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Bhutto Arrival & Dinner Toast 6/5/89 [OA 6264]

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Creton books
to:

Dr. Amos Jordan

CS13

1800 K St, NW

Suite 710

887-0220

REFLECTIONS FROM AL-MURTAZA:

My First Taste of Democracy

As my mother and I enter our second month of detention at Al-Murtaza, the gardens are dying. Before my father's imprisonment and death we had needed a staff of ten to maintain the large gardens and tend to the grounds. But since Al-Murtaza has been turned into a sub-jail for my mother and me, Zia's military regime has permitted only three gardeners to enter. I join the struggle to keep the gardens alive.

I cannot bear to watch the flowers wither, especially my father's roses. Every time he had traveled abroad, he'd brought back new and exotic varieties to plant in our garden—violet roses, tangerine roses, roses that didn't even look like roses but were so perfectly sculptured that they looked fashioned out of clay. His favorite was a blue rose called the "rose of peace." Now the rose bushes begin to shrivel and turn brown out of neglect.

Every morning in the lingering summer heat I'm in the garden by seven, helping the gardeners haul the heavy canvas hoses from one bed to the next. From the corners of the house the Frontier Forces watch me. It used to take the staff three days to water the garden. It takes us eight. By the time we reach the last rosebushes, the first have

already begun to wilt. I will them to survive, seeing in their struggle to live, denied adequate water and nourishment, my own struggle to survive denied freedom.

The happiest hours of my life have been spent among the roses and the cool shade of the fruit trees at Al-Murtaza. During the day the air carried the scent of the *Din ka Raja*, the King of the Day, the sweet white flowers which my mother, like many Pakistani women, used to weave into her hair. At sunset, the air filled with the scent of the *Raat ki Raani*, the Queen of the Night, which sweetened the evenings we spent as a family on the terrace.

More hoses. More water. I sweep the leaves from the patio, and rake the lawn until my arms ache. My palms become raw and blister. "Why are you doing this to yourself?" my mother asks in concern when I slump, exhausted, by midday. It is something to do, I tell her. But it is something more. If I work so hard that every bone in my body is tired, then I am too tired even to think. And I don't want to think of our lives wasting away under Martial Law.

I dig a new garden bed and plant rose cuttings, but they do not survive. My mother is more successful with her plantings of ladyfingers, chilis, and mint. In the evenings, I whistle to a pair of tamed cranes and am gratified when they rush toward me, wings flapping, to take a piece of bread. Calling an animal and having it come, planting something and having it grow, become essential. It is proof that I exist.

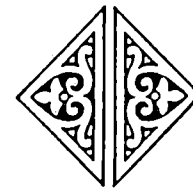
When I am not working in the garden, time becomes something merely to pass. I read and reread my grandfather's Earle Stanley Gardner books, though the electricity is often turned off, leaving my mother and me to spend the days and nights in darkness. There is a television set, but even when the electricity is working there's nothing to watch. In my father's time, there were plays, films, even soap operas on television, as well as talk shows and literacy programs to teach the people to read. When I turn on the television now, there is almost nothing but Zia, Zia giving another speech, discussions of Zia's speeches, censored news programs reporting whom Zia met with or what meetings he attended.

At 8:15 every night my mother and I tune in without fail to the BBC Urdu report on the radio. Only on the BBC do we learn in November that the American embassy in Islamabad has been burned to the ground by angry mobs believing that the United States was behind the takeover of the Grand Mosque in Mecca. As the story unfolds, my

BENAZIR
BHUTTO

An
Autobiography

DAUGHTER
OF
DESTINY



SIMON AND SCHUSTER
New York London Toronto Sydney Tokyo

**REMARKS: BHUTTO ARRIVAL
WASHINGTON, D.C.
JUNE 6, 1989**

**PRIME MINISTER BHUTTO, MR. ZARDARI [ZAR DAR EE],
DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.**

**FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT ONCE CALLED THIS "THE HOUSE
OWNED BY ALL THE AMERICAN PEOPLE." WELL, ON BEHALF OF
ALL THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, BARBARA AND I ARE HONORED TO
WELCOME YOU TO THE WHITE HOUSE.**

- 2 -

YOUR VISIT MARKS AN OCCASION FOR BOTH US TO CELEBRATE AND RENEW THE TIES OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN DEMOCRATIC PAKISTAN AND THE UNITED STATES. AND TO CHART NEW WAYS TO STRENGTHEN OLD BONDS IN THE MANY YEARS TO COME.

THESE BONDS ARE FORMAL BUT, THEY ARE ALSO PERSONAL. FOR YOU ARE NO STRANGER TO AMERICA, NOR TO AMERICANS THEMSELVES.

- 3 -

WE REMEMBER YOU AS A COLLEGE STUDENT, EAGER TO LEARN FROM US -- AND EAGER TO TEACH US ABOUT YOUR HOMELAND. I REMEMBER FIRST MEETING YOU AT YOUR FATHER'S SIDE AT THE UNITED NATIONS AS HE PLEADED THE CAUSE OF PAKISTAN.

WE REMEMBER YOUR VISITS AS A COURAGEOUS OPPOSITION LEADER, TIRELESS IN YOUR ZEAL TO FOSTER DEMOCRATIC CHANGE. AND NOW WE ARE PROUD TO GREET YOU AS PRIME MINISTER AND LEADER OF A GREAT NATION.

- 4 -

WOODROW WILSON ONCE SAID, "I BELIEVE IN DEMOCRACY BECAUSE IT RELEASES THE ENERGIES OF EVERY HUMAN BEING."

MADAME PRIME MINISTER, THE PEOPLE OF PAKISTAN HAVE CHOSEN YOU TO HELP DEMOCRACY FLOURISH IN PAKISTAN.

THIS RETURN TO DEMOCRACY UNDER YOUR LEADERSHIP DESERVES, AND HAS WON, AMERICA'S PROFOUND ADMIRATION. IT HAS STRENGTHENED AMERICA'S ALREADY FIRM RESOLVE TO WORK CLOSELY WITH PAKISTAN.

- 5 -

I CONGRATULATE YOU AND THE PEOPLE OF PAKISTAN. AND I SALUTE THOSE IN YOUR COUNTRY -- CIVIL AND MILITARY -- WHOSE ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL PROCESS WAS SO IMPORTANT IN BRINGING ABOUT DEMOCRACY IN PAKISTAN.

MADAME PRIME MINISTER, YOUR VISIT IS A TIME TO REAFFIRM A HISTORIC RELATIONSHIP NEWLY FORGED ON THE ANVIL OF DEMOCRACY. BUT IT IS ALSO A TIME TO LOOK AHEAD -- AND TO REAFFIRM LIBERTY AND FREEDOM.

- 6 -

BOTH OUR GOVERNMENTS ARE IN THEIR FIRST YEAR. LET US USE THAT FACT TO OUR ADVANTAGE. BY BUILDING ON THE FUNDAMENTAL STRENGTH OF OUR FRIENDSHIP, LET US CRAFT NEW IDEAS AND INITIATIVES TO MEET THE CHALLENGES OF OUR CHANGING WORLD.

I HAVE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS MEETING. YOU WILL FIND US FRANK AND OPEN, AS BEFITS OLD FRIENDS. AND ATTENTIVE LISTENERS WHO VALUE YOUR JUDGEMENT.

- 7 -

TO AMERICA, YOU ARE A WOMAN OF GREAT PERSONAL COURAGE AND FAITH. TO AMERICA, YOU ARE A WISE LEADER WHO EMBODIES THE VERY SPIRIT OF HER PEOPLE. TO ALL OF US, YOU ARE A LIVING SYMBOL OF THOSE WHO RISK ALL AND SACRIFICE MUCH SO THAT OTHERS MIGHT KNOW DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM.

MADAME PRIME MINSTER, WELCOME TO AMERICA.

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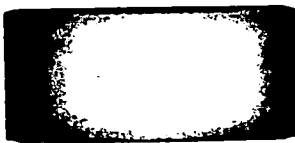
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MADAM PRIME MINISTER, WELCOME TO AMERICA.

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(Smith/Blessey)
May 31, 1989
Draft Two
ARR

300 Pakistani guests

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: BHUTTO ARRIVAL
WASHINGTON, D.C.
JUNE 6, 1989

here are 3 min.

review troops after remarks

~~Prime Minister Bhutto, Mr. Zardari. distinguished guests~~ X

~~Franklin Roosevelt once called this "The house owned by all
the American People." So on behalf of all American people~~
On their behalf, Barbara and I are honored
to welcome you to the White House.

~~Your visit marks an occasion for us to celebrate and renew
the ties of friendship between democratic Pakistan and the United
States. And to chart new ways to strengthen old bonds in the
many years to come.~~

These bonds are national, and they are personal. For you
are no stranger to America, nor to Americans themselves.

~~We remember you as a college student, eager to learn from us
and to teach us about your homeland. And how you stood beside
your father at the United Nations as he pleaded the cause of
Pakistan.~~

NSC draft
 We remember your visits as a courageous opposition leader, untiring in your zeal to foster democratic change. And now we are proud to greet you on your return as Prime Minister.

*New Dict. of Quot.
p. 277*
 Woodrow Wilson once said, "I believe in democracy because it releases the energies of every human being." Madame Prime Minister, the people of Pakistan have chosen you to help democracy achieve a better, fairer, more prosperous life.

NSC draft
 This return to democracy under your leadership deserves, and has, America's profound admiration. It has heightened the support Pakistan has among our people. And strengthened America's already firm resolve to aid Pakistan's security and economy.

NSC draft
 For that achievement, I congratulate you and the people of Pakistan. And I salute those in your country -- civil and military -- whose adherence to constitutional processes was so important in bringing it about.

NSC draft
 Madame Prime Minister, some call your visit a time to reaffirm an historic relationship newly welded on the anvil of democracy. I agree. But it is also a time to look ahead. And to reaffirm the canons of liberty and freedom.

use draft
 Our two new governments are both in their first year in office. Let us use that fact to our advantage. By building on the fundamental strength of our relations, let us craft new ideas and initiatives. And let us use those initiatives to meet the daunting challenges of our changing world.

Of this you can be sure: I look forward to our talks. You will find us frank and open, as befits old friends. And attentive listeners who value your judgement.

sup's 4/89 p.128
 Above all, you will find us eager to get on with the job: To build a democratic peace for your son, now barely 9 months old, and for all the children of the world -- the kind of peace which lasts.

N5C draft
 In closing, let me again welcome you to America. I know that the exchanges you have here and in Cambridge and New York this week will show why Americans so admire your leadership -- and the Nation that you so ably, and courageously, embody.

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(Smith/Blessey)
May 31, 1989
Draft Three
PAK

after dessert

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: BHUTTO TOAST
WASHINGTON, D.C.
JUNE 1989

NSC draft
Prime Minister Bhutto and Mr. Zardari: It is a pleasure and honor for Barbara and me to welcome you to our country and to our home.

NSC draft
Leah's 4/89
Sandy Charles
3352
And I also want to welcome a third honored guest, not here tonight: Master Bilawi Zardari, now all of nine months old, whose early bed-time precluded attendance!

chronology
Madame Prime Minister, I have had many dealings with the Pakastani people. And, always, I have marveled at that blend of warmth and kindness best embodied in your phrase, "Zindabad" [ZIN-de-bod]. Yes, "Long live the friendship."

Dr. Iftekhar
Lib. of Cong.
4122-7788
This evening, it is my great pleasure to ^{honor} ~~return~~ that friendship. And to note my steadfast conviction that the cooperation between our countries will grow stronger by the year.

That belief was reinforced by our discussions today. And in that context, let me recall that when I was at Yale more years

2

ago than you count in your lifetime, I learned an old adage about a rival institution to the North.

NSC draft It went: You can always tell a Harvard man, but you can't tell him much. Madame Prime Minister, I was reminded again as we met this afternoon that the adage applies to Harvard women as well.

NSC draft Your breadth of knowledge has enriched your Nation. And enriched today's discussions. There, we resumed the dialogue we began in Tokyo. And agreed to build on the ties between Pakistan and the United States on a broad spectrum of regional and international issues.

NSC draft Those issues, including Afghanistan, reflect our many areas of common interest and concern. And as we talked, I was struck again -- not only by the convergence of our political and economic assessments, strong as it is -- but by what I like to call our shared "human agenda."

NSC draft That agenda proclaims that a country possesses no more precious national resource than its own people. And that health, education, and a strong economy can invest in the individual, and in the future.

3

Like you, Madame Prime Minister, the United States wants to use those resources to build that future. And we intend to assist your country's economic and social development as a critical part of our joint agenda.

To realize that development, we must first stop the scourge which knows no barriers, no distinction between rich and poor. I speak, of course, of drug abuse. Today, Pakistan and the United States are united in our commitment to eradicate this scourge. We must ensure that with each passing month, our cooperation grows.

