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Photographer at Large
IRFAN YOUNAS

Publishing Editors: SAMINA KHAN & MEHER TAREEN
Contributing photographers: AYAZ ANIS, LALI KHALID, MOBEEN ANSARI.
Contributors: AHMED RASHID, AYSHA RAJA, ARSALAN KHAN, HAMZA BUKHARI,
LAALEEN KHAN, MAHVESH MURAD, MARIAM TAREEN, MEHER BANO QURESHI,
NAMOOS ZAHEER, SAMI SHAH, SANAM TASEER, SHEHRYAR FAZLI, USMAN RAZA JAMIL.
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[PAPER][®] contributors



NAMOOS ZAHEER

IS AN ISLOO GIRL AND IS ADAMANT THAT SHE'S PROUD OF HER HOMETOWN,

even though she has spent more than half her life out of it. She went to high school in Australia, completed her undergrad degree in Canada and her masters in the US. She started her career in the development sector in Pakistan working as a consultant to the Ministry of

Women's Affairs and then moved to the World Bank. She confesses that she has gone over to the dark side since she now works as an investment banker in London. She is often heard saying that London is her playground, but Isloo is her home.



AHMED RASHID

IS A JOURNALIST AND WRITER. HIS LATEST BOOK IS 'DESCENT INTO CHAOS – THE US AND THE DISASTER IN AFGHANISTAN, PAKISTAN AND CENTRAL ASIA.'

His other books include the best selling 'Taliban' which has recently been reissued on the tenth anniversary of its publication with a new update.



AYSHA RAJA

IS THE OWNER OF THE BEAUTIFULLY CURATED INDEPENDENT BOOKSHOP

The Last Word. She is also co-founder of the Life's Too Short Short Story Prize and co-editor of the Life's Too Short Literary Review. Aysha also works as a publicist for a handful of Pakistani authors and has just launched a literary agency.

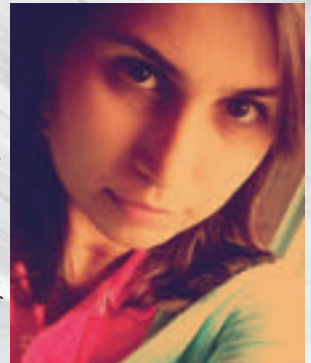


HAMZA BUKHARI

GRADUATED FROM BENTLEY UNIVERSITY WITH A DEGREE IN MARKETING AND IS CURRENTLY OPERATING

The Groom Room in Y-block, DHA Lahore. He has been somewhat of a nomad over the past five years having lived in San Diego, Boston, Dubai and now finally Lahore, making his general knowledge of exotic

cuisines quite extensive. He is a self-proclaimed culinary connoisseur with a palate that is the human equivalent of the bomb-sniffing dog's nose.

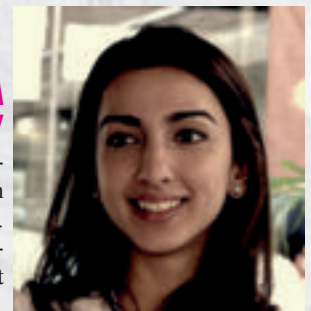


MAHVESH MURAD

LOVES DYSTOPIAN FICTION AND LIVES IN KARACHI.

She sometimes pretends the two aren't related. Mahvesh writes for various publications, mostly about books or films, but sometimes about her adventures in parenting.

You can hear her talking about Dystopian and Other Kinds of Fiction on 89 Chapters and 100% Filmi - both on CityFM89.



MARIAM TAREEN

IS A DEVOTED READER AND TEA DRINKER WITH A BA IN HISTORY AND SOCIOLOGY

from the University of Toronto and an MSc in Development Studies from SOAS. She is currently working as a Research Fellow at the Development Policy Research Centre at LUMS.

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LAALEEN KHAN

IS A MEDIA PRODUCER, ENTREPRENEUR AND MOTHER OF TWO. SHE HAS WORKED IN TV PRODUCTION, advertising and media projects in New York, Lahore and Islamabad. Passionate about literary adaptations, social satire and all things Hollywood, her undergraduate honours thesis at Clark University focused on Jane Austen screen adaptations. She also has a graduate degree in Professional Communication

from Clark. Laaleen directs the media department at Froebel's International School and blogs for The Express Tribune.

MEHER BANO QURESHI

IS A POLITICS AND SOCIOLOGY GRADUATE FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX.

Steeped within her family's history of politics in Pakistan and with her seasoned experience as a debater, Qureshi is an avid follower and commentator on Pakistan's socio-political paradigm.

Qureshi has worked at Dawn News as an associate producer for their flagship show News Eye and has recently worked with Saima Mohsin to produce a documentary on Pakistan's shrines for the acclaimed American journalist Dan Rather.



SANAM TASEER

RECENTLY SANAM UPDATED HER FACEBOOK STATUS SAYING

that she was going to change her son's name from Pasha to Imtiaz, many friends commented and said that this seemed like a great idea, until she told them she was only kidding:). Sanam is always fun, sarcastic and very witty. She is a mother of two and is the daughter of Shaheed Salmaan Taseer, and curator of the very famous Drawing Room Art gallery, in Lahore.

SAMI SHAH

IS A COMEDIAN, WRITER, ILLUSTRATOR, CREATIVE DIRECTOR, COLUMNIST, HUSBAND, FATHER AND SAPIEN.

Not in that order. He is also sleep-deprived. You can stalk him at www.samishah.com.



ARSALAN KHAN

HAS A BACHELOR OF ARTS IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS FROM BELOIT

College and is currently a PhD candidate in anthropology at the University of Virginia. His research focuses on Islam, nationalism and modernity in Pakistan.

USMAN RAZA JAMIL

[UJAY] IS OUR RESIDENT LEGAL BEAGLE. A LAWYER BY DAY AND DJ BY NIGHT

he is a fanatical sports follower, movie buff and a music lover. A hands-on dad of two, he will not be disturbed during a live telecast of his favourite sporting events. And he would still like to be fashionable...someday.



SHEHRYAR FAZLI

IS AN ISLAMABAD-BASED POLITICAL ANALYST, AND HAS EXTENSIVELY COVERED INSTITUTIONAL

reforms and security-related issues in Pakistan. The son of a Pakistani diplomat, he has lived in various countries, including Tunisia, Morocco, Belgium, France, Mauritius, Canada and the United States. He is the author of a novel, Invitation, published in India in January 2011. The novel was a bestseller there and in Pakistan.



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Editor's Letter

Dear Readers,

We are a cynical people. And who can blame us? Watch a few hours of news on television or talk to someone from Pakistan and you are likely to hear that our leaders don't care about us and have done nothing for the country. All politicians are believed to be corrupt.

All, that is, except one. It's not hard to see Imran Khan's appeal. His cricketing career made him a hero and natural leader; his social works earned him a reputation of sincerity and credibility. Among all the much-maligned politicians, Imran Khan remains in a league of his own.

It was a real honour for us to interview Imran Khan. He was surprisingly humble and extremely cool to have agreed to shoot for our cover. As captain of Pakistan's cricket team he was largely responsible for providing Pakistan with one of its happiest moments and that alone commands respect.

A growing number of people are starting to believe he is the only solution to the deep seeded corruption in Pakistan. This year is full of examples that illustrate the power of the people, from the overthrow of dictators in the Arab world to anti-corruption protests in neighbouring India. Imran Khan's supporters are talking about an inevitable and inexorable rise to power on a crest of popular support.

But we live in cynical times and our politicians are voted in based on patronage and dynastic politics. In order to gain a substantial parliamentary presence, his critics say, Imran Khan will need to make alliances and compromises. We can't predict the future. Only time will tell if Imran Khan will succeed in politics but we admire him for having his heart in the right place and being passionate about everything that he sets out to do. He is definitely one of Pakistan's biggest stars and we are proud of his endeavours. Read about Imran Khan's transition from sport to politics and more, pages 128-136.

We also had the opportunity to meet the courageous Shehrbano Taseer. Despite her father's brutal murder, she is putting herself in the same line of fire by carrying his message forward. As I write this Shahbaz Taseer, Shehrbano's brother, has been kidnapped. We can only hope by the time this magazine comes out on the racks he is safely back home. Read more about Shehrbano in the article Voice of a Martyr by Meher Tareen, pages 146-151.

As Karachi faces continuing bloodshed and uncertainty, many people are talking about bringing in some sort of military order. But does military rule translate into more order? Shehryar Fazli talks about how the most turbulent periods in Pakistan's history have been under military rule, in Perils of Order, pages 144-145.

With all the chaos and low morale around us, we seem to find it easy to hide from the ugly truth. Have we become a nation of hypocrites? Namoos Zaheer examines this growing phenomenon in her thought provoking and insightful article 'I am a citizen of Contradictistan', which also features our very first concept shoot, with Lali Khalid and Mehreen Raheal, pages 68-73.

As always, this issue is full of content on this season's trends. We give you a peak into the style of the fashion-forward crowd at the 26th Hyeres Fashion and Photography Festival in the South of France. We also commissioned ten leading designers to make exclusive kaftans for PAPER, another first for the magazine. We give you a behind the scenes look at the process, from inspiration to creation.

It brings us great joy to bring you the 4th issue of Paper. It is rewarding to see the readership increase and our articles being discussed in living rooms and online. We will continue to work hard to bring you cutting edge design and material in the upcoming issues. Feel free to contact us on facebook.com/papermagpk, twitter: papermagpak and email at papermagazine2010@gmail.com.

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HIGHLIGHTS OF ALL THE RECENT EVENTS

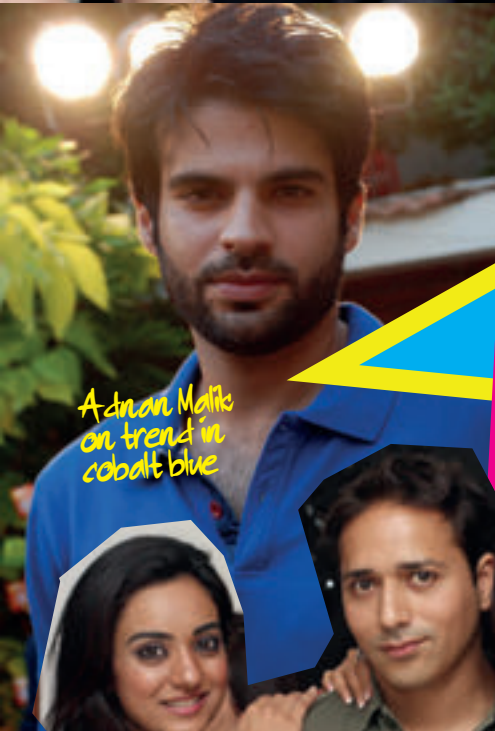
Aminah Haq & Tapu Javeri cosy up at Hanza Tarar's party



Ali Zafar
A sip of inspiration
at the Lipton launch in
Karachi



Feeha Jamsheed
looking cool as ever
in a nude top



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MAHA & AFZAL MAKHDUM



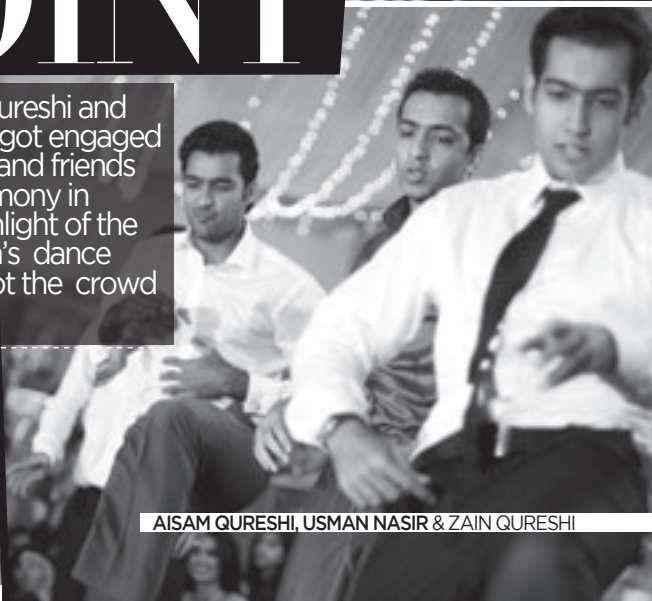
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MATCH POINT



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Aisam-ul-Haq Qureshi and Faha Makhdum got engaged amongst family and friends in a festive ceremony in Lahore. The highlight of the night was Aisam's dance number that got the crowd very excited.



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MURAD SAIGOL & SHEHRYAR AMIN



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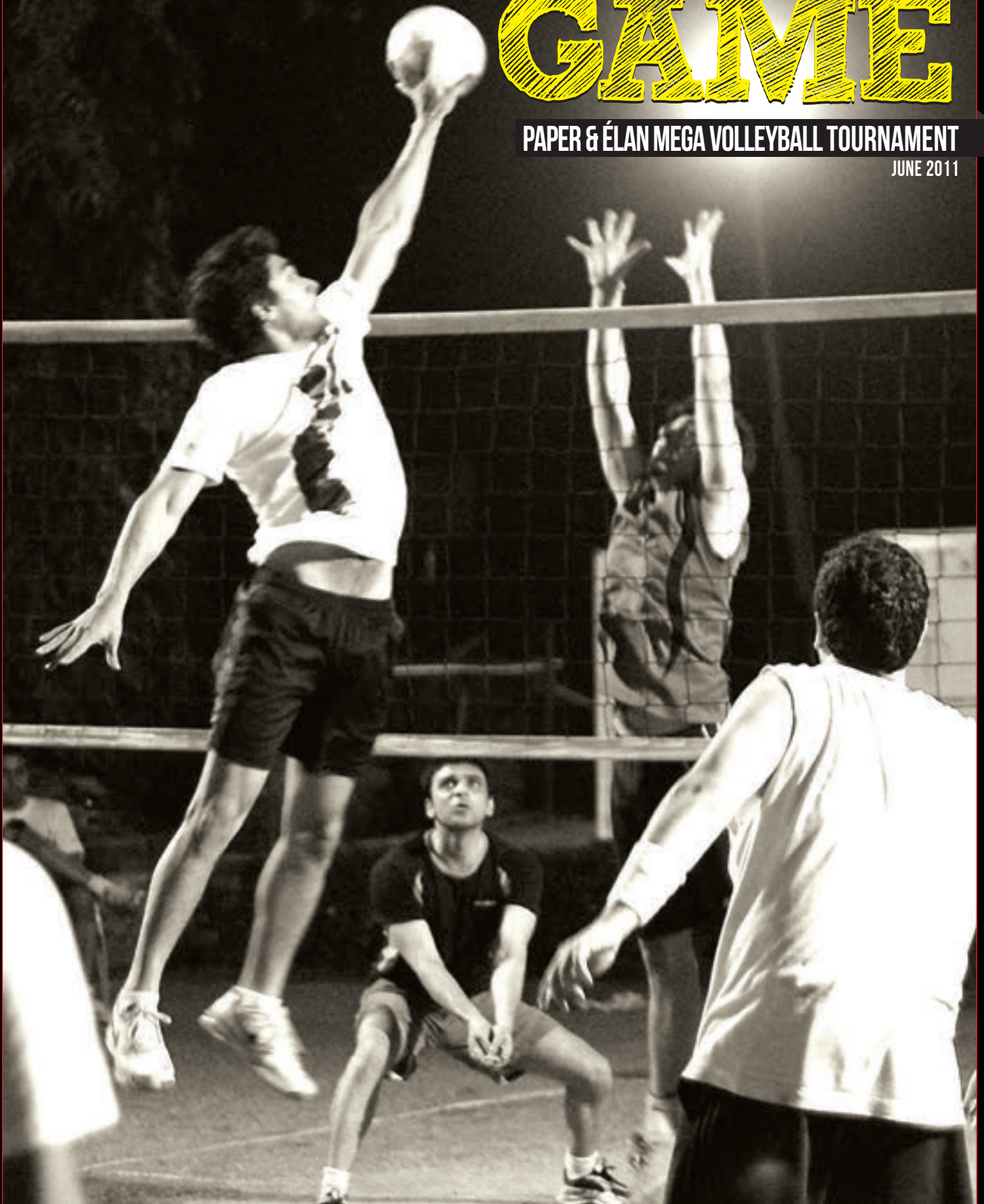
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WE GOT GAME

PAPER & ÉLAN MEGA VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT

JUNE 2011





THE HIPSTERS



KHADIJAH SHAH

PAPER & ÉLAN

SPONSORED A MEGA VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT TO RAISE FUNDS FOR **SHAUKAT KHANUM MEMORIAL CANCER HOSPITAL**. IMRAN KHAN SPOKE ABOUT THE RESPONSIBILITY AND POWER OF THE YOUTH IN SHAPING THE FUTURE OF PAKISTAN. THERE WERE 11 TEAMS WITH FASHION RELATED NAMES WHICH INCLUDED THE SUSPENDERS, FEDORAS, ROCK N ROLLAS, GLADIATORS, AVIATORS, LBD'S, PYT'S, LOAFERS, SKULLS, PUNKS AND HIPSTERS. THE FINAL WAS A NAIL BITING THREE SETTER WITH MULTIPLE MATCH POINTS ON EACH SIDE, BUT IN THE END THE GLADIATORS BEAT THE SKULLS TO CLAIM THE TROPHY.



IMRAN KHAN



THE SKULLS



FARAZ MALIK



THE TROPHY



USMAN CHEEMA & SHAHZAR ANWAR



AHMED KHAN



THE CHAMPIONS WITH THEIR MASCOT

THE GLADIATORS



RAZA KHAN JEHANZEB AMIN & MEHAR CHOHAN



MUHAMMED KHAN



THE AVIATORS



THE PUNKS

- 1. Taimur Langrial (c)
- 2. Waleed Faruki
- 3. Fahad Kamal
- 4. Shafaq Hussain
- 5. Ali Raja
- 6. Tehmina Javaid



HUSSAIN MIRZA & BABAR SHAIKH



OMER SHAIKH



GULRUKH SHAFIQ, SHAHROSE CHAUDRI, MEHAK AMIR & SAMAH MUDDASAR

DO THE
DEW





MEHER MUMTAZ



MONA FAISAL & FATIMA KASURI



MAHRA SANA & ZAHRA BHATTI

CAUGHT

THE PAPER CAMERAS CAUGHT FASHION GLITTERATI AND SOCIALITES IN THE ACT. HERE IS A LOOK AT WHAT YOU WONT SEE ANYWHERE ELSE.



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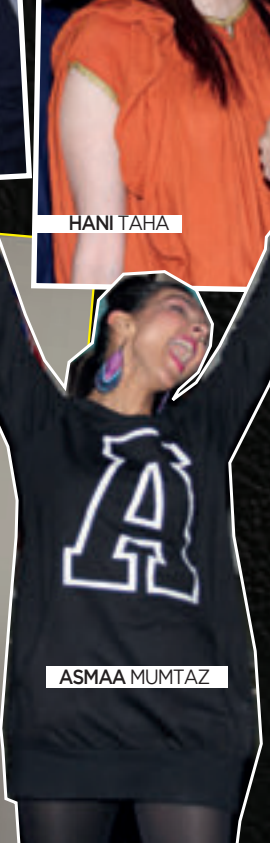
HANI TAHA



NOOR BHATTI



MIKAIL KHAN & ADNAN AZAM



ASMAA MUMTAZ



AHSAN SHAIKH, UMER SATTI, & SARAH GILLANI



FAYEZAH ANSARI



ANDALEEP RANA



KAMIAR ROKNI



AAMIR MAZHAR & FIA

ON PAPER



AYESHA TOOR



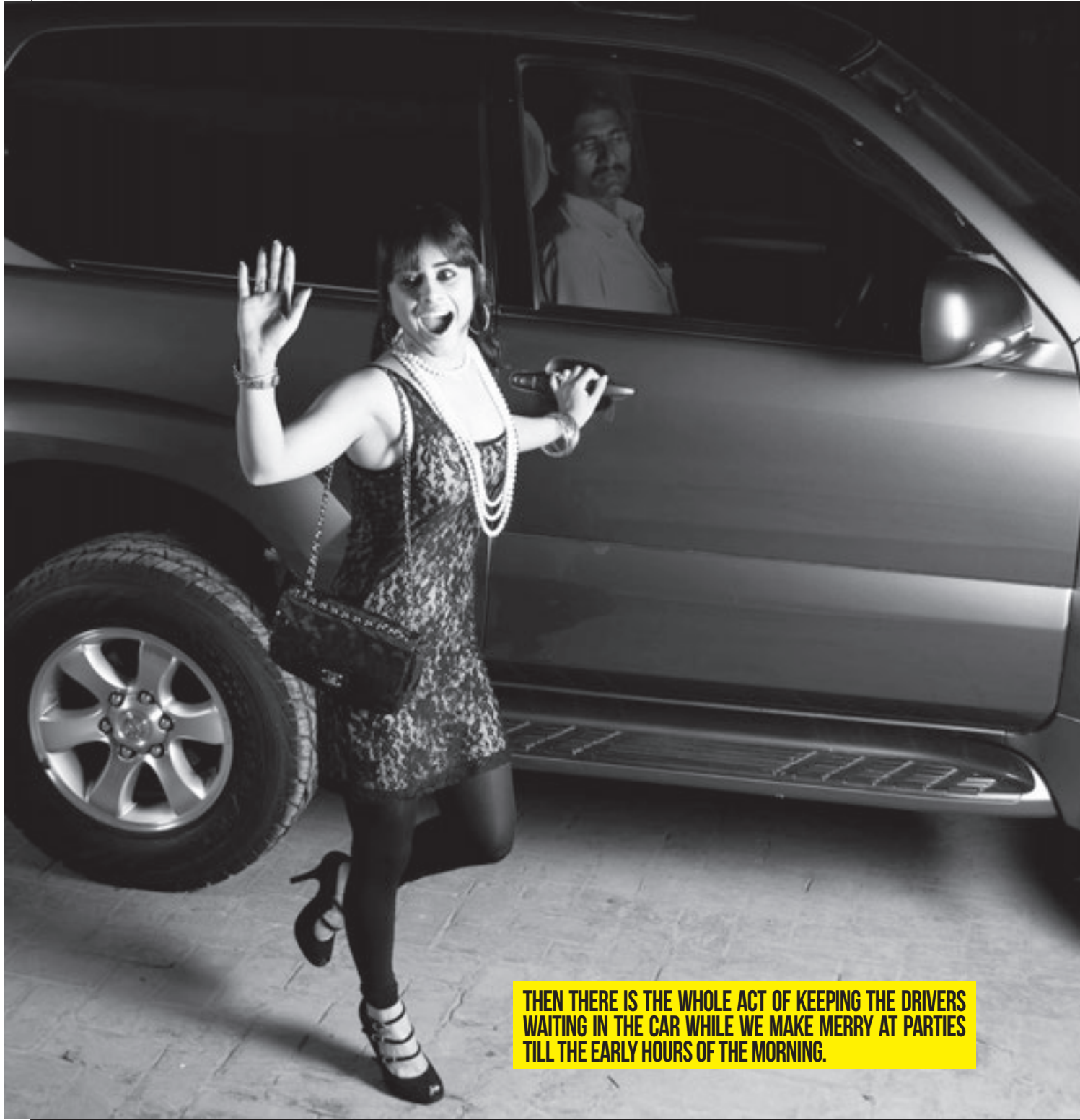
NICKIE & NINA



ZAHRA KHOKHAR

I AM A CITIZEN OF

'CONTRADI



THEN THERE IS THE WHOLE ACT OF KEEPING THE DRIVERS WAITING IN THE CAR WHILE WE MAKE MERRY AT PARTIES TILL THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING.

PHOTOGRAPHY LALI KHALID | MODEL MEHREEN RAHEAL | MAKE-UP TONI & GUY | LOCATION THE REGENCY LAHORE

CONTRADICTISTAN'

By Namoos Zaheer 

**“DO WHAT YOU WILL, THIS
WORLD'S A FICTION AND IS MADE
OF CONTRADICTION”**

WILLIAM BLAKE

→ PAKISTAN - A LAND OF CONTRADICTION, where the gap between the haves and have-nots only seems to be increasing. Do we even get the opportunity or time to sit and analyse who we are and what we have become? Namoos Zaheer gives us her perspective.

I cannot decide if this blind acceptance of contradictions is a symbol of our resilience as a nation, because let's face it, we seem to have become God's forgotten children of late. Maybe, the only way to survive the madness and chaos that envelops our society is to detach and pretend that life is peachy. Or maybe we are a people so disillusioned and scared that we have lost the ability to see the bigger picture. I don't know which one of the two it is but all I know is that we, the citizens of Contradictistan, seem to have come to a silent agreement to collectively bury our heads in the sand. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, we the citizens of Contradictistan, the children of the land of the pure, have our heads in the sand and in so doing, our rears in the air.

Let me stop at this stage to say that I am in no way being holier than thou. I am with you with my head in the sand, my fellow Contradictistanis. This article is not an exercise in pointing fingers, I am merely trying to hold up a mirror. I think we need to step back for a minute and take stock of all the small injustices and

hypocrisies that each of us plays a part in everyday of our lives.

It all starts in our homes. It starts with sleeping in full comfort in our air-conditioned room, without even a twang of guilt at the idea of our household help sleeping in the sweltering heat. I am the very first to hold my hand up and admit that I don't bat an eye when the butler walks into the ice cold living room with my *neembo paani*. I can see the sweat stains on his back, the layer of perspiration on his brow; yet I have accepted this as the way of the world. Many homes have different dishes for the staff, those who cook for us are not fit to eat in the same plates as us. What I find most difficult to swallow is the notion of taking the nanny to a restaurant and not feeding her. In most cases, the poor nanny is not much older than the children she has been charged with looking after. How often have we all witnessed this young girl, sitting in a corner half hidden behind a potted plant in a restaurant. She is there in case one of the children cries, she sits on standby as the family happily dines. I have to say, most people tend to show greater respect for the Phillipino nanny. I have yet to witness such harsh treatment of the imported help. Perhaps she is valued more because she costs more.

