a Rajput of the Rajputs, with a high and burning pride in his ancestry, for whom the passing of the Princely Order would have been very hard to bear.

But pass it did, in a series of swift and comprehensive decisions. Pakistan—in the immediate attainment of independence faced with countless momentous decisions—solved this particular problem swiftly and well. Again it was the Quaid-i-Azam’s achievement. He who had himself instantly proclaimed Governor-General of his new Dominion, was able, with his almost incredible clarity of vision, his statecraft, and his practical, Bismarckian sense of “the best possible”, to effect on his own initiative an arrangement which was not unsatisfactory to the princes and made them a source of strength to Pakistan.

India found the task more complicated and more difficult. Paramountcy was at an end. The treaties that the princes had negotiated, first with the East India Company, then with the Crown, lapsed with the withdrawal of the Paramount Power. Legally the States reverted at once to being sovereign, independent countries. But they were islands in the surrounding sea of the enormous new nation of India. Lord Mountbatten, who at the invitation of India’s provisional Government remained as first Governor-General during a brief transitional period, wrestled to bring about a solution, deploying all his tact and persuasiveness.

As Minister of the States Department, Sardar Patel was massively determined that that solution should be satisfactory to the new India.

The situation that faced the princes was not without its sadness, but it was inevitable. Few had governed badly or tyrannously; taxation was usually lighter within their domains than in neighbouring British India; yet their subjects secured, at this lower cost, many of the benefits for which the taxpayers of British India supplied the revenue. By far the greater majority of the princes were amiable, honest, well-intentioned, and gentle; but few of them had been educated on modern lines to face the harsh and complex problems of the contemporary world. Feudal in their outlook—often in the best sense—but mentally and spiritually unadapted to the swift transition from the bullock cart to the jet aircraft which is our age, they were doomed by their estimable qualities as much as by their limitations. Above all, the long years

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of paramountcy had rendered them politically irresponsible. They were no longer dependent on their own good behaviour and good administration in order to maintain their rule and their dynasties. In the background stood always the Paramount Power. Extravagant and wasteful administration at the worst meant a few years of supervision by an official sent down from Delhi; even scandalous misbehaviour only entailed the defunct prince’s abdication, on pension, and the immediate succession of his heir. Secure in their privileges, yet without proper outlets for their abilities and ambitions, they tended to lose the self-confidence and the capacity required for leadership, and their prestige dwindled in the eyes of their subjects.

When the moment of crisis came, when they found themselves without the Paramount Power, without its guarantees and without its limitations, they had—the vast majority of them—no alternative but to accept the terms which the Indian Union offered them. These on the whole were not ungenerous, provided each prince took two important steps: first, authorized the immediate accession of his State to the Indian Union; and second, handed over political power. These done, they were assured of a great deal—large, tax-free emoluments; the retention of their private fortunes, their lands and their palaces, their honours and dignities. Almost all the princes accepted with good grace; their States became part of the new India, and many, big and small alike, were merged to form great new provinces.

The exceptions were few but troublesome. Kashmir is an outstanding special case, in which a Hindu prince, the vast proportion of whose subjects were Muslim, made a precipitate act of accession to India against the very first principles agreed at the time of partition. In Travancore the Maharajah and his Ministers made a brief stand on their legal and constitutional rights, but surrendered to pressure by the people of the State themselves. The Hyderabad issue was far less happily settled. The Nizam had the great good fortune to have as his adviser a man of the quality of Sir Walter Monckton. However, a fatal combination of weakness and obstinacy prompted him to refuse the settlement which was proposed by Lord Mountbatten on terms negotiated by Sir Walter, which would have ensured Hyderabad the last ounce of advantage in a helpless position. The results of this stubborn folly were disastrous. India took swift, stern police action, and disaster enveloped all Hyderabad’s hopes and chances.

As the years pass the immense effects of Britain’s withdrawal from India—moral and spiritual hardly less than directly political—become more and more apparent. The decision and the act together constitute one of the most remarkable events in modern history. Beside Britain’s voluntary and total transfusion of sovereignty to the successor-States of Pakistan and Bharat, even Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman’s generous action in respect of South Africa pales into insignificance. Nothing on this scale has ever happened before, yet it is the culmination and the fulfilment of years of growth and struggle.

Much more remains to be accomplished, especially in the field of relations between Pakistan and Bharat. These in the years since partition have inevitably often been strained and difficult; yet even the severest tension has been kept within bounds, and neither nation—however much sentiments may have become inflamed—has proceeded to extremes. Forbearance and reconciliation are not transient moods; they are qualities which have to be exercised, developed, and strengthened.

When partition was imminent the veteran Madras statesman, Mr. C. R. Rajagopalachari, “Rajaji”, who was later Governor-General of India, made this wise and timely pronouncement: “If the Muslims really want to go, well, let them go and take all that belongs to them.” There is the temper that ought to inform relations between the two peoples.

It proved impossible to sustain by compulsion an artificial unity. In separation there is a chance for understanding and magnanimity to grow. They are at first delicate plants; but if they are fostered carefully and wisely, and if their roots are deep, they will flourish. Membership of the Commonwealth supplies one intangible but important link between the peoples of Bharat and Pakistan. It is profoundly to be hoped that there will develop a neighbourly understanding that may in time grow into an alliance. Peace, a shared prosperity, a shared and steady improvement in the standard of living for millions, are entirely in the interests of both. In the long run, as I firmly believe, the workings of fate on the
Indian sub-continent will prove to have been beneficial and not evil. A relationship of mutual respect and goodwill between the two countries can—and let us hope and pray that it will—secure many years of happy and peaceful development and progress for millions in a vast and important region. Then the strivings of so many of us, Muslim, Hindu, and British, through years of arduous toil, through periods of misunderstanding and bitterness, through difficulties now forgotten and crises long resolved, will in the end have had their abundant justification.

CHAPTER XIII

FRIENDS OLD AND NEW. FAMILY AFFAIRS

Never in my long life—I may say with complete honesty—I have for an instant been bored. Every day has been so short, every hour so fleeting, every minute so filled with the life I love, that time for me has fled on far too swift a wing. A mind that is occupied, in health or in sickness, with things outside itself and its own concerns, is I believe a perpetual source of true happiness. In ordinary prayer, as we in Islam conceive it, adoration of the beloved fills up every nook and cranny of the human consciousness; and in the rare, supreme moments of spiritual ecstasy, the light of Heaven blinds mind and spirit to all other lights and blot out every other sense and perception.