Finally, Pakistan and the United States must uphold, and will, the most important element of our shared agenda: a commitment to dignity, individuality, and democratic ideals.

By withstanding the forces of tyranny, let us strengthen the cause of freedom in Afghanistan.

By improving relations between the Nations of Asia, let us foster a more stable, more prosperous, more unified region.

And by assisting people everywhere who hate oppression, let us support the winds of human liberty now changing, and uplifting, the face of our world.

These are great goals, worthy goals. Together, we have already done much. And, in particular, let me salute your role, Madame Prime Minister, in Pakistan's return to democracy. Now, let us do more. And as we do, America will work with you -- as a friend, and as a democracy -- in the many years ahead.

The great Pakistani poet-philosopher, Mohammed Iqbal [Eek-BAHL], once said, simply, "Love is freedom and honor."

Madame Prime Minister, your entire life shows the meaning of those words. And in that spirit, I ask all of our guests tonight to rise and raise their glasses:

-- To Pakistan-American friendship;

-- To your son, and to the children of this globe;

-- And to your health, and what you symbolize -- both for Pakistan, and for the world.

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On Assignment with

Benazir Bhutto

How I midwifed the
autobiography of Pakistan's
courageous Prime Minister

By Linda Bird Francke

Benazir Bhutto pauses to kiss the Holy Koran in the doorway of Al-Murtaza, her family's ancestral home in Larkana, Pakistan. It is election day, November 16, 1988, and the 35-year-old political leader is on her way to vote in the first democratic election held in Pakistan since her father was overthrown 11 years ago. As journalists and television crews from



Bartered Bride: Benazir in December 1987 (left), on the day of her arranged marriage to Asif Zardari, and 11 months later (above), on the day of elections, visiting a women's voting station.

all over the world record her every move, Benazir makes her way with her mother and sister through the throngs of political supporters dancing in the walled courtyard. No one would guess that the tall, elegant young woman has barely recovered from an emergency cesarean section five weeks ago, and has had only six hours' sleep in the last two days of campaigning. As I climb into a jeep to follow Benazir to the polling station, the turmoil of working with her on her memoirs over the last 19 months is muted by wonderment. Benazir and her political party, the Pakistan People's Party, are the odds-on favorites to win the election no one thought would ever be held. And the book, which has strained me at times past the breaking point, is about to have its third and completely unexpected last-minute ending.

The project had seemed straightforward enough when I was approached with the idea in the winter of 1987. I had just finished

"Jiye Bhutto!" Long live Bhutto: She is to her people the redeemer of dreams, the vindicator of her murdered father.

working with Jihan Sadat, the widow of Egyptian president Anwar Sadat, on her memoirs when a New York literary agent called with a new collaboration proposal: Benazir Bhutto. I hardly hesitated. Like many others, I'd been awed by the news stories of Benazir's daring return to Pakistan from European exile in the spring of 1986, following the lifting of martial law. The beautiful young political dissident, showered with petals and greeted by ecstatic mobs numbering in the millions, seemed the stuff of political myth. Here was the brave and determined daughter of Pakistan's only democratically elected prime minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, who'd been overthrown in 1977 and subsequently hanged by Zia ul-Haq, his army chief of staff. Benazir, a graduate of Radcliffe and Oxford, had picked up her father's political banner after the coup and, at great cost to herself, during the next nine years of martial law under General Zia, constantly challenged the dictator to hold democratic elections.

The contrast between our lives was sobering. While I was feeling burdened by a full-time job at *Newsweek* and raising three



children, Benazir was spending the better part of five years being arrested, released, and re-arrested, detained in houses declared b-jails by Zia's military regime, and ten brutal months imprisoned in solitary confinement. After her release from political detention in 1984 to seek treatment abroad for a mastoid condition that would permanently damage her hearing, she spent two years fighting the dictator from exile in England, only to see the younger brother of her two brothers poisoned in a still-unresolved killing and the other—deemed a terrorist—forced into hiding. Three months after the lifting of martial law on December 30, 1985, Benazir had returned to test Zia's claim of renewed democratic freedom, only to be arrested again in August 1986 and jailed for a month. Benazir, now more or less free to move about Pakistan, was still making her populist fist under the nose of her father's assassin.

Her story was irresistible. I signed the contract.

"Don't tell anyone at the Pakistani consulate you're going to work with Benazir," I was advised by a Pakistani friend in April 1987, when I and my editorial associate, Daniel Wolfe, were preparing to leave for Pakistan. "They work for Zia and you'll never get a visa." We adopted the cover of travel writers and, armed with letters from *Condé Nast's Traveler* magazine, got the visas. Still, we were nervous as Lufthansa sped us eastward from refueling stops in the deserts of Saudi Arabia and Dubai on toward Karachi. We were about to arrive on General Zia's turf to work with his political nemesis on a book he definitely did not want published. As we stepped into the deadening 100-degree heat in Karachi, I felt the way I had when I encountered two hammerhead sharks 40 feet below the surface of the Humboldt current. In their element, not ours, sharks' rules prevail.

Ancient banyan trees lined the boulevards of fashionable Clifton, where Benazir's grandmother had built the Bhutto family home shortly after Benazir's birth. As we were driven past the Libyan, Soviet, and Iranian embassies, rooks circled overhead, their constant cawing underscoring the tension. Nothing was reassuring. The 15-foot walls of the Bhutto compound at 70 Clifton were topped by coils of barbed wire. Our car, Benazir's Pajero jeep, had bullet dents in the door from a recent attempt on her life. Pictures of Benazir, of her murdered father, of her mother who had been imprisoned herself after the coup and was now living in Europe, were plastered all over the Pajero, along with political slogans of the Pakistan People's Party, written both in Urdu, the national language of Pakistan, and in Sindhi, the provincial language. People gaped as the familiar jeep went by. The Bhutto family was definitely not low-profile on the subcontinent. Nor from the moment we entered the gates of 70 Clifton, observed through binoculars and photographed by Zia's intelligence agents in the military van permanently stationed across the street, were we.

"Never tell anyone your plans in advance," Benazir directed me that day, "especially over the phone; it's tapped. And remember never to use your last names. Let Zia's intelligence agents work to find out who you are." We were sitting in the windowless reception hall of the sprawling two-story house in which she, the eldest child in the family, had grown up with her grandparents, parents, sister, and two brothers, and where she now lived alone. Her cat, who was her only company during her detention in this house, was curled up beside her on the couch. Pictures of her brothers, who had left Pakistan at their father's orders shortly after the 1977 coup, were on the table, as was a picture of her sister Sanam, who now lived in London. It was in this room, Benazir told me,

Today I'll do the last visit I had with my father in his death cell," she said, pacing up and down the room.



Beauty and Power: B.B. is the stuff of great myth.

that she and her sister were held at gunpoint by the army while their father was taken away. "You shameless cowards!" the normally shy Sanam had yelled at her father's captors.

"I'll tell the story chronologically," Benazir said. Each morning during the three hours she set aside every day from her political schedule to work on the book, she sat on the floor next to the tape recorder on the coffee table and, with perfect recall of dates and events, recounted her life. While she talked, she drank glass after glass of water, as if to finally quench the thirst she'd endured during her five months of solitary confinement in a desert prison in 1981. I had been told by a journalist in London that Benazir could be temperamental and cold, but in our early sessions she seemed soft, almost girlish, as she reminisced about her childhood. Her paternal grandmother, she said—Lady Khurshid, whose husband, Sir Shah Nawaz, had been knighted by the British for his government services before the partition of India—had given a 100-rupee note to a poor man passing in the street to invoke a blessing on Benazir when she was born on **June 21, 1953**. Nicknamed Pinkie because of her rosy complexion, Benazir uttered her first word, *ao*—"enter"—from her potty in her parents' room in response to a servant's knock on the door.

She was born into one of the wealthiest land-owning families

I had no choice," Benazir told me . . . "If I ever were to marry, I knew it would have to be an arranged affair."



The Groom: "Everyone in Pakistan is in love with her."

in Pakistan; their holdings, before partition and subsequent land reforms, had been measured in square miles, not acres. The Bhuttos, however, had broken with feudal tradition. "Many land-owning families did not bother to educate their sons, let alone their daughters," Benazir told me, "but my grandfather believed strongly in education." Her father was the first Bhutto son sent to study in the West (Berkeley and Oxford), while she, in turn, became the first Bhutto woman to be educated abroad.

I searched Benazir's face for signs of the losses she had suffered or the danger she was still living under in Zia's Pakistan. But there were none. Dressed as always in colorful *shalwar kameez*, her almond-shaped eyes rimmed in black kohl, she talked nonstop, moving through her pampered childhood to her years at Radcliffe, where she answered a telephone for the first time in her life and graduated cum laude in 1973, to Oxford, where she became the first Asian woman to be elected president of the Oxford Union debating society and where she indulged a craving for Baskin-Robbins ice cream by driving her yellow MGB very fast into London. Two weeks after she returned to Pakistan from Oxford in June of 1977, impatient to join Pakistan's foreign service, the army surrounded the prime minister's residence in Rawalpindi

while the family slept. Two years of agony followed, during which her father was tried on trumped-up charges of conspiracy to commit murder and she herself was in and out of detention as she struggled in vain to save his life. In the retelling, as hope ran out for her father our taping sessions grew increasingly painful.

Her face was very pale when we met for our work session about ten days after my arrival in Pakistan. "Today I'll do the last visit I had with my father in his death cell," she said, pacing up and down the room, her posture so erect she almost seemed to be leaning backward. "Are you sure?" I asked, knowing that she had never talked about it before. "I've got to face it," she said. "Give me the tape recorder and don't interrupt me." Her anguish during the next hour was palpable as Benazir put herself back in time. Rawalpindi District Jail on April 3, 1979, where she was forced to reach for her emaciated and ill father through the bars of his cell door because the prison authorities refused to open it. "Until we meet again," her father had called after her as she and her mother were taken back to their own nearby prison in a deserted army camp. They knew he would be executed that night. "Are you okay?" I asked when she was done, wiping the tears from my own eyes. "Yes," she said. "Are you?"

Over the next six weeks, while we traveled with Benazir all over Pakistan, my admiration for her grew. So did my skepticism about her chances of prevailing. Though there was little hope of Zia ever sanctioning democratic elections, Benazir stubbornly held public meetings, paid condolence calls on the families of political prisoners executed by Zia's regime, and, in this very Muslim country, prayed at the shrines of saints. The political pace never let up, and as the temperature hovered at 105, I took to wearing a water-soaked scarf around my neck to keep from fainting. It came a matter of honor, after taping the personal accounts of tortures suffered by her political colleagues, lawyers, journalists, even housewives, not to succumb to something as trivial as heat. Or to the menacing atmosphere. Death threats from Zia's agents preceded Benazir wherever she went.

But so did idolizing crowds in the hundreds of thousands. Zia's regime did not allow any pictures of Benazir or even the mention of her name on state-controlled television. The only way she could reach the people and buoy their hopes for elections was in person. "Jiye Bhutto!"—"Long live Bhutto!"—Daniel and I quickly learned to call out in Urdu when frenzied supporters of the Pakistan People's Party packed hundreds deep around our car in dusty processions following Benazir. Gaily painted trucks and buses loaded beyond overflowing regularly took over all the lanes of highway traffic and paralyzed the narrow streets of old cities. With no protection save for her unarmed, volunteer bodyguards, Benazir waved to the crowds through the roof of her jeep, ducking down only to change the cassettes of political songs blaring on the tape deck. At times she was almost invisible in blizzards of rose petals.

"Hurry! Hurry!" her aides yelled at me when we arrived at a public meeting in Hyderabad. "Lady! Lady! Lady!" they shouted to part the dense crowds of young men so I could get through to the stage. I was wrenched along, my hand gripped by an aide as I was plunging ahead, invisible in the dense sea of people in front of me. "Now! Now! Now!" I was commanded after my arm had been passed to another aide on the steps of the stage. As he held me up, I crashed into an overenthusiastic but unauthorized porter being hurled down. We both ended up flat on our backs

the dust. "I understand you had a little accident. Are you all right?" Benazir said calmly when I finally limped onto the stage, to the envious stares of 150,000 people.

"What is it about her?" I asked Samiya Waheed, one of Benazir's close friends and traveling companions, as I looked out over the acres of people. "The people of Pakistan feel enormous guilt for not having saved her father's life," Samiya explained. "They think of her as an orphan, and themselves as her family. She has suffered for the people and they, in turn, will lay their lives down for her." Shortly after Benazir began to speak, in Urdu, Samiya came to get me. "You've seen the crush of the crowds. You have to leave a half hour before she does," Samiya whispered. "Otherwise we cannot be responsible for your safety."

