siddiqi and his thugs in action were fabrications.

However, now that a known supporter of Mujib's like Blitz has come into the open, it will serve no useful purpose for Mujibur Rahman to keep nursing his grievances. It would be far more practical as well as far more statesmanlike for him to forget the past as Bhutto has done and work constructively for a saner and more secure future on the subcontinent.

One does not have to rely on individual opinions, however. The legal position about the prisoners of war is perfectly clear and is ruled by the Geneva Conventions of August 1949, which relate to:

- 1) protection of wounded and seriously ill;
- 2) prisoners of war;
- 3) civilian internees; and
- 4) residents in occupied areas.

India has taken an extremely dubious stand in seeking refuge under the Hague Regulations of 1907 which stipulate that repatriation of prisoners of war should be carried out as quickly as possible 'after the conclusion of peace'. India apparently also relies on the precedent set by the First World War after the end of which repatriation of prisoners of war was delayed for two years until the conclusion of the Versailles Treaty. Our Government might also be relying on the 1929 Geneva Convention, which lays down that prisoners should be repatriated as soon as possible 'after the conclusion of peace'.

Regardless of earlier conventions, however, the fact is that India has publicly stated that it will adhere to the Geneva Convention of 1949, and the position of prisoners of war under this Convention is not open to any dispute whatever, since Article 118 of the Convention clearly rules that "prisoners of war shall be released and repatriated without delay after the cessation of active hostilities."

In view of the unequivocal phrasing of this particular section it simply will not do for India to seek to wriggle out of releasing the prisoners of war on one excuse or another or to make out that their release is conditional on the conclusion of an Indo-Pak treaty.

The whole question has been dealt with at length by the doyen of Indian journalists, Frank Moraes, in a front page editorial in the *Indian Express* of 25th September 1972, which points out that the Indian Government has no legal justification for holding on to the prisoners of war and disputes the propriety of a statement made by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi on 10th July 1972 to the effect that "the question of repatriation of Pakistani prisoners of war would not arise until India was assured of a durable peace in the sub-continent."

Mr. Moraes concludes his editorial with the categorical statement: "Whoever is advising the Government of India on this issue should think again."

As a member of the world community, India simply cannot afford to flout international conventions in this manner. It is one thing for uninformed public opinion to advocate

wrong-headed policies: this sort of thing might also be in tune with the thinking of ultra nationalist elements. But any government which claims legitimacy cannot afford to disregard solemn commitments of this kind, and the sooner we abandon a stand that is growing increasingly indefensible the better it would be.

Whether Bangladesh agrees with us or not does not matter in the least. For India cannot afford to soil its name in the international community simply to preserve Mujibur Rahman's word or the vindictive amour propre of certain elements in Bangladesh. The more one looks at it the more it is becoming clear that it is time we did some straight talking to Mujibur Rahman and company.

Where India is concerned, it has paid heavily for its involvement in Bangladesh. Even today crores of rupees which could be better employed on India's development are being needlessly diverted to Bangladesh only because political differences between the three countries are still outstanding due to Mujib's inflexible stand.

Historical circumstances made it inevitable for India to take Bangladesh's side. Those circumstances no longer exist, and the sooner India terminates its role of a protector and allows Bangladesh to stand on its own feet, the better it will be for all concerned.

Bhutto on his part is obviously very eager and willing to turn over a new leaf. He is prepared to punish the guilty, and even to forget the fact that his nation has been dismembered. More than this it would be unreasonable to expect of any man, and certainly not of anybody charged with guiding a nation's destiny, as Bhutto is at the moment.

In contrast with the concessions Bhutto has willingly given even at serious risk of reducing his prestige with his own people, Mujibur Rahman is behaving with extreme lack of vision.

Nobody denies that Bangladesh suffered grievously, but continuously reliving this bitter past serves no useful purpose and seriously blocks any hope of future improvement.

If Mujib wishes to retain the goodwill of the world, which he still enjoys in abundant measure, he will have to change his tune— and quick.

