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Shahan Mufti - Edward C. and Mary S. Peple Library Lecture

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It is an honor for me to be here today. I want to thank the Peple family and Boatwright Library who are graciously hosting this lecture today. I want to also thank all of you who are here this evening. It moves me deeply to know that all of you took time out of your evenings to come and hear me speak. Finally, I also want to express my heartfelt gratitude to the committee of the One Book, One Richmond program. They decided to pick my book this year from a long list of excellent options. I was flattered simply to be considered. To have my book chosen is truly an honor. To have an entire vibrant academic community and my own city dive into my words and story in this way is a privilege only a handful of authors will ever get. I am thankful to the University of Richmond for allowing me this experience of a lifetime.

At the beginning of my book, I introduce myself as 100% Pakistani and 100% American. This mathematically dubious assertion has led to many interesting conversations that I have had over the past year with students here on campus and with groups in the city of Richmond. Many of the conversation around this idea were philosophical but some were also political. How can one person fully inhabit two such apparently different places simultaneously and completely? I hope that after my comments today, you will see that this is not as difficult as it might sound.

My book, *The Faithful Scribe: A Story of Islam, Pakistan, Family and War* was released a couple of weeks before another book about Islam, Pakistan, family and war. That one was written by a young Pakistani girl named Malala Yousafzai. Many of you will have read that book. I suspect that her book sold a few more copies than mine. Malala was targeted for assassination for speaking out against violence and hatred in her country but she survived and went on to win the Nobel Peace Prize after that. For those of you who have read my book, you will know that it concludes with the mention of these terrible incidents involving Malala. Tonight, I want to begin my comments by telling you a little bit about my experience reporting these particular events surrounding Malala, and how recently, here in Richmond, I was starkly reminded of that time.

Malala Yousafzai is from a part of Pakistan called the Swat Valley. It is in the Himalayan mountainous north of the country. In 2007, while I was stationed in Islamabad as a daily news correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, I started hearing some disturbing reports from the towns in Swat. Locals were saying that there were groups of young bearded men patrolling the streets in pickup trucks at night. They had their hair grown out to shoulder length and they all wore matching black turbans. Some of them had their faces covered during the patrols but others were comfortable showing their faces. They were armed with what appeared to be weapons of war. As they got bolder, they started appearing during daytime. They started to speak to the locals. One of the earliest issues they brought up were the statues.

Carved into some of the cliffs of this gorgeous valley were carvings of the Buddha – ten, twenty, some thirty feet tall, much like the giant statue of the Buddha in Bamyan, Afghanistan, that was famously blown apart by the Taliban in 2001. Some of these smaller statues in Swat were hundreds, some a thousand years old. These statues, these young men with the black turbans said, had to go. It soon emerged that they were part of an organization that called itself the Movement to Establish the System of Muhammad, referring, of course, to the Islamic prophet Muhammad. Many

Pakistanis simply started calling them Pakistani Taliban, comparing them to the Taliban in neighboring Afghanistan. The Taliban said they would tear down the statues of the Buddha in Swat just the way Muhammad had once upon a time demolished the statues of the pagan gods at the holy site of the Kaaba in the city of Mecca.

The truth is that they didn't really care about the statues - that much became clear quickly. Their real aim was to introduce a new system of political life in the valley, and all of Pakistan one day, which they said would help reclaim an old and glorious past in which things were better, more just and more peaceful. They wanted to make the Swat great again, as it had been once, presumably when true system of Muhammad was practiced in the valley. The statues were just a way to check people's willingness to go along with this political scheme, and to test their ability to stand up to the gruff looking men with big guns. They probably also wanted to test how law enforcement would react.

Many people bought in to the Taliban's plan eagerly. Malala wrote in her book, frankly, that her own mother was one of those who supported them in those early days. No one from Swat that I spoke to really knew what the system of Muhammad was, and no one really thought the young men with automatic weapons were particularly charming. Still, people in Swat and all over Pakistan had real grievances with the prevailing system. Families were stuck in cycles of poverty. The political elites in Islamabad lived in a world of their own – a swamp, where the only thing that ever got done in an otherwise gridlocked system was politicians and special interests lining their pockets with cash. The courts were backlogged, the law was selectively applied to the weakest and the rich frequently got away scot-free. The only institution in Pakistan that appeared to function was the country's powerful military and it was busy fighting a war in neighboring Afghanistan since 2001 alongside and sometimes against America.