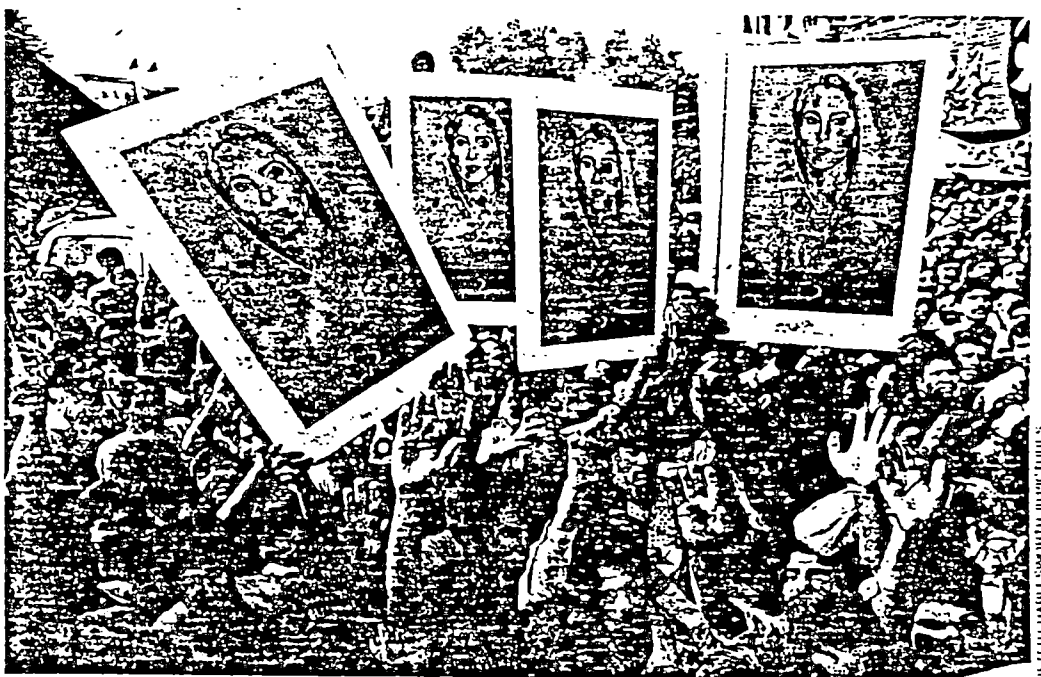
In early May we finished taping the book. We were in Lahore, the capital city of Punjab where Rudyard Kipling immortalized *Kim*. It was Ramadan, and everyone in the household where we were staying was fasting from dawn to dusk. The political mood was grim. One of the party's student leaders had been kidnapped by a militant fundamentalist group, and a volunteer bodyguard had been killed after falling off a car in Benazir's motorcade. Zia's regime had stepped up its surveillance of Benazir. Troops armed with automatic weapons surrounded the house just out of sight behind the walls. Chills passed through the household after an intelligence officer inquired at the gate about "Mrs. Linda."

As a precaution before leaving for the States on our separate flights, Daniel and I made duplicates of Benazir's tapes and the photocopies of her prison diaries. As a going-away present, Benazir gave me a gold ring—and a briefcase with a large lock. "Send a message to let us know you arrived safely," she said. My flight was scheduled for 11:00 P.M. At 10:30, one of Benazir's political allies picked me up, then stopped to pick up a sympathetic immigration officer at his home. "Just follow us without talking," my two escorts told me at the airport. My eyes never left their backs as I walked through immigration and customs without being questioned. My heart almost stopped when the flight was called and the priceless briefcase was taken from my hands and placed in the back of an airport minivan. The only other two passengers who got into the van had briefcases in the back identical to mine. Were they playing a shell game?

I successfully retrieved my briefcase at the steps to the plane and, in case Zia's men came after me, stashed it in an overhead bin far away from my seat. I'd put my sister's name and address in London on it. "If anything happens to me, please see that that briefcase gets delivered," I said to the startled British Airways flight attendant. Then we sat, and sat, on the runway. "This is nothing," my seat companion said unconcernedly. "We got all the way out to the end of the runway in Sri Lanka when the plane was called back and the police got on and arrested two people." I

downed a stiff scotch when the plane finally took off, the first drink I'd had since I'd arrived in this Muslim country, and toasted the receding coastline. Little did I know that trouble with the book was just beginning.

Communication with Benazir over the next few months proved to be impossible. The few unsatisfactory times I managed to reach her on the phone, the line would abruptly go dead. Only material hand-carried by friends to her or from her ever arrived. Then, two months after my return, I picked up *The New York Times* and read, dumbfounded, that Benazir was marrying a Karachi businessman named Asif Zardari. Even more dumbfounding was the news that Benazir, the epitome of the modern Muslim woman, had agreed to an arranged marriage. "Conscious of my religious obligations and duty to my family, I am pleased to proceed with the marriage proposal accepted by my mother," read her official statement from London. I tracked her down by phone in England.



Idol of the Bazaar: PPP supporters line the streets of Lahore.

"Don't you think it's a happy ending for the book?" Benazir said. "There are limits to what one has to do for happy endings," I said.

In December 1987 I flew back to Pakistan for the wedding. "I had no choice," Benazir explained to me in her bedroom at 70 Clifton as a hairdresser was arranging her hair in a trial wedding style. "If I ever were to marry, I knew it would have to be an arranged affair. There is no way with my high-profile life that I could ever get to know someone normally. There's enough gossip about my every move already. And my relatives have been after me for years to marry."

"But is it politically expedient?" I asked, sensing that much of her support came from her seeming vulnerability as a single woman in such a family-oriented society. "The people want me to be happy," she said. "As long as they know my marriage will in no way deter me from pursuing a better, more secure future for them, they will support it."

They certainly seemed to. In the (Continued on page 128)

week before the wedding, hundreds of people gathered outside the Bhutto compound. Gifts of food and handmade clothing were constantly being passed through the gates. Wedding dolls fashioned in the likeness of Benazir and Asif appeared in the bazaars, along with cassettes of wedding music. The Asian press was claiming it the wedding of the century on the subcontinent.

"I like him," I said to Benazir. Once again we were in her bedroom, where, two days before the wedding, she was trying out a second hairdo and new makeup. "You do?" she said, her eyes huge in her pale face. "Yes, I do," I said firmly, not even attempting to imagine the jitters she must be feeling marrying a man she'd never been alone with.

"Do you know what you're really in for?" I'd asked Asif the night before as the growing crowds outside the compound cheered and sang. "Yes, yes, I'm not a child," he said with a smile. "No one is promising me a rose garden." "But are you in love with her?" I pressed him. "Everyone in Pakistan is in love with her," he replied diplomatically.

When I left Pakistan a week later, having been followed to and from 70 Clifton by a military-intelligence truck filled with troops, the palms of my hands were hennaed in the intricate vegetable-dye design for women in a wedding household, and Benazir was a married woman. I arrived home just in time for Christmas with the material for the new final chapter and the hope of better communications with Benazir. She had given me a secret telephone number to a fax machine hidden somewhere in Karachi—she never told me where (fax machines were declared illegal by the regime). My fax connection was in the house of a Sagaponack, Long Island, neighbor, author John Irving. For the next three months he and his wife, Janet, were woken up regularly in the middle of the night by the fax bell announcing the arrival of corrected pages from Karachi. In April, a year after my first visit to her house, Benazir came to mine. We spent two marathon weeks in New York and Sagaponack finishing the manuscript. To let off steam, when she was with me on Long Island I took her to the stretch-and-tone class every

afternoon at a health club in Southampton. When she left for Washington on April 24, before returning to Pakistan, I thought the book was finished for the second time.

I was wrong. "Benazir's pregnant," a friend said to me at a party on May 25. "She's not," I said. "She just left here four weeks ago. She would have told me." My friend shrugged. "I read it in a newspaper

While I was forgetting all about Pakistan on the boat to Block Island, General Zia had been killed in a plane crash. "Can you believe it?" said Benazir from Karachi. "After all the years of terror and pain, Zia is simply gone."

in Boston," she said. Four days later the news from Pakistan was even more startling. Not only was Benazir's pregnancy confirmed, but Zia had simultaneously fired his government and called for the first general elections in Pakistan since the coup 11 years before.

Once again the book was blown open. The British publishers, Hamish Hamilton, extended their deadline to the end of June. There was less urgency in America, where Simon & Schuster was planning to publish four months after the British. But the English deadline had to be met.

"Okay. Let's hit it," I said to Benazir over the phone to Karachi on June 1, rigging my tape recorder to the receiver. Mercifully the connection was good and, for the first time, uninterrupted. Benazir told me that she had not known she was pregnant until she had seen a doctor in England on her way back to Karachi from America. The timing of Zia's call for elections, she said, was very suspicious. "A lot of people are convinced that the news confirming that I was expecting prompted Zia's announcement of elections. They say he can't

afford to have me on the campaign trail. But I doubt in any case that the elections will be fair and impartial. Zia is already on record as saying he will not return power to those he had taken it from."

"When is the baby due?" I asked her.

"In the fall sometime," she said vaguely.

I found out later that she was purposely keeping the due date a secret to thwart Zia's intent to schedule the election around her confinement. The baby, a son named Bilawal, would be born a month prematurely on September 21, two months ahead of Zia's calculations for the elections, set for November 16. For now, though, she was looking for names for the baby. "Can you and Daniel think of some auspicious Muslim names?" she said. "We'll serve them to you on the 'messenger,'" I said using the code word for her fax machine. "And you send us the material we need."

Janet Irving manned the fax machine five nights on end as background material, clips, and a draft of the final chapter flowed into her living room from Karachi. On June 5 Daniel flew to Pakistan with the new pages for Benazir to edit. The bulk of the book was already in galley in England. The latest additions would be included as postscript. When Daniel returned on June 24, we worked around the clock, as when Federal Express left with the final material for the British deadline, we uncorked a bottle of champagne.

July was spent in a blur of copyediting and proofreading the British edition, and updating the American one. I celebrated the end of the project in August by going to Block Island, a ferry ride from where I lived. I arrived on August 17, to be greeted on the front steps of the hotel by the manager. She was holding a legal-size yellow pad covered with phone messages. While I was forgetting all about Pakistan on the boat to Block Island, General Zia had been killed in a plane crash.

I was stunned by the news and immediately returned home. "Can you believe it?" Benazir said over the phone from Karachi. "After all the years of terror and pain, Zia is simply gone." The British publisher was just as agog. Past the eleventh hour, the news of Zia's death could be added to the British edition only as an editor's note. Simon & Schuster had time, albeit barely,

BENAZIR BHUTTO

include the death and the upcoming elections in an epilogue. Working from newspaper clips faxed from England and Pakistan, brief phone calls to Benazir, and tapes from a friend who had gone to Pakistan to work on Benazir's campaign, I prewrote what I could of the epilogue. On November 8, Daniel and I flew to Karachi.

The fall air was cool, only 93 degrees, when we arrived for the elections and moved back into the now-familiar compound at 70 Clifton. The pencils, notepads, paper clips, and yellow "flags" we had left behind on previous trips were still in the desk; a supply of Diet Coke was already in the refrigerator. Benazir, hardly recovered from the kidney infection that had sidelined her after the birth of her son, was away campaigning in the provinces of Sindh and Punjab, where her crowds were reaching half a million. Her 63-year-old mother, Nusrat, was campaigning from 70 Clifton despite a burning fever.

The atmosphere in Karachi was radically different from that of the dictatorial Zia era. Two months after Zia's death, the supreme court had upheld Benazir's constitutional petition to allow political parties to participate in the elections. As a result, colorful political banners spanned the width of the streets, and party symbols (the bicycle for Benazir's major coalition opponents in the Islamic Democratic Alliance; the arrow for Benazir's Pakistan People's Party) were glaringly displayed on billboards and compound walls all over the city. "Do you believe what we're seeing?" Daniel and I wondered. Even the intelligence van stationed across from the compound was gone.

The army moved into position in Karachi two days before the elections, sending tanks into sensitive areas and setting up sandbag escarpments on street corners. Inured by now to the presence of the military, I did my Christmas shopping under the barrels of automatic weapons. "Gidget goes to the elections," I muttered a bit hysterically to Daniel as we crisscrossed one heavily fortified area. But if ever there was a time to celebrate in Pakistan, this was it. Benazir's 11-year-long call for democratic elections was finally being heard.

"Congratulations," we said to Benazir when we met up with her at her family's country home in Larkana on November

15, election eve. Huge painted portraits of her, her father, and her mother hung on the front of the house, along with a Pakistan People's Party arrow outlined in white lights. While women and their daughters from this conservative rural area looked on from the lawns, hundreds of men danced in the courtyard to the throbbing sound of oboes and drums as television crews filmed

The army moved into position two days before the elections. Inured by now to the military, I did my Christmas shopping under the barrels of automatic weapons.

the action. There wasn't a vestige of the gloom that had hung so heavily on our previous visits.

