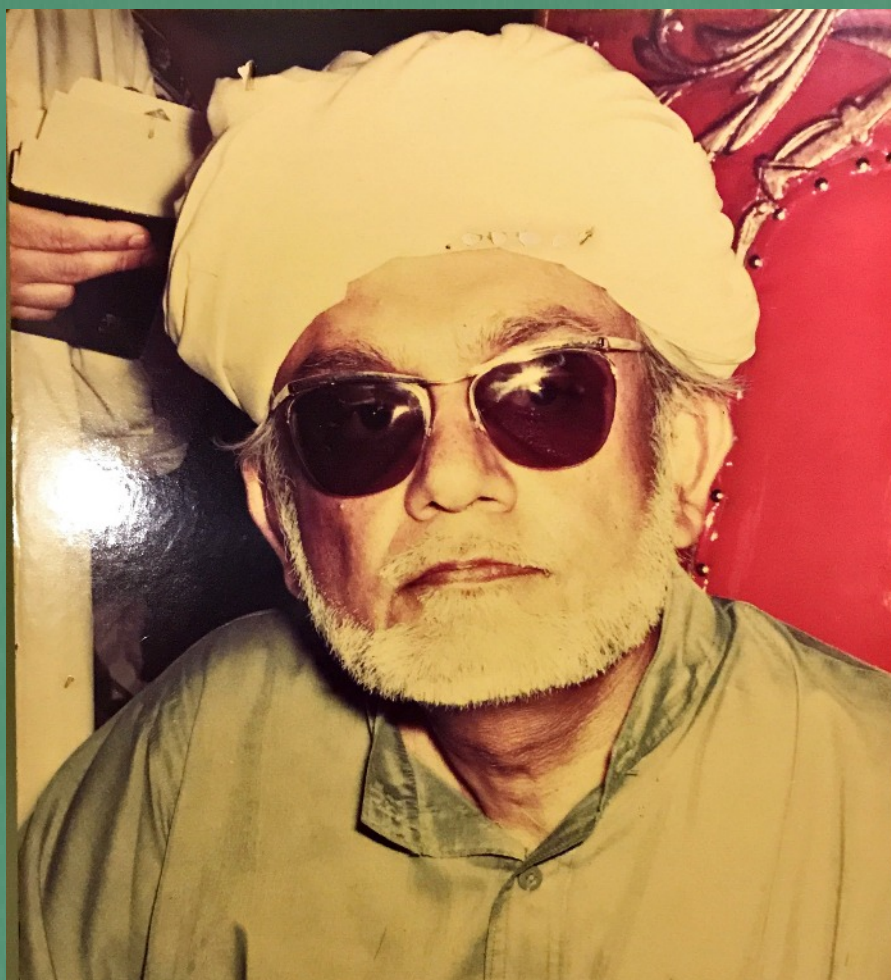


# ● Jam - The Man and his Politics ●

By

Sayid Ghulam Mustafa Shah (1993)



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# JAM - THE MAN AND HIS POLITICS

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# DEDICATION

To the Sindhi Press

## PREFACE

I consider Jam Sadiq Ali Khan a peculiar and ordinary phenomenon in the political history of Pakistan. Today in retrospect with the passage of time since his death, with the unfolding of events and with the speculations of minds and analysis of episodes and appearance of repercussions, one marvels at the diverse and complex personality of Jam. Was he an iconoclast? Was he a bull in the China shop? Was he an angry man or a desperado enjoying and relishing the fun of governance? Was there something about which he kept his secrets and would not reveal to any one — per adventure he was a bit of everything. God alone is the Master of all secrets; but we homo sapiens must give to each other and so to Jam also the benefit of doubt.

Today in British history Cromwell is being reassessed, and in world history Lenin is being reassessed. Was Jam an agent of hope and a brave man who, in the madness of his methods, circumstances and contrivances, was driving towards the cleansing of Sindh of all those entrenched, rotten, untouched, cruel and crude and inebriated elements and personalities, internal and external, which no one before was able to touch, uncover and expose; but he bravely put them all right in the open for public exhibition and derision. In this obtuse and concealed objective and purpose and well-deliberated effort perhaps he may have done good to Sindh and to the people of Pakistan.

During last three years the world has been in a melting pot. The international events, processes and compulsions have only emphasized the sociopolitical compulsions of Pakistan, Jam not only accentuated, but advanced the natural processes in Pakistan. In 1972 Akbar Bhugti told me that it had taken twenty-five years for Pakistan to divide into two, and it should take another twenty-five years to divide into four. Was Jam the auspicious or ominous precursor of events.

This writing is not a biography; it is more a commentary on and a pathetic narration of the quality and eccentricities of Pakistan's socio-political life in general and of Sindh in particular. To qualify for a genuine biography, in the conditions of the second half of the twentieth century, a person must believe in the people and the masses. He should be a statesman, a man of erudition and of intellect and moral principles, a man of values and honor and recognition, and must have achievements of sufficiently praiseworthy nature to his credit which will give hope and direction to society and give it security; and above all a man worth being called an example to follow, a hero to remember and a harbinger of hope. Jam was none of this. In the history of Pakistan, except for the Quaid-e-Azam and Bhutto no one in political life had met the criteria and challenges of being remembered and written about, and no one had any representative character. Thieves, usurpers and fiddlers, howsoever highly placed in power and authority, were

not worth writing about. All generals and unrepresentative politicians must die a disgraceful death, and have their exit from this world, unwept, unhonoured and unsung.

Jam was a case and instance of his own kind in this greedy, grabbing, pathological and hypocritical society of Pakistan and Sindh. He certainly was a master manipulator. Men like Jam could only be written about as lessons and instances in human aberrations and political vagaries and uncertainties of Society. There was nothing of excellence and genuineness about Jam. He was an instance in absurdity, in mediocrity, in conspiracy and hypocrisy.

Brevity of life is a phenomenon of nature. Jam as the Chief Minister appeared to be in a hurry to accomplish his worst. The clock of life was ticking away. The pendulum was oscillating and bringing the end nearer. The Charms and seductions of office, the sins, the crimes, the intrigues, the mischief, the ostentation and color - are always temporary and trivial. A novel can be written on Jam and Zia as Draculas of Pakistan. But any laudatory biography and historical appreciation will be an effort and study in futility.

Of course, some great rascals have been written about - condemned or remembered as psychopathic creations of nature. They also teach, even though they have left only chaos, scars, confusion, blood, destruction and wailing behind. But that was the age of adventurism before the dawn of last fifty years of the twentieth century. It has been resumed that all adventurism was obsolete after World War II all over the globe, but the generality of Muslim countries and societies were an exception. They must rot and wallow in irrationality, pseudo-religiosity, retrogression and rodomontade. Somehow in its history Pakistan stood at the apex or the base of the list depending on how we view time and circumstances. The Muslim countries for the last fifty years have produced only black-guards, buffoons and bullies or profligate potentates. Jam as a consummate complex of some of these characters. He was a study of personally a moral man descending to the abyss of socio-political depravity and indulging in ideals and processes, and steps which no man in his senses will descend to take. The immediate was the object and the aim of his thinking and working, but in this trait of character he was unique - perhaps in Pakistan symbolically successful. In this he appeared a disciple of Jamaat-e-Islami. He was not concerned with ethics or metaphysics of ends and means.

Pakistan's history was a peculiar tale of criminals, traitors, sinners and adventurers. Jam was an instance of the rottenness of Pakistan's socio-political life. When rascals and ruffians became rulers and claim representation of the masses societies must crumble and disintegrate. In early eighties an ebullient and effulgent military coadjutor of Zia had said "We have invisible majority on our side" - perhaps he was referring to the graveyards of Pakistan. Jam never bothered about morality, validity, wisdom or philosophy. For him the dirtiest and quickest way was preferable and permissible.

I had known Jam since when he was in his teens; but here I am writing about his period of Chief Minister of Sindh, and occasionally referring to some events of life relevant to this study and about the conditions he had created and the forces he had unleashed or generated. If I had not known him so well, so long and so intimately I would not have written of the ominous traditions and legacy he had left behind.

The impact of his Chief Ministership was felt all over the country in its repercussions. He died having left Pakistan in conditions as inauspicious, as on the eve of the creation of Bangladesh, or what we see happening in Afghanistan, Lebanon and Yugoslavia - perhaps as portentous as in Russia. Everything he did foreboded anarchism and disaster.

I am positive after making him the Chief Minister Sindh, he had put on tenter hooks and given creeps even to those who had placed him there. Perhaps in his methods of governance he had disappointed his patrons and temporarily strengthened those he had hated, or who hated him, but he ruined them. He was chosen for his villainy, his art and craft in politics. Jam was no product of any serendipity. Jam was not a man of any outstanding merit. He could never be a historical figure but in his death had agitated and effervesced forces of hope and salvation for many. He had left a problematical Pakistan which, in the new international urges and imperatives, stood in need of redesignation, redefinition, reconditioning and perhaps reshaping. He was a man who had left blood, misery, bitterness, confusion and uncertainty behind.

There was nothing altruistic or philanthropic about Jam. His was a politics of carrot and stick, tricks and subterfuges, lying and perjury. He was so candid about his lying and was no hypocrite to himself. He had no ambition to be anything else. He knew he was enjoying the transitory fun of ruling - as despotically as the man who had hated him - General Zia - and whom he hated so much. He was a man who was abused, slandered and maligned in the seventies and eighties, but now suddenly, he was a serendipitous personality a cynosure of the eyes of his erstwhile enemies and his three decade critics. Jam was never looking out for any achievements. He was working with his inveterate detractors; and today in retrospect he has, it appears, miracles to his credit. In subduing, driving or silencing his adversaries, he had exposed pirdom, manipulated bureaucracy and overawed and reduced to acquiescence his inveterate enemies, by paying cajoling, and dragooning.