THE NANNY IS THERE
IN CASE ONE OF THE
CHILDREN CRIES AND
IS ON STANDBY AS
THE FAMILY HAPPILY
DINES.



Then there is the whole act of keeping the drivers waiting in the car while we make merry at parties till the early hours of the morning, and to add insult to injury, when we do get back into our cars, we complain that the slumbering driver has stunk up the car due to his lack of hygiene.

While we have evolved into beings that are sufficiently thick skinned to be numb to the physical discomfort we may cause to those in our employment we still retain the ability not to offend the religious and cultural sensibility of those who work for us. While the lady of the house can dance the night away in a knee length strapless dress, under no circumstances must the *chowkidar*, driv-

drinking what you want, saying what you want, coming and going as you want, no police check posts- it can be so dull. As a citizen of Contradictistan I am a child of drama and intrigue, such transparency and forthrightness unnerves me.

Our sense of aesthetic is also fraught with contradictions. To the average male in our great land, the voluptuous damsel in distress is no doubt the beacon of beauty. The endowments of heroines starring in our average Punjabi films are no doubt enough to get the hearts of many a man fluttering. Yet, the microcosm that is our fashion industry has imported purely alien notions of female beauty. The long legged skinny models we see all over the billboards these days are genetic anomalies that set

WHAT I FIND MOST DIFFICULT TO SWALLOW IS THE NOTION OF TAKING THE NANNY TO A RESTAURANT AND NOT FEEDING HER....

er or guard see her in such garments. She must be sufficiently clad to paint a picture of domestic respectability. So when she steps out of the house, a shawl, leggings or whatever works must be used to ensure the modesty of the lady of the house is maintained. God forbid the help think that the mistress of the house is '*baisharam*', while it is quite all right to be thought of as a selfish and greedy despot.

Iwould like to reiterate at this stage that I am not laying blame anywhere. I am also very aware of the fact that this seems to be a gross over simplification of the basics of class politics. These contradictions start in the home and are precursors of the larger ones we see in our social milieu. We all have family members who have no idea of the double lives we lead. There are certain people that we can never smoke in front of, there are certain gatherings in which we can never dream of wearing a sleeveless shirt. As such, we the citizens of Contradictistan are also adept social chameleons. We live in a land that is culturally schizophrenic and as such, we know how to ride the tide of insanity.

To borrow shamelessly from Shakespeare, 'there is method in our madness'. If we know we have to attend a very boring wedding filled with conservative relatives, we will dress the part, but will make sure to arrange a pre-do to get ourselves 'fortified' for the event and we have even made an institution of the 'car bar'. When I socialise in the West, I almost find the lack of intrigue boring. The whole notion of wearing what you want,

standards of beauty almost impossible for any Contradictistani woman to strive for. Not without the extensive help of your local cosmetic surgeon that is. We are not a tall race, our mid torso to legs ratio is grossly different from the average Californian, and most Contradictistani women have, what are euphemistically called, 'child bearing hips'.

Yes, ladies and gentleman, there is a reason why we have one of the highest population growth rates in the world. There is a reason why the breezy shalwars are our preferred national dress; no article of clothing does greater justice to the lower torso of the ladies of our land. But our new breed of fashion designers have decided to pay no heed to the wisdom of the ages. The collective aesthetic of centuries that recognised that the *shalwar*, *gharara* or *saari* was the way to ensure that a lady of the sub-continent could look regal and beautiful without having to starve herself. But no, our new age designers have decided to discard all the fantastic camouflage that our grandmothers and their mothers before them could rely on. My *naani* eats *parathas* for breakfast every day and has been doing so for fifty years. I do not think she has ever had to worry about the size of her thighs, but then I don't think she has ever been introduced to the menace of jeggings. As such, our sense of female aesthetic is based on the fancies of a few designers (most of whom are not too keen on the ladies anyway), and is greatly disjointed from centuries of aesthetic evolution which celebrated the voluptuous maternal aura of the East. Therefore, what is considered fashionable for the ladies in Contradictistan today

is most likely designed for the body of an 18 year old Californian girl and because our designers say its cool, we the ladies of Contradictistan will starve ourselves till we can pull it off. Who cares about genes and body types, we are Contradictistani women and we defy the laws of nature!

That is not to say the males of Contradictistan have not fallen prey to the whims of the fanciful designers. A certain designer has taken it upon himself to design clothes which are more suited to 19th century European dandies than the average Contradictistani son of the soil. I live in London and have to say, I have yet to see polka dotted bow ties or tweed hunting hats even amongst the most English of the English.

I do believe that all these little lies and blind spots help us to cope with the greater social malaise that plague us. We have to desensitise; how else can we cope with the fact that most of us hate our nation's status quo? Zardari is our President; he is a bona fide crook, some might even say a charlatan. Yet, we as a nation, have to accept that he is our leader, we cannot afford to dwell over the distaste this causes us. Fatima Bhutto recently said that we are having a 'nervous breakdown' as a nation. I think that we are not quite there yet. We are a nation on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The breakdown will occur if we sit and take stock of all the lies, tragedies and natural disasters that have wrecked havoc on our collective psyche over the past decade. We have had to deal with a devastating earthquake, a ravaging flood, the murders of Benazir Bhutto, Salman Taseer and Shah-

baz Bhatti, judicial crises, an economic meltdown, no electricity, Talibanisation, countless suicide bombings, public lynchings of young boys, acquittals of rapists and numerous cricketing scandals.

How can anyone blame us for burying our heads in the sand? How can we as nation stay sane when to compound our misery, we lose the World Cup semi final to India? Then, as the icing on the cake, we find out that the army of our great land, which sucks close to 70% of our annual budget, this parasite of an institution that has never even won a war, has had Osama Bin Laden chilling in it's backyard for Lord knows how long.

What are we Contradictistanis to do, I ask you? Should we wallow in our collective sorrow? Take up arms against a sea of troubles? Or should we all continue to float around in our little bubbles? It is so much easier to hide from the truth.

I have held up this horrid mirror for far too long my fellow patriots, put it away immediately. Lets all get back into our little air-conditioned bubble. Let us all buy the latest Birkin, spend our summers in Monaco, buy a new Range Rover and pretend we too are a nation with a future to look forward to. Admittedly the bearded folk from the mountains are slowly finding their way into our cities and we cannot deny that our household help now has venom in it's eyes. But we are the citizens of Contradictistan and contrary to popular belief, we are in tune with our reality; we just choose to ignore it! ■

WHAT ARE WE CONTRADICTISTANIS TO DO, I ASK YOU? SHOULD WE WALLOW IN OUR COLLECTIVE SORROW? TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES? OR SHOULD WE ALL CONTINUE TO FLOAT AROUND IN OUR LITTLE BUBBLES? IT IS SO MUCH EASIER TO HIDE FROM THE TRUTH.



I DON'T BAT AN EYE WHEN THE BUTLER WALKS INTO THE ICE COLD LIVING ROOM WITH MY *NEEMBO PAANI*. I CAN SEE THE SWEAT STAINS ON HIS BACK...YET I HAVE ACCEPTED THIS AS THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Studio S
Introducing The Jewellery Line





Studio S: 63-A, Block E1, Gulberg III, Lahore-Pakistan

Photographed & Styled by: *Attesh Zahrad*

EMPIRE OF DIRT

The writer remains *Anonymous*

THERE IS A THIN LINE BETWEEN DRUG USE AND ABUSE. A YOUNG BOY'S STORY ABOUT HIS BATTLE WITH DRUGS.

BEGAN WRITING this article to explain who I am, what I had and what I had lost; why I did the things that I did, and how I fell into the same hole over and over again. But I realised that this was just a small part of a very big picture. This is more about 'us' rather than just little old me. This is about something that is destroying our country from within. This is about the only thing that both the poor and the rich share: drug and alcohol abuse.

I have been asked to talk or write about the reality of our country and how it is being eaten from within. I have never really had the guts to come out and speak openly as I belong to a certain class of the Pakistani elite (*naam kay hee buss*). The reason I write this now is because I wish someone who actually understood this pain had written this article when I was so lost. Although I remain anonymous, I hope you read this and something within suddenly lights up.

Welcome to our great country, Pakistan. This is a country that will eat you alive and spit you out just after filling your senses with the sweetest desires and a million and one promises. You want power? You have to sell the damn country. You want to be popular? You better be ready to give up everything that you have. You want money? You really have to sell your soul or sometimes even yourself. This is a country where anything goes but everyone pretends that no one knows. God help you if anyone finds out that you're in pain, lost and broken. There is no one coming to pick you up and teach you how to walk all over again. Reality bites, true, but down here reality bites and is the king of deception. I write this not because I have a PhD in psychology, I write because I am the guy that got eaten alive and spat out. I am one of so many and this is my story.

I have spent most of my life in the city of Lahore. I went to the best

schools and made many friends. I had a relatively normal childhood and wasn't concerned with who was rich and who was poor. I had been stuck in my own personal cocoon, dying to come out into the world and become king of it all. One thing I realised while growing up was that in order to survive in this place I needed to be strong, stronger than anyone around me. I fell in love quite early in my life and by early I mean just as I hit puberty. It was time for me to come out of my cocoon and face the world. I was excited and couldn't wait to fly so very high. I was ready to say 'Hello Lahore!' but just as I came out I was bombarded with the 'cool bomb' of smoke and alcohol. I had no experience with these things.

I realised that I would never get the attention I wanted by being the kid who got pushed around. Then and there I decided I was going to win this war and be feared rather than afraid. I was a kid in a vicious city. Only two things could happen now - eat or be eaten. I decided to eat. I surrounded myself with friends and decided to lead rather than be led. In the beginning I faced all sorts of competition: bullies, gangsters and little wannabe politicians. But I was good at this; it was in my blood and I cleared them from my way in no time. Lahore became my world and I was on my way to the top. I had the most beautiful girlfriend, powerful friends, powerful parents and now a powerful reputation. I thought I had it all. Popularity and fear were my weapons and I was unstoppable.

Here, entered a so-called friend. A friend that introduced me to something I had never faced before: drugs. Although I was an early smoker and would have the occasional teenage drink, drugs were not a part of my life. The first time I tried dope was the beginning of it all. The problem was that I thought myself to be invincible and unbreakable.



Now the Islamic Republic of Pakistan would show me its true face as I became a member of the secret society. The one so many of us belong to but none of us ever speak of. I had made a deal with the devil and it was time to start paying up.

At that time parties only took place on weekends and were thrown in someone's house. To throw a party all you really needed was a lot of alcohol, a dance floor and enough contacts among the opposite sex. My girlfriend wouldn't get out much because of her conservative background

so I would just party by myself and quite often be seen dancing by myself. I had all my best friends around me, friends that would supposedly die for me. It wasn't long before my excessive lust for partying, drinking and smoking started to affect my life. In retrospect, I don't even remember what I enjoyed so much. I was always a bright student, but school did not matter to me anymore.

My only priority became getting high and being powerful. By the age of eighteen I was officially a name to fear and, for the ones I victimised, despise. I still had a lot of friends and a relationship with a girl that I was madly in love with, somehow hanging by a thread. I was getting reckless and the consequences of my actions were of no importance to me. I didn't care what anyone thought as no one was important enough to matter and no one was strong enough to raise any questions. I destroyed everything that came in my way but soon everything was about to change. I was to face the only enemy strong enough to bring me down, a battle I was too proud to back down from. I only wish now I had stopped then.

Ramadan passed and I was drinking and smoking again. I was partying more and more and trying everything new. Just drinking or smoking didn't cut it anymore and Lahore had begun to change. New drugs started to pop up. Ecstasy and cocaine started to be the new things to do with alcohol only as an appetizer. These weren't so cheap to do so only the rich would indulge and offer a line or two to those who couldn't afford it. I fell in love with ecstasy and coke. A friend and I would be at every party with lots of cocaine for ourselves and to share too. Everything was just so much more fun that it became a part of our regular hangouts. We felt like kings. The feeling was just insane. In a second you would turn from a frog into a prince. The only problem was everyone else still saw you as a frog. I was no frog so for me it was like being king of the world and Pakistan was just a small piece of my domain.

In all this mayhem, I lost the one girl that I had always been with. This was it. The bomb had exploded right on my head and there was no coming back. Before this we were having issues, but I never thought anything could make her leave. She was the first real thing I really lost and now I faced a pain that no amount of alcohol could take away. No number of joints made me forget and no amount of cocaine or ecstasy helped me move on. I fell into major depression and had fits of rage. I would make a fool of myself at every party by getting so drunk that I wouldn't even know what I was doing to the extent of beating up random people trying to take out my frustration. Screaming and shouting and at times crying and howling. Everything I saw myself as had now been shattered even in my own reflection. I begged her to come back but I became so pitiful that she would never see me as the same strong man again, no one would.

You might think what happened next is because this girl left me and that became the reason for my complete downfall but no, I must

I HAD MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL AND IT WAS TIME TO START PAYING UP

When the partying got too much and the drinking started to show in my daily life, a few people tried to warn me but I didn't care. I wish I had listened then but life is just not like that. I still remember, it was the month of Ramadan and although any sort of substance-induced high is forbidden in Islam and our country, drinking is especially forbidden in the Holy month. The hypocrisy of our country is that in Ramadan people usually don't drink, or party but start doing drugs. The bootleggers go into hibernation and the drug dealers come out to play. When I got desperate for a drink and didn't know what to do, that same kind friend offered his help. The help came in the form of a cigarette that didn't quite burn like a cigarette and didn't quite smell like dope.

With my ego still in full throttle, I didn't care what it was as long as it took the edge off. This was my first Heroin cigarette. A drug that so many of us think is only for the poor under the bridges. The feeling I got from this was something I still can't explain. Only someone who does it can know. It was a feeling of extreme bliss. The trees became greener and roads became cleaner. The air smelt fresher and language became more poetic. Before this I could handle anything but after this my life changed. I didn't get hooked on Heroin just yet, even though most people say if you try it once it's over. Well it wasn't over for me, I had to be different, I had to be one step ahead.

make this clear that much before her I had dug my own grave. The day I tried to get external bliss was the day I became unable to handle such a situation. There were other people too who had lost the loves of their lives and moved on after maybe getting drunk a few times and spending a little time being sad and low, but for me it was different. This is where the difference between someone who is prone to be an addict and someone who is just a user comes in. It's a very thin line between drug and alcohol use and drug and alcohol abuse; so thin that to this day no doctor or scientist in the world can tell you if you will be an addict or a user after you try. It's a game of chance, you either are or you aren't. I was and I just wasn't ready to admit it.

As time went by and the memories of the one I had lost got worse, nothing seemed to work. I ran into my friend again, the one who had offered me my first joint and my first Heroin cigarette. I was offered another cigarette of Heroin and promised that this would take all the pain away. I had already made a few deals with the devil before and was paying up in installments so for me it was just one more deal added to the list. This was the final one and the one that cost me everything. I had sold my soul and taken a puff to sign the deal.

By the time I finished my first Heroin cigarette she was long for-

gotten. I didn't care anymore and my life was now in my pocket. I avoided my usual friends and only wanted to meet people I did Heroin with. Heroin sucks you in quietly and deceives you into believing that everything is fine. You only realise the severity of the issue when you look inside your pocket and find an empty folded paper, something we call a *poorri*. That moment is like all hell has broken loose and nothing in the world matters. I still remember an episode when I didn't have my car and I needed Heroin fast and didn't know how to get to the dealer immediately. My body started to hurt and my vision became blurred. My eyes started to get watery and I just felt like I was being pulled into Satan's boiling cauldron. I tried everything, I called everyone I knew for a ride but nothing worked so I set out on foot in the blazing heat and rushed to the dealer in a rickshaw. I was desperate and the dealer took his good time because they know that the addict is going to wait no matter what. It was their way of establishing the rules: always pay the amount you are asked and get as much as you can because it's never enough. From a guy that everyone feared- for whom tables were emptied at restaurants- I became a guy who was at the mercy of a two-bit dealer who lived in alleys of old Lahore.

From then on I was at the dealers every morning with a friend getting my daily dose. My face and body shriveled up and I looked like the walking dead. My mother expressed her concern but I just snapped back at her and told her I was fine. I dropped out of college and went into a spiral of pain, lies and deceit. For a long time I was completely lost and cut off from everything normal. Heroin took me away from my friends and family. All I can tell you is that nothing was ever the same again. It made me beg, lie and steal from those closest to me, something I thought I was incapable of. I started to hide my stash at home, under the tub in my bathroom, in a bottle full of vitamins and even in my computer case. The guy that did everything so openly was now just a mosquito flying in the shadows, looking for someone's blood to suck. While I write this and go through all my memories, I can't help but cry because there is nothing worse than losing everything you loved and remembering every choice that made you lose it.

After a while my family had no choice but to find professional help for me. I was sent to the most expensive drug rehabilitation centre available. I spent approximately five months there and cleaned myself up. I could go on and on about what they tried to teach us there but the reality is that this is a country of blood suckers and the establishment there was no different. Drugs would be brought in easily as money buys everything and power breaks every rule. The man who owned the place was a millionaire providing his personal services only to the elite and in many ways very intelligently making sure that they would keep coming back to pay around five hundred thousand per month. The place showed me a million new things but also where I would end up next. I wanted to get away from all this insanity. The hardest part was the void in my heart after losing everything, including the drug that made losing everything seem okay.

I didn't go back to using Heroin, but it became very clear that any drug I tried or any drink I had, I abused. I had no control over my addiction anymore. Everything had now become like Heroin and every high took me one step closer to Heroin. My good friends had now all disappeared and I was now completely alone. Friends whose pain I had made my own when they felt so alone were now too cool to share my pain. If you want to be popular in Lahore, a part of the great society, you can't be associated with people as helpless as I was. So I cleaned up once again, going through the process of detoxification and came out with a new vision. I was alone and no one would fight my fight for me. I decided to start by changing the way

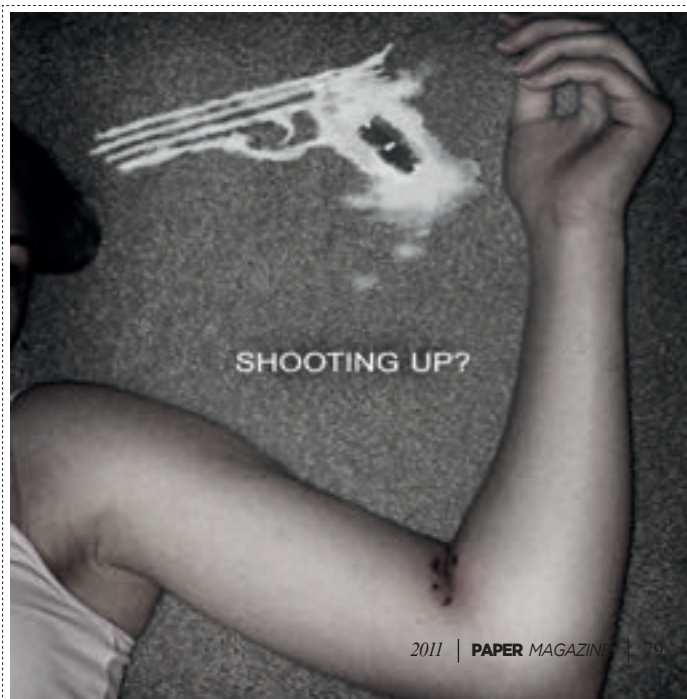
I saw my own reflection. I was a warrior and this war wasn't quite over yet. I decided to live for my own self and forget about receiving any sympathy. I didn't want sympathy.

Although we don't have any real rehabilitation centres, any kind of help is good. You can't fight a war unless you are clean and free of drugs and alcohol. The war I started to fight was a war I am still fighting to this day. Every morning I wake up and start a new day knowing that I am powerless when it comes to drugs and alcohol, there is no one to comfort me and so I must take care of myself. Today I don't have any real friends; they all left a long time ago. I see them on and off at random places but I know they are embarrassed to associate with me. I pray that Allah doesn't give them the pain I went through and go through every single day. I admit that there are times when I want to reach out to them but I know it is no longer an option. I can only pray that they distance themselves from the sort of life I chose for myself but I know in my heart that even though they abandoned me in my weakest days I would still hold their hand in times of despair. Most of them are married now and I pray everyday that the Lord keeps their children away from the kind of people that came my way.

I know that my story and my fight against drugs is far from over, but I realise that real friends are almost impossible to have. Everyone has a boiling point and everyone I love goes away. Before I end this article (which has been the most difficult thing for me to write) I would like to make a few things clear. I have referred to the guy who introduced me to my first joint and first Heroin cigarette as a friend as he too was an addict and sadly is no longer in this world. He was shot dead by a dealer he owed money to. We were a total of six guys who did Heroin together and only two remain. One is married and has completely sobered up. I am the second; sobered up and trying to make a place for myself in this vicious world. We try and stay away from each other as seeing one another only brings back the memories we try so hard to forget. I lost another friend very recently, a guy with a huge heart who unfortunately couldn't survive this war. We are all in our twenties now and this is no time to die. These guys weren't bad people; they were just lost, like so many of us are. People who needed help, perhaps a shoulder to cry on or a hand to desperately hang on to. They were the sons of their mothers and fathers, the hopes and dreams of their families. Some the only hope for their families. They were our brothers, Pakistanis lost in Pakistan.

Salaam and may God always be with you!

A Friend ■



PRÉT a PAPER

BEST BUYS THIS SEASON

CRAVING COOKIES



Mrs. Fields and TCBY (The country's best yogurt) have opened on MM Alam road, Lahore. Debbi Fields founded Mrs. Fields in California. It is one of the largest retailers of freshly baked, specialty cookies, brownies and frozen yogurt in the United States.

TCBY first opened in Arkansas, spread across the country and now overseas. TCBY leads the market in nutrition and taste. Now, Mrs. Fields and TCBY are both available at 18-C-1 MM Alam Road, Lahore. So go taste some of Mrs. Field's mouth-watering signature cookies and TCBY's famous yoghurt!

SHINE ON

Turn on the shine with Luscious Ultra-shine lip gloss in an array of gorgeous super-shiny shades that add a glistening splash of colour with a delicious fruity scent. Coat lips with a shot of ultra-glam that goes on smooth and fast with a silky brush applicator that keeps you in perfect control. Protects and nourishes your lips with the powerful antioxidant vitamins A, C and E
ULTRA-SHINE LIP GLOSS RS. 445



THE JERSEY CHOORIDAR

The jersey *chooridar* is the perfect cross between the classic cotton *chooridar* and tights. It is an essential wardrobe staple this summer. We love it in white, as it goes with most lawn shirts. It is also available in black and beige. We recommend
ENSEMBLE (Rs. 2,500) and **KHAADI KHAAS** (Rs. 1,200)

JUMPSUITS

We love Shehla Chatoor's cocktail jumpsuits from the "Birds of Paradise" collection shown at the VEET Celebration of Beauty, 2011. Luxurious silks embellished with gold metal. Inspired by bygone Chinolserie culture, these jumpsuits rocked the ramp and made it to our wish list.

APPROX RS 19,000



CRISP KURTAS

Beat the summer heat in comfortable crisp white *kurtas*. We love Fab East *chikan kurtas* available at ENSEMBLE.

FAB EAST WHITE COTTON KURTA RS 4,800



WORK IT

The Working Woman has made life easy by introducing simple, affordable and wearable prêt. Those of you who dread making countless trips to the *darzi* should jump with joy. These comfortable clothes, look and feel good.

PRICES START FROM Rs. 1,895





Annie Khalid
Annie Khalid
Singer, Song writer

Mehreen Raheel
Mehreen Raheel
Model, Actress

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Lahore

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20-C-1, M.M. ALAM ROAD GULBERG III, 042 3576 4085-6, 3573 1559, 3573 1560
www.facebook.com/toniandguylahore info@toniandguy.com.pk

IT'S BLACK & WHITE

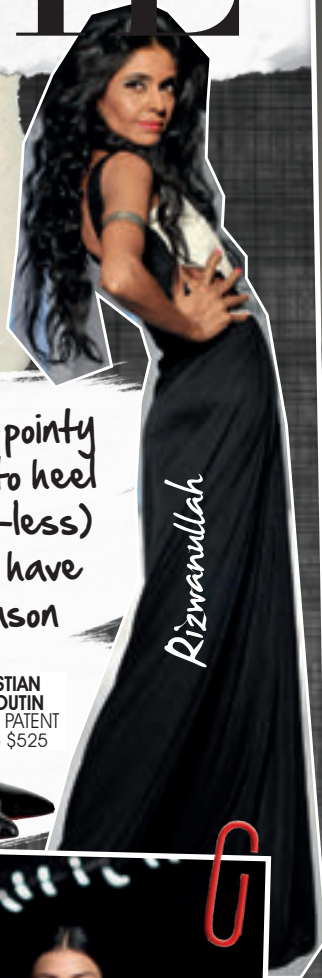


RACHEL BILSON



Fahad Hussayn

CHIC CLASSIC & no fuss BLACK AND WHITE never goes out of style. At work or a night out, this look will never let you down.