Predictably, things quickly started going terribly wrong in Swat. Within a couple of years, the Taliban had taken full control of entire towns in the valley including Mingora, where Malala lived. Their next big target turned out to be girls' schools. The permissive attitudes towards sexual roles that these schools represented was one of the Pakistani Taliban's major grievances. There were others too. There were public executions or floggings in the streets for other petty crimes like watching television or smoking cigarettes, or talking to someone of the opposite sex. Anyone that the black turbans saw as less pure or even different than themselves or anyone who refused to live by their increasingly brutal code, was a life worth extinguishing. This is what hateful people with deranged ideas will do to dehumanize those who disagree with them, especially if given legitimacy and power.

Sadly, in 2009, the Pakistani government did exactly that. It formally ceded nearly the entire valley to the Taliban. It was a decision that many in the country vocally opposed, but the Pakistani president at the time, Asif Ali Zardari, was a man who cared about little other than himself. He was a businessman born into incredible wealth. He was recognized the world over as a thoroughly corrupt man. In international political and business circles, he was giving the moniker Mr. 10%. This

was the fabled amount of any foreign investment contract with Pakistan that Zaradri would insist be diverted to his own businesses or those of his immediate family members.

He wasn't entirely immune to American pressure though. America and Pakistan, had been tied together in this war in Afghanistan from the very first day and whatever Pakistan did on its own side of the border had major repercussions on American operations in Afghanistan. The American Secretary of State, Hillary Clinton, rang alarm bells speaking to the House Foreign Affairs Committee in April of 2009. "I think that we cannot underscore the seriousness of the existential threat posed to the state of Pakistan by the continuing advances now within hours of Islamabad," she said. Days later, the editors at the *New York Times* published an editorial titled "60 Miles from Islamabad." This had become something of a catchphrase to describe how close militants had come to the Pakistani capital, Islamabad. "If the army cannot or will not defend its own territory against the militants," the editorial asked, "how can anyone be sure it will protect Pakistan's 60 or so nuclear weapons?"

International pressure eventually forced Pakistan's hands and the military moved into Swat after evacuating almost all the people living there, including Malala's family. A full-scale war followed which left millions of people homeless. The young men with long hair and black turbans had arrived in Swat in 2007 complaining about statues. By 2009, the United Nations Refugee Agency declared the crisis in Swat the worst humanitarian crisis of its kind since the genocide in Rwanda. Through all of this, Malala refused to sit quietly. She publicly spoke up, again and again, against the Taliban taking over her valley. To silence her once and for all, one day in 2012 a 23-year old man holding a black Colt.45 pistol, shot the Malala in the head.

Six months ago, sixty miles from where we sit right now in Richmond and a hundred or so miles from the American capital, a large group of mostly young men marched through the streets of Charlottesville, Virginia. Many of them had fresh haircuts and they wore their hair short around the temples. They appeared to prefer khaki pants and many of them wore white shirts. They were there, they said, to protect the statues. The statues must not come down, they said. It was quickly apparent that the statues were not really why the khaki pants were in Charlottesville. They were there to Unite the Right. They wanted to return Charlottesville and all of America one day, to an older more glorious past. They wanted to make it great again.

That greatness had been obscured by new social norms and a system that allowed the free mingling of races and assigned more equal roles to the men and women. They marched for the interest of the forgotten Americans, betrayed by the elites on Wall Street and those swamp creatures in Washington. The march through Charlottesville was also a way to gauge the response of the people in Virginia and all across America to their ideas. Perhaps, it was also a test to see how law enforcement would react.

A woman by the name of Heather Heyer, a native of Charlottesville, was there too that day. Before the rally, she had posted a note on her profile that would be her last. “If you’re not outraged,” she wrote, “you’re not paying attention.” Heather Heyer refused to allow her town to be taken over by the khaki pants and so she took to the streets with thousands of others to defend it. A twenty-year-old man from Ohio, his hair cut short around the temples, drove his car right over Heather Heyer that afternoon. She was not as lucky as Malala. She died that same day.

A few days later, the President of the country was asked about the woman who had lost her life in Charlottesville. He told the reporters that he had not reached out to her family, but that he would do so.

“Do you plan to go to Charlottesville, Mr. President?” a reporter asked.

