

The Monthly Newsmagazine for Women

June 1985 , Price Rs. 15.00

SHI

EID NUMBER

**THE LADY ON
A TRACTOR**
Sajjeda Neyyar

**A
GREATER LOVE**
Ruth Pfau

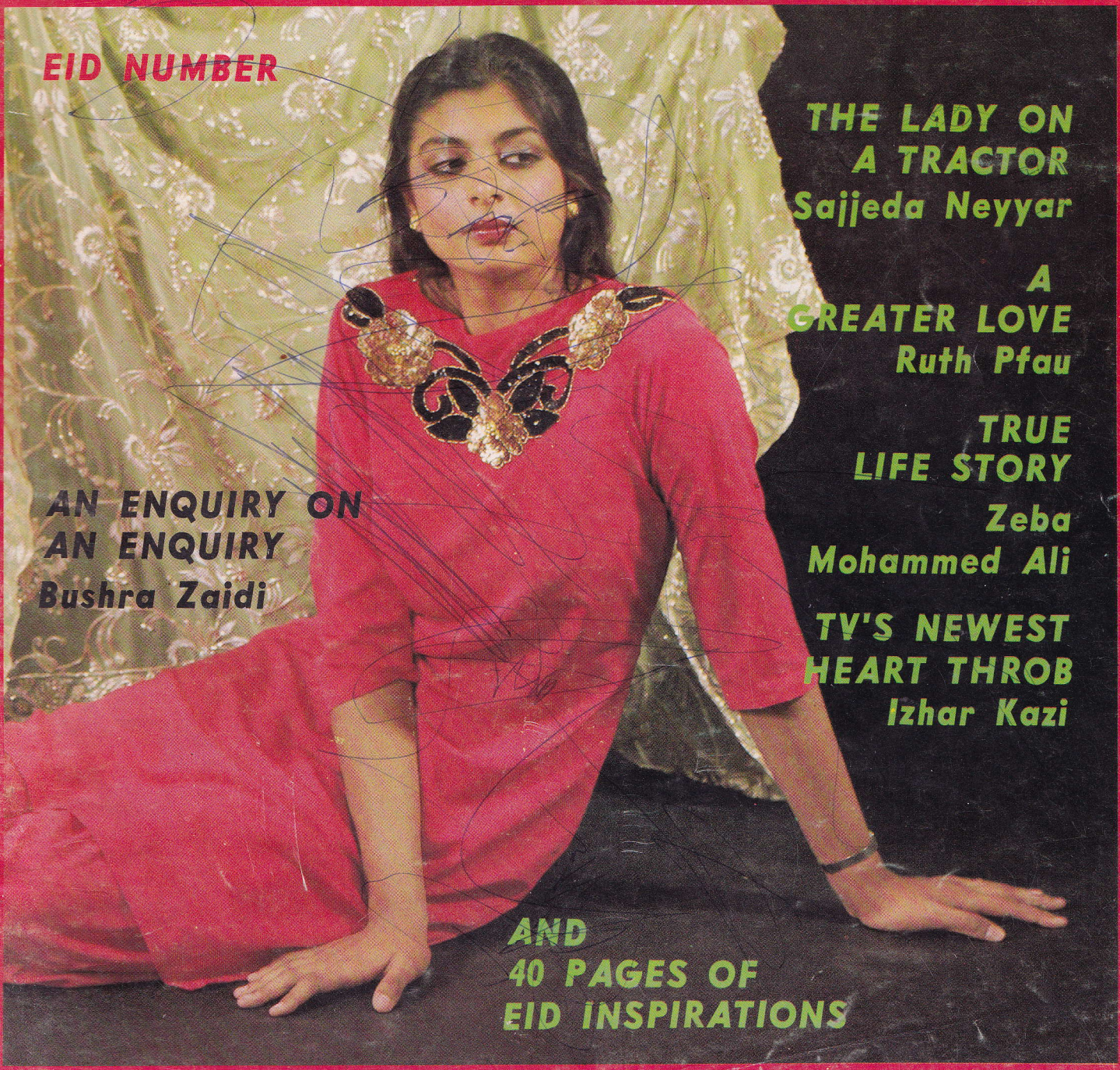
**TRUE
LIFE STORY**

Zeba
Mohammed Ali

**TV'S NEWEST
HEART THROB**
Izhar Kazi

**AN ENQUIRY ON
AN ENQUIRY**
Bushra Zaidi

**AND
40 PAGES OF
EID INSPIRATIONS**



SHE

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T.V.'s latest hero is a real smasher. Is Izhar Qazi going to make it to the top?



Agitant among intellectuals honoured by thousands. Sabe Hasan.



COVER.

The excitement and exception of Eid '85, in our sumptuous Eid fashion package. Photographs by Akbar Rizvi.

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BRIEFING

Our Holiday Package

It's been a hot Ramzan so far, promises to be a hotter Eid, and already May has been sizzling with newsmakers. For starters, we've got together for you a pre-Eid gift pack of refreshing fashions, jazzy jewellery, hot season hairdos, plus some threads for the men in your family and in your life.

Speaking of lives, we've got a couple of memorable ones between the covers this time. They're from two different dimensions — one from the world of big-screen dream-makers, and the other who picks up and pieces together others' shattered dreams. For 25 years, Dr. Ruth Pfau has been quietly, dedicatedly, tending the rejects that all our self-righteous Muslims (save one) refuse to come near to — the lepers. She started with nothing — today a cross-country leper programme scarcely lets a leper go unnoticed, and she has seen every one of those 25,000 odd.

For three decades, Zeba has been dazzling adoring millions first from the eye of the camera, then from behind the camera as well. For the younger hearts (or the young at heart) there's our Pakistani Amitabh Bachan — Izhar Kazi, the deep-throated, slow-smiling, "ANA" guy.

The lady on the tractor, Sajida Nayyar, now takes a seat in the Ministers chambers. Women can now get that much closer to the Islamabad ivory towers to get heard.

On a more sombre note, the disturbing questions surrounding Bushra Zaidi's death and the after math, remain unanswered. No deterrent action — the honest kind that works — has been taken by the authorities, and the buses continue to kill.

To cheer you up, check with Mrs. Ismail, our resident astrologer, who's back as we informed you last month — after a long absence.

It is the season to forgive an Islamic ingredient that we wish the authorities would remember in its dealings with the week: Eyes seem to be averted from those who really deserve to be whipped. But don't forgive where it isn't due? The budget isn't much help to the disadvantaged and its time people and more women started flexing their political muscles through their elected or selected reps.

Have a nice Eid.

SHE wishes its readers Eid Mubarak

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EDITORIAL OFFICES

103-B, Sindhi Muslim Housing Society
Karachi 29. Tel: 430666 — 430140

Editor

ZUHRA KARIM

Contributing Editor

NAJMA SADEQUE

FASHION

Consultant

BILQUIS NASRULLAH

Asst. Editor

AMINA SHAHBAZ

Photographers

AKBAR RIZVI

PRODUCTION

Chief

Paste-up artist

SHAKEEL AHMED

BUSINESS

Advertising

BILQUIS NASRULLAH

Circulation

LAHORE OFFICE:

Contribution Editor

HASHMI Tel: 851738 • 853420

Advertising Representative

HUMAYUN SULTAN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT:

Islamabad: ISHRAT HAYAT

The hardest part

of a girl's life

is to prove to a man

That his intentions

are serious.

Sibte Hasan

The intellectual giant who commands the acclaim of thousands. The recently held and largely attended function at the Karachi Press Club "Rashan Khyali ke Pachas Saal" was a tribute to both the man and the writer.

He is a philosopher. He is a journalist. He is a writer. But above everything else he is a Marxist. And he makes no bones about his beliefs. He is an ardent believer in Scientific Socialism. He believes in social justice for the entire human race, which according to him, is possible only under a truly socialist system.

The thirties and forties were the glorious period of the anti imperialist struggle in India. Bright young men were joining the ranks of the anti British resistance movements. People educated at Oxford and Cambridge were coming back to join the main stream of the Indian political revolution. Universities and colleges throughout the country were the cradle of the newly emerging socialist thoughts and ideals. Giants were emerging not only in the political domain, but in other fields too, specially in the field of art and literature.

Sibte Hasan is the product of that age. Fired with the vision of a Free India, he plunged himself into the movement and joined the Communist party. He chose journalism as his field of activity. He joined the staff of the well known newspaper 'National Herald'. In the meantime the Progressive Writers Association had been formed and he became an enthusiastic worker of the organisation. He travelled to all parts of India to mobilise writers and poets on the platform of this organisation. There was a tremendous response. As if by magic a host of young writers and poets sprang up to emblazon the skies of literature. It was a literature with a difference. It was not morbid. It was not stagnant. It was not all romance. It was a clarion call to join the struggle for freedom. People were urged to work for a socialist order. It was new and fresh. It was dynamic. In a matter of months and years, these young poets and writers built up a solid base and a following of millions of faithful adherents.

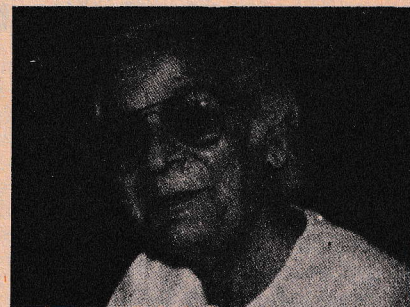
Journalistic pursuits took Sibte to Hyderabad, Deccan and then to Bombay. At the same time he was engaged in the organisational work of the Communist party. The Party paper was also one of his responsibilities. It was a full time job. He had enough energy and stamina to fulfil all his commitments. Those were the days of idealism. And there was a good team to work with.

Come Freedom and Pakistan. He had to do a journalistic assignment in the United States of America. He could not have chosen a worse time to go to the States. McCarthyism was at its height. The un-American Activities Committee was on a witch hunting spree. Every enlightened and liberal American was portrayed as un-American and Communist agent. Great names in literature and in the Film Industry were harassed, terrorised and sent to jail. This was not a fruitful atmosphere for him to carry out his professional journalistic work. He was deported. He came to Pakistan and made Lahore his home.

He was new in Lahore, but quickly made many friends. His passion for Socialism could not keep him a silent witness to social inequities. He joined the communist party and began organising the working classes. The Party was declared illegal and he had to go underground. After sometimes he was arrested and sent from jail to jail in the Punjab. No trials. No judge. No jury. But the rulers had decided that he was undesirable.

After several years of incarceration he was released. The journalist in him came alive. In collaboration with Mian Iftikharuddin and Faiz, he brought out the weekly 'Lail-o-Nahar'. This magazine made a great impact and soon picked up an unprecedented readership. But it was not to last long. Field Marshal Ayub Khan decided that God wished him to save Pakistan. So he took over. Martial law! Progressive papers were taken over by the government. Publication of the Lail-o-Nahar was suspended.

Sibte was rendered jobless. He had no means to sustain him. There was no political activity either. He came to live in Karachi. Got a job and began a new phase of his life. He undertook a research oriented study. He began to take notes, volumes of them, so that he could use them in the books he thought of writing. But in the meantime Ayub Khan had gone and a period of relative freedom had dawned on the horizon of the country. Yahya Khan had declared that elections would be held. Taking full advantage of this period of respite he once again, with Faiz started 'Lail-o-Nahar'. This time from Karachi! Elections Over. Martial Law! The



'Lail-o-Nahar' was once again shut down.

Now starts the period of his writings. The copious notes he had so painstakingly taken came handy. People wait impatiently for his books. He is one of the few Urdu writers whose books are a sell out only in a matter of weeks. His books 'Mazi Ke Mazar' and 'Moosa Se Marx Tak' are pioneering research work on historical evolutions.

Justice Munir's book 'From Jinnah to Zia' is a great contribution in correctly evaluating Jinnah's secular outlook and his open rejection of theocracy. Sibte Hasan's 'Naveede Fikr' is a step ahead. Going through the pages of the 'Naveede Fikr' the reader will have a very clear grasp of the difference between a secular and a theocratic state. It is an absorbing study and gives very candid postulations of the needs of our society. The reader of this book will understand without any doubt why secular state is the only answer to the challenges of our times. His books are the beacon lights for the new generation. No wonder, then that he is regarded as an esteemed teacher and leader.

He is a quiet man who loves his privacy. Not very many people can claim to be his friends. But he has a solid following. He is not made to be a leader of the masses, but he is the leader of the Intelligenstia. He commands respect, some times even awe. He is so straightforward that sometimes he can be forbidding, even harsh. But in the company of his intimate friends he smiles and laughs. Playing with his pipe he can relate anecdotes from his life and lives of his contemporaries which can enliven the company around.

When he had finished writing his book on the Iranian revolution it was suggested that he should take some rest.

"I am in a hurry" said he.

"I have started a new book".

"And after that?"

"I plan to do more research and write another book. I want to write till the very last day of my life".

This is the man. He is Syed Sibte Hasan. Now nearly seventy years of age he works with an energy and enthusiasm which could be the envy of many a younger man.

DR. M. SARWAR

Matchless Collection

Mr. Khwaja Mohammad Savi is a charming gentleman, evidently devoted to his match box collection which numbers some 80,000 pieces. His meticulously filed and catalogued collection is proof of the immense amount of time and care he has devoted to his hobby. How did he begin his collection? Way back in 1929 the year in which imports of matches were banned in India, his father chanced to remark, holding up a box of matches, that it might prove worthwhile to collect them. Since that day Mr. Savi has been an ardent collector. Visitors who are shown his wonderful collection are made to promise that they will help him increase it. Mr. Savi is full of interesting anecdotes of how he acquired a particular box or label — fighting his brother over a box they found on a rubbish heap, or begging a reluctant shop keeper to sell him one lying right at the bottom of a carefully arranged pyramid.

He, very obligingly, explained the various terms used in philumeny. The 'labels' or printed papers stuck on the match boxes of which he has approximately 20,000. This is the most valuable part of his collection, most of it dating to before 1970. It makes very interesting viewing. The labels carry pictures of all manner of flora and fauna, mythological creatures, important events and famous personalities. He has a collection of pictures of the Mughal kings and queens, famous European personalities, a very comprehensive collection of pictures of the Rajas and Maharajas of the British period and famous singers and actresses of the sub-continent. Among them was a match box bearing the picture of Malika Pukhraj.