Rizwanullah

The sleek pointy toe Stiletto heel (Platform-less) is a must have this season



CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN PIGALLE PATENT PUMPS \$525



Jason Wu



Sublime



CLEMENCE POESY



FRIEHA ALTAF

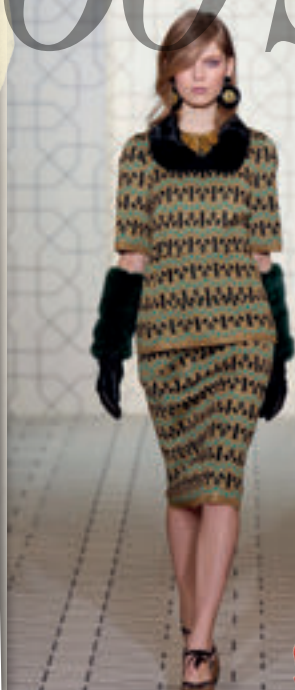


CHANEL JUMBO 2.55 CAVIAR FLAP BAG WITH GOLD HARDWARE APPROX \$3,200

Swinging 60'S



Bottega Veneta Fall 2011



Marni Fall 2011



JACKIE KENNEDY ONASSIS
WEARING A CASSINI SHIFT DRESS



Louis Vuitton Fall 2011

TO COMPLETE THE LOOK: TRY NUDE LIPS WITH A SIMPLE FELINE FLICK CONTOURING THE EYE (LIKE KATE MOSS) AND A CLASSIC BOUFFANT UPDO FOR SOME ADDED GLAMOUR.

Swing into style

THE 60'S ARE BACK WITH A BANG. THINK BRIGHTLY COLOURED TUNICS, OVERSIZED BUTTONS, SLOPING SHOULDERS, PETER PAN COLLARS, **SHIFT DRESSES** & HUGE SEQUINS WORN WITH OPAQUE TIGHTS AND **T-STRAP PUMPS** OR KNEE HIGH BOOTS.



Alberta Ferretti Fall 2011



Prada Fall 2011



SANAM AGHA IN
A SHIFT DRESS



SABINA PASHA SPORTING
THE BOUFFANT



CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN
patent leather
t-strap peep
toes \$895



Jean Paul Gaultier Fall 2011

TRUE BLUE

BLUE IS HERE TO STAY AND IS AS HOT AS EVER. FROM PALE TO COBALT BLUE YOU CAN ROCK ANY OUTFIT WITH IT. SEEN ON THE RUNWAYS OF ISABEL MARANT, JASON WU, AND TEEJAYS.



EVA MENDES



TeeJays



Umar Saeed



Make an impact by wearing blue all over with light gradations of tone like Tilda Swinton

TILDA SWINTON



ZARA SHAHJAHAN



KAMIAR ROKNI



NABILA



SARA SHAHID



KATE MIDDLETON

Hina Rabbani Khar is right on trend in this blue outfit. The young foreign minister's style created quite a stir during her recent trip to India...



HINA RABBANI KHAR

WEAR IT WITH

CHLOÉ MARCIE SMALL LEATHER SATCHEL \$640



JEROME DREFFUSS MOMO SMALL SHOULDER BAG \$500



QUIZ ROYAL BLUE CHIFFON GYPSY TOP Rs.4,050



KHAADI CHIFFON SCARF Rs.2,000



SAFINAZ & SANA



AMINAH HAQ



JESSICA ALBA



SUSIE LAU



Sadaf Malatterre



Khadija Khan



MICHELLE WILLIAMS



LEIGHTON MEESTER



BLAKE LIVELY



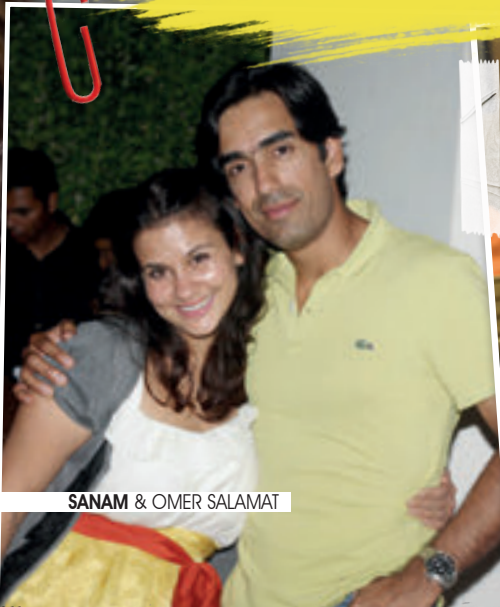
PARIS HILTON

HELLO YELLOW

YELLOW IS THE HIPPEST COLOUR RIGHT NOW. The good news is that not only does yellow brighten your wardrobe and lift your mood, *It looks beautiful against tanned olive skin!*



KHADIJAH SHAH



SANAM & OMER SALAMAT



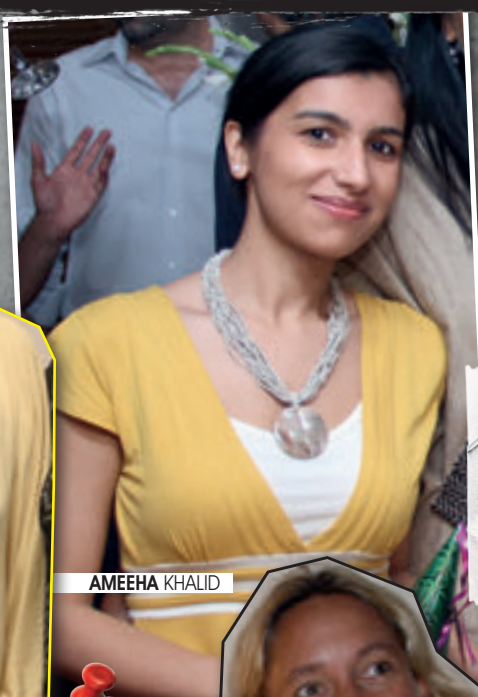
SADIA SAADAT



MONA FAISAL



NABILA



AMEEHA KHALID



Michael Kors

OUTFITTERS
CLUTCH
Rs.2,000

STYLE TIP
YELLOW IS A TRICKY COLOUR SO FIND THE RIGHT SHADE TO COMPLIMENT YOUR COMPLEXION



ALEXANDRA SERIES



LARK & FINCH
SANDALS
Rs.4,150



QUEEN ELIZABETH



OLIVIA PALERMO



HANNELI MUSTAPARTA



Mohsin Ali

GO NUDE

NUDE SHADES HAVE NEVER BEEN HOTTER.

Wear nude head to toe with pale lips for subtle sexiness or add a pop of colour with accessories or bright red lips for added OOMPH.



NILOFER SHAHID

ANGELINA JOLIE

BLAKE LIVELY



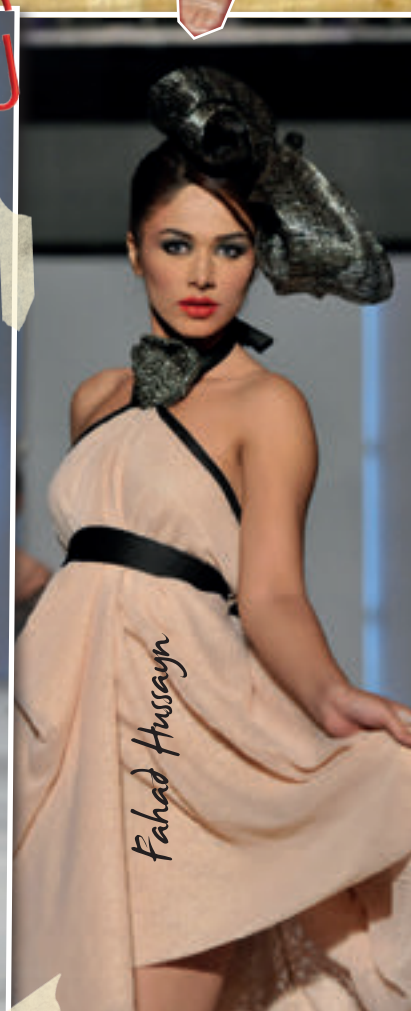
Asifa Nabeel



Tee Jays



Muse



Fahad Hussayn



Chloe



Donna Karan



Narciso Rodriguez



Muse



NICKIE

STYLE TIP

NUDE LOOKS BEST WITH TAN ACCESSORIES. TRY TAN STILLETTO HEELS TO COMPLIMENT YOUR OUTFIT AND MAKE YOUR LEGS LOOK LONGER



QUIZ SANDSTONE CHIFFON TOP Rs. 4,400



ASMAA MUMTAZ



BAR REFAELI



TUBAH ZAFAR



REDAH MISBAH



NIDA AZWER



GIVENCHY CROSSOVER LEATHER SANDALS \$ 520



YSL ROADY LEATHER TOTE \$ 2,112



FENDI PEEKABOO PYTHON TOTE \$ 6,820

Show Your STRIPES

STRIPES MAKE A BIG COME BACK. THIS SEASON STRIPES ARE BOLDER BRIGHTER AND BETTER AS SEEN ON PRADA'S RUNWAYS.



Prada



AVRIL LAVIGNE



IMAN PASHA



ANNA DELLO RUSSO



EVA LONGORIA



ELENA ANAYA



TAYLOR SWIFT



FARYAL AFIAH



ZAHRA HABIB Rs.4,500



OUTFITTERS Rs.890-1490

STYLE TIP: KEEP ACCESSORIES TO A MINIMUM AND WEAR **VERTICAL STRIPES** FOR A LEANER, TALLER LOOK.

from where nature derives its colors



Mousse Foundation

An ultra light texture air-whipped mousse foundation, instantly turns into powder when touches skin, giving a perfect blended sensation with a weightless feel. Ideal for matte, smooth and long lasting make-up.

GR
GoldenRose®



$$D=2R \quad d=2r$$

$$S=\sqrt{h^2+(R-r)^2}$$

$$\text{surface} = \pi r^2$$

$$\text{base} = \pi (R^2)$$

$$\text{total} = A \text{ sur}$$

$$= \pi (6R +$$

$$\text{volume} = \frac{1}{3} \pi h (R^2 + Rr + r^2)$$



LISTEN

dil se

2011

HYERES INTERNATIONAL 26th FESTIVAL OF FASHION & PHOTOGRAPHY

EVERY SPRING IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, THE FESTIVAL SPOTLIGHTS PROMISING YOUNG ARTISTS IN THE FIELDS OF FASHION AND PHOTOGRAPHY. THIS YEAR PAPER WAS THERE TO CAPTURE THE HIGHLIGHTS.

BY SAMINA KHAN

What Cannes is to film, Hyeres is to fashion and photography. Each year ten young, aspiring designers and photographers compete for a chance to enter the world of fashion and art.

In a nutshell the festival is full of art and culture, with fashion in the air. The locals can tell you that the fashionable crowd from all over Europe is in town. It is customary to wear your finest at this super three day event held in the south of France every May. You see lots of colour and even six inch heels despite the uneven cobbled streets. As one of the owners of Hermes pointed out 'there is something so old and cool about the festival, it is here that so many get inspired.' Who will be the next Mario Testino or the next Christopher Kane, what are the upcoming trends for the Summer of 2012 - it can all get decided here. With the likes of Proenza Schouler and Karl Lagerfeld on the board of directors, non-stop parties, sun and sand, Hyeres is simply a cool place to be during this time of year.

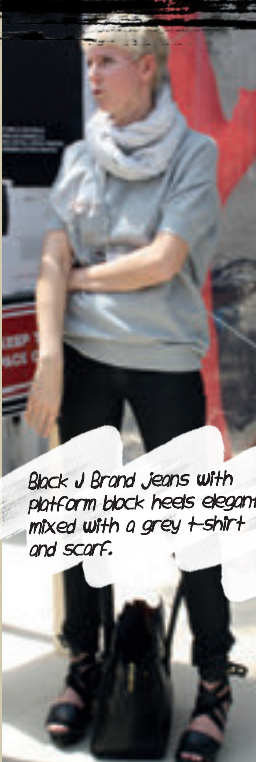
We take a look at the style of the fashion set at the festival.



The classic black loose-fit suit, seen here with a tan Mulberry Bayswater & brogues.



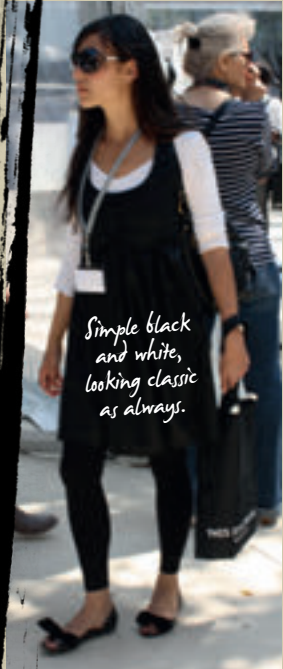
FRANCA SOZZANI, THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF VOGUE ITALY, WEARING AZZEDINE ALAÏA SANDALS.



Black J Brand jeans with platform black heels elegantly mixed with a grey t-shirt and scarf.



It was a hot day and the face masks seen here were certainly not a very comfortable fashionable statement.



Simple black and white, looking classic as always.



Colour blocking - breaking the black with the grey.



The white Rayban shades

Paper Loves

SPORTING THE ROCK & ROLL LOOK WITH A CROPPED BLAZER, ANKLE LENGTH PANTS AND PLATFORM BROGUES. WORN WITH A SIMPLE WHITE T-SHIRT. VERY PRADA.



The green shoes lift up this black outfit



One of the designers wearing black with white peep toe shoes.

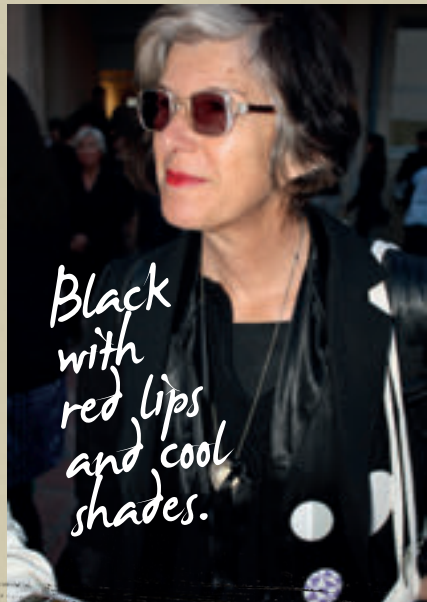
SEEN IN ALL SHAPES AND FORMS, CLASSIC BLACK SEEMED TO BE THE HOT FAVOURITE IN HYERES.



The printed feminine jumpsuit worn with FLATS



The classic camel coat worn with a black shirt.



Black with red lips and cool shades.





STRIPES .BELTS .DENIM .MULBERRY.TAN .CONVERSE .BLUE & WHITE.



Blue is in the AIR

Blue yellow & white a cool colour combination
The Denim jacket seen again & again

Alexandra Senes in blue head-to-toe adding a touch of pink with her Carvela wedges

WE LOVE THESE GREY ANKLE BOOTS PAIRED WITH THIS SEASONS INK BLUE JUMPSUIT. WORN CASUALLY WITH A WHITE SLING-ON BAG. CHIC, COOL AND SO NOW!



ORANGE

Paper Bags

LOVING LANVIN ♡

Founded by French fashion icon **Jeanne Lanvin** in 1889, Lanvin is the oldest couture house in Paris. Now under the artistic direction of **Alber Elbaz**, Lanvin's luxuriously feminine collections include elegant handbags that will remain forever **chic**.

Known for their luxe quilting, a grosgrain ribbon intertwined with the **chain strap** and a signature gold coin charm, Lanvin bags represent the perfect blend of **ladylike luxury** and It-girl elegance.

MINI pop

COMPACT shoulder bags are a great fashion favourite this season, so downsize now to Lanvin's luxe quilted mini pop with a signature ribbon and gold chain strap. The mini pop is the perfect size for a night out with friends.



MINI POP QUILTED LEATHER SHOULDER BAG \$1,450

ANJA RUBIK

SASHA RAHMAN

HAPPY Sac

THE ICONIC 'HAPPY' SAC has signature quilting, luxurious lining, twist lock-fastening flap front and a chic chain handle with interwoven grosgrain ribbon and bow that can be adjusted to suit your mood. This classic bag is an essential wardrobe staple and exudes easy, understated elegance.



HAPPY MEDIUM QUILTED LEATHER SHOULDER BAG \$1,965

AMALIA

THE AMALIA shoulder bag epitomises Lanvin's ladylike luxury and beautiful aesthetic.

This covetable carryall is more casual than the classic 'Happy' sac.



AMALIA LARGE LEATHER SHOULDER BAG \$1,490

ALEXA CHUNG



HILARY DUFF

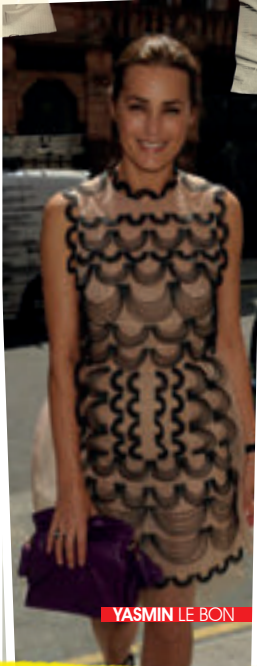
REESE WITHERSPOON

KATIE HOLMES





MILA KUNIS



YASMIN LE BON



CLAUDIA SCHIFFER



Loewe spring 2011



FREIDA PINTO

THE ICONIC **LOEWE FLAMENCO** WAS INTRODUCED IN 1984. THIS SEASON CHOOSE FROM BRIGHT VIBRANT COLOURS LIKE **YELLOW**, ORANGE AND PURPLE. BE ON **TREND** WITH THIS PERFECT SIZED SACHEL. SLING IT **CROSS-BODY** AND YOU ARE READY TO GO ANYWHERE. **PRICE RANGE \$1,200-1,800.**

FASHION FORWARD

This Season **PAPER** recommends **PROENZA SCHOULER**. Think ahead and wear the **PS1** bag to stand out from the rest.



NICKY HILTON



KIRSTEN DUNST



MARY KATE OLSEN



LEIGHTON MEESTER

DESIGN DUO **JACK MCCOLLOUGH** AND **LAZARO HERNANDEZ** COMBINE A MODERN LUXURY LABEL WITH AN EDGY, YOUTHFUL TAKE ON UPSCALE DRESSING. THE **PS1** SACHEL IS THE MOST SOUGHT AFTER BAG THIS SEASON. SEEN HERE ON THESE FASHION FORWARD CELEBRITIES. **PRICE RANGE \$1,400- 2,000**

PAPER [STARS]

PAPER is always on the lookout for people with individual style. Here are the chosen four.

MAHIN SHAIKH IS SPOTTED WEARING THE SUPER COOL **CURRENT ELLIOT** DISTRESSED JEANS AND ROGER VIVIER **PUMPS**. NEVER AFRAID TO TAKE **RISKS** MAHIN IS A TRUE **TRENDSETTER** AND OUR FAVOURITE **PAPER STAR**.



SEHR PIRZADA IS ALWAYS **IMMACULATELY** DRESSED AND PERFECTLY **GROOMED**. SEEN HERE IN A SHEER POWDER PINK **BLOUSE**, BLACK PANTS AND A SIMPLE **STRUCTURED BAG**, SEHR NEVER GETS IT WRONG. SHE IS A TRUE **PAPER STAR**.



AYESHA NOON ALWAYS LOOKS HIP IN HER **BOHO CHIC** STYLE. HERE SHE WEARS A **STRIPED SCARF** WITH CASUAL EASE AND A TRENDY **SACHEL**. AYESHA EXUDES NO FUSS **ELEGANCE** AND THAT MAKES HER A **PAPER STAR**.



IQRAA MANSHA HAS A NATURAL FLARE FOR FASHION AND A **UNIQUE** SENSE OF STYLE AND THAT MAKES HER A **PAPER STAR**. HERE SHE PAIRS A CROPPED, **TAN** LEATHER JACKET WITH **CASUAL** LIGHT BLUE JEANS AND A CLASSIC **WHITE TANK TOP**.



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LOOK SHARP

THIS SUMMER

OMAR FAROOQ GIVES US HIS TREND REPORT FOR THE UPCOMING MONTHS.

Men's fashion is evolving, and has started to take some shape in Pakistan. With so many options now available a man should look always look smart and be noticeable whether he is at work or out on a date. This does not mean you have to be clad in designer wear from head to toe. If you want to impress the ladies be creative and original. A presentable man goes a long way.

Omar farooq gives us his points on how to look sharp this summer.



BY IMAN PIRACHA



SUMMER NIGHT WEAR

G^O MONOCHROMATIC by wearing one colour with different tones. At night, I prefer to wear darker tones. Out for dinner, I mostly wear woolen fabric rather than cotton. Lighter texture cool wool with a blend of silk looks and feels great. Colours like red terracotta or rust would do the trick. I also like plum, charcoal grey or evergreen black.



SUMMER DAY WEAR

EVEN IF IT'S SCORCHING hot outside, a suit can look good and feel comfortable at the same time. Experiment with fabrics: cotton/silk and linen are ideal materials for this season.

Bored? Don't hesitate to add colour to your wardrobe. My personal favourite colours for this season are robin blue, royal blue, and peach.

Wear bright colours, or block colours by putting two vivid colours together. For Example, a bright blue jacket paired with red or terracotta trousers. Another interesting colour combination is a blue jacket with a neutral colour.

If this is too flashy for you find your favourite grey jacket and pair it with a lighter or darker shade of grey in your trousers. You can also opt for the neutral look, wear your khakis with a navy blue or heather grey sports jacket. If you want to be fashionable wear a grey shirt with blue or white loosely fit linen pants.



SUITS

Every man should have at least one tailor made suit. In order to look more sartorial, a man can choose his ensemble with selecting the top quality fabric. One can personalise the suit fabric, buttonholes and shoulder pads adjusted to his physique and could also get his own name customised inside the jacket. These details transform an ordinary suit into an extraordinary one.



GLADIATOR SANDALS RS. 6,950



OXFORD SHIRT RS. 4,950



BRIEFCASE RS. 45,550



MESSENGER BAG RS. 18,950



MONK STRAP SHOES RS. 19,950

SUMMER ACCESSORIES

ARM ACCESSORIES:

The trendy accessories for men this summer are feathered, beaded, tribal bracelets.

HATS/CAPS:

Straw hats are a must have this season. Also, vintage golf caps should replace baseball caps.

SUNGLASSES:

Plastic, two-toned framed glasses are in style now. Olive green or chestnut brown frames look great.

BAGS:

Every workingman should carry a slick leather trimmed planner if not a stiff briefcase. Another great and useful accessory for men is a tote. A tote is a multipurpose bag, like a satchel that can be worn on the shoulder or cross body.

SUMMER HAIRSTYLE:

One word of advice I would give to the younger generation of Pakistan. Boys, being a bad ass is out- look smart and intellectual. Spikes are completely out this season- so let go and get a shorter, neater haircut.

BLAST FROM THE PAST WITH A MODERN TWIST

Fashion is all about certain eras. Everyone is experimenting with the past but adding new things to it. It looks spectacular. I call it the 'Blast from the Past with a modern twist'.

Think Alain Delon from the sixties who was known as the male Brigitte Bardot. The Alain Delon look is slim and structured. Pleats are back in trousers and in shorts as well but with a narrow bottom. Trousers are a little shorter and are to be worn right at the tip of the shoe.

LAST WORD OF ADVICE

SEXUALITY HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH **FASHION**. SO MEN, **MAN UP** BY EXPERIMENTING WITH DIFFERENT LOOKS, WEAR WHAT YOU WANT, BE CREATIVE AND BE **INDIVIDUALISTIC**.



Alain Delon

THE PLEASANT SUFFERING OF A MARRIED MAN

MARRIED MEN OFTEN FEEL THAT IF THEY WERE NOT TIED DOWN TO THEIR WIFE THEY WOULD STILL BE IRRESISTIBLE TO COUNTLESS OTHER WOMEN AND BE HAPPIER - A MISCONCEPTION? FIND OUT WHAT SAMI SHAH HAS TO SAY.

By Sami Shah 

I miss heartbreak most of all. Those grim moments after rejection, when it feels like no one in the world knows pain like you do and the only salve is singing along to Morrissey and smoking too many cigarettes. Dressing in black, for extra emphasis so that the outward appearance matches the inward despair, always helps. I used to wallow in those moments of misery. Shun sunlight and happy thoughts. Think of suicide and complete withdrawal from society while muttering things like “I will die alone” and “No one loves me”, lines as old as the first caveman being spurned by the first cavewoman. “I think of you like a gatherer,” she probably said, the cold hearted Neanderthal wretch, and off he went to make cave drawings of women being eaten by Mammoths and invent wheels to run himself over with.

Being married saves one from that kind of pain. And no matter what married men tell you, being made to pick up after yourself or having to explain that working late at the office doesn't involve expert fellatio and booze filled bacchanals, are poor replacements. For a masochist like me who suffered serial rejection enough to develop a taste for it, that is all I miss about being single. Other married men fantasise about being single again just so they can

was not being too discerning. When, after a year of nervously circling her like an insecure shark, I finally passed her a note in class with “I love you, will you go out with me?” written on it, it was the bravest thing I had ever done; braver than any act of bravery committed by any valiant hero throughout the ages. Those Allied soldiers charging the beaches of Normandy would have saluted my courage and that Roman warrior who stood facing an army of barbarians would have given me a medal of valour. So when she said she thought of me like her brother/friend/first cousin who she was too close to marry/pet Labrador puppy/etcetera, it broke me to pieces. The wallowing that followed was particularly epic. As was the wailing and gnashing of teeth that succeeded the rejection by Ayesha, that quietly pretty girl in A-levels. When Laileh, a Palestinian girl in college with curls you could happily asphyxiate yourself with said “no” I almost enlisted in Al-Qaeda.

It's no wonder then that I stopped asking women out. Traumatized, I could hear the rejection even before I had asked the question, which makes me all the more grateful for the women who decided to take the initiative on themselves. Had they not subsequently punched my heart like Van Damme executing the Dim Mak on an

MARRIED MEN FANTASISE ABOUT BEING SINGLE AGAIN...

finally sleep with that girl in the cubicle across from theirs without worrying about the wife finding out. They are fools. Their fantasy is dependant on a self-believing lie that prior to marriage they were masters of the art of seduction. I have no such illusions. The years before I was married were mostly spent pining and whining and I have no doubt that were I single again, that girl in the cubicle across from mine would tell me she thinks of me like a bloody friend.