The president’s response was strange: “Does anyone know I own a house in Charlottesville? It is in Charlottesville. You’ll see.”

“Is that the winery?”

“It is the winery. I mean, I know a lot about Charlottesville. Charlottesville is a great place that’s been very badly hurt over the last couple of days. I own actually one of the largest wineries in the United States. It’s in Charlottesville.”

I hear echoes of the war between my two homes all the time. Yes, they are different places with different histories. The war doesn’t look identical in both places, it doesn’t feel the same. The deadly weapon might be a handgun in one place and a car in the other. The long hair becomes very short. The black turban becomes a white shirt. The statues must be torn down in one cause and must remain erected in another. The president is a businesses man in both places but the businesses are different. Why would this be surprising? My two countries have been bound in war for almost seven decades, after all. That is nearly the entire time that Pakistan has been on the map as a country, first appearing after the end of the Second World War. Pakistan was first a vital American Cold War ally right along the borders of the Soviet Union. In fact, it was the key American ally that helped bury the Soviet empire in Afghanistan. Then, right there in Afghanistan, the United States began its new era of war, a War on Terror, once again with the aid of Pakistan. Over these decades of war, America has given Pakistan tens of billions of dollars to be a partner in war. For this price, Pakistan has allowed America to continue fighting its destructive wars in the region that would have been impossible to fight otherwise.

The current war in Afghanistan is now in its seventeenth year. Here at the university, I sometimes teach a course on reporting terrorism and war. Each time, I begin the course by asking my students about their personal memories of the events of September 11, 2001. What do they remember from that day? I have watched in awe as with each passing year, these memories have disappeared into total blankness, replaced only by an almost mundane but complete reality of continuing war. My students no longer remember the beginning of this war. To put it another way, the children born at the beginning of this war in Afghanistan will enlist this year, both in the American and Pakistani militaries, to fight it.

Sydney Harris, an old Chicago journalist once described war, at the height of the America's involvement in Vietnam, in his widely syndicated news column as "the social cancer of mankind." He elaborated on this metaphor: "It is a pernicious form of ignorance, for it destroys not only its "enemies," but also the whole superstructure of which it is a part – and thus eventually defeats itself." I have watched as both my countries have followed a self-defeating path of war and succumbed to its destructive force. The symptom of war do not always look the same, they do not always appear at the same time, but you can be sure that they are there in both places. Tonight, I would like to present some ways in which I have witnessed this cancer spread in both of my homes.

I woke up one morning last year, like many of you, to the news of dozens of people having been gunned down in Las Vegas the night before. The new reports were playing raw footage from the scene but the very first thing that struck me was the sound: the echoes of gunfire. The sound of fully automatic weapons are familiar to me and to many of my colleagues in the Department of Journalism who have reported from warzones and to many others here, I'm sure, who have lived through war. The sound was still jarring to me for a couple of reasons. Firstly, because I could not remember ever hearing the rapid-fire of an automatic weapon in America before. Secondly, I was jolted by a related realization: most Americans had somehow avoided the sound of an automatic weapons fired through seventeen years of American war. Sometimes the disease is most dangerous when it masks its most obvious symptoms until it is already grown deep roots.

Throughout my book, I try to describe the extraordinary, mindboggling violence of war in Pakistan and the many forms it has taken. The government there estimates that almost sixty thousand people have lost their lives in the war since 2001, most of them civilians. Suicide attacks, a particularly brutal form of violence in which a human strapped with bombs will detonate themselves amongst crowds, account for almost seven-thousand of these deaths. There had never been a single suicide bombing in Pakistan before 2001. The war has also claimed the lives of more than seven thousand US soldiers – that is more than one dead for every day of war. Close to fifty thousand men and women of the armed forces have been injured. More than two thousand private contractors working in war zones have also been killed. We cannot forget the four thousand more veterans, many of them young, who have died upon returning to America by taking their own lives in the shadows of this war.

What about the rest of us, those living here? These soldiers are purportedly fighting to protect and keep Americans safe after all. By many measures, we at home are also becoming more violent. It might even appear that we are going to war with each other. One of the major findings of a 2014 study by the FBI on active shooters since 2000 came to the unmistakable conclusion that "active shooter incidents are becoming more frequent" in this country. Active shooting situation would most frequently capture what we commonly call "mass shootings," where one or more persons might go on a murderous rampage to kill many people like a soldier would do in war. The first seven years of the study showed an average of 6.4 such incidents annually. The last seven years showed 16.4 incidents annually. That is a nearly 250% increase. The mass shooting in Florida at Stoneman Douglas High School yesterday is among the deadliest mass shootings in this country's

history. Pakistan also experienced its deadliest school shooting a few years ago when more than 130 students were murdered in their classrooms by the Pakistani Taliban in the city of Peshawar.

