

A Pragmatic Recollection of Pakistan Phenomenon:
Myth and Reality of a Lofty Dreamland and a Tribute of
Innocence to the Genius of
Quaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah

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AN EXTENDED ABSTRACT (ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTION)

At the age of five, I heard the sound of a magic word: *Pakistan*, in an educated Muslim family residing in British Central India (Now Madhya Pradesh). With the advancement of age and education, my enchantment with Pakistan increased significantly. Loss of Mughal Empire, pro-longed subjugation of British Imperialism, abject poverty of Muslim masses and concomitant powerlessness, hopelessness, inertia and despair in the wake of aggressive detrimental Hinduism, Christianity and onslaught of alien ideologies such as capitalism, secularism and communism. These dangers were explained to me in simple non-academic terms: "British are non-Muslims savages who have taken over India by force, killing thousands of innocent peoples and capturing all the riches and wealth of India and transferring it to England. Above all they dethroned the last Muslim Emperor Bahadur Shah Zafar, a good man and a very good poet. Hindus are idol worshipers, anti-Muslim and dirty money lenders, sucking the blood of poor people irrespective of race and religion. Capitalists, secularists and communists are atheists. Muslim existence and identity is in constant danger from all sides".

At the age of six, I was told that creation of Pakistan was the only solution for ending slavery and regaining and even

enhancing the past Muslim glory. The most attractive and charismatic slogan "Pakistan ka matlab kiya lailah illal-lah" [پاکستان کا مطلب کیا ہے لیلہ اللہ] electrified the entire Muslim nation under the most dynamio leadership of Quaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah.

My young mind visualized Pakistan as the land of pious pure, unadulterated, uninfected, unpolluted people, residing in a land of pure milk and honey. Pakistan was a dreamland for all the downtrodden Muslims, promising plenty of food, clothing and shelter resulting in healthy minds and bodies. All poverty will vanish. People will be gentle, kind and God fearing, magnanimous, mighty of heart, mighty of mind. People will be materially and morally highly advanced, happy and prosperous. Pakistan will be administered by pious people having the attributes of "Khulafa-e-Rashideen". I continued my emotional involvement with Pakistan, an excellent Model State for the rest of world to emulate.

I continued my emotional involvement with Pakistan Phenomenon. My father arranged excellent secular education for me but no formal religious education. My elder sister suggested to my father that Khushnood should memorize the Holy Quran. He smiled and recited the following couplets:

کوئی مشکل نہیں گر حافظ قرآن ہو جائے
مزہ اس وقت ہے جب عامل قرآن ہو جائے
اگر سارے مسلمان ایک ہی مرکز پہ ہو آجائیں
تو دو دن میں ہمارا ملک پاکستان ہو جائے

Quaid-i-Azam was fully aware of this fact and he gradually and successfully mustered the requisite *Faith, Unity and Discipline* in the Muslim masses of British India.

My elder brother was interested in joining Aligarh Muslim University for further education. My father arranged an extensive tour of all the leading Universities of India including Aligarh Muslim University. My brother selected Calcutta University perhaps because he thought that Calcutta will become a part of East Pakistan. In our simple drawing room there was a World Map.

In presence of my brother, my father asked me to locate Calcutta and Karachi on the World Map. He told us that if at all you have to migrate, you should migrate to Karachi instead of Calcutta. I asked: Why? "Because, Karachi is nearer to Madina-e-Munawara". This was a typical frame of mind of enlightened Muslims before partition. My father had sizeable agricultural land and urban properties. He died when I was only seven. Before his death he told us: "You have no share in this property. Our inheritance is *Ilm* and we will transfer it to you. He also gave the following advise, (wasiyat):

"To give and not to take — to serve and not to be served. Always try to return home before Maghrib. Quaid-i-Azam is the only true Muslim leader".

We did not make any claim for our properties left in India.

After his death we shifted from the great cultural city of Ujjain to Indore. In Ujjain I used to stand first in every class and used to get a scholarship amounting to Rs.5/- every month. I saved Rs.60/- which I donated to Pakistan Muslim League in 1946. My brother worked hard to collect donation for Pakistan in Indore. One day's income was contributed mostly by the poor such as barbers, milkseller, greengrocers, butchers, carpentors and panfarosh. To my knowledge none of them ever came to Pakistan.

Quaid-i-Azam continued as the main driving force. I fell in love with him and composed **the first poem of my life**. In this paper I have termed it as **a tribute of innocence to the genius of Quaid-i-Azam**:

- اي قائد اعظم نام ترا دنيا کے ستارون مين چمکے
1. تو بانئ پاکستان بھي ہے، اور راحت جان مسلم بھي
اي شاھ مسلمانان وطن، اي باعث شان مسلم بھي
اي قائد اعظم نام تيرا دنيا کے ستارون مين چمکے
2. تونے هي پرچم لھرايا، ہم جاگ اٹھے هوشيار هونے
هم اپنے حقوق کے لينے پر، جي جان سي اب تيار هونے

3. کوئی دیسی ہو کہ بدیسی ہو، سب دیکھ کے تجھ کو حیران ہین
ای قاعد اعظم ہم مسلم، سب ساتھ ہین تجھ پر قربان ہین
ای قائد اعظم نام تیرا دنیا کے ستاروں میں چمکے
4. خوشنود نہ یوں مغموم رہو، دلشاد رہو سرشار بنو
گر چاہیے پاکستان تمہین، ایک مردِ جان پیکار بنو
ای قائد اعظم نام تیرا دنیا کے ستاروں میں چمکے