Jam was thoroughly unscrupulous and outrageously spontaneous and candid in his gibes asides; broadsides and observations. He was very good in making casual and candid conjectures and comments which appear in the course of this writing.

Jam's was essentially a restless soul. There was a sort of tempest whirling in his mind and soul. He could hardly sleep. He suspected everybody. He was always apprehensive

of betrayal and dagger through the arras, though he had thoroughly ensconced himself well, politically though rather precariously, jam many a time viewed, and dealt with life with a certain amount of casual frivolity. He enjoyed fun like Puck but did not desist from inflicting pain and cruelty. He was masterly in his handling of mullahs. He knew very well greediness and their cowardliness Mullahs loved and coveted largesse from authority and proximity to power and wealth. They smelled where they could get what. In history Mullahs have always supported social classes and distinctions, pontificated about fatalism and poverty and advocated submissiveness of destitute masses to cruel rulers in the name of God and religion. Pirs and Mullahs cannot look beyond the tips of their noses or gorges of their stomachs.

Jam was never ostentatious and personally arrogant. He was a very well-informed man, nothing escaped his observation. In his politics of revenge he did not believe in giving any benefit of doubt. Once his suspicion was roused, he would strike at once and find some way to exhibit his rancor and anger. Jam enjoyed scatological verbalism in any company big or small, of men and women. In flagrant obscenity of words there was no rival to him, except the generals On my telling him that Altaf of Muhajir Qaumi Movement had prided on having produced the leadership of middleclass of Pakistan, he would smile and say that they were all corrupt, more corrupt than the poor and the rich. They fleece both and indulge in abhorrent profligacy and run after girls.

Jam did not believe in miracles, talismans or prophecies. He said they were the artifices, excuses and methods of the dirty and confused politicians. He only knew how to subdue his adversaries, turn them and twist them, push them and pay them, and whirl them as suited him and to hell their rise and fall - perhaps it pleased him when they failed or succumbed to his ways. He relished their submissions. Jam never accepted, contemplated, acquiesced in or countenanced a Jam. He always thought he will goof, fumble, bungle, batter and gore his way out He never contemplated being stopped or impeded –hurdles he will either cross or crush. Jam was brutish like Zia in his assessment and reasoning, in decisions and execution.

Jam was avowedly in last three decades the oldest and the most knowledgeable and adroit politician of Pakistan. He was an encyclopedia of politics and conditions of Pakistan. He was part and parcel and active player in the elusive, delusive and deceptive politics of Pakistan from 1958 to his death. He had learnt both the easy and the hard way. Life had taught him a great deal in easiness and prosperity and adversity, before he became the Chief Minister. Hardly any politician in Pakistan had gone through such variety of experiences and vicissitudes in life.

Jam was a genuine family man. He was rather sometimes rough and unforgiving with his sons, but he was tender and playful with his daughters and grand children. There were some matters in which he thought he was uneasy and uncomfortable, but he had the capacity and courage to take everything in his stride and accept them as decrees of

fate. He had tremendous faith in his wife. She sustained him in his years and moments of trial and stress. In his death she is indeed the greatest loser.

There are many who consider Jam a sinner against Sindh, but in retrospect with the passing events it may be a harsh verdict. Jam was certainly secretive, enigmatical, difficult and unmanageable may be, even refractory and ungovernable under dictation from those who had put him there. Life had taught him enough, through rough and tumble, to be on his own and remain steadfast and even inflexible. He certainly many a time tried the patience of his patrons and left them in dire helplessness to be rough with him, to harm him or to remove him.

Jam was straightforward and honest and open and candid when alone about his misdemeanors, irregularities and high-handedness. He knew and acknowledged exactly what he was doing, and exactly defined the people he was dealing with. In his ideas, actions and analysis he was supremely honest to himself.

Jam's obscenities and flagrant pornographic expressing apart, he was essentially in personal standards a moral man. He was neither a pimp nor a panderer in politics. Keeping exigencies and expediencies of Pakistan politics in mind he ruled on his own terms.

Jam knew how to scare and make his subordinates dance. Any one out of step will go to the limbo. Jam helped and respected people who had something to do, in their family connections, with his father. He admired his father who was indeed a man of sterling virtues. Jam sometimes showed goodness and nobility to people which very few politicians in Pakistan could rival - let alone surpass.

Jam had no intention of leaving behind a mark or a movement. Jam never thought he was a reformer or a great leader or an outstanding man of talents. He did not believe in exhibitionism but it was endemic in his actions. He secretly loved it. He was abusing and insulting people in his jolly and merry abandon without giving ostensible impression of superiority. His purpose was served when Pir Pagaro was summoned to a dinner and nonchalantly dismissed to his exit unceremoniously, or a Makhdoom humiliated by a gesture of favor and largesse or a G.M. Sayed was won over by a show of visit or reverence or grant of a favor. All this gave Jam excitement of satisfaction and superiority. He was happy at the way he handled them and humiliated them it is they who had abused and slandered him all these years.

In my writing about Jam I am not praising, panegyricizing, denigrating, commiserating or sympathizing with Jam. This is not a writing on Jam so much as on the society of Sindh and Pakistan. He knew very well he had put himself in a hole and he never made any effort to extricate himself - he enjoyed staying there. He knew if he went down, like Hitler, he will take down with himself everybody else. He allowed matters to drift and



things take their own course, to hell or to doom, without bothering about friends and foes. He allowed life flow in a gash or a goof or in eerie tantrums.

I should like to close this preface with Jam Sadiq Ali Khan's classical and brutal observation on the history and politics of Pakistan. On Jam's political antics and escapades Mumtaz Bhutto told me of a message he had sent to Jam. I asked Jam in my house if he had got a message from Mumtaz Bhutto and he said, "Mumtaz tells me that I should think of and remember my noble father Nawab Jam Kamboo Khan; but my father was a great and generous man and I am a third class man. He was great when the Great British ruled. We are living in a land mauled and debauched by the Punjab and its army, and bureaucracy. They have a long experience of this sexual handling through the ages, and they have reduced Pakistan to a dirty and filthy state".

Jam candidly acknowledged that he was behaving exactly in the traditions and working on the lines of Liaquat, Ghulam Mohammad, Ayub, Sikander Mirza, Yahya and Zia. "They took alcohol and I also do, but I am not a dirty profligate and hypocrite like them". He would smile in his characteristic way - a smile of sarcasm and fun and would not hesitate to have a jibe at the Quaid-e-Azam and Bhutto. "Quaid-e-Azam and Bhutto took wine as I do. Formally Quaid-e-Azam got Pakistan on a platter from the British, though it was actually given to Sikander Hayat and to the Punjab, which had served British imperial designs for a century, as a matter of habit, of all invading armies through the ages. Liaquat got it on a platter, so did Ghulam Mohammad and Ayub Khan. Bhutto got new Pakistan from Yahya and from the defeated Army of Pakistan on a platter. Zia got it on a platter from his Army of conspirators and through ouster and hanging of Bhutto. Mohammad Khan Junejo got it on a platter and was unceremoniously kicked out, Jatoi got it on a platter as a temporary beggar and so Nawaz Sharif has got it on a platter. The only genuine Prime Minister was *Chhokri*; (Benazir Bhutto) who was the real elected Prime Minister of Pakistan. I have got Sindh on a platter; and having put me there, they cannot do away with me. Rashdi had said to a lady in Lahore, "Madam, I have given Sindh to Punjab on a silver platter - this was on the formation of One Unit. I have given Sindh to Ghulam Ishaq Khan on a platter."

On another occasion Jam very proudly said to me, "One day Sindh will realize that I have destroyed all the Pirs in Sindh, though I am afraid of some Sayids 'With a twinkle in his eye', I have rid Sindh of Three curses - Pagaro's, Makhdoom's and Altaf's Pirism. Of course I know and acknowledge that my government clearly consists of all kinds of orphan, cowards, opportunists and ill-reputed men, like soldiers in French legion - thieves, dacoits, cut-throats, renegades and mercenaries. They, all live on government money. Even their kitchens run on government funds. Of course a few are with me on account of sound personal reasons, and because they did not belong to the People's Party or were opposed by Mohammad Khan or by Jatoi. People's Party should never trust Jatoi. He will let it down, as he let down Bhutto."

Jam did not bother about the future. He thought whatever happened or came to pass was natural - fair or foul, good or bad, salutary or injurious, failure or success - nothing bothered him or disturbed or distracted him. Other consequences were not his concern. He wanted his results. The nature of repercussions he did not bother about - a precipice or a fall. Death was coming and let come. He would continue to do things with increasing vehemence and vengeance. He could not stop - after him the deluge - to hell or heaven that was the job of God. This was exactly the way he thought of Zia, and the tragedy was that he lived in Zia's footsteps and died under similar tragic circumstances - a lingering death instead of instantaneous incendiary - a comedy of nature.

Whatever it was Sindh did not look upon him as a friend and a well wisher or who had any commitments to Sindh and its future. He never believed in charity and generosity. Strangely enough in his death he had no regrets.

Karachi

(SAYID GHULAM MUSTAFA SHAH)  
2nd February, 1993.

## JAM SADIQ ALI KHAN

In the history of Pakistan three Chief Ministers or provincial heads had left an indelible mark and stupendous consequences for the people of Pakistan. Moneem Khan in East Pakistan, was a little victory of imperial Ayub Khan and by his methods of governance and indispensability to Ayub Khan, he intrinsically and abundantly contributed to the creation of Bangladesh. Kalabagh was a dacoit and a rascal and a brute with a highly developed sense of aristocratic dignity and cruelty. He gave creeps and uncomfortable moments to Ayub Khan. Kalabagh's death was a typical feudal phenomenon. Feudalism like militarism breeds intrigue, greed, demoralization, profligacy, abandon, internecine and clannish and family feuds, suspicion, hatred, poison, dagger and bullets. Kalabagh's death was characteristic of a callous and murderous ruler, an awful husband and a terrorizing father.