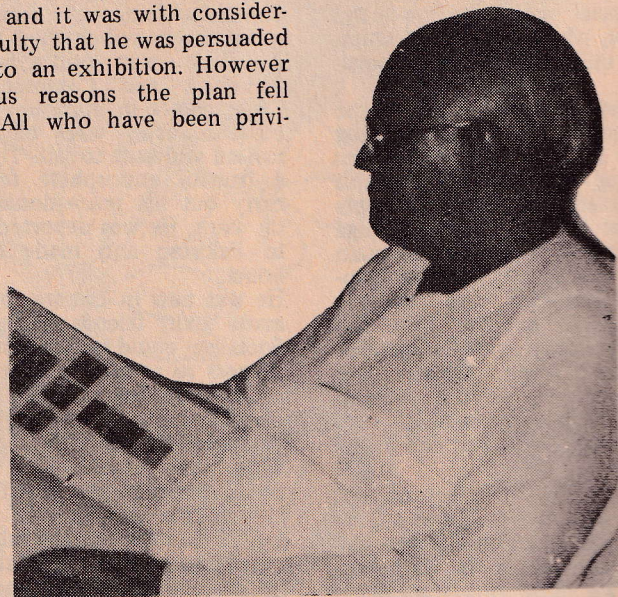
After this period come the skillets, the kind of match boxes that we know today, with a printed top and bottom and the two narrow rectangles on the side for striking the matches against. He was rather reluctant to show these, for he felt them to be of little interest.

The most ornamental part of his collection, Mr Savi called 'the goods'. They consisted of differently shaped match boxes. A ski with matches in its shoe. 'Parlour matches' from France in quaint little round boxes. A box shaped like a ship from Germany. A carved medieval palace of Spain concealed two match boxes. An enormous match box carried the

legend 'The World's Largest Match Box'. Another container shaped like a stick of dynamite held match sticks fully a foot long. Another was decorated with figures of Greek gods and goddesses. There was a box of matches from President House too. Tiny book shaped match boxes also formed part of his amazing collection.

Mr. Savi finds his hobby very satisfying. He is obviously devoted to his collection and it was with considerable difficulty that he was persuaded to agree to an exhibition. However for various reasons the plan fell through. All who have been privi-

leged enough to see a part of his collection would certainly love to see an exhibition of the same. The problem remains to find a sponsor for an exhibition of this matchless collection. In the mean time Mr. Savi has written a thesis on the History of Fire Making and continues with undiminished zeal to add to his already prodigious collection.



Dowry in comedy

Theatre, though not a favourite pastime of the Pindites, is trying to make headway in this town and Rawalpindi Arts Council has sponsored a comedy written by Majeed Naz, produced by Shehzada Nasrullah and Ahsan Raza and directed by K.Z. Siddiqui.

The theme of the play revolves around the faults and anomalies of our dowry system. The manner in which it works makes for good comedy. Aneel Farooqui was excellent as Chunnoo, making his character realistic and believable.

Shabbir Shah, Lubna Siddiqui, Farhat Yab Khan and Ishaq Hussain were also good while Nazar Begum, playing the aunt, is worth mentioning. Khalid Zia Siddiqui has done a worthwhile job of directing and squeezing out the best performance from the actors and actresses. I may mention here that the set designing was well done by Sohail Bobby Ehsan Qureshi and Shaukat Ali. Though most of us are RATS fans and patronise their productions, we should also encourage the local talent and pay a visit when they make an effort to do something for our entertainment, for apart from their satisfaction they do not get anything in return. At least we came away laughing and not crying.

Odd creatures

An industrial exhibition may not be such a big event for folk living in big cities, but it certainly was for Islamabad. People from all walks of life thronged to see the exhibits and entertain themselves on the hurdy-gurdies.

Screams of excitement could be heard from on top of the balcony of the well of death and awe struck children and elders gazed at the weird man with no body who spoke, the half fox - half lady and other such odd creatures. The fast food dealers and the cold drink wallahs did

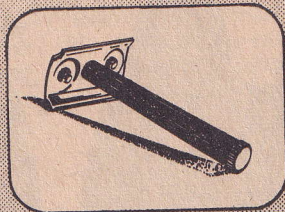
a roaring business, and the announcements of prizes were eagerly looked forward to. Pindites were flooded with guests from Peshawar and round about areas. It just goes to show how starved they are for something to do! A fire which broke out in one of the central pavilions caused excitement and dismay, and was the topic of conversation for quite some time!

and the Koreans.

Off and on we have cultural troupes from abroad, but unfortunately only those people who are invited by the Idara-i-Saqafat-e-Pakistan get to see the shows, and these are usually the privileged people. So it was nice to have a troupe here whose performances were open to the public, although it was on payment. A Korean company and the local Midas

people sponsored a Korean dance ensemble who delighted the audiences with their regional dances. The Koreans love for colour was evident in their bright costumes which were dazzling in their brightness and looked so pretty on the petite Korean girls. Their Fan Dance was the most appreciated item of the show and was heartily applauded.

How much cruelty can a woman's skin bear?



Shaving is rough!
Leaves an ugly, unfeminine stubble.
Encourages hair growth.



Waxing is painful!
Pulls out hair. Loosens the Skin.



Threading is harsh!
Tugs hair out. Hurts the skin.

Anne French Hair Remover — creams off hair the feminine way.



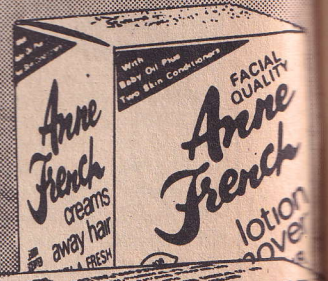
A woman's skin is delicate. Treat it with a little kindness. Anne French Hair Remover.

Anne French is gentle. It creams hair away the discreet, feminine way. Leaves your skin feeling clean, soft, smooth.

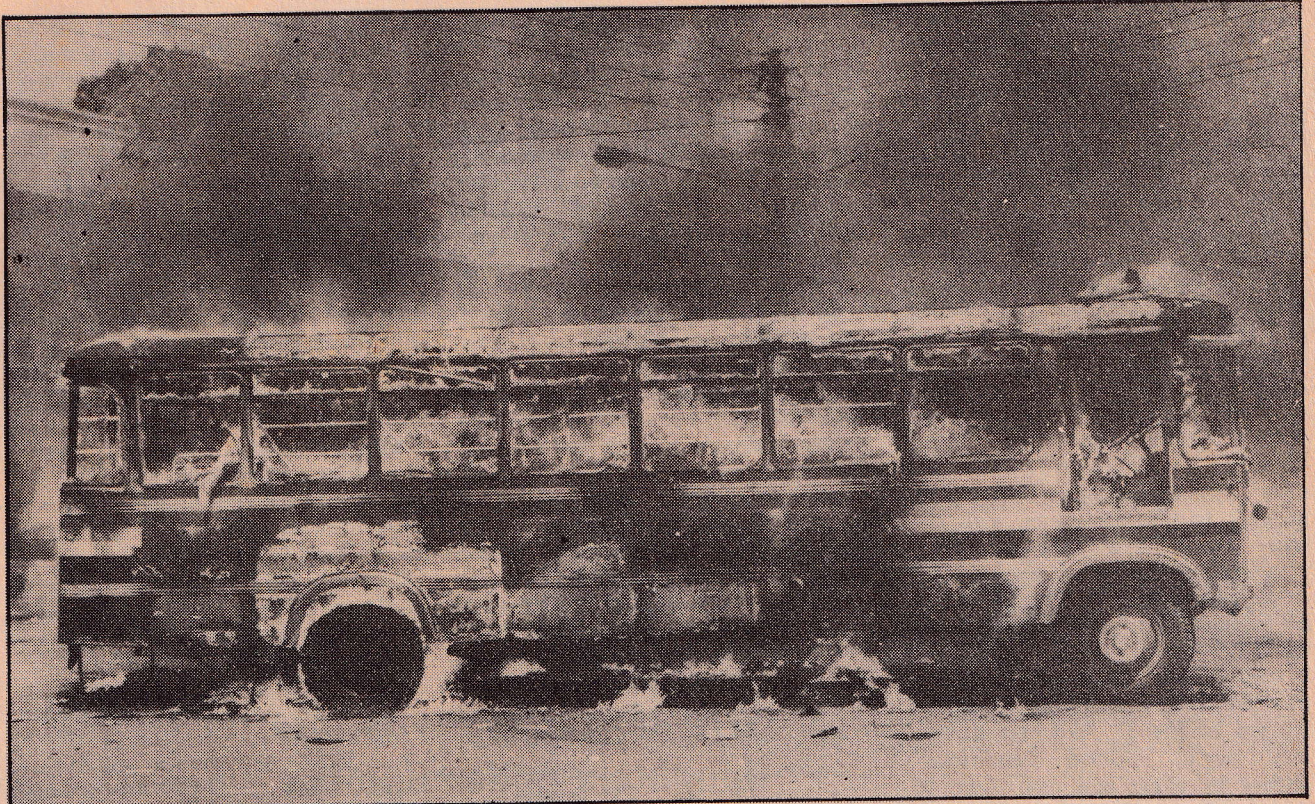
Anne French is effective. It dissolves hair from deep below the skin's surface.

Anne French is easy to use. Apply it. Wait a while. Wipe it off.

Anne French. Because kindness always tells especially on your skin.



Available in 3 fragrances:
Rose - Lemon - Herbal



Burning bus — the reaction of a people outraged. When justice and deterrent action is not forthcoming from the establishment, and protection is needed AGAINST the police, people take the law into their own hands.

QUESTIONS UNANSWERED

BY NAJMA SADEQUE

There's a street near Rizvia Colony in North Nazimabad, Karachi, that is known as College Street. It's a very appropriate name. Along it are strung men's and women's educational institutions including five of the biggest colleges — Sir Syed Women's College with 3,200 students; Government College for Women — 2,500; City College — 2,000; Premier College — 2,000; Osmania College — 1200. These and other colleges account for over 17,000 students on and around College Street alone. This number does not include the several thousand children who attend the assortment of schools that dot the

locality, many of whom use College Street as an access. Consequently, at any point of time between 7:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. there are thousands of young people, in addition to other pedestrians, milling on College Street. That alone would be reason enough to warrant strict enforcement of traffic rules, of stringent speed limits, of more than the usual number of speed breakers, clearly marked pedestrians crossings, as well as more traffic policemen where they are more needed than in playing decorative and valueless court to presidents, ministers and momentary VIPs.

For years, the Pakistan College Teachers Association and the individual

institutions have been appealing to the authorities to take cognizance of the unruly and hazardous traffic situation that literally rendered education a high-risk pursuit. A subway was made which Mayor Afghani claimed was for the benefit of the students but which became the haunt of drug addicts and anti-social elements. Not only that, the very modesty and dignity of women students were ever at stake: their congregation attracting undesirable elements — idlers, loafers, voyeurs, violent fanatics — whose pleasure derived from girl-teasing and assailing them with vulgarities in lieu of molesting them. Yet all appeals for both protection and deterrent action

went ignored while Karachi eased easily forward to win the dubious distinction of one of the highest records of traffic accidents internationally.

This then was the climate of College Street when the accident took place. And then

8:45 a.m. — Standing on the kerb, waiting for the opportunity to cross at a safe moment, are, among others, Nazli Saeed, Uzma Mukhtar, Najma and Bushra Zaidi. Suddenly an over-speeding minibus, probably trying to overtake another, shoots out from the road and smashed through them taking them all under its wheels. Where are the police? No honour and duty bound constable or officer appears to give assistance with the same speed and efficiency that wrongly-parked cars are carried off or rickshaws and Suzukis are asked to produce their papers for "checking".

9 a.m. — News of the accident reaches Sir Syed College (to which the injured belonged). And here a mystery begins. "Good Samaritans" appear in a car and rush them to Abbassi Shaheed hospital — the rescuers never identify themselves nor hang around after dropping off the two injured — which is very interesting considering the fact that hospitals refuse to treat accident victims until and unless victims either sign a statement to the effect that they will not register a case against anyone or they have a police report filed which includes their statement and clears the position of the "rescuer". The "rescuers" disappear. No one knows who they were till this day although some people make an educated guess.

Students and staff carry Nazli Saeed and Uzma Mukhtar inside Sir Syed College. Their families are contacted and they are taken to different hospitals.

At the same time, the Principal starts trying to contact the police station and the education authorities. Not a single contact could be made. Phones were either "out of orders" or the concerned officials were not in their seats and those who received calls were not prepared to take any initiative. Outside, there was mayhem — the abandoned minibus and the blood on the road

attracted crowds and the news spread like wildfire.

9:15 a.m. — Phone call from the Abbassi Shaheed Hospital. Bushra Zaidi has died, mercifully never having revived consciousness. She never had a chance. But even before the call had come, the news of her death had already come to those who had also gone to the hospital.

9:30 a.m. — Outraged and sorrowing — for it could have happened to any one of them — students were not prepared to return to their classes. The indifference of the police and authorities and the callousness of the drivers had gone too far, and a stand had to be taken to stop further young lives from being needlessly destroyed.

10:30 a.m. — Students from three colleges — Sir Syed, Osmania College and Government College — gathered on the Chowrangi with a few banners. Some shouted slogans but the

difficult for the police to pursue them all. Here they were actually cornered as the police covered the entrances. The shelling continued until 2:30 — over three hours!

Nor were the police selective of whom they were attacking. Anyone that came in their path became their target in a frenzy of senseless inhumanity. At one point, a worried middle-aged man, looking for his daughter, and a boy of 8 years — who had been sent to escort his 18 years old sister home in the melee! — had gone to speak to the principal in the Government College office. Suddenly some policemen burst into the office and without even bothering to ask who they were or to even look at who they were — for obviously none of them were college students — blindly set upon the man and boy. They beat them up severely until they began to bleed profusely despite the shouts and protests

Why do fathers who lose their daughters under minibus wheels, "forgive" the killers?

demonstration was otherwise an absolutely peaceful one. Their state of mind was one of grief and incredulity, and they were totally unarmed — all women, soon after they were joined by male students.

