

SORROWS OF SIND

DR. G.M. MEHKRI

Introduction by
MUHAMMAD IBRAHIM JOYO

SORROWS OF SIND

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Name:	G. M. Mehkri.
Pen names:	1. GMM, 2. Gulab Motia Mehkri, 3. Gulab Motia Mehk.
Born:	19th October, 1908.
Place:	BEAUTIFUL BANGALORE.
Father's Name:	Bangalore Munim Ali Mehkri
Mother's Name:	Rabia Amt-ul-Haleem.
Educated at	Mysore, Bangalore, Poona, Bombay, Delhi, Karachi.
Ph.D. in Sociology	as student of Dr. G S. Ghurye, Bombay University.
	also student of Dr. M. V. Gopalswamy, (Psychology)
" " "	Prof. Rollo Eng Litt.
" " "	Prof. B.M. Srikantiah Eng Litt.
" " "	Prof. F.R. Inthosh Eng Litt.
" " "	Prof. Yamunachae Logic
" " "	Prof. A.R. Wadia Sociology
" " "	Dr. Manshardt Social Work
" " "	Dr. J.M. Kumarappa Social Work
" " "	Dr. Bonetrager Gen. Semantics
" " "	Dr. Behram Metha Social Work
" " "	Dr. Behram Mehta Sociology
" " "	Dr. Sharma Law(Delhi Uni,)
" " "	Mr. Ghouri Urdu
" " "	Mr. Kapni Pathy English
" " "	Mr. Samapathgiri English
" " "	Mr. Sripathy Rao Eng. & Maths.

These were amongst our author's not only the teachers, but also INSPIRERS— "Who personally inspired me with their **GOOD THOUGHTS GOOD WORDS AND GOOD DEEDS.**"

Helped, during the Ph. D. studies, by the Sir Dorabji Tata Trust. Bombay, with a Scholarship, through Prof. Choksy.

SORROWS OF SIND

By
Dr. G. M. Mehkri

Introduction by
Mohammed Ibrahim Joyo



**SIND FRIENDS CIRCLE
HYDERABAD SIND
1987**

All rights reserved

First print,

1987

1000 copies

Price Rs. 15.00

**Printed at Sind Printing Press, Akalbhunga Lane,
Hyderabad, Sind, and Published by Ibadullah Rashdi,
7-A, Journalists' Colony, Hyderabad, Sind.**

CONTENTS

Introduction	i-xvi
1. The Sociology of Knowledge	1
2. Reason and Hope	16
3. Spirit and Its Free Expression	27
4. National Memory, the Hem of Divinity	36
5. Bureaucracy, the Cowardly Daemon of Fear	44
6. The Sorrow of the Sorrows: The Non-descript Middle Class	49
7. No Patience With Sorrow	81
8. Where is the Prince of Denmark?	100
9. The Sind Reconstruction Movement	105
10. A Nugget of the Purest Gold	118
11. The Joy of Sind	122



INTRODUCTION

Dr. Mehkri gained acquaintance with Sind prior to Pakistan, as member of the World Scout Movement. He later migrated here and made Sind his home. I have had the good fortune of knowing Dr. Mehkri almost immediately he arrived here for good. It has since been my proud privilege to enjoy his trust and friendship, and I have all the time felt deeply grateful for it.

Dr. Mehkri is an enlightened soul — and like all enlightened souls considers it his mission to enlighten : he has performed, does perform and will continue performing that mission actively as long as he finds darkness — the obscurantism of belief in phantoms—around in the human world.

The biggest phantom which has dazed our minds in our own life-time, in our part of the world, is what called itself the two-nation theory. And even though it called itself a theory, which had yet to prove itself—it remained stuck and imposed on us even after it served its assigned role of partitioning the sub-continent and was consequently, and most wisely, thrown aside as of no further use by no smaller man than Mr. Jinnah, who had fallen for it, for reasons of his own, only towards the fag end of his life, as a practical politician.

So, Hindus were a nation (which honorific they never accepted), and Muslims were a nation (which

honorific too had roots neither in history nor in Deen-i-Islam nor even in simple pragmatism), only for that set purpose, a limited purpose, whatever it was—good, bad or indifferent.

Retention of that theory any further was not only retention of a phantom pure and simple — since it had no other salutary role to perform — but the phantom immediately transformed itself into a monstre — a cold, indeterminate monstre — a classic type of a dead idol, demanding our obeisance, our blood, our dignity as peoples and as men. It turned out as argument for ignoring existence and identities of the peoples of Pakistan, and for enslaving them by a single over-whelming interest or by multiple over-whelming interests, ganged into one — the single colonial interest within and the multiple interest of international neocolonialism from outside.

And what we have been reduced to under the cold and calculated hegemony of that phantom, that dread idol, may best be described in the words of Friedrich Nietzsche, who like Dr. Mehkri, towards the concluding course of his life, spoke and wrote in aphorisms, against darkness — social, spiritual and all, prevalent in his days, in his native land, Germany.

And as my tribute to Dr. Mehkri, the tribute conceived in my own way and within my small ability and competence — considering the total thralldom in operation over ideas that we suffer from — I will give below Nietzsche's discourse on State, even though a longish one and somewhat hard to follow, entitled "The New Idol."

And I am sure Dr. Mehkri, my kind good friend, will appreciate this submission of mine from Nietzsche's, the best of all, as it is he who has been all along, consistently and with courage, fighting our phantom — the cold, indeterminate phantom, the callous blighter, the bad bloated idol which has held us firm in its deadly torpor with nothing but "owls, censorship, edicts, prison stench, changing of the guard, bigotry and imbecility" around, throughout these recent nearly four decades of our post-1947 existence.

I will, however, make only one amendment in Nietzsche's "New Idol"—that of one word, at just the end of the piece: in place of Nietzsche's favourite word "the Superman", I will put the word "the Free-man", which should indeed be a favourite word with us all in our own prevalent context; and, even otherwise, there can be no Superman other than a Freeman—in fact Free-man is the Super-man.

And so, here is Friedrich Nietzsche's famous discourse on THE NEW IDOL:

****Somewhere there are still peoples and herds, but not with us, my brethren: here there are states.**

A state? What is that? Well! open now your ears unto me, for now will I say unto you my word concerning the death of peoples.

A state, is called the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly lieth it also; and this lie creepeth from its mouth: "I, the state, am the people."

It is a lie! Creators were they who created peoples, and hung a faith and a love over them; thus they served life.

Destroyers, are they who lay snares for many, and call it the state: they hang a sword and a hundred cravings over them.

Where there is still a people, there the state is not understood, but hated as the evil eye, and as sin against laws and customs.

This sign I give unto you: every people speaketh its language of good and evil; this its neighbour understandeth not. Its language hath it devised for itself in laws and customs.

But the state lieth in all languages of good and evil, and whatever it saith it lieth; and whatever it hath it hath stolen.

False is everything in it; with stolen teeth it biteth, the biting one. False are even its bowels.

Confusion of language of good and evil; this sign I give unto you as the sign of the state. Verily, the will to death, indicateth this sign! Verily, it beckoneth upto the preachers of death!

Many too many are born: for the superfluous ones was the state devised!

See just how it enticeth them to it, the many-too-many! How it swalloweth and cheweth and re-cheweth them!

"On earth there is nothing greater than I: it is I who am the regulating finger of God"—thus roareth the monster. And not only the long-eared and short-sighted fall upon their knees!

Ah! even in your ears, ye great souls, it whispereth its gloomy lies! Ah! it findeth out the rich hearts which willingly lavish themselves!

Yea, it findeth you out too, ye conquerors of the old God! Weary ye became of the conflict, and now your weariness serveth the new idol!

Heroes and honourable ones, it would fain set up around it, the new idol! Gladly it basketh in the sunshine of good consciences,—the cold monster!

Everything will it give *you*, if ye worship it, the new idol: thus it purchaseth the lustre of your virtue, and the glance of your proud eyes.

It seeketh to allure by means of you, the many-too-many! Yea, a hellish artifice hath here been devised, a death-horse jingling with the trappings of divine honours!

Yea, a dying for many hath here been devised, which glorifieth itself as life: verily, a hearty service unto all preachers of death!

The state, I call it, where all are poison-drinkers, the good and the bad: the state, where all lose themselves, the good and the bad: the state, where the slow suicide of all—is called “life.”

Just see these superfluous ones! They steal the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise. Culture, they call their theft—and everything becometh sickness and trouble unto them!

Just see these superfluous ones! Sick are they always: they vomit their bile and call it a newspaper. They devour one another, and cannot even digest themselves.

Just see these superfluous ones! Wealth they acquire and become poorer thereby. Power they seek for, and

above all, the lever of power, much money—these impotent ones!

See them clamber, these nimble apes! They clamber over one another, and thus scuffle into the mud and the abyss.

Towards the throne they all strive: it is their madness—as if happiness sat on the throne! Ofttimes sitteth filth on the throne—and ofttimes also the throne on filth.

Madmen they all seem to me, and clambering apes, and too eager. Badly smelleth their idol to me, the cold monster: badly they all smell to me, these idolaters.

My brethren, will ye suffocate in the fumes of their maws and appetites! Better break the windows and jump into the open air!

Do go out of the way of the bad odour! Withdraw from the idolatry of the superfluous!

Do go out of the way of the bad odour! Withdraw from the steam of these human sacrifices!

Open still remaineth the earth for great souls. Empty are still many sites for long ones and twain ones, around which floateth the odour of tranquil seas.

Open still remaineth a free life for great souls. Verily, he who possesseth little is so much the less possessed: blessed be moderate poverty!

There, where the state ceaseth—there only commenceth the man who is not superfluous: there commenceth the song of the necessary ones, the single and irreplaceable melody.

There, where the state *ceaseth*—pray look thither, my brethren! Do ye not see it, the rainbow and the bridges of the Free-man?—

Thus spake Zarathustra.**

Alas! The 'Free-man' of Nietzsche's or Dr. Mehkri's vision, as example for free-men (higher men, super-men) can come up only in free lands and free human-societies, such as the one Tagore wished for when he said:

"Where the mind is free,
And the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the clear stream of reason,
Has not lost its way,
In the dreary sands of dead habit;
Where words come from the depths of truth:
Unto that haven of freedom,
Let my country arise!"

Such a free-land and such a free human-society, tragically, ours, by the nature of things, could not be—firstly because of baseless motivation, since Muslims all and even Muslims of the Indian sub-continent were not, are not and can never be a nation, nor were they even seriously believed at any time to be one; secondly because of lack of readiness to keep faith by the contractual Resolution of Lahore, 1940; thirdly because of failure to realize that Islam as a primarily metaphysical system, like all other metaphysical systems, had no potential left to integrate whole societies, what to say varied societies; fourthly because of stony refusal to pay heed to the sanest advice of the founder as to

building a secular, democratic and socialist (albeit Islamic) land and society; and lastly because of inane and even malafide reliance for political wisdom on Mullahs, innocent of all knowledge and light, yet over-flowing in conceit, complacency and irresponsibility, and for whom politics only meant confirming people in pre-judices and misleading them into and keeping them busy in self-destroying bouts of strife and hatred on that yet other fresh plane of life too.

And how did we go about with our land and our society, whatsoever these were, and howsoever we had them in hand?!

Our governments, civilian and military, set out depending, and all along depended, on mere violence and terror as tools for holding together their rule over the peoples whom they held to be their enemy, and never a friend to be trusted or worth consultation. None of the peoples' problems had to be solved rationally and justly. All their problems had to be ignored, covered up, distorted and, at most, chided away hypocritically or suppressed with heavy hand, to the advancement of the marauding interests of their foreign masters and of their own.

Dr. Mehkri has enumerated and discussed the Sorrows of Sind arising out of the post-1947 conditions such as the above. The concerned readers of his will identify these sorrows from what he has said about them, judge the cruel depths of inroads these have made into the lives of our people—old immigrants, indigenous or new immigrants, but all the same Sindhis all—and draw their conclusions, cognizing their responsibility for them,

if any, and assorting, and also assuming, their duties in the given context to mitigate the sorrows of their matchless land and poor society and free them both of these sorrows as best as they may be capable of.

The most basic urge governing human conduct, as of all life, is for living and to avoid death. It is also a fact that the most ominous threat to life, including man's own, emanates from man himself. That is, definitely, the single total sorrow suffered by man from long past and also today on earth. Where is this aberration of man—that of destroying life, and even himself—rooted? Simpliciter, it may at once be said it is rooted in his will, run amuck. On deeper look it even turns out to be most sombrely and seriously the case: Will of one imposed on all, will of a few imposed on many—the situation identified as Autarchy in human society, leading to immolation of will of men or peoples, imposing on them the moral imperative to fight out of it. And, thus, fight for freedom—muted will or wills struggling out into free will or wills—started with the very first step men took on road to civilization, always failing, however, to gain the pan-ultimate end. Yet, the struggle throughout did make limited gains and never stopped, and proceeded dangerously onwards—the struggle for liberation from state of autarchy, entailing slavery, the burning hell of sorrow with death hanging on man's head, into the state of democracy and rule of law auguring freedom, the spring breeze of joy with life beckoning to self-fulfilment.

The dispensation of circumstances Sind has lived through in Pakistan since 1947 cannot be said to be the

result of exercise of her free will, nor even such as may have earned her passive acceptance. It cannot also be said of Sind that she has not articulated her reaction to the extent of making it audible or clear. Indeed, Sind has pleaded, cried, shouted, fought and shed her blood to register her dissent. But what has been the response? That of a rolling flood—incomprehensibility, manipulation, intimidation, swamp over. What is Sind to do? What are the people of Sind to do? To unite and to struggle—for survival, for life, for keeping their troth with the future. People having their home and identity, given them by History, cannot but do that. This should be no challenge or provocation to any other people or peoples of goodwill—God-fearing, peaceable and contented. Men leave their homes, towns and cities, and even their lands, and travel distances for knowledge, and for livelihood, but do not occupy homes, fields and sources of livelihood of neighbours. This the aggressors and predators do, and put forth arguments in return, exposing their credibility and integrity, and even the sacrosanctity of the faith by which they swear.

The people of Sind—its immigrants of the 1947 compulsive exodus from India included—have therefore a case unitedly to protect and safeguard Sind and its resources, as their birth right, for their survival and for the life and survival of their future generations.

Sind was conquered by the British in 1843, followed by similar conquests by them of Balochistan in 1845 and of Punjab, with NWF area as the latter's dependency, in 1849. No drop of blood other than the blood of the people of Sind flowed in defence of Sind. Indeed that

was as it ought to have been, as none but the Sindhi people whom Sind belonged as their free home were duty-bound to defend her. During nearly one hundred years of British Raj, Sind further developed her socio-economic and cultural milieu, and went through a distinct process of formation into a political homogeneity. It was during just a short period of the final 10 years of the British Raj (1938-47) that the unity of Sind came under an externally induced strain of communal divide, and, in a hurried burst of infantile exuberance, gave way, in face of subtle and tempting appeals, to baser scores of the two communities, resulting woefully into exodus of Sind's urbanised mercantile community—her backbone, nay, her very heart—and also simultaneously into a large influx of multi-ethnic and multi-lingual people from India taking their abode in the cities and towns of Sind, almost turning her into a mini-India. This was as if a forced heart transplantation on what wounded part of the original left behind, in the body-politic of Sind, but the new heart received a hearty welcome, and in and through that welcome started beating immediately, and, for a short while, things appeared fine. However, it was soon after seen that the heart was beating under remote control, and not only that it was not controlling the blood circulation of the body as it should have, but, alas, either because of it or inspite of it, a lot of blood was draining away to implanted channels, and Sind was being sucked dry and reduced only to the position of a host for others to feed on.

It was to this wayward heart, which Sind willy-nilly accepted as her own, and particularly to its high

sensitive chords who, more often than not, permitted themselves to be touched at will by the purveyors of the orchestra of power at the remote Centre, for any note—'major or minor third, perfect fifth, and octave'—all to the detriment and dissonance of the heart's own parent body: it was to this wayward new heart of Sind, I say, that my friend Shaikh Ayaz, Sind's own national poet, soul-fully addressed his poem, Manush wohi hai ("The human is he...") in 1971, after the post-one unit struggle, when this urban Sind voted in a body separate, nay, in visible hostility, from the rest of Sind, choosing an obscurantist platform rather than a secular one, as if will-fully re-staging the accursed phenomenon of their pet Separate Electorates of the Indian sub-continent:

میتہ-ش ۲۰-ی ہے
اپنے کئے پر جو بچھتاہے
اور پیسہ وٹھہہ کرتے ہیں

کیا کانٹوں کے ڈھیر پہ کوئی
خود ہی بھول کھائے گا بھائی
پیچیت کا ناتا توڑ کے تجھ کو
کیسا موکش ملے گا بھائی

مجل دو مجلے کارین نو کر
یہ سب کچھ تو پایا توڑے
چار کھلوانے لے کر مورکھ
اپنا جنم گنموا یا توڑے

پنچھی چھوڑے پیڑ بسارے
 ندی نہالے کھوئے تونے
 اور غصے سے بہتے آنسو
 اس دھرتی میں بوئے تونے
 ایک پرانا پستک لی کر
 کتنی اکڑفون کرتے ہو تم
 اس دھرتی کے گیان سے لیکن
 من ہی من میں ڈرتے ہو تم

میری کویتا کے شبدوں میں
 جنم جنم کا بندھن پا کر
 کتنا شور مچاتے ہو تم
 کل سے مرے دوارے آ کر

میں نے سارا چین لٹا کر
 اک سپنے کو مول لیا ہے
 مجھ سے اتنا کیوں چڑتے ہو
 تجھ کو تو بن مول دیا ہے

اب تک مجھ کو دکھ ہے بھائی
 تیرے ٹوٹے ہوئے درپن کا
 مجھ سے بدلہ کیوں لیتے ہو
 اپنے من کے بھدے پن کا

منش وہی ہے
 اپنے کٹے پر جو پچھتاہے
 اور پیسو ہٹھ کرتے ہیں

And these very sentiments, simple and true, heart-warming and innocent, I have read in this small book—word to word and page to page—which Dr. Mehkri has put in our hands.

Dr. Mehkri is one of those high sensitive chords of the heart beating in the body—politic of Sind, to which I have just referred, but which rings entirely in consonance with the parent body. And today there are hundreds, and ought to be hundreds of thousands, of such chords—old and new—besides, ringing the same way in unison. That should be the joy of joys for Sind, to the *Jagiriti* of whose people Dr. Mehkri has dedicated this book—the blissful land of Sind and all her sons and daughters for whom the immortal Latif has left an ideal to pursue:

نَڪا جھيل نہ پيل، نَڪو رائڙر ڏيھتہ ۾،
 آڻيو وجھن آخريٰن روڙيو رتا گيل،
 مارو پاڻ آمل، متليرون مَرڪڻو.

No restrictions, no restraints and
 no impositions in the Land either,

Freely they bring home red, beautiful flowers—
 arm—fulls of them,

Priceless people they, proud of their Land,
 and the Land proud of them.

Hyderabad, Sind

— Mohammed Ibrahim Joyo

January 7, 1987

ERRATUM

Page	Line	For	Read
3	26	—them	them—
14	7	with	. With
23	26	the Michail Angelo	Michael Angelo
45	2	themselves and	themselves, and
47	last	fear-ridde	fear-ridden
71	21	fnll	full
73	25	tenaeity	tenacity
83	29	e-nergy	energy
90	2	purefacation	putrefaction
93	18	SYSTEM of	of SYSTEM
103	15	Liberty:	Liberty;
	last	gerat	great
111	22	Indstries	Industries
116	5	many,	many
117	13	weilders	wielders
119	21	O knw	to know
148	22	This the	This is the

SORROWS OF SIND

Dedicated to "Sind Jagriti"

'Let my understanding awake'—G.M.

SORROWS OF SIND

Chapter I

THE SOCIOLOGY OF KNOWLEDGE

—0—

"Italia," lamented the great poet Shelley, "Italia, thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty!"

Yes; beauty has been a fatal gift throughout human history.

It was not at all the ugly, but it was the beautiful women who were enslaved and kidnapped.

Even to this day, more often than not, it is the fatal beauty of a woman which is at the root of her murder.

But when it came to conquest, more often than not, it was not so much the beauty of a country, so much its potential, as much as its manifest wealth that has always proved to be its 'fatal' beauty, that has been the cause of its conquest, subjugation and slavery.

Rome conquered Spain not for its wonderful beauty but for its silver mines. Rome conquered Egypt not for its pyramids but for its being one vast and inexhaustible wheat granary.

Cleopatra tried to save her most beloved Egypt by trying to trade her own beauty and charm by her becoming a harlot of Pompey, Cæsar and Mark Antony.

Of no avail whatsoever.

The Romans had her allright; but what was she when compared with the wealth of the Nile?

A mere "serpent of the Nile" as the Romans said.

And as a serpent she had to be killed.

She knew her fate; the utter futility of trying to save her fertile country from the reckless greed of Rome.

So, instead of being killed by the Romans as a serpent, she made a serpent of the Nile bite her into the depths of death.

Then began the exploitation of Egypt, first naturally by the Romans, and subsequently by the others, till most recently, as her Suez Canal only added to the sorrows of Egypt, till the sons of the Nile and the daughters of the Nile, after driving away the last degenerate monarch of the Turkish blood and then the British, at last freed that Egypt which Cleopatra had lost.

For very similar reasons was India conquered again and again and again.

So far as is now known today, ancient India was so much of a land of **PEACE AND PLENTY** that its most prosperous peace-loving sons, the Sindhis of Mahanjodaro, did not have weapons of war.

Perhaps it was the most Have-nots of the Have-nots, the vastly hungry and ferocious Aryans, with their horses, chariots, spears and swords, that wiped out the Mahanjodaroians and the Harrapans and Sindhi mercantile settlements far down south with resistless speed and ease.

What the Romans and all those who have followed them did to Egypt of the Nile, the Aryans and all those

who have followed them have done to the Sind of the Sindhu.

One has to read between the lines in the *Chach nama* to have a glimpse of what the wealth of Sind was even after the disappearance of the Mahanjodaro and Harrapa agro-mercantile societies.

To any dyed-in-the-wool HUMANIST historian who studies the human history wholly in terms of MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN, the story of Sind is the story of one more of the many Unhappy Vallies whose fatal human fault was the inability of its population to resist the onslaught of the brutal invaders who 'wanted land, not people'.

The people they eventually spared; them they spared so that the spared ones may serve as their hereditary slaves, living and dying under extremely sub-human conditions both materially, and worse, spiritually.

'worse, spiritually', because through brain-washing and indoctrination, the conquered, subjugated and spared indigenous populations had, here as well as every where, had their very human-hood broken with the masterfully indoctrinated systems of thought which made the vanquished people believe that their very salvation in even the 'other world' depended upon their entire subservience—body, mind and soul—to the rule of the invaders. This most effectively prevented-them the intoxicated ones, the self-effaced ones—from ever thinking of arousing themselves against their foreign masters.

So you see over here the astonishing phenomena of there not having been any slave-rising as you find them in Greece and Rome. No SPARTACUS over here

ever. Till THE ADVENT OF THE BLESSED BRITISHERS, who, along with their own form of mercantile imperialism, also brought with them the Many Times Thrice Blessed HUMANISM of Rousseau, Voltaire, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Burke, Dickens, and one and all of those poets, thinkers, philosophers, writers, dramatists and artists of the awakened world, the modern world, the enlightened world.

Alone, alone, all alone all over Sind, there seems to have been one and only one whose genius grasped the meaning and significance to Sind of the undying wealth the British thus brought with them in the wake of Napier's conquest. He was Mirza Qalich Beg.

Most quietly working all alone, this Intellectual connected the Thames with the Sindhu.

And had the Sindhis even read what he translated from the English literature, the freedom of the soul of the Sindhi *Manus* would have enabled the Sindhis to vastly add to the impregnable identity of Sindhi culture and thought, manifesting themselves in material plane.