Kalabagh adored and admired pedigree. He was a worshiper of animal instincts. He was said to be an admirer of physical beauty. A Secretary in his government openly said in an open meeting that the great qualification of his being chosen by Kalabagh as head of a delegation was his handsomeness and sartorial elegance. He was soon promoted on his return to a higher post.

Kalabagh soon became a nightmare for Ayub Khan himself who in his desperation, consternation and fear got rid of him, only to bring in his place a dullard and a nincompoop who made the whole political situation in West Pakistan worse. He was taken for granted and insulted by all Divisional Commissioners in West Pakistan. The unlucky unnatural and ill-intentioned One Unit could not stay, and in, few years it had to see disintegration.

Whatever the tricks and utility of Moneem Khan in East Pakistan and Kalabagh's depredations and cruelties in West Pakistan, Jam had outdone both, in making the whole of Pakistan government and presidential authority hinge on his caprice and whims. In the presence of so many people - he was always surrounded by a *darbar* - to talk to him in confidence was a problem. He had always to be taken to a place of some nature, where on could be inaudible to the multitude of visitors and courtiers. He would abuse ministers of government federal and provincial and demonstrably refused to talk to them on phone; and he said some savor and unsavory and pungent things before all those who were present and moving around. He would mince no words and could not help being loudly exact and literal.

In the death of Jam Sadiq Ali Khan we have seen the demise of the strangest and most conspicuous aberration of nature in Pakistan in general and in Sindh in particular - in

nobility, in crudity and in idiosyncrasy - he left no doubts and no scope for misinterpretation in his words and deeds and decisions.

He was a student of mine. But before that I had seen him in the company of his father who was great friend of my grand-father both perhaps the most generous and philanthropic men of Sindh.

I knew his uncle Jam Jan Mohammad intimately, and I had practically the whole generation of young Jam's as my students - Anwar Ali and all the rest. He was brought to me as a timid young man who felt scared as soon as he entered my office in Sindh Muslim College. He was one of the three young men - the other two being Mir Rasool Bux and Jam Murad Ali of Malir - about whom I used to wonder what they were going to do or develop into in life.

In 1949 when I lived in his house in Hyderabad I saw Rasool Bux as a man of the masses and a rabble rouser. Murad Ali became a recluse. But Sadiq Ali turned out to be strangest combination and an amalgam of talents, ominous habits and strange weaknesses - a combination of Hassan-bin-Sabah, Rasputin and Abul Fazal. He told everybody that he considered me alone as his father and respected me as such. He said to me once that he was really relieved when he came to know that I was not contesting the National Assembly election again. In the Provincial Assembly I would have proved the biggest force and obstacle for him. He repeatedly said he thought of me as the Principal of Sindh Muslim College or as the Vice-Chancellor of Sindh University.

I last saw him on his sick bed when I sat with him after his return from Europe. He looked helpless, but smiled on seeing me, wanting to leave his bed to touch my feet when I stopped him, and again about 10 days before his demise - I thought I was seeing the man living the last hours and days of his life.

Jam Sadiq Ali had obsequious principles of life both lofty and crude. Whenever I wrote a letter to him and addressed him "Janab Jam Sahib" he would cut out the phrase and write in his hand "Sadiq Ali". Once he heard that I wanted something done. He took a foolscap white paper and wrote an order on the lower left hand corner of the paper and took it to Mahmood Haroon Sahib, the Governor of Sindh, and gave it to him to give it to me.

All those years he was in exile in England, he got the promise from me to always live with him in his house in London. The first time in 1980, without my knowledge he went to my hotel room, packed up all my things, took them in a taxi and drove home, telling Sayed Jamal Shah, the owner of the hotel that I should better come to his house.

I would get angry with him for overdoing some things. Twice in his Jam House and in his Chief Minister's office, I stood up, held him by his arms, pulled him out of the Chief

Minister's chair, in the presence of more than a dozen people, dragged him into the bathroom and gave him a bit of my mind for half an hour. He was always apologetic but incorrigible. One day in desperation at my residence he said to me: "*Sain*, I pay people and feed them, then I do what I want to them", (I do not want to translate his words).

In London on more than two dozen occasions we would sit alone and he would talk about his exile and hardships and put his arms around my neck and weep like a child. As Chief Minister he came to my house at Karachi so many times to unburden himself of things he would not talk to anybody else.

Once he said: "I am cornered like a mad dog both by the Government and the Opposition and I want to fight and survive. I belong to no one, not even to my children. I belong to my wife and to God. I am in a terrible spot. I want to see people dancing. I have suffered, I am bitter and I trust no one". He had no real respect for any one he was dealing with politically. What he thought of them he would sometimes not even hide. He marveled at the change from the days of General Zia, when they all wanted to kill him, to his present status where they all cajoled him.

Long ago in early Ayub Khan's days, I had gone to see N. A. Farooqi, the Cabinet Secretary, a friend of long years from 1944, in late afternoon at the Rawalpindi Secretariat; on entering the Secretariat building I found Jam standing with General Shaikh and Nazir Ahmed, the defence secretary at the landing in the corridor joyfully talking with glasses in their hands. On seeing me, Jam immediately bolted into an adjacent room. General Shaikh and Nazir laughed. They said he would not stand with a glass in his hand when he saw me. After I left Farooqi, he asked Nazir to apologize to me.

He told me about the constant feuding of a number of Sayeds and Waderas in my district including a minister. He called half a dozen violently contending ones and gave them the crudest bit of his mind and told them to get out and patch up and see him in a week's time, reconciled; if not, he will bang their heads together". Two of them said to him, "But what about the Chairmanship of the district council?" He looked furious. He said, "You go and fight elections and leave that to me. I will choose a black dog and you all will have to vote for him. Get out".

I always smiled at his candid machiavellian expressions. At the marriage dinner of a relative, in a hotel banquet hall, after the Marwat affair, and the removal of a DIG, I was sitting next to him, when he called for somebody to come from my side so that I could hear what he said to him. He held the man's extended hand for five minutes and said some unprintable words in thorough fluency and eloquence and ended by saying. "I shall tear you to pieces".

About political parties after he became Chief Minister, he said he belonged to no one and that was the only safe way in a country where generals dominate. They all were in his pocket. He was indispensable to them. He called all those he was dealing with "*Chhokras*", (boys) "I shall spank them" (the exact words are unprintable). All his ministers, including those of the MQM, he abused left and right including the terrified speaker.

Jam's Government was CIA inspired, BCCI contrived, Islamabad regulated but in the process of governance Jam made all of them pay. MQM had its spirit and reins in the United States and the BCCI. Its brats and numskulls had no commitment to anything in Pakistan. After fifty years *muhajirism* was no patriotism. They controlled and terrorized Urdu and English press by payment, conviction, terror and under duress. For them no method however mean was foreign or forbidden. Jam satisfied their baser and ignoble instincts and used them as whip against themselves and against everybody else with relish, gusto and abandon. In this behavior he was a simple and pure sadist, only leavened by his occasional love of the indigenous.

On the toppling of Bhutto's government general Zia would have made him a palatable mince meat and eaten him raw. But curiously enough he was adroitly and cleverly escorted to the plane by the general's own men whom Jam had placated and managed by every conceivable means of corruption. Nothing base was forbidden for the generals all over the world.

He was afraid of Pir Pagara, but he knew Pir's weakness thoroughly well. Pir Pagaro was a GHQ man and so easy to handle. Jam counted on the military men in Sindh to give him the secret safe passage to go out immediately on the deposition of Bhutto and the declaration of Martial Law. For his return to Pakistan he managed avaricious Pir Pagaro from London, but found Zia difficult till Abedi intervened. Zia had merely become less adamant in getting rid of him, but would not promise and commit to Jam's reprieve. On Zia's death matters changed. BCCI and MQM were in the saddle in the armed forces also. More than one third of the officers in all the armed forces or in their allied industrial, commercial or trade organizations consisted of MOM men. Things became hopeful for Jam to come back to Pakistan.

Zia had already provided for and ensured the succession of his policy by ensuring the advancement and security of his successors. Zia said he was a *muhajir* by migration and spirit, a Deihite by habits, a Pathan by domicile, a Pakistani by accident, a Punjabi by birth; and he handled everything with the agility and sharpness of a circus instructor with his gnashing teeth and brandishing whip. He would gravitate everywhere, where money was Abedi, Aga Khan, Dawoods and Sharifs. He remembered the Quaid-e-Azam's dictum, "You must have a lot of cash of your own in your pocket before you can be a leader of Musalmans". It was Gandhi about whom Mrs. Naidu, had said "It costs a lot to keep Bapujee in poverty."

Jam was a consummate shrewd, but irresponsible politician. For him everything valid which worked and gave results. This trait he best displayed in his art and craft in handling the families of Pirs - that of Pagaro and that of Makhdoom of Halla or Pir Altaf Hussain. He approached them through the traditional and well tried and classical routes of seduction, demoralization and predilections which were the weaknesses of universal pirdom. Talibul Maula was a noble and steady man but his progeny ruined him and his reputation and made him impecunious and helpless. Jam condoned and advanced ubiquitous craze of pirs. Jam loved to see them play to his tune. He told me of a number of incidents and stories of both which he would gleefully narrate and laugh. Jam like machiaevelli's prince could be anything cruel, mean and generous. That generosity extended to man's usefulness. He was master juggler with men. It was his good fortune, and that, thanks to the influence of his wife, he had no intrinsic weaknesses other than drinking and of course, enjoying power. Power had appeared in its full intoxication when he was dying; perhaps it was power and its proc and strains which killed him.