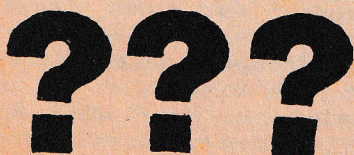
The demonstration produced the effect that a terrible accident and loss of life could not — an armed police vehicle appeared. An offended student climbed on the bonnet but she made no movement or gesture of threat — there was nothing she could threaten with! But at that, the uniformed driver accelerated and slammed through the demonstrators. This time it was no accident — many girls were badly injured. As if this were the cue, police instantly began shelling. As one female student-witness repeatedly stated to drive this vital point home — demonstrating herself the stance and the angle of the guns held by the police — the shells were not fired into the air as the required procedure is: the police fired the shells straight at the students so that they were struck by them. Needless to say, a lot of people were grievously hurt. The students fled inside the college premises for protection. But that turned out NOT to be safe: had they dispersed in different directions along the roads, it would have been

of the principal. Later the D.C. was shown the stains that left their evidence on the floor.

Similarly, Ms. Aqila Hossain standing inside the Osmania College saw two policemen enter the premises and going to the office. Doubting their intentions she followed. Again without bothering to ascertain their victim's identity — and though he was peacefully doing his own work at his own desk, they grabbed the clerk, roughed him up and then beat him. When Ms. Aqila admonished and tried to stop them, one of them snarled at her, "Aurat!— thoo choop rahe!" (Women, shut up!) and struck her twice on the arm with his 'danda'. So much for police respect for women and teachers —

It was in these conditions, during the thick of shelling, when the Principal of Sir Syed College was on the phone, frantically seeking the intervention of the Director of College Education, that he asked her to send in a full report of what had happened! But he did not come anywhere near the colleges during that crucial time.

The true heroes of the occasion turned out to be the doctors of the Abbassi Shaheed Hospital who, when no more blood could reach the hospital due to road blocks — osten-



sibly no exceptions made for life-saving matter — donated their own blood to the seriously injured and incidentally worked around the clock, thereby saving many lives. Their heroism, however, was not appreciated by some quarters for which reason the deserved individual praise is not heaped on here; they tend to come under undue pressure and for the general benefit of society they have to go largely unnoticed.

The immediate aftermath of the incident was the arrest, summary trial of A. Qureshi, the Dow Medical College-N.S.F. student who was sentenced to imprisonment and 10 lashes for writing slogans on the wall and demanding punishment for Bushra Zaidi's killers. Bushra Zaidi's killers on the other hand, were far more fortunate — they had the benefit of lawyers and bail and the leave to move around freely to prepare their defense, which slogan-writing Qureshi did not. What most people do not know is that Qureshi is a Haafiz and a regular leader of taravi prayers at the Al-Aqsa Mosque in North Nazimabad. He is going to be sorely missed during this Ramadan. Manslaughter on the roads continues to be a comparatively minor offense in the eyes of the law. The Pakistani value for life is thereby established.

Finally came the public enquiry held in Chief Justice's chambers in the High Court. There were misgivings in the beginning. It was well known that many parents would not allow their wards to give witness, not because they did not believe in its rightness but because they knew each one of them would be noted and remembered by eyes and records of other than the court's, and potential targets of reprisal. The same with the teachers who had themselves and their families to worry about. For, many teachers were deluged with calls NOT to appear in court; they were more disguised threats than requests.

While many teachers and students were not allowed to come forward by their families, there were yet others who decided that things had gone too far; a point came when one had to take a stand even at the risk of certain harassment to follow. Their courage is to be admired and lauded for they have done no small service to society: to be unpopular with the police is to walk on a tight-rope.

The arrangements for the hearings, however, could have been better.

With a packed hall that represented citizens at large, which included innumerable leading lawyers of the city, who came out of both concern and professional interest although they were not directly involved, the acoustics left much to be desired. There was a microphone for the judge and a weaker one for the lawyers whose trained voices at least compensated. But there was no microphone for the most important speakers — the witnesses! So that a good deal went unheard by those who could not sit close enough.

Language proved a problem. The proceedings were necessarily bilingual and statements for many had to be rendered in translation, and there was not always agreement over the translated terms serving as equivalent. Especially since this was a public enquiry, the entire proceedings should have been taped; better still, televised live, since it concerns the entire society.

After the police, the greatest dis-

example, when a couple of female student-witnesses appeared to contradict what others had said. At first they declined to give their names or roll numbers. They were told their evidence could not be accepted otherwise. But then they did not want to reveal their guardian's/parent's names either, on the pretext that they were their without the latter's knowledge. They claimed that the students had been incited by their teachers to demonstrate — the only students to allege that. A quick-thinking photographer of the Jasarat newspaper was smart enough to take a picture of the vehicle in which these witnesses had come. On investigation, the car was revealed to belong to a police officer! And when the roll numbers were checked, one of them turned out to be the daughter of a retired Intelligence Officer!

So outraged were some by these two student's statement that the very next day several girls came forward

702 empty tear gas shells were retrieved from the college premises above. Each at Rs. 200.00 each, some two lacs worth were fired

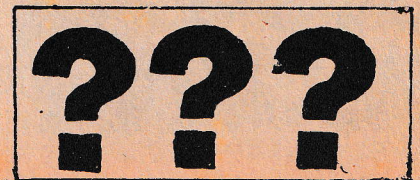
credit goes to the Directorate of College Education. College teachers-witnesses who are government servants have stuck their necks out to appear as witnesses but no assistance have been rendered to them by their administration at any point. "Not once have they even been asked, 'Do you need a lawyer?'" says Anita Ghulamali, President of the Pakistan College Teachers Association, "The Advocate-General cross-examines witnesses on behalf of the police and the administration — and the police are the ones on the dock. But teachers, who are government servants and Grade 19 Officers, have no protection." Not once has the Education Department shown its face; that's how concerned they are about education and the security of teachers and students."

Instead, to their rescue came lawyers Naseem Faruqi, Khwaja Atiq and Sami who volunteered their services and allowed their own practice to suffer while they spent almost a month spending entire working days in the High Court for the hearings. There were interesting and revealing aspects during the enquiry. For

to give witness much against the advice of their families. One persuaded her father to bring her over but he refused to accompany her inside. In fact, as he was leaving he clearly told her, "If you give witness, don't come home." She was a prominent student and tough debater and told the teachers standing nearby, who had overheard, that she did not care what happened: she would go onto the witness stand. In the interests of family peace, they persuaded her not to but made use of her presence and support.

One brave witness, Naheed Kaleem, insisted on coming to court despite being badly injured and in severe pain. A shell had been fired directly at her and she could barely walk and could not stand.

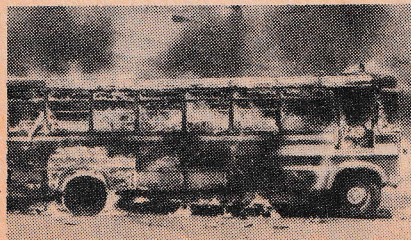
The one unfortunate, but understandable, aspect was that Bushra Zaidi's killer will not have charges



pressed against them by her father. He says he has "forgiven" them. But the forgiveness appears to be more out of concern for the living — he has four more daughters — than thinking the killers do not deserve to be brought to book. He works in the Gulf and his family is without his presence for long stretches. Interestingly, two years ago, when another woman student was similarly killed, her father too "forgave" the killer. He too worked in the Gulf and his family had to see to their own security in his absence. Indeed, it would be appropriate to make an extensive survey of how many people "forgive" killers — wilfully or through negligence — and in what circumstances.

But some questions, despite the enquiry, remain unanswered. And without the answers, it will be impossible to fix responsibility on the actual person or persons who caused provocation and brutality on the part of the police. Who, for example, gave orders to the police to resort to shelling and violence? How is it that they refused to listen to the orders of the S.D.M. and continued firing at the defenceless students? Was it because his orders were bypassed by a superior? If so, why the secrecy — and for that matter, the cowardice not to acknowledge the act done in the name of the "law"? If not, and the police acted without authority, why were they not all placed under arrested and dismissed for abusing their power? There is no difficulty in identifying who were on duty at that particular time and that particular place. Or are police free and immune from such charges because battering of faceless crowds is considered "normal" no matter who or how many are killed or injured?

How was it that the police removed the killer vehicle within minutes when otherwise they do not act similarly for hours or days until a proper case is filed? Who are the owners of the minibus that killed Bushra Zaidi? And who was that mysterious person that removed



Bushra Zaidi to the hospital and vanished?

Finally, it is essential to conduct a survey into the ownership of minibuses and taxis in Karachi and elsewhere. It is unlikely that policemen owners will have registered them in their own names but relationships to them can be traced even through addresses. Spouses and offspring may turn up, and the source of buying power can be wondered about.

In the ultimate analysis, the entire police system calls for overhauling. They are not only a disgrace to any society let alone an Islamic one, they are an uncalled for drain on the taxpayer for providing no useful purpose except for directing traffic. Far from being a protection, they are have become the Mafia of our society and few women or families with young daughters would make the mistake of approaching the police for assistance. While their personal purpose seems to be extortion, the administrative purpose appears to be to quell even a semblance of resistance to legitimate demands and illegalities.

Ever since the Bushra Zaidi incident, people, especially young people, have been dying every day under Karachi minibus wheels. If the public tries to take the law into its own hands, it is only because they are unable to obtain justice from where it is supposed to come.

Consider the fact that the police sought to retrieve the empty tear gas shells from within the premises of the colleges. But the teachers had wisely removed them, photographed, numbered and listed them and kept them until the appropriate moment in court. The police claimed they required the "empties" back because they had to be accounted for! — and expected that to be believed. "Does a cop have to pay for a shell if he can't do that? Since when do empties have to be collected for accounting? asks Anita Ghulamali, "Shells, on the other hand, are evidence." Very hard evidence too. There were 702 "empties" found within the college premises! The number does not include the shells fired on the road and which quickly disappeared thereafter. The value of each shell is approximately 14 dollars, approximately 200 rupees. In other words a lac and a half worth (Rs. 150,000/-) of shells were deemed necessary to cut down several hundred peacefully demonstrating, unarmed students who were protesting the unnecessary death of a fellow.

Need police protection, anybody?

LIST OF STOCKISTS OF FASHION DISPLAYED IN "EID ENCHANTMENT"

Erums Boutique: Tariq Road, P.E.C.H.S., Karachi.

Noreen Fashions: Shop No. 7, Al-Zahoor, 2/172/R, Tariq Road, Karachi.

Perahan: C/o Nasra Ahmed, Shadman Centre (Behind Shaheen Super Market) Clifton, Karachi.

Elegance: Hasan Terrace, Khayaban-e-Roomi, Clifton, Karachi.

Naqash: 17th Street, Off: Khayaban-e-Tanzeem, Phase V, Defence Society.

Nawabdin: Adjacent to Zainab Market and available at all leading Stores.

Neezu's: 5, Prince Complex Road, Karachi.

Seasons and Styles: Tariq Road and Clifton, Khayaban-e-Roomi, Karachi.

Sanaullah: Zebunnisa Street, Karachi

Chic: 9, Hashoo Terrace, Block -- 6, Kekashan, Clifton.

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THE LADY SAJIDA

By S.H.

Recently, as speculations about the possible personality structure of the Punjab Cabinet were rife in the province, two women were tipped as the main contenders for at least one ministry. Three weeks of suspense followed with the press shifting its tilt from one to the other. During this period both contenders were weighed on the standards of personal and political merit and alignments. With every muscle in the political power game tried and tested, the decision when it came was a surprise. Both made it on the panel — two portfolios in a 15 member cabinet went to women. Although the ratio may not be awe-inspiring in the context of the 50 per cent female population in the country, it is outstanding in the circumstances of only two women being elected on the general seat in Punjab. The rest including one of the ministers came on a general seat. It is the one that came on the direct mandate Begum Sajida Nayyar Abedi, that this correspondent contacted for an interview.

Surprisingly, this person seemed a little reluctant to be interviewed and needed persuasion. This correspondent found her sitting in a room of the circuit house Lahore, in the euphoria of her recent success, surrounded by a group of relatives. Begum Sajida is a 39 year old widow, attractive, small of stature, articulate in her speech, proper in her mannerism. At no time did she reveal the toughness she is reputed to have — only a firmness and determination of purpose. The following is a text of the interview that followed.



Can you give our readers some information about your family background?

I was born in 1945 in Panipat. My family is known as the Sadaat family. They were given the title of 'Khwajgan of Panipat.' We are not Kashmiris contrary to the impression given by the title 'Khwaja.' My family then migrated to Pakistan after partition and I completed my education B.Sc (Home Economics) from Karachi.

After the open and progressive atmosphere of Karachi how did you emerge as a farmer in Machralla?

When I got married in 1965, my husband was a civil engineer posted in Sialkot. I found the life a little dull and I decided to add some activity to it — that is when I turned to farming.

Did you just go out and buy the land for the sake of this hobby?

No this land is not mine. I have leased it from several members of my family. Actually they were armchair landlords. I took it over and I worked hard — enough to receive the President's Award (a tractor) for the highest yield per acre of wheat, also the gold medal for record rice production and the silver both in sugar cane and pulse production. How much area do you now have under cultivation?

I have nearly 300 acres under cultivation (that is about 12 murabas). My 'Abadeen farm' is a model farm. Many official delegations are taken there. The Governor of Punjab has visited it several times. Recently the Chinese agricultural delegation was brought to see it.

You are also known as the lady on the tractor. How did you acquire this title?

Actually a lot of my work involves the use of a tractor. Besides harvesting etc. I even use the tractor on the non-

WITH METTLE NAYYAR

motorable roads in my area. Even during this election campaign I would put my supporters in the trolley and drive the tractor from village to village. There was also an interesting incident which could be responsible for this title. At the Punjab potato seminar, a person in the audience challenged me to demonstrate my skill as tractor driver. I took up the challenge, used the tractor with all its farming implements to prove my point.

You proved your metal as a farmer but how did you decide to move into the field of public life?

Actually when I moved to the farm there was no doctor or medical store for miles around so I opened a free dispensary in the area. I was trained as a St. John Ambulance nurse and that helped. Gradually I became more involved in social work activities.