Where India is concerned, it might be worthwhile if instead of having a summit with Bhutto, it had one with Mujib, told him bluntly that enough is enough, and made it plain that if he does not agree to conditions necessary for an Indo-Pak accord, India will go ahead regardless.

Will Bhutto Survive?

EVER SINCE HE became President there has been the persistent enquiry: Will Zulfikar Ali Bhutto survive? A superficial reading of the tensions prevalent in Pakistan and its inherent contradictions have supported these apprehensions. But the fact is that Bhutto is a consummate politician with a capacity to handle his opponents, and is not in any real danger of being pushed out of power because nobody else has the political stature, the popular appeal or the ability to replace him.

To understand why Bhutto is President it is necessary to examine what in the first place brought him to the top. Four main factors were responsible dissatisfaction with the military regime of Yahya Khan; internal conflicts within the different political parties of Pakistan; the consummate skill, with which the Pakistan People's Party emerged as the most powerful unifying force in the western wing, and the overwhelming support Bhutto enjoyed among the young and dispossessed.

Like everything else about Bhutto, his popularity can be as erratic as his temperament. There are too many people in Pakistan who distrust and dislike him intensely, some of them because of his vociferous advocacy of friendship with China, and others because of his radical posture. Nevertheless, when Yahya was forced out of office and Bhutto assumed the president ship there was no rival claimant in sight.

After the initial shock of the loss of Bangladesh, politics came into its own in Pakistan once again and trouble has flared up around three basic issues, the weight age of language in the various provinces, the question of state autonomy and the type of constitution Pakistan should adopt.

Where the language tussle is concerned, it should be borne in mind that linguistic fanaticism is every bit as acute in Pakistan as it is in India. There are five major languages in West Pakistan—Punjabi, Sindhi, Pushto, Baluchi and Urdu. The first four are regional languages; Urdu is not the native language of any region of Pakistan, although it is widely understood and for historical reasons emerged as a sort of court language, since it had always been the language of the educated elite and of business interests even in Punjab.

In the N.W.F.P. and Baluchistan the impetus was political rather than linguistic, towards a separate political identity, not merely towards their own language. Linguistic chauvinism was, however, rampant in Sind, and probably increased after Bhutto, himself a Sindhi, became President.

The root of the trouble lay in the fact that refugees from India, who mostly spoke Urdu, had settled in large numbers in Karachi. Though a very important city and totally Sindhi in character, Karachi was given a special status and not treated as a 'Sindhi' city but

rather as the capital of a country. When Urdu became the national language of Pakistan the main area where Urdu was spoken consisted of Karachi and its suburbs; in the hinterland of Sindh Urdu was virtually unknown.

For quite some time nobody bothered overmuch about Urdu, but after a while people grew to resent its special status. There were grumblings that Urdu was a foreign language and that there was no region in Pakistan where the people spoke nothing but Urdu— with the sole exception of Karachi, where the Urdu-speaking minority dominated the Sindhi-speaking majority.

The opponents of Urdu insisted that it was not possible for a language like Urdu to be elevated as the national language of Pakistan when only a small minority of approximately three million people could claim it as their mother tongue. For good measure it was made out that Urdu had been thrust on the Punjabis, the Sindhis and others simply because the policy makers of Pakistan in the early days had come from Delhi, the United Provinces and other Urdu speaking regions of India.

The champions of Urdu on the other hand claimed that it had by no means been forced upon the existing languages of Pakistan but that Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah had decided to make it the national language because of its richness and superiority over other languages, because it was commonly understood in all the five regions of Pakistan, and because supporters of each regional language would have objected if one of the others had been given pre-eminence.

It is worth noting in this connection that Ayub Khan, although a Pathan, was very fond of Urdu and kept the language as the common national medium despite the protests of Punjabis, Sindhis and Bengalis.