He always said even in his exile, that after Bhutto's death he was not afraid of anything and more so after Zia's providential incendiarisation. In the presence of his wife he was nobility and fun and relaxation personified. He would relate some of the funniest and hilarious anecdotes and cut jokes which verged on obscenity. Of course some men have a habit to be funny, boisterous or gallant in the presence of their wives. That was one way of ingratiating wives and women. His wife would look at me and say "*Bhao (brother)* even you would not mend him and teach him" I told her "That would be an in fructuous business. I had stopped preaching and reigned my authority even in the case of my children. I have ceased to advise and stopped persuading men in their beliefs. I only write and let those who can read, learn. It was a waste of effort in our greedy and rapacious society. He is caged and let him have his freedom in his prison." Jam's wife was marvelous in looking after him. She had about her, certain fatalism, serenity and intelligence very uncommon in most of Pakistani women. In his acute state of anguish in exile, she nursed and consoled him to survive. What a noble and devoted woman.

Jam believed that his life had taught him not to feel committed to anything in Pakistan. If there were a commitment there would have been no Bangladesh. His principles of governance were those of Walpole in England. He believed that he who moved alone moved farthest and the quickest - a dictum and a principle of both Lenin and Stalin. They both knew the game of elimination and chess.

Jam should have known that finally and indubitably he will be answerable to the people and to God for his handling of Sindh and its people. Per adventure in his processes and decisions and perhaps consequences he had surpassed Khuhro.

I cannot in retrospect help feeling that Jam in his demeanor and method of working was endeavoring and working to wreak vengeance on those who were governing this country; but who had maltreated and tortured him before and wished him dead. To the opposition he demonstrated his ingenuity, dexterity and triumph in dirty politics of Pakistan - his maneuverability was marvelous - there was for him nothing sacred to stick and to and nothing ideal to stand by. In this land, barren of men of courage and sincerity, things could only go from bad to worse.

Jam was very close to Hasan Abidi who gave him Two hundred Fifty thousand Pounds to buy a house in London and furnish it. Hasan Abidi and BCCI fixed a monthly stipend for him and defrayed his extraordinary expenses as and when he needed. It is this association and obligation which gave him his Chief Ministership. With General Zia removed with Pir Pagaro muzzled and cleverly quietened, Hasan Abidi became a chain and hyphen and a binding force to the remnants of Zia. MQM now on the bursting points and on the collapse of BCCI, we can ostensibly see, was a creation of President Carter, General Zia and BCCI. Jam - MQM condominium was a BCCI and CIA concoction and decoction which was necessitated by the Afghan War and expediencies of the time and politics.

Jam Sadiq Ali Khan was not only an aberration but a political and administrative phenomenon. He had so beautifully contrived that whole government of Pakistan was gyrating and revolving round him. As if the whole IJI government hinged on him, though he hated IJI and its politics. This was so obvious from the number of trips men in authority or otherwise made to Karachi and the urgency and frequency with which personalities in Islamabad visited Karachi - as if the capital of Pakistan had shifted to Sindh. He would many times refuse to go to Islamabad. In the last few months or so of his life, Karachi was a rendezvous of every one of consequence in Pakistan. They pleased him when alive and would not even let him die, and go out of this world in peace and without publicity. No single leader of Pakistan had reined, held and reigned Pakistan as if at ransom. He certainly held it on tenter hooks and gave such anxious and ominous moments and apprehensions in his impending death. Jam was important for Islamabad both in living and dying - a curious state indeed.

It is surprising how the doctors in their helplessness or callousness allowed such rough handling of a sick and obviously dying man, when he had a limpid body and hardly any strength to move any part of it. He was still being harassed and pestered by his minions, cronies and *darbaris* and officials for signing orders and getting his signatures on official papers. When I last saw him, about ten days before he died, I stood up to leave him, and I put my one hand on his shoulder not to bother to move and rise, and I held his hand with another and I found hardly any pressure in his fingers. He looked at me with pathetic and lachrymose eyes and said faintly and hardly audibly "*Duwa Kajo*" (Do pray for me).



I could not help being shaken by his plight and callousness of the world around him. The crowds around him perhaps killed him by contrition. He died perhaps earlier than he should have - but that was the will of God ke sara, sara.

When I wrote a brief note on him in early May I was amazed on the reaction of people who read it. The reaction varied enormously from diametrically opposite long distance poles it varied from the thinking to the unthinking, from his close associates to his inveterate enemies, from casual readers to serious men in life from duffers in politics to the knowing in obscurity. I was Jam's teacher, his friend when he was in trouble in exile, and when people who were surrounding him now avoided even his shadow before them. I liked him however complex a man he was. I was writing no panegyric and no invective. Mine was an assessment and evaluation as I saw him from a very raw youth that he came to me, to his death. Mine was both a parental approach and a filial valuation about the man I had some to marvel about. I was writing as a sociologist, as a historian, as a man who had seen youth and their growth, and I could see boys and men through, as through a transparent glass. I had handled Two hundred thousand boys and girls throughout my life and thousands of parents. My only purpose then and now was to put personalities in proper perspective and do an analysis which may benefit society. Jam was a unique instance of a politician, who had played his part under dictators Ayub Khan and Yahya Khan and under leaders like Bhutto. He had a sharp mind. He was not an reudite man, but certainly a man trained in the philosophy of real politique and actualism.

I was sorry when he died. I shed a few tears when I visited his ancestral village, and shed a few tears at his grave. I have never been an ostrich or a man lacking words for exactitude in expression. I prayed for him, but I portray him as I saw him. He was a sinner in many eyes, but also a benefactor to so many. Like all men who behaved so, including Al Capone, he acknowledged the power of God, to that extent he could be called religious - if Hajaj Bin Yosuf, Nadir Shah, Tamer-Lane, Aurangzeb, Mahmood Ghazni, Ghulam Mohammad, Liaquat Ali Khan in and Zia could be called religious. I assessed the work of man and his place in historical perspective, as a son, as a father, as a friend, as a conversationalist, as an administrator or as a politician - blinking at facts is not viewing them properly. Jam had fun even in doing some harsh, cruel and wrong things - he did them occasionally with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

Jam was a clever politician, a tactician and a consummate and thorough analyst of men, events, time and society. This is the way I have approach him and assessed him. This writing is no admiration or condemnation. It is a realistic, harsh but real truth. It is comparative and relative statement of facts and personal traits Jam is dead he need neither praise nor denigration - he is there from where no one has come back to tell.

Exactness is a matter of thinking and knowledge, experience information, and association. Speculation can be vague, reality can never be hidden. If I had not known

him so intimately and lovingly and so long, in childhood, youth and maturity and age in all phases in his life I would not here written about him. What I have written is a duty I have done in all sincerity to Sindh and Pakistan. We have duty to do to our posterity. We are beholden to our earth. I have nearly completed books on Bhutto and Zia. Politically Jam would have served Bhutto, Zia would have hanged him. He never said an unkind word about Bhutto. After all Bhutto was the only real politician of Pakistan in his originality, and courage, in his thinking and the novelty of his movement even when he was in the sight of the gallows. Zia was a desperado, a dirty general, and a scourge of God for Pakistan.

Jam Sadiq Ali had an extraordinary sense of humor and wit. Humor is the best proof and demonstration of the intelligence and the sharpness of the mind, as poetry is the flagrant demonstration of intellectual dullness, hyperbole, profligacy, Jam was extremely good sometimes at graphic description of men and events. He would drink but would never get fully drunk to the limit of being ridiculous and inebriated Though wobbling and oscillating and incoherent, he kept his trend of talk constant. In that state I could only pity and sympathies with him for his apologies and excuses and modesty.

Jam was excellent in his observations both about decency and obscenity. His phraseology in description of men could only be equal to his terminological inexactitudes and bitterness in life.

He was a marvelously relaxed man even in his moments of anguish and pain, in moments of desperation or hope, in his years of exile and even on his sick bed in total helplessness and hopelessness. He would look at me with his eloquent glances and tremendously winning and pathetic smile.

I had heard people comparing and equating him in the sharpness of his mind and wit with Pir Ali Muhammad Rashidi and Memon Ghulam Nabi - but of course Jam was not so well read and learned as the other two. Perhaps he was a queer combination of a brave man who had surrendered so ignominiously. Perhaps he had suffered more but enjoyed greater authority - he remembered the former and relished the latter. He was occasionally compared and contrasted with Khuhro who was an uncouth, arrogant and miserly man in his methods and habits. There was no nobility of thought and action in Khuhro. Jam was never demonstrably arrogant. He would hide his anger and hatred in public. His strong feelings he never physically showed or loudly voiced. His subdued words were more piercing, pungent and penetrating and effective than Khuhro's shouts, fulminations and frothing; but they both did great sociological harm to Sindh. Khuhro's was a betrayal, Jam was a deluded over-confident fool.

Jam and I in London used to walk from his Belsize Park residence to Hamstead, the Residence of Martin Moir the great Director of India Office Library and British Museum. He would always carry an expansive bottle of wine for Martin Moir. He was a

man who strongly believed in little courtesies, but in ostentatious entertainment of the table. He had the taste of authority during the regime of late Bhutto himself, when Bhutto had declared Jam as Chief Minister of Sindh and instructed Mumtaz Bhutto, the Chief Minister of Sindh, to let him have liberty and power in that area. Jam exercised it with a vengeance and paid for it by his fear and consternation, and his hurriedly going out of the country in exile, on the promulgation of martial law in July 1977. As Chief Minister of Sindh now, he handled the carnal and venal Pirs and Waderas of Sindh with consummate finesse and dexterity and artifice. Jam was superb in handling the greedy and the criminal.

Jam Sadiq Ali was meticulous in his hospitality even when under strained circumstances. He was a tremendous cook – perhaps that is what exile had made him. Perhaps that was the trait he carried in his politics and administration as Chief Minister. Even before I had got up from my bed and said my morning prayers in London, he would be up and doing. By the time I would come out of my room, he would have already cooked half a dozen dishes in the kitchen. He would insist on my not handling anything served on the table for breakfast. He would do it himself. He enjoyed this culinary art and from what we got served in the house, it appeared he had perfected this part, during the days of exile, to immaculate excellence.