For, as the study of that branch of modern knowledge known as the SOCIOLOGY OF KNOWLEDGE shows how, in the West typically, there is the standing example of theoretical knowledge leading to material prosperity and material prosperity contributing to theoretical knowledge.

This shows, in a most fascinating manner how in the whole realm of the human mind, there is a vast, intricate, rational, cyclic movement.

That is why even in the most industrialised West, all is not mere gears, clutches, brakes, a d bricks, but

there is also, in almost every University, the most conscious realization of the beauty as well as the utility of the studies of anthropology, sociology, psychology, history, ethics, philosophy, music and all the other fine arts along with physics, chemistry and mathematics, in all their astounding ramifications, side by side with engineering, technology and economics. IT IS THE CONSCIOUS AWARENESS OF THE INTER-RELATEDNESS AND MUTUAL CONTRIBUTION OF ONE AND ALL POSSIBLE SUBJECTS OF STUDY THAT IS THE MOST SALIENT ASPECT OF STUDY.

And amongst these studies, the study of SOCIOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY is getting its patronage more and more, for what anatomy and physiology is to the physical organism, anthropology, sociology and history and human geography are to the understanding of human society.

In Sind the anthropology and sociology of Sind deserve the greatest attention if the SORROWS OF SIND are to be understood.

As even a briefest possible and thoroughly inadequate step, it can be seen that the Sociology of Sind contributes so much to the present day knowledge of the present sorrows of Sind.

Sind did not have, and still does not have a MIDDLE CLASS from amongst the largest group of its population.

Sociologically speaking, what the backbone is to the human skeleton, an economic middle class is to human society if it has to remain erect.

The economic middle class in Sind belonged to its minority community.

In this religiously different minority community, one great branch, the Bhaibands were extremely mercantile; they went round the world for trade and brought back the wealth to their Motherland, Sind, and made the towns of Sind like Shikarpur, the Banker Town to the whole of the sub-continent, and, in a sense, even to middle Asia.

The other branch of the minority community, the Amils, who had been in almost sole charge of the actual 'Diwani' or administration of the country even in the days when the Majority Community was the temporal ruler of Sind, improved its prospects even better with the change of rulership of Sind from the majority community to the British.

The majority community, not having had any experience in both these matters, was reduced almost to nothing sociologically, with the passage of power from its hands to the British.

The 'Haves' amongst the majority community deeply clung to unchanging feudalism, and only crushed the 'have-nots' of their own community to destitution.

With the politically oriented exit of the minority community from Sind to the reconstituted India, Sind was left with no middle class, the very backbone of any socio-economically healthy society, the culturally and linguistically continuous and congruous link between the upper and the lower stratas.

This vast and deep gap was suddenly filled in Sind by those who were not of Sind, emotionally and linguistically. The tradition and history of one is not even a fairy tale to the other.

It was inevitable that waves after waves of outsiders to Sind, first from across the border, and then, from upcountry itself, should have closed in; making Sind the most cosmopolitan and hence incoherent province of the country.

The greater the development that has to take place anywhere in the country, the more the airport and the seaport(s) of Sind have to be utilised. And there is simply no other go.

But the sorrow of Sind is there. And that is that while those not of Sind get every sort of opening in Sind, there seems to be no similar reciprocity for the Sindhi outside of Sind; for, the many, being land-stuck, seem to have been drained of that initiative and spirit of enterpreneurship that was the most outstanding characteristic of their few, namely the Bhaiband community, the trading, the mobile merchant community.

It is for the sociologists and social psychologists together with the economists of the Universities in Sind to make an in-depth objective study of Sind thus getting engulfed and marooned.

One of the heartening aspects of human society is that it can change itself beyond recognition, under the guidance of the Emotion of the Ideal.

When the Emotion of the Ideal was lost, the All-India Moghul Empire became the puny little kingdom of Delhi overnight.

Similarly in Europe, when the Emotion of the Ideal was lost, the vast Roman Empire decrepitated into bits and so was completely lost in its own ruins.

Contrariwise, with the Emotion of the Ideal blazing, the contemporary puny little men of French Indo-

China drove away the French and then the mighty American power in the Vietnam struggles.

With the Emotion of the Ideal ablaze, the atom-bombed Japan rose all over again out of the ashes of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Why go so far? Even in Sind itself, although on an ultra sub-microscopic level, when the Emotion of the Ideal to serve the Sindhi Language and Literature gripped the imagination of the Sindhis, the Sindhi Adabi Board, manned by the devoted savants of the language came into being and its success should provide light and hope to those seeking the integrity of Sind in Sind.

When a person is suffering from any disease, the doctors make as thorough and as objective a medical examination as is possible.

Being essentially eclectics, they take the help of any and every science which promises to contribute to the examination and cure of the affliction.

So also do the engineers objective case studies in every branch of engineering and technology.

The Americans did a similarly objective case-study of Japan during the 2nd Great War, which study enabled them to do human-engineering on the Japanese political and social system after the War.

The Northern Italians, concerned with the affairs of all-Italy, instituted similar socio-economic studies of Southern Italy to see the reasons and to try to remove the root causes of the economic disparity between the Northern and Southern Italy through rational, scientific methods.

Indeed all over the rational world, these are the days of Social and Economic surveys, all because mere emotional reaction can only generate exhausting 'heat' without any guiding 'light'.

A whole new branch of sociological science called CULTUROLOGY has come into existence to make total studies of the social phenomena in a more all-embracing manner than mere unconnected bits can do.

The study of Sociology is so closely connected with Economics that the famous institute studying these in the most modern of the modern England is, by its very name, well known as THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS & SOCIOLOGY

Here, in our universities, things seem to be in such a sorry disarray that it would have been less said about them the better, had it not been for the fact of the social consequences of these rotten states of affairs.

Even now there can be an earnest shake up from the myopia. Even now the various departments of the humanities in the universities can be vigourously geared, if only so desired, to the joint and coordinated study of the problems and sorrows of Sind.

The very *raison d'être* of the very existence of universities itself gets completely lost, if the universities are indifferent to the local problems in the areas in which they exist upon the tax payers' money.

So far back as 1925, the late Dr. Pestonji Dubash published a pamphlet demanding that the problems of Sind are so peculiar to Sind that to grapple with them, Sind must have a University of Sind. To this day no one has thanked him for his earnest plea, and he died a disappointed man.

And to what extent that University of Sind is or is not now, consciously and deliberately engaged in studying the affairs of Sind in all their variedness is a thing which has to be investigated by the tax payers of Sind.

For, it is reported that there are professors who for the last 12 years, mind you YEARS, not days, have not been able to get even a single student under them. Not that the students may not be willing to come forward to study and learn, but that when teachers themselves are not interested in persuing those studies, of what use and meaning is the existence of such of them on a huge pay ?

A statistically based study of the popularity or otherwise of the various subjects, conducted under an Inter-University high-powered Commission will enable the tax payers' money to flow in the more needed and popular subjects of study with their bearing upon the social, political, cultural and economic conditions of Sind.

One of the many ancillary sorrows of Sind is that for the last so many years, very DEFTLY the very mention of the individuals as TAX PAYERS has been removed from the news papers, journals and public speeches and broadcasts. Every single individual who buys even a pinch of salt or a match box or a grain of wheat IS a TAX PAYER and the state is responsible to him for its expenditure.

This is the greatest glory of all modern democratic societies, this concept of the POWER OF THE TAX PAYER. The earlier emperors and kings collected the TAX allright, but were not responsible to him at all.

It is here that England and America made their greatest contribution to the welfare of all free mankind. The Bill of Rights, the PETITION of RIGHTS, the NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION, and, nearer home, the various resolutions of the ALL INDIA NATIONAL CONGRESS almost ever since its inception were all nothing other than the Right of The TAX PAYER to demand and get to know how the Tax he gave was being spent. And political liberty was, elsewhere as here, sought all because without political liberty, the COMMON MAN could not have his hold on the TAXES he paid.

The Indian National Congress had come out of the spell of the Rajas, the Maharajas and the Nawabs, and so it could think in terms of the TAX PAYER and his right to see to it that tax was spent with his consent.

The Muslim League, on the other hand, did not come out, could not and would not come out, of the spell of the Nawabs, Nawab ZADAS, Vaderas, Jagirdars, Talukdars, etc. and the whole debris of the ruins of 'their' Moghul Empire.

A detailed sociological study of the difference between the leadership of the Congress and that of the Muslim League, even in Sind itself, shows the whole pattern of different orientations involved.

Why else was Allah Bux murdered and why was Hyder Bux Jatoti neglected, when both of them stood not for themselves, but for the TAX PAYER, the COMMON MAN, THE SINDHI *Manus*, which Sindhi Manus is now said to be in the very throes of frustration?

Is it or is it not a fact that the one and only cardinal difference between the Indian National Congress and

the Muslim League was that while the Congress stood for Industrialization with all its consequences like Land Reforms and Freedom of the Individual person (of both man and woman), the Muslim League on the other hand stood for nothing else than the status quo, no change in the Nawabi and the Jagirdari and the Vadera system. Did or did not the Muslim League leaders in U. P. in 1935 itself, break away from the Congress just on these grounds.

Earlier, even much earlier, similar was the reason of difference between Sir Syed Ahmed Khan and Badruddin Tayabji as regards the participation of the Muslims in the Indian National Congress, as can be seen from the close study of Hayat-e-Javeed, by Maulana Hali, the biographer of Sir Syed Ahmed Khan.

It is a vast, Vast and VAST study, this betrayal of the COMMON MAN. It is APPALLING in terms of human destruction, with the uprooting of the millions dead and alive, all centered around the struggle between the forces of Industrialization and the forces of Feudalism, in which Sind also has had its share and consequences.

If the Sindhi Manus finds himself engulfed and marooned with nowhere to go, even in Sind itself, for jobs even, he has only to study his own political sociology and political economy with the cool, calm and collected mind.

Such inter-deciplinary studies of the Economy and Sociology of Sind may throw light upon those factors which may be hindering the Sindhi Manus to be the master of his economy.

In these ages, it is the Distributor who masters the economy of a land. Both the Producer as well as the Consumer are at the mercy of the distributor.

It is the mechanism of Distribution that has most intricately become the very warp and woof of human society in the non-totalitarian societies. Politics, even of the most profound kind, has become, now, more than ever before, the mere handmaid of the power of distributorship. In fact the bid for political power is propelled and sustained and dominated by the forces of the yearning of mastery of distributorship.

This can be simplistically seen in the relationship between the Indian National Congress, the British and the Muslim League.

Both the British as well as those whom the Congress mainly represented belonged to the Distributor Group.

In all internal markets, the votaries of the Congress were the masters of internal distributorship.

In all international commercial relationship of India, it was the British who had more than the lion's share of the trade and commerce, the Indian rupee having been linked with the destinies of the British pound.

The Muslim League represented none but the consumers of a section of the entire population. They were mostly outdated Zamindars, Nawabs and vested interests only in land in many places. Any of their produce was in the entire control of the votaries of the Indian National Congress and the like.

With the accumulation of capital over 180 years and more, the votaries of the Indian National Congress

began to make a bid for their share in the sale and distributorship of the produce of India and in imports from International Markets and **ALSO TO BECOME INDUSTRIALISTS IN THEIR OWN LAND**, thus coming into conflict and competition with the British mercantile and industrial and manufacturing power and interests in India (the famous Clive Street) with most if not all the manufacturing and industrial establishments in India **INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND**. The **CONGRESS YEARNED TO HAVE THESE ADVANTAGES FOR INDIANS THEMSELVES**.

With the indispensable help of the Romantic nationalists, the Dreamers, the Poets and the Politicians, Orators and Speakers, there arose the movement of Indian Nationalism, the springs of which were deep in the desire of the distributing forces of India to expand themselves to the greatest possible extent, which could be possible only if the whole land became free of those who mastered Indian Economy through political and military power.

Inbetween the various kinds of struggle between the two, the mere mainly consumer group represented by the Muslim League was just nowhere in matters of Economics, Mercantilism and hopes of Industrialization.

By its determination, however, for survival, inspite of its mainly lacking either capital or extensive mercantile and distributory power, it pitted itself politically against the established distributory group which was also emerging as industrialists and manufacturers; and succeeded in carving out nothing less than vast political territories of its own with the political exit of the British power.

And now SIND is part and parcel of this group. And for the Sindhi Manus to have his full share in the new destiny, he has to be not merely a consumer, not only also a producer of raw material, but also to become a distributor, and not only that but also as full-fledged an industrialist and manufacturer as the rest. Unless and until this is done, it is difficult to see how the Sorrows of Sind can diminish.

This calls for all that all-comprehensive practical idealism and imagination which alone has proved to be the motivating and activating force behind all material progress anywhere.

Where would Japan, for instance, have been today but for its scholars, scientists, engineers, technologists, inventors, psychologists, sociologists, economists, planners, and thinkers, workers & labourers?

The industrial might of this subcontinent, as of any people in it, also is dependent upon the strength of all these mental Atlases.

“Where there is no VISION, the people perish.”



Chapter 2

REASON and HOPE

—o—

The Vision of the Patriot has to be extremely comprehensive, including the most important factors of ECONOMICS and LABOUR.

In this awesome age of the COMPUTER, it is the facts and figures that matter.

Mere sentimentalism, slogans and shouts are mere sentimentalisms—slogans and shouts and nothing more.

Working under the Emotion of the Ideal of Liberation from the constrictions facing Sind, Sind has to think most coolly, most calmly, most rationally.

One of the very important authors—I at the moment forget his name—while talking about the progress of Europe, says that it was due to "RATIONAL LAW; RATIONAL MEDICINE; RATIONAL BOOK-KEEPING; RATIONAL" So, the word RATIONAL, RATIONAL, and RATIONAL is repeated over and over.

What we now call TRADITIONAL was RATIONAL once, MODERN once; and is not so now.

Right before our own eyes, Empires have gone out of commission, so much so that today it may become difficult for an English child, a Japanese child, a Dutch child, a Portuguese child, an Italian child and a French child to understand what the word "empire"

may really mean ! They may not understand why on earth one nation should beat the drum, blow the trumpet and wave its flag in another country.

Such being the case, the Sindhi INTELLECTUALS (by that I mean also the Economist, the Statistician, Educationist, the Labour Leader, the MERCHANT of course, one and all of those who have to THINK for their very existence) have to become "CONSCIOUSLY CONSCIOUS", as some one has said, of the problems of Sind.

The disorganised state of "SINDHI" LABOUR is one of the weakest things to be first attended to perhaps.

The weak and ever being weakened Sindhi papers can yet, in spite of all possible enervations, greatly help in illuminating their reading public.

When prisoners, scratching the walls of their cells with their finger-nails, have broken through to freedom, what cannot a determined press do, no matter how great the difficulties.

True, "WHERE THERE IS A WILL, THERE IS A WAY".

Only a very few of us, students of detailed history, know, though very vaguely still, what difficulties India faced, most specially after the failure of the abortive 1857 attempts.

In the back-lash of revenge, the British did not at all hesitate to further cripple even those vast provinces that had so readily helped them against the "Mutineer".

For instance, ARMS ACT was for all-India, including the "Loyal" ones ! The PRESS ACT also was for all-India, totally unmindful of those "Loyal"

provinces which castigated the "Mutineers". "Loyal" or "not-Loyal" was not the consideration at all.

One of the most humorously gruesome stories is of a British Major who was killing the Indian "Mutineers" one hundred at a time on the basis of the oath he had taken. When he found that in the unfortunate last batch there were only 99 victims, he put in his own loyal *khan-sama* to make the necessary hundred! (This was reported by an Englishman himself, in glee).

That was how we—Hindus, Muslims and all—were treated alike. So we can understand the conditions that prevailed after 1857.

But yet, A FEW did not lose HOPE.

The minute details of the working of these MINDS are absorbingly BEAUTIFUL. They THOUGHT, THOUGHT, THOUGHT and began working.

Coming to think of it, what does any opponent ever want first before his victory? That his opposite number should lose HOPE.

Collosal and most intricate social attempts like temptations, bribery and propaganda are used to make the antagonist lose HOPE of winning.

Since AGES, yes since AGES, the Brutal Ruler, knowing full well that mere BRUTALITY will not win the heart of those who have been left alive after the slaughters, has used the "religious" man to go and spiritually enslave those still alive. This was most clearly seen by us ourselves, immediately after the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki atom bomb slaughter. Shiploads of Christian priests and religious ministers were sent to the defeated, humiliated Japan to convert the

available victims to Christianity. The Cross followed the Atom Bomb. This has been so, is so, and perhaps will be so everywhere.

What, and what else, indeed, was the role of many of the so-called Brahmans, Sufis and saints and Mullahs except that to reconcile the people to the horrors of the foreign invaders like the Aryans, the Arabs, the Arghuns and the Turkhans and the Mughals etc., here in Sind, by consciously or unconsciously diverting the minds of the victims from the thought of any possible liberation here and now to liberation, 'Nirvaan' or 'Najat' in the next world?

The very second announcement of Sir Charles Napier was that, in view of the extreme commonness of the murders of women over here, he would kill 20 men if he heard that one woman was murdered. And THAT brought down the rate of woman-killing in Sind. Well, well, how many of the Sufis and Saints ever stood against this so prevalent a practice, ever?

In all justice, in the name of all ethics, who else can lay claim to be the patron saint of the Woman in Sind except Napier; and what then is to be the place of the saints and sufis who did nothing to save the women?

So also, not only here, but all over India, both in Hindus and the Muslims. The detailed or the micro-social history of our societies cannot bear the scrutiny of humanistic investigation.

And we pride ourselves on our "great cultures".

We ceaselessly lament at what the Englishman is said to have done to us.

But how about what we have done to our own kith and kin, even today?

Why are the Scandinavian nations so very prosperous today? And why are we so poor?

Is it not because in the Scandinavian nations, **BRAIN ENERGY** has been **LIBERATED** from the social tyrannies of the ages?

Almost exactly to the extent human brain energies have been **LIBERATED** from the thralldom of the ages of mental tyranny, there has been progress and plenty, as can be repeatedly verified.

SIND needs such **LIBERATION** from within, from within and from within.

And great books like *Essays of Ingersoll*, *Voltaire*, *Paine*, and amongst the most modern, the one man of today who will be remembered one thousand years hence, *Bertrand Russel*, will be like the most stimulating fertilizers to the intellect of the Sindhi thinkers. In just one year of such study they will cross the darkness of many centuries, provided the non-English knowing Sindhis get the translations of such works in their hands, translations paraphrased and simplified and **DISTILLED**, simplified, simplified and simplified, to begin with. These will be the **FOOD FOR THOUGHT**, and when "Slaves begin to think, Slavery begins to die", and the worst is **INTELLECTUAL** slavery. A **FREED** intellect changes its physical environment in no time, as is seen in the West.

During the horrors of the Industrial Revolution in England, when boys of 12 years of age were employed in factories to work 16 to 18 hours a day and die without medication, the ethical, humanistic, non-priestly

human mind revolted in the shape of the great Keats. Shelley and Byron, and Shelley's immortal poem. *Prometheus Unbound* is one of those poems the translation of which, by the matchless translator like Mr. Jyoti, will be a landmark in the intellectual—liberating history of Sind.

Indeed, coming to think of it, already the stock of the LIBERATING literature is so much that what now most needed is the TRANSLATION of it, the paraphrasing of it, the simplification of it, even in small doses for the non-English reading people of Sind. Heavy translation it is perhaps not just now needed, as people cannot be expected to digest such thoughts, leaving their work of earning bread. To liberate them, what is needed is the SIMPLE, simple and simple still, translation of the LIBERATING THOUGHTS from the rational philosophers of the West.

Indeed, coming to think of it, what would modern Europe have been without its Voltaire, Rousseau, Kant, Spinoza, Hegel, Marx! With their championship of Rationality, they so paved the way for the Industrial Revolution, that when it took its birth in the land of the Utilitarian philosophers like Hume & Berkeley (i.e. England), the whole of Europe and America made it their own. There was not that intellectual resistance to change that could be expected to be in any society where the intellectual soil was not ploughed and fertilized by the thoughts of such great philosophers.

As the contrast, what the same Europe was before the renaissance, before the advent of such philosophers! "DARK AGES", that was what 14 centuries of Christianity had given to that same Europe.

Same human brains were there, during the Dark Ages also, were they not? Indeed, coming to think of it, what Europe would not have been, if between Marcus Aurelius and Francis Bacon, St. Paul & Company Unlimited had not blocked the way and had not, for so long, diverted the stream of rational human thought?

Not only in Europe, but everywhere else also, theologians have written volumes and volumes of treatises. But one and all of these, piled one above the other, have not contributed even a millimeter towards the vertical development of human thought; while one single line from the post—renaissance philosophers was enough to illuminate the path, the miles over, of human progress.

SIND needs such thoughts; and at present only the great translators can bring them to the reach of the people

Experimental Psychology is, every single day, repeatedly proving that there is no such thing like the COMMON man. According to statistical estimates, not millions not billions, but trillions upon trillions of thought circuits are possible in every single sane human brain. If we contemplate on this thought, our own minds and imagination begin to boggle down! Such being the case, the fertilization of such a brain makes anything possible. And such an apparatus is being systematically destroyed through starvation of ideas of the great liberators of human thought like the rationalist philosophers.

But it does not at all mean that there is nothing indigenous to Sind. Far, far from it. Even from the psychological laboratory findings, according to the most

conservative estimates, based upon mental measurements and intelligence testing, there is atleast ONE genius or the ONE with an I. Q. of 140 & more to every 5000 persons, totally irrespective of his or her being literate or not!!

Think then of the **number** of the **BRILLIANT** minds of 140 I. Q. and above, in Sind. See what is **PREVENTING** these minds from their inheritance. What Sind would **NOT** be if this **POTENTIAL** is prevented from going into sheer waste? Think of that!!

When the great industrial thinker, Sir M. Vishweshwaraya, was shown the most magnificent Gerosoppa Falls of Mysore, one clear sheet of water two furlong wide and 850 feet deep drop, all that he wrote on the **VISITORS BOOK** was "**WHAT A WASTE**"!!!

Can there be **SORROWS OF JAPAN? SORROWS OF TAIWAN? SORROWS OF HONGKONG? SORROWS OF SINGAPORE** even? No! Why? **BRAIN UTILIZATION**. What else! Those undesirable social, cultural and political factors that militate against the utilization of the human potential have been eliminated or minimised to the extreme in these places.

Asked how did he sculpt a most marvellous statue, "The Statue was in the stone; I only removed the unnecessary portions of the stone. That was all I did", replied the Michail Angelo.

He **LIBERATED** the statue from the surrounding unnecessary stone!!

Look where one may, one sees only two processes: the process of the liberation of the human mind, and the enslavement of the human mind.

And what a terrific burden the enslaved human mind is to ITSELF!! Let alone to all others, even to itself what a colossal burden!!

Speaking about the human mind, one great psychologist has said that "In its study we are like mice, nibbling at a mountain"!!

What a statement; what a statement; and what a statement!!! And imagine SUCH a mountain being a burden upon itself!! What a crippling mountain and what a weight!!

During the process of dreaming, and creativity, in the moments of extreme inspiration, as of a poet or a musician, and MOST UNFORTUNATELY in the destructive behavior of a lunatic and a fanatic, we see the human mind at pains to release itself, from the burden of its own weight, at least very very partially, and each in sort of a way.

There is there, the classic case of the most virulent fanatic, Savanarolla, who, after making even the great Renaissance artist Botticilli destroy much of his own matchless work of immortal art, and after burning so many books and priceless documents, eventually got the world rid of himself by mercifully committing suicide. Had he only committed this suicide much earlier, would not humanity have felt obliged to him?

Have not such fanatics in Sind done this, politically, to Sind? If they have not been amongst the SORROWS OF SIND, then who else?