Before the emergence of Bangladesh Bengali, being next to Urdu as the mother tongue of more than half the people of Pakistan, ultimately was given a special status as the second national language; but after the Bangladesh breakaway the status of Urdu being the national language was again challenged, this time on the ground that every region should be allowed to have its own linguistic identity, with Sindhi for the Sindhis, Punjabi for the Punjabis, Pushto for the N.W.F.P., and Baluchi for Baluchistan. Since Baluchi does not have a script of its own they have recently adopted the Roman script.

Faced with all these parochial bickering Bhutto did not want to involve himself in a linguistic free-for-all and evolved a formula under which Urdu would continue as the national language since it was the only one that could serve as the 'link language' between all the regions, though each region would have the right to use its own tongue.

All things considered, however, Bhutto took the only way out. As a confirmed internationalist he acted not as a Sindhi but as President of Pakistan, even though he has been accused of favoring the Sindhis.

The language problem was the least of Bhutto's troubles. Far more dangerous were the secessionist tendencies which sprang up in the wake of the successful revolt in Bangladesh.

Each of the components of Pakistan has a strong regional identity which can easily override loyalty to the nation. The Pathan minority which monopolized power during the Ayub and Yahya regimes has always been resented by the Punjabis and the Sindhis who vastly outnumber them. The feeling is reciprocated by the Pathans, who fear that Punjabi domination will push them into a corner where they will not have any say in formulating the nation's policies.

Bhutto as President was faced with a triangular struggle between Pathans, Punjabis and Sindhis. His duty as leader of the nation was clearly to do justice to all without endangering national integrity.

Bhutto could not allow a Pathan minority to rule over the Punjabis because the latter were numerically superior. He also could not allow the Punjabis to exploit the Pathans in the political and commercial fields through advantage of numbers. Bhutto also did not want to be forced into taking the side of the Sindhis because this could have been misunderstood, since he himself is a Sindhi and enjoys a sizeable support in his own region.

In his own way Bhutto tried to solve the three-sided tangle but obviously did not succeed, since all of a sudden the Punjabis and the Pathans started hounding him on one pretext or the other. The Sindhis, though they did not oppose him openly, failed to support Bhutto's Pakistan People's Party when their support was most needed. Some Sindhi leaders on the other hand began to exploit the Sindhi-speaking people, claiming Bhutto was no more a Sindhi than Ayub or Yahya and that this was why Sindhi would never be made the language of the region.

Some other political parties also took advantage of Bhutto's discomfort to demand more freedom for the N.W.F.P. and Baluchistan. Naturally the Pathans and the Baluchis saw this as the ideal opportunity. Wali Khan and other N.W.F.P. leaders made vile accusations against Bhutto, charging him with treason, holding him responsible for the Bangladesh debacle, and blaming him for failure to secure the release of the prisoners of war.

Regarding the demands of the North West Frontier Province Bhutto was not in a position to take any step, first because there was nothing in the constitution that provided for giving the N.W.F.P. people an autonomous state and second, because it was fairly obvious that the clamor was in fact for outright independence.

Although the demand for independence was not couched in these precise terms there was certainly cause for suspicion. N.W.F.P. leader Wali Khan, head of the National Awami Party, was after all the son of Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, who had long been striving for

a separate Pakhtoon State—although he has recently stated that he would be content simply with having the name of the N.W.F.P. changed to Pakhtoonistan.

With Pakistan's national ego already severely bruised by the emergence of Bangladesh, Bhutto can hardly be blamed for suspecting that Wali Kiian's demand for greater autonomy was merely the thin end of the wedge and that his ultimate aim was secession.

Pakistan at the moment is in considerable turmoil, with wrangles on every front over what form of government, the truncated State should enjoy.

Bhutto wanted a presidential form of government. Tile Baluohis and the N.W.F.P. leaders on the other hand were in favour of a parliamentary system and many in Bhutto's own party held the same view. Bhutto's cabinet colleague Law Minister Kasuri's resignation, which had widespread repercussions, was in fact due to Kasuri wanting a parliamentary system in opposition to Bhutto's wishes.