Jam's politics was thoroughly pragmatic, illusive, elusive and unpredictable, but in his personal attachments, politics had not much to do with it. He was steadfast if he wished to be. All things said and done he was a jolly and a pleasant person, but at the back of his mind he was thoroughly effervescent and agitated and in his thinking a highly mercurial being, about his future most unconcerned - so probably of others and of the country and its people.

I wondered if his duration of Chief Ministership will leave any enduring mark; except scars and wounds on the politics of Sindh and Pakistan. He was all adhocism. He never had any consistent political policy. He had no intention of leaving a legacy of goodness and greatness. He was not winning any laurels. He was running no race. His was a pure and simple cruel and capricious adhocism. Sindh he left in the total confusion and disgrace. He had a knack of dealing with men in the meanest thinking. He made his antagonists and coadjutors dance - he disarmed them and dominated them. He used to say he was taming the shrew in MQM and setting them so well that they will never gain balance again. "These ill-mannered, ill-educated and riotous, raucous "*Chhokras*" were not worth bothering about. He thought them to be headless and manner less under-educated, upstarts who had sprung from the gutter. He would smilingly call them "*But-Parast*" and "*Khud Parast*". He called Altaf of MQM a raving lunatic to be handled with money, fear and cajolery.

Surprisingly a generality of Muhajir bureaucracy, specially the senior ones, dreaded and hated to serve under MQM Ministers for their abusive language, rudeness,

eccentric behavior and devilish manners. An MQM Minister told a delegation, "I am not an idiot" and a delegate answered, "Sir you have said it, and not we."

I must say he never showed any undiminished love for Sindh; but perhaps in his processes of governance he did not realize, that with all his vociferation of good intentions, he was doing with both, Sindh and Pakistan, a horrible and grievous wrong. Even the leaders outside Sindh and in the Government of Pakistan he would not spare. He would love to poke fun at them. He had his patent names for all the men in government he was dealing with. He would call Ghulam Ishaque Khan "a wizard", and he would say the Prime Minister knew nothing about politics. He was a good man but so immature.

He had nothing but brats in his Government. He only knew the names of all the millionaires of Pakistan. He was badly taught tutored and trained by mad military men who cannot become teachers, trainers and examples in politics.

Outside Punjab except for the provincial Chief Minister and Governors he knows no body in politics. He does not spend even one full day and night in Karachi, Quetta or Peshawar. He has not addressed even one gathering of any Provincial Assembly Members in Sindh, Frontier and Balochistan. He is the Prime Minister of Punjab only. "He rules through brute Punjab majority and brutish Punjab army and on the slogan of Punjab."

"It appears the President and the Prime Minister have divided their authority and jurisdiction in Pakistan. Punjab is with the Prime Minister; the Frontier, Balochistan and Sindh are with the President. Pakistan it appears stands already divided into two politically and geographically. My relations with the Prime Minister are a mere formality. I deal with the President and count on him. He is a real man and worth depending upon. "My strength lies in the president and the MQM."

Another prominent politician he thought was a bull-dog dancing on its hind legs. The Minister of Interior Shujaat he branded, handled and bundle as a brat. Shujaat had complained in the National Assembly that the Chief Minister of Sindh was no traceable in Sindh on telephone, without realizing that Jam did not want to speak to him on phone. Jam even said, "Every time Shujaat came to Sindh, he created problems, and he would put Shujaat in jail if he interfered and mishandled things in Sindh." Most of the Federal Ministers he would call "Japanese toys without their bottoms for balance and stability."

One could easily assess how valuable and indispensable he had made himself to the Government of Pakistan from their impatience and anxiety to see him live, and to show him alive and kicking. They even went to the fantastic limits of display and exhibitionism. Even though living the last breath of his life, he was propped up in

cushions and settled for the television and cameras. Jam's political and expedient exhibitionism in media of information and publicity, while still in his coma on the death bed, was a feat of adroitness, desperation and falsehood. Was it moral to subject him to this cruelty and political expediency? Cannot our politics spare torture, make-belief and publicity to the dying? Politics like a desolate pestilence had corrupted not only ethics but religion too in Pakistan.

Jam Sadiq Ali used to say he was more cooperative with the central government, as Provincial Chief Minister than Nawaz Sharif was with the People Party Government. He countenanced and acquiesced in the transfers of his officers and in their policies more than Nawaz Sharif did in Peoples Party government. He said he was a Chief minister of Sindh and could behave like Khan Bahadur Allah Bux Soomro in Karachi, in 1938 Muslim League Conference. Allah Bux Soomro as Chief Minister of Sindh had issued notices to Fazlul Haq, Saadullah Khan, Sikandar Hayat, and Aurangzeb, who were Chief Minister of their provinces, to leave Karachi within twenty four hours or he will arrest them; and all these lions on the stage of the Muslim League Conference, bolted and prounced in panic and left Karachi in ten hours.

Jam said he believed in total autonomy of the provinces. He said he went to Islamabad as a matter of courtesy, and he did not like going there. He said Islamabad only, complicated the problems of Sindh. On my telling him that he was in Muslim League he would protest and say he was a Muslim Leaguer by courtesy. He constituted Muslim League of and by himself. He did not belong to all these five or six ladies going about and functioning with the same name pulling in different directions. He belonged to his own Muslim League, in which there were no other leaders. He would not want to be wedded to any one of them. "Right after Jinnah they all have served different husbands and ruined them. All Muslim Leaguers were shameless. I have so many of them with me in my pocket and they all abuse it. Even Jinnah had said in 1948, "there is no Muslim League, I am the Muslim League", and the same applied to me also. "Muslim League was a bartender to attend to every customer and to serve certain quarters. There were no rules of wedding or divorcing for her. She comes in handy and it was thrown about as and when convenient and expedient. Muslim League was a prostitute of money and power; nothing else. There was no morality and legality involved in its history - right from Liaquat Ali Khan to Ayub Khan to Mohammad Khan and Pagaro. The *mullas* and the Muslim Leagues were cheating the nation. Muslim Leagues would ensure the end of Pakistan. It was only when the Muslim League disappeared that the provinces would be free. Muslim League would keep them slaves. It was only then that Pakistan would be a stable, free and respected country internationally". Jam used to say he would never allow IJI any footing in Sindh. IJI is anti-Sindh.

Jam knew how to handle the *mullas* and the *moulvis* and the so-called *Islam Pasands*. He had no respect for any one of them. On his drinking habits he had muzzled the *mullas* and the Press so thoroughly well by paying them, inebriating them or threatening them

with consequences. So long as he lived none of them showed any courage or propensity to be verbose or obtuse in the *khutibas* and *fatiwas* or be mounte-bankish and make charlatan pronouncements. I do not think in Pakistan's history anybody had handled the *mullas* and *moulvis* so effectively, of course with the profuse use of money and threats of police measures and unpredictable and ingenious methods and pinpricks. He had corrupted and indiscipline police beyond any measure of principles of governance. He had reduced them to being his personal servants or dacoits with all brazenness and nonchalance.

Jam had strong faith in the processes of nature. In his declining health he could not escape this conclusion. He thought he was a cog in the machine of nature and acknowledged that he was called upon to serve an evil purpose as a punishment of the rascals. He sometimes even said, he was taking a revenge from those who had killed Bhutto. He said he used to marvel at Zia's sons and wife coming to him for his favors. Bhutto's daughter whom he respected and followed implicitly when he was in exile, he still admired in an obtuse way, but he certainly did a great harm to the cause she was advocating, and all this to show his loyalty to those he who used him. He would not spare any abuse and as invective in his conversation, but I must say to his credit, he never said an obtuse word or spoke any to foul language about her when I was present. That the powers that be in Pakistan could use him as an instrument to play their part so effectively and not satisfactorily and so outrageously, was a phenomenon of curiosity and wonder; but there was a certain illusion, temporariness and volatility in his authority which put all friends and foes in nervous tension and demoralizing uncertainty.

I am afraid looking at it after his death, and so and ominously for Pakistan, Jam had left very few dependable friends - perhaps he knew it, cruel life had taught him enough. I must say in his own way Jam was a brave man, and I will quote Dr. Johnson, "Courage is that virtue without which no other virtue can stand" and "Courage is that virtue which is valued even when associated with vice". That foolhardiness and courage he certainly had, but it was a bizarre courage. Jam had nothing intrinsic to be remembered for - a tragic case indeed. I never expected such unhappy and unlucky end for him: He died unwept, unhonoured and unsung.

Jam Saheb in his usual free style talking had no inhibitions of terminology and ethics. He would openly acknowledge and pronounce unpalatable and unsavory truths, but when it came to publicity he would quickly aver that he would deny everything he said. In his tender moments he was even too blunt and literal about his own manners and jugglery of words and fiendishness of actions. About MQM he would say "In dealing with them, Sain, you would not find a '*Harami*' like me" and he would give smile of satisfaction and triumph. He would say "Necessity is the mother of decision and sin". He would say, "General Zia used to say he would bark and bite and his teeth he would visibly gnash, but I do not do that; my methods are invisible and surreptitious

but more effectively damaging. General Zia used naked weapons or underhand means of conspiracies and intrigues, I don't do that I handle things without obvious and apparent violence and achieve the same results. The general are great liars, and I am a bigger liar."