In recent years, since the end of the Second World War, I have had a great deal of illness—enough, I suppose, in its content as in its prolongation in time, to have depressed me. I have undergone three major internal operations, two of them with what is ordinarily considered a fifty-fifty chance of survival. I have been laid low for months with severe heart trouble. Yet I have never been depressed. I can honestly say that my mind has constantly been occupied with things outside myself. There has been, for example, a great increase in Ismaili activities throughout the Islamic world with a swirl of new ideas and new schemes, with which I have been closely and actively associated. I have read a great deal; I have voyaged in my reading eagerly into the exciting new realms opened up by scientific discovery. The moment that I was well enough I went back to my old love—golf; and golf has brought me a renewal and an extension of the friendships and acquaintances that have meant much to me over the years. I think in this connection of the golfers whom I have known: the genial, warm-hearted, open-handed Lord Castlerosse for example, with whom...
I played often in the years before the war—an able journalist, a witty and intensely entertaining conversationalist, at all times and on all occasions a boon companion; or my good and wise old friend, J. H. Taylor, who used sometimes to travel with me, who was often my guest at my home, whose pupil I was over many weeks and months—what a wonderful personality his is, with a mind ever open to delight in life and to curiosity about it—it is good to know that he is in excellent health and enjoying his well-earned retirement in his home at his native Westward Ho! I shall, incidentally, always be glad that through golf I came to know among the game’s professionals many men like J. H. Taylor, who were of sterling worth, and in every way examples to all who met them.

Travel is another pursuit which, since the end of the Second World War, my wife and I have resumed with especial zest and joy—all the keener perhaps because it was denied to us in those dark years. We have returned to familiar places, discovering fresh charm and fresh beauties in them; and we have found delights hitherto unexplored. In Egypt we have tasted again the pleasure of Cairo that united, under its bright and limpid sky, so many civilizations, so many worlds; Luxor with its monuments, Aswan with its special beauties of air and light, and Alexandria, the ancient and seductive, where memories of Greek and of Ptolemaic civilizations mingle in and alongside a big bustling modern Egypt-Levantene city and port. In India we have rediscovered the infinite beauty and wonder of that immense land—the high hill-station of Darjeeling, for example, with its incredible sunsets and sunrises of rose and pink over the immense snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas. And there is Lahore, whose mosques and other buildings are often so curiously ignored in favour of Delhi and Agra, even by those who know a great deal about Moghul and Indo-Saracenic history and art. In Europe, Rome the majestic, and Venice the elegant and sophisticated, though they are both cities that I have long known and loved, have of late revealed to me new secrets and new enchantments in light, colour, and architecture.

All my life I have been a constant theatregoer, and—as I remarked in an earlier chapter—a devoted lover of the opera. Whenever I can, wherever I am, I go to every good opera within reach. One ray of light illumined for me the long, dark years of the war when I was confined in Switzerland and deprived of almost all contact with the outside world: the Municipal Theatre in Zurich had a series of wonderful operatic seasons. Every year Kirsten Flagstad—the supreme singer among women as Caruso, to my mind, is the supreme singer among men—came to give her magnificent renderings of her great Wagnerian roles. Some of the best Italian singers too—Gigli and others—came each year to Zurich. There was an almost unique pleasure about these memorable seasons: the concentration of talent and genius in one city, and the sensation of this beauty enduring and surviving in the midst of so much that was barbarous and horrible, and the contrast of this intellectual and sensuous feast with our other deprivations.

There are friends of mine, old and new, with whom I share this zest for life, this complete freedom from boredom. There is Elsa Maxwell, to mention whose name brings a bubbling sense of happiness. Her is a friendship, hers is a kindness, which I profoundly appreciate, for which I am ever grateful. She possesses a true exuberance, a boundless joy in living; to others she gives perpetual pleasure, and she is happy because she makes them happy. Elsa Maxwell, the best of friends and the most forgiving to her enemies—if such there be—stands out as an example and an encouragement to all who believe that social intercourse should be accepted and appreciated as one of God’s good gifts to mankind, and not as a dreary obligation to be shuffling through when necessity arises.

A couple of friends whom I cannot forbear to mention here—since they have come so much closer to us since the war—have been my old racing trainer, Frank Butters, and his delightful courageous wife. Their annual visit to us in the South of France was something to which, every autumn, we grew to look forward as one of the chief pleasures of next year’s spring. Now alas, Frank Butters’s health has so completely broken down that though we go on repeating our annual invitations, Mrs. Butters has to refuse them. Greatly do we miss them both, but this sadness has not impaired our affection for two of the best human beings we have ever known.

A new good, kind friend made in the years since the war is Mr.
Charles Grey, a member of the staff of the U.S. Embassy in Paris, a man of sweet and sunny temperament, gay, gentle, and ever helpful. He is the embodiment of the French saying “toute comprendre, c’est tout perdre.” No one could be a better companion in joy or sorrow than Charles Grey, for he is another who realizes that friendship and social life are God-given, and that we ought to be thankful for them, and accept them with joy and gusto and not with resignation or boredom. Elsa Maxwell, Charles Grey, and I share one quality which I sincerely believe to be enviable: we don’t know what boredom is.

During the 1953 Cannes Film Festival I met Miss Olivia de Havilland, the distinguished screen and stage actress, a woman of subtle and interesting personality who seems to me to be in her own way, if I may say so, a seeker after truth. I believe that she is one of those fortunately gifted people who have an artistic and personal life of their own, full, busy, and successful, who are yet—in and through this active day-to-day life—sharply and constantly aware of the fundamental issue and problem of our world today, the enormous power that man has attained over physical nature contrasted with the still somewhat primitive limitations of his emotional and spiritual existence.

Another new friend—one of the few truly great individual and creative artists of our time—who is in his fashion a similar seeker after truth and a pilgrim in search of a reconciling wisdom amid the contradictions of today, is Mr. Charles Chaplin, whom I first came to know in 1953. He and I have talked long and far into the night—of the dreams that lie near our hearts, of the puzzles that affright and sadden us. That Chaplin is a rebel goes without saying—a rebel against the folly of modern society’s impotence in the midst of such overwhelming material aggregations of power.