If any teachers and professors in the Sind University do not at all devote themselves to teach the Sindhi Youths, then, if they are not amongst the Sorrows of Sind, who else then?

If teachers in high schools, lower schools and primary schools do not teach the Sindhi boys and girls, are they or are they not amongst the Sorrows of Sind?

If bribery and corruption, at the expense of Sind altogether, becomes rife amongst the officers and officials of Sind, is not this phenomenon amongst the Sorrows of Sind?

If the Sindhis look down upon their own people (down-trodden since ages due to the invasion and occupation of their own lands by others), if this be not amongst the Sorrows of Sind, then what else is?

If the women of Sind have been subject to the kind of treatment against which they so militantly raised their voice in their Conference (Karachi, 1982), if this dehumanization of the Mothers of the Children of Sind not be amongst the stunning Sorrows of Sind, what else?

If hundreds upon hundreds, thousands upon thousands, of the Sindhis have been, since hundreds of years, made to feel that they are less than the dust of the feet of the Mirs, the Pirs, the Shahs, and, as a consequence, they never rise to the greatness of their human-hood as rational beings capable of changing their environment with their will and initiative, if this not be amongst the greatest of the Sorrows of Sind, then what other calamity can be so?

If, even when on seeing how in the Punjab and in the Frontier provinces, there is the zeal and the zest to improve, in all ways, and, most particularly educationally and technologically, the conditions of life, there is no organised, conscious, earnest and deliberate will and purpose to make Sind equal to the rest, if this be

not amongst the Sorrows of Sind, what else then is the Sorrow of Sind?

If a few youths, a few students, a few idealists par excellence, a few, (very few indeed) earnest workers, dreamers, thinkers, on seeing how the Punjab and how the N.W.F.P. are improving, yearn to make Sind as great as it surely can be, if such youths are looked upon as threats to the statusquo, and therefore should be fumigated out of existence, or, worse, far, far worse, be bribed and corrupted into falling in line with the statusquo (this destruction of character being, in the realms of ethics, far more destructive of the very soul of Sind itself, and nothing less – all because “When character is lost, all is lost), is this not a cardinal Sorrow of Sind?”

Is it or is it not all because, perhaps, the Sindhis, rightly or wrongly, feeling that they have lost command over their environment, have lost hope?

CAN THERE BE A GREATER SORROW OF SIND THAN THIS LOSS OF HOPE?

WHEN, O, WHEN IS FAITH NEEDED? ONLY WHEN THINGS HAVE GONE WRONG.

WHEN, O, WHEN IS HOPE NEEDED? ONLY WHEN THINGS HAVE GONE WRONG.

MEDICAL SCIENCE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN THERE AT ALL, IF THERE WERE NO HOPE OF CURE OR FAITH IN THE STUDY OF MEDICINE.

ALL BECAUSE THINGS HAVE NOT GONE WELL WITH SIND, TO LOSE HOPE AND FAITH IN THE FUTURE OF SIND, CAN THERE EVER BE A GREATER SIN THAN THAT?

Chapter 3

SPIRIT AND ITS FREE EXPRESSION

—0—

No two countries were laid so low, devastated, so wiped out, as were Germany and Japan after the 2nd World War. Japan was also atom-bombed ... its two great cities, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, just disappeared altogether—vaporised. Could any destruction ever go further! The most humiliating terms of treaties known to man were thrust down their choked throats. Japan lost its vast empire, Germany lost half of itself. Yes, Germany and Japan lost everything; but not their spirit.

In 1857, a part of India was defeated in the failure of the so-called Mutiny, which was essentially an unplanned rising of some sections amongst the Hindus and the Muslims who had no idea of the might of the British power in the rest of India, and the most disastrous FAILURE ensued—the one that has not been compensated for, as yet; all because we lost spirit.

Unmindful of and without any gratitude towards even those who helped them, the British imposed those freedom-destroying measures that have completely distorted and contorted our lives, even after they gave us back our freedoms—only due to their exhaustion in their empty victory of the 2nd Great War and the consequential rise of the two super-powers, U.S.A. and U.S.S.R., which threw Empires out of commission.

For, in spite of our freedoms, the Arms Act, imposed by the British all over India after the events of 1857, persists. And during the ninety years that intervened between 1857 and 1947, our huge populations, remaining totally without the ability and the right to possess arms in the same way as the British and the American and other modern populations have had the right and ability, we have now become socially so unable to freely possess them, that, now, the 'freedom' to possess arms has incapacitated us to use them wisely.

The defeat of the Southerners in the CIVIL WAR, and the death, by shooting, of both the Kennedy brothers, as well as of the great pacifist like Martin Luther King in America, did not lead to the imposition of any Arms Act in America, all because, in spite of all such murders, by and large, the largest population of America was and is uninterceptedly accustomed to keep weapons without going mad.

But that, even now, is not the case with us here, all because of our having been spiritually incapacitated and crushed for full ninety years to keep weapons with dignity and mutual tolerance.

Similarly, the imposition of additional restrictions, after the events of 1857, made it impossible for the people of this subcontinent to be as free in the expression of their opinion as were the Britishers and the Americans; for Americans in particular, even the colossal events of their Civil War did not in any way come in the way of that Freedom of the Press which was guaranteed to it by the very Second Amendment of their post-Civil War Constituion; and in England itself, all

because of the Freedom of the British Press, the voice of Edmund Burk thundered over the noise of pig-headed British imperialists who wanted to "teach lesson" to the thirteen rebelling Colonies in the American War of Independence.

But in India, all because of the imposed incapacity to criticise the British Administration in as frank and as free a manner as the Press in America and in England did with their respective Administrations, many journalists, having lost spirit of frankly and fully criticising the British Administration, fell to that short-sighted, fanatical and antagonistically communalistic journalism which helped create lasting monuments of vicious hate and mortal antagonisms.

Those restrictive measures, so imperiously imposed by the British, in the hey day of their power, have eventually enflourescenced in all their hideous majesty in that such ultra-draconian Press and Publications Ordinances in Pakistan, as per which even the supremely illiterate type-setter, the type-distributor, the paper cutter and the binder in a Printing Press is liable, along with the proprietor and editor, and writer to arrest and penal servitude!

Even RIPLY, in his unbelievably BELIEVE IT OR NOT cartoons would not believe that such an Ordinance could be imposed, not by any foreign Imperialist Power like the once powerful England, but by the Pakistani paid Administrators upon the Pakistani tax payers themselves.

But all this and much, much, too much more, has happened, all because after the events of 1857, the largest

number of Indians lost all the fire and spirit of freedom which has been the life breath of human populations in the world through history.

If the Greeks, the Armanians, the Slav and the Arabs also had similarly lost their spirit of freedom after even repeated disastrous failures against the Turks, and if the spirit of freedom of the Turks themselves had got extinguished in their breasts, after the 1st Great War, then things would have been very different for them today than they are now.

But, in spite of every difficulty facing them, none of these peoples lost their spirit and the urge to preserve and guard it at all cost, as the Red Indians lost it against the invading Europeans and we lost it after the events of 1857.

With thousands of the Punjabis, Sikhs, Maharashtrians, Madrasis, and the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Nawab of Bhopal, the Raja of Gwalior (cousin of the Rani of Jhansi herself) and the other nearly 700 rajas, maharajas, nawabs, zamindars, jagirdars and talukdars, all willingly prostrating before the British, who, in number were far, far less than a handful, the failure of the "mutiny" was a thoroughly foregone conclusion, as the British had already seen it.

For a variety of reasons, which, though most interesting, each one of them, in the study of political sociology, the one cardinal factor that loomed large on the entire political horizon of the whole of this sub-continent was that all the millions of us had just no spirit to stand up and fight and protect our right to freedom and honour against these far less than a handful Englishmen.

This was the psychology which was then functioning within the sociology of India.

The English, though having come from across the 7000 miles of the stormy oceans in wooden ships, but, knowing all the conditions and the causes of dispiritedness and fatalism amongst the Indians, had in their turn, infinite spirit and all the grit to fight and gain mastery over the Indian uprising against their rule only in certain parts of India.

It is one of the greatest of pities that we fail totally to realize that there are no 'sacrosanct' Academic Subjects in Universities. Every subject is for the understanding of the 'Here and Now' of our one and the only real world that we can know through our five senses. Philosophy, Maths, Sociology, History, Biology, Physics and one and all of the subjects have to be taught and learnt in the light of the relationship of man to the world around.

For instance, knowing the history of India at the time of the British occupation of India, without knowing the sociology of the times, the psychology, the social-psychology, the economic condition and the economic organization of the times and the vast general philosophy of pessimism, despondency, fatalism as is to be found in the works of the poets of the times, we cannot at all understand things like the Failure of The Mutiny; and our Universities fail to teach such a most needed inter-deciplinary approach to provide the "wholistic and gestalt" approach to enable our students to understand the human phenomenon that is history in its largest sense.

The colossal failure of Tippu Sultan (when General Harris saw the body of Tippu, gleefully he shouted "Today India is ours!") was not so much the failure of Tippu Sultan at all, but, as the Duke of Wellesley, on hearing of Tippu's death, got up, with his wine-glass in his hand, in Calcutta and said, "Let us drink a toast to the discovery of the body, not of a prince, gentlemen and ladies, but of the body of India itself that is all ours — now that the biggest enemy to the British power in India lies dead".

The colossal failure of Tippu Sultan, was not the colossal failure of Tippu Sultan; but, for a variety of reasons, it was the total failure of All India to resist the British.

When the small British Isles were threatened by the mighty Napoleon, the Britishers fought and destroyed that very mighty Napoleon, all because they had not lost their spirit to fight and win.

When the small British Isles were threatened by the might of Wilhelm Kaiser, the Britishers fought and destroyed the mighty German Empire itself just because, essentially speaking, the Britishers had their spirit to live and die in freedom alive in their breasts.

When the small British Isles were threatened with utter destruction by none other than, in the words of Churchill himself, "one of the greatest military geniuses of all times," Hitler, the British, by their willing determination to fight, "in the streets, in the fields, in the farms!" eventually persuaded Hitler to commit suicide in his shattered, battered and tattered Germany.

Had they been pessimistically, reasonably and rationally realistic, as the Indians, who supported the British during the events of 1857, were; had they not fought, for some time, all, all, all alone, in blood, sweat and tears; Hitler and his comrade, Mussolini who, with Pope's blessings on the Italian Weapons which bombarded the naked Abyssinians, and whom Churchill described as "that inflated bull-frog of the Pontine marshes", would indeed have become the rulers of the world. But the David of England did not lose spirit while facing the Goliaths of Europe. The burning spirit was the decisive stone in the sling of that David.

When Marshal Foch faced almost utter annihilation of his whole army in the Battle of the Marne, he telegraphed to the French Army Headquarters: "My right side of the Army has collapsed; left is shattered; the middle of my army is yielding. Situation excellent: I attack."

He attacked and he turned the tide of history. He won, because he had not lost the spirit, come what may.

He followed the dictum: "Never despair; but if you despair, fight on in despair."

In the history of India after the advent of the British, the Sultan of Mysore, the Rani Tarabai of Jhansi and the so-called slave Hoshoo Sheedi of Sind fought on in utter despair and died heroic deaths and obtained military respects even from their victors, the Britishers.

What a greater glory to the greatness of a so-called slave Hoshoo Sheedi that two mortally wounded British officers were granted their last request to Napier, that

they may be buried along with Hoshoo Sheedi! Till 1947, the graves of these three valiant men were protected, just outside the Fort at Hyderabad.

To the utter shame of all concerned, these three graves were later said to have been dynamited out of existence, thanks to the genius of a civil engineer who wanted to have a drain there. But graves or no graves, that spot should indeed be a place of the Sindhi patriots' holy pilgrimage.

And when, some years back, some of the great-souled Sindhi students commemorated the death of the great Hoshoo Sheedi, they were dissuaded by certain quarters, it is said, from doing it, as it was to them the commemoration of the death of 'only a slave'! But none, however, succumbed to that 'advice,' and those who so advised only damaged their very own soul.

For it is only one of the most accepted facts of history that, all through the ages, for reasons be they "rational" or "irrational," he or she, no matter who, no matter when, no matter where, and no matter to what religion or creed he or she belonged, gives up his or her dearest possession, his or her LIFE, for the honour of his or her MOTHERLAND, his or her memory becomes sacred across the centuries and eons.

There is that great statue, regally standing on the soil of Britain even today, in honour of her great queen Bodicea, who, dying on the battlefield, cursed the invading Romans ("pitiless and proud") and had such infinite faith, faith, faith, in her nation's descendants, the modern Britishers, that she prophesied—

“Regions Caesar never knew,
Where his eagles never flew,
My posterity shall sway,
None more invincible than they!
..... Empire on us is bestowed.
Romans, pitiless and proud,
Shame and Ruin wait for you!”

And addressing her undying word of cheer to her dear motherland, “the many-blossoming Paradise”, she said:

“Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery
parapets!
Tho’ the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho’ the gathering
enemy narrow thee,
Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt
be the mighty one yet!
Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds
to be celebrated,
Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow
illimitable,
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossom-
ing Paradise,
Thine the North and thine the South and thine the
battle-thunder of God...”

This is the spirit—to be built and nourished and never to be lost—for peoples and nations to survive and live in honour and dignity among comity of nations in the world.

Chapter 4

NATIONAL MEMORY, THE HEM OF DIVINITY

—o—

The principle, the policy and the very technique of any and every invader in history ever has been to kill and destroy the Brave Opponents, defenders of their own Motherland; and not only to enslave those who have yielded to might, but also to so humiliate them as to make them forget the memory of those who died so that they might live; or, even worse, to make the descendants of the heroes to be proud of being the "knights" "Sirs", "Khan Bahadurs," "Rao Bahadurs", "Sardar Bahadurs" and the "Rajas" and the "Nawabs" and also the "Nawab-Zadas" of the conquerors.

Why go so far as "descendants". Demoralization hits much nearer still even.

Never even for one single second in his life did the great poet Ghalib, ever once even, mention the very name of his master, Bahadur Shah Zafar, the titular emperor of India, who was a prisoner of the British in Rangoon on Rs FIVE per month for his, his wife's, and his remaining son's "Royal" expenses, while he, Ghalib himself, was running from pillar to post, even to Calcutta, to get his own pension restored.

Nor did the great Sir Syed Ahmed Khan ever so much as even refer to the fate of that very Bahadur

Shah Zafar, rotting in a *jhuggi* in Rangoon, in whose marble palaces of Delhi Sir Syed Ahmed had spent his childhood days.

Similarly, in Sind, it is a world-known fact that the invasion of Sind, by the British, was an act of open aggression, for their imperial reasons, as no Sindhi had ever done any wrong to the British.

Even Napier himself had had the humanness to confess in his telegram that in conquering Sind, he himself had SINED—"Paccavi".

But yet, after the conquest of Sind, so much did the Sindhi weaken in faith about their own Sind, that there was no lament on the destruction of Sind's identity and honour; no dirge written on the fate of those soldiers, who, according to the Britishers themselves, and according to those British historians of the Battle of Miani themselves, so died fighting the British that the "British hands and arms were tired of the slaughter."

And while the whole plot of the drama is there, the characters of the drama are real characters, the British-remembered deeds of the great Sindhi Sheedi are there, the events of the battle of Miani, as recorded by the British, are there, what is NOT there is a Sindhi Poet, what is not there is a Sindhi dramatist, to immortalise in literature the immortals who, in defence of Sind had immortalised themselves on that memorable day, on that sacred soil of the Miani battle-field. No. Not one poet, No, not one dramatist, to say: "They died for us". Everything is there, except the memory of that great mass martyrdom.

As a poet says about such sins of forgetfulness,
 "Mai bhi hai; meena bhi hai; saghar bhi hai, Saqi
 nahin,

"Ji main aata hai laga dain aag maikhany ko hum."

Whereas when spiritual nationalism had its birth in India, it first found its expression not only in the speeches and writings of Raja Ram Mohan Roy, but also in the poem "Bande Matram," and later, in the three immortal, most patriotic, poems: "Saray Jahan say acha, Hindostan Hamara" by Iqbal; in Tagore's "Where the mind is without fear, and the head is held high;" and later, in the 1930s, poems for children like "Bharat main kaisay huway veer; jinhon nay aan baan per, jinhon nay ek zuban per, kataa diya shareer"; and more songs like "Bharat janani, teri jaye, teri jaye ho"; and songs written in memory of the Rani of Jhansi and Rana Pratab and Shivaji.

And, so far, so far, known, is hardly there any immortal song by any Sindhi in memory of those who died the acknowledgedly heroic deaths on the battle-field of Miani, and in memory of all those who have in the known past, distant or recent, irrespective of their caste, creed or religion, died, in the defence of Sind. Whereas Todd's great collection of *The Annals of Rajasthan*, and works like *Prithviraj Raso* are monuments not only to the greatness of the immortal Rajput Heroes, but also to the greatness of those Rajput bards, poets, singers who have kept the great past so very much alive as to be providing blood and honour to the living and to the future generations to come.

Similar, the museums of Europe are full of the great realistic pictures of the history and personalities

of Europe. In England, to see the painting of Charles the First standing beside his horse is to feel like raising our hat in his honour! And what poignant those mysterious looking eyes of the Duke of Willingdon on his way, on horseback, to face Napoleon on the field of Waterloo!! And that mighty picture of Napoleon on his horseback crossing the Alps. Again what pathetic picture of Napoleon after the Battle of Waterloo! And that charge of Marshal Ney at Waterloo! And that charge of the Light Brigade, which Tennyson has also immortalised in his poem "Charge of the Light Brigade:" "Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death Rode the six Hundred; Cannon to right of them; Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them Volley'd and thundered; Flashed all their sabers bare, flashed as they turned in air, Sabering the gunners there, Charging an army, while All the world wondered..." and so on.

From all accounts of the Battle of Miani, from the British witnesses themselves, the soldiers of Sind in Miani displayed similar heroism and bewildering courage.

But where is the Sindhi poet and where is the Sindhi painter to depict this last stand of the defenders of Sind in word or in paint?

And the picture of the last Mir of Sind, while he was in British custody in Sind, is by a British artist. It is the picture of a lion in a cage, but in a cage!

And had it not been for the British artists, we would never have known the last minute fight of Tippu Sultan in Srirangapatnam; the storming of Srirangapatnam; the discovery of the body of Tippu Sultan; the

last days of Bahadur Shah Zafar at Rangoon; the fiery, fiery, fiery eyes of the great lady, the wife of Bahadur Shah Zafar while she was grinding corn with grindstone, to make bread for her lord.

Perhaps in some corner of some book, there still might be found a picture or a painting, depicting the scene of the loot of the Treasury of Sind by the British!!

There is, of course, a painting depicting the last sullen, determined stand of the Sindhi soldiers on the battle-field of Miani—of course by a British War painter in the field. (For, all through their conquests of the various parts of India, in those days when photography was not yet invented, the British always sent artists along with their armies to paint the scene of their conquests, and many of these paintings are there today for us to see and to suffer.)

An imaginary, realistic painting, by a Sindhi painter, of the last stand of the great Sindhi hero of Miani and of his equally great comrades in arms will make a great episode of the history of the honour and valour of the Sindhis alive for generations to come.

And then, there are many, many, more such episodes to be depicted in pictures, in poems and in dramas, without, in any way, falsifying history, even in the least. For, a propaganda picture can never equal the Truth which has a glory and grandeur of its own to catch and preserve.

There cannot be any propaganda picture, for instance, of the murder of Dara Shikoh and his son; or of the inspection of the rotted head of Dara Shikoh, by his brother who wanted to make himself sure that it was indeed the head of Dara!

No artist can fail to "touch the hem of divinity" when it becomes his mission to portray truth for the sake of truth itself; and the Sindhi artist is never without a great theme in painting, singing and dramatising the poignant events of the rational history of Sind.

The "Shaheedan-e-Sind", without distinction of caste, creed or religion, from the recent or from the distant past, are there to give him that very same hope, faith and inspiration that made them feel happy to live and to die for Sind. They lived the life of courage and hope; and they died with courage, and in the hope that their sacrifices will not go a waste.

As the poet who depicted the feelings of the soldiers who died fighting on the battle fields of Flanders, in the 1st Great War, makes them say:

"In Flanders fields where poppies blow,
"Between the crosses row and row,
"They mark our place, and in the sky
"The larks still bravely singing fly,
"Scarce heard amidst the guns, below
"We loved and were loved; and now we lie in
 Flanders Fields, where poppies blow
"With failing hands we throw the torch;
"Hold it high!
"Carry the message to the foe..."

With failing hands all the great heroes and heroines who lay down their lives for others, "throw the torch, held high", and say: "Hold it high. Hold it high. Carry the message to the foe." And it is thus that they are there to inspire, across the chasm of death.

So we can see how the poets, the dramatists and the thinkers of Sind, becoming beacons of light, can atleast mitigate the many Sorrows of Sind.

Liberation, liberation and liberation; liberation from the sweet and subtle opiates which for centuries on end have made people so accustomed to the social tyranny that they look upon it as natural a thing as the air and the sunlight.

It is said about a man that after having studied a great deal about prose writing, he suddenly discovered that all his life he was already talking prose !!

Similarly, for those who are indoctrinated, it takes time to realize that from childhood onwards they have been victims of indoctrinations which completely hypnotise them into believing that they are no-bodies and helpless creatures who have to take social injustice for granted.

Millions upon millions, and for ages upon ages, believed that the sun goes from the East to West and that the Earth was stationary.

Even to this day, in the educationally backward populations, that may well be the belief and conviction.

This, for the extremely simple and plain reason that it all looks so obvious.

So also, many things which so thoroughly cripple the human intellect and paralyse thought, and prevent investigation, look so obvious.

It is for the educators to awaken, shock the multitudes out of slumber, amongst whom the poets and the dramatists being educators of the masses, in an entertaining and therefore resistless manner, are the most important.

It was a poet who inspired the masses with poetical lines "The fight for freedom, once begun,

"Is handed down from sire to son ...

"A battle lost is a battle won."

It was a poet again (James Oppenheim) who said:-

"They set the slave free, striking off his chains...

"Then he was as much a slave as ever,...

"He was still chained to servility,...

"He was still bound by fear and superstition,

"By ignorance, ...

"His slavery was not in the chains,

"But in himself

"They can only set men free,

"And there is no need for that;

"Freemen set themselves free."

What a thought; what a titanic thought; "FREE MEN SET THEMSELVES FREE"! Freemen set themselves free!! Freemen set themselves free!!! Against all possible and even impossible circumstances, with the mighty slogan: Give me liberty or give me death!

FREE MEN SET THEMSELVES FREE, all because "freedom does not come down to a people; people have to rise themselves upto liberty."

Chapter 5

BUREAUCRACY, THE COWARDLY DAEMON OF FEAR

—0—

Freedom and Fear have never gone together.

Perhaps the one greatest thing Mahatma Gandhi did for the subcontinent was to remove, from the minds of even the most down-trodden, the element of FEAR.

For, those, who were young then, know how, because of the parades, march-pasts the beating of the drums, the sounding of the bugles and by the display of mighty cavalry charges and by the boomings of the guns and by the discharge of volleys upon volleys, the blaring of the trumpets and the waving of the flags—all these the trappings of tyrants—specially after the debacle of the 1857, the common man was so very much intimidated and cowed down that he thought that he was to be a slave for ever.

Against this mighty might, Mahatma Gandhi sent his totally unarmed, bare-headed men, women and children to face the merciless lathi charges by the mercenary Indian Police themselves. Thousands suffered.

Naked Force was confronted with SOUL FORCE.

The element of FEAR was gone. FEAR WAS GONE! FEAR WAS GONE!!!!

The EMPIRE looked like a soap bubble from then onwards, even in the eyes of the Rulers themselves and all their Daemons of Fear like de-bagged puppets. And the SPELL WAS BROKEN. What remained then?