There was nothing special or extraordinary brilliant or talented about Jam or great and good about his government. There was no philosophy, in mission, no altruism, no political sagacity, no wisdom, no circumspection, no morality, no education no sympathy, no social responsibility, no commitment to any values, no patriotism and not even the remotest hope or prospect of honorable continuance for any considerable period and of survival under peaceful, decent and honorable democratic conditions. Jam knew thoroughly well that he was an instrument and an agency through whom dirty work was being done in Sindh, as in case of Khuhro and Rashidi in the formation of One Unit. He knew he was being used and duped and he knew he was juggling and cheating. Neither the masters nor the slave trusted each other implicitly. They were uneasy bed fellows. He once said "They want to milch Sindh and I am expected to hold it for them by its horns, but I shall milch it as it suits me. I know I suit them and they must as well know they must suit me." Quoting Amir Bin As in Egypt in his writing to Hazrat Umer he would say "I am holding the refractory cow by the horns and I will not let anyone merely milch it. If I do not hold the cow, it will gore them."

Of course, in the whole history of Pakistan, be by central or a provincial governments, all were so shortsighted, naive or devoid of head and heart and experience and capacity to govern with honor and credit. They were all novices and tyros and jugglers or panderers, for all intents and purposes, who were groping and bungling frantically running and intriguing to stay in the saddle by hook or by crook. by chicanery, lies and falsehood Jam merely had the conjurers and manipulators' superiority and ingenuity and sharpness which was denied to others. All the governments, central or provincial in Pakistan, consisted of idiots, nincompoops or exhausted men without intellect, without education, without experience, without political sympathy and vision, without sobriety and balance, without legal or moral right to rule, without sympathy and consent of the ruled, hated, detested, condemned, abused and cursed as an anathema of nature and a visitation of God. Never had Pakistan seen a solidly settled government in the centre or in the provinces. They were potentially and visibly uncomfortable and uncertain, and conditioned to only bungle and bring ruin to Pakistan.

Jam had returned brimful to a boiling point of revenge. He was a political tactician and expected recognition from the People's Party. His burning and consuming frenzy for revenge made him a safe and vulnerable victim and agency for those who were in search of one who could be handled and managed with care expertise and seduction. The People's Party did not consider him a potential opponent to be thus resurrected Qazi Abid told me that he was suddenly called to the Presidential Palace and he felt the brewing storm He kept his consternation secret He was not aware of how and why. He

was not aware of the timing or the modus operandi of the constitutional coup. He was a member of People's Party and in this conspiracy though not fully taken into confidence, he had stood on the periphery. On the dissolution of national assembly and the dismissal of People's Party Government Qazi Abid joined the interim government of Jatoi - Jatoi's abject ambition was achieved.

Jam of course had a name and an appellation for every politician of prominence in Pakistan. One in Muslim League he called "a woman" or "a dwagar duchess" and another he called "an airhostess hunter" and still another "an arrogant spent force" About Jatoi he said, "He just wanted a *Nokri*. He cannot displease government flagrantly and stay out of establishment, and he must stay in the proximity of power. He is a man who cannot resist temptation."

"The People's Party is "*Chhokri*" only. Take her away and it will collapse exactly like the Muslim League which went on auction as soon as Jinnah died. She has of course youth on her side and she is a fighter - truly in the spirit of her father."

"The People's Party should have been more careful in selecting its candidates and distributing tickets. They should have forced you in the election. I am not flattering you but you were their strength. These red-mouth brats they should have known would run away as you see them now. There is nothing in them. Most of them are cowards and in debt. I wish the People's Party had consulted me. In that case today I would have been their Chief Minister. Many of the People's Party Ministers were false to the Party."

"Most of the Ministers of the People's Party were too chummy with the bureaucrats, I have also some very close to me as old friends from early days, but they dare not get cheek by jowl with me. They know their place in administration, and they know I would stand no nonsense of disobedience or delay. I would not wait for files. I would hit at once suspend them or demote them." Jam would not wait for, or present or accept excuses and procedures. Once he had made up his mind in doing a thing he would brook no delay or redtapism.

"My officers know what I will do if I am bitter and really annoyed. I would do what Khuhro did to Le Measeurer the Chief Secretary of Sindh." The Chief Secretary on a point of discussion became presumptuous, casual and bold and Khuhro, taking that as an insult straightaway told the Chief Secretary, "Mr. Le Measurer you stand relieved this very moment; and you go to the Government of India. Handover at once to N.A. Farooqi" and that was that. That same Frooqi when he became Chief Secretary of West Pakistan on the formation of One-Unit insulted Khuhro who was Revenue Minister in Dr. Khan Saheb's Government through Abdul Qayoom who was Farooqi's Deputy Secretary. Khuhro was flabbergasted and realized what a change had taken place with the creation of One-Unit which he himself was instrumental in bringing about.



Once I told Jam of an incident which took place in my presence. I was sitting with an MQM Minister when two elderly members of the Provincial Assembly came into the minister's office. In a most submissive way they asked the minister for a favor, and said that it was the fifth time they were asking him, but he gave them such a curt, rude and insulting reply that I was amazed at this show of arrogance. In my presence they were furious and became red in their faces and immediately got up to leave. I had nothing to wait for because I was already going after my talking with the minister. Outside in the Sindh Assembly Building, in the veranda, I found these members of the Assembly cursing themselves and abusing the minister. I just passed them. I related this to Jam and his immediate reply was "*Sain* these are the Sindhi MPAs I have got. I wish they had taken out their shoes and beaten the minister in his chair. These MPAs with me have no self-respect and courage, and this is what they will get. Honestly I would not have sided with the minister but would have stood by them."

Before my going to Europe for treatment he had heard of the publication of my book "*Indus Seals and Inscriptions*." He came to my house and said he wanted a copy which I endorsed and gave to him. On his going out from my house, he asked others to go, and he stayed with me for two minutes in the drawing room. "I am fed up of my education minister. He is giving me and MQM the biggest bad name. Kindly think it over. I want to request you to join me as an adviser in Education with the status of a Minister." I laughed and said, "See the helplessness also you are in, and you are asking me to join you as Adviser. Spare me." On going away, he said "I do not want you to say anything now. When you come back we shall discuss." He wanted shuffling of portfolios without removing the minister. Jam always had some tricks up his sleeves. A couple of big mouth advisers became victim of his wrath and caprice - overnight they were gone - poor scapegoats and sacrificial animals, Jam was a real "Indian Raja" of the traditions of British Raj.

I had told Jam long ago in 1982 that I was writing books on Zia and Bhutto and he was so glad. He kept asking me about the progress of my work. When he came back to Pakistan he even pressed me to do it quickly. In a jovial moment in the presence of his wife at my Islamabad residence, I asked him if I could write about him. He at once said "You will very soon know that I will be worth writing about; and I am going to give some shocks to some and bad sleep to many", I could see his eyes flashing and glowing. I told him "They will give you a dirty life and burial." We all laughed. I called my servant Bhero to note what Jam said and did in this house, and he said "You want them to spy on me but they cannot. What interests them does not interest me. You have very good dogs in your house." Again in his last days after his return from Europe where doctors had declared his condition hopeless he said to me "What about Zia and Bhutto." My turn is coming, I told him to stop it, "I am writing my autobiography also. I can tell you that I shall hide or hold back nothing about both of us. I have been doing some honest writing about the other two, also, I am a historian not a *Darbari*."

Whatever it be Jam was a practical politician. In his typical pornographic analysis and terminology he used to say "Muslim League is not a political party. It was a prostitute which suited the Punjab, the army, the Pagaro, the Maliks of Frontier and the Mohajirs. Ayub Khan revived it and struck to it, but it could not save him and he could not stand the whirl wind of Bhutto. It fell into dirty hands and became hollow. Zia was a mohajir Punjabi and he created Mohajir Qaumi Movement to continue *mohajir* hegemony in Pakistan. Zia buried Muslim League, and today it is serving as a polyandrous organization. It suits Punjab, Pagaro and the Nawabs of Frontier. Zia used G. M. Syed to create MQM and he strengthened the army and establishment and populated Islamabad with Muhajirs. All Muhajirs evicted from the Frontier migrated to Islamabad. The Punjab would not let them stay *mohajirs*, and will make them speak Punjabi. Balochistan remained in the grips of the army and in the hands of men like Raisani. Zia and more so Aslam Baig wanted to crush Sindh; but it is God which is saving it. Today Thirty percent of the officers in the armed forces are mohajirs, sixty percent of the entire army and associated institutions and branches like ISI, NLC Pakistan Ordinance Factory Wah, Fauji Foundation or commercial and industrial organizations are mohajir dominated and we see the results, but this will not last."

"Mohajir elites are running away from Pakistan men, women and money. 90% of graduates from Dow Medical College and SMC and Karachi University and NED University run away from Pakistan and never come back. Mohajir teachers from Pakistan Universities go on scholarships and stipends and deputations abroad and never come back."

"It is this situation which Sindh has to face. The whole system is false and manipulated. There is no commitment and no patriotism, it is all hypocrisy and I am also a hypocrite and a *harami* too, but all will have to go, I think this new Pir will kill me too. Everyone will die, probably I sooner than the others - so much the better. I wish I could create some charities but it is no use all charities in Pakistan are eaten up by bureaucrats and by industrialists. My father and your grandfather were great philanthropists and look what has happened to their charities. Very soon the things will change, I know the People's Party will get stronger and I will not be there to bash it."

And about Peoples Party Chief Ministers and Ministers "They were useless guides and dandies. They knew nothing of administration and politics, they were *chhokras* and under developed. They had no political vision they were subordinates of the bureaucracy. Except a few they just has no guts and political sense and experience. After Eighteen months in power they should have known what could happen to an elected government in Pakistan. I told Agha Ghulam Nabi Khan what was going to happen. You ask him and he will confirm it. I am a temporary man and I do not care, but I have managed to create a situation in which they cannot do without me. Unless I die I will keep them guessing and making them dance. I have put up with them, but if I go or die they will be in dire trouble."