Between the ages of 11 to 22, I confessed love to a total of 5 girls. I will have no truck with rationalising fools who jump up at every opportunity to point out that it wasn't love but infatuation and true love is only when blah blah blah. It felt like love at the time and that is all that matters. In seventh grade, Mehreen (not her real name, as it only seems fair to save these women the shame of being associated with my youth) was my sun and moon, my stars and my skies. Her very existence was evidence to me of a greater being who loved beauty. In retrospect she was probably a pimply girl with bad hair, braces and a terrible posture, but given that I was a pimply boy with bad hair, thick spectacles and terrible posture, I

innocent brick in Blood Sport, I would still think of them fondly. Meha met me at an airport and had wooed me by the time the flight landed. Six months later she moved away to another country after telling me what she felt for me wasn't strong enough to compete with the job offer she had. Tiffany pursued me with the single-minded zeal of a serial killer and then cheated on me with the man she went on to marry and subsequently divorce. The years between and after those two were filled with cigarette smoke, dreary songs on loop and lots of forlorn looks. My wife, God bless her soul, worked away at my insecurities with the patience of an archaeologist when she decided to find me attractive. I took no chances and asked her to marry me the moment I realised she wasn't just aiming for a closer shot at what was left of my fragile ego. Seven years on and she still claims to love me and I am not going to let her think about it long enough to second-guess it. Still, there are those moments, when life seems particularly pleasant and peaceful and safe, that I crave the suffering of heartbreak. For too long it was all I knew. Now it feels like a phantom limb. Or a ghost voice whispering “I still think of you like a friend.” ■





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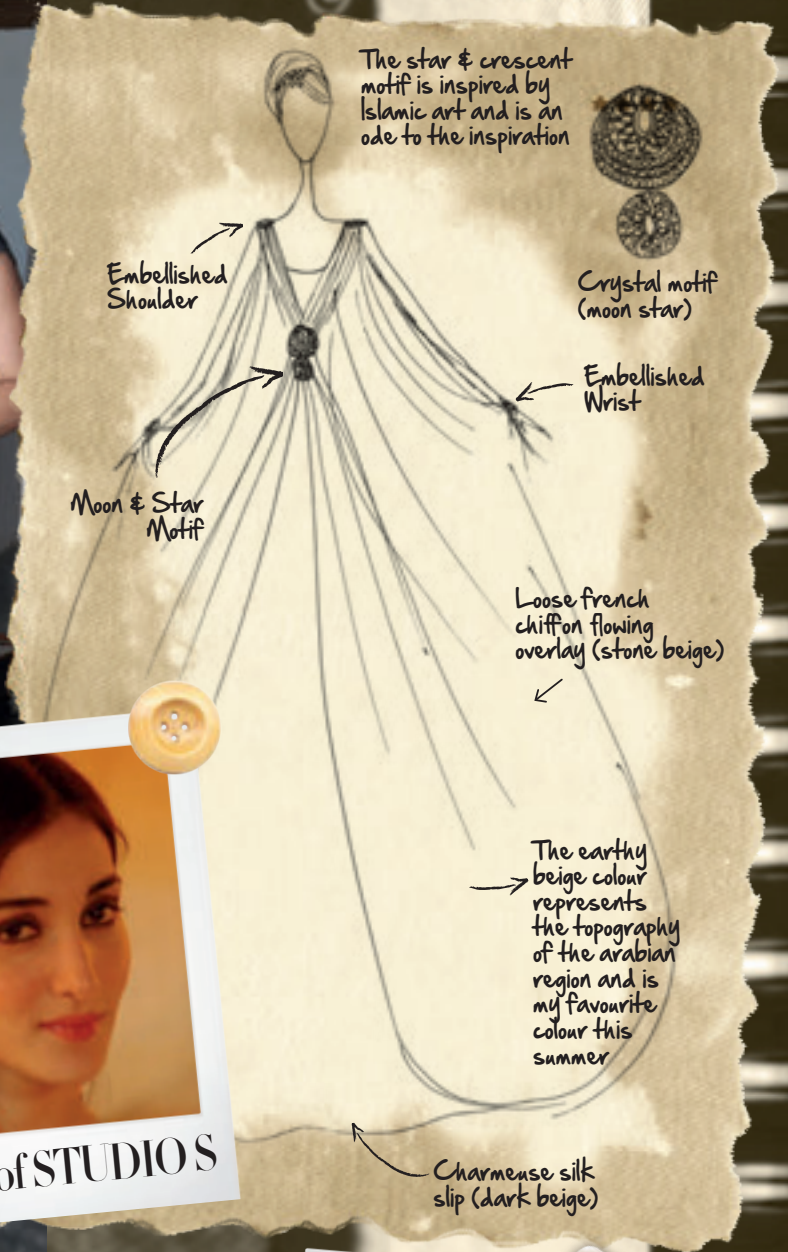
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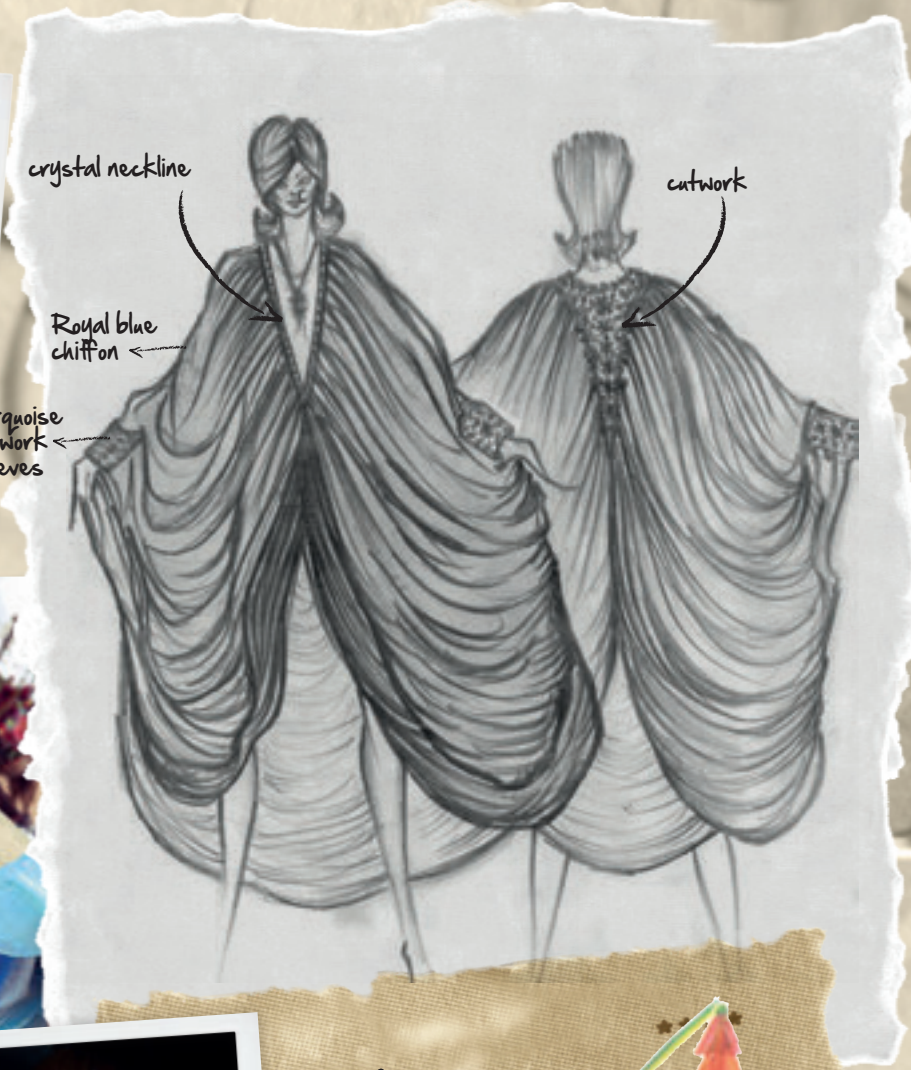


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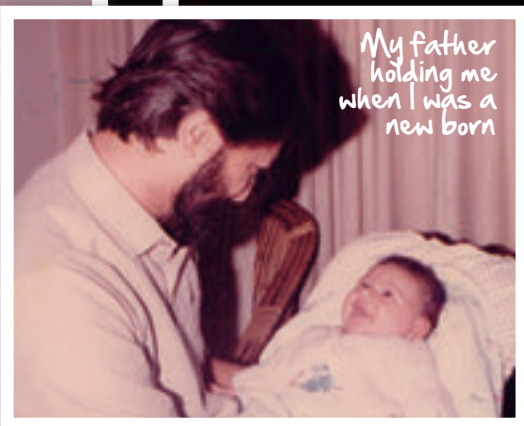
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With my khala



My father holding me when I was a new born



Walking the ramp for Rizwanullah 2009



At the Bol Premiere

MAHIRAH KHAN ASKARI LIFE ON PAPER VJ & ACTOR



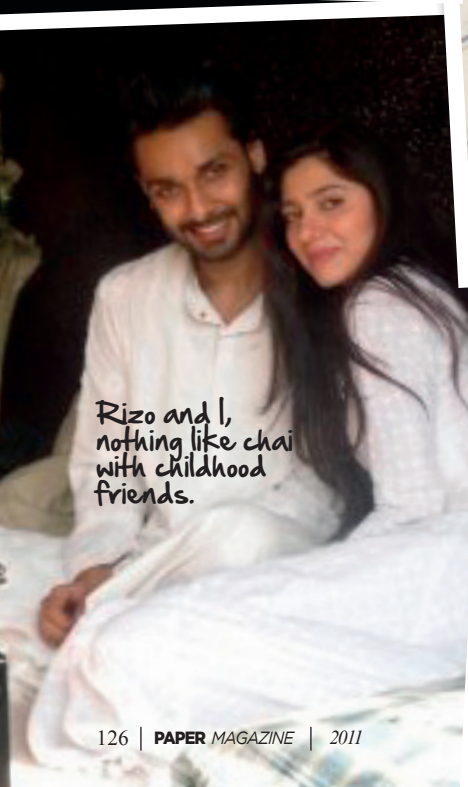
My parents when they were young



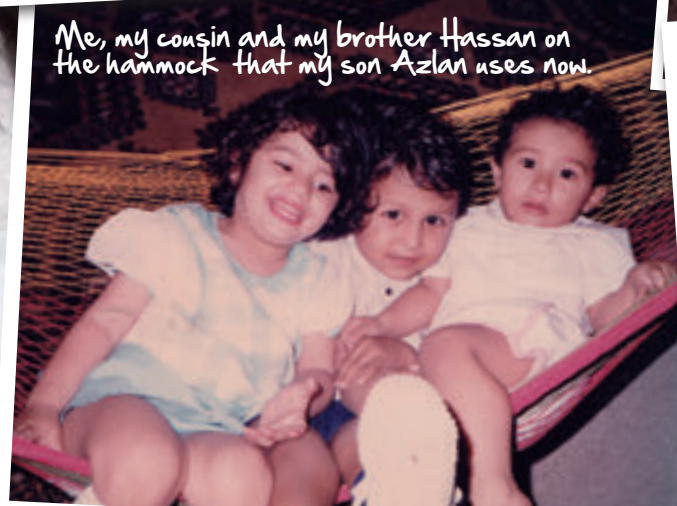
Shooting in New York, the only sunny day I experienced while there.



My Daadi



Rizo and I, nothing like chai with childhood friends.



Me, my cousin and my brother Hassan on the hammock that my son Azlan uses now.

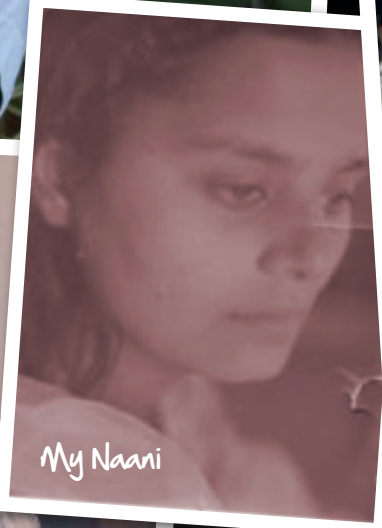


On holiday in Langkawi.

Azlan at 7 months with me in Lahore



Shooting for Mehreen Jabbar's serial



My Nani



With my husband Ali



Childhood best friends Feeha, Insia and myself.



For the Uth Oye campaign



My father and I, the day I was born



Trip to Northern Pakistan.

a

IMRAN KHAN

IDEA

OF HIS

OWN

THERE ARE MANY
WHO ARE PROUD TO
BE PAKISTANI,
BUT VERY FEW
THAT PAKISTAN IS
PROUD OF

WE SPEAK TO ONE SUCH ICON, IMRAN KHAN AND HERE IS OUR STORY..

by **MOBEEN ANSARI** | by **SAMINA KHAN & MEHER TAREEN**

GLEE



DRIVING THROUGH THE WINDING, TREE-LINED ROADS OF BANI GALA IN THE MARGALLA HILLS, WE TALK ABOUT IMRAN KHAN, THE ICON, THE CAPTAIN WHO LIFTED THE WORLD CUP AND THE PHILANTHROPIST, WHO IS NOW SEEN AS THE POLITICIAN CRUSADING AGAINST CORRUPTION.

Our nerves had kicked in the night before. We had been warned that we would become speechless but obviously we did not take this seriously.

We arrive at iron gates where a solitary guard stops us. He is a tiny man with spectacles, his hair and beard dyed a deep *mehndi* orange.

“Khan Sahib is asleep,” he says, after we ask to be let in. We look at each other and laugh at his excuse. We explain that we have an appointment for 3 pm and we’re here to interview him. “You should’ve said interview,” he says, shaking his head and waving us in and up another road winding through forest.

Set in the middle of 35 lush acres is a pretty, Mediterranean-style villa, more Marbella than Margalla, looking small in its awesome surroundings. An attendant and two Alsatis, welcome us at the door. There is no electricity, nor the tell-tale hum of a generator. We’re led inside through a veranda past a central courtyard attached to various rooms and into a lounge with cream sofas and red cushions, cool air and afternoon

then become deeply committed to building a hospital in his mother’s name (Shaukat Khanum) and needed to raise money. He felt the World Cup was his best chance, as winning it would give him the platform from which to raise funds for his cause. But Pakistan had lost two key players (Waqar Younis and Saeed Anwar), Imran had his own shoulder injury to deal with and the team made a poor start. Pakistan seemed completely out of contention for the title.

“To win under those circumstances was unbelievable,” he says. “And of course it was the will of God because we were destined to win.”

After leading the Pakistani team to victory Imran took his place in history as the only Pakistani captain to bring home the World Cup. With a nation so fanatic about cricket, he was adored and respected by millions. Imran used that success to mobilise a grateful nation of ecstatic cricket fans into collecting money for the country’s first cancer hospital. Other good social works followed like Namal College and The Knowledge City in his hometown of Mianwali.

And then at age 45, Imran Khan entered politics. We asked him why, instead of settling gently into one of the many excellent opportunities he would have had in the traditional ex-cricketer roles in media or coaching, he chose to get into the messy and undignified world of politics.

“The moment challenge disappears from your life, you decay as a human being. I had achieved everything I had wanted to in cricket. It was not a career, it was a passion and when I had consumed that passion I was done with it. It’s like a love affair, once it is over, the only way you get over it is to fall in love again. So the moment one passion is over, it’s time for another. Politics became my passion and mission, a mission to save Pakistan.”

It is this sense of mission, to save Pakistan from its state of permanent crisis, that Imran is trying to bring to politics.

I WAS A ROLLING STONE

**— YOU KNOW THE PHRASE ROLLING STONES GATHER NO MOSS? —
SO I CAN'T REMEMBER (MY FIRST LOVE). BESIDES I CAN'T TAKE ONE NAME
AND RISK ANNOYING THE OTHERS.**

sunshine seeping in through open windows looking into more forest.

Before we get a chance to soak in our surroundings, he walks in, wearing his trademark white *shalwar kameez* and platform *khaires*. He is tall and strong, and though a little more wrinkled with age, he is as fit and athletic as when he was still playing cricket (clearly the gym room across the courtyard is put to good use).

With perfect posture he sits down, back straight, right across from us. An awkward silence ensues. “Come on let’s start. Ask some questions,” he says in his deep voice. Perhaps the warnings should have been heeded.

+ MAN ON A MISSION

At the age of 39, though he had ostensibly retired from cricket, Imran was asked to play one final World Cup. He had by

Elections are due in 2013 and he has never been more popular as a politician.

But that same sense of mission sometimes leaves him open to accusations of arrogance. We ask him about his World Cup victory speech, in which an exultant captain neglected to mention his teammates. “I still cringe when I hear it,” Imran says. “Truthfully at that time I couldn’t even speak to a room full of people let alone the millions who were watching the World Cup that day. I didn’t even know what I said until I heard it after and realised it was a horrible speech.”

He is not arrogant, he says, only firm in his faith of his mission. “You see the moment you have faith, the moment you have true spirituality you can never be arrogant, because arrogance means that you believe whatever success or talent you have, you attribute to yourself. On the other hand, spirituality means that you bow in front of and thank the Almighty for your success.”



“ NOTHING IN
MY LIFE HAS
MADE ME HAPPIER
THAN BEING A FATHER ”



THIS PHOTOGRAPH BY IRFAN YOUNIS



His faith, like the hospital, was inspired by his mother. “My spiritual journey started after my mother’s death when I was about 33. Most people ask themselves two fundamental questions that modern education or science cannot answer: What is my purpose? And what will happen to me after my death? These two questions always carry on an internal debate. I began searching for answers and educating myself about Islam.”

He’s trying to pass on this faith to his sons Sulaiman and Kasim, who live in England with their mother, Jemima. “Nothing in my life has made me happier than being a father and the greatest gift I can give my sons is to teach them faith. I think it’s very important to arm my children with a basic framework of religion.”

He says he misses them and would love for them to live in Pakistan, but wouldn’t want to separate them from their mother. “Children derive completely different things from their mother and father; they are different but complimentary roles. I am a role model for my sons and Jemima calls me when they need to be disciplined. We speak on the phone regularly and I have them over for the holidays. For now this is the only situation that can work.”

We begin to speak about Jemima and their marriage. “Never did I try harder in anything in my life than my marriage. I gave everything to it and I was a hands-on father,” he says.

Imran complains about attacks on Jemima by his political opponents. “I used to feel really guilty when my opponents were attacking Jemima and making false accusations against her. I saw her suffer because of me and it killed me.” But that wasn’t the only reason their marriage of nine years ended in divorce. “While Jemima tried her best to settle here, my political life and all the traveling that goes with it made it difficult for her to adapt to life in Pakistan.”

The conversation shifts to politics again and Imran expresses dismay. Most politicians have only stolen from the country, he says. “Corruption is the number one issue in Pakistan.”

For example, he says, corruption prevents the state from being able to collect taxes. “The key is taxation in Pakistan. The reason why we don’t collect taxes is, one, we don’t trust the government, and two, barely any of the leadership in this country pays taxes. Rest assured that Tehreek-e-Insaaf will collect taxes.”

He speaks about the Prophet (peace be upon him) as a political role model. “He was the most humane person and set up the first welfare state in the history of mankind. Women were given rights to own property. Slaves were freed. In his last sermon he basically said, ‘Everyone is equal.’ It was a revolution.”

The ‘Islamic’ state that he wants would not be a fundamentalist Taliban-style government, but one that gives the best possible social welfare and justice to its people. “For me, the most Islamic states right now are the Scandinavian countries,” he says.

+ YOU’RE EITHER WITH US OR AGAINST US

Imran has been extremely vocal in his criticism of American drone attacks in the tribal areas. He says the relationship between the two countries should be based on mutual respect. “We should not take American aid and raise revenues by taxing the rich. With aid we will remain dependent, live beyond our means and will be forced to tow their line.”

He likens the military operations in the tribal areas to the brutal separation of East Pakistan to become Bangladesh, perhaps the most infamous period in our country’s turbulent history.

“They are fighting militants hidden in villages by bombing entire villages. They’re killing so many civilians as collateral damage. One day when the truth comes out, I promise you it will be no less than what we did in East Pakistan.



PHOTOGRAPH IRFAN YOUNIS

I was a teenager then and I remember we were fed lies and propaganda that we are only killing Indian-backed terrorists. It turned out that we had killed hundreds and thousands of innocent people. And we're doing exactly the same in our tribal areas."

This, he says, simply breeds more hatred against the state and violence against its people. The military operations, he says, amount to "an occupation of the tribal areas by Pakistan. Just like in Afghanistan, the majority of people are not fighting for a Taliban ideology; they're fighting a war of liberation against a foreign occupation, just as they fought the Soviets. The same way, our tribal people are fighting an occupation."

But what about the violence perpetrated by the Taliban against innocent civilians? Shouldn't they be stopped?

"Are you going to treat the symptoms or the root cause of the illness? The cause is sending our own army to kill our own people. By doing so we have radicalised the area, destroyed the tribal structure and created militants and fanatics who are growing day by day."

He suggests that the way to counter Talibanisation is to withdraw from the tribal areas and give people good governance and rule of law. He rejects being labelled pro-Taliban. "This is the polarisation. On one hand opposition to military operation is considered pro-Taliban. On the other hand, anyone who says anything against suicide bombings is considered American or *kafir*."

He sighs and adds: "There is no debate left. You're either one or the other. I have never given one statement supporting the Taliban. Every statement has been that military operations are

not a solution and because of that they call me pro-Taliban. I have condemned every act that has killed innocent people. Go on our website (www.insaf.pk) we have condemned every single violent act but the media does not publish any of that."

He says we should turn to Iqbal, his favourite writer, to learn that the answer to tackling fundamentalism is knowledge. "Allama Iqbal swept the whole youth with him because educated people realised the truth. But now there are three parallel cultures: Urdu medium, English medium and madrassas. Each of them interprets Islam in their own way. That is why there needs to be a renaissance of Islam. If educated people do not come up with their version of Islam then Islam will be in the hands of those people who are not equipped to understand the depth of it. Religion and faith is something you cannot force on people. Everything should be a choice. When I married Jemima, she converted because she wanted to, not because I asked her to."

+ THE FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE

As one of the most famous men in Pakistan, Imran is sensitive to subjects of interest to the local tabloids, such as the questions of whom and when he will remarry. Sadly for the gossip columnists, he says his current passion is all consuming.

"I would have to think long and hard because I fear I wouldn't be able to give it enough time. If I can't do justice to a marriage then I won't marry again because it's a huge responsibility."



THE COURTYARD

I HAVE NEVER GIVEN ONE STATEMENT SUPPORTING THE TALIBAN

But true to his playboy reputation he keeps potential love interests hanging on by not denying the possibility he may remarry. "Experience in my life has taught me one thing, you can never predict your future. So I can't make any statement about what might happen. But marriage is the end of hope because you are always waiting for your great love to arrive."

He laughs and adds: "On a serious note I am very pro marriage and believe there is nothing better than a good marriage and nothing worse than a bad marriage. Lady Diana said to me once 'being in a bad marriage is lonelier than solitude.'"

We probe his defences further. Who was his first love?

With a smirk he says, "I've forgotten. When you're touching 60 you forget all those things. I was a rolling stone; you know the phrase 'rolling stones gather no moss'? So I can't remember. Besides I can't take one name and risk annoying the others." He laughs out loud.

We insist for specifics. He squints and smiles. "That initial feeling of love is attraction and that has a shelf life. When you are at my age, after 40 years of relationships everything falls into perspective. Looks mean nothing to me and have no effect on me. Let me tell you what I find attractive: a belief system beyond the superficial. Someone who genuinely believes in causes, not just fashionable ones; a person who has a cause beyond the self."

We get back to the subject of his latest cause and passion. So after 15 years in politics and little impact in terms of parliamentary seats, can he and his Tehreek-e-Insaaf really win the next election?

"We will, *Inshallah*, sweep the election. Why? Because 70 per cent of the population is under 30. No one can stop this movement now."

Forgive us for being cynical, but aren't most votes in Pakistan based on patronage or dynastic politics?



IMRAN KHAN WITH HIS SISTERS

"Don't worry about this. The people in this country are very savvy," he says. "If they feel that a movement is coming that's going to change their lives, nothing will stop them."

He says he wants to institutionalise the country, like he is trying to do with his party. "My goal for my party is that it becomes an institution with elected posts. Once you have elections at every level, including the chairman, then Imran Khan becomes dispensable. I sat in Shaukat Khanam for five years but today it doesn't need me anymore because it has become an institution. The problem with Pakistan is that the individual is stronger than the institution."

Making Pakistanis respect institutions would be quite an achievement. Does he wonder how he will be remembered in Pakistan?

"I never think of that. I am completely immune to things like popularity. When I started cricket, if someone wrote a critical article about me I would have sleepless nights. But I've become impervious to it because my faith tells me that respect and humiliation is in God's hands."

And if he fails?

"When failure cannot defeat you then failure becomes the best teacher. I have always been my best critic. So every set back became an opportunity to better myself. I always take failure in a positive light and think about the lessons I have learnt from it."

With a mission to achieve and a country to save, how does he unwind?

"Being in solitude, being in open places," he says. "I think it is the best time for soul searching. I spend time here, sometimes days by myself."

As we drive away from his estate we can't help but think of him in his Fortress of Solitude, the leader of 'The Justice League' on a quest, patiently waiting for his fellow comrades to take their place by his side. Can this 'Justice League' save our metropolis? Imran Khan certainly believes it can. The crusade against corruption will be a daunting task, but like he says, "I look at life as a series of goals to achieve and I never admit defeat." ■



Q1. Who is your favourite historical figure?