I will cite an example of the sort of thing which drives a mind like Chaplin’s to distraction. A recent report of the World Food and Agriculture Organization stated, without equivocation, that the vast majority of human beings live still far below the hunger line, with consequences in waste, suffering, reduced productive capacity, and shortened expectation of life too enormous to measure; and—as the report pointed out—at the same time the world’s present ratio of food production (let alone the results of any improvements that would follow better methods of soil conservation, fertilization, and farming) is sufficient to ensure a perfectly adequate diet for every human being alive, if it were properly distributed.

Now if only some of the enormous capital investment all over the world which every year goes into totally unproductive and potentially violently destructive armaments could be expended in a single major productive project—let us say water conservation, in building dams and artificial lakes and providing irrigation schemes for the huge empty and desert areas of the world—the overall agricultural output would be vastly and rapidly increased, and the ordinary standard of living be raised thereby. This, which is a topic about which I have thought a great deal, I drew to Mr. Chaplin’s attention, to discover that his views on it were just the same as mine.

His detractors have in the most unmeasured terms accused Mr. Chaplin of being sympathetic to Communism. I discovered one aspect of Communism which horrified him. Communist propaganda, as we all know, proclaims loudly from time to time Moscow’s view that our two worlds, our two economic and social systems can live peaceably side by side and maintain a system of exchange, not only economic but intellectual and cultural. Yet, as Chaplin argued fiercely, the Communists have established the Iron Curtain, which prevents any real free exchange of ideas between the two worlds, banning utterly as it does a free interchange in writing and the other arts, and unimpeded, free, and uncontrolled travel by students and tourists, and all the ordinary ways by which the people of one country or civilization get to know and comprehend the people of another. The only method, said Chaplin, by which the co-existence of our two systems would be possible, or could offer a natural and healthy solution of humanity’s troubles and problems, would be to open all frontiers to travellers, with the minimum of passports, currency control, and restrictions, and with a free and full interchange of literature—academic, journalistic, and popular, as well as technical and scientific—from one end of the world to the other, such as existed in the far-off, happy days before 1914.
Mr. Chaplin is interested in certain psychical and non-physical phenomena, such as telepathy and its various derivatives. He quoted to me Einstein’s demand that ten scientists should witness at the same time, and under precisely similar conditions, every case of this kind submitted, before he would consider these manifestations proven. He and I agreed that the imposition of this kind of test would make all psychical research and experiment impossible, for these phenomena—and the laws under which they occur—are simply not at the beck and call of human beings.

I consider it a real privilege and pleasure to have met Mr. Chaplin and his beautiful and accomplished young wife. She comprehends and fully sympathizes with his ideals, with his mental and spiritual aspirations and satisfactions, and with the real suffering that the contradictions of our time cause him. I who by the grace of God’s greatest gift am myself blessed with a wife who fully understands the joys and the sorrows of my mind and my spirit, can well appreciate the happiness that he finds in a domestic life very similar to my own.

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For a time a famous and beautiful young star of the screen was my daughter-in-law, and is the mother of my granddaughter—whom I have only seen when she was a newborn baby—Miss Rita Hayworth, my son Aly’s second wife.

Aly’s first marriage—to Mrs. Loel Guinness, a young Englishwoman of beauty, charm, wit, and breeding, born Joan Yarde-Buller, the daughter of Lord Churston—had had my full and affectionate approval. They were married in 1936, when Aly was twenty-five; I took my daughter-in-law, Joan, to my heart; and I had, and still have, a great affection for her. She bore Aly two fine sons, my grandchildren; these boys are now at school, and in due course they will go to universities in America—the elder, Karim, who shows promise in mathematics, to M.I.T., we hope, and the other Amyn, probably to the Harvard Law School.

Their marriage remained perfectly happy until the end of the war. They were both in the Middle East, first in Egypt and then in Syria; Aly was in the Army and Joan was one of the many officers’ wives who, at that time, were grass-widows in Cairo. After the war they returned to Europe and Joan spent a year or two in East Africa with the children. However—and to my real sorrow—they drifted apart. Differences developed between them and they separated.

Not long after this Aly went to the United States on business and there met Miss Hayworth. They were seen about a good deal together—and a blaze of sensational publicity enveloped them, with endless gossip and speculation. They came to see me at Cannes, and I asked them if they were really devoted to each other; they both said that they were, so I advised them to get married as soon as possible.

As soon as their respective divorce formalities were completed they were married—but in circumstances of clamorous publicity such as we had never before experienced in our family. My own first wedding in India had been elaborate, but its festivities were simple and unostentatious. This, however, was a very different matter. This was a fantastic, semi-royal, semi-Hollywood affair; my wife and I played our part in the ceremony, much as we disapproved of the atmosphere with which it was surrounded.

I thought Miss Hayworth charming and beautiful, but it was not long before I saw, I am afraid, that they were not a well-assorted couple. My son Aly is an extremely warmhearted person who loves entertaining, who loves to be surrounded by friends to whom he gives hospitality with both hands. Miss Hayworth was obviously someone who looked upon her marriage as a haven of peace and rest from the emotional strain of her work in the theatre and on the screen, which had absorbed her almost from childhood. Certainly for two people whose ways of life were thus dramatically opposed their marriage’s collapse was inevitable.

Miss Hayworth somehow got it into her head that either Aly or I myself might try to take her daughter away from her, kidnap the child indeed. Therefore, when she ran away from my son she took the child with her.

Had Miss Hayworth made more inquiries, she could have found out what in fact are the Ismaili religious laws and the code which governs all my followers and my family in these matters. Under this code the custody of young children of either sex rests absolutely with their mother, no matter what the circumstances of the divorce. Unless we were criminals, therefore, we
could not even have contemplated taking the baby, Yasmin, from her mother. When they are seven boys pass into their father’s custody, girls remain in their mother’s until puberty when they are free to choose. This code surely offered Miss Hayworth ample protection.

I was in India and Pakistan when the final crisis in my son’s domestic life was developing. The moment I got back to Cannes—that very same night—Miss Hayworth, without having let me even see the baby, took her and ran away to Paris and then from Paris back to the United States. She has since, I understand, come back to Europe; but she has not brought the child to show her to her father’s family.

The day that she was leaving with the child, a busybody in my employ telephoned me to tell me what was happening, and to ask what she should do about it. I answered at once that it was no affair of ours, and Miss Hayworth was fully entitled to take the child wherever she wished. She could surely have delayed her departure for Paris from Cannes, and have let me see the baby.