In the words of the pioneer French psychologist, Gustav Le Bon, "When prestige is challenged, prestige is no more". All 'prestige' is SPELL only !! Mahatma Gandhi destroyed the prestige of British Raj in India. When, on being told by an Englishman that England had given peace to India, he replied: "Yes, the peace of the grave-yard."

And the poet, Rabindra Nath Tagore, also prayed for the removal of FEAR, when he sang: "Where the mind is without fear, and the head is held high; where knowledge is free; Where the clear stream of Reason has not lost its way in the dreary sands of dead habit; Where words come from the depths of Truth unto that haven of FREEDOM, let my country arise."

But this very daemon of FEAR, who had been exorcised from the rest of the sub-continent, was made the Patron Saint of Pakistan including Sind of course, even before the death of the Founder of the new State.

The progress of Democracy in India enabled the tax payer there to regard the Government to be the servant of the people.

In Pakistan also, the Founder of Pakistan, addressing the Bureaucracy, in the most direct words possible, plainly told them, in no uncertain terms, that they were "the SERVANT CLASS."

But these words fell upon congenitally deaf ears.

In 1946 itself, he had observed in a letter, that in India the public servants were corrupt and the Muslim public servants were most corrupt.

And it was in these hands, the corrupt and cowardly tyrants, that the government dropped with or even before his death. It was they that claimed to be the patriots and the touchstones for patriotism. They were willing and even anxious, to serve the state like the wolf "who was willing to be the guardian of the sheep on low salary."

What most of these persons did, along with the many hupeni tupeni ministers, with the evacuee property, to start with, and with the sterling balances and with the permit-systems, with foreign loans and with the so-called AID amounts, beggars discription.

It was a "FREE FOR ALL, WITH NO HOLDS BARRED."

How could these people ever even think about things like "Democracy"?

The murder by them of the Public Opinion, by gagging the Press was nothing but an infanticide; as an independent press had hardly begun to try to breathe.

The denunciation of leaders like G. M. Sayed in Sind, of seasoned and far-seeing politicians like Fazal Haq and Suhrawardy in 'East Pakistan'; the passing of that Objectives Resolution, by means of which the Tax Payers were made to renounce all their possible claims on the affairs of the state; the denunciation and sheer blackmail, of the gentle people of a whole province altogether of the Sindhis, on the floor of the Assembly, as mere camel-cart and donkey-cart drivers; the prime minister himself, in the presence of high police officers, presiding over the ceremony of breaking the ballot boxes: the manner in which, with the help of Police

again, the President of The Muslim League was intimidated by 12 hoodlums to give up his position, and the ensuing usurpation of the Presidentship of the League, by its servant, the Premier; and a number of many many such things started the rule of lawlessness which has known no ending.

And its main brunt fell upon Sind, as Karachi, in Sind, was then the Capital of Pakistan.

Even earlier the post-haste hustling and suppression of the Government of Sind in its own capital, Karachi, and the resulting alarm and confusion signalled the long train of the Sorrows of Sind, as the Sindhis thenceforth never felt safe and saw how totally they were bereft of having any say in any matter pertaining to their own welfare.

Thanks indeed to their own leaders, except the powerless G.M. Sayed, Sind was the one and the only Province in Pakistan, which had become so weak, so rudderless, within months, if not days and hours.

It was more so because the mercantile classes, the middle, the intellectual classes, all Hindus, bullied and scared out of their wits, left for India in a body; and Sind was left only with less than a handful of politicians without power; specially after the gagging of Khuhro and purchase of Pir Illahi Bux and persons of his ilk, and the prolonged imprisonment of G. M. Sayed.

The un-intellectual and anti-intellectual landlord classes of the Sindhis, along with their Pirs and Mirs and Vaderas, were, understandably, all too uninformed of what actually was happening to Sind, and all too willing, like many such fear-ridde zamindars in India

immediately after the failure of the 'Mutiny', to desperately co-operate with the powers that be, to retain their status quo.

Meanwhile, the exit of the Hindus relieved these classes of the people of the enormous debts and from mortgages of their lands that they owed to the fleeing Hindus, and even got them additionally some of the marked and unmarked properties left by the Hindus—a bit of share in the loot, so to say! And, out of gratitude for these petty, immediate, evanescent benefits, these beneficiaries hardly cared what and whatever happened to the fate of Sind and the people of Sind as such.

To have expected from them under circumstances of such total scowl and scrabble any attention to the major issues like the life and death of democracy and national interests of their land was like seeking milk from granite.

— — —

Chapter 6

THE SORROW OF THE SORROWS: THE NONDESCRIPT MIDDLE CLASS

—o—

The biggest Sorrow of Sind is indeed the plight of both the Muhajirs as well as the Sindhis in Sind.

It is the saddest tragedy rooted in the days when the Muslim League Leadership repeatedly promised to the Muslims all over India that "Pakistan will be the home-land of the Muslims of India."

Unless the details of the consequences of these repeated declarations—the emotions that these promises elicited from the Muslims all over India, the absolutely (repeat, absolutely) effervescent manner in which they consequently dealt with their own motherland, the ferocity with which many a communal riot were staged, the total unconcern they showed in the destiny of their very hearths and homes and all in the hope of having a 'home-land of their own', the repeated resolutions that were passed anywhere and everywhere of looking upon their promised 'home-land' as the end-all of their personal destinies—unless these are recorded and properly appraised even at this late hour, a great deal of the history of the period and all the lessons thereof may be lost.

That promise, from a most trusted, most respected, most impeccable source, right from 1940 to the 11th of

August 1947, made most of them stake their all for their 'home-land'.

And on that fateful day, in the history of the Muslims of the rest of India, they were officially and in the most killing words told "to remain where they were" and "to be loyal to where they were," as "No Country Tolerates Traitors."

Every single Muslim who had staked his and his wife's and his children's all, in the hope of his 'home-land', and then, having their homeland, to be told to stay away, could have only shrieked: "YOU TOO BRUTUS, YOU TOO BRUTUS!! YOU TOO BRUTUS!!!

But here it was not the case of any "You TOO Brutus." Here was the totally unparalleled case in all recorded human history: and that was: "YOU, Brutus, You, You, and ONLY YOU"!

But the die had been cast.

A flood of the refugees, most of them actually driven away with loss of life and honour of many of their kiths and kins, only from amongst the poor, inundated the new State.

There has, however, been no one single type of the refugee.

The refugee who came from East Punjab was not the same as the refugee who came from the U.P. And the U.P. refugee was not the same as the refugee from Down-South, say, Mysore or Travancore. Indeed very few who came from Mysore or Travancore or Hyderabad Deccan could be said to be REFUGEES at all, as, many of them could not be said to have been driven away. To have come over, thinking Pakistan to be their

homeland is one thing; and to have been actually 'driven' away is quite another, I think.

And among those who were actually 'driven' away, those who were driven away with sheer violence, murder, arson and loot were markedly different than those who were calculatedly made to leave, in comparative safety, by their property being wrongfully declared evacuee property, and worse, those who were declared, most wrongfully, as 'intending' evacuees, although they had not even a ghost of any idea of ever leaving their places of birth and whose only crime often was that they were owners of very valuable property or they had written a letter or two (that were intercepted) to such of their relatives who had come over to Pakistan. And this was the brutal tragedy that inexorably enacted itself in both the directions.

So, we see that there was no one common type of refugee from all over India, that entered Pakistan, but only an incongruous assembly, a multi-ethnic crowd.

Most of the most illiterate, poor, completely bewildered ones who were forcibly driven away in those days, are still poor, miserable and helpless even to this day altogether, and still living in *jhuggees*, totally uncared for by the other type of 'refugees' in name only.

These things had their root in the manner in which the propaganda for Pakistan was carried on and in the haste and waste in which the partition took place.

And while the refugees from East Punjab, with ethnic akinness, were accepted by West Punjab, the flood of refugees was diverted, almost wholly diverted, from other areas, specially from U. P. to Sind; and

whole train-loads of the driven-away refugees who went to N W F.P., were not allowed to set their feet down from the trains on the platform of Peshawar, and were driven back—where to? to SIND, and SIND only.

And for quite a time, many who were not at all actually 'driven' away, came from all parts of India, mostly to Karachi and Sind only.

While many Sindhis had nothing but sympathy for those who were actually 'driven' away, they were overwhelmed by those who were not 'driven' away at all, but could have remained, as most of their relatives have actually remained, in the avowedly secular state of their own country; and while facing the sullenness of the general population, are not unconscious of the blessing of having remained in so avowedly secular a state. For, had their state not so avowedly declared itself to be secular and democratic, they would not have been able to stay there at all, or even exist perhaps.

It cannot at all be denied that the brunt of the burden of the influx of the refugees of all types, fell greatly upon the shoulders of SIND.

The demographic map of Sind has been drastically different from what it was before 1947, not only because of the influx of refugees from India, but also, specially in and around Karachi, due to planned and deliberate suppression of Sindhi language and closure of Sindhi schools, as also due to the non-stoppable influx of people from other parts of (West) Pakistan.

With the result that in Karachi, the eventually re-established Capital of Sind, the Sindhi *manus* has become a *rar'a av'is*!

In the very Capital of Sind, that Sindhi Culture which was so very predominant on all sides till 1947, is practically nowhere to be found.

This is not at all the case in the other cities of the subcontinent, like Bombay, Madras, Calcutta etc., where, in spite of the influx of labour from surrounding areas, the central culture of the province or state has not been banished from the very capital of the state or province. This is indeed a sorrow of Sind too sad for words.

Another resultant sorrow inflicted on Sind is the terrible and ever-increasing Shia-Sunni conflict, an avowed 'cultural' contribution to Sind from outside! Repeatedly this conflict has threatened to reduce the city of Karachi to another Beirut of the present day, and is a heavy burden upon the exchequer of Sind. All those who are perennially responsible for this continued state of ever-readiness for arousing violence and anarchy, must indeed be proud of their cultural contribution to Sind which, before 1947, was almost totally denied the joy of this exquisite luxury which now is readily to be had in such over-abundance !!

In one sense this conflict also seems as if it is another and ironic vindication of that Two Nations Theory that has come home to roost with an over-whelming vengeance turned inwards and born of sheer intolerance.

One of the great, similiary consequential, sorrows of Sind is the problem of the very existence of the Sindhi language itself.

Under the British, Sindhi got no less than an alphabet of its own, based on the earlier Sindhi and Arabic script.

The non-Muslim intellectual and business community also accepted its script in preference to the Devnagri script.

This led, among other things, to the non-Muslim scholars and men of letters like Dr. Gurbuxani and hundreds of others to make cultural contributions to Sind; although, in matters of trade and mercantile economics, the vast majority of the Sindhi Muslims had practically no place, even as in matters of land and agricultural economics the vast majority of the Sindhi Hindus had practically no part.

This disparity or dissonance had its manifest socio-economic divergences as between the two communities: the Hindu socio-economic way being wholly centripetal and the Muslim socio-economic way being based on so painfully a centrifugal approach that to maintain the latter, along with the desire to prevent the extreme fragmentation of the ancestral property, various local devices peculiar to Sind had been invented and maintained as dead weight in shape of customary law or laws.

The Hindu socio-economic approach enabled the Hindus of Sind to become extremely successful business and commercial people, not only in Sind, not only in India, but also in far off countries from where they brought wealth to enrich Sind to such an extent that the now decaying city of Shikarpur was the money-lender to the tycoons of Bombay; and the Sindhi intellectual class, the Amils, were the executives in Sind not only to the Mirs but also to the British.

And the working of the socio-economic way of the Sindhi Muslims often prevented them from leaving

their villages to come to the cities and towns, and this led to urban Sindhi life taking the complexion of Hindu and the rural one that of Muslim over tones.

One of the concomitant and the most obvious results of the said diversity between the two co-existing patterns, with language and territorial loyalty as the pivotal points of social and cultural unity between them, was that while amongst the Hindus of Sind there was a strong and ever-growing middle-class, with all its political consciousness, there was hardly any middle-class amongst the vast Muslim majority.

And when on partition, the greatest number of the Hindu merchants and middle-class people, specially from Karachi, Hyderabad and other important towns, left for India, there was practically no Sindhi Muslim Middle class to fill the vacuum, except by the few Memons, Bhoris and Khojas who, before partition, were having a tough competition for survival with the Hindu Sindhi mercantile and commercial and intellectual communities.

This vacuum was filled up, mainly, by further contingents of immigrant Khoja, Memon and Bhori experienced traders and merchants who were specifically invited by the Founder of Pakistan himself to come over to fill that glaring vacuum.

Of course the Khojas, Bhoris and Memons who already were there in Sind since generations also became the biggest beneficiaries, as they were so very well acquainted with the vast, vast and vast areas of business left vacant with the exit of the Hindu mercantile community like the Bhaibands (literally meaning "the brotherhood or the fraternity").

Among the 'mohajirs' who came from U P., Delhi and elsewhere, those belonging to the feudalist strata as also to Services and others such as the ones known as "the brotherhood of the Suadagaran-e-Punjab" soon joined the ranks of the feudalistic, bureaucratic and the business and commercial beneficiaries and have reaped bumper harvest far beyond their deserts or dreams.

But the Middle Class as the very backbone of any modern community, is yet to arise among the extant indigenous (Sindhi speaking) people of Sind.

Unless trade, commerce, business great and small—yes, not only great, but also small—is taken up by them, heart and soul, the learnedness of a few scholars, equally a few self-serving ranks in Services, and the mysticism of a few saints will cut no ice, as the contemporary social history of Sind reveals.

Not for nothing it was that Napoleon was not afraid of the militant Germans, of the husky Russians and the historic Italians, but of that England which he, not knowing the tremendous compliment he was unwittingly giving them, called them "a nation of shop-keepers". It was this "nation of shop-keepers" who eventually posted him to St. Helena, to die the death of solitude.

It was the great *Swadeshi* movement which brought eventual agreement between the Shop-keepers of England and the Shop-keepers of India, resulting in the freedom of the subcontinent.

In any non-communistic, non-totalitarian, society, it is the shop-keepers, as in America also, who are the very backbone of the social structure.

It is the "shop-keeper," the authentic middleclass, as in these societies, who can afford to finance education, the very "heart and liver" of future progress.

This was most clearly seen in the social phenomenon of the Sindhi Hindus. It was the trading, business oriented, commercially organised Hindu Bhaiband people who financed one and all of those great schools and colleges in which the children of the Amil Community (who were predominantly intellectually and culturally and govt-service orientated) were particularly educated.

The children of the Bhaibands very soon took to trade and business and as *Sindh Workis* went to distant parts of the British Empire, to eventually become traders themselves, who brought wealth to Sind. And out of this wealth and affluence, the Amil children were given facilities for education, culture and competitive ability in public services, big and small.

And, as can most repeatedly be verified from the existing records, while the monied communities amongst the Hindus rendered such great educational and cultural service to the Sindhi Amil community in the main, amongst the monied people of Sindhi Muslim landholders and Vaderas in general, no such effort was made to help the non-monied Sindhi Muslims. A very few small exceptions in this regard only went to prove the rule.

Many Sindhi Muslim boys too got their solid education in the Sindhi Hindu institutions that were equally open to them also, but of which they took advantage rather haltingly.

The rich Sindhi Muslims, who wanted their children to have a veneer of education, sent their children to

Aligarh, where, cut off from the Sindhi surroundings and Sindhi culture, they eventually returned, knowing more about "Ghalib", "Zauq" and "Mir" than about their own "Shah Latif" and "Sachal" and "Sami." Whereas, many Hindu boys and girls who got their higher education in Sind, in the midst of Sindhi culture and Sindhi civilization, knew far more about Sind.

In the whole of India, the otherwise tiny Sind provided a surprising number of Indian Civil Service Officers through intense competition, all because of the high degree of efficiency that the Sindhi Hindu boy achieved in getting educated in his own land, in his own national schools and colleges.

And how many Sindhi Muslim boys, studying in the far flung Aligarh University, deprived of their own land's feeling and culture, ever got any meritable position in I.C.S. exams, for instance, (taking the I.C.S. to be a criterion of scholastic attainment)!!?

Indeed the Sindhi Muslim Vaderas, and the Sindhi Pirs and Mullahs did all that they could to thwart modern education of the Muslims in Sind.

While in the Punjab, Muslim leaders like Sir Shafi, Sir Fazle Hussain and their colleagues did their utmost to wring out of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, by whatever means they could, all possible benefits, with even the most restricted financial facilities at hand with them.

But, time there was, when, inspite of untold social and political misfortunes, scholarship and erudition in Sind was the very ornament of the Sindhi Muslims. At that time, Punjab could not even dream of that eminence per capita.

But under the British, while the Muslims of Punjab gained so much in secular education as to make Lahore, along with the Sikhs and the Hindus, one of the educational centres of the whole of the subcontinent, in Sind, to repeat, while the Sindhi Hindus made so much headway in education, the Muslims, inspite of great-men like the almost incomparable Mirza Qalich Beg, Bhurgri, and later, Dr. Daudpota, did not have the financial backing to make education a movement of social awakening and mass interest in the Muslims of Sind.

And if a Hyder Bux Jatoi, a Kazi Faiz Mohammed, a Shaikh Abdul Majeed did shoot up like the lotus flowers from out of the pond of sloth, it was inspite of and not because of the all-prevailing indifference.

Pir Illahi Bux, himself a returnee from Aligarh, of course did try, as Education Minister of Sind as an autonomous Province in late Thirties, to catch that spirit for Sind which Sir Sayed had for U.P. Indian Muslims generally. But Pir Illahi Bux could not go as far as he could have, for no fault on his part. Those very Sindhi Muslim Aligarh comrades of his, themselves, did not share his on-the-job enthusiasm for the general education of the Sindhi Muslims.

How much, how very much, the Sindhi Muslim has paid, is paying and will continue to pay, for this absence of the timely rise and growth of Middle Class, for this absence of the shop-keepers, and for this absence of the intense social sense for education is anybody's guess.

Even later, much later, an institute, as the Institute of Sindhology, totally lacking independence, tied down to the chariot wheels of a university, condemned to function more as a museum than as a vital, dynamic, busy 'market-place' of the ideas of the living people of Sind, is far more of a show-piece than a living institution.

Think, just think of the most inconspicuous looking, ultra-modest, Faraday Institute, in London.

Think, just think of the hundreds, nay, thousands of such other amazingly small colleges and institutes, not tied down to the hem-strings of any government or administration all over Europe, and the vast number of experimental educational institutions in U.S., and the wealth of ideas they are producing and the wealth of inventions and discoveries these ideas are producing and the wealth of the world these inventions and discoveries are producing for these countries; and think of our lifeless dinosaur-looking buildings which are being totally mistaken to be institutes or institutions, like the mummies of the pharaohs of Egypt mistaken to be the pharaohs of Egypt themselves.

And this, in that Sind, in which even the few old libraries still left, are witnesses to the remarkable intellectual abilities of the Sindhi Muslim scholars of even just a few generations back!!

Even one Scholar, just one Scholar of the calibre of Husamuddin Rashidi only, goes to show that there were times in Sind, when there were many many such refulgent gems in SIND.

In the materially richest city of Thatta, there were also mentally and intellectually rich scholars whose writings are of authoritative value today.

Not for nothing is there today far and wide known one of the great observations of the scholars regarding greatness of nations, namely, "CULTURE FOLLOWS GOLD."

Indeed if culture is the fragrance of the flower, gold is the root-cap of the plant on which that flower blossoms.

It required all the maritime wealth and prosperity of ancient Athens to produce those ever-lasting, ever fragrant, ever creative flowers of thought and culture known as Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Aristophanes, Euripides, Homer, Thales, Democritus, and all those who are known as the 'Glory that was, is, and will for ever be, the glory of Greece.'

Gold, silver, all forms of material wealth and power were needed for the efflorescence of such a civilization, and culture.

The sculpture of Gandhara only goes to show that unless the untold material wealth that there necessarily must have existed for the patronage of the immortal sculptors, the creation of these spell-binding works of immortal art would never have been possible.

Indeed, in those days, in all these areas, only solid gold was the only medium of international trade and commerce.

So, in short, material prosperity is necessary for intellectual culture, which, in its turn, extremely vastly repays, in material as well as cultural wealth, the debt of gratitude for the patronage that material wealth provided to it in its need.

Had only the wealthy Vaderas of Sind, the Mirs of Sind, the Pirs of Sind and the Sayeds of Sind, had only imitated the Hindu Bhaibands of Sind, in investing even a pittance of their wealth in the education of the common man of Sind, a person like Sayed Ghulam Mustafa Shah would not have had to experience, not only personally, but most specially, symbolically, what he experienced in attempting to raise money for the education of the poor Muslim Sindhis. Stung with sorrow at the sad state of the education of the Sindhi Muslims, when he went on foot, yes, on foot, to collect money from the Sindhi Muslim Vaderas for their education, only a rupee, yes only a rupee, was the donation that was flung to his face, by a Muslim Sindhi Vadera!!

Instead, all that the Sindhi Muslim Vaderas did, specially during the British period in Sind, was to do exactly the opposite of what the wealthy Sindhi Hindu "shopkeeper" did, not only for the Sindhi Hindu, but also, without any reservation to such of the Sindhi Muslim children who wanted to study in the Sindhi Hindu Educational Institutions.

The late Mr. Ram. T. Goklani of Shikarpur, for an instance, did all that he could do, to see that as many Muslim Boys as possible could get admittance in the Shikarpur Academy that had been started by one of his uncles.

And there are so many educated Sindhi Muslims today who, then unable to go to Aligarh, and unable even to leave their towns and villages in Sind itself to get education in the Sind Madressah at Karachi, had their education in the Sindhi Hindu Educational Inst-

institutions which were financed by the Bhaiband Hindus who brought wealth, also from trade and commerce, and financially supported these institutions in Sind.

And the educated Sindhi Muslims of those days hardly owe anything to the Mirs, the Pirs, the Vaderas and the Sayeds, and such others in getting help for their education.

To repeat, things were entirely different when Sind was not under the British, and before Thatta was looted by the Portuguese and before Sindhu river changed its course to make Thatta a malarial ruin.

The materially rich Sindhis, rulers even, supported the Sindhi Muslim educational institutes and colleges not only in Thatta, but, as the educational history shows, all over Sind, by grants of lands and stipends to the scholars, with one of the results that science and art of medicine and public health, as were then known and practised, were greatly cultivated.

When, in a society, the material wealth and the sciences and the arts are so well cultivated and well pursued, we can see how culturally 'concerned' the intellectuals of that society, the leading lights of the middle class of that society, must necessarily be in its welfare, and what higher and nobler targets of attainment may not be reached in that cultivation and in that pursuit!

II

Thinking very deeply on the matter, we can see that one of the main net results of institutions like Sufism, as Shintoism and Zen-Buddhism in Japan, and

mysticism and music in Germany, is the development of the highest degree of Concentration.

Had it not been for the intensity of such concentration, there would not have been possible, in Germany, to have musicalogists like Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner and other such geniuses; and giant philosophers like Kant, and Hegel and Schopenhauer and a host of others.

And but for the cultivation of the intellect to such a degree, you cannot expect scientists like Einstein to rise, all of a sudden in any barren soil.

Basic to all these seems to be the tradition and climate of concentration.

Such a masterly tradition of the development of concentration has always been there in Sind, in the development of Sufism.

Thousands upon thousands of the followers of the Sufis and the mystics have practised Concentration, Meditation, and Contemplation.

Psychologically speaking, whatever be the subject matter of such mental practices and exercises, the net result is the same — development of the abilities and of the attitude of the human mind.

The runner who mastered the art of running to win the running race, can run faster and surer to catch a thief than those who were never the runners.

So also those with whom attention, concentration, meditation and contemplation has been a tradition, can, due to the human ability to transfer of thought from one subject to another, be better able to pay attention, do better concentration, meditate better and contemplate better on any subject they like.