The one and only Prophet Muhammed (peace be upon him).

Q2. What is your favourite book?

They keep changing. Iqbal is the one author and philosopher that had the biggest impact on my life. Another book that had an impact on me at a crucial point in my life was 'Islam and the Destiny of Man' by Charles Le Gai Eaton.

Q3. What is your biggest achievement?

My biggest achievement is still to come *Inshallah* but in the past, the Hospital and setting up the University.

Q4. Favourite city?

I used to love Lahore but it has become too big and polluted. Now I love Islamabad.

Q5. What's the biggest issue Pakistan is facing now?

Corruption.

Q6. Favourite cricketer?

God that's a difficult question. Viv Richards was the genius of my time. Viv Richards and Garry Sobers.

Q7. Favourite musician?

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan. These days I like this new song by Strings called *Main Tou Dekhoonga*. They sang it at our *dharna*.

Q8. Favourite movie?

Dhobi Ghat (Mumbai Diaries) starring Aamir Khan.

Q9. Best looking Hollywood actress?

Angelina Jolie. She is the epitome of looks and personality and believes in causes beyond the self.

Q10. Who do you care most about?

If I were to die, the only thing that I would worry about would be my two kids.

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INDIA-FRIEND OR FOE?

WE FACE

ARE WE A PARANOID NATION WHEN IT COMES TO INDIA?
HAVE WE MISSED ALL OUR WAKE UP CALLS?
AHMED RASHID GIVES US HIS INSIGHT INTO OUR RELATIONS WITH
THE NOT-SO-FRIENDLY NEIGHBOUR (OR IS IT?).

BY AHMED RASHID

For sixty-four years we have been in a state of existential war with our neighbour. It has sapped our identity, energy, money and hopes for a brighter future. It has blighted our educational system, undermined our trader and business class, forced us to pay for a vast army armed with nuclear weapons and even twisted our understanding of Islam as in this day and age the state encourages *Jihad* as a foreign policy.

A minority once mobilised to take on India, are now terrorising the majority and they are preoccupied with trying to destroy the very foundations of Pakistan. In fact everything we are or do has been affected by our enmity with India because that is what has been drilled into us for at least three generations by the political and social system we have built for ourselves. Only the most paranoid of nations (think North Korea or Iran) have based their entire being on a supposed enemy who must forever be countered. Are we then no more than a paranoid nation? Our relationship with India will have to change or the idealistic idea of this nation may not see another sixty-four years.

Several global events or markers in the recent past should have served as wake up calls for Pakistan to change our policies. The first was the end of the Cold War in 1991- 92 and the failure to realise that the division of the world by two super powers had come to an end. We could no longer count on the simplistic logic that Pakistan would be backed by the US and India would be backed by the Soviet Union and thus an enemy of the US.

After the end of that artificial war the world began to come to India because it was emerging as one of the fastest developing countries in the world and Pakistan could no longer benefit from being the sole client of the US and the West in this region. Moreover every Third World country was now looking not to the Super Powers for their survival but to their neighbours and their neighbourhoods for trade, business and development. We remained with our heads

in the sand, locked in oblivion, determined to pursue first the cause of Kashmir by sending thousands of fighters into Indian Kashmir and then the cause of the Taliban in Afghanistan. There was nobody who thought first about Pakistan.

The military and political elite who ran policy then and now never bothered to consider that Islamic extremism was not the answer for Pakistan's well being or what the neighbourhood wanted to hear or deal with. We needed to build a South Asia-Central Asia-Gulf friendly region of trading partners, investors and allies. Instead we made enemies of not just India but also Iran, the five Central Asian Republics, Russia and other states because of our support for the Taliban in Afghanistan. Ultimately we made enemies of not just India but the entire region.

The second wake up call was September 11 and the American ultimatum "you are either with us or against us." Arab extremists nurtured in Afghanistan and Pakistan over two decades (and also it must be said nurtured by the CIA during the Afghan war against the Soviet Union) had attacked the US and killed three thousand people. Islamic extremism was now centre stage and many in the West tried to wrongly elevate Islam as the new global enemy on par with communism.

We could not fight that dangerous Western trend unless we were not first ready to fight the extremism of this

The last wake up call should have been the massive economic downturn we have experienced in the last decade which is a direct result of policies of refusing to make peace with our neighbours or building relationships of trade and commerce and joint ventures. The Pakistani business community lives in the midst of a geo-political wonderland where from every direction (north, south, east or west) it could sell its goods, receive investment and become a thriving centre of trade and manufacturing. Instead we are seeing the demise of even the little industry we had built up since the 1960s.

How can a business community thrive or an economy develop when you are in a state of war with your largest, richest neighbour, which is now a global investor whom the whole world is courting. If we had made up with India after the end of the Cold War today Pakistan would have been a thriving centre of joint investment projects between India and Pakistan, which would be feeding the Gulf region and the new markets of Central Asia. Instead of backing the Taliban we could have taken over the rebuilding of Afghanistan and benefited enormously from the money that has been spent there by the Americans and NATO. But we lost all these opportunities because of our existential state of war with India and our continued desire to back extremism.

The failure to make up with our neighbours has of course also given the military cause to maintain over half a mil-

ONLY THE MOST PARANOID OF NATIONS (THINK NORTH KOREA OR IRAN) HAVE BASED THEIR ENTIRE BEING ON A SUPPOSED ENEMY WHO MUST FOREVER BE COUNTERED.
ARE WE THEN NO MORE THAN A PARANOID NATION?

tiny minority. It was now illogical to continue supporting Islamic extremism when the entire world including the Muslim world had turned against it. State support for extremism was itself now considered an act of terrorism. Yet we persisted, refusing to disarm and de-radicalise militants whom the state had trained, continuing to support the Afghan Taliban insurgency since 2003 and allowing the Pakistani Taliban to take root, thinking that we could control them and they would never act against the Pakistani state. The anti-India militant Punjabi groups over time became anti-state and they have been bombing our cities ever since determined to topple the political system.

THE THIRD WAKE UP CALL in the midst of this continuing malaise in Pakistan's body politic was of course the Mumbai attacks in 2008 that nearly led to war with India; this time both countries armed with nukes. The culprits of Mumbai were the Lashkar-e-Taiba but they have not been reigned in and remain intact until the next Mumbai takes place.

lion men and the same in reserves, consume over twenty-five percent of the budget, build a formidable arsenal of nukes, sustain an intelligence service that is no longer threatening our enemies. Instead it threatens our own people even as we continue to pursue an 'India-centric' foreign policy that is today meaningless to the people of Pakistan who want jobs, education and development. Now that we are in a state of crisis with the US which has left us friendless in the West, the US will automatically move even closer to India. The entire strategy we have pursued has driven us into a corner, a dead end of isolation.

In fact Pakistan has never been in such a state of isolation as it is now, not even after losing Bangladesh when the Muslim world still rallied around us. Today we are friendless in the region and beyond. We should think of where we went wrong and how we have to change our strategy of making friends of our neighbours rather than enemies. ■



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MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

WITH ALL THE DEPRESSION FACING US AT THIS CRITICAL TIME IN PAKISTAN A BIT OF INSPIRATION IS ALL WE NEED. MEHER BANO QURESHI REVIEWS THE RECENT TEDx EVENT HELD IN KARACHI.

By Meher Bano Qureshi 🐦

To say TEDx Karachi was inspirational would be an understatement. It encapsulated in every sense of the word the power of an idea and its contagious nature. TED's main objective, when it started out in California twenty-five years ago, was to spread 'ideas worth spreading' and like most great ideas it has spread like wild fire. From California to Karachi TED is helping spread world changing ideas and inspiring individuals to change their worlds. Be it with Technology, through Entertainment or clever Design, TED is one good idea giving birth to another through initiatives such as TEDx (the x marks an independently organised event that follows guidelines set by TED). With that background the TEDx Karachi team had many an expectation to live up to and they did just that. The four-person team of dedicated, young dynamic individuals included Dr. Awab Alvi, Sharmeen Obaid-Chinoy, Asad Rahman and Sophia Balagamwala. The team put together

less familiar with like Sarmad Tariq who was an absolute show stealer. This most witty speaker lost all mobility waist-down twenty-one years ago after jumping into shallow water and breaking his neck in three places. Since then he has taken on one challenge after another, pushing himself further each time, striving for constant improvement. Sarmad has been more active and has achieved more from a wheelchair than most of us will on our best day and in our running shoes. In 2004, he drove thirty three hours non-stop from Khyber to Karachi in a hand controlled car. Of course he found that too easy and followed it off with a marathon. He completed the Lahore Marathon in January 2005 despite the fact that he was coughing blood and then went on to become Pakistan's first wheelchair bound athlete to compete in and complete the New York City Marathon in November 2005- this time he did it with a ruptured hip. Sarmad Tariq is a real tearjerker and not because his story is heart wrenching but because his



IT ENCAPSULATED IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD

a star-studded line up of inspirational speakers who have all been able to make the impossible possible. From Imran Khan to Mukhtar Mai, each individual moved the audience with their stories of perseverance, persistence and determination.

Imran Khan was a chunk o' charm. Whether you agree with his politics or not, he is unquestionably charismatic. That according to Weber is half the battle won. The eagerly awaited cricketer turned politician was welcomed by huge applause and a flattering introduction and he did not fail to shine. Perhaps it was because he left his politics outside the Southend Club and only brought his person to the stage. Khan spoke of his trials and tribulations as a young cricketer and then an aspiring politician. He encouraged the audience to dream, dream big and hold on to it like he did. The young Imran wanted to be a fast bowler but he was told he didn't have the physique or the necessary bowling action. His coaches and senior players at county cricket warned him that if he changed his action he risked losing his natural gift. He remodeled his action to suit his ambition and become one of the best Pakistani fast bowlers. The politician in him is still trying to make the impossible possible and maybe he will. Imran Khan is certainly not giving up and his star is on the rise.

But the stars that burned the brightest at TEDx were the ones we are

spirit is so strong. He's also the funniest man you'll ever meet.

Then there was the drone maker Raja Sabri Khan. His drones aren't of the Waziristan variety, in fact he's quite opposed to US drone attacks. The drones Mr. Khan makes in his Karachi-based facility are used the world over as earth savers, not slayers (someone should introduce him Mr. Obama for an alternate view on drone technology). His drones have been built for surveillance over the Great Barrier Reef, to drop medicines in remote areas and even to monitor and record climate changes in the Amazon jungle. Khan makes his drones in Pakistan but sadly neither the Pakistani government nor the Pakistani army has thought to use them. Imagine the role these drones could have played during last years devastating floods or their potential as surveillance instruments to guard against terrorist attacks like the one on PNS Mehran in May this year. Unfortunately our Interior Minister is more concerned with 'star wars type characters'.

Noori brought to centre stage the state of our youth and some music to lift our spirits but they hit a cord when they quoted Baba Bulleh Shah: "He who does not know the power of knowledge/rights, God does not grant him courage/strength." And that brings us to Dr. Quartulain Bakhtiar. She grew up in a refugee camp, got married young, earned an education, built a home and a family only to leave it all

and go back to another settlement in Orangi- this time to help those less privileged than her. She has built over 5000 pit latrines and is also responsible for enrolling two hundred thousand girls into schools in Balochistan. From introducing sanitation techniques that have become basic sanitation policy for the low-income population in Pakistan to educating girls, this fearless woman has done it all. She has dedicated her life to helping others. The cherry on the cake- she was nominated for the Nobel Peace prize in 2006.



Underscoring warnings for the need to educate Pakistan was the truly indomitable spirit of Mukhtar Mai who took her pain and converted it into an opportunity for young girls in her small village. Pirwala had no school for girls until the uneducated Mai built it in 2002. The injustices done to her have highlighted the importance of education and she wanted others to have what she missed out on. It was heart-warming to see the shy Mukhtar Mai talk of her school with such pride and happiness. Today Mai's school educates seven hundred girls. She has also learnt to read and write. Pakistan's judicial system may have let her down but Mukhtar Mai is giving to her community more than she got from it. Her motto is to end injustice through education. Her courage and resolute nature have truly made the impossible possible for hundreds of girls in Jalapur Pirwala.

STAYING WITH the theme of the importance of education, the humorous and satirical Fasih Zakkah brought to the fore Pakistan's Education Emergency. Here is the 911 on education in the land of the pure: there are twenty six countries poorer than Pakistan with a better education record. Yes! We give more money in subsidies to PIA, PEPCO and Pakistan Steel than we spend on education. If that doesn't shock you into some form of action, contemplate this: the economic cost of not educating Pakistan is equivalent to a flood every year. Zaka was brief and effective- he gave the perfect wake up call.




Through all these different life journeys, if there was a lesson to be learnt it was to never give up on a dream and never stop dreaming because we can make the impossible possible- that is the one thing all speakers had in common. In these times when we are feeling let down, despondent and depressed, TEDx Karachi has given us just that little bit of faith needed to get through each day. ■

THE POWER OF AN IDEA AND ITS CONTAGIOUS NATURE



THE PERILS OF ORDER

By Shehryar Fazli 

AUTHOR SHEHRYAR FAZLI DISCUSSES ATTITUDES TOWARDS CONSTITUTIONALISM AND HOW THE DESIRE FOR ORDER OFTEN LEADS TO JUSTIFICATION FOR AUTHORITARIANISM

You know that something's gone wrong when it's the people who defend constitutionalism who are made to explain themselves. In Pakistan, this is not unusual.

A short while ago, on a bus trip from Islamabad to Lahore, I bumped into one my father's old Foreign Office colleagues who I hadn't met since I was a teenager. When I told him I was now working for a well-known international think tank, he said (to paraphrase), "These think tanks are all obsessed with the same terms," and enumerated them on his fingertips: democracy; human rights; rule of law; constitution; and a few more in that vein.

I'm a critic myself of bureaucratic buzz words that, by virtue of being so generally circulated, lose their charge and much of their meaning. But there was something unsettling about this gentleman's particular list and the derision with which he presented it.

He then added that, now on the inside, I could help rectify this and bring – now I'm no longer paraphrasing – "the Pakistani perspective" to bear, evidently assuming my loyalties lay with my father's old organisation. Indeed there's nothing like good Foreign Office blood. I responded that perhaps if our own state institutions, and the people who served them, embraced the values he'd just catalogued, we might be better off. To him, I came off as both ignorant and Westernised, the two often meaning the same thing.

From influential segments of the Pakistani public, including in the bureaucracy, the media, and elsewhere, we often hear that Pakistan is ill-suited to the Westminster parliamentary model and that a constitution has to evolve, organically, from the society – the suggestion being that ours,

despite being unanimously adopted by an elected parliament in 1973, wasn't. This argument has served to support past military regimes, as well as to support limiting parliamentary sovereignty during the occasional democratic interlude.

When President Obama signed the Enhanced Partnership with Pakistan Act in October 2009, which conditioned continued security assistance on the secretary of state certifying that, amongst other things, the military is allowing for civilian control over its functioning, and refraining from subverting political and judicial processes, an enormous chorus in the media propagated the military's line that the US was undermining Pakistani sovereignty.

The reaction was indeed perplexing for an ostensibly 'free' press that was helping to strengthen democracy and had been complaining for years about American support to military dictatorships. This is by no means to justify other US actions in Pakistan, but to draw attention to the strains of nationalism and security-mindedness in our mainstream commentary.

Such tendencies are not surprising given an ostensibly fragile state confronting major internal and external security challenges; well-founded skepticism of Western policy towards the region; and, finally, the perennial suspicions towards a larger, sometimes hostile neighbor. In these conditions, people inevitably search for a sense of order. The irony is that in our case they seek it in the institution that has not only failed to provide it but has virtually, as a matter of policy, pursued the opposite.

George Orwell wrote about the pacifying effect of the impression of an internal ethics amongst the ruling class. With the endless, selective reporting on corruption, infighting and bad governance, Pakistan's

political class seems to many at home and abroad as lacking any sense of internal coherence – whereas the military, whatever can be said about its intentions, is a professional, elite and at least internally logical institution. And, so it is said, it is the best equipped to restore, impose, and maintain... order.

How's that for a buzz word? One of the more subtle quirks of military rule is the repetition of this word, as an unconstitutional regime consolidates itself. Here, for example, is a selective inventory of Musharraf's major moves: the Provisional Constitution Order; Oath of Office (Judges) Order; Referendum Order; Political Party Order; Qualification to Hold Public Offices Order; Conduct of General Elections Order; and all this consolidated in the Legal Framework Order – sort of a Musharraf collected works, of executive ordinances meant for nothing other than securing his position and that of his allies.

I can't help speculating that these 'orders' may have some impact on the subconscious, because something's at play that makes sensible people argue, in spite of facts, that, whatever the moral and legal objections to a military coup, at the very least it brings much-needed stability.

And scarcely weeks after the end of the last military regime, there was some Musharraf nostalgia in the very quarters where in 2007 people fought for a return to democracy. Under the general, they argued, at least you had the sense that someone was in charge. The facts are, however, that during his eight years of power, we saw civil war in Balochistan; an explosion of militancy in the tribal belt due in large part to the regime's sanctuaries to and peace deals with various militant groups; the mullahs' attempted Talibanisation of then-NWFP (under an arrangement with



Musharraf); extremism come to the federal capital, symbolised in the Red Mosque affair in 2007; and ethnic conflict spread in Sindh beyond Karachi because of an ill-conceived district bifurcation along Sindhi/mohajir lines, at the request of the military-allied MQM. One would be hard-pressed to traverse Musharraf country and find a moment of peace. Yet, the argument persists.

DISORDERLY CONDUCT

The judiciary - and segments of the public - has endorsed every military coup under the 'doctrine of necessity,' whose almost-Marxist dialectic proposes a recurring cycle in which democratic governments carry on for a few years, make a mess of things, until the military (inevitably) intervenes to restore order - by then, as the doctrine's name suggests, a necessity. It's an appealing, well-packaged case. But, unpacked, it turns out empty.

The Pakistani military coup, while bloodless, is in fact an extremely messy affair. Good, honest judges get sacked (some of the best of these include Justices Nasir Aslam Zahid, Falak Sher, Saeeduzaman Siddiqui, and long before them, Fakhrudin G Ebrahim); hundreds get arrested; laws get rewritten; dysfunctional rubber-stamp parliaments are elected under distorted electoral rules; and costly alliances, including with the religious right, deepen.

The laws that had the worst impact on internal harmony, from anti-Ahmadi laws in the Penal Code to the Hudood Ordinances, have been enacted during military rule. It is a cliché but a truism that the more a state spends on intelligence, the less it knows, and that the more it spends on defense, the less secure it is. A simple case: the more our nuclear arsenal expands, and the more fissile material, the greater

the likelihood of pilferage. These are just some of the consequences of our 'national security state.' But perhaps the most damaging long-term result of this quest for order is centralisation, which has caused near-permanent ethnic frictions. While Pakistan's greatest human asset is its di-

**THE PAKISTANI
MILITARY
COUP, WHILE
BLOODLESS,
IS IN FACT AN
EXTREMELY
MESSY AFFAIR**

versity - the great range of ethnicities, languages, cultural and even religious practices - for those who rule, this diversity has always posed a threat, something to be suppressed rather than celebrated. This suppression has often provoked violent province-center clashes and produced a more fragile state.

Politics may be a dirty business, but it's the only one in town that can protect Pakistan's diversity, which has always been under threat. In the early years, the very notion of provincial autonomy was an abomination to the ruling class, for whom one nation, one language and, later, one Islam was the need of the times. It was through activism and the emergence of

new political parties in the smaller provinces that the issue moved to the mainstream, even as it was resisted by the military and civil bureaucracy (civil war in East Pakistan after the 1970 elections being the worst case).

Pakistan's first elected parliament made the devolution of power to the provinces a basic principle of the 1973 constitution. The anti-West patriots who argue that constitutionalism and rule of law aren't quite for us, such as my father's old colleague, partake in one of the deepest injustices committed on the polity. Therein lies the real irony.

The Bhutto government itself violated this principle in the succeeding years, particularly in Balochistan. With Zia's military regime, we were back to a highly centralised state. The current parliament has reinvigorated the principle of provincial autonomy and rights through the 18th amendment to the constitution, which opens the way to resolve longstanding centre-province hostilities, particularly in Balochistan where a low level insurgency against the centre continues.

Granted, the 18th amendment's implementation has been slow, imperfect and at times controversial, and will in any case take years to get right. It may well be messy, if by 'messy' we mean hours of political bargaining, compromise, trial and error. But exactly because it is constitutional, and has broad political buy-in across the four provinces and in the centre, it is far more likely to yield stability than the more traditional strategies of achieving 'order' - which are as foreign to Pakistan as any other colonial concept. ■

THE VOICE OF A MARTYR

The brutal murder of the Governor of Punjab, Salmaan Taseer, in January this year shook the entire nation and left his family devastated. Many fell silent in fear that their lives would be taken next. In the immediate aftermath, Shehribano Taseer stood out as the lone voice of reason and resistance, speaking out against the growing extremism in the country and standing up for those who were silenced. Meher Tareen met the brave young visionary for a candid interview.

📷 by *IRFANYOUNIS* | 🗨️ by *MEHER TAREEN*



**HOW COULD I LET HIM DOWN
AFTER ALL OF PAKISTAN
HAD FALLEN SILENT?**

THE PPP IS NO LONGER A PARTY FOR GOOD MEN. IT HAS A HISTORY OF ISOLATING ITS WARRIORS

It's 7 am on January 2nd. Shehribano Taseer walks out of her bedroom and in to the family lounge. Her father, Salmaan Taseer, is already there reading the morning paper, with Boss and Lucy (the Taseer bulldogs) lazing around his feet. Over fried eggs and toast they discuss their plans for the day and her brother Shehryar's upcoming birthday. They would all have dinner - family and close friends - in the courtyard.

Shehribano turns to the television to find a re-run of a talk her father held at a university. Salmaan Taseer is on television vociferously speaking against the misuse of Pakistan's cruel blasphemy laws and telling the students that Pakistan is their home. It needs them now, more than ever. They must give back to their country. In her usual candour she teases him about the talk, but tells him she is impressed with the ease with which he is handling the students' tough questions. Shehribano looks at her father with pride and they wink at each other.

The morning is their time together; the only time their busy schedules allow them to catch up. She is snuggled into his side on the sofa. Suddenly, while chewing on almonds, he says, "Bano, I was your age when my mother sat me down and asked me what I wanted to do with my life. Do you know what direction you want to take?" She pauses, thinks, takes a sip of her juice and says, "Abbu I'm addicted to journalism but it doesn't make good money." They laugh. She continues, "I want to be financially independent, but..." He ruffles her hair and interrupts her, "Look Tiger, it's exciting right now but you can't be a reporter all your life. Let's start thinking about your long-term plans. Would you consider becoming an editor or starting something of your own one day?"

The door opens and her mother, Aamna, sleepily walks in to join them. Shehribano is feeding Lucy a buttered toast when the Taseer boys, Shahbaz and Shehryar, roll in from their annex. They all share a joke and laugh. None of the Taseers are aware that in two days - on Shehryar's 25th birthday - their father will be shot twenty seven times, outside a restaurant in Islamabad in broad daylight by one of the police guards hired to protect him. It was to be the last conversation Shehribano had with her beloved father.

→ **AT MERELY TWENTY-ONE** Shehribano has shown tremendous strength of spirit and courage in the face of tragedy. It is remarkable how she mustered the sanity to write an op-ed for the New York Times on January 8th, only a few days after the brutal murder of her father. She says the impetus to speak out hit her after she read her father's post-mortem report that stated that each of Taseer's vital organs had been punctured by the hail of bullets, except his heart and his larynx. "I had been feeling like a ripped piece of paper with all the pieces lost and then suddenly I felt connected from the inside. I thought even in his death Abba gave us hope as his mighty, compassionate heart and his husky, sensible voice remained intact. I knew then that the fight was not over. How could I let him down after all of Pakistan had fallen silent?"

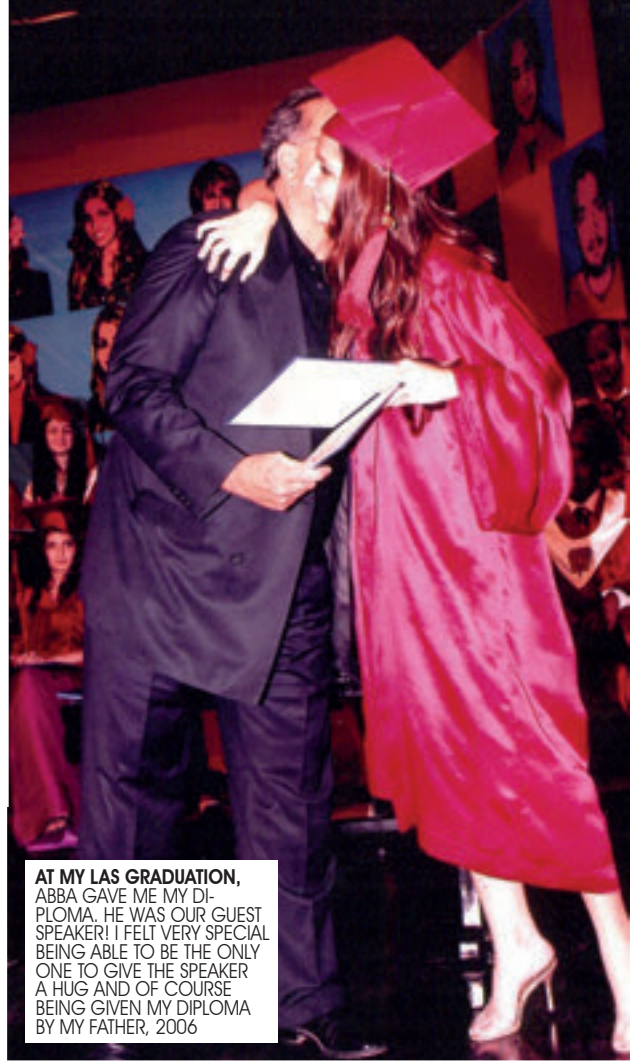
While her mother and brothers have taken over the daunting task of managing their father's business empire, Shehribano, the youngest of his children, is carrying on her father's legacy and humanitarian work. "My mother is incredible. She is made of steel. She has held us all together through this and has not allowed us to become bitter. Her exposure to the businesses was thirty years of conversations with Abba at night. She knew him best. She was the best candidate to head his businesses. She's got her head in the game and she is so focused," she says.