Her relatives who were listening on interrupted at this point with some more attributes. According to them she is an ace debator — was secretary of her college debating society and is an accomplished painter and flower decorator. Begum Sajida takes on from there.

“Actually I must keep myself busy all the time. While supervising sowing or harvesting I constantly knit, or embroider. Do you know, some ‘begmaats’ disapprove of me because I have no leisurely habits.”

None of these qualities correspondent with your present portfolio — Minister for Live Stock and Dairy Development. How eill you cope with a situation where Punjab known as the land of milk and cream is now consuming a bulk of the Rs. 62 crore worth of dry milk imported into the country.

There is no shortage of milk in the rural areas. In fact there is an abundance of it. But it is in short supply in the urban areas. I intend to improve the distribution system — introduce refrigerated vans etc. to balance this situation.

Do you intend to improve the quality of the local livestock which is reputed for its low milk output and for its poor quality meat?

Yes, firstly I will introduce courses in the rural areas to teach these people how to breed live stock on scientific methods to introduce hygiene into their work. At this point I will make sure that since it is mostly the women in those areas that look after the cows and buffaloes, these classes will have a majority of women — say about 20 in a class of thirty. Also there has to be a definite increase in the insemination units for this purpose and I will make sure there is.

Meat is becoming a delicacy for the wage as well as the salary earner yet it is an essential source of nutrition.

How will you improve this situation?

I intend to open state farms to increase the livestock in Punjab.

What about the World Bank aided projects that were meant to help this situation?

I have to check up the details I will certainly push these

schemes through. (At this point the Public Relations Officer interrupted to say that the one in Sheikhpura was doing very well).

There was a scheme for leasing government land to livestock farmers but although this has been implemented in other provinces why has there been no headway in Punjab? I believe a lot of work has already been done; lists of suitable areas for this purpose have been prepared already. I intend to speed up matters.

Even when this comes through, It is feared that it will only be another way of handing out favours?

There will be no such thing. We will make the decision on merit alone. Even the sex of the applicant will not be a prejudicial factor. The only criterion will be the ability of the applicant.

Since we are talking about prejudices, did you feel that being a woman was a disadvantage during this campaign?

Quite frankly, there was a certain group which used this point to discredit me. They raised slogans against me but their tactics did not work. I think the result shows that people did not agree with that kind of thinking otherwise I would not have won over six male candidates.

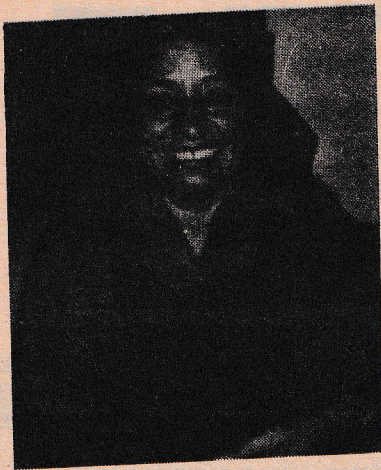
Did you have the advantage of a political family background or did you invest large sums of money in this election?

No, I had no family influence or the advantage of great wealth. It was just my social work background that helped. During my office as Zila Councillor I had worked very hard, built large tracts of farm-to-market roads, successfully worked on the electrification programme for my Zila. That is what counted with the people. On the other hand my rival candidates were rich zamindars. My total expense came to Rs. one lakh and this was despite the fact that the first batch of my publicity posters were destroyed by rain and a fresh batch had to be printed.

Sajida Nayar:

An attractive 39 year old widow, small of stature, articulate in her speech, proper in her mannerisms. At no time did she reveal the toughness she is reputed to have.





I have nearly 300 acres under cultivation — in Sialkot. I worked hard, and received the President's Award for the highest acreage of wheat, and the gold medal for record rice production and the silver for sugar cane and pulse production.

This is a very low expense bill, especially when it is rumoured that people spent as much as 1 crore and some candidates spent Rs. 10 lakhs on their publicity alone?

If I had spent that kind of money, I would have felt that my representation was not real, it was bought. Besides my constituents were very cooperative. They said that 'Bibi' helped us without asking for money we should not waste 'Bibi's' money. They give me the consideration they would to a mother or a daughter.

Since we are talking about special consideration to women would you like to comment on some of the laws introduced recently, concerning women's standing in society?

I believe in what I read in the Quran only and in the Holy Book Allah has addressed both men and women together and put the same restrictions on both of them — even the

point 'informed sources' seem to have dropped your name. How did you manage to manouver yourself back?

My constituents who had elected me on a general seat put the pressure. They worked for me and it is thanks to them that I am here.

The Cabinet of which you are now a member consists of a male majority. Do you think you will be taken seriously? I will work twice as hard as any man to prove myself effective.

While talking to Begum Sajida, this correspondent could not help but feel she is a determined woman whose story is laced with sheer hard work. But the game of politics requires more than that — it requires a store of shrewdness and the quality of manouverability — above all it requires a toughness, which in our social context is associated with men only. Obviously these traits must be there but never emerged in the articulate speech and gentle mannerism of the lady. That the job ahead of her requires all that and more is quite apparent. Even if she survives the glamour of the public engagement-ridden life of a minister to retain her enthusiasm for reform in the area of her responsibility, she will need to draw on all her reserves of hardwork and determination to bulldoze through bureaucratic hurdles while coping with political pressures on many fronts. The task before her is much harder than tilling the potato fields but by opening up to the press at the earliest she seems to have accepted that challenge as well.

As Minister for Livestock and Dairy Development in the Punjab, she wants to do for agriculture and dairy farming exactly what she did on her own farm, that is increase the acreage, raise, livestock and improve the marketing and distribution system of milk.

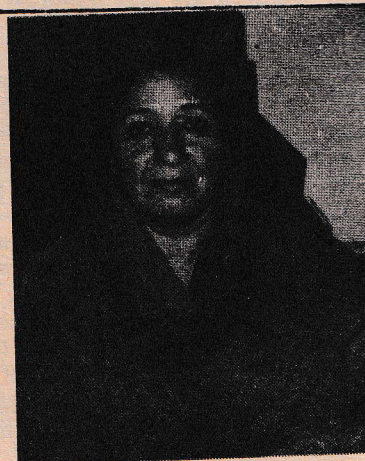
biggest 'rukan' that is Haj is for both of them. And it is relevant that even during Haj no 'purdah' is mentioned for a woman. Even a cloth over the face is considered 'maq-rooh' on this occasion.

You have so many commitments to the public and to your farm that surely your role as a mother must have suffered?

No I have not neglected my children at all. I have got up every night to check them in their beds. But yes I have not worried unnecessarily. They have grown up as independent and confident children. Even my elder daughter who is getting married in a few weeks' time has been taught house craft as well as driving. I do not want her to be dependent on anyone. And I have given her a 'Jahez' of all the practical things she will need right away.

Do you really approve of this widely criticised custom. I believe that a girl should be given all the things she will need right away to set up her house.

About the contest for this ministerial appointment. At one



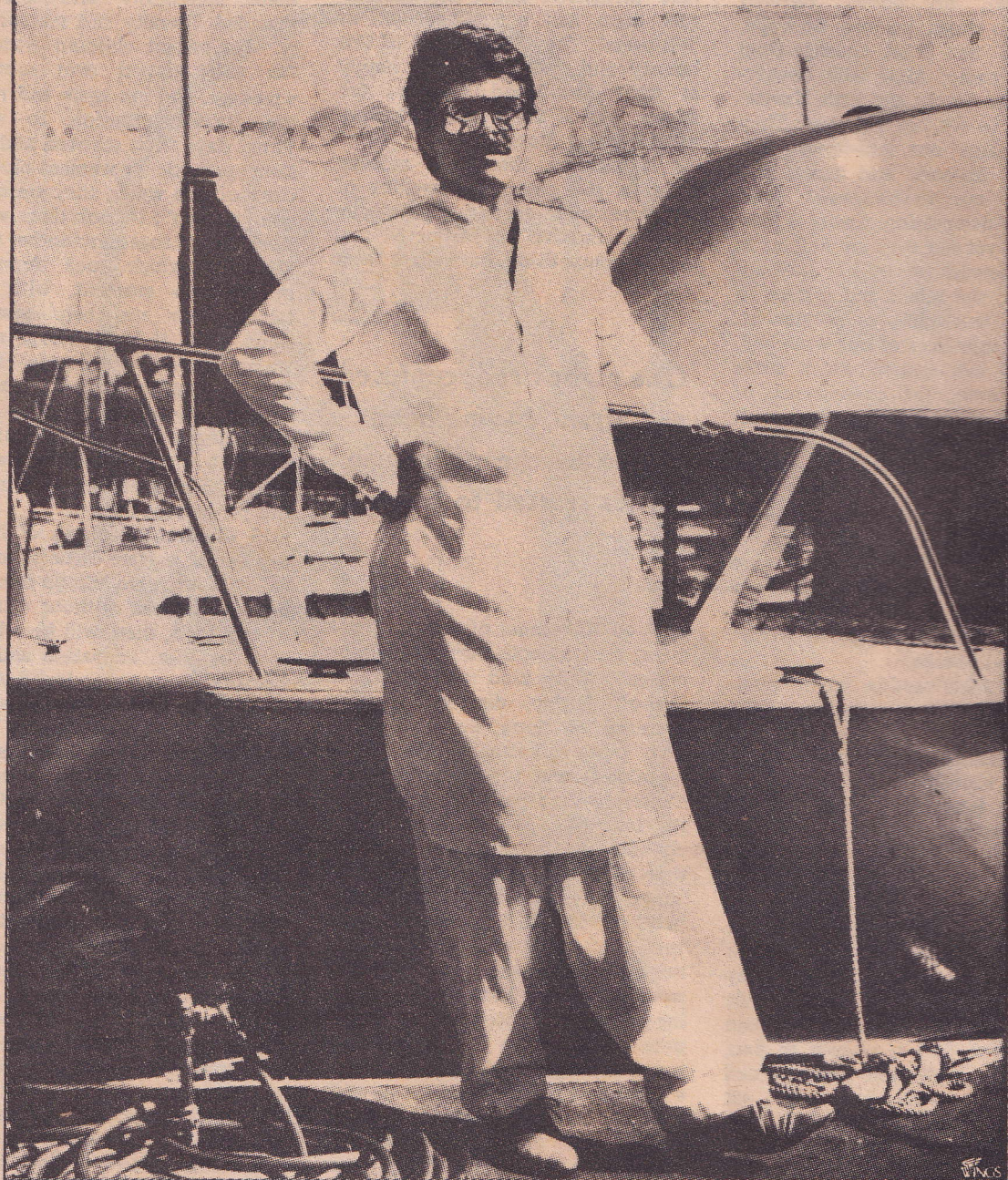
I had no family influences or vast wealth to help me win the elections. I worked hard as a Zila Councillor, built roads, electrified villages, that's what counts and that's how I won over six rival male candidates, who were only rich zamindars. My total election expenses were only one lakh of rupees.

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NOREEN



NAWABDIN

Carefree and casual. With a touch of glitter and embroidery. Note the sleeve styles, which are very much in.

HOLIDAY MAGIC

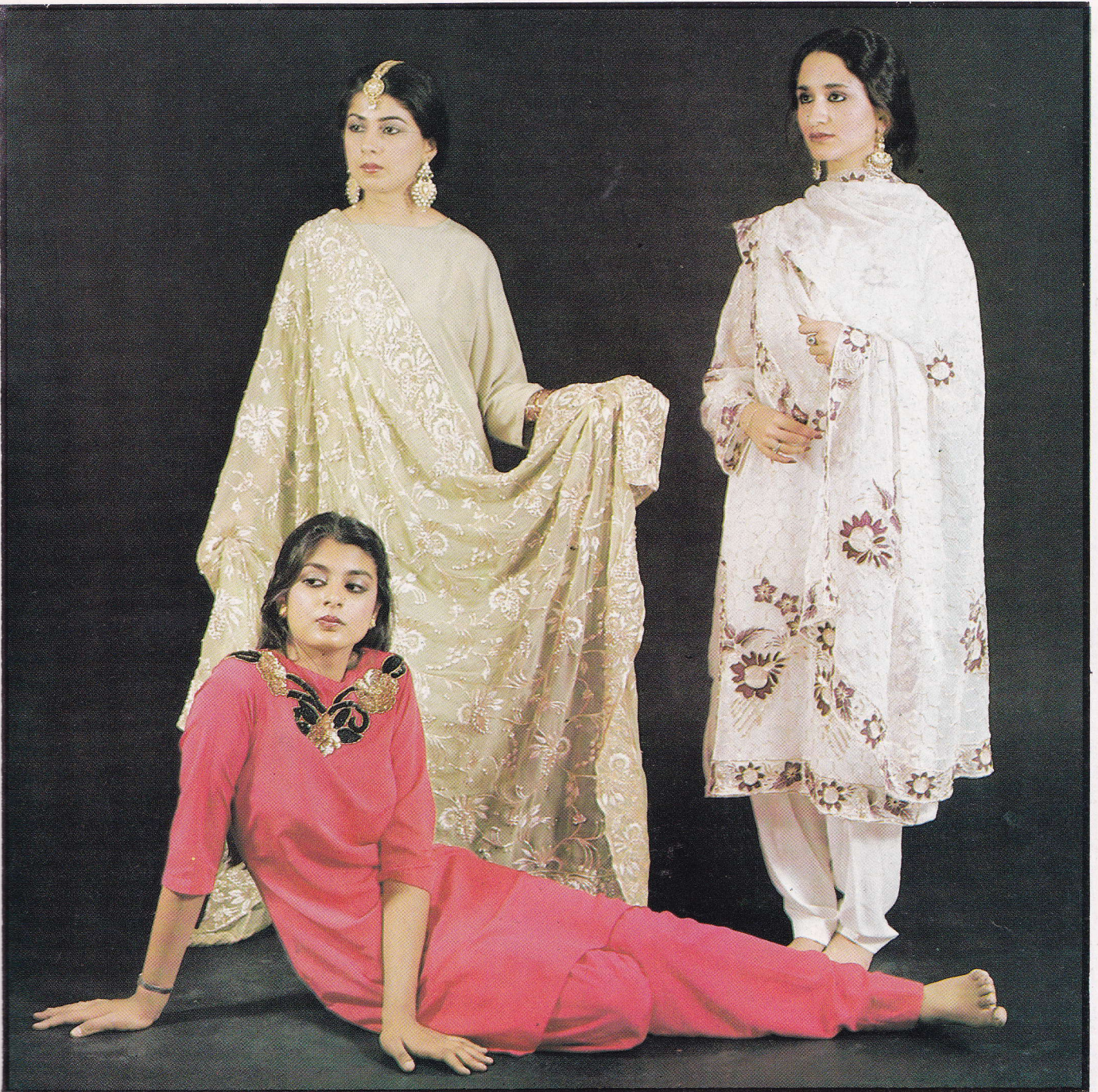
AMINA SHAHBAZ

The holidays are here again and it's a perfect time to remind us all of something we often forget to do . . . have fun. One doesn't have to go far to enjoy the natural wonders of the world. Northern Pakistan is just the place for you to spend an unforgettable vacation. The lush green valleys of these areas with its rushing torrents, ice cold lakes, waterfalls, glaciers and flower-decked shapes is ideal for holiday makers, intent on relaxation.