This poem was written on May 7, 1946, when I was only nine years and was very lucky to be innocent. In Indore I joined Islamia Karimia High School but I did not like its standard and after rigorous test, I was admitted to Sanyogta Gang High School. In that school students were pre-dominantly Hindus coming from fairly rich financial backgrounds. I maintained my Muslim identity in the School with Sherwani and Jinnah Cap. Jokingly my Hindu classmates used to call me Jinnah Sahib. At first their attitudes was not friendly but when I topped in the class every thing changed. My class teacher Mr. B. C. Neema was especially kind to me. He was interested in learning Urdu and within months he could read and write simple Urdu. In the School function on August 15, 1947, I did not salute Indian flag and boycotted Banday Matrum but no body objected as they knew that I will leave for Pakistan within a week and they would greatly miss me.

As a Central Government employee my brother Abdul Majeed Siddiqui had opted for Pakistan. He received TA/DA and we left Indore for Bombay enroute for Karachi. Representative of Pakistan received us at Bombay Railway Station and we stayed in a Guest House near Crawford Market and Muhammad Ali Road in Bombay. After a week we sailed to Karachi in a ship called 'S.S.Dwarka'. In the late evening fully illuminated coast line of the lofty dreamland appeared and the entire ship became violently mad with happiness. Chanting very loud continuous slogans:

نعرۂ تکبیر اللہ اکبر، پاکستان زندہ آباد، قائد اعظم زندہ آباد

We walked through Karachi on foot from Kiamari to Bandar Road. We found the city beautiful clean and peaceful. One solitary tram and a few camel carts. A contrast from overcrowded, dirty, polluted Bombay. This is indeed Pakistan, I said my self. My brother/received Transfer Order for Sukkur and a house was allotted to us in Barrage Township with shady trees and clean canals flowings in vicinity. This is a replica of the Promised Paradise; I said to myself, I joined Railway High School Sukkur which was visited one day by Sardar Abdur Rab Nashtar who was in the Cabinet of Liaquat Ali Khan. He addressed in open in the School Playground. He said *Ilm* is like a candle of bright light it would not diminish by illuminating other candles:

نگاہ فقر میں شان سکندری کیا ہے

He tried twice but could not recall the second line, I was in fourth standard. I shouted:

خراج کی جو گدا ہو وہ قیصری کیا ہے

Being a poet himself, he was greatly relieved and happily asked me to come forward. He asked my name and name of my father. I said: Azizuddin Siddiqui. He said: same Azisuddin Siddiqui who was Textile Engineer in Tata Company, Bombay and used to donate generously for Muslim League. I replied Yes Sir. We met again in 1956. Travelling in an old open jeep from Tandojam to Hyderabad, we stopped near Phuleli Bridge. A car bearing the flag of Muslim League passed slowly and then stopped after traveling few meters. The Driver of Car came and told me that Sardar Abdu Rab Nashtar wants to see you. He was sitting with Pirzada Abdur Sattar and he told him: Pirzada Sahib! I was talking about this boy, he is from your Sukkur. I thanked him and read the following couplet:

لله الحمد هر آن چیز کے خاطر می خواست
آخر آمدن پس پرده تقدیر پد ید

In 1949, Allama Dr. Daudpota inspected our School in Sukkur, gave me double promotion and instructed me to join Noor Muhammad High School, Hyderabad which according to him was

one of the finest schools in the Sub-Continent. The school celebrated Eid Milad-un-Nabi in the Hostel Ground of Noor Muhammad High School. The *jalsa* was addressed among others by Abdul Hayee Abbasi. Mohtarma Fatima Jinnah presided over the function. It was a very crowded gathering but they was no security. Every body moved freely. After the function I approached the stage, and paid my respects to Madar-e-Millat. I could not believe my eyes! I requested for an autograph. She said Yes but not now. We are in hurry. You please come tomorrow morning in the Circuit House, Hyderabad. I will wait for you. I did not go to Circuit House but her autograph is permanelty inscribed on my heart and is shining perpetually.

The sad demise of Quaid-i-Azam shook the very existence of Muslim Ummah. India immediately attacked the princely State of Hyderabad Deccan which was a miniature Pakistan for almost a century, providing sustainable financial support to Muslim scholars and poets. Usmania University provided highest education in Urdu including Engineering and Medicine. Great names were associated with Deccan, such as Moulvi Abdul Haq, Bahaduryar Jang, Syed Abul Ala Maududi, Maulana Mahrul Qadri and Dr. Raziuddin Siddiqi. Like others I was also full of grief and lost all hopes but the speech delivered by Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan revived us and fully restored our confidence in the Destiny of Pakistan. He was a great orator and an honest leader. He was my Cock Robin. But he was killed brutally:

1. "Who killed Cock Robin"?
2. I, "said the Sparrow" With my bow and arrow."
3. "I killed Cock Robin".

رستے مہک رہے ہیں شہیدوں کے خون سے
کیسے کٹی ہے راہ گزر ہم سے پوچھئے