Friends of my own and my lawyers have always maintained that I might have made a trust settlement or taken out an insurance for my small granddaughter’s future. Their arguments, though well intentioned, are mistaken. They have not realized that under Islamic law the custody of a female child, until puberty, rests absolutely with her mother. They have also forgotten that there is no way under Islamic law by which a child can possibly be dis-inherited by his or her father. Were my son Aly to die, he is not allowed to will away from his legal heirs more than one-third of his property; two-thirds must go to his heirs, of whom a daughter Yasmin is one, and he cannot interfere with this provision in any way. Nor does Muslim law allow a testator to benefit one legal heir at the expense of another. Therefore, whatever happens to my son Aly, the child Yasmin is bound to get her proper share of any estate which he leaves. So long as capitalism and any system of private property survive it is unlikely that Aly will die penniless, and so there is no particular urgency about making financial provision for his daughter.

A system of dowries and of marriage settlements is, I understand, developing in the United States, and doubtless when the child is of an age to contemplate marriage, either my son or I will arrange a reasonable dowry for her, in relation to the circumstances of the man she marries.

In conclusion I can only hope that when next Miss Hayworth comes to Europe she will bring her small daughter with her, so that her father’s family can see her and have the pleasure of making her acquaintance.
CHAPTER XIV

MY RECENT TRAVELS

The people whom I have met and known throughout my life stand out in my recollection more vividly and sharply than the dogmas that I have heard preached, the theories that I have heard argued, the policies that I have known to be propounded and abandoned. I have enjoyed the friendship of beautiful and accomplished women, of brilliant and famous men, who throng for me the corridors of memory.

The most beautiful woman whom I ever knew was without doubt Lady D’Abernon—formerly Lady Helen Vincent—the wife of Britain’s great Ambassador in Berlin. The brilliance of her beauty was marvellous to behold: the radiance of her colouring, the perfection of her figure, the exquisite modelling of her limbs, the classic quality of her features, and the vivacity and charm of her expression. I knew her for more than forty years, and when she was seventy the moment she came into a room, however many attractive or lovely young women might be assembled there, every eye was for her alone. Nor was her beauty merely physical, she was utterly unspoiled, simple, selfless, gay, brave, and kind.

If Lady D’Abernon was pre-eminent, there were many, many others whose loneliness it is a joy to recall: Lady Curzon, now Countess Howe; Mme. Letelier, Swedish by origin, and almost from childhood a leading social figure; Princess Kutusov; the American, Mrs. Spottswoode, who took London by storm during the Edwardian era, who married Baron Eugène de Rothschild and—alas—died young, still in the pride of her beauty and her charm.

The most brilliant conversationalist of my acquaintance was Augustine Birrell, now—I am told—an almost legendary figure in an epoch which has largely forgotten the art of conversation.
Kuwait’s oil resources have only lately been tapped, but they are of tremendous richness. The royalties which the Sheikh derives from them suffice, at present, to enrich him and his little principality to the tune of something like fifty million pounds a year. This sudden flood of wealth has come to what, until the other day was a small, frugal Arab State (though nominally under British protection it has always preserved its independence, and therefore its ruler ought to be designated as Sultan, not as Sheikh) whose population, through many centuries, had pursued their changeless callings as fishermen, tillers of the soil, or nomad shepherds. Suddenly industrial need, with its accompanying exploitation and expansion, has enveloped them, bringing a swift and total revolution in their way of life and outlook.

It is particularly fortunate, therefore, that the Sheikh himself is a man of great wisdom, who allies an incredibly clear-sighted understanding of what this industrial and technical revolution means to a profound awareness of his own responsibilities. I especially delighted in his company because I found a kindred spirit, one whose mind had its full store of Arab and Islamic history and culture, and a steadfast appreciation of the spiritual unity of the Arab world which underlies its present divisions and miseries.

There is, I have often thought, a curious resemblance between the Arabia of today and the Germany of 1830: the many political divisions and subdivisions, minorities far dispersed and under foreign rule, the jumble of monarchies and republics, and withal the drive of a common language, a common culture, and a common faith—and that common faith being Islam is sufficiently tolerant to embrace the Christian minority in its midst and admit them to a full share in Arab traditions, culture, and aspirations. How will the Arab world evolve? Who can tell? But who, at the time of the Congress of Vienna, could have foretold the astonishing course of German history over the subsequent century?

The core of the Arab world is the high, central plateau of the Arabian peninsula itself. Here Islam was born. From here its vast tide of expansion poured out in the centuries after the death of the Prophet, that tide which carried Arab and Muslim culture across enormous areas of the world—to India and China and South-east Asia, to Byzantium, down the length of Africa, and deep into Europe, being stemmed only at Roncesvalles. Hence in succeeding centuries has come every great wave of Arab resurgence. Is the whole drive ended now? Few would dare say so with confidence. But given the conditions of today, and the domination of the world by science and technology, the Arab’s future greatness must be spiritual and cultural. This is far more in keeping with Islam whose very meaning is “Peace”.

For in Arabia vast and portentous processes of change are at work. After a series of violent and vigorous campaigns, during the years of the final decline and the Ottoman Empire’s suzerainty over these regions, Ibn Saud consolidated his authority over a large part of the peninsula. The Kingdom of Saudi Arabia is his creation, and there can be no doubt that His Majesty King Abdul Aziz was one of the outstanding Arab personalities of recent centuries. Ibn Saud sired a splendid brood of sons, numbering nearly forty, all tall, handsome, virile men—the modern counterparts of those bearded gallants who swagger through the pages of the Arabian Nights, causing strong men to tremble and maidens to swoon. Yet they cannot be dismissed as simple story-book characters; many of Ibn Saud’s sons possess his redoubtable characteristics—whether in glamorous Arab dress or in European clothes—are as much at home in committee-rooms, conference halls, and the saloons of luxury hotels in London or in Washington as they are in their father’s tents at Nejd.