In the past, Shehribano has worked in Washington DC with Ambassador Husain Haqanni. Currently she works as a journalist with Newsweek Pakistan and is the co-editor of Sunday Times magazine. After the death of her father, Shehribano is continuing to take his cause forward. "What happened was an assault on the truth. The record must be set straight about the injustice of these laws. The ability to debate and criticise must not die along with him - that would be the biggest disservice to his life, work, and death."

She explains, "I felt like we had to set a precedent for the nation that even after something so dreadful can happen to our family we can still emerge strong and continue to have faith in Pakistan." But Shehribano confesses that it has not been easy for her to keep revisiting the loss of her father and there have been times when she has almost broken down during interviews and lectures. "I feel naked talking to strangers about something so personal," she says.



IN PARIS, 2003



AT MY LAS GRADUATION, ABBA GAVE ME MY DIPLOMA. HE WAS OUR GUEST SPEAKER! I FELT VERY SPECIAL BEING ABLE TO BE THE ONLY ONE TO GIVE THE SPEAKER A HUG AND OF COURSE BEING GIVEN MY DIPLOMA BY MY FATHER, 2006



MAMA & ABBA



IN SWAT

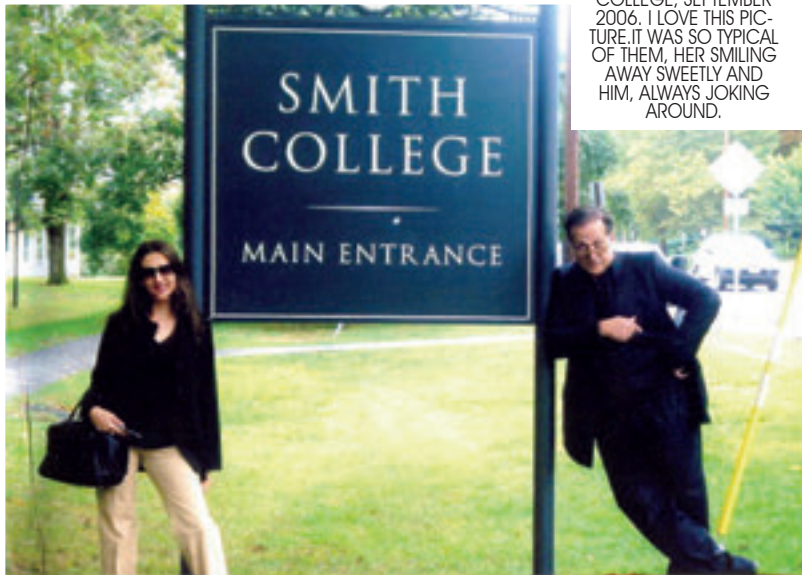


MAMA, ABBA, SHAHBAZ, SHEHRYAR AND ME, 2005



DRESSING UP WITH ABBA & SHEHRYAR

The late Governor of Punjab was a vocal critic of Pakistan's blasphemy laws. When Aasia Bibi, an illiterate Christian farm labourer, was sentenced to death for allegedly insulting the Prophet Muhammed (peace be upon him) last November, Salmaan Taseer defended her case on humanitarian grounds and gave a press conference about the rampant misuse of the blasphemy laws.



MAMA AND ABBA AT MY COLLEGE, SEPTEMBER 2006. I LOVE THIS PICTURE. IT WAS SO TYPICAL OF THEM, HER SMILING AWAY SWEETLY AND HIM, ALWAYS JOKING AROUND.

Critics say the laws are often exploited to settle personal vendettas and discriminate harshly against religious minorities. Shehrbano and Aamna accompanied Taseer to visit Aasia in Sheikhpura jail. His comments triggered demonstrations by extremist religious parties across the country and the PPP leaders who had initially expressed support for reform or abolishment of the laws slowly backed down. Salmaan Taseer did not. One of his last Tweets was: "I was under huge pressure sure 2 cow down b4 rightest pressure on blasphemy. Refused. Even if I'm the last man standing." [sic]

I asked Shehrbano whether it was sensible for her father to continue a cause his entire party had abandoned in fear of the repercussions and she said with the utmost conviction, "My father could not have been clearer: he repeatedly said this was a matter of humanity, not religion or blasphemy. Aasia Bibi had been languishing in jail for one and a half years and her family could not afford the fare to come visit her in jail. She had been sentenced to death for something she may or may not have said. My father believed in giving a voice to the voiceless. He stood up for the marginalised and repressed of our society." Shehrbano felt his party, the ruling Pakistan's People's Party, was criminal in its equivocation. "It's no longer a party for good men. It has a history of isolating its warriors."

Upon asking her if anger was the triggering force, Shehrbano insisted that anger is the enemy and is a destructive emotion. "I was frustrated and angry for a long time. There was no violence in our lives before this. Our home was full of light, full of laughter. I used to ask, 'why Abba?' I couldn't understand why my mother had to go through this. But I've realised that allowing anger to consume me would mean that Qadri wins. I saw a clear choice: I could wallow in self-pity for the rest of my life and hate this man (Mumtaz Qadri) for killing my father and killing all of us inside or I could turn this tragedy into triumph and keep my father's name flying high. These people are wrong if they think they can break us or silence me. It has further emboldened me," she says. After the death of her father, Shehrbano stood out as the lone voice brave enough to represent the voice of the silenced.

his first court hearing received a hero-like welcome from lawyers who cheered him on and showered him with rose petals.

"I don't understand this warped piety. It is wrong. Killing someone and cloaking it in the name of God and religion does not mean your actions are not cruel, unjust, and illegitimate. It is ignorance and brainwashing. If we were anywhere else in the world, this case would have been prosecuted by now with Qadri sentenced to life imprisonment. But he was offered pro bono services by the head of the Rawalpindi Bar Association while it took us months to find a lawyer. Things work the other way around in Pakistan. Everyone is so petrified," she says. It is devastating that Pakistan has become so intolerant and ignorant that a murderer who took the law in to

his own hands and killed an innocent man was heralded as a hero by our supposed vanguards of justice. "A precedent must be set. This man must pay for what he has done," she says.

Viewing Pakistani society through a polarised prism (between the liberals and the far-right) is dangerous. Shehrbano explains, "People are

painting me as some liberal poster girl. It's an unfair assessment. I have many views that don't fall in line with liberalism at all. It's the people in the middle who are not being given a voice at all when Pakistan is viewed as being so black and white. I hate labels. Labels come with stereotypes. I just want a peaceful, egalitarian and progressive Pakistan."

Shehrbano spoke at the United Nations in March this year for Human Rights First, a human rights group that was lobbying ambassadors to vote against the Defamation of Religions Resolution that has been passed for eleven years in a row. The resolution is essentially a global blasphemy law. "When we spoke to the dignitaries, many were unaware of the ground realities of such laws. I am a living example of how these laws go wrong because what happens is that you forego the right to freedom of thought, speech, belief, and as we have seen in the case of my father and Shahbaz Bhatti, the right to life." A disheartened Shehrbano wasn't expecting anything to change as she told her mother, "What is the point of all this? I don't get my father back, people just clap and forget." But this year

"PEOPLE ARE PAINTING ME AS SOME LIBERAL POSTER GIRL"



MAMA & I ACCOMPANIED ABBA TO VISIT AASIA BIBI IN SHEIKHUPURA JAIL NOVEMBER 2010

the ambassadors voted no to the resolution and in a landmark decision, it did not pass. Shehrbano says with a big smile, “this was a breakthrough and I thought it was Abba working his magic. His death has had global ramifications, but we still have a long way to go before Pakistan changes.”

One of the main reasons that she sees behind Pakistan’s current situation is the appeasement of the extremists. “Government after government has buckled under the pressure and threats of the right-wing groups. There has to be a no-holds barred policy towards these guys,” she says. Shehrbano believes that a lack of education and economic opportunities make people more susceptible to turning to extremism or terrorism. “The government must fill that vacuum. There is an urgent need for educational reform. The government must invest in its people if it wants a stable future. At the same time it’s frightening, because you see educated middle class people nodding their head in agreement to my father’s murder. You don’t know who your enemy is anymore.”

Shehrbano feels that perhaps there is still hope. This August 14, on Pakistan’s 64th Independence Day, President Zardari awarded the Nishan-e-Imtiaz (Posthumous) to Salmaan Taseer for his services to the country. “My father lived and died for Pakistan. Our country was his first and greatest love. He has become associated with this issue of blasphemy but we must never forget his contribution to the economy and business world and his work for the lives of ordinary Pakistani’s,” Shehrbano said. The PPP government - eight months too late - has also asked the Chief Justice Pakistan to take suo moto of Taseer’s murder.

Shehrbano attained her education from the Lahore American School and then Smith College. Her father was a certified chartered accountant but not afford to pay his college fees. He would often remark, “I have attended the University of Life.”

It is evident from the way she speaks about their relationship that they shared a very special bond. “My graduation week was the funniest week of my life with Abba,” she recalls. Shehrbano forgot to book a hotel in time so her parents had to spend one night in her all-girls dorm. “I slept in my friend’s room because my parents slept in mine. The next morning I walked in and saw my father making his way to the bathroom with a towel around his waist. I started laughing and said ‘Abba you can’t walk down the hall in that, it’s an all girls dorm.’ Suddenly I hear a girl yell ‘Ahhh there’s a naked old man in the hallway.’ To my shock Abba was completely unfazed. He looked at me and said, ‘well she can consider herself lucky!’ and confidently walked into the bathroom. He was such a great sport,” Shehrbano says as she laughs out loud, the first time she has laughed in the entire interview.



SPEAKING AT QUILLIAM FOUNDATION, COUNTER EXTREMISM THINK TANK, LONDON, MAY 2011

PHOTOGRAPH BJARNE NORUM

“ THIS WAS A MATTER OF HUMANITY, NOT RELIGION OR BLASPHEMY.”

Shehrbano tells me that her father was her hero and they had just started to become close friends. “I remember I was running for class president in my first year at college. I would call him up and tell him about this girl who was sabotaging my campaigns by throwing water on my sidewalk chalking. We’d scheme together, and think up ways to get back at her. When the results came in, I had lost, and felt so embarrassed to tell him after all the hype. I told him in a very sheepish voice and he laughed and said ‘don’t worry tiger. Abraham Lincoln lost his first few elections. Go for the next one and you will win it. Keep at it.’ That sums him up. He was so encouraging, so witty. That’s what I miss most, just talking to him because for everyone else he was the governor but I lost my father and friend. Worse than the murder and the aftermath, has been life without Abba. It is difficult to imagine that he won’t know my children,” she says as her voice starts to quiver.

The room is silent. She pauses to take a breath and says, “My father was a meteor of a man and a meteor consumes itself and then blazes his path. I think it would be a terrible shame if I didn’t carry on his legacy. I know it sounds like a childish notion but I really feel he is still here with me. I feel his presence, I feel him around us still.”

On that heart wrenching Tuesday, a governor was lost, a father was taken away from his children, a husband was taken away from his wife and a courageous voice was silenced, but another voice rose up to the challenge - the brave voice of the daughter of a martyr. ■

SHEHRBANO'S TOP 10 HOT LIST

AAMNA & SALMAAN TASEER

My father had a tough life but rose like a phoenix in every situation. He taught me to always think independently and gave me the freedom to go after my dreams in a culture where most women have their hands tied. He was a man of mettle. My mother has a different kind of strength - she has a heart of gold and is so wise. Together, they taught me to love life, live hard, and do it all. They have been my best friends and role models; they are giants in a sea of pygmies. Lucky me.



1

PAKISTAN

I love my country with a ferocious passion. The way I see it, the future of Pakistan is in our hands. It is our greatest responsibility and burden to always be a part of the solution. We must be nation builders.

2



NEW YORK CITY

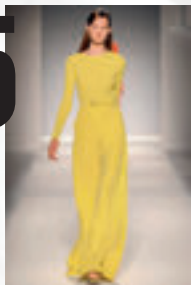
People can live within 5 feet of each other in NY and yet have their own version of the city. I love that. I love the anonymity there. I love discovering new 'spots' in NY and some of my best memories are in that city.



3

JUMPSUITS

This year I've been addicted to jumpsuits - I wear them everywhere. They are so flattering. I've been experimenting and making my own too.



5

NEWSWEEK PAKISTAN

The most dynamic magazine in Pakistan - it shames the rest into having some standards.

6



HUSAIN HAQQANI

Hats off to our Ambassador - he has the toughest job in the world right now, but handles it with intelligence, energy, wit, and tact. He is one of the few people that you can spend an hour with and come out of the conversation knowing ten new things.

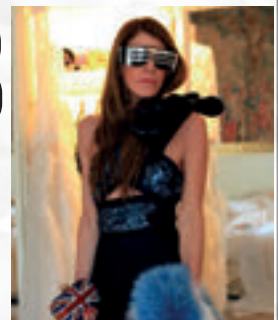


7

ANNA DELLO RUSSO

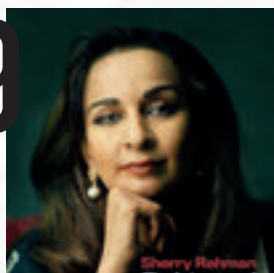
For me Anna Wintour is the other Anna and Anna Dello Russo is the end-all and be-all of fashion. She is the editor - at - large of Vogue Japan and is outrageous, inimitable, glamorous and a wild child. She is my fashion icon!

8



SHERRY REHMAN

Sherry authored five women empowerment and two press freedom bills during her tenure. She was a hard-hitting journalist and writer. She's refreshingly different, patriotic, eloquent, and tasteful. She has the guts to stand her ground.



9

VOLLEYBALL

I played volleyball throughout middle and high school and played for Smith College too. It is the best high in the world - there are really no words!

10



"Find what you love to do and then do it better than anyone else".



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Clothes That Work

Hooria Khan | Lawyer • Lecturer

"I work because it makes me happy. Not working would take away a huge chunk of who I am". How *The Working Woman* works for Hooria: "I love the way it has been put together".



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ISLAMIST POSTURING AND THE BATTLE FOR MINORITY RIGHTS

By Arsalan Khan 

THE RISE OF ISLAMIST POLITICS AND THE TRAGIC IMPLICATIONS FOR PAKISTAN'S RELIGIOUS MINORITIES. ARSALAN KHAN GIVES HIS PERSPECTIVE.

“We’re all gathered here, and we are here to show our love for the Prophet (peace be upon him),” declared the vice president of a local Islamist organisation, Owais Noorani, to media crews. In the background, one could hear the crowd of nearly 50,000 men chanting “Allah ho Akbar.” Cameras zoomed in on flushed

faces. Reporters scribbled furious descriptions of fiery speeches by well-known Islamist leaders. It seemed like a spontaneous gathering of zealous Muslims, a heated, groundswell rejection of the government’s timid nods towards amending Pakistan’s notorious ‘blasphemy law.’ But the rally, for all its appearance of spontaneity, was actually a meticulously organised event, carefully staged for mass viewing. That’s the fundamental point: Pakistan’s Islamist political parties have been somewhat successful at masquerading as defenders of Islam when they are, in fact, simply conventional political agents, as manipulative and politically-minded as any other party.

Following Governor Salmaan Taseer’s assassination, the Islamist organisation Jama’at ud Dawa, well known as a front for the banned militant outfit Lashkar-e-Taiba, sponsored this rally near the Quaid-e-Azam’s *mazaar* in Karachi to exploit the recent controversy around the blasphemy law. The area was cordoned off, traffic was blocked and police was deployed in full force for the security of attendees. Journalists were hailed in through the blockade. Islamist leaders like Qazi Hussain Ahmed and Maulana Fazl-ur-Rahman delivered impassioned speeches from atop a footbridge, while the rank and file sat on the street below draped in green and white flags embellished with political slogans and *ayats*. It was a carefully planned mass media event, like any other.

Similar to any other political party, Islamists organise ‘rallies’ and ‘*dharnas*’. They raise funds, ask for votes, have meetings, make media appearances, deliver speeches, create alliances and so on. But what is vexing about their politics is that in order to position themselves as defenders of Islam, they are willing to prey on some of the weakest groups within Pakistani society, its religious minorities.

The rise of Islamist politics has been tragic for Pakistan’s religious minorities. According to a recent report by the Jinnah Institute, nearly a thousand cases of blasphemy

PAKISTAN’S ISLAMIST POLITICAL PARTIES HAVE BEEN SOMEWHAT SUCCESSFUL AT MASQUERADING AS DEFENDERS OF ISLAM

have been registered since 1986. Of these cases, 476 have been registered against Muslims (various denominations), 479 against Ahmadis (who by law are classified as non-Muslim), and 180 against Christians. The report notes that in 2010 alone, 64 people were charged under the so-called “blasphemy law,” and 32 people were killed extra-judicially either by mobs or individuals. In August 2009, a mob of at least 150 attacked a Christian community in Gojra, setting 40 houses and a church on fire, burning 8 people alive including 4 women and a child, and injuring at least 18 others. Earlier the same year, trained militants opened fire on Ahmadis as they prayed, massacring 93 people. These are only some of the most dramatic incidents of violence and persecution in recent years. Everyday discrimination against religious minorities in schools, universities, and the workplace goes almost unnoticed. It would be a grave mistake to see Islamist politics as essential or inevitable to the Islamic tradition, as many Western intellectuals and journalists, as well as some in our own ‘liberal’ class, would have us believe. This position actually supports Islamists understanding of themselves as representatives of Islam.

In fact, the most prominent urban groups like the Jam’at-i-Islami and Jama’at ud Dawa often express hostility towards ‘traditionalists’ for focusing too much on theological matters and ignoring politics. Islamism draws most of its strength from the urban lower-middle and middle classes who are educated, not in madrassas, but in schools, colleges and universities. This does not mean that the madrassa system in Pakistan does not contribute to the making of religious extremism, just that the exclusive focus on ‘education’ as a solution does not really account for the fact that many Islamists are already quite educated, and often in the same institutions that produce their secular-liberal counterparts. In short, Islamism has little to do with Islam. It has to do with national politics. And that means you will find Islamists in the same spaces that produce more secular-minded and liberal Pakistanis.

But, how exactly did we get here? After all, didn’t Jinnah envision a Pakistan in which religion “has nothing to do with the business of the state”? While it is true that Jinnah professed avowedly secular ideals in his oft-quoted speech, the appeal of Pakistan did in fact have much to do with the promise of Islam. As the historian David Gilmartin has argued, the Muslim League defeated the Unionist Party in the elections of 1946 by marketing itself as a party that represented both a unified Muslim community and Islam. Muslims were deeply worried about living under the domination of Hindus in a post-independence India, but they were just as concerned about divisiveness and conflict within the ranks of Muslims, and they saw Islam as the only means available for averting chaos. The Muslim League capitalised on this sentiment by contrasting a united India with, as a number of election flyers put it, an “azaad Islami riyasat.” The positing of Islam as a solution to domination by outsiders as well as force that helps overcome internal divisiveness has continued to be a consistent theme throughout Pakistan’s history.

Not surprisingly, Islam’s symbolic importance grew throughout the next few decades and peaked in the 1970s after the violent and traumatic loss of Bangladesh when Pakistani

nationhood was in a crisis of radical doubt. The Jama’at-i-Islami, the dominant Islamist force in urban Pakistan, began its political ascent precisely during this period, and Islam was trumpeted as the only means to resist foreign domination and ensure internal harmony against the rising tide of ethnic nationalist movements, first in East Pakistan (now Bangladesh) and then in Sindh, Balochistan and Khyber-Pakhtunkhwa. In 1974, Islamists pressured Zulfikar Ali Bhutto to declare Ahmadis “non-Muslim.” They were successful. Bhutto, later, made further concessions to the opposition by banning alcohol and gambling, and changing the day of rest to Friday. He even began calling his quasi-socialist platform the “equality of Muhammad.” Four years after seizing power from Bhutto in a bloodless coup, General Zia explained his Islamisation program as a defence of Pakistan. “Pakistan is like Israel, an ideological state,” the general declared. “Take out Judaism from Israel and it will collapse like a house of cards. Take Islam out of Pakistan and make [it] a secular state; it will collapse.”

**ISLAMISM HAS
LITTLE TO DO WITH
ISLAM. IT HAS TO
DO WITH NATIONAL
POLITICS**

That belief still has strong backing today. The Pakistani state and particularly the Army continue to use Islam as a centralising ideology and a bulwark against demands for ethnic autonomy, redistribution, and decentralisation. If Islamists have now turned to the Army, it is because many of them see the Army as having capitulated to American aggression and therefore as having abandoned its role as the defender of Islam and Pakistan.

What does this all mean for the minority question? Only this: we do not have the luxury of dismissing Islamist politics as simply the blind religious devotion of uneducated masses, as many ‘liberals’ tend to do. It means that we cannot excise the issues faced by religious minorities from the larger political context that catapulted Islamism into the political mainstream. Ethnic divisiveness and foreign domination remain the central political concerns of Islamist ideology. If we want to undo this ideology, we cannot do so without remedying the political circumstances that give Islamism its appeal.

On the issue of ethnic divisiveness, Pakistan needs serious devolution of power and redistribution of wealth to the provinces so that ethnic tensions are managed and contained. The 18th Amendment has moved us along considerably in this regard and we should support further efforts to democratise and decentralise power. This means rejecting all military intervention in governance even if it is cast as the more ‘liberal’ alternative, as was Musharraf’s dictatorship.

Regarding foreign domination, Pakistan’s liberal class has failed to take a principled stand against American imperialism in Pakistan, which has meant ceding that space to Islamists. Examples like the drone attacks or the Raymond Davis issue abound. Unless Pakistan’s liberal class provides an alternative platform to heal ethnic divisiveness and to reject American incursions, Islamism will continue to thrive.

And, Pakistan’s religious minorities will continue to suffer. ■

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Picture PERFECT

Zainab Omar is editor-at-large at Blue Chip magazine, runs her late husband's travel company and is busy setting up a small initiative for the local women in the village of Bani Gala with Cath Braid of Polly & Me. PAPER gives you a peak into Zainab's life and her beautiful home in Islamabad.

There's an almost magical charm to the drive up the hills to Bani Gala, a scenic backdrop of mountains so magnificent and greens so lush, they must be the work of a painter.

I am greeted at the door by Zainab Omar in a crisp white kurta, barely there make-up and a warm twinkle-eyed smile. As I walk in to the living room I notice that there is no entrance hall (which Zainab later describes as dead space) so I find myself instantly at ease and welcomed. As I look around every wall has ceiling to floor windows, an architectural detail that makes the most of the beautiful vistas that surround the house.

The walls are adorned by paintings by Jamil Naqsh, Bashir Mirza, Iqbal Hussain, Eqbal Mehdi, calligraphies by Rasheed Butt, a Polly & Me tapestry and a painting signed Muhammad Ali. The art that hangs on her walls and the books that fill her bookshelves offer proof of a life truly lived.

We walk in to her two-floor loft like personal living space with a wooden staircase going up to her bedroom. The walls are decorated with old photographs and I can't believe my eyes when I see a photograph of the baby Zainab hugging

boxing legend Muhammad Ali and another signed photograph of Muhammed Ali and his wife with her parents. "Growing up I got to meet a lot of amazing people, but I think Muhammad Ali left a huge impact on me because of his incredible warmth and humility," Zainab reveals. Her father was his banker and the families were close. "He made that painting for me," she says as she points to the painting I had noticed earlier.

We settle in, Zainab props herself on a plush grey sofa in her lounge, which is currently drenched in the morning sun. It is shocking how young she looks in person, especially considering she has two teenage children. I try to resist asking her how she looks so young, and then give in to my impulse. Zainab blushes, smiles her shy smile and says, "Umm I must confess I do take care of my skin. I sleep early and try to avoid the sun."

Zainab grew up in London in a conservative home where she knew she would be married by the time she turned nineteen. Like most Pakistani expatriates who often tend to be disconnected with the cultural evolution of their country and are usually extra cautious to retain traditional values instead of adopting western ones, her family was over protective.



**THE OPEN PLAN
GAVE MY CHILDREN
A SENSE OF
SAFETY**



THE DRAWING ROOM WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE LUSH GARDEN

Zainab explains, “From the moment I hit my teens, I wasn’t allowed to wear western clothes, I wasn’t allowed to go out alone and had to take my brothers as chaperones. It was a given that at eighteen or nineteen I would get married. I had a lot of marriage proposals and I had to choose one. I have to say I was very happy with who I chose.”

Sadly Zainab lost her husband too soon. Salim was forty-one when he passed away and Zainab was only thirty-one. The loss of her husband, at such an early age, tore her apart. In her search to find peace she went for *Umrah* where she contracted viral encephalitis, fell into a coma and nearly died. When she woke up she had lost her memory. It took her a year to recover from that and to slowly start rebuilding her life. Zainab lived with her in-laws until she was able to get back on her feet. As soon as she was able to focus she built her house. “Before my husband passed away we had started building a house together, but I couldn’t continue with that home. It was too painful. To start constructing a new home was very healing for me,” she says.