We gave Benazir a tiny Harvard sweat-shirt for Bilawal. She seemed different: softer, younger, her skin freckled by non-stop campaigning in the sun. "Can you believe all this has happened since we began the book?" She smiled, her face almost radiant. The pace of events did strain credulity. After 11 years of unrelieved tension, in the past 11 months she had married, had a son, seen the nightmare of the Zia era end, and was about to arrive at the climax of her stubborn crusade to vindicate her father's death and return the country to democracy. "I'm glad you're here. We've been through so much together," she said to me, as if the pressures of the book were comparable to all else that she had endured.

On election day Daniel and I went with Benazir while she voted in the separate polling stations set up for women, then on to pray at her family's walled ancestral graveyard, which itself has become a shrine. I could only imagine her feelings as she stood barefoot in the dust looking down at the graves of her father and brother, blanketed as ever in the colors of the Pakistan People's Party and covered with roses and marigolds.

We stayed up till dawn on election night, watching the returns on television. As the broadcast was in Urdu, only by looking at Benazir's face and the faces of others in the room could Daniel and I figure out how the vote was going. It was not until noon the next day that the count was completed. Pakistan's first democratic political party, founded by the man who lay buried 15 miles away and now led by his daughter, had won a resounding victory. The Bhuttos were back.

Benazir started editing the epilogue on the plane back to Karachi on November 17. After a day of press conferences and nonstop political meetings on November 18, she finished up in a grueling editorial session with us that began at midnight and lasted till 3:00 A.M. "I'm sorry I didn't have time to take you all to lunch," she said when we left a few days later with the ultimate ending. "Let's stay in touch."

Back in Long Island, I held my breath for days. The Pakistan People's Party had won a plurality of seats in the National Assembly, but not a majority. The army stood in the wings. So did the vestiges of Zia's regime, whose coalition party had run second to Benazir's. Who would be asked to form a new government? The final pages of the book were sitting on my desk. Everything was finished except for the two last sentences, which by now would have to run in an editor's note.

The Federal Express truck was waiting in the driveway when the news finally came through. On December 1, Benazir Bhutto was named Prime Minister of Pakistan. "At 35, Bhutto became one of the youngest elected leaders in the world and the first woman to lead a Muslim country," I hastily typed, then reached for the phone. "I want to send a telegram to the prime minister of Pakistan at the prime minister's residence in Rawalpindi," I told the Western Union operator, daring to believe again in happy endings. "What is the message?" the operator asked. "Only two words," I said. "'Welcome home.'" ■

Linda Bird Francke, who worked with Benazir Bhutto on her memoirs, Daughter of Destiny, just published by Simon & Schuster, is currently writing a biography of Christina Onassis.

NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20506

May 31, 1989

MEMORANDUM FOR CHRISS WINSTON

FROM: G. PHILIP HUGHES 
SUBJECT: Presidential Statements for Pakistani Prime
Minister's Visit

State has forwarded proposed draft arrival and dinner statements for the President's use during the June 6 State visit of the Pakistani Prime Minister. We have reviewed and revised those statements, and are forwarding them to you for final action (Tab A). If you have any questions, the NSC staff contact for the visit is Ms. Sandra Charles, X3552.

Attachment

Tab A Revised Public Statements

NSC
draft

DINNER TOAST

It is a pleasure and honor for Barbara and me to welcome Prime Minister Bhutto and Mr. Zardari to our country and to our home. We also welcome a third honored guest, not here tonight: Master Bilawal Zardari, whose early bed-time precluded his attendance.

Madam Prime Minister, when I was at Yale more years ago than you count in your lifetime, I learned an old adage about a rival institution to the North.

It went: You can always tell a Harvard man, but you can't tell him much.

I never knew until you proved it today that the adage applied to Harvard women as well. The breadth of your knowledge of the wide range of subjects we discussed today demonstrates again the value of an Ivy League education.

I'm sure the Secretary of State would agree.

In these discussions, we resumed the dialogue we began in Tokyo. The friendship between our two countries has been deep and abiding. Pakistan and the United States have long cooperated on a broad spectrum of regional and international issues, including Afghanistan. It was no surprise this morning, then, when we rediscovered our many areas of common concern and interest.

As the Prime Minister and I conferred, I was struck -- not by the convergence in our political and economic assessments, strong as it is -- but by what I like to call our shared "human agenda."

For like you, Madam Prime Minister, we believe that a country possesses no more precious national resource than its own people. You realize, as we do, that there is no better investment than the individual. You have put health, education and a strong economy on the top of your Administration's list of priorities. The people of the United States and my own Administration join you in these aspirations: they are our own. We look forward to working with you to realize Pakistan's vast human potential. Our commitment to assist your country's economic and social development is a critical part of our joint human agenda.

We cannot speak of human development today without mentioning a menace that threatens it world-wide. I speak of drug abuse -- a scourge that knows no borders, no distinction between rich and poor, no respect for the dignity of young or old. Madam Prime Minister, Pakistan and the United States are united in our pledge to eradicate this plague. With each passing month, the cooperation between our two countries grows.

Finally, Pakistan and the United States once again share a commitment to the most important element of the human agenda: democracy. The new democratic Pakistan has become a beacon to other countries as they seek to navigate the often treacherous path to representative government. I salute you, Prime Minister because you never lost faith in Pakistan's ultimate return to democracy. Pakistan, with you at the helm, has made a brave beginning. You have the best wishes and support of the United States -- always a friend, once again a fellow democracy -- in the challenging years ahead.

Madam Prime Minister, Mr. Zardari, ladies and gentlemen: I propose a toast to the friendship of the United States and Pakistan.

ARRIVAL STATEMENT

Prime Minister Bhutto, Mr. Zardari: Barbara and I are delighted to welcome you to the White House. Your visit is an occasion for us to celebrate and reaffirm the ties of friendship and trust between democratic Pakistan and the United States. It provides an opportunity for us to chart fresh ways to strengthen those steadfast bonds for the years to come.

Madame Prime Minister, you are of course no stranger to America and to Americans.

- We remember you as a college student, eager both to learn from us and to teach us about your homeland;
- We remember you at the side of your father at the United Nations, when he pleaded the cause of Pakistan;
- We remember your visits as a courageous opposition leader, untiring in your efforts to bring about democratic change;
- And now we are proud to greet you on your return as Prime Minister, chosen by the people of Pakistan in free and open elections to lead them toward a better, fairer, more prosperous life.

This return to democracy under your leadership has won profound admiration in this country. It has heightened the support Pakistan enjoys among the American people, and thus given even more solid underpinning to the firm commitment of the United States to Pakistan's security and economic progress. We congratulate you and the people of Pakistan on this achievement, and hail the civil and military of your country whose firm adherence to constitutional processes was so important in bringing it about.

But if your visit is a time to reaffirm an historic relationship strengthened by newly forged democratic bonds, it is also a time for new beginnings. Our two new governments, both in their first year in office, can and will build on the fundamental strength of our relations to craft new ideas and new initiatives to meet the daunting challenges of a changing world.

I look forward to the talks we will have today to consider how we can proceed together to deal with these challenges and changes.

In all our discussions you will find us frank interlocutors, as befits old friends. You will also discover us to be attentive listeners. We admire your courage and will value your judgement.

I am confident that the exchanges you have here and in Cambridge and New York this week will vividly demonstrate to you the appreciation of the American people and their government for what you have already accomplished and their support for Pakistan in the future.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20270

GEORGE HERBERT WALKER BUSH

CHRONOLOGY

June 12, 1924 Born at home, 173 Adams Street, Milton, MA, to Prescott and Dorothy Walker Bush.

1925 Moved to Greenwich, CT. (Summer vacations were always spent at Walker's Point, Kennebunkport, ME).

1929-37 Attended Greenwich Country Day School, Greenwich, CT.

June 1942 Graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, MA.

June 12, 1942 Enlisted in the United States Navy as Second Class Seaman.

Aug 1942-
Sept 1945 Active duty.

June 9, 1943 Commissioned an Ensign and became youngest pilot in the Navy at the time.

Sept 2, 1944 Shot down in the Pacific.

Jan 6, 1945 Married Barbara Pierce, Presbyterian Church, Rye, New York.

Sept 1945 Relieved from active duty. He was a Lt. (jg) and had flown 58 combat missions in the Pacific Theater, received the Distinguished Flying Cross and three Air Medals.

July 6, 1946 Birth of son, George Walker Bush.

June 1948 Graduated from Yale University, B.A. in Economics, Phi Beta Kappa.

Final baseball game, NCAA College World Series, Kalamazoo, MI. Went on to West Texas to find a job and home.

Summer 1948 Moved to Odessa, TX, with wife Barbara, son George, and dog in a Studebaker.

1948-1950 Salesman, Dresser Industries in West Texas; Huntington Park, Bakersfield, Whittier, Ventura, and Compton, CA.

Dec 20, 1949 Birth of daughter, Pauline Robinson Bush (Robin).

1949 Moved to Midland, TX.

1951-1953 Co-founded royalty firm, Bush Overbey Oil Development Co. [John Overbey]

1953 Co-founded Zapata Petroleum Corp. [William and Hugh Liedtke]

Feb 11, 1953 Birth of son, John Ellis Bush (JEB).

Oct 11, 1953 Death of daughter Robin.

1954-1966 Co-founder and President of Zapata Offshore Co. (Drilling operations in Kuwait, Borneo, Trinidad, and the West Indies).

Jan 22, 1955 Birth of son, Neil Mallon Bush.

1956 Named by Jaycees as one of Five Outstanding Young Texans.

Oct 22, 1956 Birth of son, Marvin Pierce Bush.

1959 Moved to Houston (Houston has been their legal residence since 1959). Became a member of St. Martin's Episcopal Church. Later served as Vestryman.

Aug 18, 1959 Birth of daughter, Dorothy Walker Bush.

1960 London business trip.

1963 Elected Chairman of Harris County Republican Committee.

1964 Unsuccessful candidate for U.S. Senate. Lost to Ralph Yarborough (D-TX). Won 43% of vote. Led Goldwater by 200,000.

1964 Delegate (TX), Republican National Convention, San Francisco.

Sept 1965 Zapata's off-shore oil rig, the Maverick, was swept away by Hurricane Betsy. No lives lost.

1967-1971 Member of Congress; Texas, 7th District. Was unopposed for re-election in 1968.

1967-1971 Member, House Ways and Means Committee (Chaired by Wilbur Mills). First freshman legislator in 60 years to be chosen.

Dec 1967- Jan 1968	Visited South Vietnam front at his own expense, as well as Thailand and Laos (two weeks).
1968	Delegate (TX), Republican National Convention, Miami Beach, FL.
Apr 1969	Was appointed by Speaker of the House as a delegate to the U.S.-Mexican Interparliamentary Group to promote greater understanding between the two countries.
1970	Unsuccessful candidate for U.S. Senate. Lost to Lloyd Bentsen. Won 47% of the vote.
1971	Prior to assuming UN duties, visited The Hague, Brussels, Vienna, and Rome to observe international organizations and specialized agencies.
1972	Attended UN Security Council meeting in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.
Feb 1971- Jan 1973	U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. [During this time, PRC admitted, India-Pakistan War broke out, Israeli-athletes murdered in Munich, Israel attacked Lebanon, Security Council met on terrorism and hijackings].
Jan 1973- Sept 1974	Chairman, Republican National Committee. [Actively sought to increase participation of women and minorities].
Sept 1974 Jan 1976	Chief, U.S. Liason Office, People's Republic of China.
Jan 1976- Jan 1977	Director, Central Intelligence Agency.
1977-1979	Chairman, Executive Committee, First International Bank, Houston.
1977	West Germany: Attended international economic conference.
June 1977	Appointed Adjunct Professor of Administrative Science, Rice University.
Oct 1977	People's Republic of China and Tibet: Guest of Chinese Institute of Foreign Affairs. Travelled with Lowell Thomas.

1979-1980	Candidate for Presidential nomination, Republican Party.
July 1979	Israel: Participant in international conference on terrorism. Also visited Egypt.
July 1980	Nominated as Vice Presidential candidate, Republican Party.
Jan 20, 1981	Inauguration Ceremony. Sworn in as Vice President of the United States.
Jan 1981	Vice President George Bush appointed Chairman, Presidential Task Force on Regulatory Relief.
Feb 1981	Vice President Bush appointed Chairman, Task Force to Investigate the Deaths of the Children of Atlanta.
March 1981	Vice President appointed Chairman of Special Situation Group of National Security Council (formerly the Crisis Management Team).
Jun 1981	France and Great Britain: Bi-lateral meetings.
Jun 30, 1981	Philippines: Inauguration of President Marcos.
Sept 1981	Mexico: Independence celebration.
Oct 1981	Venezuela: Funeral of President Betancourt.
	Dominican Republic, Colombia and Brazil: Attended bi-lateral meetings.
Jan 1982	Vice President appointed Chairman of South Florida Task Force to coordinate solutions to drug epidemic.
Apr 1982	Three week trip for bi-lateral discussions with the heads of Japan, Korea, Singapore, Australia, New Zealand and People's Republic of China.
June 1982	Saudi Arabia: Funeral of King Khalid.
Aug 7, 1982	Colombia: Inauguration of President Betancur.
Nov 1982	Cape Verde, Senegal, Nigeria, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Zaire and Kenya: Discussion of Namibian independence and U.S. policy in Africa.
	Bermuda.