This seems to the present writer to be one of the reasons why the most thoroughly defeated Germans, and the atom-bombed Japanese, rose fresh from their very ashes, as in both of them, along with other virtues, there has been in the one the tradition of Mysticism and in the other the tradition of Zen Buddhism.

Similarly, among the Sindhis there has been the tradition of mental and psychological approach and attainment through Sufism.

Looking at it that way, the Sufism of the past Sindhis is the tradition of the pursuit of that mental excellence which can well be used to enable the present day Sindhis to so change their environment materially as have done the Germans and the Japanese.

There is in them the additional asset of acceptance of Music as a part of their society.

What more tribute and encouragement to music than the fact that the very last heard words of the greatest of the Sindhi Sufis, Shah Abdul Latif, were "MUSIC. MORE MUSIC", exactly as the last heard words of the great Goethe of Germany were "Light, more light!"

And not merely book-shelves, but whole libraries in the world there are to give us an idea of the greatness of MUSIC in the development of the intellect and culture of people.

In the so-called most materialistic, and industrial, country of the world, the United [States of America, the ONE subject the largest number of students take up for study is not science, not mathematics, not this and not that, BUT MUSIC.

How, and how, ever, disparagingly, can we call any such country or any such nation a "materialistic" nation?

Ordinarily speaking, too, only one who has no love for music, for painting, for dancing, for drama, for sculpture, for philosophy, in short for anything and everything refined and subtle and elegant, but has only tastes which are rough and crude, can be regarded as a "materialistic" person.

So, societies. And America, as one, cannot be so regarded because there is practically no college in America that does not have facilities of Music, Dance, Drama and fine arts.

Amongst the Sindhis, Music is not 'taboo'. The professional musician is not looked down upon—atleast that is the most conspicuous case observed among the intellectual Sindhis, who, justly, and like the Germans and other enlightened nations, regard him as nothing less than the embodiment of their very culture.

(In the enlightened world, Music Conductors like Toscinini have been given more respect than Kings and Presidents. And practically there has been no limit whatsoever to the reverence given to the memory of the musical and art geniuses like Mozart, Beethoven and Leonardo and Bach.)

But the problem of the reconstruction of a society that has become crippled for want of a strong middle class of its own cannot at all be solved in a jiffy with things like Mysticism and Music; though concentration, meditation and music do provide the necessary spiritual energy needed to sustain the requisite effort.

Open, frank, eclectic and rational approach has no substitute for the purpose. Even then it is by no means an easy task "to rise to the level of the sea" as they say!

So, in Sind, the creation of an effective middle-class of the domestically sindhi-speaking population, is by no means an easy thing, though, for the sake of the Sindhi society, a most essential one.

It cannot be done only through the bureaucratic file-upon-file methodology.

Nor can it be easily done through the silly, and *exgratia*, so called sociological, surveys and seminars, because of so many reasons.

Most, if not all the money that has been spent upon many "seminars" on so many social reconstruction topics, like the dangerous drugs control, has only gone to enrich the pockets of many of the organizers of the so called seminars; and, as can be verified, has not produced even one single mole out of the mountains of verbosity.

Therefore it was that Mahatma Gandhi, almost intuitionally perhaps, did not place any faith in such extremely ephemeral, exhibitionistic and expensive *tamashas*.

Instead, he went to the grass roots... to the most neglected, non-literate villager to personally know the problems involved in the reconstruction of the power-depleted Indian villages.

He adopted the "medical" approach, in every modern sense of the term. There are amazingly revealing anecdotes of his unostentatious, simple, and yet effective methods of understanding problems from the

complaints, sufferings and appeals of the totally non-literates, but yet nearest to the base of the problem that faced the villages of India.

That was how the many reform movements, incorporating the very non-literate and yet honourably heard and understood villagers, came into existence during the life-time of the Mahatma and also after him.

But yet, in spite of all that rational effort, even to this day, very much of effort and understanding are called for even there to repair the socio-economic damage done to the village Panchayat system, which system, though damaged, is still in existence.

How much more effort then is necessary to create a system over here, in Sind, that is necessary to help develop a strong middle class of the Sindhis who belong to the domestically Sindhi-speaking people!

But, as the Chinese put it, "The journey of ten thousand miles begins with a single step."

If it is needed, as it most obviously is, then, it must be taken, with the total co-operation of the so-called non-literate Sindhi villagers who have to be listened to, and not at all talked to from high-horse as is being done.

And not only merely listened to, but also they have to feel that they have been effectively incorporated in the attempt at the solution of those problems which affect them most intimately and persistently, the definite objective being the creation of a strong middle-class consciousness and effort in the villages and towns in Sind all over.

In its very essence, the effective leadership of such a reconstruction movement has to be in the hands of the villagers and towns people who, for centuries, have been under the thumb of vested interests who are not at all interested in the problem of the villages and domestically-sindhi-speaking Sindhis.

For, it requires at least one sizeable volume to even sketchily trace the damage being done, both in India and here, to solve such great problems by those less than 3 percent of the population, who are English language 'addicts' for whom the non-literate in English is only a baffled to-be-talked-to beast.

We cannot at all know now what would have been the shape of things if the British language had not at all been imposed upon this subcontinent; or if Persian had not been the official language in many parts of India earlier.

It is perhaps fair to surmise that the many local languages which have had great literature within them, would have blossomed as the many European languages] like the German, the French, the Spanish, the Italian and the rest, have blossomed as the vehicles of thought of the various millions for whom they are their Mother Tongues.

Of course the imposition of English all over India as the language of administration did not actually kill the various languages spoken over here.

Sindhi, one of the oldest languages, finally obtained a script all its own, wholly due to the far-sighted effort of the British.

And it was not in any danger of being swept off even by the English language. There was no cutting at the very roots of Sindhi at all. Slowly but very, very surely the Sindhi language was being further enriched from the treasures of the best and most dynamic thoughts from the English language. In short, English was not only no threat to Sindhi; but also, the British officers themselves would not get promotion in the Sindhi Services if they did not possess a certificate of efficiency, through an examination, in the Sindhi language.

And what the great Mirza Qalich Beg, on his part, has done to enrich the Sindhi language is almost unbelievable. Perhaps there is no parallel to him in the whole of this sub-continent. He did not regard the English language to be any threat to Sindhi. He took it as a treasure house to immeasurably enrich his beloved Sindhi land and language. He probably never thought of English ever being any substitute for Sindhi. Instead of supplanting Sindhi with English, he enriched Sindhi with English as the fertilizer of Sindhi thought, language and culture.

And Sorley went a step further. Although the work of Shah Latif, the very peak of Sindhi literature, had already been translated and published in German, and although the venerable Lilaram Watanmal had written a laudable biography of Shah Latif in English language, it was left to Sorley to bring Shah Latif and his works to the knowledge of the cultured people and men of letters of the English Speaking World anywhere. Sorley is to Shah Latif, what Fitzgerald is to Omer Khayyam or Yeats to Tagore.

It is pathetic, and also amusing and even delightful, to study the various processes of the preservation of cultures in the past.

It was not at all the millionaires of ancient Greece who did anything consciously to enrich their culture in which they were born and lived like thick fat maggots

They were only busy becoming from fat to fatter, and from fatter to the fattest.

It was the "Do-Nothings", the un-employed and the un-employable like the bare-footed Socrates and the crowd around him, who were "justly" looked down upon by the merchants and the ship-owners of Athens, and the people like the blind Homer, the scoffers like Aristophanes, the mildly tolerated playwrights like Sophocles, Euripides, people "perfectly useless" in the then scheme of things—many of them louts and drunkards—who are today known as "the Glory of Greece"; not those merchants and ship-builders. Every single drop of the wine they took, has crystallised itself into "full many a gem of the purest ray serene;" and full many a flower of their thoughts has not blown to remain unseen, but has wasted its sweetness into that air, which, across the centuries, and in spite of the persecution and suppression from Christianity, has emerged, centuries after, to give fragrance to the world of modern Europe.

So also, in today's Sind, many humble and unknown poets and even more humble musicians, village-bards, whose greatness can best be known only to the folk-musicologists, and very highly cultured people, themselves being the savants and culture-soaked individuals.

Three years back, the altogether great Smithsonian Institute of America and the University of Los Angeles sent their head of the Department of Folk Musicology, the eminent Ali Jairazbhoy, to tape-record as many as possible of the fast vanishing folk music and folk songs of Sind for purposes of research into the greatness of the Sindhi culture.

In a very small area in the district of Dadu itself, he spent nearly a year tape-recording, scientifically and according to a scheme, a few of the many folk songs and folk-tunes.

And although the Government placed a suite of rooms in a five-star hotel in Karachi at his disposal, along with a shoefer-driven car. Mr. Jairazbhoy, being a worker scholar and not a lubber or a maggot parasitising un-ashamedly and unconcerned, made use of his time in collecting the songs and tunes in the trying climate of Dadu, totally un-noticed by the self-advertised upholders of the Sindhi culture.

The intensity of Mr. Jairazbhoy's devotion to his mission can be gathered from the fact that although he spent nearly a whole year in Dadu, he could spare only a very few short hours to see his own mother dear, an aged lady in her Eighties in Karachi.

Both he and his reverend Mother fully agreed that he had so much to do in his attempt to preserve the folk-songs and the fast vanishing folk tunes of Sind, and the time at his disposal was so short!!

Now, compare this zest and this fervour with some of the over-fed people in some of the huge educational institutions in Sind, who, for years and years, have been

doing just absolutely nothing. It is reported that there are professors and teachers who, for years have not taught or trained even one single student. The moment Riply would come to know this, he would include it in his famous "Believe it or not" series.

This is perhaps one of the worst consequences of parasitism. It makes an individual or a society into pimps. What else is pimping if not parasitism? And professors, teachers, feeding themselves fat, without teaching and doing research work and simply wasting years doing nothing, degrade themselves to the status of pimps and parasites.

And this is shamelessly happening in that land, Sind, where, even in the midst of centuries of continuous political unhappiness due to invasions upon invasions like that of the Turkhans, Mughals, Afghans and the repeated loots and massacres and murders which are the most essential ingredients of any and every invasion, scholarship in Sind had not wavered !!

The detailed history, the micro-history specially the micro-literary history, or whatever is available of it, directly and indirectly, from the writings and traditions of the towns and cities of the Sind of the Pre-British days, the stories of the *Madressahs*, of the families of the scholars, shows with what sacred tenacity the savants clung to the ideal of service to knowledge and learning even amidst repeated onslaughts, invasions and destruction of the lives and properties and peace of mind and state of security in their environment.

And even to this very day, right now, one has only to attend seminars like the Sachal Seminar that

was held a few years back at Khairpur, to get astounded on seeing the number of scholars and thinkers and poets, most of them undeservedly obscure, most of them not knowing or caring to know how very valuable are their contributions to the culture of Sind; most of them simply steeped in their sublime humility and many of them so poor in material respects, and so very insecure in their old age and yet so busy with their passion to write, to create something for Sind, and then compare them with such of the professors and teachers whose only contribution, often, to the literature of Sind is their signature on the receipt of their fat pay-slips.

Atleast, since the days of Socrates, it has been actually recorded that the Students are, as a class, idealists.

Beside their beloveds, they adore their teachers. In the words of Wil Durant, in his book "The Story of Philosophy," what they seek most is "answers to their questions."

Youths like Alcibiades, the son of a very rich ship-owner and merchant, gathered around the bare-footed, scantily clad, surprisingly ugly Socrates, like ants around a sugar bit, only because of their thirst for knowledge, and not caring two hoots for the wealth of their chagrined parents.

The description of just one single night, of the meeting of youths with Socrates, *The SYMPOSIUM*, has become a gem amongst the gems of literature.

Such is the respect, the devotion, and even adoration that youths, almost 'instinctively', give to the teachers, in almost all civilizations and cultures.

In Sind itself, the respect the students give to their teachers, by bowing down and trying to touch their feet, is a moving spectacle.

Even when Dr. Daudpota was only a lecturer, the respect he received from his students was phenomenal.

And to this day, the respect and adoration that Mr. Joyo commands is from those students who are proud of having sat at his feet.

And the power and influence that Mr. Ghulam Mustafa Shah is wielding upon superior officers of the government is based upon the one thought that lives in their loyal minds, thought consisting of just six simplest of words: "He made us what we are."

Imagine the chairs once occupied by such personalities coming, as nothing but an irony of fate, to the lot of visiting professors who for years and years have not visited any class even once; of the heads of the departments who have never delivered even one lecture and professors whose authorship has consisted of secondary-school text-books containing not less than three hundred spelling mistakes in the original documents, and yet they leave no chance what-so-ever to politically pressurise University authorities to grant them foreign scholarships, and grants of monies, to enable them to attend conferences after conferences in foreign countries.

What respect and regard can the idealistic, but very thoroughly bewildered and disillusioned student community, ever have for such unashamed parasites, whose conduct very unjustly ruins the reputation of the whole lot of even the respectable and hard-working and dedicated professors and teachers?

And yet, matters have been so thoroughly 'politicalised' even down to the primary schools level, that there seems to be no way to reform.

For instance there are hundreds of "non-existing" schools in many towns and villages of Sind.

All that the teachers in such schools have to do is to do domestic work for the local Pir or Mir!

And yet the brilliant and dazzling eyes and expressions of the young Sindhi boys and girls show what keen and incisive minds there are behind those astonishing eyes!

If such intellectual murder is not murder, what else is murder then?

Ruin the minds and you need not destroy the people. Automatically, steeped in that feeling of inferiority that ignorance and confusion breeds, the people become the hewers of wood and drawers of water, all by themselves.

When the great satirist, Akbar Illahabadi said:-

"Youn katle say batchon kay wo badnam na hota
Afsoos kay Firaan ko college ki na soojhi"-

he might have in his mind the types of schools, colleges and universities prevalent around us.

And the future looks far more bleaker than even the horrid present.

Such of those who can afford, and mostly high officers send their children to Public Schools and other such costly educational institutions where not only is the laudable English as the medium of instruction but also the orienation of education as in the Convents and other Missonary Schools, also deliberately is such as to cut

the student off much of the civilization and culture of Sind.

And the cultural and educational gap between such students and the unfortunate students in the decay-haunted schools is so wide that the Two-Nation-Theory is fully at work between these two groups: extreme snobbery on the part of one and abysmal sense of inferiority on the part of the other!

Perhaps nothing can be more devastating to the feeling of humanhood in the underprivileged than this feeling of inferiority.

It was precisely that very feeling that was inculcated in the minds of the truest sons of the soil, the so called untouchables, by the extremely stand-offish Sanskrit-oriented culture of the past: a feeling which for milliniums deprived man of the rights of his very human-hood, even to this day.

In many ways, the HARIJANS of India and the HARIS of Sind have suffered the same fate!!!

The great Aga Khan Medical College and its vast Complex have been established in Karachi. And this is but the very beginning. Very soon vast auxiliary and ancillary institutions around it are already on the anvil. And in Karachi other great institutions like the Computer Technology Institute have been established. So many] other such institutes are now bound to rise.

And in one and all of them, proficiency in English is one of the "must" as qualification for even the very first interview and test for possible selection.

Those who do not know English language to the required level will not have even a ghost of a chance even to peep in.

That means their knowledge of Urdu or of Sindhi is of no consequence altogether.

What will they be as, then?

Where will they ever stand?

In the now prevailing conditions of education, specially in the interior of Sind, what chance has even a brilliant Sindhi boy or girl, without the facility of having proficiency in English, even if his or her I. Q. (intelligence quotient) is that of a genius?

Already, the first batch of the Nurses trained in the Aga Khan Medical Complex are deservedly being regarded as belonging to a superior calibre.

Very soon the Doctors from this University will be head and shoulders above those who are lost in party politics and ideological squabbles in the other medical colleges.

And the condition in the N.E.D. is reported in the Press, to be deplorable.

And not only is the Press gagged, both through the carrot-and-the stick technique, but to add every injury to every insult the Press is here subjected to, recently the Chief Minister of Sind, as reported in the Press, has had the courtesy to say that the Press is the 'Watch Dog of the Government to keep an eye on the Public'!

In the rest of the world claiming to be "Free" and not under totalitarian domination, the reverse has EVER been the case.

The Press Is the Public. The Public Is the Press. All because the Chief Minister granted a sum of the public-money to a Press Club, the Press, out of gratitude, cannot go against and is expected to sell away its

very soul and become the watch dog of a government against the Tax Payers!

For that purpose there are other institutions like the Gestapo and the Savak

Since its very inception, the Press on the other hand has been the very voice of the people, and anyone can clear away any cobwebs by reading books like "PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY" by WALTER LIPPMAN.

The very SECOND amendment to the justly famous American Constitution was the Amendment acknowledging the most absolute FREEDOM OF THE PRESS consistent with the common law of the land.

And when one of our self-made Field Marshals complained to Mr. Wilson, the then Premier of England, against the English Press, the Premier had only to enlighten the F. M. with the gentle query: Whether he was duely informed that the British Goverment had no control either on the English Weather, or on the English Press!

It is prepostrous to even think that the Press should be the watch dog of the Government on the people who, being tax payers are the only masters in any country claiming to be a democracy.

But, had the Press here in Sind been as free as it ought to be, the people of Sind would have come to know the many consequences of the many high-speed developments that are taking place and their effects upon the very future of the Sindhis.

Meanwhile Sind is not alone, not an isolated entity; it cannot remain stationary either, without getting dissolved or destroyed.

All because, not only was the First Great War fought out way back in 1918 itself, but also the Second Great War also was fought out in 1939-45!!

Further, for those who may think that atleast the political world is stationary, seven great empires went out of commission, the empires not only of the defeated, but also of the victors like England and France!

Centuries old Empires became Soap Bubbles!

And two mighty super-powers, one the U.S.S.R. who sacrificed the largest number of men, and another, the U.S. who lost the least number of men, have brought the whole world, under their shadows.

The Nuclear Weapons are ready to destroy the whole world.

In such a changing world, Modern Sind cannot be the same as its ancient Mahanjodaro.

But if Sind, and its Classes, acquiesce to remain so, can there be any greater SORROW OF SIND?

Chapter 7

NO PATIENCE WITH SORROW

—o—

Exactly as unless the seed returns to the soil, there is no fruitful germination, so also, unless the Sindhi intellectuals return to the humblest of the sons of the soil of Sind, all talks will stop at the level of tall talks only.

To the SEED the soil may not look quite like itself, the “finished product” of schools, colleges, universities and council chambers etc., etc. To it, the soil may look so very clumsy, unkempt, rough, ununderstandable and un-understanding.

And because of this stand-offish attitude of his to the Sindhi son-of-the-soil, the Sindhi “intellectual”, holding high level conferences in 5-star hotels, could be looking like a dreadful alien in his own land, and whose thoughts and talks may mistakenly be sounding as words of wisdom, while actually being quite unrealistic to the real-most problems of the son-of-the-soil, and indeed they may be mere gibberish in their essence, if at all there was any “essence” in them.

This is very similar to things as they were in India before the advent of that most intellectual of the real intellectuals, Mahatma Gandhi.

His intellect made him see that the real problem of India was the problem of the poverty and ignorance in the real India, the India of the hundreds of thousands of VILLAGES full of voiceless villagers.

The unexpected effect of the Reforms of Lord Cornwallis had taken away all the effective power of the Indian *Panchayats* on their own environment.

The Hindu money-lenders of the Hindu commercial cities had, without any compunction what-so-ever, had so thoroughly been sucking the very life-blood of the poor Hindu villagers themselves that while huge cities like Bombay, Calcutta, Madras etc. thrived, the villages, the villagers, became so increasingly helpless that never had such devastation followed in the wake of even foreign invasions and loots.

All because the SYSTEM on which the villages were based was sound; invader could come, invader could go, but the villages soon recovered, the moment the invader and the looter and the pillager turned his back.

But because under the British, and, to be fair to them, quite unwittingly, this village system was shattered also because of the new age in which India had entered, the villages became appalling sights even to the eyes of the Englishmen themselves.

The more one studied Sociology, the more does one become aware of the POWER OF THE SYSTEM in one and all collective human affairs.

From the most primitive to the most advanced, it is the people who develop systems, and once developed, it is the systems which bind them hand and foot, deeply colour their emotions and intellect, and also prevent them

from rationally and quickly changing these very systems to suit the change of times.

It was the philosopher Rousseau who observed that "Man is born free; but everywhere he is found in chains!"

What other chains than the inevitable, and often unavoidable, chains of systems and chains of the systems of systems themselves??

And unless one system ADEQUATELY replaces a worn out system, there can be no end to human unhappiness and human misery.

The village *panchayat* system in India had been shattered due to things like the Reforms of Cornwallis, and due to the road and rail and telegraph connections between the villages and the cities.

But any adequate substitute system to effectively replace the obsolete Village Panchayat System did not develop to protect the vital interests of the villages against the business and commercial systems of the exploiting cities.

And, if a definition of genius is that "genius sees the obvious and the unexpected", it was the genius of Gandhi to have seen this extremely increasing Poverty Syndrome of the Indian Villages, how absentee landlordism and how the centralization of power in the cities had destroyed the vast village communities of India; and how the curse of untouchability had isolated away and kept apart the vast potentially dynamic intellectual resources of the brain-energy of millions of the human beings from contributing to the general good of the country.

So, not caring even for the existence of the most learnedly ponderous volumes of Marshall and Keans in Economics, Gandhiji straight went to the root problem of Indian villagers and human dignity of the "untouchables".

Whatever the nature of great political discussion, whether with Stanley Baldwin or with the local politician, Gandhiji relentlessly reverted to the destiny of the Indian villager and for the reconstruction of the life of the Indian villages.

That was the very centre of his thought, and from that centre he went to the periphery, and from the periphery he returned to the centre, to regain strength and perspective to return back for action.

This was entirely different from the arm-chair philosophies and town-hall group meetings on Imperial Economic Problems by learned professors!!

By so focussing the attention of the almost desperate youths of the land, he was able to wean them away from unprofitable violence to constructive activity which made them see that goal which they were blindly seeking by killing a few Englishmen here and there during the hey day of their Terrorist Movement.

The Terrorist Movement was nothing but an expression of the deepest sense of frustration of the aims, ideals and ambitions of the patriotic Indian youths like Savarkar, Aurobindo Ghosh, Sanyal and other such outstanding idealists.

Though transcendently sincere in their love and devotion for India, they did not grasp the new sources

vigour in the Indian Society that had arisen after the failure of the Mutiny.

In their patriotic frenzy, they did not see the significance of either Gokhale's Bhandarkar Institute at Poona or of Fata's Institute of Science at Bangalore.

They did not seem to have any idea that while the Indian Villages were getting poorer and poorer due to the increasing wealthy classes in the Indian cities, these Indian cities were, understandably, against the disruption of their interests by the "Ghadar Party" or any other party.

And the increasingly impoverished villagers were too much overwhelmed with their ignorance of the causes, to be of any use to the Ghadar Party or any other party.

The "Awakening of Intelligence" was the need; and there was no machinery with the Ghadar Party or any other party to bring this about.

By going from village to village, to awaken this intelligence, Gandhiji blazed an altogether new trail in dealing with the greatest problem of India.

To every Indian villager, Gandhiji, himself dressed as the most ordinary villager imaginable, appeared to be the solver of his personal problem, his personal problem in those days being "having half an anna in those hands of his which had not held even one paisa even for months on end".

The Indian Villager then had no ghost of any idea of what the high flaunting words like "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" and the like ever meant.

But if Charkha and Takli could put half an anna a day in his hands, he understood it as salvation itself.

The moral of all this, to the aspiring, idealistic, Sindhi youths is that unless they can place their fingers upon the pulse of the Sindhi villager by knowing his problems at the very first hand and by giving him the courage and understanding to solve them, the ideals of the aspiring patriotic idealistic youths themselves will remain sterile and even counter-productive.

All the while, the Muslim Zamindars anywhere and everywhere all over India, made fullest use of Gandhiji's religiosity to keep his ideas of economic thought from hitting the imagination of the Muslim masses, both urban and rural.