Meanwhile, Bhutto's visit to India and his signing the Simla Agreement had given a handle to the Jamat to launch a campaign against Bhutto alleging that he was giving Kashmir away to India and that he was an atheist and a communist. For good measure Bhutto was also accused of having negotiated a 'secret pact' with Mrs. Gandhi which would ultimately sell Pakistan down the drain.

To counter such malicious attacks the Pakistan People's Party came out with allegations that Wali Khan, under prodding from Mujibur Railman during a meeting in London, had decided to press for total independence for the N.W.F.P. and Baluchistan.

At this stage General Tikka Khan was dragged into the controversy. Posters sprouted all over Pakistan claiming that an honest army dictatorship was better than a corrupt civil dictatorship. Thousands of letters were also sent to Tikka Khan urging him to take over the country from Bhutto. It is not yet certain what role Tikka himself played in this campaign or even whether he tacitly encouraged it, but in the absence of any evidence of involvement it is much more likely that the campaign was mounted by the Jamat e-Islami and other opponents of Bhutto without Tikka Khan's knowledge.

Bhutto realized at once what lay behind demands for a parliamentary system of government. Pakistan at the moment required a strong hand at the helm capable of unfettered action in solving problems which needed immediate attention. But Bhutto was in no position to counter the concerted attack of his opponents, since his own party was divided. One faction led by his Cabinet colleague Menaj Mohammed Khan was not satisfied with Bhutto's labor policies, while several members had defected and joined the Jamat e-Islami and other groups.

The pressure on Bhutto increased when ex-Air Marshal Asghar Khan entered the fray and began calling Bhutto a traitor. Not long back a Pakistani paper published an article by Asghar Khan in which he tried to prove that Bhutto was responsible for the Bangladesh debacle.

Asghar Khan accused Bhutto of misleading Yahya Khan by giving him wrong information, alleging that Bhutto had cabled Yahya Khan from New York and assured him that the United States had decided to intervene in the Indo-Pak conflict and that the Seventh Fleet was n into the region in order to counter Indian belligerence. Acting on Bhutto's suggestions, Asghar Khan alleged, Yahya Khan had asked Lieutenant General Rao Farman Ali not to surrender since American help was on the way. In view of all this, according to Asghar Khan, it was not Yahya Khan who was responsible for the army's failure in Bangladesh but Bhutto.

Apart from the attempt to rope in General Tikka Khan referred to earlier, various fanatical quasi-religious groups also ganged up against Bhutto. The Jamat-e-Islami was joined by the Nizam-e Islam Party and the Jamait-ul-Ulema-e-Pakistan, all coming out with wild accusations that Bhutto was an atheist and a Communist who wanted to deprive Pakistan of its Islamic traditions and heritage.

With the signing of the Simla Agreement these hostile groups gained additional ammunition, branding the agreement a 'sale deed' that had handed Pakistan over to India. It was also freely alleged that under a secret protocol whatever part of Kashmir was held by Pakistan would be given away to India.

In the normal course Bhutto would have cracked down heavily to counter these slanders. Unfortunately, he had not been able to solve the prisoners-of-war question and this gave a ready handle to his opponents to charge him with weakness.

But at this stage Pakistan was going into a constitutional crisis. The preponderant majority of Punjabis in the National Assembly terrified the Sindhis, the Baluchis and the Pathans, all of whom started demanding special consideration. It was in this context that controversy arose over the form of Pakistan's future government. The Opposition parties all wanted a parliamentary system, because as to them parliament could serve as a check to curb Bhutto's high-handedness.

It was at this vital juncture that some of Bhutto's friends and colleagues sided with the Opposition viewpoint. Mahmood Ali Kasuri's resignation made matters worse.

According to the Opposition, Bhutto was against the parliamentary system because he felt that it robbed him of certain powers and restricted his maneuverability.