For to Saudi Arabia the West has lately come, with the same all-embracing compulsive vigour as to Kuwait; the oil resources of King Saud’s kingdom are believed to be among the richest in the world. American enterprise is revolutionizing its economic existence. But the enormous power that this development brings is being used in a most enlightened and skilful manner, and it makes nonsense of the shallow propagandist allegations about the crushing effects of “economic imperialism”. The U.S.A. is creating, in its dealings with Saudi Arabia, a new and profoundly significant pattern of relationships between so-called “backward” and “advanced” countries. There is the maximum of economic assistance and support, and exploitation of natural resources, with a complete absence of political interference. This outlook expresses itself in personal relations as well; it is a firm rule that if any American working in Saudi Arabia is discovered to have failed
THE MEMOIRS OF AGA KHAN

courtesy towards the poorest Arab he is at once sent home and
forbidden to come back. There is thus being built up a sense of
confidence, of goodwill and of mutual respect between the two
peoples—and between individuals—which is of immense value
both in itself, and as an example to other nations who, whether
under Point Four schemes or the Colombo Plan or any other of
these world-wide arrangements, come into similar contact.

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Whenever the state of my health has permitted it I have
travelled widely since the end of the war. I have visited the two
new independent nations that have succeeded the Indian Empire
which I knew from my childhood up; I have been to Egypt and
East Africa, to Iran and to Burma.

Before the end of British rule in India one of the curious and
erroneous opinions widely canvassed was that Indians lacked the
capacity to govern themselves, manage their own affairs and play
their full part in the councils of the world. Recent years have
demonstrated the glaring falsity of this idea. Both countries have
been particularly well served by their statesmen, high officials, and
diplomats; and their contributions to the work of the Common-
wealth and of the United Nations have been many and valuable.

Bharat—though an assassin’s hand struck down Mahatma
Gandhi at a time when his country still badly needed him—has
been devotedly served by many brilliant and patriotic men and
women, notably Sardar Patel, Mr. Nehru and his talented sister,
Mrs. Pandit. My own contacts with the new régime in Delhi are
close and cordial, and I have been received there with great
kindness and hospitality. We are all constantly aware of the
immensely important part India plays, with increasing sureness and
felicity of touch, in international affairs, seeking to provide a
bridge of understanding between the West and a resurgent Asia in
a fashion that is both courageous and sensible.

Pakistan faced at the outset a far harder task than her neighbour.
In Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay, and other cities there existed both
the traditions of a strong and stable administration and the facilities
—the staff, the buildings, and the equipment—to maintain it. In
Pakistan, however, everything, literally everything, had to be
built from the very beginning. Typewriters, pens, paper, and file

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covers hardly existed. Hundreds of miles separated East and West
Pakistan. Neither had, in the ordinary sense, a capital city.
Karachi and Dacca doubled and redoubled their size overnight,
everything had to be built from the foundations up, and every
ordinary facility of administration and government had to be
established anew.

This vast task was undertaken with extraordinary skill and
pertinacity. Pakistan was a going concern from the outset. Part
of the genius of the Quaid-i-Azam was that, like the Prophet
himself, he attracted into his orbit able and devoted people,
and Pakistan has been served, throughout her brief existence, by men
and women of the highest moral and intellectual calibre. They
came from the ranks not only of Mr. Jinnah’s previous followers
but of those who had been severely critical of his policy in earlier
days. Their achievements have given the lie to all the croaking
prophets who could foresee nothing but disaster for the young
State.

First and foremost, of course, was the Quaid-i-Azam’s sister,
Miss Fatima Jinnah, who had been his companion, friend, and
helper for many years, who presided over his homes in London
and Bombay, and later in his palace in Karachi and his summer
home at the hill-station of Ziarat. Miss Jinnah has much of the
strength of character of her famous brother, much of his manner,
voice, resolute bearing, and appearance. Now, after his death, she
is still prominent in public life, with a large and faithful following;
and she acts as a zealous and vigilant guardian of the moral and
political independence of her brother’s God-given realm.

Chulam Mohamed, the present Governor-General, universally
admired and respected, is a former industrialist, and a learned
and devoted student of the history of Islam, its magnificent rise,
its gradual decline, and its present hope and chance of rising.
Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the past. A former distinguished
colleague of mine, at the Round Table Conference and the com-
mittees which followed, Zafrullah Khan, is at present Foreign
Minister; and he brings to his herculean responsibilities sagacity,
forensic ability, and great experience in the field of international
affairs.

There was, too, the Quaid-i-Azam’s faithful and skilled hench-
man, Liaquat Ali Khan, who was another tragic victim of the
wave of violence and assassination which for some years swept the East. He is survived by his wife, in her own field of work and interests hardly less able and certainly no less devoted than her staunch and beloved husband. But Liaquat will long be missed; for surely if the Quaid had asked for an Abu Bakr, for a Peter, he could not have been granted a better one than Liaquat Ali Khan, whose qualities were not bright or showy, but whose strength of character was solid, durable, and of the utmost fidelity. He proved his worth in Pakistan’s second stern testing. The Quaid’s death, so soon after the foundation of Pakistan, strikingly resembled that of the Prophet himself who was received into the “Companionship-on-High” very soon after the triumph and consolidation of his temporal conquests. Similarly the Quaid did not live to preside for long over the growth of the mighty child that he had fathered.

But Liaquat was in every way a worthy successor. Yet he who had been so near to the Quaid was himself soon to be struck down. Truly it may be said that he gave his soul to God. As life ebbed from him his last words were: “No God but God, and Mohammed his messenger.”

That is the stamp of a man whose achievement is the Pakistan of today. I think gladly of others: of Habib Rahimtoola, the brilliant son of a brilliant father, who had, as High Commissioner in London immediately after the formation of the State, a post of special responsibility; of Mr. Ispahani who, at the same critical period, represented his young country in Washington; of the present Prime Minister, formerly a very successful High Commissioner in Ottawa, who is the grandson of Nawab Ali Chowdry, a colleague of mine in the early days of the Muslim League; of Amjid Ali, for many years my honorary secretary who has rendered great service in the most onerous of charges; and of the other Mohammed Ali, a brilliant expert on economics and finance.

Most of these men are comparatively young in years, and they come from families with industrial and commercial rather than political or official traditions. Their zeal, their efficiency, and their success in their new tasks have all been notable. Is not the explanation that they have been sustained by their patriotism, by their devotion to a great cause, and—above all—by their Muslim faith and their consciousness of immediate and permanent responsibility to the Divine?