ZAINAB & AMANN
PHOTOGRAPH IRFAN SHEIKH



AMANN ZAINAB & ADIL
PHOTOGRAPH IRFAN SHEIKH



A STRIKING BASHIR MIRZA HANGS IN THE SITTING AREA



THE TWO LEVEL EN SUITE WHICH GIVES HER PERSONAL LIVING SPACE A LOFT-LIKE FEEL

“Before my husband passed away we had started building a house together, but I couldn’t continue with that home. To start constructing a new home was very healing for me”

Zainab has been lucky to have a great support system as her parents, brothers and in-laws all live within the same estate. “There are no boundaries within this estate so it’s been great for the children as they can roam freely from one house to another”, she says. The house is designed in an open plan by a young architect by the name of Zarak Afridi. As Zainab and her two children were moving out of a very big house where they lived with family, she wanted the children to feel a sense of nuclear family. “They were still very little and the open plan gave my children a sense of safety. I could be reading in one room, my daughter Amann could be with friends watching TV, my son Adil could be surfing the internet in the living room; we would be doing our own thing, yet we were together.” Zainab confesses to making a few mistakes, for instance she forgot to put in a laundry room. She throws back her head and laughs.

Her laughter makes me more comfortable and I ask her why she hasn’t dyed her signature streak of grey hair, which is glistening in the afternoon sunlight. “When I lost my husband, it happened so suddenly it was almost over night that that I got this streak of grey hair. I felt unprotected not having a man in my life and people started treating me differently. I didn’t want to wear a *burqa* or *naqab*. I felt extremely vulnerable and exposed. It was a way in which I was holding on to something that had changed in my life. It’s a strange symbolic thing that happened and I held on to it”, she explains.

Initially the void was so great that she immediately wanted to fill it but with time Zainab believes she made the right decision not to remarry, as she was able to focus on her children. “Men are very demanding and marriage is a big commitment that divides your focus. I think I made the right choice to focus on the children instead. My children are very unique. I’m not boasting but I’m glad I’ve given them so much attention that they have grown up to be such remarkable people,” Zainab says proudly.

Zainab has in fact raised extraordinary children. At twenty, Adil is Pakistan’s first rap prodigy and could not have pursued his passion if it were not for the support of his mother. “I was a little tough with Adil initially because I didn’t know about rap and was uncomfortable with the explicit language. He was a very persuasive child and more than that, I saw a dedication and commitment in him”, she

admits. Zainab saw that her son is unique and recognised his talent. “Ultimately you have to focus on a career and be economically independent and if he can do that through rap then that is great.” Zainab explains. Adil has worked with Cypress Hill, Xzibit and Everlast and is now putting together his debut album for a major release in 2012.

Zainab’s seventeen-year-old daughter Amann just left for boarding school in Wales. Zainab describes her as a highly academic, well rounded young girl with a magnetic and sociable personality. “Amann is the joy in our home. I am so proud to have an academic daughter”, she exclaims.

We start talking about how she began to work and she explains that for the first six years of her marriage she was a homemaker and enjoyed it thoroughly. Then she met Jugnu Mohsin at a wedding in Lahore who asked her to write for The Friday Times. “It was something I always wanted to do so I have to thank Jugnu for getting me started in writing”, she says. When her husband passed away Humayun Gauhar was launching Blue Chip magazine and offered her the position of editor-at-large. “Working at a job that I really enjoy, in a nurturing family environment is great. Humayun, Mashaal, Saniyya and Fazila are like family to me”, she says.

We exchange stories about how difficult it is to run a magazine, come up with brilliant material and chase advertisers. Zainab has been doing this every month for eight years so of course she is far more experienced. In addition to Blue Chip she has recently joined her late husband’s travel company, Southern Sonya Travels, and is also excited to be setting up a small initiative for the local women in the village of Bani Gala with with Cath Braid of Polly & Me. With Amann in Wales and Adil busy with music, Zainab is filling the void by applying her mind at work.

It is so refreshing to meet someone who has her priorities right. Zainab’s charm is infectious and her strength of character inspiring. The best thing about Zainab Omar’s home is how she resonates in almost every part of it. The home has been decorated with a relaxed ease, modern with a bit of tradition thrown in. The Persian carpets and wall hangings punctuate the rustic slate floors and wood details to modern contemporary perfection; the result is cool elegance. The house is as effortlessly chic as its resident. ■



ZAINAB & MOHAMMAD ALI



ZAINAB'S PARENTS WITH MOHAMMAD ALI & HIS WIFE



PAINTING BY MOHAMMED ALI FOR ZAINAB

Muhammad Ali

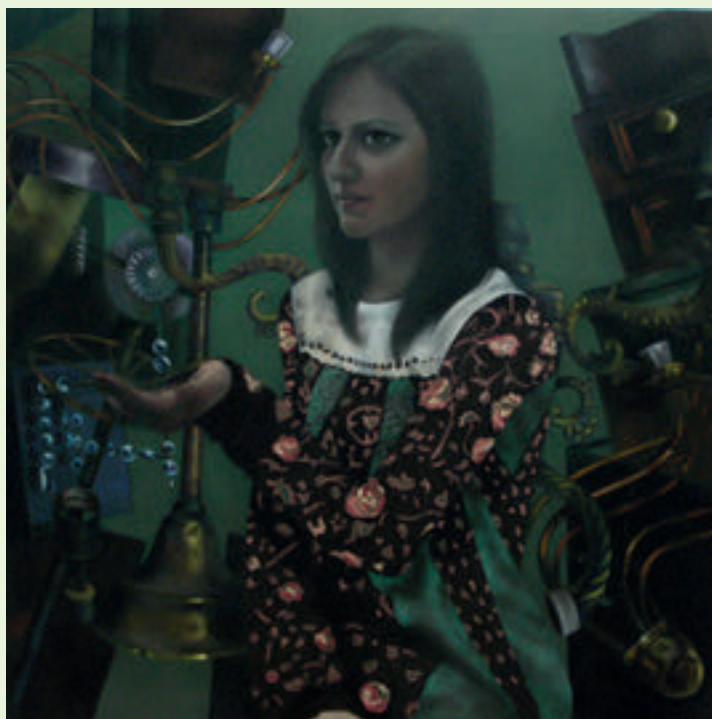


THE DINING ROOM OFF THE DRAWING ROOM. A HAPPY SPACE WITH LOTS OF NATURAL LIGHT COMING IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS

12 YOUNG HOT Artists TO WATCH

PAKISTAN'S ART SCENE IS BUZZING WITH BRIGHT YOUNG TALENT. SANAM TASEER, CURATOR OF THE DRAWING ROOM ART GALLERY, SHARES HER FAVOURITES.

BY SANAM TASEER



Dua Abbas

Dua's work is about the power and burden of beauty. It has an intense sustained scrutiny in which femininity is celebrated but it also confronts our obsession with it. The heroines in her paintings seem somewhat unhappily trapped in pretty little fairy tales. The accompanying imagery of flowers and adornments all hint at the transience of time and the fleeting quality of their youth.



Waseem Ahmed

A graduate of the National College of Arts in Lahore, Ahmed (born 1976) is well known for his fearless and witty miniature paintings. Thumbing his nose at the Taliban and all traditional taboos is what Waseem does best. His work sometimes features naked Botticelli-esque women underneath burqas. Another familiar image is the lustful wolf trying to creep into the burqa.



Noor Ali Chagani's

Chagani's art pieces are sculptures or paintings of miniature terracotta bricks. This engineer moved to Lahore to obtain a degree in fine arts. Here, he came face to face with Lahore's endless avenues of red brick houses. They were a symbol of affluence, safety and order. He calls himself a simple man and says that his pieces symbolise the desire - similar to that of most Pakistani men - to have a nice house and a beautiful wife. Born 1982 in Karachi, Noor Lives in Lahore, Pakistan and was trained at the National College of Arts.



Irfan Hasan

Renowned for his extravagant large-scale miniatures Irfan Hasan's new works are like mythical poems. His work also often focuses on characters that make up society's underbelly like dwarves and donkeys. Both symbolic of those who are ridiculed and whose services to society are often overlooked. In his painting they become intensely mysterious and eerily beautiful and in Irfan's words 'are given their due respect'. Other pieces I like are his 'Obanimals', images of Obama transforming into animal form as a symbol of our continued distrust of the west. Irfan Hasan graduated from National College of Arts in 2006.



Imran Channa

Imran Channa's body of work questions the authenticity of history in light of state propaganda. My favourite piece of his featured hundreds of tiny books made up from only his best college report cards as a sly jab at the Pakistani 'history' syllabus. Another theme in his work is how hard the state tried to islamise the images of its largely secular leadership with pieces like 'Find The Real Jinnah'. A children's puzzle featuring 12 identical Jinnahs. Incidentally, he was the one without the *mehraab*.

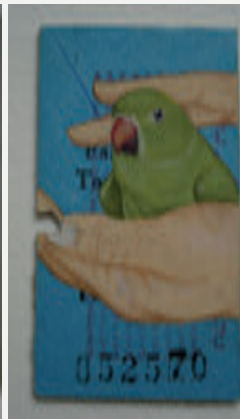
Akif Suri

Akif Suri is a young artist currently living and working in Lahore. I feel the best art makes you laugh as well as think. His *Badshahnama* series with all its royal finery is about how the average Pakistani man is still a king in his own mind. Ironically some of them have little rings and threads running through their noses implying that most of this machismo is tragically hollow.



Nizakat Ali Debar

Nizakat graduated in 2009, is trained in miniature painting at NCA, Lahore. Nizakat paints on train tickets, the gritty realities encountered on his journey to his hometown in interior Sindh. Feral dogs, equally feral children, tea boys all exquisitely rendered.





Imran Mudassar

The work took its direction in Kabul with Imran staring at bullet-riddled, mortar-shelled wall. He then photographed it and drew his own naked vulnerable body on it as a reminder of the human cost of war. Bombarded daily with images of tanks, drones and guns we are completely desensitised. Imran's portraits of ornately beautiful artillery juxtaposed with naked human figures is a stark reminder that these weapons are lovingly crafted for one purpose only - to rip, tear and ravage fragile human flesh. Born in 1982 in Gujranwala, Pakistan, Imran Mudassar lives and works in Lahore.



Usman Alvi

His work almost always focuses on a strangely symbiotic relationship with animals and birds. It is no coincidence that both the artist and his subjects lack the power of speech. The birds no longer appear in their natural habitat but in entirely new urban spaces, the type inhabited by the artist himself. Thus heightening the reference to a life lived through gestures not language.



Mahgul Anah Farooq

There is something so iconic about a can, particularly after Andy Warhol got hold of them. Magul takes it all one step further in an original tongue in cheek manner— her canned people not only raise all sorts of questions about the value of our role models, icons and celebrities in a mass media obsessed culture. She also addresses the issue of Islamic squeamishness regarding the portrait. When I asked her about her work she told me there was some drama regarding a picture of the Quaid (founder of Pakistan) on a can of *ghee* and a subsequent discussion on whether treating that can with reverence constituted idolatry.

Saba Khan

A sunny disposition such as is found in Saba Khan's work is extremely rare in an artworld forever clad in mourning black. Each painting seems to be a new adventure imbued with a childlike freshness of vision. One interesting example of this is the painting called "America" - an over-the-top gold baroque depiction of her professor's dogs. Highly groomed with care and money lavished on them: The painting somehow brings forth all the extravagance, materialism and absurdity we associate with that word.



Madiha Sikandar

The newest artist of the lot, Madiha has created a series of works where she rescued old books (one of them dating its publication as far back as 1949). Despite vain attempts to have libraries take them, she recycled these books by summarising the contents into miniatures painted on the surface of the books themselves. She has also chronicled the story of her family's migration from Bihar onto antique books.

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PAKISTAN IS A CULTURAL SMORGASBORD OF RICH TRADITIONS AND SOCIETAL PRACTICES, WHICH OFTEN SEEM CONFUSING BECAUSE THEY'RE, WELL, CONTRADICTORY.



PAKISTANI CONTRADICTIONS FOR DUMMIES

(NOTE: THIS IS A SATIRIC REVIEW OF A FICTITIOUS BOOK INTENDING COMEDIC IRONY).

By Laaleen Khan

MAY NOT BE JET SET BUT ARE ADEPT AT CREATING CELEBRITY CULTURE

● Be a local celeb for a day — carry your biggest handbag (logo facing outwards), wear your largest shades to a polo match, all-day lunch, designer exhibition, fashion show and party all in the same day and watch your image appear in all the society papers simultaneously. Hooked? Continue to email photos of yourself with your friends in every location of the world and they'll be duly published as long as your hair is blow dried and you mention that an event planner planned your friend's neighbour's birthday dinner in a restaurant or your second cousin's niece's birthday party in the backyard.

BELIEVE DEATH IS PRE-DESTINED, YET TEMPT FATE ON A DAILY BASIS

For the adventure traveler cruising through the streets of metropolitan Pakistan is a rocking rollercoaster of thrills and chills! Pakistanis tend to incorporate an extreme element to their daily activities to prevent them from becoming mundane. There's an undeniably daredevil appeal to driving a car in Pakistan sans seat belts or infant car seats, while weaving in and out of traffic in an obstacle course paved with rickshaws, donkeys, trucks, wagons, pedestrians and window-slapping destitute rupee-collectors with a death wish. For the extreme sports fan, there's the option of riding a motorbike side-saddle, Pakistan-wife style, delicately resting one hand on her husband's waist/love handle, without helmets, with 3 kids in the front, a baby on her head and a dupatta thrown in near the wheel for added will-I-die thrills.

CARING ABOUT PLANET EARTH, DESPITE AIR, LAND AND WATER POLLUTION

Pakistanis are all about car-pooling — shoving eight or so people in a Suzuki. Successive governments are so concerned about conserving the earth's resources for future generations and reducing carbon footprints, that they regularly shut down electricity in various parts of the country

for long periods of time, along with water and natural gas as well. Now, that's dedication.

ALL ABOUT EXTREMES: EAT OILY MEAT... THEN GO TO THE GYM (LOVE HANDLES VS. PATLI KAMAR)

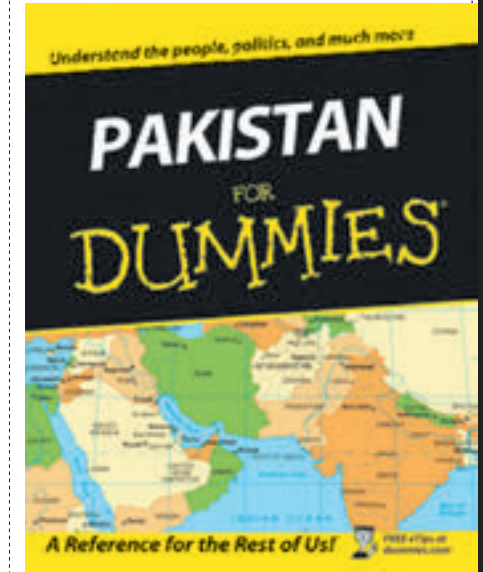
Connoisseurs of exotic restaurants would be unable to resist the culinary appeal of local delicacies that include delectable goats' genitals, spicy brain *masala*, slithery goats' feet, intestines stuffed with liver and kidneys (organs, yummy!), *nihari* (meat stewed in fragrant bone marrow sauce), gelatinous sheep tail cooked in its own wiggly white saturated fat, all designed to heighten already-passionate temperaments and lead to a not-so-passionate clogging of the arteries. After all, it's all protein, isn't it? No carbs, please.

INVENTED HEROIN CHIC: ILLEGAL, IMMORAL BUT CULTURALLY ACCEPTABLE

From underprivileged street children sniffing their woes away with glue, to *dial-a-charas* home delivery for the middle and upper classes, there's enough drug-fueled escapism to go around. Tourists might like to sample local druggie milkshakes, aka *bhanga*, with *charsi paan* for dessert. Fans of tranquilisers, anti-depressants, sleeping pills, and herbal 'remedies' can freely abuse them here since prescriptions aren't needed at pharmacies or at your local *hakeem's*. Affluent drug users purchase Pakistani-style crack, i.e. laced with heroine and powdered glass, for extra throat-cutting thrill, popping fake designer drugs (what do you call those — knock offs?) while they sit around in people's houses in their Gucci loafers. And you were wondering at the slow pace of things here? Even your neighborhood pharmacist without a degree will happily tell you what tranquilisers to buy if you're feeling blue.

OBSESSED WITH REMOVING EXISTING HAIR AND GROWING NEW HAIR

Head-to-toe waxing has long been available (at home or in salons) for both wom-



en who want to be fuzz-free and men who like their chests to shine, along with threading, electrolysis and laser hair removal clinics on every commercial block (without pain relief). Each city has its share of bleached-blonde brigades, but the tresses that really stand out in Pakistan are the men's, particularly those of our venerated politicians. To portray an innocent youthfulness, Pakistani statesmen lovingly apply jet black hair dye to their hair—whether real, brushed forward, toupee'd, transplanted, or woven—as well as on their mustachios. Tawny tresses are another hot favorite. Many a bearded spiritual anchor prefers to henna his locks and beard and kohl-rim his eyes to achieve smoldering appeal for his sizable religious programming fan base. In other nations, grey hair is a sign of wisdom. In Pakistan, everybody wants to look 'young' and call their colleagues 'Uncle' or 'Aunty.'

CONSERVATIVE, YET SECRETLY PROGRESSIVE

Pakistanis may get scandalised seeing a male-female couple walking in the park and angry at teenagers buying Valentine's Day gifts for their crushes but don't bat an eye when same-sex couples hold hands or embrace intimately on the streets. This is a progressive Muslim country after all. ■



BRIGHTEN UP

NIRVANA SPA

Location: House No. 14, Street 90 G-6/3, Islamabad
Contact: 051-2206101/6602

Nirvana, Islamabad's first boutique spa is an absolute treat. We recommend the **Elemis Visible Brilliance Facial** which is great for stressed, ageing skin. It includes a face and eye treatment that instantly rejuvenates and plumps up the skin restoring a youthful glow.

Nirvana also offers a wide variety of facials for men such as the Skin IQ Facial. It is prescribed to protect the skin against harsh environmental factors like pollution.
Elemis Visible Brilliance Facial: Rs. 7,000
Skin IQ Facial: Rs. 7,000

RAINTREE SPA

Location: House F-29, Block 9, Clifton, Karachi
Contact: 021-35861188/1122

Known as the 'star of facial treatments', the **Rain Tree Rejuvenating Facial** will give your complexion a long lasting glow. The ten-step treatment uses AHA (alpha-hydroxy acid) fruit acids to rejuvenate the skin by shedding sun-damaged surface skin cells. Oat and Papaya extract is used to cure any pigmentation and give your skin a clearer texture.
Rain Tree Rejuvenating Facial: Rs. 2,400

TONI&GUY

Location: 20 C-1, M.M. Alam Road, Gulberg 3, Lahore
Timings: Monday- Sunday 10:30 am - 8:30 pm
Contact: 042-35764085/6
www.toniandguy.co.uk/lahore

Toni & Guy offers a range of facials according to your skin type using only Guinot Skincare products. We love the **Protein Radiance Facial** that will leave your skin feeling refreshed and supple. Guinot products detoxify the skin and regenerate cells for a radiant glow. The facial includes a relaxing massage that will rejuvenate you for the day ahead.
Protein Radiance Facial: Rs. 2,500

BINA'S SALON

Location: 4-E, 11/13, Main Road, Nazimabad, Karachi
Contact: 021-366600506, 021-36683161
www.binabeauty.com.pk

Karachi's favourite salon is best known for its Janssen Whitening Facial to reduce pigmentation and other signs of aging. All Janssen products used in this facial are made from natural herbs that cleanse, hydrate and brighten the skin.
Janssen Whitening Facial: Rs. 2,500

THE DRESSER

Location: 140 Ferozepur Road, Lahore
Contact: 37531684
www.thedresser.pk

The Dresser uses 100% organic ingredients for its treatments which are prepared in front of you prior to the facial. We love the **Sun Scape Facial**, ideal to combat damage caused to the skin by the sun. The main ingredients in this facial are green tea and pure Vitamin C.

Coming Soon: We are looking forward to the Organic Anti-Aging natural facial called Forever Young.
Sun Scape: Rs. 2,800

SUKH CHAN'S MAHARANI SALON:

Location: 25-H Gulberg II, Lahore (near Salt 'n Pepper Grill)
Contact: 0344-4440550, 0300-4636510, 0333-4340142

At the Maharani salon we recommend The Age Smart facial which uses Dermalogica products to remove dead cells. The facial includes cleansing and exfoliation by a Dermalogica cream specified for aging skin. This is accompanied by blackhead removal and a serum massage. A Catio-lift machine is use to lift and tone each muscle. The result is youthful, supple skin.
Age Smart: Rs. 4,000



HASSAN JAMIL KHAN, ALSO KNOWN AS JIMMY KHAN, IS ONE OF PAKISTAN'S MOST TALENTED YOUNG MUSICIANS. HIS DEBUT SINGLE 'PEHLA PYAR' RELEASED IN FEBRUARY 2011 TO MUCH ACCLAIM. JIMMY KHAN IS CURRENTLY PUTTING TOGETHER ORIGINAL MATERIAL FOR AN EP DUE TO RELEASE IN 2011-12.

NEW KID ON THE BLOCK

By *Mariam Tareen*

A POST-GRADUATE FROM BEACONHOUSE NATIONAL UNIVERSITY, JIMMY STARTED HIS MUSIC CAREER PERFORMING AT HIS SCHOOL AND AT GUNSMOKE, LAHORE. MARIAM TAREEN CAUGHT UP WITH THE UNDERSTATED YET SELF-ASSURED YOUNG ARTIST FOR A CANDID INTERVIEW

> DID YOU ALWAYS WANT TO BE A MUSICIAN OR WAS THERE SOMETHING ELSE YOU WANTED TO PURSUE AS A CAREER WHEN YOU WERE YOUNGER?

As a child I always pictured myself walking in a huge office (of my own), feeling very important (which I was supposed to be) being followed by a personal assistant carrying my briefcase and making notes while I spoke. Can you picture that?

> HOW DID YOU GET INTO MUSIC? WHEN DID YOU FIRST START SINGING, COMPOSING, AND WRITING?

I was always surrounded by some form of sound as humans are in general. I guess it got to me. I started singing along to songs; started composing the day I picked up a guitar. Writing followed a few hours later.

> WHO ARE SOME OF THE ARTISTS WHO INSPIRE YOUR MUSIC?

There are so many: The Beatles, Pink Floyd, Paul Simon, Kishore Kumar, Kailash Kher, John Mayer, Katatonia, Vital Sings, Elvis Presley, Farida Khanum, Lata Mangeshkar, John Denver and so many more. Can't say which specific artist inspires my music. I think it's a combination of everything that I listen to.

> WHAT WAS THE FIRST SONG YOU EVER LEARNT?

El Condor Pasa by Paul Simon, one of my all time favourites. I still sing it.

> ASIDE FROM COVERS, YOU ALSO WRITE YOUR OWN SONGS AND COMPOSE YOUR OWN MUSIC. WHAT COMES MORE NATURALLY TO YOU, THE MELODY OR THE WORDS? URDU OR ENGLISH?

Definitely the melody. Words follow after the melody is complete. I would say definitely English.

> YOU'VE BEEN PERFORMING FOR LIVE AUDIENCES FOR YEARS, INCLUDING YOUR REGULAR GIG AT GUN SMOKE. HOW WAS THE EXPERIENCE OF RECORDING YOUR OWN SONG DIFFERENT FROM SINGING LIVE? WHICH DO YOU PREFER, SINGING FOR A LIVE AUDIENCE OR IN THE STUDIO?

Working with hardcore industry professionals was a great experience and sometimes a bit intimidating. Recording a song is an entirely different process and I did enjoy it a lot. One thing I learnt in the process was that I couldn't be a producer. That's just not my thing. Playing live is what I love.

> WHAT ROLE DOES MUSIC PLAY IN YOUR LIFE?

It has taken over a big chunk of my life.

> HOW DID MUSIC TURN FROM A HOBBY INTO A PROFESSION? WHAT MADE YOU FIRST REALISE YOU WANTED TO PURSUE A CAREER IN MUSIC?

I guess the day I received my first pay cheque from a gig. My perception of life was altered that very day.

> WHAT WAS THE REACTION OF YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS WHEN YOU TOLD THEM YOU WANTED TO PURSUE A CAREER IN MUSIC?

Couldn't have asked for more supportive friends and family. My support group is amazing.

> IF YOU COULD ONLY LISTEN TO ONE ARTIST/BAND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, WHO WOULD IT BE?

What a difficult question! At the moment I would say Phoenix.

> WHAT ARE THE THREE MOST PLAYED SONGS ON YOUR IPOD/ CD PLAYER RIGHT NOW?

Fools – Phoenix
Senraan Ra Baairiya – Asif Hussain Samraat, Coke Studio Season 4
Maino Note Wakha Mera Mood Bane – Naseebo Laal

> I HEAR YOU'RE WORKING ON AN ALBUM. WHAT CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THAT?

Indeed. I am working on an EP and planning a release by the end of this year or early next year.

> IF YOU HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO CHANGE SOMETHING ABOUT THE MUSIC INDUSTRY IN PAKISTAN WHAT WOULD IT BE?

If I had the opportunity I would give it more structure in terms of organisation and infrastructure to make it more institutionalised.

> WHAT ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE TO OTHER YOUNG ARTISTS LIKE YOURSELF WHO ARE TRYING TO MAKE THEIR MARK ON THE MUSIC SCENE?

Keep going. One day your parents will want you to be a part of this revolution.

> AND FINALLY, IF YOU COULD PERFORM WITH ANYONE IN THE WORLD, DEAD OR ALIVE, WHO WOULD IT BE? WHY?

B.B King because I love his Blues. ■

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LAHORE

LIVE N' LOUD

BY SEERAT JAFRI

THE GUITAR SCHOOL >

IN less than a year The Guitar School has hosted more than 70 gigs at its performance room. Be it underground rock, eastern classical or mainstream. A varied range of aspiring and established artists are performing regularly at the cosy and compact 50 person capacity performance room situated on the second floor of The Guitar School's building in DHA phase 4.