Nov 1982	USSR: Funeral of President Leonid Breshnev and meeting with General Secretary Andropov.
Jan 30- Feb 10, 1983	Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, France, Great Britain and West Germany: Discussions with NATO allies on deployment of Pershing missiles.
Mar 1983	The Vatican: Meeting with Pope John Paul II. Canada: Talks on arms reduction.
Jun 10, 1983	Vice President Bush appointed Chairman, National Narcotics Border Interdiction System (NNBIS).
Jun 24- Jul 7, 1983	England, West Germany, Norway, Iceland, Denmark, Ireland, Sweden and Finland: Discussion of issues facing NATO allies; Reaffirmation of close U.S. ties to neutral countries of Northern Europe.
Sept 1983	Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Yugoslavia, Romania, Hungary and Austria: Consultation on matters of mutual interest.
Oct 1983	Jamaica and Puerto Rico.
Oct 26, 1983	Lebanon: Visit with US Marines and meeting with President Gemayel.
Nov 1983	Appointed by the President to chair the Follow-up Group to work with the Japanese on trade matters.
Dec 10, 1983	Argentina: Inauguration of President Alfonsin.
Dec 11, 1983	El Salvador: Discussions of death squad activity.
Feb 14, 1984	USSR: Funeral of Yuri Andropov and meeting with General Secretary Chernenko.
Feb 1984	Great Britain, Italy, France and Luxembourg: Discussions on Multi-National Force; Meeting with Pope John Paul II and Prime Minister Werner.
Mar 30, 1984	Guinea: Funeral of President Toure.
Apr 1984	Switzerland: Presentation of treaty to ban chemical weapons to United Nations Conference on Disarmament.
May 8-18, 1984	Japan: Discussion of bi-lateral economic and trade issues with Japan.

May 8-18, 1984 Pakistan, Indonesia, India and Oman:
Reaffirmation of close relations with the other countries.

May 29, 1984 Washington, D.C.: Addressed opening session of NATO foreign ministers meeting.

Aug 1984 Ecuador: Inauguration of President Cordero.

Mar 1985 Sudan, Nigeria, Mali: Visit to drought-stricken countries.

Switzerland: Address to United Nations International Conference on the Emergency Situation in Africa.

USSR: Funeral of Konstantin Chernenko; meeting with General Secretary Gorbachev.

Brazil: Inauguration of President Neves.

Grenada and Honduras: Demonstration of US support of trend toward democracy in Central and South America.

June 1985 West Germany, Italy, Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, France and Great Britain: International meeting on the hostages; discussion on defense and political unity.

Jul 13, 1985 Under the provisions of the 25th Amendment to the Constitution, Vice President Bush became President of the United States from 11:32am to 7:22pm while President Reagan was undergoing surgery.

Jul 20, 1985 Vice President Bush appointed Chairman, Task Force on Combatting Terrorism.

Oct 1985 Mariana Islands, People's Republic of China, Hong Kong. ✓

Jan 1986 Guatamala: Inauguration of President Cerezo.

Jan 1986 Honduras: Inauguration of President Azcona.

Mar 1986 Tunisia: Reaffirmation of close relations.

Portugal: Inauguration of President Soares.

Apr 1986 West Germany.

Saudi Arabia: Dedication of American Embassy.

GEORGE BUSH BIOGRAPHY

ADDENDUM

FORMER ASSOCIATIONS

BUSINESS AFFILIATIONS:

Director of:

First International Bank, Houston, TX
First International Bankshares Corporation, Dallas, TX
First International Bankshares, Ltd., London
Camco, Inc., Houston, TX
Acustron, Houston, TX
Eli Lilly, Indianapolis, IN
Purolator Corporation, Piscataway, NJ
Texasgulf, Inc., Stamford, CT

TRADE AFFILIATIONS:

Texas Midcontinent Oil and Gas Association
Independent Producers Association of America
American Association of Oil Well Drilling Contractors

TRUSTEE:

Trinity University, San Antonio, TX
Baylor College of Medicine, Houston, TX
Phillips Academy, Andover, MA
Hedecroft Hospital
Holly Hall (retirement home)
Hitchcock Hospital, Houston, TX

The Vice President has been awarded 37 honorary degrees.

OTHER MEMBERSHIPS:

Council on Foreign Relations (6-7 years)
Trilateral Commission (one year)
Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity (Yale)

The Vice President has retained his membership in the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion.

Vice President George Bush retains membership in only the Episcopal Church Foundation and St. Martin's Episcopal Church, Houston.

A New
DICTIONARY OF
QUOTATIONS
ON *HISTORICAL*-PRINCIPLES

FROM
ANCIENT AND MODERN SOURCES

Selected and Edited by

H. L. MENCKEN



NEW YORK : ALFRED A. KNOPF : 1978

[said] . . . that a moriantman which sails well, but strike on a rock and go to list a republic is a raft which sinks, but then your feet are water.

EMERSON: *Politics*, 1841 (Fisher Ames, 1758–1808)

despair of finding any heroes and contented putting up with them.

RYLAND: *Past and Present*, III, 1843

giving but a constitutional arch that has succeeded another arbitrary power.

DEMON: *Solution du problème social*, 1848

return to war, and war con-

ARD: *Eulogy on John Quincy Adams*, 1848

act, that the air of a democracy with mere talent than with

U. POE: *Marginalia*, 1844–49

democracy, you must in due time of a democracy. You will give great impatience of the combined in due season with of the public expenditure. season have wars entered and not from reason; and reason submit to peace ignorant and ignominiously oblige diminish your authority longer your independence. season find your property is d your freedom less com-

RAELI: Speech in the House Commons, March 31, 1850

all the people, by all the people.

ER: Speech at Boston, May 50 (Cf. COOPER, ante, 1795; WEBSTER, 1830)

word primeval—I give the; My God! I will accept cannot have their counter-terms.

MAN: *Walt Whitman*, 1855

democratic must, sooner, or rty or civilization or both.

AY: *Letter to H. S. Randall*, May 23, 1857

democracy will end, but it et old age.

METTERNICH (1773–1859)

ices do not constitute one
IBID.

It has been evident for years that the country was doomed to run the full length of democracy.

R. E. LEE: *Letter to his wife*, Jan. 23, 1861

Democracy gives every man

The right to be his own oppressor.

J. R. LOWELL: *The Biglow Papers*, II, 1862

I will have never a noble,

No lineage counted great;

Fishers and choppers and plowmen

Shall constitute a state.

R. W. EMERSON: *Boston Hymn*, 1863

(Read in Music Hall Boston, Jan. 1)

Government of the people, by the people, for the people.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: Gettysburg address,

Nov. 19, 1863 (Cf. COOPER, ante, 1795;

WEBSTER, 1830; PARKER, 1850)

Humble as I am, plebeian as I may be deemed, permit me in the presence of this brilliant assemblage to enunciate the truth that courts and cabinets, the President and his advisers, derive their power and their greatness from the people.

ANDREW JOHNSON: Speech in the Senate chamber on being sworn in as Vice-President, March 4, 1865 (Johnson was drunk at the time)

The world is weary of statesmen whom democracy has degraded into politicians.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI: *Lothair*, XVII, 1870

I say that democracy can never prove itself beyond cavil until it founds and luxuriantly grows its own forms of art, poems, schools, theology, displacing all that exists, or that has been produced anywhere in the past, under opposite influences.

WALT WHITMAN: *Democratic Vistas*, 1870

I do not deny the rights of democracy, but I have no illusions as to the uses that will be made of those rights so long as wisdom is rare and pride abundant.

H. F. AMIEL: *Journal*, June 12, 1871

Even in the purest democracies, such as the United States and Switzerland, a privileged minority stands against the vast enslaved majority.

M. A. BAKUNIN: *Dieu et l'état*, 1871

To put political power in the hands of men embittered and degraded by poverty is to tie firebrands to foxes and turn them loose amid the standing corn.

HENRY GEORGE: *Progress and Poverty*, x, 1879

She had got to the bottom of this business of democratic government and found out that it was nothing more than government of any other kind.

HENRY ADAMS: *Democracy*, 1880

Democracy most of all affiliates with the open air, is sunny and hardy and sane only with

nature—just as much as art is. Something is required to temper both—to check them, restrain them from excess, morbidity.

WALT WHITMAN: *Specimen Days*, May 6, 1882

He who takes the oath today to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States only assumes the solemn obligation which every patriotic citizen—on the farm, in the workshop, in the busy marts of trade, and everywhere—should share with him. The Constitution which prescribes his oath, my countrymen, is yours; the government you have chosen him to administer for a time is yours; the suffrage which executes the will of free men is yours; the laws and the entire scheme of our civil rule, from the town meeting to the state capitols and the national capitol, is yours.

GROVER CLEVELAND: Inaugural address, March 4, 1885

Democracy has always been the death agony of the power of organization.

F. W. NIETZSCHE: *The Twilight of the Idols*, 1889

I should be very sorry to find myself on board a ship in which the voices of the cook and the loblolly boys counted for as much as those of the officers upon a question of steering, or reefing topsails; or where the "great heart" of the crew was called upon to settle the ship's course.

T. H. HUXLEY: *On the Natural Inequality of Man*, 1890

Democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Soul of Man Under Socialism*, 1891

In performing its functions, Christian democracy is most strictly bound to depend upon ecclesiastical authority, and to render full submission and obedience to the bishops and those who represent them.

POPE PIUS X: *Apostolic Letter to the Bishops of Italy on Catholic Social Action*, Dec. 18, 1903

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Maxims for Revolutionists*, 1903

I believe in democracy because it releases the energies of every human being.

WOODROW WILSON: Speech in New York, Sept. 4, 1912

A democracy is a state which recognizes the subjection of the minority to the majority, that is, an organization for the systematic use of violence by one class against the other, by one part of the population against another.

NIKOLAI LENIN: *The State and Revolution*, 1917

Shutb

5/26/89

Predicted Populations for 2000

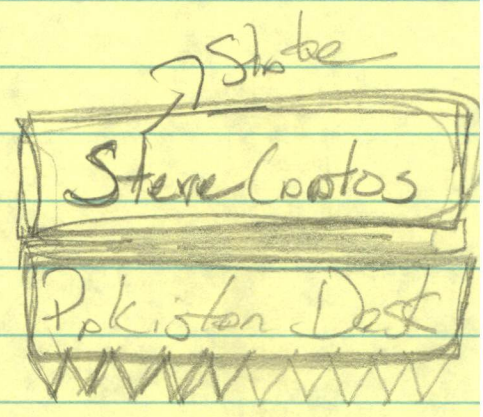
World 3.66 bill
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 S.W. .17 bill

Af. - Bang. Sr. Lanka
 Jordan Syria Paki
 Lebanon Yemeni Sand. Ara
 Israel

Pakistani - Americans

100,000 - 125,000
Pakis

N.Y.C.
 Detroit
 Houston



Community based organization

Predicted
 Worldwide pop. by 2000
 c. 2 bill.

Pakistan

5/30/89

Iqbal

- phil. who lived in Germany
- thought democracy was unnecessary

Zormineh

Iqbal

~~Zin~~

Zindabad

CSIS

Dr. Jordan

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Reception

Zindah.bahd.

- long live the friendship

Love is

Freedom

206 - Room

707 - 5420

5600

Dr. ^{Samuel} Iftikhar

422 - 7788

(Smith/Blessey)
May 26, 1989
Draft Two
PAK

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: BHUTTO TOAST
WASHINGTON, D.C.
JUNE 1989

Madame Prime Minister and Mr. Bhutto and our distinguished guests from Pakistan and the United States.

It is customary, on occasions like these, to welcome visiting heads of State and their spouses to the White House. And this evening, I am indeed honored to do so.

X But tonight also has a personal, not merely formal, meaning. For I have been to your Nation many times. And, always, I have received that blend of warmth and friendship best embodied in the Pakistani saying, " ."

Madame Prime Minister, it is my great pleasure now to return that favor. And to note that for decades -- since Pakistan, in fact, became an independent Nation -- our two countries have been joined by ties which grow stronger by the year.

I think, for example, of ties in such areas as tourism, educational exchanges, and economic cooperation. Or our joint ventures in agriculture, science, and technology.