* * * * *

My most recent, post-war visit to Burma was a particularly happy experience. As I have pointed out earlier I took the step of advising my followers in Burma, a good many years ago, to identify themselves in every possible way with the outlook, customs, aspirations, and way of life of the people among whom they dwell—to give up their Indo-Saracen names, for example, and take Burman names; to adopt Burman dress, habits, and clothing, and apart from their religion and its accompanying practices to assimilate themselves as much as possible in the country of their adoption. Now that the people of Burma have regained their independence, this advice of mine, and the full and faithful way in which my followers have carried it out, have borne fruit. My wife and I were received in Burma by the President and the Prime Minister and many other leading and notable personalities with the utmost kindness and friendliness. Burma is a beautiful country; her people unite a deep piety (in few other countries does the Prime Minister have to be begged not to retire from office and—as he longs to do—assume the saffron robe and the begging bowl of the mendicant monk) to gaiety, gentleness, and intensely hospitable generosity.

They were especially happy days that we spent in Rangoon. The climax of the hospitality which we received was reached, perhaps, on the night that we were bidden to dine, in our own apartments, on Burman food specially prepared for us in the President’s palace. Sharp at eight o’clock two A.D.C.s and several servants arrived with an array which marshalled in all something like thirty courses. The Burmans are by no means vegetarians nor are they particularly ascetic in their diet. Most of the dishes were very, very rich and very, very nourishing. When they were laid out, we asked the A.D.C.s to join us. After a few courses we announced that we had finished.

“Oh, no,” said the A.D.C.s, smiling in the friendliest fashion “we have been especially sent to see that you try every dish.”

Such hospitality was irresistible. On we battled as bravely as we could, on and on to the puddings, the bonbons, and the sugared
fruit. I, after all, lived in Victorian London and attended the long, rich, and stately banquets of that era, but never in all my life have I known a meal which in variety and sublety of taste and flavour could rival that dinner so kindly given to us by the President of Burma.

* * * * *

Iran, the home of my ancestors for many centuries, I first visited in February 1931, to be present at the wedding of His Imperial Majesty the Shah. Although the circumstances and the duties of an active and busy life had, by chance, prevented me from going to Iran until I was well past seventy, I have always taken great pride in my Iranian origin. Both my father and my mother, it will be recalled, were grandchildren of Fath Ali Shah, who was a pure Kajar of Turkish descent, and the outlook and way of life of the home in which I was brought up was almost entirely Iranian.

Therefore to go to Iran was in a real sense a homecoming. It was made especially precious by the graciousness and the kindness we received as personal guests of the Emperor, and in the beautiful palace which Her Imperial Highness, Princess Shams, most graciously put at our disposal.

In Mahalat, which was long my ancestor’s home, I was received by thousands of Ismailis from all over Persia. It was good to see that their womenfolk had all given up the chaddur, the Persian equivalent of the Indian purdah. Isfahan, which we also visited, is more old-fashioned. There we saw the chaddur frequently worn, and we encountered a good number of men wearing the long, high-buttoned coat that was customary under the rule of the Kajar dynasty. In Tehran the effects of Reza Shah’s policy of modernization are numerous and visible. Iranians in general do not resemble any neighbouring Asiatic people; in ordinary appearance many of them might be mistaken for Southern Caucasians. And nowadays in the cities their adaptation of European—or allegedly European—dress and a somewhat forlorn appearance of poverty give them the down-at-heel look that one has seen in moving pictures about Russia.

Some of these appearances are, I think, misleading—especially the appearance of poverty. Weight for weight, man for man, the masses of Iran are certainly better off than the masses of India or China; and, while their standard of living is obviously not comparable with that of Western European countries or America, they are in matters particularly of diet better off than the people of many Asiatic nations, living distinctly above, not below the margin of subsistence.

One fact is clear above the welter of Iran’s problems and difficulties; if the present Emperor now has, after all the stirring vicissitudes through which he has lately passed, a free hand, and is able to choose his own Ministers and advisers, and is not hampered by conservatism on the one hand and individualism on the other, Iran will be able greatly to raise her economic and social standards, and support in a far better condition a considerably increased population.

* * * * *

I must not close this brief record of my recent doings and experiences without some reference to an incident a good deal less agreeable than most that have lately come my way. One morning in August 1949 my wife and I left our villa near Cannes to drive to Nice airport, to catch an aircraft to Deauville. Our heavy luggage had gone on by road in our own two cars with our servants. My wife and I and her personal maid, Mlle Frieda Meyer, were therefore in a car hired from a local garage. I was beside the driver, my wife and her maid at the back. About 200 yards from the gate of our villa the mountain road takes a sharp turn and another small road comes in at the side.

As we reached the intersection we saw another car drawn up across it, so that we could neither pass nor take the by-road. Three men, masked and hooded and extremely heavily armed—they had no fewer than ten guns among the three of them—jumped out and closed in on us. One of them slashed one of our back tyres. The muzzles of their guns thrust into the car, one a few inches from my wife, another close to my chest. Fear, as one ordinarily understands it, did not bother any of us. I remember that I saw that the hands of the man who was covering me were trembling violently, and I thought with complete detachment: “That gun is quite likely to go off.” My wife’s maid, as she has often told me since, thought—again quite without agitation—
"When is he going to kill the Prince?" And my wife at her side had no sensation of alarm or fear at all.

I said, in my normal tone of voice, "We won't resist, we'll give you what you want."

One of them snatched my wife's jewel box which she held in her lap. As they backed away towards their car he said, "Please be kind. Let us get away."

Then when they were just about to jump back into their car, I found my voice and my sense of humour.

"Hi, come back!" I shouted. "You've forgotten your pourboire!"

One of them ran back and I gave him the handful of francs which I had in my pocket.

"Voilà le pourboire," said I.

"Merci, merci," he said again and again, as he ran back to the other car.

We went home and telephoned the police and Lloyds. Lloyds dealt with our claim completely and generously. After almost four years had passed, six men were brought to trial in 1951, and three were convicted and sentenced. And that, I think, is all that need be said about an episode as unpleasant as—in my long experience—it was unprecedented.

CHAPTER XV

LOOKING BACK—AND FORWARD

All my life I have looked forward. Large-scale prophecy, however, is as dangerous as it is easy, and true prophetic vision is rare indeed. It is a rarity more than ever marked in an epoch such as ours, in which science has placed in our reach material and natural powers undreamt of fifty short years ago. But since the human mind and the human imagination are as yet by no means fully equipped to master the immense forces which human ingenuity has discovered and unleashed, it is not too difficult to foresee some at least of the political and social reactions of nations as well as individuals to this enormous scientific and technical revolution and all its accompanying phenomena.