In telling the story of Pakistan in my book, I also write about the many occasions in which the Pakistani army has turned its guns on its own people. In this latest American led war along the border with Afghanistan, the Pakistani military has killed thousands of Pakistanis on its soil. In America, the responsibility to battle Americans on the home front falls mostly on local police forces. As a result, surplus military equipment, a euphemism for the leftover weapons of war, has flooded local police departments over the past two decades. In some cities, they can resemble occupying armies as we saw in Boston, for example, after the Boston marathon bombing, when a manhunt for a young man, one of the Tsarnaev brothers, gripped the entire city.

As they have absorbed this war, the police in America have increasingly turned their weapons on Americans. Fatal Encounters, a website run by a longtime Nevada newspaper editor and reporter, tracks deaths at the hands of police and claims to have complete records of fatal police encounters from more than half of America's states. It is believed to be one of the most exhaustive records of such violence. It, too, notes a steep and steady increase. There were 359 Americans killed by police in 2000 and in 2015 that number had gone up to 739 – again, the number has more than doubled since America began fighting this War on Terror.

Contrary to how it appears in the movies or even in the news, war is not all about death. The dead in any war for any nation are almost always going to account for a small fraction of the population. For a vast majority, war is not about meeting death. It is about living through war. And the cancer of war truly thrives among the living. An obvious example for Americans is what has happened to our privacy in time of war – what are we able to keep to ourselves. The war has robbed Americans of privacy. The data gathered from what Americans do on their computers connected to the Internet or on their phones has been collected by the state for years and is being stored on large servers built for this purpose – all for what? For the elusive promise of winning war.

Nothing is safe from the cancer of war, not even music or the arts. When will the concertgoers in Las Vegas that survived the automatic weapon fire go out to enjoy live country music again? How many of those who survived the nightmare at the Pulse nightclub in Orlando have spent a night out since? What goes through their minds when they do? In Pakistan, I have even seen how war has literally altered the landscape. In one part of my book I describe how beginning in 2007, barbed wire began slowly consuming the entire city of Islamabad, parks, schools, and ice cream shops. When I go to Pakistan now, ten years later, the barbed wire is still there. It is rusted now, turned a red-hue to match the color of the earth surreptitiously blending into the landscape.

A couple of months before the shooter killed 49 people at the club in Orlando, Pakistanis witnessed one of the deadliest attacks in years when a suicide bomber killed 75 people in a park, where I would sometimes go to play cricket. For those of you who read my book, you will have read about not only my less than glorious skills but also my deep love for the game of cricket. As part of the program this year, the One Book committee had the great idea to host a short game here on campus and I had a wonderful time playing with some students and staff. In my book, I tell the story

from 2009 when the national cricket team of Sri Lanka visited Pakistan for a series of games. A dozen masked individuals with automatic weapons opened fire on a bus full of athletes in the middle of the day at a central city crossing in Lahore, a city that is nearly the size of New York City. That assault left a handful of people dead and many athletes injured. It also made sure that international cricket games would not return to the country for a long time. The sport that is practically a religion to the people disappeared. I have thought of that particular attack on Pakistani cricket frequently over the past year or so, as America has gone to war with itself over football in this country. The athletes kneeled for the national anthem to protest what they saw as a militarized, violent police here at home. Now, half of America cheers them on and another half hurls abuse at them. One thing is for certain, war has consumed football. It has robbed Americans of joy.

Nothing is safe. It should not surprise us that we are witnessing a breakdown of the political system in this country at a time of war. Just the way it was for the people of Swat, our own elected representatives appear increasingly incapable of governing anymore. Americans have also lost faith in the political institutions of our nation, including – and this is very personal for me as a journalist – our own news media. Since 2001, Gallup polls have shown a steady decline in America's trust in its own government and media. A Pew research poll taken right before the election of 2016 reported that 5% of Americans said they trusted the news media a great deal, 3% felt that way about elected officials. I do not think it would take a very long time at all to connect the dots between our wars and the deep rot in our politics, culture and society.