X X Or the 100,000 million Americans who claim a Pakistani background -- and whom termed, " .". They make the United States a richer, more vibrant, more pluralistic place.

But perhaps the tie that matters most -- both now and in the future -- is our shared commitment to liberty, global freedom, and, yes, democratic ideals.

Here, you have done much. And I know you will do more.

mc By withstanding the forces of tyranny, for instance, you have strengthened the cause of freedom in Afghanistan. Now, let us hasten that day when the millions of Afghans who led their Nation can return to their families and resume their lives.

By improving relations between yourselves and India, you have subdued regional tension and conflict. Now, let us go further -- to build a safer, more united, more prosperous Asia.

And by assisting America's dedication to the cause of liberty, you have assisted the winds of change -- of democracy -- sweeping our planet. Tonight, let us pledge to remain strong and

NSC { resolute: to build peace not for ourselves alone, but also for our children -- the kind of peace which lasts.

Madame Prime Minister, by the year 2000, there will be — billion people in Asia -- more than 1 out of every 2 human beings. What Pakistan does will affect all of Asia. What Asia does will affect all the world. World Bank

X The great Pakistani poet-philosopher, Mohammed Iqbal, once said: " ."

Let that be our glasses. And in that spirit, I ask all of our guests tonight to rise and raise their glasses:

-- To Pakistan-American friendship;

-- To the ties which bind our Nations;

-- And to your health, Madame Prime Minister, and what you symbolize -- both for Pakistan, and for the world.

#

Poems from Iqbal

Translated by
V. G. KIERNAN

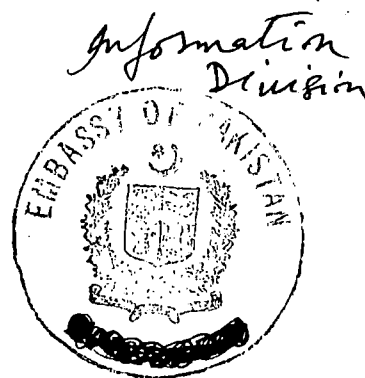


*Information
Division*

John Murray, Albemarle Street,
London, W.

Poems from Iqbal

Translated by
V. G. KIERNAN



John Murray, Albemarle Street,
London, W.

Closed in that dust a radiance
Lies hidden, in whose clear light
Shall all the sky's fixed tenures
And orbits fade from sight.'

—Suddenly rose the prayer-call,
And overflowed heaven's lake ;
That summons at which even
Cold hearts of mountains quake.

48. Sestet

THOUGH I have little of rhetorician's art,
Maybe these words will sink into your heart :

A quenchless crying on God through the boundless sky—
A dusty rosary, earth-bound litany—

So worship men self-knowing, drunk with God ;
So worship priest, dead stone, and mindless clod.

49. Love

THE martyrs of Love are not Muslim nor Paynim,
The manners of Love are not Arab nor Turk !
Some passion far other than Love was the power
That taught Ghazni's high ruler to dote on his slave.
When the spirit of Love has no place on the throne,
All wisdom and learning vain tricks and pretence !
Paying court to no king, by no king held in awe,

Love is freedom and honour, whose scorn of the world
Holds more than the magic that made Alexander
His fabulous mirror—its magic makes men.

50. At Napoleon's Tomb

STRANGE, strange the fates that govern
This world of stress and strain,
But in the fires of action
Fate's mysteries are made plain.

The sword of Alexander
Rose sun-like from that blaze
To make the peaks of Alwand
Run molten in its rays.

Action's loud storm called Timur's
All-conquering torrent down—
And what to such wild billows
Are fortune's smile or frown ?

The prayers of God's folk treading
The battlefield's red sod,
Forged in that flame of action
Become the voice of God !

But only a brief moment
Is granted to the brave—
One breath or two, whose wage is
The long nights of the grave.

U.S. Department of State congratulates Dr. Sam Iftikhar

Washington, DC—Mr. John C. Hitehead, the Acting Secretary of State wrote to Dr. Sam Iftikhar, have learned that on Pakistan Day, March 23, 1987, the Government of Pakistan will confer on you one of its highest awards—the Tamgha-i-Pakistan medal. The honor is a well-merited recognition of your many achievements in both Pakistan and the United States. I understand further that this is not the first time you have been selected for special recognition by the Pakistan Government. Your scholarly attainments as a specialist on the poetry of Iqbal, who first envisioned the idea of the nation of Pakistan, have built your reputation and projected the best of Pakistan culture in the United States. Here you are known as well for your contributions to international understanding and learning through your activities among Americans

of Asian descent, and your work as a South Asian specialist at the Library of Congress.

It gives me great satisfaction to add my good wishes and warmest congratulations to those of your other friends and associates.

On March 23, 1987, the President of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan, General Mohammad Zia-ul-Haq was pleased to confer on Dr. Sam Iftikhar the award of Tamgha-i-Pakistan (Order of Pakistan) "in recognition of his services for the projection of a positive image of Pakistan in the United States and for working with exemplary dedication for the promotion of greater understanding and appreciation of Pakistan and her interests in the U.S. academic and intellectual circles, and for rendering enormous service in guiding interested people, students and scholars to publications and

materials on South Asia generally and on Pakistan particularly."

Dr. Iftikhar is currently serving as President of the South Asian Muslim Studies Association, Senior Vice President of the National Advisory Council on South Asian Affairs, Vice President of the Lincoln Commission, Chief Advisor of the Pakistan Association of Greater Washington and the Pakistan League of America, and a member of various organizations including U.S.-Pakistan Subcommission on Education and Culture, U.S. Capitol Historical Society, Research Committee on the Punjab and the Association for Asian Studies.

In these capacities Dr. Iftikhar has organized and chaired numerous high level conferences and seminars, and has presented scholarly research papers and given key-note addresses on South Asian affairs and perso-

nalities including Quaid-i-Azam and Allama Iqbal.

Dr. Iftikhar was born and brought up at Kalaswala in Sialkot District. He passed his high school examination from C.T.I. High School Sialkot; received B.A. degree from Gordon College, Rawalpindi; M.A. degree from Punjab University, Lahore; and M.S. and Ph.D. degrees from Syracuse University, New York.

Dr. Iftikhar is the Executive Director of the International Prayer Fellowship and an Elder and a Sunday School teacher in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C. He resides at 6100 Ager Road, Hyattsville, MD 20782 with his wife Shamim and three children, Irfan Martin, Naseem Nancy and Nasreen Elizabeth.

Congratulations

- Pakistan Association of Greater Washington
- The Muslim Development Corporation
- Bazm-e-Pakistan
- Pak-Arab America Students Alliance
- Doctors Association of North America
- Greater Washington Chapter
- Jamiat-ul-Muslimeen (USA)
- Pakistan Society of Brooklyn, New York
- Pakistan Federation of America
- Pakistan Political Action Committee
- Pakistan Muslim Association of America

and other Pakistan organizations of North America extend their heartiest congratulations to Dr. Sam Iftikhar, the recipient of Tamgha-i-Pakistan (Order of Pakistan) from the President of Pakistan on March 23, 1987.

Phone: Sam Iftikhar

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Stephanie Blevy
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SUBJECT: m/for

Allama
Muhammad Iqbal

3

Portrait of Allama Muhammad Iqbal.



ALLAMA MUHAMMAD IQBAL

Allama Muhammad Iqbal, poet-philosopher and dreamer of Pakistan, was born on November 9, 1877, at Sialkot in the Punjab. Iqbal started his education in a mosque where he learnt Arabic and Persian. His thorough grounding in these languages was due to Sayyed Mir Hassan (later Shams-ul-Ulema).

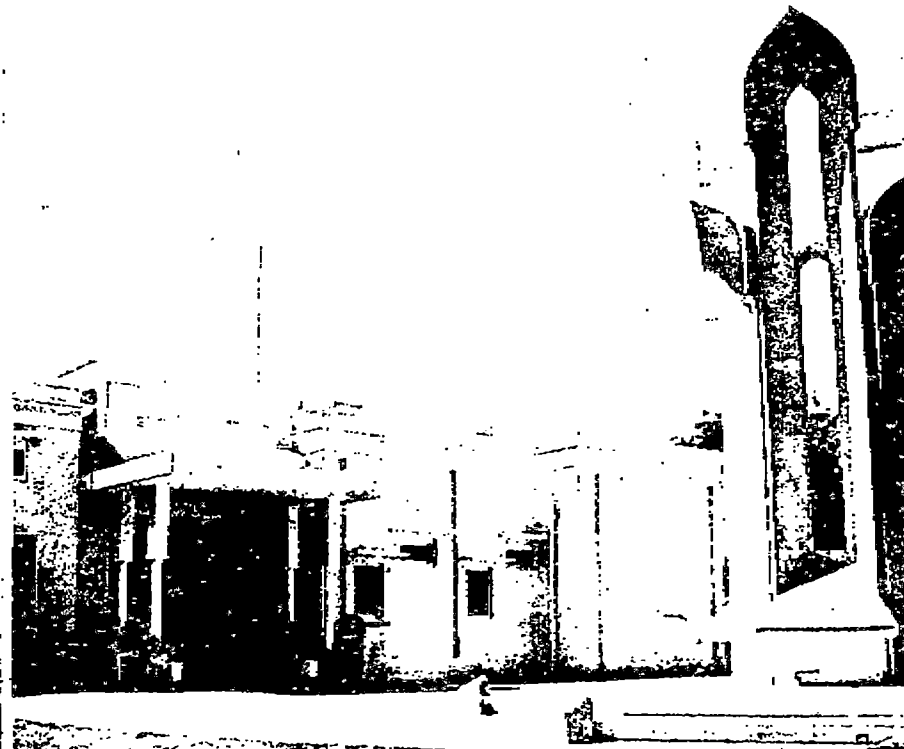
Iqbal graduated in 1897 and obtained his M.A. degree in 1899. At the Government College, Lahore, he came under the influence of Prof. Thomas Arnold who taught him Philosophy. He went to England in 1905. He graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge University, in 1907. He was called to the Bar in the Trinity Term 1908. Between 1905 and 1907 he went to Germany for a doctorate in Philosophy. He submitted a thesis at the Munich University on the "Development of Metaphysics in Persia". His range of interests covered religion, philosophy, art, politics, economics, nationalism, the revival of Muslim life and the universal brotherhood of man. He used poetry as his medium of expression because he was a born poet.

His first book *Ilmul Iqtisad* was on economics written in Urdu in 1903. His first poetic work was

Asrar-i-Khudi in 1915 followed by *Rumuz-i-Bekhudi* in 1917. *Pyam-i-Mashriq* appeared in 1929, *Zabur-i-Ajam* in 1927, *Javed Nama* in 1932, *Pas Cheh Bayed Kard ai Aquam-e-Sharq* in 1936 and *Armughan-i-Hejaz* in 1938. All these books were in Persian.

His first book of poetry in Urdu language is *Bang-i-Dara* published in 1924. *Bal-i-Jibril* came in 1935 followed by *Zarb-i-Kalim* in 1936. *Bang-i-Dara* consists of