India, the country of my birth and upbringing, has been for centuries a land of extreme poverty, misery, and want, where millions are born, live and work and die at a level far below the margin of subsistence. A tropical climate, scourges of soil erosion, and primitive and unskilled methods of agriculture have all taken their toll of suffering, patient, gentle, but ignorant mankind. The Indian peasant has survived and multiplied, but in face of the most ferocious and formidable handicaps. Many years ago, in my first book, India in Transition, I gave this account of the day-to-day life of the ordinary Indian peasant under British rule.

A typical rural scene on an average day in an average year is essentially the same now as it was half a century ago. A breeze, alternately warm and chilly, sweeps over the monotonous landscape as it is lightened by a rapid dawn, to be followed quickly by a heavy molten sun appearing on the horizon. The ill-clad villagers, men, women, and children, thin and weak, and made old beyond their years by a life of under-feeding and overwork, have been astir before daybreak, and have partaken of a scanty meal, consisting of some kind or other of cold porridge, of course without sugar or
China's, is one of economic absorptive capacity. Pakistan's problem, since she has the empty but potentially rich acres of Baluchistan to fill with her surplus population, is less pressing. Doubtless in India, as in China, the extension of education and growing familiarity with the use of the vote and the processes of democracy will give rise to eager and energetic efforts to find political solutions to the gravest economic problems. Hundreds upon hundreds of millions of human beings in India and in China live out their lives in conditions of extreme misery. How long will these vast masses of humanity accept such conditions? May they not—as realization dawns of their own political power—insist on an extreme form of socialism, indeed on communism, though not on Soviet Russian lines and not under Soviet leadership? And may not that insistence be revolutionary in its expression and in its manifestations?

Yet in India, as well as in China, if every "have" in the population were stripped of wealth and reduced to the level of the poorest "have not", of the poorest sweeper or coolie, the effect on the general standard of living—the general ill-being—would be negligible. There are far too few "haves", far too many "have nots", in both countries, for even the most wholesale redistribution of wealth as it now stands. Reform, to be real and effective, must strike much deeper. These are thoughts grim enough to depress anyone who possesses more than the most superficial knowledge of Asia's problems and difficulties.

There is one major political step forward which should be taken by the Governments of India and Pakistan, which would have a significant and beneficial effect on the life and welfare of their peoples. This is the establishment of a genuine and lasting entente cordiale between the two countries, such as subsisted between Britain and France from 1905 to 1914. Even more pertinent analogies are offered by Belgium and Holland, and Sweden and Norway. Here are two pairs of neighbouring sovereign States, once joined and now separated. In each case the younger sovereign nation achieved its independence by separation from that with which it had long and close historical and political association. The separation of the Low Countries, however, offers the nearest parallel since this was effected on the specific grounds of religious difference. I have earlier likened the Hindu and Muslim
communities of the old Indian Empire to Siamese twins; as such they were, before they were parted, hardly able to move; now separate, surely they ought to be able to go along together as companions and friends, to their mutual benefit and support.

If, however, this is to come about there must be a profound and radical adjustment of outlook, especially on the part of India, the larger of the two successive States in the subcontinent. Is it not India's task—perfectly capable of fulfilment—to win the confidence of the new nation which was her former unhappy bedfellow? An essential part of this task is co-operation and assistance in practical matters. An immediate example that leaps to mind is the establishment of a joint commission to control water supplies, so that Pakistan can feel that India is genuinely helping her tackle her grave problem of desert reclamation and not hindering her either actively or passively. Similarly in the vexed matter of the accession of former princely States, it is essential that India should play her part in arranging a fair plebiscite, and then faithfully accept the result of that plebiscite as binding.

History offers yet another lesson to India: that it is imprudent to use strength—political, economic, or moral strength, or the noisy blare of propaganda—to exert pressure on a weaker neighbour. As India may even now be realizing, such pressure only drives the weaker neighbour to seek friends elsewhere. The classic analogy for this sequence of cause and effect is the relationship between France and Germany in the closing years of the nineteenth century. France, after the catastrophe of the war of 1870, genuinely sought an understanding with Germany; but the Germany of Bülow and Holstein adopted a policy of continual, arrogant, and exasperating pinpricks towards the Third Republic—a policy which drove France into the arms of Britain.

I solemnly warn India's present rulers to ponder history's lessons, lest they have to be relearned on the soil of Asia as in Europe. But there lies before India a far more constitutive and nobler course—in open and full and frank alliance with Pakistan to give to Asia and to bordering peoples and nations in Africa that bold moral and political leadership that might ensure peace and stability in these regions for years to come.

I do not think that the countries of the Near East, with the possible exception of Egypt, face any population problems which, granted courage, resolution, and ingenuity, should prove insuperable.

All that the people of countries like Iran, Iraq, Syria, the Lebanon, and Yemen, and even Saudi Arabia, need is knowledge—knowledge of new techniques, knowledge of engineering, knowledge of agriculture. They have room and resources enough. Science properly applied can repopulate their empty lands and make their barren spaces flourish; can plant cities, fertilize crops; can set up industries and develop their immensely rich mineral and oil material potentialities. Here there was once the Garden of Eden; historians and archaeologists have shown that this region was at one time fertile, rich, and populous. So it can be again, if the powers and the resources available to mankind now are properly employed.

The Arab lands have been devastated by centuries of folly, by waste and extravagance due to ignorance; the pitiful condition of their peoples today is a condemnation of their past. There is no need to look farther than Israel to realize what courage and determination, allied to skill and urgent need, can achieve. The Arabs are no whit inferior to any race in the world in intelligence and potential capacity. A single generation's concentrated and devoted attention to the real needs of education for all, of scientific and technical as well as academic teaching, training, and discipline, could revolutionize the Arab world. Self-help is better by far than grants in aid, and better than perpetual pouring out by the United States of their surplus production. The Arabs' only danger lies in continued apathy and ignorance in a swiftly changing world, and in a social and economic outlook and practices unadapted to the challenging realities of our time.