Amidst the Kaghan valley, rich gold block print with intertwined geometries.

Away from the hum-drum bustle of every day routine — rugged terrain, wild rivers and torrents raging through narrow gorges, metalled roads and horse trails leading to the Himalayan hide-a-way Shangrila Tourist Resort. Cottages grouped over a forty acres estate along the banks of the beautiful Honeymoon Lake. Comfort, quality and natural beauty is yours in a range of accommodation to suit different preferences and purses. In Shangrila, fortune hunters can look for semi-precious gems in RONDU, while shopping enthusiasts can roam around SKARDU. Beautiful picnic spots and a profusion of fresh fruit can make your holiday extremely memorable. Rs. 1950 inclusive can give one person a happy 5 day holiday there . . . but check for more details.

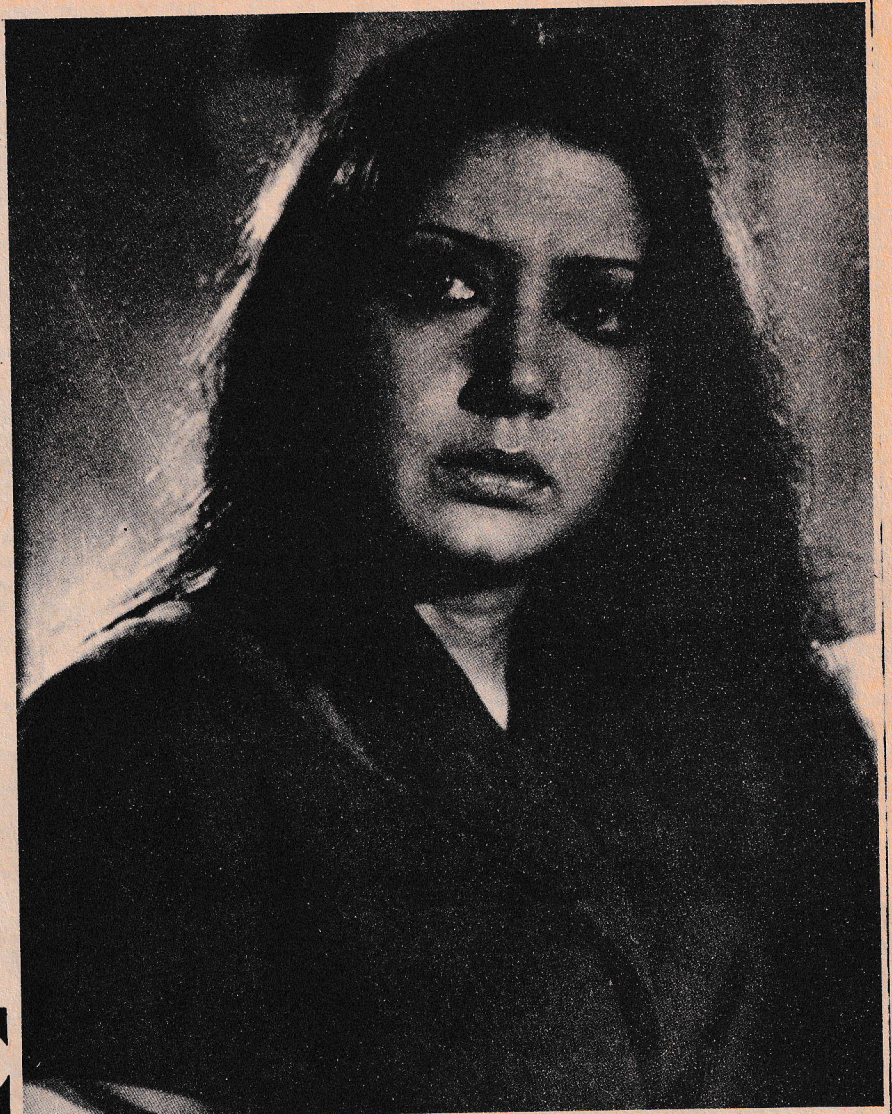


Glitter and glamour for any festive season lovely applique work displayed with detailed gold/silver thread.

The visitors to Hunza are overwhelmed by the rugged charm, graceful poplar trees and velvet-like green carpets of wheat fields set against the background of snow covered mountains. The Hunza river sustains rich orchards of apricots, apples, cherries, plums and peaches. The secret behind the longevity of Hunza people is their excellent water coupled with their interesting diet. So for anybody interested in a "health farm", this is the ideal place to visit.

Last, but certainly not least, is Swat Valley, known as the holiday-maker's delight with its lush green fertile valley, fruit-laden orchards and meandering rivers. Truly, the land is gifted by mother nature. Rich in flora and fauna, there are endless ideal spots for picnics (Miandam and Madyan).

مہیازین



MONEEZA HASHMI

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE SCREEN

Perhaps if my father had been alive I may never become an actress, but when I did, I was determined to be the best!" So spoke Zeba, one time first lady of the Pakistan cinema, indisputed heroine for many years, even today, still pretty, still young, still fresh.

"I was the only daughter, my brother was eight years older, the spoilt pet of the family. My father died when I was six months old. My mother paid more attention to my brother so I remember being a cheeky but pleasant child. I was never rude or a nuisance, always in the background spending my teens reading, painting, listening to songs, nothing at all to make me feel any different from the other girls I

knew. Yes, I was pretty, very pretty, I knew that but I was not vain about it. My friends used to talk about my being a movie star because of my looks but for me it was just a compliment, something I never thought about seriously at all.

And then when I was fourteen years old, a friend of the family, who knew Mr. Fazli (my first director) mentioned that Mr. Fazli was looking for a pretty girl to star in his new film, was I interested? I didn't say no but I didn't say yes either. I was not prepared to be rejected, that would be embarrassing and a come down for my ego. I sent Mr. Fazli my photographs. So if the rejection came, it wouldn't hurt

so much!! But Mr. Fazli accepted me and my looks and I was cast in my first film" *Chiragh Jalta Raha*. I was young, stepping out of the house for the first time, I did not have a clue about the ABC of film making or about acting but I wasn't going to admit it!! My first take was serving tea to my screen father and I sailed through it and thought "Well, that was not difficult", and then one role lead to another. Some films did well, some did not. At first I was there because of my pretty face but soon after I wanted to make sure that I was accepted for my acting and my talent. I have worked very hard in these last 24 years, to reach the top of the ladder. It took hard work, patience, perseverance, good people to work with and of course later a supportive husband.

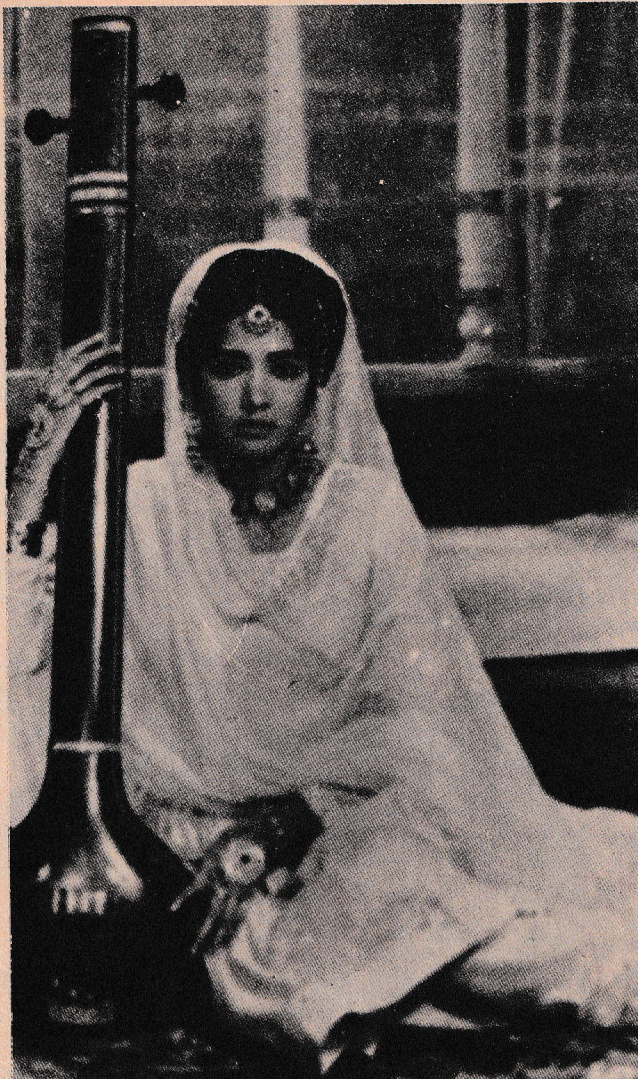
The price I paid for this fame was high. There were times before I became a star I remember relaxing with a book, going for a drive with friends to Clifton but then suddenly all this changed. I was shooting from 10 in the morning to 4 a.m. the next day. There were days I did not sleep for more than 3 hours at night. I would shoot in Lahore during the day and catch a plane to shoot the evening shift in Karachi. I would make up in the plane to save time. I gave up my personal freedom and privacy to my profession. It is not easy to live with being a famous and recognizable person. Everywhere, every one knows you. But then you must accept it and begin to live in confinement, stay home, hide, cover your face, avoid people etc. It was not an easy decision. I had to make sacrifices to become what I am. My daughter also had to be very aware of her mother. Although

I have tried to give her every kind of freedom. The best schooling, love, protection, every thing a mother can possibly provide but there has always been, this underlying awareness, "remember whose daughter you are. Please do not do any thing that will hurt us or you. Remember being Zeba's daughter, you will be focussed on immediately". I deliberately left my daughter with my mother because of my work. I did not want her to be brought up by servants alone, she needed guidance. I was building my career and away from home a lot. As a mother. I could not give her the attention and time she needed, so I sent her to the next best person I could think of, my mother. Of course, I visited her often, looked after her every need, she was with us here, in Lahore, whenever her schooling allowed. If I had a son, may be I would have thought differently. People ask me about not having a son. But who knows what would have happened? I am very content with what I have. So I feel my whole family has had to give up their privacy for me and I appreciate it a lot.

A turning point perhaps, in my personal and professional life was my marriage to Ali. (Mohammad Ali) We began our career in the film world together at the same time with the same film "Chiragh Jalta Raha". But since I did a scene first so I say I am senior to him, like the twin that comes first is older technically!! Ali is a person



ZEBBA



with a strong, positive personality. I, at that time was also head strong, emotionally a little raw, sensitive. We had tremendous personality clashes, arguments on sets, where the director had to step in to save his scene and his movie!! I remember a time when although I was the leading lady

did not want to put our marriage through unnecessary separations. There are times when an outdoor location shooting takes you away for 4 to 6 weeks. Now if Ali accompanied me his career would have suffered. So I feel, looking back, I made a correct decision. It further cemented our relationship, strengthened our marriage and most certainly increased our affections for each other. On top of it, our pair was successful at the box office too so it worked out well for both of us. Ali has been an exemplary husband, son, son-in-law, brother, father but the fact remains that this is a male society. We spoil our men, look up to them to be special and in the process give in or give up. I am no exception but I was lucky in the fact that my husband knows about my sacrifices and appreciates them.

Looking back over the years I see myself developing from a young teenager, immature, inexperienced, to a poised mature woman. I see my old movies now and find so many flaws in my performances. The Zeba of today would do those roles now with much more confidence and maturity. Experience teaches us all and even my "Super hit", roles lack something when I see them today. I wish at times, that I could re-do some of my films now, I would handle them so much better. And of course, there are frustrating moments in an actor's professional life. I can quote two occasions when as a performer, I feel completely stumped. Firstly when you are performing a scene with an artiste who is either totally non-creative or non-serious or both. These moments can be very irritating when you are putting every ounce of your creative capabilities into a dramatic scene, facing an artiste who is looking at you with a blank face. As an actor or actress, you need to draw strength from your co-actor through their responses but sometimes it's like falling down and no one to help you up.