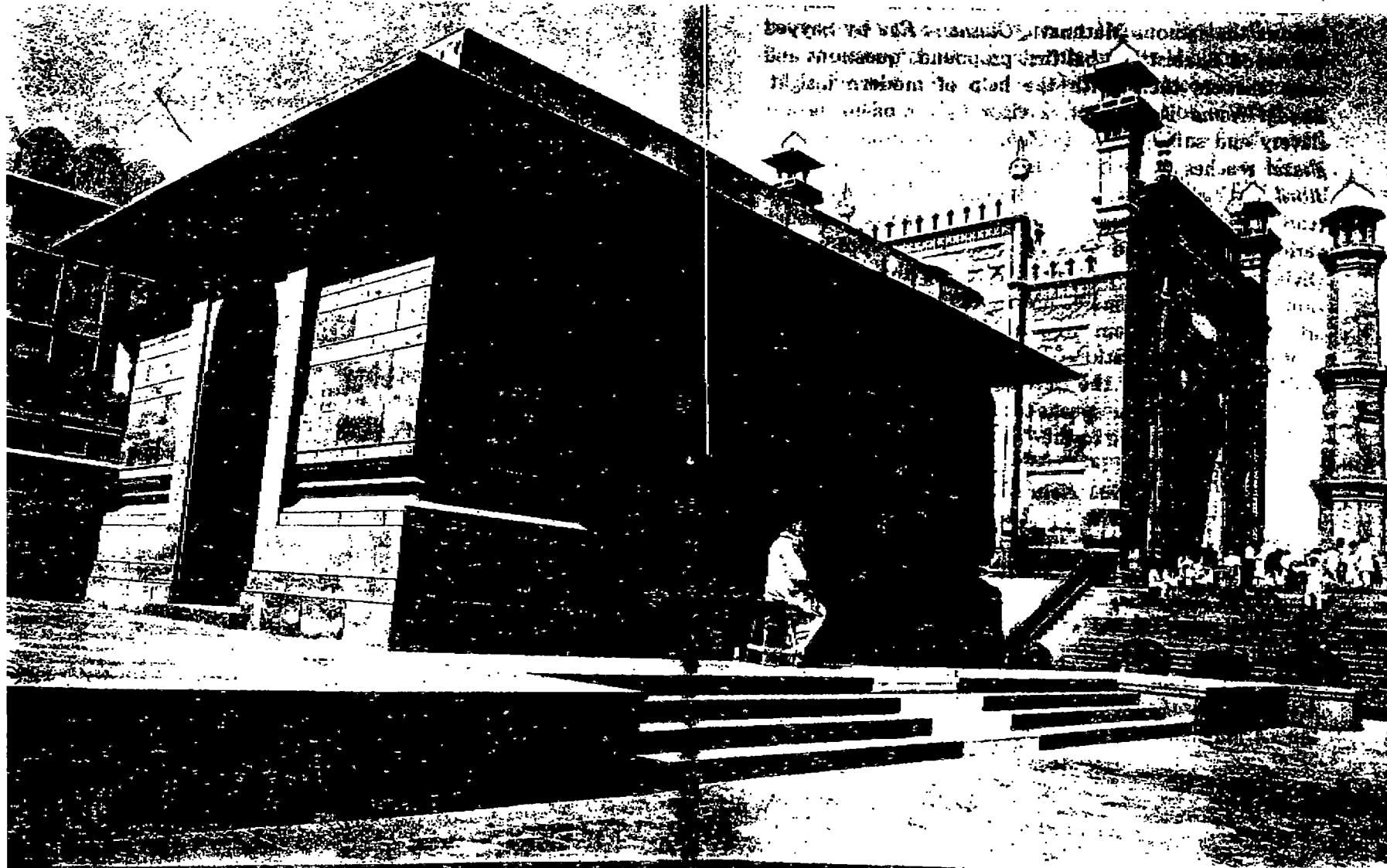
Allama Iqbal Museum, Lahore.



selected Urdu poems belonging to three preliminary phases of Iqbal's poetic career. *Bal-i-Jibril* is the zenith of Iqbal's Urdu poetry. It consists of ghazals, poems, quatrains, epigrams etc. *Zarb-i-Kalim* was described by Iqbal himself as a declaration of war against the present era. The main topics of the book are Islam and the Muslims, education and upbringing, woman, literature and fine arts, politics of the East and the West etc. In *Asrar-i-Khudi*, Iqbal has explained his philosophy of self. He

proves by various means that the whole universe obeys the will of the self. Iqbal condemns self-destruction. For him, the aim of life is self-realization and self-knowledge. Here he acquaints us with the stages through which the self has to pass before finally arriving at its point of perfection enabling the knower of the self to become the "Vicegerent of Allah on earth". In *Rumuz-i-Bekhudi*, Iqbal proves that Islamic way of life is the best code of conduct for a nation's viability. *Pyam-i-Mashriq* is an

Mausoleum of Allama Iqbal, Lahore.



answer to "West-Ostlicher Divan" by Goethe, the famous German poet. Goethe bemoaned that the West has become too materialistic in outlook and expected that the East would come up with a message of spirituality. A hundred years went by and then Iqbal gave a lesson to the Western countries reminding them of the importance of morality, religion and civilization and underlining the need for cultivating feeling, ardour and dynamism.

Zabur-i-Ajam includes *Mathnavi Gulshan-i-Raz-i-Jadid* and *Bandgi Nama*. In *Gulshan-i-Raz-i-Jadid*, he follows the famous *Mathnavi Gulshan-i-Raz* by Sayyed Mahmood Shabistri. Iqbal first propounds questions and then answers them with the help of modern insight. *Bandgi Nama* is, in fact, a vigorous campaign against slavery and subjugation. In *Zabur-i-Ajam* Iqbal's Persian *ghazal* reaches its zenith as his Urdu *ghazal* did in *Bal-i-Jibril*. In *Javed Nama*, Iqbal depicts himself as *Zinda Rud* (the living stream) guided by Rumi, the master, through various heavens and has the honour of approaching Divinity and coming in contact with the divine illuminations. Several problems of life are discussed and answers are provided to them. His hand falls heavily on the traitors to their nations like Mir Jafar from Bengal and Mir Sadiq from the Deccan. At the end, by addressing his son Javed, he speaks to the young people at large and provides guidance to the "new generation".

Pas Cheh Bayad Kard ai Aquam-i-Sharg includes *Mathnavi Musafir*. Here Iqbal makes Rumi, the master, utter this glad tidings. "East awakes from its heavy sleep". In this the reader finds the most inspiring details of and commentary on voluntary poverty and free man, followed by an exposition of the mysteries of Islamic laws and Sufic perceptions. He laments the dissension among the Indian as well as Muslim nations. *Mathnavi Musafir* is a memento of a journey to Afghanistan. *Armughan-i-Hejaz* consists of two parts. The first

contains quatrains in Persian, the second contains some poems and epigrams in Urdu. The Persian quatrains convey the impression as though the poet is travelling through Hejaz in his imagination. The Urdu portion of the book contains some categorical criticism of the intellectual movements and social and political revolutions of the modern age.

Iqbal wrote two books in English language, the first being *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia* in which continuity of Persian thought has been discussed. *Sufism* has been dealt with in detail. In Iqbal's view, *Sufism* awakens the slumbering soul to a higher ideal of life. The second book is titled *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*. It is a collection of Iqbal's six lectures which he delivered at Madras and Hyderabad. Some of the main subjects of these lectures are: Knowledge and Religious Experience; the Philosophical Test of Religious Experience; the Conception of God and the Meaning of Prayer; the Human Ego and Predestination and Free Will; the Spirit of Muslim Culture and the Principle of Movement in Islam (*Ijtihad*).

He served for a few years as a professor of philosophy and oriental learning at the Government College, Lahore, and the Punjab University Oriental College. He delivered dozens of speeches in his life. He practised at the Lahore High Court Bar except for about last four years of his life. He met the visitors freely. Anybody could come to him to listen to what he said. In spite of all this he could spare time for poetry so rich in meaning and so artistic in its exposition. In fact, his poetry made philosophy sing.

As for his politics, he joined the London branch of the All-India Muslim League while he was in London studying law and philosophy.

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Iqbal felt he had received a divine message which he had to put in reality. Under the guidance of this message he decided to give a lead to the Muslim Ummah and bring it out of the dark dungeon of slavery to the vistas of independence. He repeated this theme in many poems afterwards, for example, *Sham-o-Sehr*, *Jawab-i-Shikwa*, *Khizr-i-Rah*, *Tulu-e-Islam* etc. He never wavered. He never lost heart. His first and foremost concern, naturally, were the Indian Muslims. He was certain that the dawn of the Islamic resurgence was about to appear and the Muslims of the South Asia subcontinent were destined to play a prominent role in it.

Building upon Sir Syed's two-nation theory, absorbing the teachings of Shibli, Ameer Ali and other great Indo-Muslim thinkers and politicians, listening to Hindu and British voices, and watching the fermenting Indian scene closely for approximately 60 years, he knew and ultimately convinced his people and their leaders, particularly Jinnah that:

"We both are exiles in this land
Both longing for our dear home's sight."

That dear home is Pakistan, on which he harped like a flute-player, but whose birth he did not witness.

It was Allama Iqbal who, in his presidential address at Allahabad session of the All-India Muslim League, put forward the idea of a Muslim State in the North-Western Muslim majority regions of India. It was in December, 1930. He said:

"I would like to see the Punjab, North-West Frontier Province, Sind and Baluchistan into a single state. Self-government within the British empire or without the British empire. The formation of the conso-

lidated north-west Indian Muslim state appears to be the final destiny of the Muslims, at least of the north-west India."

In the beginning, as was but natural, this idea was vague. That state could be a big autonomous Muslim province within Indian federation. It could be out of India but within the British Commonwealth. And so on. It went on evolving until it assumed the shape of Muslim

Allama Muhammad Iqbal in ecstasy.



state or states in the western and eastern Muslim majority zones as is obvious from the following lines, occurring in Iqbal's letter of June 21, 1937, to the Quaid-i-Azam only ten months before his death.

"A separate federation of Muslim provinces, reformed on the lines I have suggested above, is the only course by which we can secure a peaceful India and save Muslims from the domination of non-Muslims. Why should not the Muslims of north-west India and Bengal be considered as nations entitled to self-determination just as other nations in India and outside India are".

On 21st March, 1932, Allama Iqbal delivered the presidential address at Lahore at the annual session of the All-India Muslim Conference. In that address, too, Allama Iqbal laid stress on his viewpoint in respect of nationalism in India and the situation of the Muslims under the circumstances prevailing in the subcontinent. He had attended the Second Round Table Conference in September, 1931 in London. He was, therefore, now in a position to say things even more expressly and positively than he had said in 1930. At the Round Table Conference he had seen the attitude of the Hindu, Sikh and the Muslim delegates. He had observed the mind of the British Government as well. Hence he repeated his apprehensions and suggested safeguards in respect of the Indian Muslims.

During the Third Round Table Conference, Allama Iqbal was invited by the London National League where he addressed an audience which included foreign diplomats, members of the House of Commons, members of the House of Lords, Muslim members of Round Table Conference delegations and several other dignitaries. In that gathering, too, he described the situation of the Indian Muslims. He explained why he wanted communal settlement first and then the constitutional reforms. Allama Iqbal laid stress on provincial autonomy because

autonomy gave the Muslim majority provinces some power to safeguard their rights, cultural tradition and religion. Under one Central Government the Muslims were bound to lose their cultural and religious entity by submerging in the overwhelming Hindu majority. In his speech here, he again referred to what he had said at Allahabad in 1930. He reiterated his belief that before long people were bound to come round to his viewpoint based on cogent reason.

Then we come to Allama Iqbal's statement issued in December, 1933, explaining the attitude of Muslim delegates to the Round Table Conference. This was in fact a rejoinder to what Jawaharlal Nehru had said about the attitude of the Muslim delegation characterising it as "reactionarism". The last paragraph contains the gist of what the Muslims stood for then, and Allama Iqbal's endorsement to the effect:

"In conclusion I must put a straight question to Pandit Jawaharlal. How is India's problem to be solved if the majority community will neither concede the minimum safeguards necessary for the protection of a minority of 80 million people, nor accept the award of a third party but continue to talk of a nationalism which works out only to its own benefit? This position can admit of only two alternatives. Either the Indian majority will have to accept for itself the permanent position of an agent of British imperialism in the East, or the country will have to be redistributed on a basis of religious, historical and cultural affinities, so as to do away with the question of electorate and the communal problem in its present form".

And then who could understand Allama Iqbal better than the Quaid-i-Azam himself, who was his awaited "Guide of the Era". The Quaid-i-Azam, in the introduction of Allama Iqbal's letters (published in 1944)

addressed to him, admitted that he had agreed with Allama Iqbal regarding a state for Indian Muslims before the latter's death in April, 1938. The words of the Quaid-i-Azam are as under:

"His views were substantially in consonance with my own and had finally led me to the same conclusions as a result of careful examination and study of the constitutional problems facing India and found expres-

A painting by Chughtai with caption "The Green Field" inspired by a couplet of Allama Iqbal.

sion in due course in the united will of Muslim India as adumbrated in the Lahore Resolution of the All-India Muslim League, popularly known as the Pakistan Resolution, passed on 23 March, 1940".

It was Allama Iqbal who called upon Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah to lead the Muslims of South Asia subcontinent to their cherished goal. He had found his *Khizr-i-Rah*, the veiled guide, in Quaid-i-Azam

A page from an illustrated book "Muraqqa-e-Chughtai", on Allama Iqbal's poetry.



Mohammad Ali Jinnah who was destined to lead the Indian branch of Muslim *Ummah* to their goal of freedom. Allama Iqbal's words in this regard are as follows:

"I know you are a busy man but I do hope you won't mind my writing to you often, as you are the only Muslim in India today to whom the community has a right to look up to for safe guidance through the storm which is coming to north-west India and perhaps to whole of India."

Similarly sentiments were expressed by Allama Iqbal, about three months before his death, regarding Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah: "There is only one way out. Muslims should strengthen Jinnah's hands. They should join the Muslim League. Indian question, as is now being solved, can be countered by our united front against both the Hindus and the English. Without it our demands are not going to be accepted. People say our demands smack of communalism. This is sheer propaganda. These demands relate to the defence of our national existence".

Allama Iqbal had believed in the emergence of the "Guide of the Era" and had declared accordingly in about 1926. He found that Guide in the person of Mohammad Ali Jinnah as elucidated above. The Muslims achieved their independent homeland.