I have little fear about the impact of the future on the British Crown Colonies in Africa. We have seen the noble work of Great Britain in West Africa. In East and Central Africa the problem is at present complicated by the presence of a European settler population. I believe that there can be a healthy and satisfactory adjustment, provided all sections in these multi-racial communities—indigenous Africans and immigrant Europeans and Asians—face the simple, fundamental fact that they are all dependent upon each other. No one section can dismiss any other from its calculations, either about contributions to past development or about plans for
the future. The immigrant, be he European or Asian, has no hope of prosperity without the African; the African cannot do without the European farmer or the Asian trader, unless he wants to see his standard of living fall steeply, and with it all hope of exploiting and enhancing the natural wealth of the land in which all three have their homes and must earn their bread.

To a Muslim there is one quietly but forcibly encouraging element in this situation. Wherever the indigenous population is Muslim there is remarkably little racial antagonism or sense of bitterness against the European, in spite of the European's obvious economic superiority. Islam after all, is a soil in which sentiments of this sort do not take root or flourish easily. This is not a shallow and fatalistic resignation; it is something much more profound in the essence of the teaching of Islam—a basic conviction that in the eyes of God all men, regardless of colour or class or economic condition, are equal. From this belief there springs an unshakable self-respect, whose deepest effects are in the subconscious, preventing the growth of bitterness or any sense of inferiority or jealousy by one man of another's economic advantage.

Islam in all these countries has within it, I earnestly believe, the capacity to be a moral and spiritual force of enormous significance, both stabilizing and energizing the communities among whom it is preached and practised. To ignore Islam’s potential influence for good, Islam’s healing and creative power for societies as for individuals, is to ignore one of the most genuinely hopeful factors that exist in the world today.

But what of the recurrent, intractable issue of peace or war? Few epochs in recent history have been more devastating and disastrous than (to quote a phrase of Sir Winston Churchill’s) “this tormented half-century”. Is the long torment at last over?

I can only hope fervently, with all my being, that this is so; that the nations and their leaders are sincerely and actively convinced not only of the negative proposition that a Third World War would effect the destruction of civilization, perhaps indeed of humanity, but of its positive corollary that it now lies within men’s power enormously and rapidly to enhance and increase civilization and to promote the material well-being of millions who now rank as “have nots”. The only chance that nations and individuals alike among the “have nots” possess lies in the preservation of peace. Europe needs a century or more of recuperation after the agony and havoc that its peoples have endured, and recuperation means peace. The industrial and productive capacity of North America—the United States and Canada—already vastly than anything the world has ever seen, is increasing fast; North America needs markets; and markets mean peace. The underdeveloped countries, in Africa, Asia, and South America, need over years a vast and steady influx of capital investment—to build and develop their communications, to exploit their resources, to raise their standard of living—and investment on this scale and to this end calls for peace. War, in face of such circumstances and so numerous and so imperative a series of needs, would be madness. But I must admit that, if we look back at the history of the past fifty years, this has not been a consideration that has deflected the nations and their leaders from catastrophic courses. All the hardly-won prosperity and security, all the splendid and beckoning hopes of the last quarter of the nineteenth century counted for nothing when the crucial test came. Pride and folly swayed men’s hearts. The world’s state today is the result of pride and folly.

As Germany did for so long, Russia now supplies the civilized world’s great enigma, the riddle to which there seems no sensible or satisfactory answer. One factor in Russia’s perplexing equation is obvious and known—the factor whose results can only be happy, peaceful, and prosperous. The other—the perpetual “X”—is grim and incalculable. Long ago Lord Palmerston said that Russian history taught this lesson: the Russians must expand, and they will go on expanding until they encounter some force—a nation or a combination of nations—powerful enough to stop them. From its beginnings in the Grand Duchy of Moscow Russia has expanded steadily and remorselessly. Is expansion still the dominant motive in Russian policy? There are some sombre indications that this is one of the many characteristics which Communist Russia possesses in common with Tsarist Russia, and that her appetite for expansion is still not glutted.

Yet why should this be so? Are there not other more peaceful factors at work? Russia’s empty lands, within her own borders, are greater by far than those that opened up, decade after decade,
in front of the pioneers who extended the United States from small, precarious beginnings along the Atlantic seaboard. Russia has no need of overseas colonies, no need, now that aerial communications have developed so swiftly and so powerfully, for those “windows on warm seas” which once mattered so much. Inside her own frontiers, if her leaders can be genuinely convinced that no one menaces the Soviet Union, that no one harbours aggressive, imperialist designs against her, her people may live at peace for centuries. Will these realistic and wholesome considerations carry the day, or will suspicion, blind hatred, pride, and folly wreak new and more terrible havoc? As in the German people before the Second World War there was the dreadful, Wagnerian death-wish, driving a great and superbly talented nation to self-immolation, is there in the heart of all men some dark, Satanic evil still-listing for destruction? These are the stern riddles of our time, and each of us seeks his own answers to them.

*

But these issues and questions concern men in the aggregate, great bodies of men in national and racial groups. The biggest group, however, is only composed of the number of individuals in it. If it is possible to bring happiness to one individual, in that individual at least the dark and evil impulses may be conquered. And may not the power of good in the individual in the end prevail against the power of evil in the many?

I can only say to everyone who reads this book of mine that it is my profound conviction that man must never ignore and leave untended and undeveloped that spark of the Divine which is in him. The way to personal fulfillment, to individual reconciliation with the Universe that is about us, is comparatively easy for anyone who firmly and sincerely believes, as I do, that Divine Grace has given man in his own heart the possibilities of illumination and of union with Reality. It is, however, far more important to attempt to offer some hope of spiritual sustenance to those many who, in this age in which the capacity of faith is non-existent in the majority, long for something beyond themselves, even if it seems second-best. For them there is the possibility of finding strength of the spirit, comfort, and happiness in contemplation of the infinite variety and beauty of the Universe.
Life in the ultimate analysis has taught me one enduring lesson. The subject should always disappear in the object. In our ordinary affections one for another, in our daily work with hand or brain, we most of us discover soon enough that any lasting satisfaction, any contentment that we can achieve, is the result of forgetting self, of merging subject with object in a harmony that is of body, mind, and spirit. And in the highest realms of consciousness all who believe in a Higher Being are liberated from all the clogging and hampering bonds of the subjective self in prayer, in rapt meditation upon and in the face of the glorious radiance of eternity, in which all temporal and earthly consciousness is swallowed up and itself becomes the eternal.
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