Secondly when a director visualizes a scene in a manner quite contrary to what you think it should be. For example in a highly emotional scene, where you are shedding tears, your face is expressing deep sorrow, your eyes are sad, your mouth is quivering, a beautiful tragic performance, you are delighted with your day's work. On screen you discover, the camera was at least 20 feet away. All you see of yourself is a figure in a long shot. That's frustrating. And unfortunately not many directors ask our advice or take our suggestions. So it is very often that what we do in the studio, looks quite different on screen. I also know that if I had not had good people to work with at that time, I would have left this profession years ago. I am a different kind of person who deplores vulgarity, false values, false praise. I was fortunate to work with educated, talented producers and directors who treated me with dignity and respect. I strongly believe that it is your own sense of good or bad

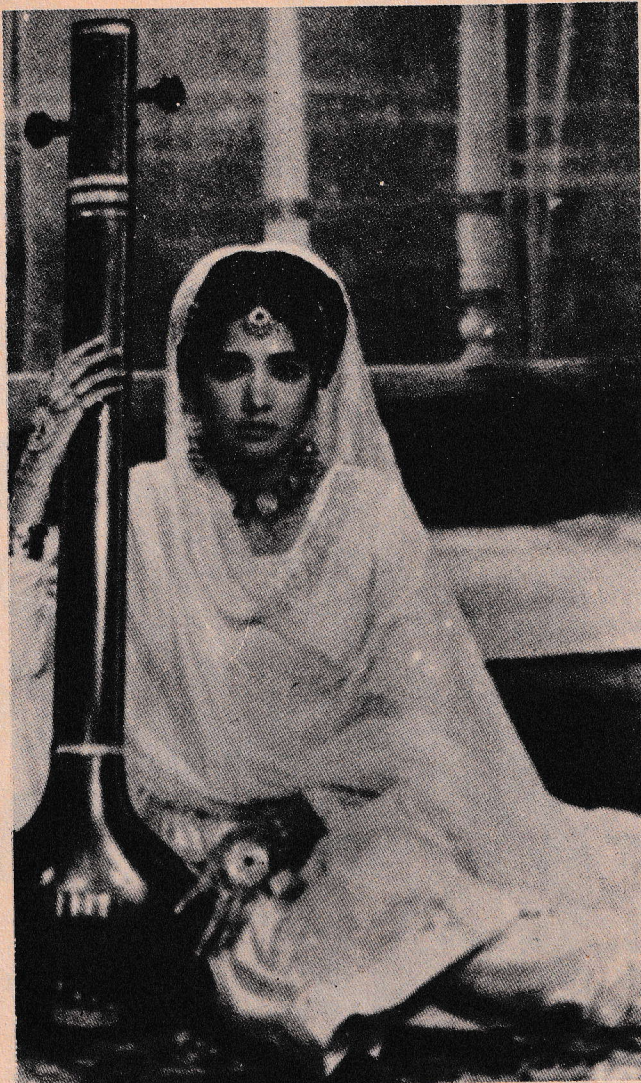
I remember a time when although I was the leading lady opposite Ali in three successful films, we were not on speaking terms, except for the dialogues on the sets.

opposite Ali in three successful films, "Kaniz", "Riwaj" and "Lori", we were not on speaking terms for 2 years apart from the dialogues on sets!! At that time, I used to feel uncomfortable working opposite him. Now, I ask him about it and he laughs and shrugs it off. I put it down to jealousy or possessiveness but it was difficult working with him, before we were married. After we were married, I made the decision to work only with him.

The reason is simple. In this society, if a woman tags along with her husband it's acceptable. But if a husband accompanies his wife, it's embarrassing. I did not want to put Ali through any situation where because of me, he might feel degraded or ridiculed. In the beginning since I had already signed some pictures, he would come with me but I could see he was uncomfortable and I did not want that. Also, I

that he or she can take any liberties with you. It is for you to lay down the rules and set the stage. That is why when I hear people say that the film world is a place full of people with loose values or foul language, I say if it is so, it is because you allow it to be so. Draw a line, hold them back and you will be treated with the dignity and respect you deserve.

As a housewife, I feel I have been also as successful as I have been as an actress. My formula is simple. If I wanted to continue my career, I had to make sure that my home was in order, otherwise, my husband would have had every right to turn round and say, "the home is a mess, stay home." I feel our women complain a lot when there's not much to complain about. I have never had any problems in adjusting my career to my home. In fact, I



with a strong, positive personality. I, at that time was also head strong, emotionally a little raw, sensitive. We had tremendous personality clashes, arguments on sets, where the director had to step in to save his scene and his movie!! I remember a time when although I was the leading lady

I remember a time when although I was the leading lady opposite Ali in three successful films, we were not on speaking terms, except for the dialogues on the sets.

opposite Ali in three successful films, "*Kaniz*", "*Riwaaj*" and "*Lori*", we were not on speaking terms for 2 years apart from the dialogues on sets!! At that time, I used to feel uncomfortable working opposite him. Now, I ask him about it and he laughs and shrugs it off. I put it down to jealousy or possessiveness but it was difficult working with him, before we were married. After we were married, I made the decision to work only with him.

The reason is simple. In this society, if a woman tags along with her husband it's acceptable. But if a husband accompanies his wife, it's embarrassing. I did not want to put Ali through any situation where because of me, he might feel degraded or ridiculed. In the beginning since I had already signed some pictures, he would come with me but I could see he was uncomfortable and I did not want that. Also, I

did not want to put our marriage through unnecessary separations. There are times when an outdoor location shooting takes you away for 4 to 6 weeks. Now if Ali accompanied me his career would have suffered. So I feel, looking back, I made a correct decision. It further cemented our relationship, strengthened our marriage and most certainly increased our affections for each other. On top of it, our pair was successful at the box office too so it worked out well for both of us. Ali has been an exemplary husband, son, son-in-law, brother, father but the fact remains that this is a male society. We spoil our men, look up to them to be special and in the process give in or give up. I am no exception but I was lucky in the fact that my husband knows about my sacrifices and appreciates them. Looking back over the years I see myself developing from a young teenager, immature, inexperienced, to a poised mature woman. I see my old movies now and find so many flaws in my performances. The Zeba of today would do those roles now with much more confidence and maturity. Experience teaches us all and even my "Super hit", roles lack something when I see them today. I wish at times, that I could re-do some of my films now, I would handle them so much better. And of course, there are frustrating moments in an actor's professional life. I can quote two occasions when as a performer, I feel completely stumped. Firstly when you are performing a scene with an artiste who is either totally non-creative or non-serious or both. These moments can be very irritating when you are putting every ounce of your creative capabilities into a dramatic scene, facing an artiste who is looking at you with a blank face. As an actor or actress, you need to draw strength from your co-actor through their responses but sometimes it's like falling down and no one to help you up.

Secondly when a director visualizes a scene in a manner quite contrary to what you think it should be. For example in a highly emotional scene, where you are shedding tears, your face is expressing deep sorrow, your eyes are sad, your mouth is quivering, a beautiful tragic performance, you are delighted with your day's work. On screen you discover, the camera was at least 20 feet away. All you see of yourself is a figure in a long shot. That's frustrating. And unfortunately not many directors ask our advice or take our suggestions. So it is very often that what we do in the studio, looks quite different on screen. I also know that if I had not had good people to work with at that time, I would have left this profession years ago. I am a different kind of person who deplores vulgarity, false values, false praise. I was fortunate to work with educated, talented producers and directors who treated me with dignity and respect. I strongly believe that it is your own sense of good or bad

that he or she can take any liberties with you. It is for you to lay down the rules and set the stage. That is why when I hear people say that the film world is a place full of people with loose values or foul language, I say if it is so, it is because you allow it to be so. Draw a line, hold them back and you will be treated with the dignity and respect you deserve.

As a housewife, I feel I have been also as successful as I have been as an actress. My formula is simple. If I wanted to continue my career, I had to make sure that my home was in order, otherwise, my husband would have had every right to turn round and say, "the home is a mess, stay home." I feel our women complain a lot when there's not much to complain about. I have never had any problems in adjusting my career to my home. In fact, I

We see a decay and falling apart process of the film industry of Pakistan. We need new blood, young educated people with a necessary zeal not just in it for the fun and glamour.

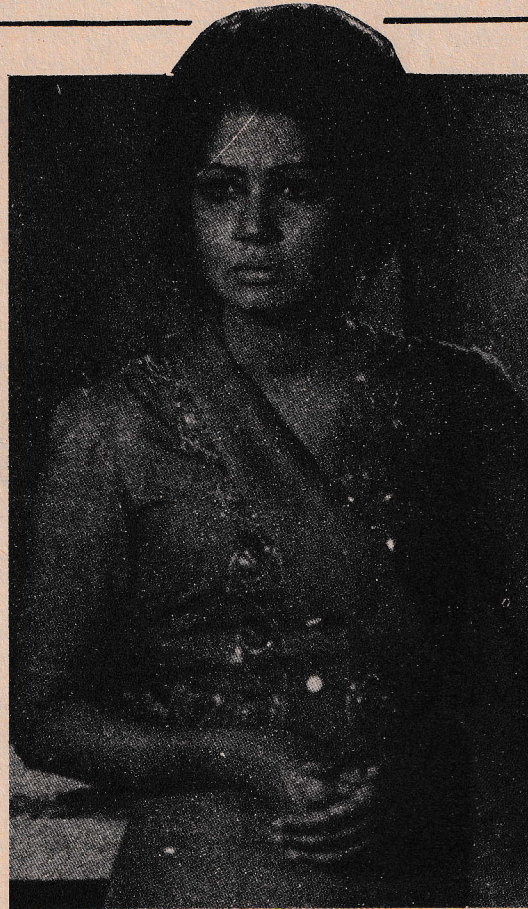
that influences the behaviour of people towards you. If you keep a certain distance with someone, there is no way put in more effort and this is not because I have a host of servants. I make sure I find a few days off every month to shop and buy and clean. I enjoy it. I am not a complainer by nature, I do not make an issue out of any thing, I do not become anxious or depressed if something falls short of my expectation. I take things in my stride and look ahead. Things look better the next day, always.

But there are times when I think about myself too. My life can be divided into three parts easily. My childhood, when I just lived from day to day, there was no tomorrow. Then I began acting and I was living for my family. The last part is my marriage and my daughter. I live for Ali and Sameena and now Hassan but I do feel sometimes that this is unfair. I am overburdened with responsibilities and duties. My family expects too much from me and I have little or no time for me. I come way down on my own list of priorities. Yes, I feel I resent this sometimes, when I am taken for granted.

Looking towards the future, I feel unfulfilled, career wise. I want to do so much more, better roles, better films. I have not been acting for the past four years partly for personal reasons, partly because I felt Urdu films were falling behind. Let me put it this way. After partition, a few artistes laid the foundations of a movie industry in Pakistan. Sabiha, Santosh, Nayyar, Shamim Area, Allauddin, Taalish to quote a few. Then came our group, we raised a building on those foundations. We were Ali, myself, Waheed, Shabnam, Nadeem, Rani etc. Now, came the next group and their duty was to maintain this building and build extensions but unfortunately they used this building, enjoyed its comforts but did nothing for it in return. So what do we see? A decay and falling apart process of this great monument called the film industry of Pakistan. It hurts me a lot to see this effort of ours crumbling down but we are helpless. We need new blood to come and take over. Young educated people must come and take this mantle from us but with a missionary zeal to extend it and develop it, not just for the fame and glamour.

Politics? No, I have not thought of entering politics. I am doing fine, the way I am. If I ever go into that field, it will be because people want me to, not because I want to. I feel I am contributing to Pakistan and for Pakistan, doing what I think I do best.

Women's rights? Yes, I am a firm believer and advocate of equality for women. In my own home, Ali and I share every thing equally, treat each other equally. I feel that our women are mistreated, are ignorant regarding their rights but what should we do about it? We, who are the educated and enlightened? I strongly believe that it is not only the woman who needs enlightenment but her ignorant husband



who is still living in the dark ages. If we awaken the woman to step out and fight for her rights, she will still face a wall of prejudice and centuries old superstitions. We need to work more on the minds of men who hold the destiny of these women, we need to convince them to let loose, to change, to adapt. The man of the house must accept his woman as his equal. That is the challenge. That is what we must aim to change.

My life in retrospect? No regrets, a happy home, a caring husband, a supportive family, a successful career. God has been very kind to me. He has given me more much more than I have asked for. What he did not give, I did not question”.

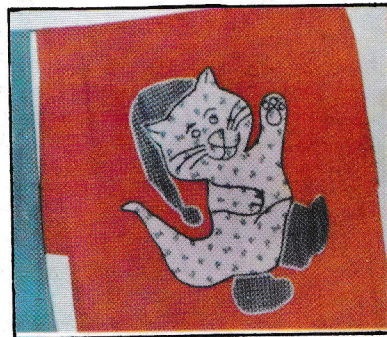
And so ended our conversation. I left Zeba Mohammad Ali after 3 hours, knowing her a little better, admiring her a little more, but above all hoping that I look as charming as she does, when I become a grandmother!

Women's rights? In my own home Ali and I share everything equally, treat each other equally.

Simply Elegant



An outfit on lemon cotton with patchwork across the shoulders, Part of Shahida Mubarak's stunning Eid Collection displayed recently in Karachi.



Ideas Galore

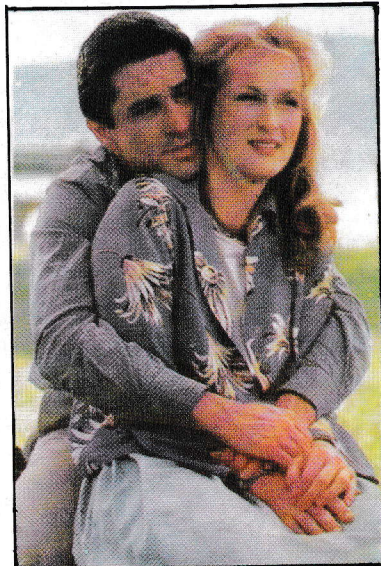
Talking of talents and tasteful interiors, an enterprising young lady has got everybody hooked on the decor scene, stealing the hearts of darling babies and modmamas alike. Talk of the town's toddlers and their budget minded mamas since last week has been the unique one day exhibition put up at 17-A Model Town, Lahore by Bilquis Zia, smart, lively and talented mother of three.

Educated at the famed College of Home Economics Lahore, she has done full credit to her alma mater, in the sense that exciting ideas have been brought to the market for the first time, with an eye on budget and design, as well as practical value. Essentially a thematic exhibition, probably the first of its kind in the city, especially the HAPPY NURSERY part, it presented lovely nursery ideas and items in a blaze of colour. Nursery bedspreads with matching floor cushions and bath towels, hand stitched and machine applicued, cute, life size motifs of everything that can possibly delight a young heart.