MALANG PARTY <

Funky grooves, bluesy moods, desi dudes. Zeeshan Mansoor, guitarist,

singer and songwriter, is a seasoned musician who also lends his chops to Zeb & Haniya and Arieab Azhar. With Ibrahim Akram on bass and Ayman Nasar on drums, Malang Party's music is a fusion of reggae with local folk rhythms, pounding bass and bluesy guitars.

CO-VEN ^

Hamza Jafri on lead guitar and vocals, Sameer Ahmed on bass guitar and Sikandar Mufli on drums – together they are co-VEN, one of the music industry's most respected and revered rock bands. The band started up back in late 80s with a completely different line-up and a grungier sound but today they are a straight-up rock trio that plays around with a sound of its own. This is one band every Pakistani needs to hear.



ARIEB AZHAR <

Little introduction is necessary for the man who is Arieab Azhar, with a larger-than-life voice and an even bigger personality, he commands the stage singing poignant and introspective sufi poetry accompanied by a band made-up of some of the finest session musicians around. Fans of folk music, and music in general, are in for a treat!



^ POOR RICH BOY

(AND THE TOOTHLESS WINOS)

Their music is a blend of melodic folk tunes, with flowing poetic prose, combined with a unique experimental nature that is all their own. Their band consists of singer/songwriter Shehzad Noor Butt and guitar player, Zain Ahsan, along with Raavail Sattar on drums and Zain Maulvi on bass. This band takes you on a musical journey full of highs and lows, fantasy and introspection.



BREAST MILK ^

Comprising of Poor Rich Boy's Shehzad Noor, co-VEN's Hamza Jafri, Sameer Ahmed and Fahad Khan who is one of Pakistan's most respected and busiest session drummers. Breast Milk covers bands all the way from the classic rock era of the 60's (The Beatles, The Doors, etc.) and onwards through to the alternative rock of the 90's (Alice in Chains, etc.). Wearing its influence proudly on its sleeve, Breast Milk is a fast and heavy cover band.

THE 27 CLUB CURSE

AN UNFULFILLED PROMISE

WHEN A FAMOUS AND INFLUENTIAL MUSICIAN SUDDENLY DIES AT THE AGE OF 27, WE RUSH TO FIND OUT THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE TRAGEDY.

HERE GOES THE STORY OF THE INFAMOUS '27 CLUB' CURSE- MUSICAL GENIUS AND TALENT LOST TOO SOON AT THE TENDER AGE OF 27 DUE TO A 'ROCK & ROLL LIFESTYLE' USUALLY CONSISTING OF DRUGS AND ALCOHOL ABUSE. WHAT RESULTS IS A TRAGIC LOSS OF LIFE FOR THE WORLD AND FANS OFTEN FEELING CHEATED IN FURTHERING THEIR EDUCATION OF MUSIC, LYRICS AND SONGWRITING.

BY USMAN RAZA JAMIL



JIMI HENDRIX

YEAR OF DEATH - 1970

Regarded as one of Rolling Stone Magazine's 100 greatest guitarists of all time, James Marshall 'Jimi' Hendrix was guitarist extraordinaire and a singer-songwriter with a flair for unique and often eccentric stage presence. With the Jimi Hendrix Experience, he launched himself into the stars whilst headlining the 1969 Woodstock Festival and gave us timeless hits such as 'Voodoo Child', 'Stone Free', 'Purple Haze' and memorable covers of 'Hey Joe' and 'All along the Watchtower'. Believed to have died due to asphyxiation, Hendrix left the world too soon, giving us only a few insights into his guitar prowess, crazy afro and loud vocals.



JANIS JOPLIN

YEAR OF DEATH - 1970

Singer, songwriter, painter, dancer and music arranger, Janis Joplin was a lady with an awesome set of pipes. In the late 60s, she was the lead vocalist for Big Brother and the Holding Company and with them, she performed her legendary rendition of 'Piece of My Heart'. Her belting of "come on, come on, come on" at the beginning of the song remains truly unforgettable to this day. 'Me and Bobby McGee' was another memorable single from her solo career. She remains a pioneer for many female artists despite her short career which ended from a drug overdose. A musical icon gone too soon.



JIM MORRISON

YEAR OF DEATH - 1971

Poet and lead singer of the iconic band, The Doors, Jim Morrison was a shining example of unfulfilled musical and lyrical promise. With his eccentric on-stage theatrics, sex appeal and wild personality. He was one of the most compelling frontmen in the rock business. 'People are Strange', 'Light My Fire', 'The End' and 'Break on Through to the Other Side' are songs that propelled The Doors and Morrison into rock folklore and his far-reaching persona. He died in Paris, apparently from heart failure although no autopsy was performed to confirm the fact. Morrison's dark, haunting vocals and lyrics are still appreciated by every generation.



KURT COBAIN

YEAR OF DEATH - 1994

Founding member, lead singer, guitarist and songwriter for the Seattle Grunge phenomenon that was Nirvana, Kurt Cobain was an icon for any angst-ridden teenager in the early 90s. His raspy vocals, general weirdness and attention to detail in the band's musical compositions and lyrics made us listen to 'Nevermind', 'In Utero' and the 'MTV Unplugged' CDs over and over again. Bouts of depression and the usual rock star affliction for drugs resulted in Cobain's suicide at the age of 27.



AMY WINEHOUSE

YEAR OF DEATH - 2011

A recent addition to the notorious '27 Club', her's is a story of a popular life marred by tabloid reports surrounding her rocky relationships, frequent run-ins with the law, and substance abuse and mental health issues. But her singing and songwriting is the best memory of this British musical prodigy. A melodic combination of R&B, soul and jazz, Amy Winehouse never let us down with the music, and her 2006 'Back to Black' album had such masterpieces as 'Rehab', 'Back to Black' and 'You Know I'm no Good'. Her music and voice swept fans fresh musical air to breathe and savour. But alas, such a story of musical genius and promise only ends in tragedy. Amy Winehouse passed away in London on 23 July, 2011 and left the world broken-hearted, angry and wondering when the curse of the '27 Club' will be broken?

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BOOK REVIEWS

By Aysha Raja 

ALL METROPOLISES ARE HOME TO MAGNIFICENT STORIES, BUT ONLY THE GREATEST — WITH A LEGACY AND LEGEND OF ITS OWN — WILL FIND ITSELF WOVEN INTO THE NARRATIVE WITH LASTING EFFECT.



IT WAS HERE, IN A BROKEN NEW YORK CITY, THAT HER CAREER AS A POET AND ROCK LEGEND BEGAN.

In the nineteen seventies the prosperous port city of New York was threatened with extinction. After years of battling rampant crime, poverty and decay, the city was preparing to throw in the towel as it readied itself for bankruptcy. These were grim days for New York. Years of poor leadership had failed the great city. It faced fiscal collapse. But instead of bailing it out, Wall Street refused to lend a helping hand and the Federal Government saw nothing of worth to save in America's largest and most populous city.

As decay set in, urban professionals and well-to-do urbanites moved to safer, cleaner suburbs. In their place came artists, singers, writers and poets — so called “deadbeats” who took advantage of falling rents and property prices. Patti Smith, who arrived in New York in 1967 at the age of twenty, was one such denizen. Having endured an unwanted pregnancy and the trauma of adoption, she somehow came to the city with her dreams of becoming a poet still intact.

JUST KIDS

PATTI SMITH

Just Kids is described as a memoir of Smith's early life with Robert Mapplethorpe, the taboo-busting photographer who died of AIDS in 1989. But more than that, it is a coming of age story of two young lovers in New York and a testament to the toil and tenacity needed to make it big.

Shy wonder and innocence permeate the pages of this book. The fragile beauty of these young but determined kids is laid bare in a voice that seems unaffected by age or experience. No wonder that in 2010 Patti Smith won the prestigious National Book Award for embodying her former, younger self.

What stands out about Just Kids is the fearlessness with which Robert and Patti embark on their lives. Patti was sleeping rough in the parks of the East Village and scavenging for food with a roving community of young people before she met Robert. The first fifty pages draws on days of poverty reminiscent of George Orwell's 'Down and Out in London and Paris'. Initially the young couple relied on the charity of Richard's friends for accommodation. Money was scarce and every meal was nothing short of a triumph. Robert staunchly believed in their destiny, and they often worked together through the night developing their skills using materials lifted from a local art supply store. When not working Robert and Patti walked the streets of New York, sometimes visiting the hallowed ground of Birdland, or St Mark's Place paying homage to Jazz legends. Other times with only enough money for one ticket, either Patti or Robert would view an

exhibit at a museum or gallery and report back to the other with details.

By the time the young couple had learnt to survive in New York with Robert hustling and Patti reviewing free records, and selling them for a dollar apiece- they had moved into the famous Chelsea Hotel. The hotel was a place where artists had been known to barter their work for the long-term lets that allowed for them to have a roof over their heads. Home to writers and poets like Bob Dylan, Allen Ginsburg and Dylan Thomas and birthplace to Arthur C Clark's 2001 Space Odyssey, Chelsea Hotel held great allure for Patti. At the hotel bar, Patti still only a “gangly twenty-two-year-old book clerk”, rubbed shoulders with Janis Joplin, Grace Slick and Jimi Hendricks. Patti's luck changed socially when she took a pair of shears to her hair emulating Keith Richards cut. After taking a part as a junky in an experimental play, watched by Andy Warhol and Tennessee Williams, Patti was now recognised as one half of the glam-poverty



stricken couple that was Robert and Patti. Robert was more calculated in his social interactions than Patti. He broke into The Factory set and frequented the club Max's Kansas City along with Warhol's entourage. Both he and Patti recognised his success hinged on finding a wealthy patron, the type that often orbited The Factory set.

While the vibrant culture of the hotel served as oxygen for the young couple, it was woefully lacking in space. Robert found a loft space above a bar located on 23rd street, which was ideal for work and just

a stone's throw away from the Chelsea Hotel. Without a steady job between the two of them, Patti and Robert could afford to live and create in an expanse of space that is unheard of today.

At New York's darkest hour many artists and musicians like Patti and Robert flocked to the city and cast it's derelict landscape in their own light. They loved New York and in return New York gave them the space to nurture their talents promising them fame of legendary proportions. ■

THE PRIVILEGES

JONATHAN DEE

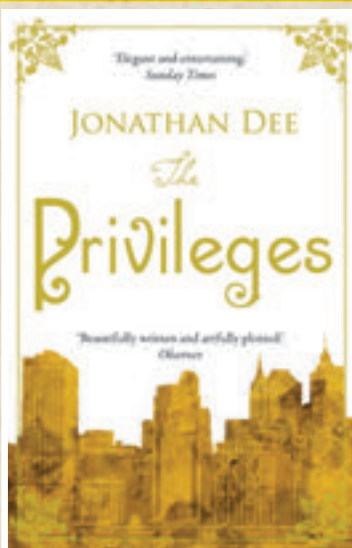
The Privileges by Jonathan Dee is a novel of New York excess, and stands in stark contrast to 'Just Kids', with its exploration of ambition that takes nothing from the sights and sounds of the city. Set over two decades, Privileges follows the fortunes of newly weds Adam, who works at a hedge fund, and Cynthia, who raises their two beautiful children fulltime.

Theirs is an idyllic family full of beauty, love and laughter. Adam, mindful of his many blessings, is impatient to provide the best for his family, and fulfill his potential. While Cynthia, frustrated by her own stalled career, begins to yearn for bigger and better living quarters so she can renovate and nest. Unknowingly Cynthia nudges a willing Adam into the unlawful practice of insider trading and before long the thrill of risk taking and the money proves addictive.

Adam prided himself for being a cut above the rest. Wall Street was littered with frat-boy types full of bluster or tepid nerds unable to appreciate the rewards of high-risk transactions. He was measured in his actions, impervious to the kind of greed that would tempt a person to lose his footing. He gave the appearance of respecting the old guard that dominated the money markets. The author creates the feeling that Adam leads a charmed life when he wraps up his illegal operations in time to avoid discovery.

This is when the novel gets interesting. Where you might expect the author to drag his protagonist over the coals as a cautionary tale to the reader, Dee bravely lets Adam succeed. He lets him enjoy an epic love throughout the tale and takes him to greater heights. Dee lends moral ambiguity to ill-gotten wealth as he withholds criticism and avoids tarring his protagonist to create a world of black and white for easy consumption. It may be for this very reason that The Privileges was a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize this year.

Paradoxically, Cynthia and Adam's children are troubled and falter greatly despite their first class education. The consequence of having everything in the most exciting city in the world leaves them numb. April, their first-born is adrift in a world of endless partying and



substance abuse. Jonas is perpetually disappointed with his generation and hankers for a faded past of music and art that was more the domain of Patti and Robert in the seventies than his world.

Both Just Kids and The Privileges are stories of fortunes made in New York. Each story chronicles the sacrifices necessary and cost of this success, but ultimately no other city would seem to provide such unfettered rewards for unbridled ambition and self-belief. ■

TOP NY BOOKS



SINCE WWII, NEW YORK HAS BEEN THE GIANT PETRI DISH OF MODERN CULTURE. IT ALL STARTS AND SPREADS FROM THERE. HERE ARE THE TOP TEN BOOKS ON THE IMPACT OF THE CITY AND ITS LARGER THAN LIFE INHABITANTS.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF KAVALIER AND CLAY BY MICHAEL CHABON (2001 Pulitzer Prize-winner. A sprawling epic following the fortunes of Kavalier and Clay the creators of a Nazi-bashing comic superhero: The Escapist).

AMERICAN PSYCHO BY BRET EASTON ELLISTHE ENFANT terrible of American letters delivers a scathing indictment of the moral corruption of Wall Street and an era of consumption.

THE POWER BROKER: ROBERT MOSES AND THE FALL OF NEW YORK by Robert Caro's magisterial account of the man who established New York's reputation as the most important city in the world.

BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES BY TOM WOLFE, nothing like a real life New York scandal to build a story on. The most recognised New York novel.

LET THE GREAT WORLD SPIN BY COLUM MCCANN, winner of the 2009 National Book Award and the 2011 Impact Award the Twin Towers tightrope walk by Philippe Petit in 1974 provide the backdrop to a novel about the highs and lows of life in New York.

SLAVES OF NEW YORK BY TAMA JANOWITZ collection of short stories on the pursuit of fame and fortune, that usually ends with a discovery of self.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING BY RONA JAFFE, the iconic novel of ambitious career girls in New York City. The precursor to Sex and the City follows the emotional lives of four women in publishing in the 1950's.

AUNTIE MAME: AN IRREVERENT ESCAPE BY PATRICK DENNIS. Ten year old Patrick heir to an immense fortune is orphaned and sent to live with his Auntie Mame a flamboyant New York socialite who takes him through a series of hilarious capers.

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beachbook

The beach has a special hold over all of us. We asked models, designers, photographers and entrepreneurs to share their favourite beach moment for a special PAPER album.

MEESHA SHAFI **MODEL/SINGER/SONGWRITER**

Langkawi, Malaysia

"We went to Langkawi for our honeymoon and this was the last day we were there. This picture was taken on a particularly gorgeous, tropical afternoon by my husband. A scrumptious lunch and a massage for two on the beach followed by this serene moment on our hut's veranda. A time I will always remember in the rose tinted album of my memory."





KHADIJAH SHAH
FASHION DESIGNER

Nam Hai, Vietnam

"The most beautiful resort in the world. I went with my husband Jehanzeb and my son Zaydakbar. We used to spend our days lounging around the pool and at night we would hop over to the nearby village of Hoi An- it's the most quaint, culturally enriched community I have experienced. We shopped local crafts, beautiful silks and amazing art."

MEHREEN RAHEAL
MODEL/ACTOR

Karachi, Pakistan

"The picture was taken by my father at Karachi seaview beach. Its a very special picture as it shows how deep and meaningful my relationship with my brother is. Daniyal is the love of my life, my soulmate and of course my best friend."



ADNAN MALIK
ACTOR/DIRECTOR

Ahungalle, Sri Lanka

This is from our family vacation in Sri Lanka two years ago. We went for a sunset dip that last evening in Ahungalle. My father and mother also joined in so we could all get pummeled by the waves together. We smiled uncontrollably. It was the most memorable of moments, deeply embedded in the soul.



ASMAA MUMTAZ
MAKEUP ARTIST/STYLIST

Koh Samui, Thailand

"Summer 2010. Mehru and I in Koh Samui. One of my best trips ever! Surrounded by good friends, great food, and crystal clear beaches. Aaah it was the life!!"



RIZWANULLAH
FASHION DESIGNER

Karachi, French Beach

"Karachiites are very lucky that they have the beach. Whenever it gets unbearably hot we hit the beach. This photo was taken at Sandspitt in Karachi. My wife and I were shooting my summer collection "grunge brigade". It is a memorable photo because we were just about to get married. Fayezah and I always have a great time when we are shooting together. It was freezing and we had to lay in the water. The aim was to capture an aquatic submerged image. If you look closely our hands are tightly intertwined, not because that was the idea, but because it was bloody freezing!"



IMAN PASHA
FASHION STYLIST/CONSULTANT

Phuket, Thailand

"This photograph was taken by my husband at the Na Ka island near Phuket. We were in the far east for our second anniversary and took a boat out to see all the small islands that surround Phuket. This was our last stop, the end of a very long and beautiful day. I was sunburnt and happy."



MEHREEN AKBAR
ENTREPRENEUR

Capri, Italy

"My son Mir and I on holiday in Capri, summer of 2009."



OMRAN SHAFIQUE
MUSICIAN

Mykonos, Greece

"We were there for our 10 year anniversary. We had always planned on going to Greece for that anniversary and were glad that we made it. We were totally overdressed."

HANI TAHA FASHION JOURNALIST

Bohol, Philippines

"At the virgin island near Panglao beach in Bohol, Philippines with my motley crew of Aiesecers from Eastern Europe and South Asia: a mini united nations in our own right. Despite all our respective cultural differences and personal idiosyncrasies (and the capricious Filipino weather), we managed to arrange an exciting four days of island hopping where the sun shone as merrily as we joked and roared with laughter as one adventure after another drove us nuts. Couldn't have imagined a better way to turn 26!"



TAPU JAVERI PHOTOGRAPHER

Krabi, Thailand

"This was taken in Thailand at Krabi. It has not been altered or photo-shopped. This is exactly how fiery the sky looked. I was doing a travel show for HUM TV touring with Sadaf Malat-erre. It had been raining all day so we had a tough journey, but as we arrived there the sun started to set, and I could see that it was going to be a good sunset so I ran down to the beach (alone) with my camera to witness this. It looked like the sky was ablaze. This picture only captures a portion of that feeling."



SHAHBAZ SUMAR

DIRECTOR BASEMENT FILMS

Karachi, Hawks Bay

"This is a very special picture from early 2008, taken by my girlfriend Tanya, at my old family hut on Hawks Bay. I'm holding Pepper, a pup from my dogs Netchu & Skorwie's second litter."

I gave Pepper to my aunt Faiza and this is Pepper's first trip to the beach. No one enjoys the beach like dogs do - they sprint around like crazy freaks and swim farther and longer than anyone else - great to see them in their element."



HAMZA JAFRI MUSIC DIRECTOR

Mombassa, Kenya

"On our honeymoon, before the masai mara safari, we spent 5 days on Diani Beach, Mombassa, Kenya. The water was warm and clean, the clouds low, the sky light purple, and at night we were introduced to thousands more stars."



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TASTE OF LONDON 2011



By Mahvesh Murad

IT'S RAINING, the grass is drenched, muddy and it smells like mulch. You should really be wearing wellies, but you're not. Your feet feel damp, the bottoms of your trousers are wet and you're about to poke someone in the eye with an umbrella you really don't know how to handle in such a large, dripping crowd. You think: its going to take a lot of mini-meals from Michelin starred chefs to make this food festival worth it. But two wasabi prawns from fine-dining Chinese restaurant Kai later, you've changed your mind.

The Taste of London food festival takes place annually for four days in June in Regent's Park and attracts some of the biggest names in haute cuisine who put together a fun, al fresco dining experience for the public. No one expects the entire experience of eating in a Michelin star restaurant at a food festival, but thousands of people flock to Taste of London for the chance of trying out multiple items of numerous menus - presumably a larger variety of food in a day and budget that would probably just afford a single meal at any given restaurant. Alongside restaurants run by the likes of world renowned Chef Gordon Ramsay, there are also cooking demonstrations by numerous gastronomical geniuses and this year, even cross-over celebrity Gwyneth Paltrow put in an appearance to sign copies of her book *Notes from my Kitchen*.

Of course, there are also dozens of stalls of produce from small time entrepreneurs trying to make a name for themselves as well as their products. From the eternally popular cupcakes to gourmet popcorn, Taste of



FLOUR POWER CITY BAKERY

THEY SAY 'REAL' BREAD IS MAKING A COME BACK, AND FLOUR POWER CITY BAKERY ARE HELPING THE MOVEMENT WITH THE ORGANIC & FREE-RANGE PRODUCE USED IN THEIR BREADS, CAKES AND PASTRIES.

London is a great opportunity for many food entrepreneurs to advertise and sell their products. It's also a great opportunity for attendees to stock up on truly unique groceries under one (slightly leaky) canopy.

TASTE OF LONDON

CAN BE TO FOODIES WHAT GLASTONBURY IS TO MUSIC FANS - AN INTENSE EXPERIENCE OF LOVE AND EXPERIMENTING WITH NEW FLAVOURS.

SAMPLE OF FOOD FROM RESTAURANTS

maze
BY GORDON RAMSAY



1

GORDON RAMSEY'S MAZE

tends towards Asian-
influenced French
cuisine.



- Lemon
Cheesecake,
black sesame, Earl
Grey Syrup.



👉 - Jasmine & Miso

Cured salmon, radish shoots, ponzu dressing.

KAI
AWARDED THE MICHELIN STAR
VOTED BEST CHINESE RESTAURANT

2

KAI MAYFAIR

Chef Alex Chow has a
celebrity fan following
that includes
Mick Jagger.



- Barbequed soy &
honey marinated lamb
spiced with red chil-
lies, shallots, garlic &
coriander.



👉 Kai Wasabi Prawns

Tiger prawns with a spicy wasabi mayonnaise along-
side little cubes of mango and Thai basil seeds.



👉 - Salt cod brandade,
crisp squid and
Espelette pepper.



Roux at the Landau - Crisp Squid

ROUX
AT THE
LANDAU

3

ROUX AT THE LANDAU

Adapts classic French
cuisine for contemporary
dining.

Hand ground steak burger with bone marrow. 👉

CORRIGAN'S MAYFAIR

Run by Chef Richard
Corrigan who brings his
rustic Irish upbringing
into each meal he plans,
Corrigan's Mayfair is said
to be the one place
James Bond would be
happy to eat at every
night.



4



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Dear Lovefool,

Do you feel stuck in a relationship that is going nowhere? Do you feel you love Mr Right more than he loves you? Do you crave his attention, spend the entire day checking your phone for missed calls? Do you tell him exaggerated stories about other boys hitting on you to prove your desirability? Have you given him ultimatums to tie the knot only to be told he is just not ready? Does he say he has commitment issues? Are you jealous and possessive to the point of paranoia?

If the answers to these questions is yes, we hate to break it to you Lovefool but you are a victim of the bad boy syndrome. Stuck in that tangled web of hoping to tame the heart of the bad boy, you foolishly think of as “the one”. He has already lost interest and is on the lookout for another victim.

The good news is that you are not alone. Millions of women across the world have been drawn to bad boys. You can spot a bad boy a mile away. He is cocky, confident, charming and manly. He has a smile that melts hearts. He is aloof but flirtatious. He gives you a taste of who he is and keeps you hanging on for more. Every woman he meets becomes obsessed with the romantic notion that she will be “the one” to tame that untamed heart.

We know, Lovefool, that when the bad boy makes his advances he makes you feel like you are the only woman on this earth. He makes you feel attractive, desirable and most of all special. The thrill is captivating and his charm intoxicating. It renders you unable to think straight and you foolishly begin to believe that you will be the one to change him; you will be the special one for whom he will want to change. Think again, Lovefool.

The bad boy is the master of the art of seduction. He knows how to lure women and make them swoon. He knows what to do to get your attention and he also knows how to keep your interest long enough to get what he wants from you after which he will move on to the next target. He has cultivated this aloof aura and is aware of his appeal. Even the most independent, successful and intelligent women have fallen for the bad boy. But that is no excuse, Lovefool. Contrary to



what you may feel when he is pursuing you, the bad boy doesn't really care about you. Don't you see that he has done this a million times before? Of course you do. You have heard all the stories but have chosen to conveniently ignore them. He derives his thrill from the chase and from the novelty of the new. When the initial high wears off and he has lost interest in you he will move on because, honey, 'players only love you when they are playing.'

The truth is no amount of analysis with girlfriends about the puzzling behaviour of the bad boy will change that. Your friends may say, in an effort to make you feel better, “Maybe he is intimidated by you”, “ Maybe he is afraid to get hurt,” “ He is actually shy,” “He just got out of a relationship”, “ The timing is not right”. Oh Lovefool! Please stop making excuses for him and enabling the bad boy. Stop kidding yourself: he is just not that into you.

Please respect yourself, know your worth

and move on. As the song goes, your mama was right, you shouldn't bother, you should stick to a man that deserves you. Don't cry, pray or beg. Get out while you can. We know it is difficult to resist the magnetism of the bad boy and break out of the imaginary world you have built in your mind, a world in which he loves you, adores you and dotes on you. A world in which he doesn't check out your younger sister and does not hit on your best friend. But Lovefool, that world is not real and neither is your relationship.

RUN AND DON'T LOOK BACK.

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