There is one institution that thrives in times of war. That is the military. Towards the end, I would like to spend a few minutes talking about this particular institution. Let me say that I know I am treading on sacred American ground here. We support our troops we like to say. I ask that you allow me to investigate this expression a little. I am 100% American, of course, but I am also 100% Pakistani. As a result, my radar is extremely sensitive to the role of the military in political life. In my book, I take the reader through Pakistan's seventy-year journey as the world's first constitutional Islamic democracy, a journey that has been interrupted thrice by military coups. In each of those instances, the top military brass has taken over the state's structure and suspended the law of the land. Pakistan has spent almost thirty years under the rule of various military generals, who were uninvited and unelected and did a great deal of damage to the nation. I request that you indulge me, as I try to detect some of these echoes from Pakistan here in America.

That same Pew Research poll from October 2016 that I mentioned earlier, which showed a dismally low faith in government and media, also showed that the military was by far the most trusted entity in the United States, ahead of doctors, scientists, teacher and religious leaders. 33% of respondents to that survey said that they trusted the military “a great deal.” Again, we say it all the time: we support the troops. I will suggest that most of us will mindlessly blurt out statements like “I support the troops” or “thank you for your service” without knowing really what we mean by the

words “support” “thank you” or “service.” I will suggest that we utter these phrases because we are operating under a strict taboo in our society.

Taboos, I believe, are inherently dangerous. Pakistanis have their own taboos. At one point in my book, I relay the anecdote of how I got into some serious trouble in fourth grade for mistaking Muhammad, the Islamic prophet, for a founding father of the country. I even failed to recite the customary prayer that everyone in Pakistan is expected to recite whenever they hear the prophet’s name mentioned. “May Allah’s peace and blessing be upon him.” I didn’t mean any disrespect by this, of course. I had just arrived from the United States as a young boy, I was still learning the rules of cricket and I definitely had no way of knowing how to precisely navigate such sensitive topics as religion.

Praising the prophet might sound like a harmless and innocent practice, but taboos are deeply consequential. Let’s travel back to Swat for a moment. When the Taliban turned up to establish the order of Muhammad in Malala’s town, many people might have felt that they had questions about the whole thing. Was this the best way to go about implementing the system of Muhammad? Was it right to flog people in the streets for petty crimes? Would Muhammad really do that? Was it really necessary to have bonfires of televisions? What was the way of Muhammad anyway? With the strong taboo around Muhammad, however, no such questions could be asked. Taboos silence. They leave very little room for nuance or debate. Even if someone had mustered the courage to utter a question, here’s something that no one in Pakistan, not the president of the country, not the powerful military chief, not the most influential businessman could have dared ask: is the way of Muhammad really all that it’s cracked up to be? Do we even want it here? Muhammad’s way is the best way. To question this is to transgress. That is taboo.

During the recent NFL controversy, I was perturbed by how Colin Kaepernick’s decision to quietly kneel for the national anthem was quickly turned into an issue concerning the U.S. military. Built into this debate was a troubling acceptance of a hierarchy of who the flag really belongs to – the flag belongs more to an American soldier and less to an American athlete. In this version of America, what defines the American flag and the national anthem is America’s military, not America’s public servants, not its doctors or teachers, or businesspeople or firefighters or civil rights activists or its dreamers. Once this premise is accepted, there is simply no arguing. The U.S. military is the flag. To question that is to blaspheme. “Do you support the troops?” If so, shut up and stand up.

In the past year and more, I have seen this particular taboo wielded in America for political purposes more frequently than ever before in ways that reminds me vividly of Pakistan. The most obvious sign is the alarming presence of active duty and retired military men surrounding the president of the United States entrusted to make decisions for him. James Mattis and John Kelly, two former four-star generals, were the first two people confirmed as cabinet members for the new administration. Mattis’ confirmation as Secretary of Defense was especially alarming because he was obviously ineligible to serve in that office precisely because of laws designed to maintain civilian

control over the war machine. When Congress was asked to grant him a waiver, the Senate passed it 81-17. If you support the troops, then surely you can bend the rules for them here and there.