Gandhiji's declarations like "Wherever I go, I carry the atmosphere of Hinduism about me", "The fullest definition of Hinduism is that it is cow-worship, nothing more and nothing less", and his condemnation of Cow Slaughter, and his insistence upon Hindi (and later, Hindustani) as THE national language of the whole of the subcontinent, greatly stood in the way of the Muslims seeing and understanding his other, secular, ideas.

(In the 1920's, while Urdu, one of the two essentially United Pradesh languages of India, had a history of having spilt over the local boundaries and was both a literary as well as a spoken language, mainly of the Muslim elites and their Muslim apparitors and appendants down South upto and including Madras, Hindi was still confined to U.P., because the peoples of all other provinces had already their own well developed languages and literatures and grammars, syntaxes and vocabularies, scripts, all their own, and often, though very very close-by, those languages remained amazingly distinct, although

they had the Sanskrit phonology as well as mythology, and nomenclatures greatly common not at all with Urdu but with Hindi of U P.)

In Sind the Sindhi written in the Arabic Script, but sturdily more different from Urdu was the language of both the Sindhi minority community of the highly educated and commercially orientated Hindus who were also greatly land-rooted and of the Sindhi Muslim majority population which had and has been existing without their own vertebral column of society known as the Middle Class.

With ever-increasing application, industry and diligence in all fields, the Hindu community was progressing in all fields, including agriculture.

Not only the prosperous Bhaibands, and the administrative and learned Amils, but all Hindus in Sind were making spectacular progress.

The problem of untouchability, the stone tied round the neck of Hindus, elsewhere in India, was not that acute in Sind. In fact, it hardly existed with Sindhi Hindus. Here the Sindhi Muslim Hari and the Sindhi Hindu Hari (wherever scantily he existed—in the district of Tharparkar in particular) was the 'financial and economic untouchable', both for the Hindu and the Muslim Zamindars, Mirs, Pirs, Sardars, Bhaibands, Amils, Thakurs all alike.‡

The Muslim Hari's condition was (and even today almost is) spiritually even far worse in his relationship to his 'Pir' or 'Murshid' who controlled his political vote with that same absolute and exclusive thoroughness as he controlled his mind and intellect, thus making a

most hideous caricature of the liberating word "DEMOCRACY" into actual "DEMONOCRACY".

Feudalism, in fact, is so deeply entrenched in Sind that totally unlike the Democratic system which facilitates both vertical as well as horizontal mobility, feudalism immobilises the energies of the individual.

For centuries together this has been the case. The various mechanisms used by feudalism to cripple the individual are marvels of human ingenuity.

Nearly the same was the case in Europe in the hey-days of feudalism there.

There also the Church lent its fullest support to the strengthening of Feudalism.

Indeed the Church itself, by becoming the owner of vast estates, became the Feudal Lord itself.

It is even now so in Roman Catholic Spain, Portugal, Italy, parts of Canada, and nearly the whole of South America, and in the Philipines also. Although the Roman Catholic rich Christian is as relentless an exploiter of the Roman Catholic poor Christian as exploiter of any other faith, the Roman Catholic Church keeps completely quiet at this state of affairs.

So indeed was the case in Tibet, before China took it over. Grinding poverty of the deluded masses, who gifted anything and everything to the Buddhist monastry, in return for the assurance of freedom from 'rebirth' was a pitiable sight to be seen by any rarely admitted tourist.

The same passion for "NAJAAT" inculcated most studiously in the minds of the Sindhi Muslim masses

has made them worse than slaves of the Pirs and the Mullahs.

Slaves are chained for fear that they may run away. But those whose minds are enslaved need no chains what-so-ever to remain enchained.

The more miserable their condition, the greater is their tenacity to cling to the ideological chains around their very souls.

All over the subcontinent, these "spiritual" slaves of "spiritual totalitarianism" among the Muslims (as well as among Hindu masses) have remained in their own private spheres of life also basically un-democratic, anti-liberal, auto-cratic and anti-individualistic.

In the vast Hindu society, inspite of the grimmest of the grim fact that it is caste-ridden and, additionally also priest-ridden (as completely as the Muslim masses are mullah-ridden and Pir-ridden), the strange fact, however, remains that in Hindu society the individual, if he so persists, can assertively remain at least a powerful non-conformist without facing destructive opposition.

That gave rise to mighty reforming personalities like Raja Ram Mohan Roy right down to Mahatma Gandhi, who so powerfully opposed the most time-honoured practice of untouchability, and Jawaher Lal Nehru who so well brought in the concept of secularism in a country riddled with extremes of religiosity, and who repeatedly made it clear to the Indian youths that, all said and done, eventually what prevails in human life in matters of social progress is that which is known as toleration—conscious and deliberate—not merely passive tolerance which is based upon mere passive, indifferent

and listless permissiveness which leads only to sloth and putrefaction in thought.

It also gave rise to personalities like S Radha Krishnan whose book "THE IDEALIST VIEW OF LIFE" shows the ever-lasting importance of Idealism as indeed the most "practical" necessity in the life of the individual, in the nation and for all humanity.

And then with his almost blinding brilliance J. Krishnamurty speaks and writes on topics like "THE AWAKENING OF INTELLIGENCE".

Coming to think of it, what else can help Sind than the awakening of intelligence in its youths?

If "eyes are windows of the soul" as the saying wisely goes, what else do the dazzlingly brilliant eyes of many of the Sindhi boys, even from amongst the poorest of the poor, even in the far off Sindhi villages or even a few scattered mud huts, show to the connoisseur of human mind?

What else do they show? Indeed what else do they reveal? What else do they broadcast to the indifferent world around? Indeed what else, in their poverty, in their misery, in their having been burdened with the weight of enforced ignorance about their own greatness as human beings, except that the flame of human reason, human initiative, human imagination and human ambition is simply burning itself away behind those lustrous eyes? What is needed is the "awakening of their intelligence". JAGRITA, JAGRITA and JAGRITA, SUJAGI, SUJAGI and SUJAGI.

Intelligence Tests, like the Simon Binet Tests and a whole host of such tests and mental measurements

that have come out as the results of Experimental Psychology, repeatedly show (as any one can conduct these easy tests, to verify the truth for himself) that irrespective of colour, race, religion or culture, human intelligence is the "Personal Property" of the whole of the human race, taken as one. So far as is now known, none else from among the animal world shares it.

The repeated demonstration of this fact, by means of these Intelligence Tests has given us the greatest assurance that like all those German, English, American and Russian scientists, engineers, inventors, innovators in every rational, scientific and artistic walk of life, such of those Sindhi Boys and Girls, with flashing eyes indicative of brilliant minds behind them, who are now struggling in villages and towns, steeped in feelings of abysmal inferiority in the presence of Mirs and Pirs and Mullahs and the rest of the vulgarian gangs, they have the same intelligence and abilities, as any in the world of man.

As mentioned earlier, when asked how he was able to sculpt so wonderful a statue, "The statue was in the stone" declared Michael Angelo, "The statue was in the stone. All I did was to remove the needless portion of the stone". But, after all, that statue was only a stone, a lifeless thing.

Fortunately for Sind, the brilliant Sindhi human child, boy and girl, is not a lifeless statue at all. No, not by any means.

The greatest possible statue ever carved cannot, even most remotely, be ever equal to the living being. Not even for billions of years to come even the most

developed monkey, the orang-outang, can ever be equal in creativeness to the most simple-minded human child.

The Sindhi boy and girl, then, shares with the rest of humanity, all the potentialities of all kinds of human greatness, as a matter of fact, and not at all as a matter of philosophical speculation.

If seeing is believing, the sight of the flashes of light from the electro-encephalograph apparatus attached to the head of the human child show, for all to see and to repeatedly verify, that the power of the human brain is so titanic, that if the most modern computer were to attempt to do even a bit of that work, that computer would need the energy of one BILLION watts of electric power

Think, think what ONE BILLION WATTS OF ELECTRIC POWER means or can mean.

This is not tall talk. This is a set of facts, facts and facts, which can be repeatedly verified by any one who has access to the modern brain-power-testing apparatus, which apparatus also are now being considered to be too primitive, too simple, and too crude to test the greatness and power of the human brain, let alone the MIND and let alone the IMAGINATION.

All because, so far, there is absolutely no apparatus, even thinkable, to be used to measure these imponderables which are known as the Human Mind and Human Imagination, the wealth which is shared by every Sindhi boy and every Sindhi girl as their human heritage.

For every Sindhi boy and every Sindhi girl to explore, bring under control and use these absolutely unfathomable and unexhaustable wealths of their human

mind and human imagination, all help has to come from the social and economic and political systems in which they are born.

The system in which the Sindhi Hindu Amil Child was born and brought up, helped him to become an administrator both in the Muslim as well as the British period in Sind.

The system in which the Sindhi Hindu Bhaibund child was born, enabled him to become a merchant and businessman and financier not only in Sind, but also outside India itself.

The feudal system in which the Sindhi Muslim children were born made many of them village-bound; debtors, instead of creditors, worse than slaves to their *pirs* and *murshids* and to their zamindars.

In his allegorical book, "Zen And The Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance," Robert Pirsig, talking about the role SYSTEM of in the scheme of all comprehensible things, says:—

"A motor cycle may be divided, for purposes of classical rational analysis, by means of its component assemblies, and by its functions.

"If divided by means of its component assemblies, its most basic division is into a power assembly and a running assembly.

"The power assembly may be divided into the engine and the power delivery system.

"The engine will be taken up first.

"The engine consists of a housing containing a power train, a fuel system, an ignition system, a feed-back system and a lubrication system.

"The power train consists of cylinders, pistons, connecting rods, a crankshaft and a flywheel.

"The fuel-air system components, which are part of the engine, consist of a gas tank and filter, an air cleaner, a carburetor, valves and exhaust pipes.

"The ignition system consists of an alternator, a rectifier, a battery, a high voltage coil and spark plugs.

"The feedback system consists of a cam chain, a cam shaft, tappers and a distributor.

"The lubrication system consists of an oil pump and channels throughout the housing for the distribution of the oil.

"The power delivery system accompanying the engine consists of a clutch, a transmission and a chain.

"The supporting assembly accompanying the power assembly consists of a frame, including foot pegs, seat and fenders, a steering assembly, front and rear shock-absorbers, wheel-control levers and cables, lights and horn and speed and mileage indicators"

The motor-cycle is thus a system of concepts worked out in steel: primarily a mental phenomena

As petrol is the potential ENERGY, and as it has to function as the DYNAMIC ENERGY in turning the wheels of the motor cycle, so many of the SYSTEMS have to work together to bring this about.

Now, think of the number of times the word SYSTEM has been repeated to describe a motor cycle which is so extremely simple a thing when compared with human mind, human society and its various intricacies!

Once we set about to understand the systems, the social system, the economic system, the educational system, the political system, in which the Sindhi Muslim boy and girl have their existence, we see why, inspite of the innate brilliance of the Sindhi Muslim boys and girls and inspite of the fact the Sindhi Muslims were in a vast majority in Sind, the Sindhi Muslims did not have a middle class of their own, why they were educationally backward, why many of them were lost in mysticism while the members of the Hindu community were increasingly the creditors and the Muslims increasingly the debtors, although both the communities belonged to the same social and linguistic ethos in general.

When a particular system has so openly and so demonstrably proved itself to be the hindrance in the unfoldment of the vast potentialities and resources inherent in the largest number of the Sindhi boys and girls, and prevents them from getting their share of the rational view and clear, logical, positive thought and bars the door against their becoming dynamic in answering the challenges of the environment with consciously rational response, then of what use is such a system to society?

That is how and why feudalism has become an octopus to Sind, and for centuries has prevented the majority Sindhi-speaking Muslim community from sharing the control of trade and finance with the co-existing minority community or communities in their homeland, whether their Sindhi-speaking Hindu co-nationals or their post-1947 non-Sindhi speaking multi-ethnic immigrant substitutes.

Indeed, feudalism in Sind has even crippled its very own up-holders and reduced them into debtors and mortgagers of their own property and hence mere puppets dancing to the fingertips of their masters.

It has smothered thought and education so very effectively in the otherwise sharp brained masses and their children, that for all intents and purposes, these brilliantly equipped children have accepted their crest-fallen position with that very resignation with which for thousands of years, the true sons of the soil, the so-called Untouchables of India accepted their fallen state as their very FATE itself, seeking salvation itself in abject servitude to the uppermost caste.

So much so, that, even if any attempt is made to set them free from the shackles, they would not like to be free, for fear that by becoming free, they will be endangering their very salvation itself.

That was how, on individual scale, the freed prisoners of Bastille behaved. So long had they been living in the airless and lightless dungeons that they had not only forgotten the difference between night and day, but also (because they were not called out by their names, but by the number of the dungeon they were thrust in,) they had even forgotten their very names.

So, when the liberators broke through the Bastille Castle and dragged out these prisoners from out of their dungeons, repeatedly these unfortunates ran back into the dungeons because the sudden fresh air and the sunlight around completely shocked and bewildered them and made them feel dangerously insecure.

And when asked who they were, all they could articulate was the number of their dungeons, like "22" and "corner 16" and so on.

From a purely ethical point of view, this sight of terrorised mute human specimens having been reduced to this level of existence, was more terrible than the sight of a massacre.

In a massacre there is not only an end to life, but also to misery.

Here human beings lived, but not as human beings but as self-forgetting sub-humans.

Similarly there are those Bastilles and dungeons of mind-control from which the prisoners, even if freed, do not want to come out for fear of the shock of the new experience of open air and sunshine.

That is why new ideas are opposed, tooth and nail, and that is why the carriers of new ideas are often hanged, poisoned or crucified.

All because new ideas threaten to disturb, disrupt, or destroy the out-dated system of thought and living.

When there are so many systems working within one single motor-cycle, the existence of millions of systems in our universe becomes understandable.

If the galaxy is a system, and if our solar system is there, and when the wrist-watch is a system, and when our eyes and ears and skin are all systems within systems, we see the importance of our trying to understand the workability of feudalism which is as much a system as democracy is a system.

In human society always the usefulness or the uselessness of a system, in unfolding the greatness of the

human beings, and in giving them happiness, determines the fate of that system

Empires, whole world-wide empires, become as much useful or useless systems in general, as are families, no matter be they the families of the most primitive bush-land Australian aboriginies, or the royal families of the emperors and 'Shah-in-shahs'.

When any system outlives its usefulness to man, it can only exist as an oppressor system and is eventually thrown out with the violence known as revolution if it does not yield to change in time.

To put a very very long story short, it was the wisdom of the English that they dissolved their mighty empire while there was time yet to do so most gracefully.

The French had to be pushed out of Africa by the Morrocans after years of violence and bloodshed.

Earlier, the Turks had to be pushed out of Greece, Albania, Arabia etc by sheer violence. Earlier to that, the British were driven out of the United States with violence. And think of the French Revolution !! Very recently the royal family of Iran had to be pushed out for its essential uselessness, with sheer force of the millions.

The story was, is, and will be the same every where.

It is in the timely exit of the now thoroughly outmoded feudalistic system in Sind that political wisdom will show its own usefulness.

Its so-called Agrarian Reforms have proved themselves to be the blatant farces they are.

The ever-increasing restlessness amongst the youths of Sind is the symptom of disillusionment and despair, which have never, anywhere ever, been mitigated with the offer or even provision of jobs to an understandable few.

The Sorrows of Sind are too deep rooted to be ameliorated with those pious cliches which have completely worn themselves thin through excessive and unrealistic over-use, and mis-use.

People want the realization of their hopes and dreams in this three dimensional world.

Behind the totality of human history, including the history of ideas and philosophies like Idealism itself, is the titanic power of the deeply working power of the philosophy of Pragmatism i. e., "the Good is the Useful".

That which has become Useless is no GOOD at all.

If it persists, either as Force or as Fraud, or as both amalgated into one, it can only persist as a SORROW.

And, if there has been any one single change in the world, which differentiates the Present from the Past, it is this that the "Present day humanity has no more patience with Sorrow."

Indeed, Prometheus can no more remain chained.

In the immortal words of Shelley, now Prometheus is UNBOUND.

So is the Prometheus IN SIND ALSO.

Chapter 8

"WHERE IS THE PRINCE OF DENMARK?"

—o—

All through these obviously rambling thoughts on the Sorrows of Sind, current active politics of Sind have remained completely untouched.

Deliberately so.

Firstly because there are other, and infinitely better knowledgeable persons who can do that so well.

Secondly, "Sabbath was made for man, not Man for sabbath."

And "Man is the measure of all things."

Not at all to think about man in Sind, Man of Sind, and wholly and solely to go on endlessly about politics seems as if it is "Playing Hamlet without the Prince Of Denmark."

The colossal American Declaration Of Independence derived its Niagara power and majesty from its Preamble. That Preamble was not at all about any political party or parties. That Preamble was about the freedom greatness and dignity of the COMMON MAN.

That Preamble spoke of that Common Man's right to LIFE. That Preamble spoke of the Common Man's right to Liberty. That Preamble spoke about the Common Man's right to THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

The greatest possible concern of some of the greatest men in the political history of Mankind, the framers of the Declaration of Independence was not about themselves. Not about their political parties or affiliations. Not about anything or any other person but the COMMON MAN, His LIFE, his LIBERTY and his Pursuit of Happiness!!! It was the most sacred promise made to the COMMON MAN.

What would the Common Man have ever cared, if the framers of the American Declaration had busied themselves in playing politics? If they, for example, had thought of getting their seats reserved in the House Of Lords in England! If their thoughts were confined only to their getting jobs for their children? If they had thought of carving out huge Estates for themselves?

NO They did not do that. If they had done that, they would have been NOWHERE. They would not have been able to fire that shot that has been since heard reverberating round the world.

They thought only about the Life, Liberty and Pursuit of Happiness of the Common Man, and the Common Man responded with the power of the Super Man which had all along been in him without his conscious knowledge.

And he, with the most inadequate weapons available, threw out the trained regiments of His Majesty George Third of England. Lord Cornwallis had to surrender his sword to George Washington.

Washington accepted that sword in the name of the Common Man of America.

Not in the name of any Vadera,

Not in the name of any Pir.

Not in the name of any Mir.

But in the name of the Common Man Of America.

Because the Common Man of America was that Prince of Denmark without whom the PLAY could never be staged in America.

How can you expect to stage the PLAY in Sind without the Common Man of Sind, his right to his Life, his right to his Liberty and without his right to Pursuit of Happiness.

Not even one single political party in Sind seems to have seriously, sincerely, earnestly and, above all, understandingly, and REVERENTIALLY, repeat REVERENTIALLY because it is he who is the PRINCE OF DENMARK, thought about him

The so-called GREAT Napoleon looked upon his soldiers as mere CONNON FODDER. They were taken for granted.

The most genuinely great LOUIS PASTEUR of that same France, looked upon the cells of human being as the very UNITS of health and spent all his mighty genius to defend the health of these units by killing the germs that destroy them.

Who is the greater?

That is the medical approach in politics also.

The common man in Sind is not merely the CANNON FODDER for the politicians to take him so much for granted. For ages they HAVE taken him as such

Except Hyder Bux Jatoi none cared to think of the Common Man as the very cell in the body of Sindhi Society.

None followed him.

With what result?

The politician's Sind has remained a bag of sand.

Not a brick.

Not a cement block.

But only a bag of sand.

Sand!

Sand !!

And SAND !!!

Agreed that Politics is a whole-time job. It is often and often an obsession within obsession. People simply do not have time to think about others.

But yet, there must be somebody atleast to think about the very roots of politics. Someone who has to think about MAN; his Liberty; his Freedom; His needs.

This is not airy Idealism.

It is, so to speak, a Medical Necessity in the same way as the concern of a doctor about the cells of the human body as Medical Necessity.

Why need Sind have been politically so weak, if only the Sindhi politicians had been STATESMEN, atleast some of them?

"What should happen to My Sind, My Sind, MY SIND" is statesmanship.

And "My Sind" does not mean the sands of Sind; not the trees of Sind; not the rocks of Sind. It means, "THE MAN OF SIND: THE WOMAN OF SIND: THE CHILD OF SIND".

That and that concern, that and that approach, alone, has made all other people gerat.

Think, just think what was left of Germany after the War?

Japan? Think of Japan: Most cruelly atom-bombed and left in shambles.

The Japanese and German THINKERS thought not about themselves but about Their Japan: about Their Germany. How to rebuild Japan and how to rebuild Germany was their PASSION. Their obsession. Their monomania.

Repeatedly some Sindhi students have shown such emotion; such concern; such devotion about their Sind. And repeatedly they have been ruined by the elders.

The history of the struggle of some of the Sindhi students for their Sind has been written in their blood.

And in the bile of their 'elders', their teachers included.

But this has to be remembered that so long as the Common Man and his destiny remain out of the focuss, exactly so long all sacrifices, no matter by whom, including the students, and no matter how very often, are [bound to prove in vain—just the Futile Effort, Playing Hamlet Without The Prince of Denmark.

Chapter 9

THE SIND RECONSTRUCTION MOVEMENT

—o—

One of the wisest of advices is: "IF YOU WOULD BUILD, THEN PLAN FIRST." It has always been so.

One does not build even a humble house, without first having some plan.

And planning is "CONSCIOUS THOUGHT," first and foremost.

One cannot even play chess without the most conscious planning.

Small children, playing marbles in the street, give the most marvellous demonstration of the human ability to plan every move, planning every strategy, combining ability with planning and execution.

And, the more intelligent the child, the more he plans and executes. Indeed, all the modern psychological tests of human intelligence have been built by observing the behaviour of children at play, up to the age of fourteen.

Upto the age of fourteen only, because it is considered that, after the age of fourteen, human intelligence stops growing.

So, what the level of intelligence of a person is at 14 years will be his level, throughout life.

And all this information is obtained from observing children at play and at simple performances.

So, we can generally take it that even the most illiterate child, if he is clever at his games, the more intelligent he or she is. As intelligent as any, who has had the opportunity to attend schools, colleges and universities!

This, one of the greatest of the revelation from modern experimental and laboratory tests, most completely shatters and most thoroughly destroys the killing spell that was cast upon humanity, that intelligence belongs only to the groups who know reading and writing.

This Spell completely divided humanity into two exclusive camps for thousands of years.

All those who did not know how to read and how to write, were, due to the greatest misfortune of all humanity, made to believe that just because they did not know how to read and to write, they were therefore UN-INTELLIGENT ALSO.

Now, there is no use crying over the spilt milk.

Now atleast we know that every normal Sindhi child is as intelligent as every normal German child or every normal Japanese child. And as such, he and she can make his Sind as great as Germany or Japan. This is the greatest message of modern psychological research.

So, in the Reconstruction of Sind Movement we start from the scientifically repeatedly established fact that the intelligence of the Sindhi boy and the Sindhi girl is as good and as great, and as much capable of progress, as the intelligence of the German, Japanese or American boy and girl.

And also, the intelligence of the adult Sindhi man and Sindhi woman is, totally regardless of their ability to write and read, as good and as great as the intelligence of any adult German, Japanese and others in the most highly industrially developed nations.

So, the human material of Sind is atleast as good as the human material of any, any and any other nation on earth, irrespective of whether literate or pre-literate.

Thus the monstrous spell of literacy versus illiteracy gets shattered when it comes to regard human intelligence as human intelligence itself.

What a relief, what a relief, what a relief; what awareness of completest human freedom from a falsehood of human bondage thousands of years old !!!

Indeed, for centuries together, those who had learnt to read and write had managed to keep this as a secret, so that they may rule over the others to whom they did not teach this art of reading and writing. Such has been the knavishness of man against man, to establish not only physical slavery, but also mental and intellectual slavery.

In Sind also, as in many parts of India, the exploiters tried their best to see that education, specially mathematics, does not reach the village people. Establishment of schools was severely rationed and managed. And even today, the condition of the village schools is pitiable, all because nobody wants to see that the children of the villages 'get good education.