Throughout this period, with anti-Bhutto fever at its peak, Bhutto was actively engaged in discussions with political parties to evolve a suitable formula and end the controversy once for all. When he had obtained an assurance from political leaders that they did not want him to step down but were interested essentially in having a powerful government with the full backing of the people's representatives, Bhutto immediately agreed and promised that the new constitution, to be ready by 23rd March 1973, would be based on Islamic teachings and would give Pakistan a parliamentary system of government.

This national agreement is the second greatest achievement of Bhutto's career—next only to Simla. At a stroke he neutralised Opposition, converted enemies into adherents, and assured Pakistan of unity at a time when it appeared to be heading for a fresh round of internecine conflicts.

People still keep saying that Bhutto is 'shaky'. But this is nothing new. They said he was shaky when Asghar Khan took swipes at him. They predicted his fall when Wali Khan went on the offensive. They said it was the end when Kasuri mutinied. It is a measure of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's political sagacity and inherent grasp of strategy that today all his opponents have been contained and Bhutto is more firmly in the saddle than ever.

Will Zulfi Make It?

I AM FIRMLY convinced that neither India nor Pakistan has any future if they go on escalating the arms race. I know each side feels that the fault lies with the other. But the fact of the matter is that hostile attitudes, fed by rabid propaganda, have developed, leading to deep-rooted suspicion. The main bone of contention, however, remains Kashmir, and on the resolution of this problem depends on the future of the two countries. After all, whatever the solution, it must require mature adjustments to history and reality—as well as be a sop to the passions that this issue evokes in both the countries.

It is a fact of history that on 14th August 1947 no Indian thought that Kashmir would form part of India and no Pakistani dreamt that Kashmir might accede to India and make it stick. It was on this basis that the partition of India had been envisaged, and whether the Instrument of Accession mentioned it or not, it was taken for granted that the Indian States would cast their lot with either of the two nations according to the composition of the majority communities in their respective areas. For the purpose of partition the break was to be on the basis of Muslim and non-Muslim areas. Agreements may be couched in more sophisticated language, but this was the basis of partition. Thereafter, many mistakes were made on both sides, not only in Kashmir, but also in other areas such as Junagadh and Hyderabad. India succeeded in rectifying the situation in Hyderabad and Junagadh, Pakistan failed in Kashmir. This is a fact of history.

It is also equally true that Kashmir acceded to India within the framework of the Instrument of Accession. In spite of that a part of Kashmir continued to remain within Pakistan and only a part succeeded in acceding to India. Even armed conflict could not resolve the issue and the acceptance of the ceasefire clinched it. It is quite natural therefore that Pakistan should keep nursing the feeling, that, as a result of the partition, it had been cheated. It was equally natural for India to feel sore that, in spite of the accession, India did not control the whole of Kashmir. But both these facts are a matter of history and it is no more possible to undo history than it is to unscramble an egg. Therefore I feel the only solution to the Kashmir problem lies along some such lines as the formula suggested by me below:

1. Both sides must realize that without peace they have no future. Both sides must admit that they are killing themselves and each other in an arms race and therefore must declare that they are intent upon bringing peace to the sub-continent.
2. Both sides recognize in all humility that our generation has failed to solve the Kashmir problem and that the matter should therefore be deferred to some future generation to solve.
3. Neither side can afford to lose faith with their respective people and therefore each side can continue to maintain that the whole of Kashmir belongs to them and recognize the right of the other also to claim the same.

4. Nevertheless, both sides must realize and acknowledge the importance and necessity of living in peace and friendship, and must therefore decide that they will not resort to armed conflict for the settlement of any disputes that might arise.
5. However, both sides recognize the fact that there is an actual line of control, and each side should undertake to maintain law and order in the areas under their control.
6. Therefore, both sides should agree to withdraw their troops from positions of confrontation and send them back to the barracks where they rightfully belong.
7. Each side should agree to police the area under its control for the maintenance of law and order.
8. To ease tensions, both sides should agree to soften up the border and allow people, trade and commerce to flow freely between the two countries.