Michael Flynn, a former Lt. General, was appointed the national security advisor and when he resigned after revelations about his foreign contacts he was replaced by an active duty military officer, Lt. General H. R. McMaster. McMaster could have retired from the military and been appointed to the post but he insisted on keeping his active duty three-star general status. So once again, the Senate was asked to step in and sign off on another accommodation. Once again, it dutifully did so. The Deputy National Security Advisor, meanwhile, is also an active duty Major General. A retired lieutenant serves as Chief of Staff of the United States National Security Council. Several months ago, the President named another retired general as the director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

I will leave it to the political scientists to unravel how, and even if, all this matters. I am not an expert on this issue. All I can say for certain is that I am seeing glimpses of Pakistan's military rule in Washington in a way that at least I have never witnessed in my lifetime. I am particularly alarmed in my position as an American journalist. Mattis' appointment, for example, was celebrated widely among members of the news media. When John Kelly stepped into to replace the former civilian chief of staff, many of my journalist colleagues cast him as the sober adult in the room who would bring stability to a White House spiraling out of control.

In relaying the story in my book of the last military coup in Pakistan, the only one that I personally lived through, I describe how neighbors passed around sweets and danced in the streets when the generals took over and placed the elected prime minister under arrest. I fear that we in America are becoming similarly desperate. On the minor issue of global nuclear annihilation, for example, I can speak for myself and say that considering what I believe to be the fragility of the president's mental and emotional state, sometimes I do pin my hopes on these generals by his side who would have the good sense to disobey any erratic commands. I pin my hopes, in other words, on the breakdown of the civilian control of the military. I recognize the contradictions, and I do feel guilty.

The most banal realities of military influence are already beginning to show here. Last year, when John Kelly, as White House Chief of Staff, got into a mudslinging fight with a congresswoman over the White House's thoughtless handling of a phone call with the wife of a fallen soldier, he decided to hold a press conference. In it, he spoke as a soldier not a civilian public servant. I will not go into the details of what was said and done in this press conference except that in the end, he announced that only those reporters with a direct connection to a fallen soldier could ask questions. If you are interested in reading about this press conference, I will point you to a recent piece by the journalist Masha Gessen published on the website of The New Yorker magazine. It is titled "John Kelly and the Language of the Military Coup." The press conference, she argues convincingly, "could serve as a preview of what a military coup in this country would look like."

That was not even the end of this particular story. The following day, it emerged that Kelly had made blatantly false statements in his press conference about the congresswoman. When asked

about it, the White House press secretary responded to one reporter like this: "If you want to go after General Kelly that's up to you but I think that if you want to get into a debate with a four-star Marine general, I think that's something highly inappropriate." I could almost hear the words uttered in a martial law announcement. This is what journalism in Pakistan has always looked like. It is never appropriate to question Muhammad's perfection, and it really is highly inappropriate to question a four star general during military rule.

Finally, as a journalist, the most troubling of all news came to me only a couple of weeks ago when I learned that the Pentagon had stopped providing the press and the public with basic information about U.S. war in Afghanistan as it had been doing for more than a decade. As a reporter, this data has been invaluable to me. It has helped many journalists convey the accurate truth of the American war to the taxpayers paying for it. I, myself, was able to uncover instances of major fraud in the military supply chain using some of this same data, for example. Thankfully, after a severe and angry backlash by journalists and the public that was felt in the government bureaucracy, the Pentagon quickly reversed the decision. This small victory from this month gives me hope.

Many people have said to me that my book sounds strangely hopeful about Pakistan, despite being about violence and war. That is because my book is about Pakistan not just at war, but also about how it manages to emerge from each era of war with short and beautiful peaceful and even hopeful respites. Many of the stories in my book are about how people, acting collectively and individually in the name of peace, pull the nation from the brink of disaster. An ancestor of mine wrote a story and traced out a family tree in the nineteenth century; thousands of lawyers marched in the streets to depose a military ruler; Malala Yousafzai simply kept going to school day after day; they are all acts of resistance. There are many ways to stand up against those who war against us.

At the same time, I do not want to ignore what Heather Heyer wrote before she gave up her life for this country. "If you're not outraged, you're not paying attention." So, in conclusion, I ask you all today to pay more attention to the wars being waged in your name, the wars that are eating away at our society at home. Pay attention, when you hear people thirsting for new wars with other countries like Iran and North Korea. If we do get that military parade that Donald Trump has asked the Pentagon for, then as you watch the tanks roll through the streets of our country, I also ask that you feel outraged. That outrage is our real hope.

Thank you.