What took the cake were probably the floor mats of washable material, cut to the shapes of true to life, huge railroad engines, sailing boats and cars — any little boy's dream come true. One display and for sale were also space-saving furniture pieces and delightful table-lamps. A part of the exhibition was given over to the theme, "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL". Essentially for a tasteful clientele, on display were exotic embroidered floor cushions, an assortment of house hold linen, ranging from trolley sets to bedspreads as well as RILLI work items from Sind. The most popular part of the display of course was the presentation of assorted portery — and the beautiful table lamps created from the Hala and Multani vases — a treat for all those Punjab eyes. The exhibition was the first in a series of quarterly presentations, each to be brought to the public with a definite theme. Bilquis plans to lure the teenagers next time with her lovely collection — so here is hoping that come September, there is going to be some fun. *Nyla Daud.*

In *Falling In Love*. Meryl Streep and Robert De Niro, the two most up-market and awarded Hollywood stars, play lovers who meet for the first time while Christmas shopping at Rizoli's smart bookshop in New York. Both are married, reasonably happily, and honourably shy away from their destined affair. Guilty and hesitant, they gradually fall head over heels in love. This latter-day Brief Encounter exhibits both performers as if they were trying to emulate screen couples of yore, like Hepburn and Tracy. You watch fascinated by their predicament. But the film never scales any real heights. It remains more of an intriguing oddity than a full-scale success, with Meryl Streep's more open style contrasting strangely with Robert De Niro's more internal "method" acting.

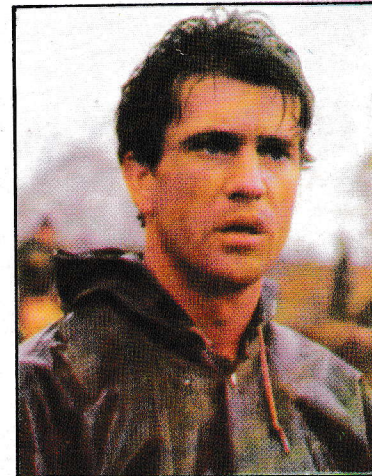
Eid Impressions



Falling in Love

The River is the third of the present cycle of American homestead movies to reach this country, seeking to prove the country's basically non-urban roots. Made by Mark Rydell of *On Golden Pond* fame, it stars Australian heart-throb Mel Gibson (above) and Sissy Spacek as hard-working farmers trying to eke out a living on land sooner or later due to be converted into a giant hydroelectric lake. The film looks splendid but is somewhat flaccidly dramatised, so that it's less moving than it should be. Richard Pearce's *Country* remains the best of this cycle, with Robert Benton's over-sentimental *Places In the Heart* a poor third.

Going Rural



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Curls flying, dimples flashing and tiny toes tapping, Shirley danced her way into the hearts of America in 1934, and stayed there. She was never among Hollywood's Top Ten at the box office after 1939, but she was featured in films throughout the forties.

MARGARET O' BRIEN

Could that kid cry! From her debut, aged five, in the 1942 heart tugging 'Journey for Margaret', she had audiences reaching for the Kleenex and loving it. Margaret won a special Oscar for kid stars in forty four, the year she made 'Meet me in St. Louis', and was also memorable as the dying Beth in the 1948 version of 'Little Women'.



**KIDS-HOLLYWOOD HAS ALWAYS
LOVED'EM', AND SO HAS THE PUBLIC.
IN FACT, OVER THE YEARS,
SOME OF TINSELTOWN'S LITTLEST
ACTORS AND ACTRESSES HAVE BEEN
ITS BIGGEST STARS.**

LITTLE DARLINGS





SAVAYYON KA ZARDA

INGREDIENTS

200 grammes Vermicilli
150 grammes ghee
Sugar to taste
8-10 whole cardamoms
2 grammes Zafran (Saffron)
4 large tablespoons Kewra
Chopped almonds
Chopped pistachio nuts
Handful Sultanas

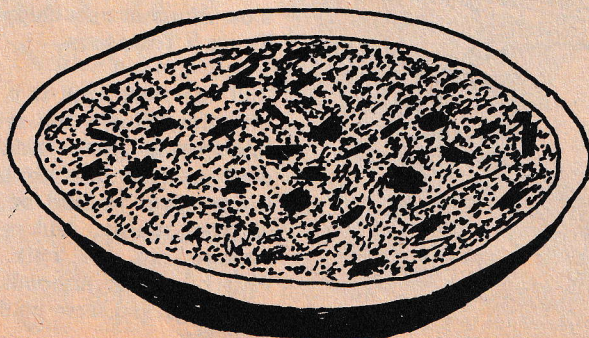
METHOD

Put water into sugar and make syrup. Put cardamoms into ghee and brown them. Add raisins. When vermicilli turns brown put syrup over them and turn heat completely low. When vermicilli is cooked, add Zafran to Kewra and grind with the cardamoms and add to mixture. Add whole of mixture to vermicilli and steam. Finely chop almonds and pistachios and after pouring vermicilli into a dish, garnish with pistachios and almonds.

SAVAYYON KE KHEER

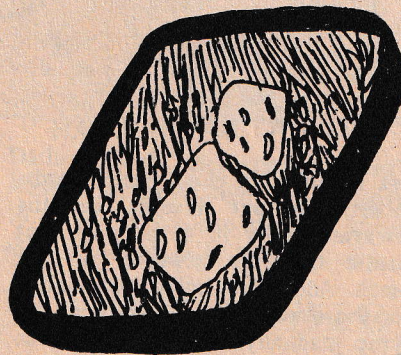
INGREDIENTS:

200 grammes vermicilli
2 kilos milk
Sugar to taste
Cardamom according to taste
4 large tablespoon Kewra



BY SHE'S COOKERY EDITOR

150 grammes ghee
100 grammes almonds
50 grammes Pistachio nuts
8 dried dates



METHOD

Brown cardamoms in ghee, add vermicilli and brown. Add dates to milk and cook so that only 1½ Kg of milk remains. Pour this milk over vermicilli along with sugar and let it cook so that all the milk dries and becomes 'Kheer'. Pour into dish and garnish with finely chopped almonds and pistachios.

EDEN OF

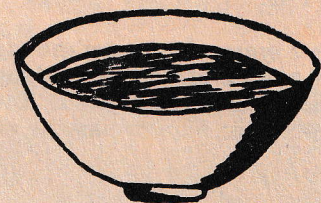
PETHA (MALLOW) KE MITHAI

INGREDIENTS:

½ Kg good quality Petha (Marrow)
¾ Kg Sugar

METHOD

Peel and clean Petha (Marrow). Remove seeds and chop either into squares or long pieces of equal length. Make holes in it with a fork and put them into water and boil. When it has become half cooked, prepare syrups with the sugar and then add pieces of Petha and cook. When the syrup becomes thick and has set on the pieces of Petha, remove from heat and add Kewra and leave to cook. Separate the pieces and set in a large dish. When they have completely dried, decorate with silver paper.



EGG VERMICILLI

INGREDIENTS:

12 Eggs
400 grammes white sugar
Pinch of Zafran (Saffron)
1 tablespoonful Kewra (Rose water)

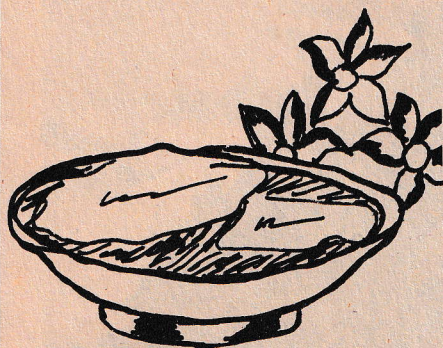
METHOD

After making syrup with the sugar and water add Zafran and Kewra and leave to one side. Take the yolk of the eggs and beat vigorously. Put egg yolks into a piece of cloth which is neither too fine nor too thick. Pour syrup into a narrow mouthed

EASTERN EATABLES

Festive food for Eid

container and cook for a while. When the syrup starts to boil, hold the cloth with the yolk over the mouth of the container and squeeze so that egg yolks drip into syrup; keep stirring all the time. As the drips fall into the syrup, separate each one with a spoon and take out and put into a dish. Do this with all the yolks. Your egg vermicilli is ready to serve.



MANGO HALVA

INGREDIENTS:

3 Kg Mango juice
2½ Kg White Sugar
1¼ Kg Ghee
Pinch of Zafran (Saffron)
1 Tablespoonful Kewra

METHOD

Pour mango juice through thick cloth. Prepare a heavy syrup. Add mixture of Kewra and Zafran to Syrup. Heat ghee in a wok. Add mango juice and cook, stirring all the while. When the ghee begins to surface to the top, add sugar and stir vigorously. Add rest of ghee to this

and mix thoroughly. Turn off the heat and set mixture in a long dish to set. Cut into pieces and serve when the mixture is set and feels firm.

Note: Before pouring mixture into dish make sure that the dish is well-greased so that the pieces can be removed easily.

BALAI SAVAYYAN

INGREDIENTS:

1 Kg balai (Cream)
1 Kg milk
1 Kg Sugar
100 grammes almonds and pistachio nuts
50 grammes raisins
1 Kg vermicilli
200 grammes ghee

METHOD

Brown ghee then add vermicilli. When vermicilli is cooked, add cream. Cook for 15 minutes, stirring all the while. Chop pistachio nuts and almonds along with raisins and add to vermicilli. When all the milk has evaporated, add sugar and cook for 10 minutes stirring well. When the vermicilli has been thoroughly mixed, then add almond flavour and Zafran and Kewra. Stir 2-3 times. Decorate with Silver Paper.



GULAB JAMUN

INGREDIENTS

2 cups Khoa
2 cups Sugar
1 table spoon flour (maida)
4 Cardamons
Few drops of Kewra water
1 cup ghee

Grind cardamons and Khoa finely. Add 3 cups of water to sugar and cook stirring until sugar is dissolved. Add Kewra and take away from fire. Mix maida in Khoa, combine well, then make round balls as big as an egg or make oblong Gulab Jamuns. Heat ghee in a saucer pan and fry two gulab jamuns at a time, carefully turning sides to cook golden brown. Take out from ghee, drain well, and then put in sugar syrup. Serve with Syrup or without.

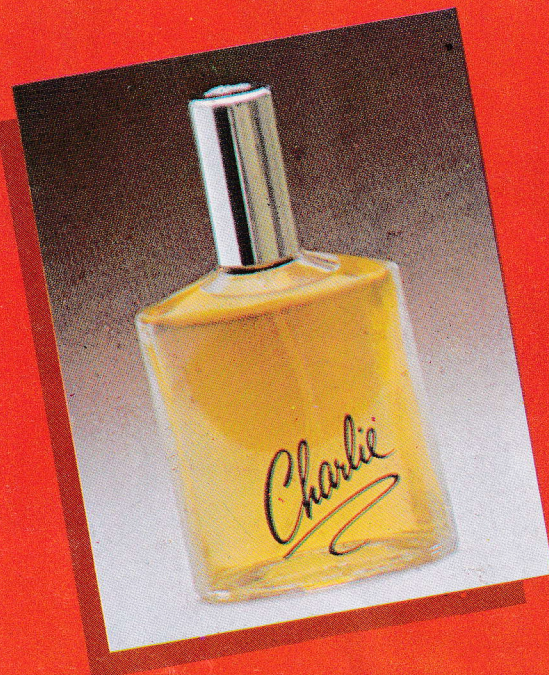
BADAM-KE-LAUZ

INGREDIENTS

1 Pao Almonds
2 Cups Sugar
1 Cup Water

Soak almonds in hot water. Peel and taste, then grind finely. In a medium deqchee combine sugar and water, cook stirring until sugar is dissolved. Pour a table spoon full of milk in sugar, it will collect scum on top. Take out froth with a spoon to make a very clear syrup, then add ground almonds in sugar syrup and cook stirring on medium fire until it become white and bubbly on top. Grease a thal with butter and pour almond halva on that spreading it evenly all over. Cut in squares when it is still warm. Take out each piece carefully when it is cold and serve.

Revlon's got just the right Eid Gift
—the world's most desired fragrances



Charlie
The lively young *fragrance*

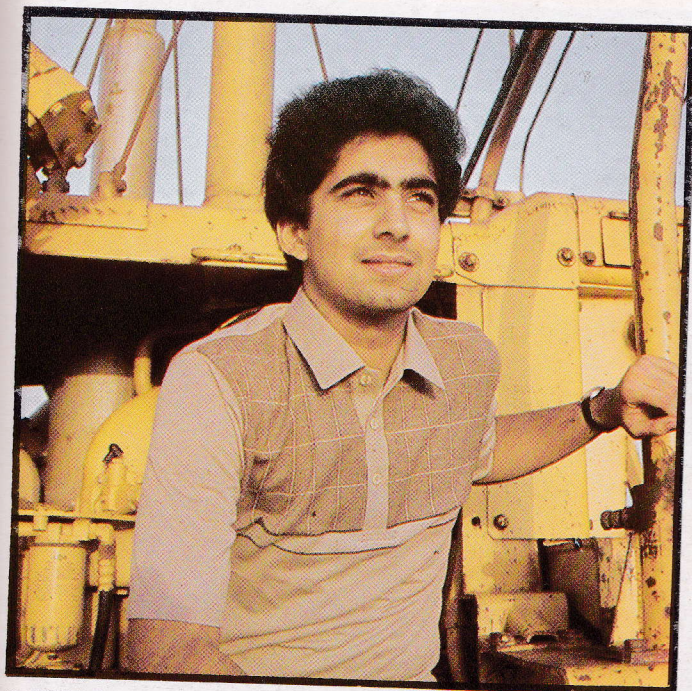


Jontue Sensual...
but not too far from innocence.