~~(Hospital)~~

Shutto
Pakistan
quote

friendship
welcoming

Gift industries

Chief neuro-surgeon @ Georgetown
contribution of
Pakistani-Americans
Congressman Wicks
Mr. Schabir

INIS

Houston
Chicago
L.A.
New York

[Mohammed Iqbal]

estimated how many Pakistanis in America
20,000 - 250,000

Good paper

By the way 2000 how many people
have many Abians

World Bank
UN

1977-1979
1975-2005
Population & Hum. Res.
S. Advisor Fred S.

Robert Briggs 647-9803

Joseph Goldbars
475-0948

~~R. Adam Robert Hooks~~ / Center for Strategic & Intnl. Stud.

Dr. Amos Jordan (Richard Grant)

Mr. Bill Hadow
473-3432

Aysha Riaz 951-6296

How are the 2 Shuttos related?

5/30/89 Pakistan

110,000 - 120,000 Paki - Amer.

Pak. - Amer Friendship Assoc.

Abdul Riar

(Abdar)

(301) 776-0666

Welcome [Khush Am^{pi}daad]

Khush Amdaad

Hoosh Ahmdard

Congr. T. Meyers - speech on contribution of
Pak - Amer.

Gena - the great leader

REMARKS: ITZHAK ENTERTAINMENT THANK YOU
EAST ROOM
JUNE 6, 1989

0 THE POET LONGFELLOW ONCE DEFINED MUSIC AS "THE
UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE OF MANKIND." TONIGHT, WE'VE HEARD
FROM A MASTER OF THAT UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

- 2 -

0 ITZHAK PERLMAN HAS APPEARED WITH EVERY MAJOR
ORCHESTRA, AND IN REVIVALS AND FESTIVALS THROUGHOUT THE
WORLD. YOUR TECHNIQUE HAS DAZZLED THE MOST DEMANDING
CRITIC. AND YOUR MUSIC HAS TOUCHED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE
WITH ITS HUMANITY AND GRACE.

O THIS EVENING, ACCOMPANIED BY SAM SANDERS ON PIANO, YOU HAVE SHOWN AGAIN WHY YOU HAVE NO PEER AS A VIOLINIST, AND PERFORMER.

O FOR THAT, WE SALUTE YOU. AND ALSO FOR YOUR COUNTLESS APPEARANCES ON BEHALF OF THE HANDICAPPED AND DISABLED. AND OUR HEART-FELT APPRECIATION FOR SHARING YOUR TALENT WITH BARBARA AND I AND OUR GUESTS.

#

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Stephany Blensy
5149 EAP3006

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OFFICIAL-INFORMAL FOR EAP/PHL FOR SALMON

E. O. 12356: N/A
TAGS: AMGT, RP
SUBJECT: OFFICIAL-INFORMAL -- EDSA YOUTH LEADERS

REF: QUINN-SALMON TELCON MAY 30

1. REFTEL REQUEST HAS GIVEN US SOME PAUSE, SINCE, AS YOU KNOW, "YOUTH" AND "STUDENTS" WERE NOT MAJOR PLAYERS IN THE EVENTS THAT LED TO THE OUSTER OF MARCOS. NEVERTHELESS, TWO NAMES COME FIRST TO MIND -- CHITO GASCON AND RENE SARMIENTO. BOTH WERE CENTER-OF-THE-ROAD STUDENT LEADERS IN THE EARLY 1980'S, WERE ACTIVE IN OPPOSITION TO MARCOS AND AT EDSA, AND WERE RECOGNIZED BY PRESIDENT AQUINO BY BEING NAMED BY HER TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL COMMISSION.

2. THE CONGRESS INCLUDES TWO FORMER POLITICAL ACTIVISTS, WHO ARE WIDELY VIEWED AS REPRESENTING YOUTH CAUSES FOR THE AQUINO ADMINISTRATION. SENATOR JOSE "JOEY" D. LINA, WHO RAN AS THE YOUNGEST ON THE AQUINO SENATORIAL SLATE, WAS A CAMPUS LEADER AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTO TOMAS AND THE UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES. A SELF-DESCRIBED "STREET PARLIAMENTARIAN," LINA ORGANIZED ANTI-MARCOS LABOR STRIKES AND JOINED THE CAPM (CORY AQUINO FOR PRESIDENT MOVEMENT) IN 1986. BUT LINA IS 39 YEARS OLD AND WAS IN HIS MIDDLE THIRTIES WHEN EDSA TOOK PLACE. ANOTHER RECOGNIZED THIRTIETH ACTIVIST (SAN BEDA COLLEGE) IS AL LOPEZ, WHO IS PRESIDENT AQUINO'S YOUTH SECTOR DESIGNATE FOR CONGRESS.

3. THE PRESIDENTIAL YOUTH COUNCIL (PYC) INCLUDES SEVERAL YOUTH LEADERS RECOGNIZED FOR THEIR SUPPORT FOR AQUINO DURING EDSA. MARTIN YUCHIOCO, AN ATENEO DE MANILA UNIVERSITY STUDENT LEADER, IS PYC CHIEF; DENIS LOPEZ, A GRADUATE OF AMA COMPUTER UNIVERSITY, IS DEPUTY EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF PYC FOR REGIONAL OPERATIONS; AND RALPH DULAY, DEPUTY EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF PYC FOR PROJECTS AND PROGRAMS.

4. TWO OTHER RECOGNIZED -- BUT LEFT-OF-CENTER -- STUDENT LEADERS IN THE EDSA PERIOD ARE LEAN ALEJANDRO, WHO BECAME SECRETARY GENERAL OF BAYAN AND WHO WAS ASSASSINATED IN 1987; AND ELMER MERCADO, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE LEAGUE OF FILIPINO STUDENTS, AN NDF FRONT GROUP, WHO PRESENTLY WORKS AS AN ECONOMIST ON THE STAFF OF SENATOR ORLANDO MERCADO (NO RELATION). BOTH MEN WERE AMONG THE MOST PROMINENT STUDENT LEADERS IN THE ANTI-MARCOS OPPOSITION, BUT WE RECOMMEND AGAINST INCLUSION IN THIS PROJECT.

5. ON BALANCE WE DON'T SEE ANY OF THESE NAMES AS REALLY BEING YOUNG ENOUGH OR SUFFICIENTLY WELL KNOWN TO BE INCLUDED IN A MAJOR SPEECH. PLATT

Looks as though we struck out in the Philippines as well as in China.
Sorry
Karl

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REMARKS: BHUTTO TOAST
STATE DINING ROOM
JUNE 6, 1989

Steph

PRIME MINISTER BHUTTO AND MR. ZARDARI [ZAR DAR EE]:
IT IS A PLEASURE AND HONOR FOR BARBARA AND ME TO
WELCOME YOU TO OUR COUNTRY AND TO OUR HOME.

- 2 -

AND I ALSO WANT TO WELCOME A THIRD HONORED GUEST,
NOT HERE TONIGHT: MASTER BILAWL [BEE LAH WAHL] ZARDARI
[ZAR DAR EE], NOW ALL OF NINE MONTHS OLD, WHOSE EARLY
BED-TIME PRECLUDED ATTENDANCE!

MADAM PRIME MINISTER, I HAVE HAD MANY YEARS OF
DEALINGS WITH THE PAKASTANI PEOPLE. AND, ALWAYS, I HAVE
MARVELED AT THAT BLEND OF WARMTH AND KINDNESS BEST
EMBODIED IN YOUR PHRASE, "ZINDABAD" [ZIN-DAH-BOD].
"LONG LIVE THE FRIENDSHIP."

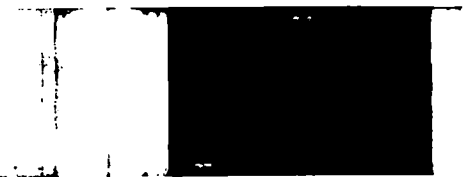
- 3 -

THIS EVENING, IT IS MY GREAT PLEASURE TO RETURN THAT FRIENDSHIP. AND TO SAY WHAT A PRIVILEGE IT IS TO SALUTE A WOMAN WHOSE REPUTATION FOR ELOQUENCE AND INTELLIGENCE -- AS ALL HERE WILL SEE IN A MOMENT -- IS EMINENTLY WELL-DESERVED.

- 4 -

IN THAT CONTEXT, I SHOULD NOTE HOW ONE OBSERVER SAID THAT IT WAS AN ASSET TO TODAY'S TALKS THAT THE LEADERS OF BOTH OUR COUNTRIES ARE FLUENT IN THE SAME TONGUE. THAT WAS NICE. FLUENCY IN ENGLISH IS NOT SOMETHING I'M OFTEN ACCUSED OF.

BUT WE'VE JUST CONCLUDED A ROUND OF VERY FRANK DISCUSSIONS ON A MATTER OF TRADITIONAL IMPORTANCE TO BOTH LEADERS. AND I THINK IT'S A FAIR CHARACTERIZATION TO SAY THAT THE PRIME MINISTER HAS FLATLY REFUSED MY LATEST OFFER -- SHE'S NOT GOING DOUBLE OR NOTHING ON THIS YEAR'S HARVARD-YALE GAME.



WHAT WE DID AGREE UPON TODAY WAS THE STEADFAST CONVICTION THAT THE COOPERATION BETWEEN OUR COUNTRIES WILL GROW STRONGER BY THE YEAR. AND TO ADDRESS REGIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ISSUES IN THE SPIRIT OF OUR SHARED COMMITMENT TO LIBERTY, INDIVIDUALITY, AND DEMOCRATIC IDEALS.

AS YOU KNOW, I HAVE ~~JUST~~ RETURNED FROM EUROPE, WHERE THOSE IDEALS STRENGTHEN THE ALREADY-CLOSE TIES BETWEEN AMERICA AND HER EUROPEAN ALLIES.

THAT SAME COMMITMENT TO DEMOCRACY JOINS AMERICA AND PAKISTAN AS WE MOVE TOWARD A MORE STABLE AND PROSPEROUS ASIA.

WE ALSO SPOKE AT LENGTH ABOUT THE PLAGUE OF DRUG ABUSE WHICH AFFLICTS BOTH AMERICA AND PAKISTAN. NEITHER COUNTRY CAN AFFORD TO ALLOW THE SCOURGE OF DRUGS TO CONTINUE.

THROUGHOUT OUR TALKS, WE REAFFIRMED THE VALUES WHICH BIND THE UNITED STATES AND PAKISTAN -- VALUES OF FAITH, FAMILY, THE DIGNITY OF WORK. AND WE MUST PLEDGE TO CONTINUE OUR WORK TOGETHER TO BRING PEACE AND FREEDOM TO AFGHANISTAN, AND STABILITY TO ALL OF SOUTH ASIA.

MADAM PRIME MINISTER, OURS ARE GREAT GOALS, WORTHY GOALS. TOGETHER, WE HAVE ALREADY DONE MUCH. AND, IN PARTICULAR, LET ME SALUTE YOUR ROLE IN PAKISTAN'S RETURN TO DEMOCRACY. IN THE MANY YEARS AHEAD, AMERICA WILL WORK WITH YOU -- AS A FRIEND, ONE DEMOCRACY TO ANOTHER -- TO ACHIEVE EVEN MORE.

IT WAS THE GREAT PAKISTANI POET-PHILOSOPHER, MOHAMMED IQBAL [EEK-BAHL], WHO ONCE OBSERVED, SIMPLY, "LOVE IS FREEDOM AND HONOR."

MADAM PRIME MINISTER, YOUR ENTIRE LIFE SHOWS THE MEANING OF THOSE WORDS. AND IN THAT SPIRIT, I ASK ALL OF OUR GUESTS TONIGHT TO RISE AND RAISE THEIR GLASSES:

-- TO PAKISTAN-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP;

-- TO A SAFER WORLD FOR YOUR SON, AND FOR ALL CHILDREN;

-- AND TO YOUR HEALTH, AND WHAT YOU SYMBOLIZE -- BOTH FOR PAKISTAN, AND FOR THE WORLD.

#

(Smith/Blessey)
May 26, 1989
Draft One
PERLMAN

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: PERLMAN VISIT
WASHINGTON, D.C.
JUNE 6, 1989

o The poet Longfellow once defined music as "the universal language of mankind." Tonight, we've heard from a man who embodies that definition.

o Itzhak Perlman has appeared with every major orchestra, and in revivals and festivals throughout the world. Your technique has dazzled the most demanding critic. And touched millions of people with your humanity and grace.

o This evening, accompanied by Sam Sanders on piano, you have shown again why you have no peer as a violinist, and performer.

o For that, we salute you. And also for your countless appearances on behalf of the handicapped and disabled. And our heart-felt appreciation for sharing your talent with Barbara and I and our ^{distinguished} guests.