Because, those who learn to read, write and so think, cannot be exploited any more,

So, under the pretext of ILLITERACY, HUMAN INTELLIGENCE is simply being made to run to waste.

But it is human intelligence that has created literacy, and not literacy that has created human intelligence.

Human intelligence not only created civilizations after civilizations, developed languages after languages, created sciences after sciences and arts after arts, but also whole new systems of human thought itself.

Today, thanks to human intellect, we have not only Euclid's Geometry, but also non-Euclidian Geometry; not only Newtonian physics, but also non-Newtonian physics; not only Aristotelian Logic, but also Non-Aristotelian Logic; and so on and so forth.

Such being the case, and such being the first class brain energy available in Sind, in the Reconstruction Movement in Sind it is the purely human intelligence, available both in the literate as well as the pre-literate Sindhi man and the Sindhi woman, that has to be utilised.

That was the most cordial, the most central, message of Mahatma Gandhi, the message that was not allowed or permitted here to reach the people.

HIS DEHH SCHOOLS, his VILLAGE INDUSTRIES, his Bhoomi Daan and Land Reform Movements were geared to the freedom and utilization of the vast human mental energy simply rotting away under the killing spell and hypnotism of illiteracy.

As all this went against the interests of the Zamindars, Jagirdars, Talukdars, Vaderas, and one and all of those parasitic groups who feasted themselves fat upon the ignorance of the masses, this Message, under one

guile or another, was barred from reaching the unhappy peasant masses not only in Sind, but all over the sub-continent

Let us know as to which Muslim Leader, starting from Sir Syed Ahmed Khan himself, had ever bothered to think of the Muslim villager?

According to Maulana Altaf Hussain Hali, in the *Hayat Jaweed*, Sir Syed Ahmed Khan started his Educational Institution because he was most deeply grieved on seeing the ruin of the many noble Muslim families as the result of the Mutiny Disasters.

The Village Muslim does not seem to have entered the high precincts of the mind of any Muslim reformer or leader.

Any way, the Past being the Past, in any Sind Reconstruction MOVEMENT, it is the Sindhi literate man and woman as well as the Sindhi non-literate man and woman whose mental energies have to be used for maximum effect.

Those Sindhi Literates, who love Sind more than they love their own interests, have to behave as if they are nothing more than Channels through which the Sindhi Mental Energy, literate or pre-literate, has to flow.

That was what the justly great Oliver Cromwell asked the Parliament of England, with his SELF DENYING ORDINANCE: "Deny yourself the false privileges you have got, and you will make your England great", he said. And he proved it.

"Do that which others cannot do for you; and do not do that which others can do for you," is the great law of Mental Economy.

"What should my Sind be?" is one such question, no one but the Sindhis can ask and answer. Others cannot do that for Sind.

Should Sind remain a backward land or a modern land, when the human material here is as good as the human material in Japan, in Korea, in Taiwan or even in little Singapore?

When the human material, when the brain-power here is as good as in Germany and in America, what is it that has prevented it to become as powerful as any other land?

Every single Sindhi, man or woman, literate or illiterate, can ask the question to himself and herself; and it is not at all any difficult question to ask. And answers begin to come, from their human intellect itself. "Ask and it shall be given. Seek and you will find. Knock and it shall be opened to you" is what Christ said.

That is the secret of all the secrets, mental or physical.

The Sind Reconstruction Movement has to be a Movement, and not a mere Organization. Organizations often and often become the graves of the Movements.

Movements live in the hearts and minds and brains, all because MOVEMENTS are MOVEMENTS, things that MOVE and are not at all stationary.

Movements MOVE. Movements MOVE and Movements MOVE. They keep moving in the hearts, in the minds, in the brains.

When movements stop moving, they vanish, all because a MOVEMENT is a travel of energy. When ENERGY stops moving, there is no more energy there

at all. We see the presence of Energy best in Movement only.

So, the Sind Reconstruction Movement has to be a Movement, something that keeps on and on and on and on MOVING, MOVING and MOVING so long as it lives. "LIFE IS MOVEMENT" said Eugen Sandow. If the pulse does not 'move' it is the sign of death.

The Sindhi Reconstruction Movement has to be a Movement; yes, to be a Movement. That is its only sign of LIFE.

And this Movement has to be Eclectic, like the living plant, like the living animal, like the modern Medical Science, taking the needed information from not one, but from all the possible branches of knowledge.

There is so much material, so much most useful material for the reconstruction of Sind, in books on psychology, economics, sociology, statistics, and all the positive sciences, that not only one single Sind, but Sind twice over, four times over, ten times over, can be constructed and reconstructed.

Trillions upon Trillions worth of Industries have been developed from the applications of the simplest principles of science and there is absolutely no limit to the future possibilities.

And all the basic knowledge about all such progress and development is openly available in hundreds of thousands of books which are the common property of all.

But, most unfortunately most of such books are in languages other than the languages known to most of us.

Any way, in spite of all such tremendous hurdles and difficulties, the Sindhi Scientists, Engineers, Social Scientists, Economists, can serve their Sind in that same glorious manner in which Engineer Mr. Panhwar, Geographer Pithawala, social reformers Dayaram Gidoomal, Sadhu Hiranand, Educationists Butani, Sadhu Vaswai, U. M. Daudpota, I. I. Kazi, H. M. Gurbaxani, political workers and writers Hyder Bux Jatoli, Jathmal Parsram G M. Sayed, Husamuddin Rashid, Shaikh Ayaz, Ghulam Mustafa Shah, Ibrahim Joyo, Rasool Bux Palejo, and other such savants have exerted to do, that is, they have SERVED the interests of the common man of Sind. The Criterion is SERVICE, SERVICE AND SERVICE; and that SERVICE is to the COMMON MAN of SIND.

How far the so-called 'common'-MAN, the Sindhi *manus*, has been SERVED and how he has been SERVED by these savants and other men of action and earlier immortals having been born in Sind, is the most crucial question. And, when SERVICE is the criterion, everyone who to himself counts as some one, and the professors, in particular, of the various Sciences and the various Studies in the Sind University and other Universities in Sind, have the most glorious chance to SERVE Sind, if only to justify their existence.

The University Libraries contain books and periodicals which can simply transform Sind and mitigate its sorrows. Indeed there is so much of the information collected and arranged for ready reference in the service

of Sind, in the University Libraries, that on seeing its quality as well as quantity, one can justifiably wonder how can Sind remain stationary, when so much of the most needed knowledge for the dynamism of Sind is so readily available in Sind itself.

Think about the extra-good salaries the professors are getting.

Then think how much effort a man in other jobs has to put in to get that sum. And think of the leisure the professors are having all these years just because of the closure of the Universities for so many months of the year, and think about the opportunity they have to **SERVE** the tax-payer of Sind from whom these professors and teachers are getting their salaries. And what are they paying in return??

In the reconstruction of their war-devastated countries, professors and scientists of their respective countries spared nothing. Indeed, to meet much of the needed efforts to construct their countries, entire teams of professors and research workers are continuously employed. The great British scientist, Haldane, personally underwent very very dangerous experiments for the sake of England. In fact in these countries and their societies, all this is taken as usual.

How ever can many of our fat-salaried professors be of any similar use is the question, when many of them do not even teach the appointed minimum.

And the various governments of Sind have simply done nothing in the matter. The least that they can do to see how the fat salaries are of **USE** to Sind, would be to institute inquiries by appointing, as they do in

some other matters, a Commission consisting of wholly foreign educationists, to report on the prevailing conditions, to the tax paper public.

A University has to be a BEE-HIVE and not a DRONE-HIVE.

One of the most amazing things is that quite a few of these professors manage, even repeatedly, to go, at the expense of their University, to attend so many conferences in so many countries. And there they see how the Professors, their name-sakes, are busy. And yet they return, totally impervious, back to their cosy *jagirs*! How can they ever be useful in the reconstruction of Sind?

It could indeed be a fit sphere of exertion on the part of the Sind Reconstruction Movement to look into affairs such as these.

In spite of all the hurdles in the way of the Sindhi Press, it is for the Press, wholly in the interest of Sind, to begin inquiring and boldly reporting what is happening in the various departments of the Universities, because the Universities of Sind, belong to the people of Sind and the Sindhi Press is the watch dog of the Sindhi tax payer on all the affairs of Sind .. education in Sind being one of the most vital affairs of SIND.

It is in the utter destruction of the genuineness and bonafide power of the press in Sind that most of the Sorrows of Sind have their nests.

The determined Sindhi Pressmen can yet expose these and other sorrows of Sind.

The Sindhi lovers of intellect and culture, the poets, the play-wrights, the prose writers—most spec ally the

idealistic Sind' i Youths—do share, with Alexandre Dumas, a pretty clear idea of who amongst the intellectuals belong to the class of THE MAN and who to the class of A DOG.

Whenever and wherever they get the chance to make such an audible classification, they don't lose and have not lost any opportunity to do so.

Indeed the one repeated damage that is done to the Sindhi Youths is the damage to their idealism.

The world over, the staple food of the spirit of youth is IDEALISM.

It was the idealistic sons of millionaires of ancient Athens who surrounded the prince of paupers, Socrates, wholly because he was the very torch of intellect, culture and idealism to these moths in search of light.

Calmly, quietly, smilingly, Socrates drank the cup of poison rather than betray the trust the youths had in his immortality, i.e. honesty.

Imagine what would have happened, not only to the youths of Athens of those days, but also to the whole history of Ethics, if Socrates had become a "Sold-Out", a *bik-chuka*, a poor *bik chuka*, a pitiable *bik chuka*, a contemptible *bik chuka*, a *bik chuka* even in his own eyes!

And the comical irony of the whole phenomenon is that the more a person is a *bik chuka*, the more he is desirous of being considered "respectable". The Law of Compensation seems to be fully at work!!!!

During the days of the British, many "Butcher Bahadurs" were afflicted with this virus!

Indeed thousands upon thousands of stories about the *bik chuka* can be found in the pages of human history. So very many *bik chukas* but so very few Socrateses! So many Judases, and so few Christs!! So many, purchasable writers and journalists but how few the Emile Zolas? Few, few and few. But where go these many, when you think of the FEW?

Coming to think of it, it is not at all the Sold-Out who is so much at fault as is the purchaser of the body and soul of other human beings like him, by taking advantage of their needs and necessities and their unhappy circumstances.

Specially the purchaser of the soul and self-respect and the individualism and individuality and the freedom and the dignity of others is the criminal.

The simplest test of his criminality is that he does not want others to do to him what he does to others.

And he has no respect what-so-ever for those whom he has purchased; while demands respect from them, all because he has been able to purchase them.

Those who have purchased writers and journalists have anything but respect for them.

And the writers and journalists who have been purchased, have no respect, either, for their purchasers.

So, from the point of view of human dignity, both ways it is a deplorable situation, this sale and purchase of the conscience and souls of people.

And, of course, it is obviously different from the bonafide, open and frank professional contract; payment for services openly rendered; without which institutions the work of the world comes to a stand-still.

It is the surreptitious purchase of the mind and soul in which the seller sells something of his soul which sale demeans him even in his own eyes and about which transaction he cannot speak much less boast before the world, which "curseth him that gives and him that takes" with ignominy.

And once the soul is so surreptitiously sold out, there is just no limit to the power of gravity to pull it for ever down, to the depths of infamy and disgrace.

Whereas those Sindhi writers and journalists who have not bartered their souls away, stand where they are, ever to serve as the moral force which the power of pen bestows upon its honest wielders.

Such writers and such journalists are antidotes to the sorrows of their people and are the very HOPE of Sind.

It is to each one of them, again, that Tennyson says :—

"Love thy land with love far-brought
From out the storied Past and used
Within the present, but transfused
Thro' future by power of thought."



Chapter 10

A NUGGET OF THE PUREST GOLD

—o—

I was a 13-year old lad when a nugget of gold was dug up in Bardoli, India.

It was not a big nugget. But it was a nugget. And it was of gold. Of purest gold.

The discovery of that small but purest nugget of gold in Bardoli gave such a turn to the events that they were never the same again.

I was a lad 13 years old then. Lived in a completely non-political society; was not at all politically conscious; did not even know what that thing called 'politics' was.

But even then, I remember some unknown, some unheard thrill that I felt when I heard that the nugget of the purest gold was discovered in Bardoli.

And it took years and years for me to begin to know its significance.

Its significance was so deeply political that later on I could learn that it, all by itself, showed at least a very very few Englishmen that India was no more that India which it was even one day before the discovery of that nugget of purest gold in Bardoli.

The greatest majority of the people now living, do not have, and cannot have, for no fault of theirs of

course, even a very remote idea of the might and majesty of the British power in India of those days.

Although the Jalyanwalla Bagh tragedy had made a dent on the English conscience, but yet, when it came to the thought of the POWER, the greatest majority of both the Indians as well as the British seemed to think that that POWER in India will be ENGLISH and ENGLISH only, for any foreseeable future.

And the greatest reason for such a most realistic thinking was the total absence of the feeling of organised unity among the Indians.

Gandhiji's repeated and repeated claim that if the Indians followed his principle of non-violent non-co-operation, all within three months he would win *Swaraj* or "Self-Rule" for India, was the claim that looked too chimerical to be sanely idealistic even; let alone in any way practical, and that too, a practical politics.

Learned scholars of politics, like Right Honourable Srinivasa Shastry and his compeers, though they had the greatest respect for Gandhiji, nonetheless smiled at the claim; although they were learned enough O know and to have read the great work of *CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE* by Henry David Thoreau, the reading of which inspired Gandhiji to test the viability and truth of his find in it.

In that book, way back in 1859, its great author Thoreau had wondered what would happen to the British Empire in India if one and all the Indians ever decided to practice Civil Disobedience against the British in India, if all Indians unitedly simply, calmly, inoffensively, quietly refused to work for the British in India; if the Indian

clerk struck work; if the Indian butler simply stopped cooking for the British Master; if the Indian coolie refused, quietly, calmly and non-violently refused, to pick up the luggage of the Englishman in India; if the Indian sweeper refused to sweep the Englishman's house!??

The ingenuous and inimitable author, who died in 1862, knew full well the full consequences of the Indian's Mutiny in 1857; why it ended in a disaster for the Indians and how very divided, decimated, internally torn the Indians were against the matchlessly organised British army which quelled that very haphazardly precipitated Indian rising.

He knew that Indians had no ghost of a chance of again rising in arms against the many many times more re-enforced British Army and Navy in India.

He yet knew that still the weakest point in the mighty English armour in India was that the Britishers were so very few in number, less than the number of Indians living in a single locality in Calcutta, so to say; and that in spite of all their military might, the British depended wholly upon the Indian 'man-power for one and all the essential as well as the non-essential services—upon the coolie, the mali, the washerman, the gardener, the sweeper etc., etc., etc.

So, if one and all of these Indians were so united as to act as one, the British who were lost in the pleasures of the imperial dance would suddenly discover that they were dancing on a soap-bubble; that there would be none to even take their luggage from their houses to the empty carriages of the unattended train!

Of course this looked thoroughly idiotic.

But yet Gandhiji, who read this, the one and only book he read on Politics, saw the soundness of the most theoretical possibility, in much the same way as a physicist could see the logical soundness (of the otherwise impractical, due purely to technological and engineering reasons) of a purely mathematical solution of a physical problem.

And having adopted that thesis, Gandhiji wanted to test it on the plain of concrete reality.

That chance came in 1922, when inspired by his influence, a small village, oppressed of high taxation, decided to start a NO TAX CAMPAIGN.

After the Jalyanwalla massacre, the British did not think of sending another trigger-happy soldier to "bring sense to the niggers" in the way that had been done before,

But yet they wanted the "niggers" to feel the weight of the law.

Gandhiji sent Vallabbhai Patel to organise the *Satyagraha* on the most strictly non-violent lines, as he knew that nothing could guarantee the failure of the campaign than the outbreak of violence in the Indian camp.

When the last day for the payment of the repeatedly demanded tax was over, the British wanted the Law to have its say.

It was notified that the property of the tax-defaulters would be publicly auctioned.

And on an appointed day the property of one and all of residents of Bardoli did come under the hammer of the auctioneer.

The most silent and at the same time the most non-violent and the most powerful drama commenced its performance.

The property deeds were there.

The whole machinery of auction was there.

All the people of Bardoli were there

But not even one single bid was there.

Property worth thousands was there for the taking at any bid.

But no bid !

No bid of even one single aana for a property worth thousands.

Hours went by; and more hours went by.

Then days went by.

As there was not even one single weak link in the chain of the *satyagrahis*, there was no break, no matter how great the temptation to get at a pittance, the fortunes of many life-times!

Everything was peaceful, peaceful and peaceful. Dreadfully peaceful !

Eventually the Auction had to be called off

There and then was discovered the one small lump of native gold, the nugget of the purest gold ... the nugget of SOUL FORCE. The British had no ammunition against it, except eventual compromise

And from then on, the British began to regard the Congress as their eventual successor.

Chapter II

THE JOY OF SIND

—o—

In spite of the many Sorrows of Sind, there are also the unquenchable joys of Sind.

These joys consist in the AWAKENING OF SIND.

"Sind JAG UTTHA!"

"Sind JAG UTTHA, JAG UTTHA, JAG UTTHA, SIND JAG UTTHA!!!"

"O JOY OF JOYS; IN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THE SINDHIS, in the deepest depths of consciousness, SIND JAG UTTHA!!!"

THERE, in the minds of the INTELLECTUAL YOUTHS, SIND JAG UTTHA.

THERE, in the minds of the INTELLECTUAL WOMEN OF SIND, SIND JAG UTTHA.

As Arnold J. Toyenbee, in his famous 11 big volumed monumental book, *A STUDY OF HISTORY*, points out, it all depends upon his theory of CHALLENGE AND RESPONSE.

All types of environments continuously throw out challenges. The survival of the organisms depends upon the NATURE of Response they give to these continuous challenges.

If the RESPONSE is adequate, the organisms live.

If the RESPONSE is inadequate, the organisms perish.

This happens to microbes.

This happens to Dinosaurs.

This happens to Elephants.

This happens to MEN.

This happens to Kingdoms, and Empires.

The CHALLENGE that the British contact made to India, for instance, was the most powerful challenge of a modern technology, modern strategy of war and a modern concept of a united nation.

India responded to this challenge with non-modern technology, weak strategy, and as a completely divided nation. This was our RESPONSE

The result was that a FEW, coming over six thousand miles of turbulent oceans, and that too, in wooden boats, conquered the many, many and many, in their own hearths and homes.

The story is the same all over the living world.

Be it the world of the microbes, or the world of the men and empires, the story is just the same.

"Challenge and Response."

"The Nature of Challenge and the Nature of Response."

And the resultant, between the nature of challenge and the nature of response, in human terms, is either FATE, or DESTINY.

That is why the 11 ponderous volumes of Toynbee's *A STUDY OF HISTORY* read like one great story of all of us.

That is why Will Durant's equally great 12 volumes of *THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION* make us mad with joy.

That is why the one volume *STORY OF PHILOSOPHY* by the same Will Durant has made the study of philosophy so fascinating to those intellectuals amongst us who had wrongly thought that Philosophy was an abstract, obtrusive and dreary subject.

All these great books show that they are mere stories of the Awakening of man, the awakening of Man and the Awakening of Man, in all the past ages, and how and why he was put to sleep, and how he eventually reawakened.

In Europe Man JAG UTTHA, found his Renaissance, which meant literally his re-awakening, his revival, his new life.

He REAWAKENED himself to the LIGHT that a FEW, a FEW, a FEW ancient thinkers on human liberty, on human greatness, on human dignity, in short, on the most unfathomable human greatness had lit for him, with the torches of their own genius.

A FEW. But THE FEW.

In his praise for the valour of those few of the British Airmen who saved England, in its darkest hour, from the German air-invasion, Churchill paid tribute to that valour with words: "Never before, in the history of human combat, have so many owed so much to the so few"!

The story is just the same, only a million times more glorious, in the history of human combat against

ignorance, intolerance, oppression, suppression, and repression; when everything looked abysmally dark and darker and the darkest, it is only a few, always a few, and sometimes only one single individual, the light from the torch of whose genius causes the reawakening.

That is the story of the greatness of the OPTIMISM OF MANKIND.

It is that Optimism which says (and let me, here, repeat): "NEVER DESPAIR. BUT IF YOU DESPAIR, FIGHT ON in DESPAIR".

It is that OPTIMISM which, according to Milton, made SATAN say in hell: "IT IS BETTER TO REIGN IN HELL, THAN SERVE UNDER HEAVEN."

It has been that very same, unvarying optimism, when an English soldier who knew Urdu teased the last of the Mogul Emperors in prison, Bahadur Shah Zafar, in Rangoon, saying "LO ZAFAR, THANDI HUVI SHAMSHER HINDUSTAN KI," the old roval prisoner on Rs. five per month as pension, none-the-less, answered back: "Ja kay London Main Ladaygi Tech Hindustan ki"— a prophesy that was fulfilled when the Indian soldiers, twice in 25 years, fought and killed Germans in Europe itself.

This is that same imperishable optimism which made the poet say: THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM WHEN ONCE BEGUN/IS HANDED DOWN FROM SIRE TO SON/A BATTLE LOST, IS A BATTLE WON". That was that same "Fight for Freedom" which made the Vietnamese first throw out the mighty French and then throw out the far, far, far mightier and infinitely more cruel Americans from Vietnam.

And it is that same undying OPTIMISM with which the FEW, FEW, O EVER SO FEW intellectual SINDHIS stood guard on their language and culture with the Sindhi Adabi Board of theirs (which now is spiritually a ruin, as the spirit with which and in which it was started is no more there, the animus has gone and only the corpus remains) which then saved the situation.

The Vaderas did nothing to save the situation.

The Pirs did nothing to save the situation.

The Mirs did nothing to save the situation.

None of the many JI HUZOORS stood up to save the situation.

How can any, any and any Ji Huzoor ever save any situation when, "JI HUZOOR," "JI HUZOOR," "JI HUZOOR" and ever more "JI HUZOOR" is his very TASBEEH—morning, evening and night—all this, for all which he knows he has to leave behind on his inglorious death!

Not for nothing was it that the great Julius Caesar had to say!—

"Cowards die many times before their death,

The brave taste of death but once".

These Vaderas, these Mirs, these Pirs, these Ji Huzoors had all lost hope of Sind altogether.

They lost hope of Sind in the hope of the perpetuation of their own comforts and in the service of their own Lotus Eaters' mentality.

"If we continue to remain comfortable." said these Lotus Eaters, "If we continue to remain comfortable, what does it any way matter at all, no matter what

happens to the Sindhi language and culture and eventually to the life of those Sindhis who are not Syeds, who are not Mirs, who are not Pirs, who are not Vaderas, who are not Sardars, but are only our Haris, our helots, our *mureeds*, our menials, those who have still to hew wood and fetch water for us, touching our sandals, kissing our feet with folded hands and bended knees? On our part let us be comfortable ourselves, no matter what happens to Sind which is meant to serve us and not we to serve it!

This was the very same Lotus Eaters' attitude—"If all is lost, why not we be comfortable"—which Lotus Eaters' attitude, the English poet Tennyson, in his poem, "The Song Of The Lotus Eaters" has immortalised for ever.

The story is that, when many of the companions of the great Greek Hero, Ulysis, on a voyage, lost their way and got separated from the main fleet, they landed on a far, far off island.

There they ate the Lotus Flowers that were growing wild there.

Immediately on eating those flowers, they became totally indifferent to the whole world that they had left behind. When Ulysis eventually found them, he found them most completely lost in and busy singing non-stop the following most pessimistic and most selfish song in the whole world:—

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;

"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
"Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
"Music that brings sweet sleep down from the
 blissful skies.
"Here are cool mosses deep,
"and thro' the moss the ivies creep,
"And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
"And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs
 in sleep.

"Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
"And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
"While all things else have rest from weariness?
"All things have rest; why should we toil alone,
"We only toil, who are the first of things,
"And make perpetual moan,
"Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
"Nor ever fold our wings,
"And cease from wanderings,
"Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
"Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
" 'There is no joy but calm!'
"Why should we only toil, the roof and crown
 of things?

"Lo! in the middle of the wood,
"The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
"With winds upon the branch, and there,
"Grows green and broad, and takes no care.
"Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
"Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow

100 "Falls, and floats adown the air.

"Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,

"The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,

"Drops in a silent autumn night.

"All its allotted length of days,

"The flower ripens in its place,

"Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,

"Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

———
"Hateful is the dark-blue sky,

"Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.

"Death is the end of life; ah, why

"Should life all labour be?

"Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,

"And in a little while our lips are dumb.

"Let us alone. What is it that will last?

"All things are taken from us, and become

"Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.

"Let us alone. What pleasure can we have

"To war with evil? Is there any peace

"In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

"All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave

"In silence; ripen, fall and cease:

"Give us long rest or death, dark death, or
dreamful ease.

———
"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,

"With half-shut eyes ever to seem

"Falling asleep in a half-dream!

"To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,

"Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the
height;

———
"Hateful is the dark-blue sky,

"To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
"Eating the lotus day by day,
"To watch the crisp ripples on the beach,
"And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
"To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
"To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
"To muse and brood and live again in memory,
"With those old faces of our infancy
"Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
"Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn
of brass!

"Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
"And dear the last embraces of our wives
"And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd
change:
"For surely now our house hold hearths are cold:
"Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
"And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
"Or else the island princes over-bold
"Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
"Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
"And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
"Is there confusion in the little isle?
"Let what is broken so remain.
"The Gods are hard to reconcile:
"Tis hard to settle order once again.
"There is confusion worse than death,
"Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
"Long labour unto aged breath,
"Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars

"And eyes grown dim with gazing on the
pilot-stars,

— — —

"But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
"How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing
lowly)
"With half-dropt eyelid still,
"Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
"To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
"His waters from the purple hill—
"To hear the dewy echoes calling
"From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
"To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
"Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
"Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
"Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath
the pine.

— — —

"The Lotus blooms below the barren peak:
"The Lotus blows by every winding creek:
"All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
"Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
"Round and round the spicy downs the yellow
Lotus-dust is blown.
"We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
"Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when
the surge was seething free,
"Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
fountains in the sea.
"Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an
equal mind,

- "In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
"On the hills like Gods together, careless of
 mankind.
"For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts
 are hurl'd
"Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds
 are lightly curl'd
"Round their golden houses, girdled with the
 gleaming world:
"Where they smile in secret, looking over
 wasted lands,
"Blight and famine, plague and earthquake,
 roaring deeps and fiery sands,
"Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking
 ships, and praying hands.
"But they smile, they find a music centred in a
 doleful song
"Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient
 tale of wrong,
"Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words
 are strong;
"Chanted from an ill-used race of men that
 cleave the soil,
"Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring
 toil,
"Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine
 and oil;
"Till they perish and the suffer—some, 'tis
 whisper'd—down in hell
"Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian
 valleys dwell,

"Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than
toil, the shore

"Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and
wave and oar;

"Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not
wander more."

That was the mood and that was the spirit of the Vaderas, the Mirs, the Pirs, Syeds, the Sardars when Sind, having been handed over to the One Unit by Mr Khuhro and Pir Ali Mohamed Rashidi and by the "representatives of Sind" of the Sind Assembly, looked on when the very existence of Sind as Sind was so thoroughly attempted to be abolished that the word SIND on any postal address was discouraged.

It was then, that a few Sindhi intellectuals and youths withstood this ruthless onslaught with the one and the only instrument that they had their PEN deeply dipped in the blood of their optimism, in the spirit of that super-human defiance which the same Tennyson shows was there in the greatness of Ulyssis, who, on seeing the ruins of the very souls of the Lotus Eaters, cried out to his remaining comrades, the FEW, saying:

"..... My mariners, and rough old mariners
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
with me—

"That ever with a frolic welcome took

"The thunder and the sunshine and opposed

"Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;

"Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;

"Death closes all: but something ere the end,

The Joy of Sind

"Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
"Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
"The light begins to twinkle from the rocks:
"The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs:
the deep
"Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
" 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
"Push off, and sitting well in order smite
"The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
"To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
"Of all the western stars, until I die.
"It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
"It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
"And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
"Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
"We are not now that strength which in old days
"Moved earth and heaven; that which we are,
we are;
"One equal temper of heroic hearts,
"Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

It was with such purely human, purely optimistic resolve, with that quite positive acceptance of the challenge of circumstances which voiced in the words of the Poet Shelley read as "O wind, if winter comes, can spring be far behind?" took the shape of the elementary renaissance in Sind.

It was elementary, all because, Sind lacked the powerful middle-class that Europe had in the shape of the merchants of Venice and Florence and other such cities who supported the Renaissance over there.

The Sindhi Hindu commercial, intellectual middle-class of Sind, who had started and ran so many many elementary schools, high schools and colleges, in which the Sindhi Muslim students also studied if they wanted to get better educated, had left Sind in a body.

What the Sindhi Muslim richer classes did for the cause of the Education of the Muslims of Sind has painfully been pictured by Syed Ghulam Mustafa Shah, in his book "Towards Understanding the Muslims of India," which I have earlier quoted.

So, the renaissance that began in Sind after the entity of Sindhi language and culture were felt to be in jeopardy, had necessarily to be weak and elementary.

But yet, to the credit of the Sindhi intellectuals, though the renaissance was weak and elementary, it was not lame or blind.

Scores of writers and poets, short-story writers, turned up.

And inspite of the almost inhuman restrictions on the Press, with the horrid ordinances like the Press and Publications Ordinance, according to which, even a super-ignorant distributor of tho types in an "offending" press was fully liable to be jailed, the Sindhi intellectual felt, thought and wrote.

Of course, many were lampooned with money, petty money, petty, petty and petty money; money which immediately proved itself to be the cynide to their spirit, to their *ROOH*.

This was, is, and for ever will be, worse than persecution and torture, this destruction of the very soul of the creative writer with a few 'silver bullets'. For ever

afterwards, the person becomes an intellectual vagabond, ever falling from ever low to ever lower depths.

All that quint essence of Idealism, wholly because of which man is man and not an animal, is destroyed for the sake of a few rupees as secret stipend, a few talks on the radio and a few appearances on the T.V.

Judas was indeed great, all because, on realizing that he had betrayed Christ for a few silver coins, he had the sense of shame and remorse that made him end his life with suicide.

But all those who betrayed and betray Sind for a few privileges do not have even that claim to boast about.

And some, who otherwise have claims not only to honour, but also to immortality in the very history of the Sindhi literature (perhaps naturally sure that come what may, their place in literature is secure) knowingly fell so low that even those who made such a base and heartless use of these otherwise immortals, felt ashamed at the depths of degradation to which intellectuals could fall without any sense of remorse.

This has been one of the tragedies of the intellectual in this subcontinent also as in parts of the Middle East.

Abysmal debasement of the intellect was the monopoly of the intellectual, the writer, the poet, the playwright, the publicist on behalf of tyrants and usurpers.

When we study the detailed history of the courts of the kings, we see not only the debasement of the other greatest arts like Music and Singing and Painting but also the wreckless desecration of the very intellect of people like the poets and the writers.

Imagine a writer, a poet or an intellectual getting a reward for saying that "the sun and the moon are the particles of the dust rising from the hoof of the horse of His Majesty"!

And volumes upon volumes of such "*litter-ature*" passing off as Literature!

This tradition got a slight setback in British India; while it thrived with redoubled vigour in the courts of the Nawabs.

The more politically impotent the Nawab Sahib, the greater the sustenance his soap-bubble ego had from the balderdash from the poets and the writers.

On the very eve of the very last flicker of the days of the whole of the Princely India, in 1946, His Exalted Highness, the Khusroo-e-Dakhan, the Ferzand-e-Saltanat-e-Inglisya, not content with the excessive hollowness of these titles, decided to further augment the daemons of his relentlessly insatiable ego, by crowning himself as the "Emperor Of The Poets" amidst the loudest of acclamations from all the brigades of the classically hereditary "poet-flatterers".

And not even one of these maggots and leeches remained around His Exalted Highness suddenly becoming "His Exhausted Highness," again, thanks wholly to the utter megalomania to which he had been inflated by the flinty parasites who, as heartless parasites in all nature, have no heart at all for their pitiable host.

Most of them made a straight bee-line to Pakistan, some even with the huge illgotten wealth of the "Emperor Of The Poets."

So, always over these parts of the world there is the tradition of mental prostitution, to which, even a few Sindhi intellectuals and writers also paid all the due respect.

But yet, there were atleast a few, so few, so very few, no doubt, in the nooks and corners of Sind who, in the words of Emerson, "In the midst of the crowd, maintained the 'chastity' of solitude."

It has been because of them, and not because of the Sold-Outs, that the strings of the harps of the Sindhi hearts vibrate to the tunes of hope of better days to come.

On seeing the great philosopher Diogenese eating lentils, a fat court-philosopher told him that if only he had learnt to flatter Alexander, he need not have subsisted on lentils. Diogenese answered that if only that fat maggot had learnt to subsist on lentils, he need not have debased philosophy by becoming a flatterer of Alexander.

Now both are dead and yet, Diogenese is 'alive' as the very soul of self-respect, unbending individualism and character.

Both Diogenese, as well as that flatterer-philosopher knew perfectly well as to whom Alexander regarded as the "MAN" and whom as a "DOG".

What honour, respect and regard Ayub Khan gave to Sind, after it very easily slid into the melting pot of One Unit?

He had seen how the Sind Legislature had voted against joining the One Unit.

And he had seen the *Tamasha* how, within not years, not months, not weeks and not even within days,

but all within less than 12 hours, that very same legislature was bludgeoned by Mr. Khuhro to join the self-same One Unit by threatening the Sindhi Vaderas that unless they did as he wanted, their lands would be in danger.

— All the proceedings of this transformation are common knowledge of all the Sindhis.

Having seen what political comedy can be enacted in Sind, Ayub Khan, very symbolically as a Master Marksman, set Sind apart for his Partridge Shooting expeditions

If the Sindhi Partridges could write, one of their Field Marshals could perhaps have authored a reverberating CRY: as “Masters Not Friends”

The one and the only thing that ever mattered to the Vaderas and the other vested interests was their lands, not the Land or the People of Sind.

One of the British authors who wrote about Sind, immediately after its fall, expresses his astonishment that what the members of the ex-royal family were most anxious about was not at all anything about Sind, but the preservation and restoration of their SHIKARGAHS to them! That was all that ever mattered! The Shikargahs! The Shikargahs! The Shikargahs!!

Similarly, another astounded British Officer is reported to have noted in his diary, that when he invited some prominent Muslim Sindhis to discuss matters arising from the death of some 12 Sindhi Muslims in a communal riot, after the lengthy talk was over, the British Officer found to his surprise that the one thing that was not even remotely touched upon during the

discussion was the death of those 12 Muslims and its consequences.

Each of the invitees, it seems, talked only about his land affairs and matters of his exclusive self-interest.

Similarly, after Sind had its own Legislature in 1936 and onwards, as can be seen from the Records, Provincial governments in Sind would behave like house of cards tumbling over-night, and, often within hours, Ministries would come up, each more impervious to the interests of the people and with greater alacrity to do the bidding of the British Master who sat at the top manipulating strings to make the in-coming set of puppets dance as he willed.

Mr. G. M. Sayed must naturally have felt so very giddy at this rapidity of the changes of governments that, no wonder, on hearing of an assassin's attack on Mr Jinnah, he fell flat and unconscious on the floor of the House.

But soon after, when Mr. Sayed, on the issue of Sind having an independent will, broke away from his new Master, for whose sake he had earlier fainted outright, he had to cool his heels in prison.

And no Sindhi Vadera ever wondered for whose sake exactly it was that he was needlessly cooling his heels.

Not only that. Mr. G. M. Sayed, thereafter, having become a standing political irritant to the interests of the new *Rajwara*, its puppets in Sind who exhibited even a greater alacrity in their Jee-Huzoori of the new *Raj*, saw to it that Mr. Sayed remained permanently impounded within his own self and his village.

Outwardly, of course, they paid him all the respect!—he, to the impish people of Sind with their pinion feathers broken—oh! the misery of it all!—remaining all the time “popular”!!

Can irony be more ironical?

All this only goes to show that in Sind the younger generation of the educated Sindhis have a great deal of spadework to do to awaken the pre-literate but not unintelligent people to the sense of their rights to individualism and democracy.

The largest number of them are pre-literate. Yes, they are.

But being human, they are not unthinking or incapable of thinking.

They have been made to grow into slaves of despair and helplessness.

But “When slaves begin to think, slavery begins to die.”

In Sind, the overwhelmingly Hindu mercantile class of its people, with their diligence, mastered trade and commerce and occupied administrative and intellectual posts.

Its overwhelmingly Muslim Feudal class and servants thereof became among themselves lords of cultivable lands here and key-holders of better life hereafter.

The non-feudals and non-mercantiles, the Haris and the Labouring class, those utterly dependent upon the feudal lords and the *shahookars* even for their bits of dry bread, were made to seek relief from misery in hypnotising mysticism.

The destructive role that the make-believe mysticism, in particular, has played in hypnotising the masses to go into mass-trance is deplorable.

The question of rational attempt at freedom from misery does not arise in the minds of hundreds of thousands of *mureeds* of hereditary PIRS who enjoy all the luxuries of the world.

Very aptly has poet Iqbal lamented:

Ham ko to muyassar nahin mitti ka diya bhi,
Ghar Pir ka hijli kay chiraghoon say hai roshan!
Shahri ho, dehati ho, Mussalman hai sadah,
Manard-i-butan pujtay hain kaabey kay Brahman!

If this be so in Iqbal's Punjab, much more so was, and is, this the case in Sind.

Here in Sind, in particular, both the TARIOAT of the Sufi and the SHARIAT of the Mullah, the Pir-dom on one hand and the Mullah-crazy on the other, have amalgamated themselves into one against the rationality inherent in every man and woman, and have made them into voiceless zombies and fatalistic robots.

From a rationlist's point of view, the Sindhi *Manus* is reduced to the status of what a serf was before his emancipation, a bewildered stranger to the thrill of freedom and individuality of man.

But, even the "gentle" cow, which has been domesticated over thousands of years, also reverts to its original nature when left in the jungle for a generation or two.

So also, and much more so, inspite of all the pathological oppressions and suppressions of ages, atleast

some of the Sindhi youths, men and women, have seen through the game. They have come out of the spell.

Though they are not yet powerful enough to call off the bluff, no more can they be hypnotised.

They can be killed, as some have been already.

But they cannot any longer be fooled, as were their parents and grandparents and their ancestors in the past.

This cannot be called RENNAISSANCE, consummated or on wings. For, it is yet a fledgling, young, inexperienced.

Even so, it is like the caveman discovering the method of igniting fire by rubbing dry sticks together.

But it is victory none-the-less.

To a sociologist, this struggle of the sparks against the darkness of the surrounding night is a study full of unending fascination.

Powerful forces are at work to turn these few sparks into specks of ashes.

Many Sindhis themselves are against this **naissance**, this halting venture of the flame to come to life.

Some of them even join the ranks of the Naissantists, and exactly like the Trojan Horse, to sabotage the movement from within.

The Sindhiani Tahreek of the Women of Sind is an illustration, which was sought to be nipped in the bud by containment. After its volcanic eruption against the injustices to the women of Sind, one Vadera lady assumed charge of it. That sent the Tahreek to winter hibernation for quite a long time. In fact its organization, given in the charge of the lady, went to its slumber, and could only take off full two years after its initial start.

Such people have used such tactics since centuries against their own people everywhere.

That explains why Sind has remained so weak.

The Hindus did not fall into their traps. That should explain their power and their prosperity.

Even if they have gone out of their motherland Sind, they are not the destitutes that the majority of the Sindhi Muslims have been.

What is it that Sind lacks to have become a maritime power like any other coastal land in Europe?

It has got a fine coast line.

The most famous sailor of the Arabian Nights was SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

Long back there should have been a Sindhi Navy.

As a challenge to the Portuguese power, the Marhattas, under Angrey, not only developed their own Navy on this self-same Western Coast of India, but also they eventually defeated the Portuguese and reconquered Bessein.

And thousands of the Maharashtrian youths from the same west coast of India today man the Indian Navy.

The airport and the seaport of Bombay is full of Maharashtrian youths.

Where are the Sindhi labourers in the Karachi airport and seaport?

See, what the differences in Social Organizations mean to the different groups of human beings!

The very destinies of the individuals seem to hang on the fabrics of the social organizations in which they are born.

But man can, has, and does change social organizations to his will

See how the whole of Europe completely changed its social organization from milliniums of feudalism to modern industrialism!

What was Germany just a few generations back? What was England itself? How about the tiny Scandinavian countries, whose standard of life today is higher than even that of U S A.

The atom-bombed and devastated Japan of just yesterday is today's 2nd greatest industrial power!

Sind also has no less a great future.

It has land.

It has sea.

It has minerals.

It has talent.

It has only to visualise its future greatness.

In their mind's eye, the Sindhis have only to see Sind as great as they want it to be.

Not for nothing at all Jesus Christ advised: "See not ye! There are yet four months and then comes harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look at the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

This visualizing of a glorious future by its thinkers, philosophers, poets, mystics, scientists, engineers, workers, labourers and teachers, brought the modern world out of the gloom of the fourteen hundred years of Dark Ages.

Otherwise the Germans were known to be mercenary soldiers, ready to kill or get killed on cash payment by anybody!!!

The Scandinavians were known to be sea robbers and pirates.

See what they are today!!!

When Sind was exporting its finest cotton textiles to Egypt, most of the Europeans had only animal hides as their ward-robe!

What a glorious Mahanjodaro tradition of the highest civic life Sind has!!

Next only perhaps to Mesopotamia!

Why go that far?

How about the Thatta of just 3 centuries back?

The richest city of the East!

If some of the tombs of the Makli Hills are so impressive, how much more impressive the palaces in the City must have been?

From all accounts, it was a city right out of the pages of the Arabian Nights.

It was not a city of wealth and luxury only.

It was no less a place of internationally respected schools of knowledge and learning.

So was Bakhar.

And Amri in the great past.

Repeated barbarian invasions laid Sind low.

Otherwise think, where Sind would not have been today?

History has it on record that Ahmed Shah Abdali left only a trail of Sindhi blood behind.

Earlier, Nadir Shah set his examples of wholesale massacres.

Just what it is that Sind has not endured?

Think of the tyrant dynasties that ruled over Sind also as in other parts of this unfortunate sub-continent.

What cared these avowed barbarians for local culture, local civilization, local talent and local genius.

But yet Sind endured and survived, though as a cripple.

Only its language, Sindhi, saved Sind.

Such of the invaders who settled in Sind were over-powered by it.

Only because of the Sindhi language, and its desert, Sind was never swamped or absorbed.

The Arab historians have always noted its identity.

"Sind; Hind; Sarandip" or Sind, India and Cylone. That was their classification.

As the Sindhis begin to think in the same way as the Germans began to think of Germany, and so on, they also will make their Sind like Germany and so on.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so he becomes" holds true not only of individuals, but also of groups.

This is as clear as the daylight all around. And needs no proof.

This the secret of secrets behind all industrialism, all modernism.

Tiny Singapore demonstrates it. So does Hongkong. And Taiwan and Korea.

These new outgrowths of human endeavour have even puzzled Japan.

First class modernity of thought has made these marvels possible.

The presence of surgeons like Dr. Ghaffar Jatoi shows what Sindhis can also do.

Vaster than vast changes are just round the corner.

Harnessed solar energy will transform Sind.

Our children are playing with the computer.

There is no branch of the positive sciences and techniques that cannot be made extremely familiar by means of the audio and video tape, and the V.C.R.

It is for the most intelligent amongst the Sindhis to realise that unless Sind participates in this race for progress, where will it ever be!

The most intelligent amongst the Sindhis have to take stock of the various potentialities of Sind.

What a prosperity and what a felicitousness Latif visualised for Sind!

Geographer Pithawala and Engineer Panwhar, thinker Joyo and poet Ayaz worked in this direction.

Earlier, in 1925 itself, Dr. Dubash wrote a pamphlet urging Sind to have its own University.

Much earlier, Mirza Qalij Beg and his friends like Harchand Rai Vishindas began translating English literary works into Sindhi so that Sindhi may become even richer than before.

To continue their work, the most intelligent amongst the Sindhis have to take stock of Sind in matters like Sind Economics, Sind Sociology, Sind BRAIN POWER and the requirements of Sind to become as modern as Singapore, Taiwan, Hongkong and Korea.

"What man has done, man can do." The Singaporeans do not have any extra brains.

It is all a matter of taking stock and bringing about reorganization of Society.

There seems to be something indeed wonderful in rational organization. Fifty years back itself, an Indian Economist, returning from Japan, declared that "In Japan machines are not only up-to-date. They are up to the minute!!!!"

Ruthlessly the Japanese scrap out anything that is not "up to the minute" in the machinery of production. Today, in the computerization of the machinery, in robotising it, the Japanese have outstripped the U.S.A.

In matters of sheer innate intelligence, the Sindhi children are in no way inferior to the Japanese children or German children.

Then why not Sind be as great as Germany or Japan? What withholds it from being so, except its political subjection and its pattern of Social Organization.

Let us remember again, and again and again: "What man has done, man can do."

It is a matter of VISION.

"Where there is no vision, people perish."

The Vision, of a New Sind, far more glorious than even the great Sind of the PAST, a sustained vision, will do the same miracle with Sind as such sustained visions have done all over Europe, America, Japan, and now even the little Singapore, Taiwan, Hong kong and Korea.

Behind every great Reality, there has invariably been a great DREAM.

Mind gets boggled down when one takes up the study of the dreams of people.

When George Bernard Shaw was once asked why he charged five shillings for every word he wrote, most

significantly this drastic Shaw replied that he was the poorest possible labourer in the world that was being paid only five shillings per word!

When asked to explain further, he said: "For a paltry sum of five shillings per word, I HAVE TO THINK FOR MILLIONS"!!!!

This was not just his wit. It was his wisdom.

Thinkers, poets, dreamers, planners, visionaries, create reality out of their visions and dreams and plans and thoughts.

"Beware", says Thomas Carlyle, "Beware! A Thinker has come amongst thee!"

And it goes to the credit of Sind that there are not only so many men thinkers as also there are lady thinkers amongst them.

As Thomas Dewey, the great educational genius of America, in his book points out: "We think when there is a problem." The DODO birds did not have to think because they had no problems.

The now totally extinct DODO birds did not have problems. So they did not develop thinking.

Now there are neither any problems, nor any DODO birds left!!!

Sindhis, aware of their problems, are THINKING, THINKING, THINKING, Thinking and THINKING.

When they begin to think in the way the Singaporeans think, what can prevent Sind from becoming another Singapore in modernity, and industrialization!

"Man can do what man has done" all because "Man can think as man has thought" and also because "Man can feel as man has felt".

This is not just platitude and pep-talk but repeatedly demonstrable reality.

IT IS REPEATEDLY VERIFIABLE, ANYWHERE,
ANY TIME, BY ANY BODY.

MAN AND HIS SCIENCE won Liberation and has made spectacular Progress because of rational exercise of Reason and its basis upon nothing else but the bed-rock of Repeated Variability IN ACTION: As sings Sind's eternal Latif —

Those dying [in a cause] before death die not
with death,
Theirs is the survival who live [for a cause]
precedent to life.*

The End.

*Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai's *bait* from Sur "Ma'zoori"
مرڻان اڳي جي سڻا، مري ٿيا نه مات/هو نڌا سي: (The Handicapped)
حيات، جيئن اڳي جي جيا. -Ed.