"I know I have committed mistakes and I have been foolish, but I have not supported Beharis to come to Pakistan. I have committed mistakes on water apportionment and financial share to the provinces but these were matters of politics. One Unit is gone when the people revolted against it. Water problem is a people's problem and so the budget allotments to the provinces. Some day situation will change when all these arrangement will have to disappear. Nothing can work if the people rise and revolt. ISI of Pakistan is worst than Gestapo, KBG or CIA."

Whatever it was Jam had proved his infidelity to Sindh. He had of course, dexterously and cleverly degraded the Pirs in Sindh with total will and force - the tallest and the nosiest of them he had subdued. He had shown to them what real false stuff they were made. He had exposed and put on auction the so-called nationalists and proved them a sale-able commodity. He had puffed up MQM to a degree of unreality in which they must get exposed and burst - like a tempest they came and like a whirl wind they disappeared. The vitaminated chicken from Karachi and Hyderabad whoredom were soon sold off for refrigeration and subsequent consumption. Sindh had shown its power and fury and its wrath in no uncertain terms and in no small measure. The balloon of BCCI - MQM - Ziaism and treason had punctured, and the players were hurling to their doom. The Pseudo nationalists were gasping for breath under the shock of their positions and their exposure. The people of Sindh began to eye them with suspicion and dismay. They had cheated Sindh with their false vociferations. They were hands and glove with those who never wished Sindh well. The nationalist politicians stood stark naked in their so called principles, theories and programmes. They had betrayed Sindh with their opiate - they were equally in partnership with dacoits and soldiers and hypocrites. Jam may as well have done a lot of good to Sindh by exposing its false well wishers. Jam may not have intended to do so, but he had shown Sindh where to go and where lay its good and future. He had proved the falsehood of Pakistan's slogans. He had brought out realities of socio-political life in full and glaring view, and shown that the country was being fiddled and debauched.

G.M. Syed is a great tragedy of Sindh. He descended from Himalayan heights to play the stooge to forces he had always considered inimical to Sindh. His is indeed a great fall. During more than three quarters of the century, he began his life as a rebel against the British. He had come in politics in his late teens. He was instrumental in getting the anti One-Unit resolution of 1957 passed. He had great comrades in Maulana Abdul Qadir, Shaikh Abdul Majeed and Haider Bux Jatoi. It appears - with their death he went at a tangent on a wrong track. It is surprising how life can change the status and the image of a man. It is surprising that at this mature and real old age he should succumb to power and temptation.

Before Chief Ministership Jam was so benign and noble, after it he had gone through a cruel metamorphosis and became a misanthrope. It is surprising Mahmood Haroon,

Attaullah Khan Mengal, Akbar Bugti, Mazari and his other friends, he joined and entertained gave him real truths of their thinking. They told him what damage he was doing to Sindhi Society. They warned him of the part and mischief he was playing and of the conflagration they were resulting in.

In moments of relaxations at my house I told him to beware. I found him mostly reticent. But with his cryptic remarks and observations he would discernibly convey the compulsions he was working under. Mumtaz Bhutto and Hafiz Pirzada kept close to him, though condemning him so often for what he was doing. I must pay a compliment to him. He did envisage tears, blood and fire for Sindh, and perhaps that is what he left behind. Jam was meticulous blending of light heartedness, seriousness and mischief. He was a tragedy and a comedy. He was foolish in his practical wisdom. He was farsighted to a degree and good in prognostication, but short sighted in decisions and actions. He lived in a devilish and total demoralizing atmosphere of bitterness and he was a quaint combination of complex personality and absurd idealism. He did not realize or fear that he was forcibly holding the lid on a cauldron which was boiling to the point of bursting and which, once his hand was removed, will singe and incendiaries Sindh and Pakistan to cinders and ashes.

Jam had aged too prematurely and very quickly. On his becoming Chief Minister under difficult and strained circumstances his countenance wrinkled. His government depended upon his terroristic performance. He had to give up lot of morality and values to keep his job. He had become highly obscene and roguish in his terminology, which reminded me of Ali Mohammad Shah Rashidi, Khuda Bux Bucha and Khushik. He enjoyed both mirth and jollity in anger and in his setback - there he made his minions and *darbaris* and bureaucrats shudder. Like all those who ruled irresponsibly, he was mercurial ungrateful and obnoxious - physically he had drooped and grayed, abundantly. His limp had become more noticeable and his walk unstable. His face had emaciated prematurely and his looks had become languid and desolate. He was not so old but had deformed badly. Life was taking its toll in his body and in his soul, Poetic panegyric and eulogy at the *dastarbandi* of his son in Urdu was so hypocritical and unreal in true nature and hypocrisy of Urdu language in which heart and soul never spoke. It was supreme jugglery of words - perhaps a joke.

Jam inspired pity and sympathy in his last days. Men in that kind of temporal power rarely recognized the brevity of life. All means vanish when the end is in sight and the will of God operates. In its wake life of this nature loses its color. Truly General Zia was politically and sociologically an idiot and he was the very apogee of Pakistan's decadence. We hope no more for the condemned country of fifty years of cheating and hypocrisy. What tragedy and contrast and intricacies between the splendor and passions of youth. It is the suffering of life which morally should raise a man to reality and purge his soul of impurities of life, but somehow life is a tragedy for men of this nature.

Jam could be demonstrably reticent when he demonstrably reticent when he entertained the President as Chief Guest. He would sit in his chair and would not eat. He will leave his seat, get up and move and promenade with typical air of authority and effect. As he moved he would pass remarks to all his guests. He would imperially pass orders and commands. He would come back to me and whisper in my ear "*Sain* shall we go", and return to the host only to direct him to get up and go as if he was staying too long and will be welcome to depart. It is in his farewell that he showed his power and authority. Pagaro and Makhdoom and all the rest could find their own way. He had done with them for the evening.

IJI and Jam have literally institutionalized corruption in Pakistan. It will be a herculean task to eradicate it. Poverty of intellect, decency, morality and excessive and inordinate expediency have been ostensible characteristics of IJI and Jam Governments. But Jam hated IJI.

Jam had unsavory things to say about Awami National Party. He admired Bacha Khan (Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan), but Wali Khan he thought was more under the influence of smugglers of opium, peddlers of narcotics and purveyors of guns and weapons. Jam used to say unhesitatingly that "He would trust every Punjabi and Pathan, who had come to settle in Sindh before 1953, but not those who came after. All those who came before 1953 are Sindhis for me. I would trust every Punjabi or Pathan from the Punjab and the Frontier but not the settlers after 1953."

Jam was very simple and casual and even inattentive in his personal habits, speech and behaviors. He would not bother how he was dressed. I have two special instances to relate. One day in his house in London he just said to me "Let us go and have tea outside". He left his house with his shirt buttons open, sleeves tucked up and *Hawai chappals* on. He ordered a taxi and we drove to Park Lane Hotel where we had tea. He was very chummy with the management, the waiters and waitresses. We spent about two hours in that place and after paying an exorbitant bill for tea we returned to his house. On another occasion he had invited more than a dozen British Trade Union leaders and politicians and among them was Stream, the British Counsel General in Karachi. They were all formally dressed. But Jam did not bother. He had set a beautiful table with his culinary expertise. It was a gorgeous dinner. We sat, (all of us formally dressed) but he with his shirt buttons open, sleeves tucked up and *chappals* on his feet and did not bother about the formality of the gathering. They all drank to their hearts content, feasted and gormeyed on a sumptuous table, talked away on matters serious and light, but Jam never bothered about any formalities of reception, discussion, table manners and farewell.

The Muhajirs from the very inception of Pakistan have been mercurial, mercenary and malevolent. More than a thousand years living did not create in them any commitment

to the soil in India. In Pakistan they have not stopped being mischievous. Through their political antics Urdu press and jugglery of Urdu vocabulary and slogans they are literally working for the fragility of Pakistan.

Jam before he became the chief Minister, was hated, despised, abused and maligned by all Muhajirs. As Bhutto's Minister no Muhajir had a soft and kindly word for him. Even though they benefited so much from him. Jam knew his position very well. He was an astute and well informed Politician. He was ever conscious of the circumstances which had changed his destiny, but appeared to be so bitter for the terrible days he had spent in exile. Power now had given him an opportunity to take revenge and to expose all those who hated him and were after his blood. He enjoyed the way his ears while enemies were capering and running on his beckoning and summoning. Jam never believed in moral lectures, discussions and platitudinous expressions. He abhorred debate the supreme virtue of democracy he hated. He knew what he wanted and how to achieve it. He was never circuitous. He would go straight for what he wanted. In election processes he was as brutal as Rashdi and Khuhhro.

But deterioration in personal values, standards and ethics had ostensibly appeared and burgeoned in the time of the Liaquat Ali Khan. This deterioration became a deluge with the dismissal of Nazimuddin (a God's man) and the advent of Ghulam Muhammad followed by whole series of profligates in Ayub Khan and Sikandar Mirza. And then there was no stoppage in this slide of political and personal ethics. By the time we reach Muhammad Khan Junejo Pakistan stood confirmed as a strumpetocracy. Personal values of the public man and standards of conduct in private life and politics were reduced to a terrible rancid and lugubrious state. Pakistan Society fumed and reeked on the standards of the military cantonments, parade grounds and smelling barracks. The vocabulary of the men in Government only reflected the atmosphere of Hira-Mandi. The height of the depravity was attained in the days of Zia.

It is surprising how low the religious parties had fallen. Mulla's always craved and craned for proximity to wealth and power. In this process no religious party or a Muslim savant was an exception. What a fall that even the Jammat-i-Islami with all its metaphysics and pomposity declared Ayub Khan a fifth Caliph, Yahya a paragon of virtues and savior of Islam and Pakistan and Zia noble and pious man.

The People's Party and Bhutto had also had to pay an exorbitant and atrocious price with the ethical in its young leaders who, shamelessly paraded their vices and predilections publicly. The nauseating lives, habits and propensities of the youth Ministers had acquired the status of obnoxious scandals.