The last point is of the utmost importance because in it lies the seed and germ of any future settlement. It is only when easy movement takes place between Pakistani Kashmir and Indian Kashmir, when trade and commerce flow for mutual benefit, when the initial smuggling that is likely to take place is overlooked as being insignificant compared to the rich harvest to be collected, and when normal contacts are fully restored, that the Kashmir problem will finally evaporate and stop agitating the minds of the people of both India and Pakistan.

There is no point in harboring any exaggerated fears about what might happen if such an arrangement were made. It would be open for either side to send in infiltrators. But how would they go about arousing the population, and with what promises? I visualize a state of affairs when Kashmir will no longer be a bone of contention or the object of loose talk or the basis of virulent propaganda.

As a matter of fact I would go one step further and suggest a total softening up of the entire international boundary, because it is also a fact of history that sixty million Muslims live in India and would like to have an easy relationship with Pakistan since it strengthens their own sense of security. It is basically a human problem for the thousands of families on each side of the border who have relatives and friends on the other side. A relaxed border would give them an opportunity to visit their families as often as they liked without restrictions on their travel.

If my formula is acceptable to India, I have reason to believe that Pakistan will also accept it, as indicated by President Bhutto in the interview that he gave to Kuldeep Nayar, resident editor of the Statesman, when he said that he would 'not push' for a settlement of the 25-year old Kashmir dispute in initial peace talks with India "We can make the ceasefire line a basis of initial peace.

Let the people of Kashmir move between the two countries freely. One thing can lead to another. Why should it be ordained on me and Mrs. Gandhi that we resolve everything today? We should set things in motion in the right direction. Others can pick up from it. We cannot clear the decks in one sweep. There can be no grand sweep in the sub-continent."

History is replete with instances where even knottier problems were resolved amicably, given enough goodwill on both sides.

If only India, Pakistan and Bangladesh resolve their differences for the common benefit of all, the entire region of South Asia can become an area of peace, with mutual respect, joint security and a common market. This arrangement would facilitate a drastic curtailment in defense budgets and the money so saved could be more fruitfully spent on internal development of the areas concerned.

Precisely this sort of firm friendship and understanding is the greatest safeguard against global interference in the internal affairs of other countries through trade and aid.

If we could only make ourselves self-sufficient we would arrest interference by any super power in this region. And with South Asia as a beginning, we could more easily establish bilateral or multilateral relations with a large number of countries in Asia and Africa, particularly with the littoral States of the Indian Ocean. This is the firm bedrock on which the countries of the third world can build their greatness and destinies.

By now it must be evident to all concerned that commodity markets suffer in competition with industrial markets and that both trade with and aid from affluent nations reduce the stature, confidence and independence of developing countries, forcing them over a period of time to devalue their Currencies and increase their dependence on the affluent nations.

It is also obvious that the disparity of nations is directly proportional to the technological gap between them, and that technology is expensive if it is bought by any single country in the open market, but if it could be bought collectively, it would be available cheaper to all. Modern industry is, to a large extent, dependent on the economics of size and the market of the underdeveloped world, which although undoubtedly large, chronically suffers from the meagre purchasing power of the people. A larger common market would to a great extent mitigate these hardships. Even the abundance of commodities produced by the underdeveloped world, if consumed within this larger common market, would stabilize internal prices and eliminate unfair competition from outside. Even in the matter of national security it is sheer common sense that any country which is able to secure its own borders or cushion itself with friendly neighbors, must succeed in improving the quality and content of life within.

These are the broad directions that India and Pakistan should be pursuing. If Mr. Zulfikar Ali Shahnawaz Bhutto, President of Pakistan understands and accepts these challenges and conscientiously works towards their fulfillment, he will go down in history as the champion of the new world. If, on the other hand, he succumbs to the tantalizing temptations of power and patronage and starts playing petty international politics—like his predecessors did—in an incessant game of one-upmanship and brinkmanship, basing his country's foreign policy on a hate-India foundation, he will have lost a great opportunity and will have to go the way of his predecessors.

Will Bhutto accept the challenge?

I hope Zulfi My Friend will.