The Military and Mullas had left us morally a diseased society. The poor people of Pakistan stood scandalized by the notoriety of their leaders and representatives at home and abroad. They issued orders to permanently maintain a constant stock of the

pigeons. Partridges and batairs and other aphrodisiac items of consumption at the Governor General's House to keep Ghulam Muhammad's virility alive. He was declared a Muhafiz Millat by the Mullahs of Karachi. With the death of the Quaid-e-Azam began the history of perjury and hypocrisy in Pakistan.

Pakistan right from the death of the Quaid-e-Azam was progressively and increasingly accelerating to be an ungovernable country. Quaid-e Azam died at an age and stage and under circumstances where he could only wither but do nothing. After ouster of Bhutto and his assassination Pakistan had become an increasingly chaotic country politically and administratively. To law and order only lip service was paid - hypocrisy was the supreme trait. Despondency was creeping into the whole society and more so the confusion among the governing classes. Other provinces of course were getting infected by hopelessness and disillusionment but Sindh had to stand and pass through excruciating phenomena. It was at this stage that Jam came in to add to the, total confusion.

Jam knew the, erratic system of Government in the country. Punjab he truly held at the centre and source of Pakistan's ills and misfortunes. Punjab in history was a strumpetocracy. I am reminded of a famous recent book by Professor Keuls of Princeton University "Sexual Politics of ancient Greece" and Punjab's was ever a sexual politics and now Islamabad is seriously, becoming its contender. Lahore was in the words of the Professor Keuls for Amsterdam, "The whoring capital of Pakistan". Doctor Iqbal, Atiqullah Shah Bukhari and Ghulam Rasool Maher were so true in their observations.

Jam had to work in the miasmic atmosphere left behind by the processes and politics bequeathed by Zia whose religious antics political jugglery and tomfoolery had refused Pakistan to mere simulacrum of state and country. Pakistan Society was caught in chronic and hopeless ailments. Jam always thought that he was presiding in a country and a province of chaos. Pakistan had minds and, men. It was a country of Maggots and mastodong.

Jam was a wriggling trickster in politics. He was so agile and adept in purloining politicians with tremendous finesse and bravado. He was an immaculate chess and poker player. Jam would have his *Darbar* and *Kutcheri* but no one could indulge in flattery and become presumptuous in that case he will give his immediate retort. He would countenance no effrontery in his *Darbar*. He would flash his eyes and survey all around. Unless he wanted no one moved or spoke. Of course he knew I could never flatter or play fun. I always sat with him a few minutes and talked to him by sitting next to him and for anything confidential, I wait till he came to my house; then between us there was no reserve and there was nothing to hide analyze or debate.

Jam literally terrified Altaf of MQM to flee where he came from - from a taxi driver in

America to taxidermist in London. In moral loftiness Altaf was as big as his stature. Carlyle said about Napoleon "Persons short in stature should never be trusted", Altaf had reduced even the noble and sensible among the Mujahirs to become rabble and street urchins. They should read confessions of their Rushdi in his books. Madani, Nawab Ismail's son used to say, "The whole lot which came into the world in Pakistan from January, 1948 to January, 1954 were unwanted and misconceived lot". In the presence of his son-in-law and a friend from Meerath on retirement, and as a member of the Sindh Assembly, he frankly and openly said, "I am eagerly waiting for the day when the first train would start moving in the opposite direction and I would be first one to get on to it". Of course his great father, whom I loved and respected so much, had said to all those who had collected at the Delhi Air Port to see Quaid-e-Azam off to Karachi on the take off of the plane, "Mian Sahib let us go and look after our homes and children, the bride groom has flown and is gone".

Jam's politics and administration were a marvelous medley of *Waderaism*, bureaucracy, and principles and processes of realities and lies. He had a place of political and personal recognition, acceptability and influence right from the days he had entered politics as a Youngman for the *Waderas* and *Pirs* of Sindh a pleasure pastime and a life of social clubs, fun and status in Sindh in Pakistan and Pakistan in generals.

Jam had grown, moved and advanced in public life with a whole generation of his age and influence scattered all over the province - the educated and the uneducated, the dullards and the promising youth but influential in the fifties. He had developed intimate friendship and close acquaintance in every variety of youth of those years and he cultivated and consolidated his friendship, association and intimacy in a widely spread camaraderie. He was thoroughly informal when he became a Minister in the Peoples Party's Government - perhaps this informality he maintained right up to the end. Some of his close friends he allowed free but innocent insolent intimacy also. His friends of the fifties in Sindh in general, and in the bureaucracy of Pakistan in particular had risen on various ladders of life and promotion and advancements in professions and in the services. They all had made it a point to see him even in his exile in London; if they happened to be there on official business or vacation. I saw scores of them trailing to his London home; and he entertained them well with all the candor and extravagance he could afford and muster. He similarly maintained cordial and close contacts with his contemporaries and friends in politics, in business, in industry and the diplomatic service. Whatever the difficulties and cruel and painful compulsions of life in exile, Jam was never isolated. During the course of years of exile he had gone through dreadful family and domestic tragedies, but that only generated for him pity and sympathy. He was looked upon as a tragic case of circumstances in Pakistan's politics. Everyone was generous and full of tenderness for him.

When he came back to Pakistan as a man who was loyal to the Party and had heavily paid for that association, he expected to be rewarded and made Chief Minister of Sindh,



which the People's Party so much wanted to, but was thwarted by the very powers that, in different circumstances, put him in the chair of Chief Ministership. I was a Minister in Peoples Party's Government in Islamabad. He would continue to peep into my house very frequently but mostly when I was away or asleep. He would come and have what he wanted in the house, and ordered what he wanted to be done. He became very chummy with my two servants - Mohammad Bux and Bheroo, whom I had taken with myself from home to Islamabad. He would sit and fraternize with them and play with them, but with very low tone and voice, so that I did not hear anything upstairs. He would phone these servants very frequently and tell them not to speak loudly, so that I did not hear. Of course I would call him to meals at my residence where he was all fun and jollity. I wanted him to come and, stay with me, but he declined by saying "*Sain* you neither drink nor serve any drinks I can't stay in this house; but truly speaking except in your house I have no place of peace anywhere in Islamabad". This reserve he maintained throughout his life. His chumminess with my two servants, he always remembered.

When he became the Chief Minister, he counted on young Zamindars, who had grown with him all intimacy, freedom and confidence. He was a very highly obliging man with no airs at all. His exterior sometimes or many a time belied his real intentions. He believed in that principle of a Turkish Sultan, quoted by Lord Kinross, "I will never tell about my next move or let anyone know of my intentions, not even my Wazir or the hair in my beard. If a single hair in my beard knew of my intentions or my next move, I will, pluck it out".

Jam had most intimate of friends in the bureaucracy of Pakistan in general and in Sindh in particular, - they included both Sindhi and Urdu speaking boys – a very large generality of them my students or sons of my students varying in age from 30 to 55. They were attached to him personally and loyal to him. In gaining MQM support he had in so many of them the biggest agency and assistance. So many in MQM leadership or his supporters were my students and very well known to me. Some of them I had known from their childhood or had close association with their parents from my days in Aligarh. Jam would always count on their personal loyalty and depend on them. Even as Chief Minister he acquiesced in and condoned their presumptuousness and even insolent intimacy. But they all knew that once he had set his mind on something or wanted something to be done, he would brook no delay, prevarication and hanky-panky. His orders were definite, forthright and sharp. He told me once that all these boys in Government and administration had frankly told him that they would fully participate in his programme of rigging the elections in every case and place and against everyone else but not against me if I was contesting the elections. I had filed my nomination papers for National Assembly Election on the Peoples Party's ticket but I had no intention to contest the elections. I had merely filled in the form to allow the Party to make a firm choice of a candidate in my constituency. He told me that he for

the first came to know what he was up against, when the Peoples Party took the decision, I withdrew my election papers and Jam was at peace.

Jam Government was a perfect conglomeration and combination of diverse and antagonistic elements only united in him. Jam's Government can be likened and equated with that of the Amir and protentate of Kuwait, a policeman of Saudi Arabia or Ranjit Singh, or Dalhousie, or Kalabagh. Once appointed Chief Minister of Sindh and given firm assurances and blessings in his methods, policies and processes by the president, the Prime Minister and the Army Chief of Staff, he approached his authority and functioned like Louis XIV or James I or Noor Mohammad Kalohoro or Arghun potentates of Sindh, "Jam the King" and "I am the law".

Law, was disgraced by the law-makers of Pakistan as a matter of tradition –by all men in authority and power who should have respected it, by Judges as abject hirelings, muddle - headed politicians and adventurous administrators but never so prostituted and put on sale and auction as by jam. He -had learnt a lot, from the Shaikhs of the Arabian peninsula and the gulf states. He had scores for his friends among them. So many were his visitors in his London house in exile.

Jam was perhaps the last anchor for the defamed, the demoralized and the tottering, impecunious and hypothecated aristocracy and Waderism of Sindh.

With Jam the Pirs and the Wadderas of Sidh enjoyed certain irregularities, excesses and advantages and they relished their exhibitionism in the Government. In their hauteur and intoxication, ignorance and short-sightedness, little did they realize that they were fast moving to the end of their dreams and to their decline and fall Jam's performance in government and administration may as well prove the dividing and distinguishing line in the socio-political history of Sindh and Pakistan. He had so much overdone everything, that on his death ipsofacto everything had to be undone. Jam perhaps was a last symbol and vestige of rotten and deceased Sindhi pirdom, Waderaism and lunatic and myopic bureaucracy. For Jam everything was, "After me the deluge".

Jam is dead. He lived his days of Chief Ministership from moment to moment and from day to day. He- maintained an artificial, painful, uneasy and precarious calm, but had left an agitated, divided and chaotic Sindh; perhaps Pakistan.