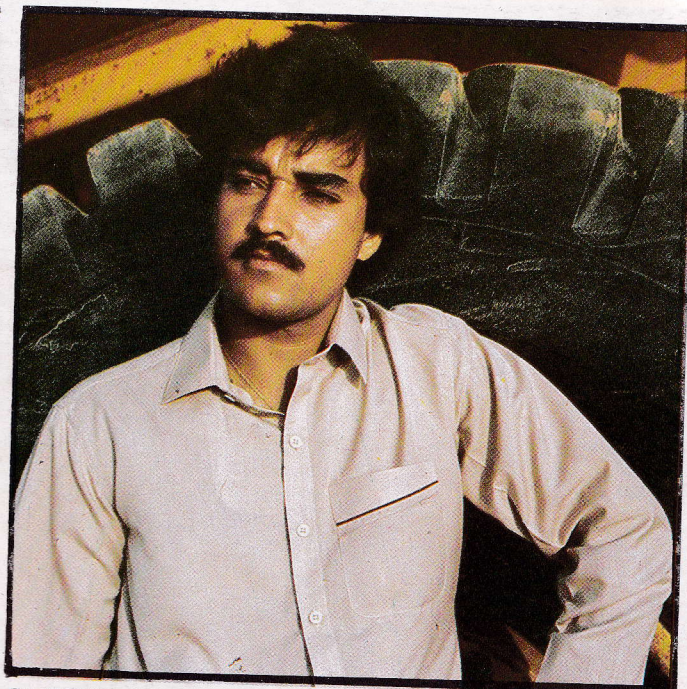


INTIMATE
—one of the world's seven great fragrances

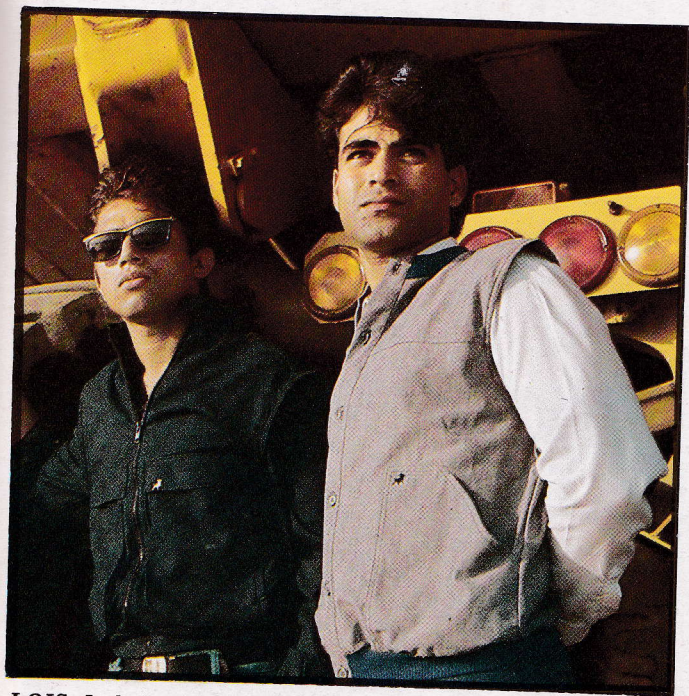
REVLON
NEWYORK - PARIS - LONDON



BONANZA Absolute simplicity of a T Shirt with a different highnecked front.



SANAULLAH A strong statement with this unique neckline.

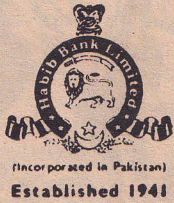


LOIS Jackets make their impact. They are comfortable elegant and strong.

Summer is alive with fresh new ideas to help you create a whole new wardrobe, where colours coordinate and styles complement. The choice is yours whether it's for Eid or Holidays or just anytime. The look for men is classic and textured, trendy jackets, shalwar kameez and full cut trousers with interesting shirts. Use of a looser, fluid and light weight outline with checks and stripes combined with soft colours. Emphasis lies in the fineness of fabric, the cut, the line, giving a total look of undeniable masculinity. Fashion you never tire of, in natural neutrals easy to wear.

HIGH GEAR !

PHOTOGRAPHY BY AKBAR RIZVI



Banking is not for men only, it's a woman's world as well

Most women like to save, but many are somewhat hesitant of going to a bank. Opening and operating an account is really quite simple—especially when you are dealing with Habib Bank.

The Branch Managers and other Staff are extremely helpful and there is a branch near you. Come to Habib Bank where your deposits are looked after with addddddd interest

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FOUL PARADISE



BY KAY

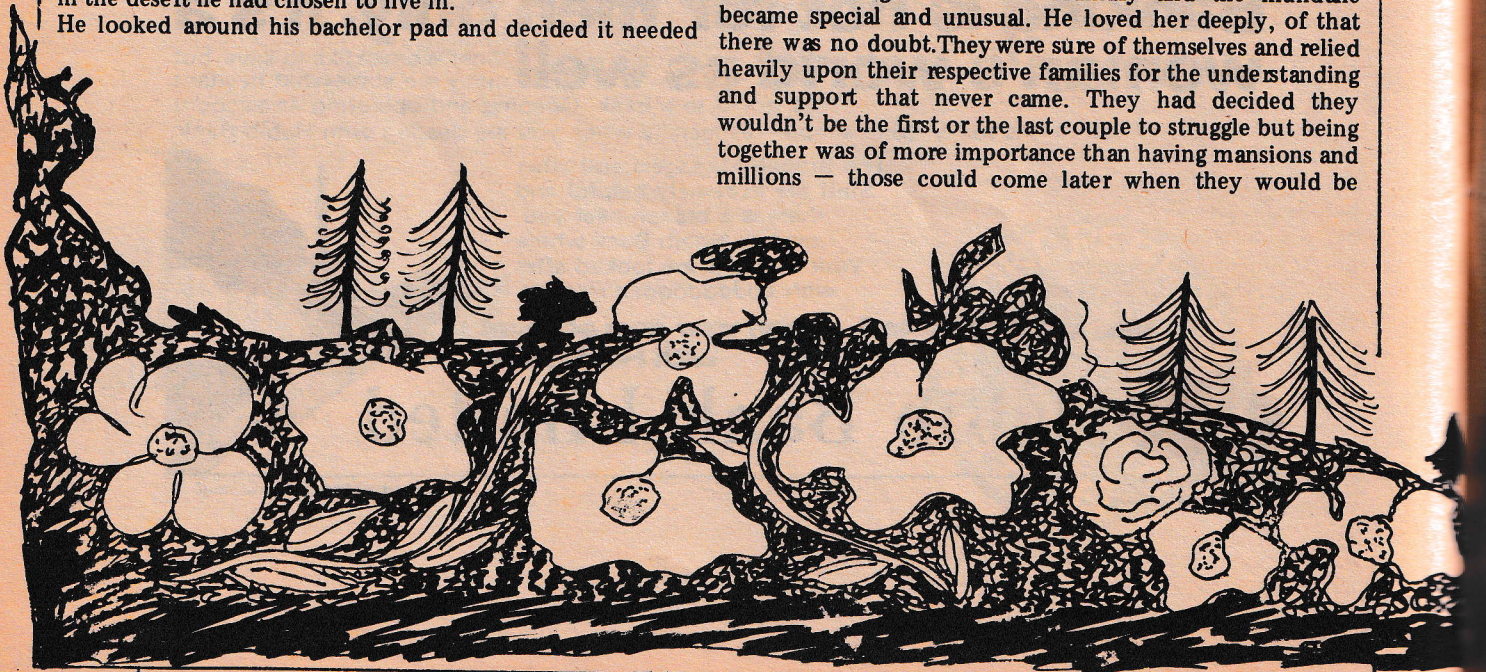
The letter arrived, as usual, on the second Sunday of every alternate month, and as always it had the power to disturb his innermost thoughts. He had tried but he had not been able to dislodge her memory; nor had he been able to replace her in his life despite the many futile attempts he had made and thus, in the process, disappointed a few people he really hadn't meant to.

He opened the letter as eagerly as he had opened all the past ones but this time as he devoured her writings, his pulse quickened, his spirits soared . . . she was coming home! He had hoped, he had imagined, he had played games with himself; he had dreamt wildly of this possibility and now this latest letter meant a part of his dreams were coming true. She was arriving at the month's end and suggested they meet for lunch in one of their old favourite haunts the first Sunday after her arrival. His thoughts ran in several directions as he drew a red heart around the date on the calendar — gone were the shadows and here was the sunshine. His world full of emptiness would soon be brimming over with her presence — her husband was a forgotten factor as was the fact that she had married another. His emotional defence mechanism told him she was justified at the time; his sense of nobility echoed the same, but with her impending arrival, he could now see an oasis appearing in the desert he had chosen to live in.

He looked around his bachelor pad and decided it needed

sprucing up. He had neglected much, cutting himself off from almost everyone; he had barely survived this past year going to work and returning to these letters, these reminders of her which always prodded his emotional scars, never allowing them to heal. It had been an unhealthy and unfair existence but he hadn't seen it that way. Now he seemed to have the incentive to move. To care about his appearance; suddenly the world was a nicer place than before. Everything seemed sharper and clearer. He carefully went through his wardrobe, shaking out shirts he had not worn since her departure, deciding finally on a pale grey striped shirt she had once admired, deeper grey slacks, a navy blue blazer and the maroon flecked tie she had given him one birthday. He was now outwardly "armed" for their reunion.

He settled down in a chair and allowed the memory film to roll; pictures from the past came in rapid succession; he saw as though it were yesterday their first meeting and how their friendship turned into love . . . that elusive, all consuming emotion that somehow changed one's world as she had changed his. The ordinary and the mundane became special and unusual. He loved her deeply, of that there was no doubt. They were sure of themselves and relied heavily upon their respective families for the understanding and support that never came. They had decided they wouldn't be the first or the last couple to struggle but being together was of more importance than having mansions and millions — those could come later when they would be



IZHAR QAZI VICKY IN 'ANA'= AMITABH

RAFFIA AZIZ

Ana's popularity may be doubtful but Izhar A Qazi (who plays Vicky in the serial) isn't . . . Izhar's appearance in the some what insipid serial created quite an excitement . . . Because he has a strong resemblance to the Indian screen idol Amitabh Bachan . . .

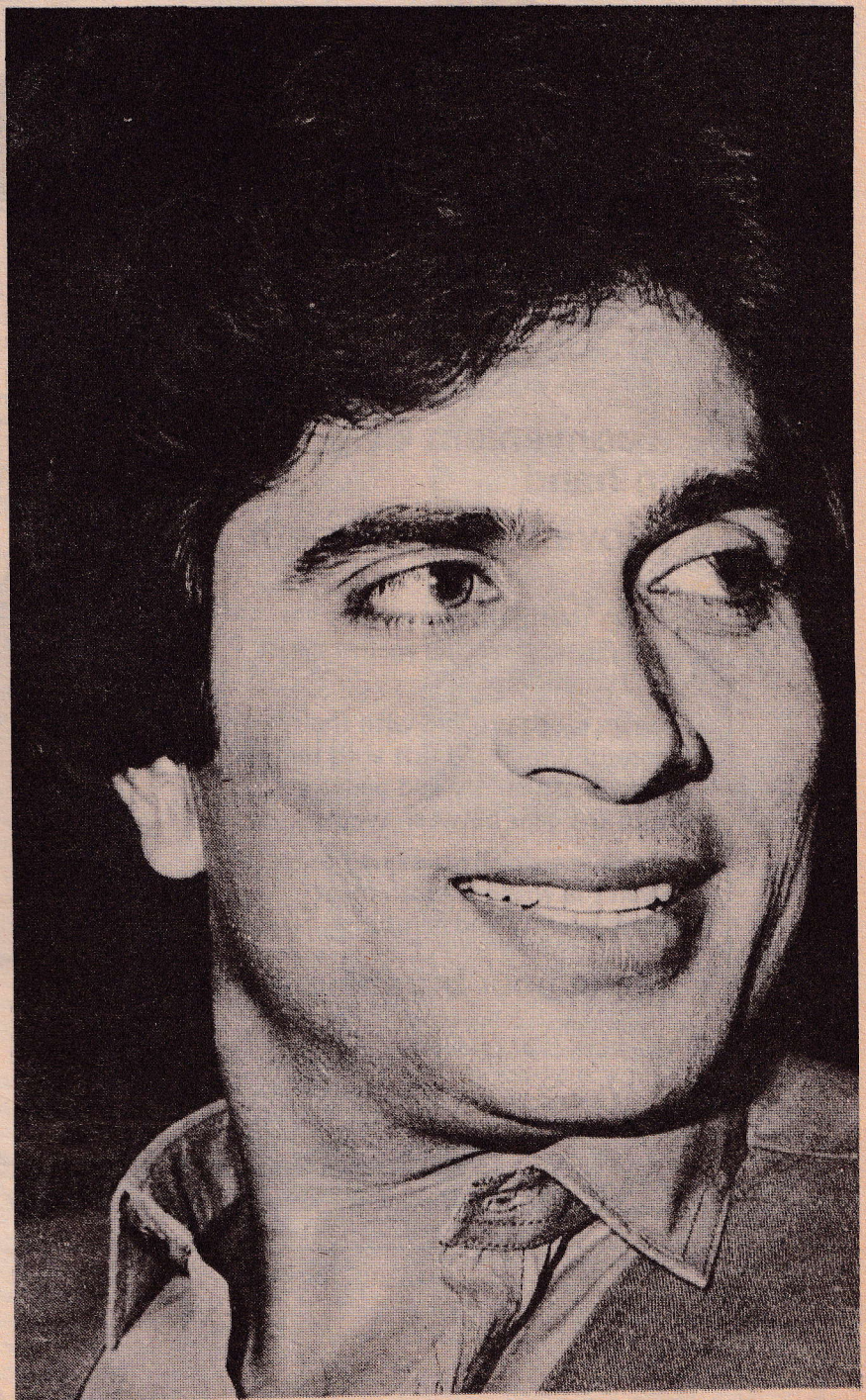
Izhar himself is cool about it. In fact he disagrees that he resembles Amitabh . . . "I wash my face everyday. I comb my hair everyday. I see myself in the mirror. Where is the resemblance?"

True, when I first saw him at a local function I didn't recognise him to be Izhar or the local Amitabh as he is dubbed. But when Izhar came on the dias and spoke I could see flashes of Amitabh in his countenance. His eyes and lips and hairstyle and also something in his voice looked familiar . . . And when I saw him playing Vicky in Ana the resemblance seemed complete . . .

Izhar still doesn't agree. "My hairstyle is much different. I don't know about the similarity in my voice since I have seen only two of Amitabh's movies. But maybe we have a common accent coming from the same place, Allahabad."

In fact, Izhar doesn't like to be referred to as the local Amitabh. "Sure I'm flattered but I have my own personality and I would like to be recognised as Izhar Qazi and nothing else."

And you can tell how serious Izhar is on that account from the fact that he turned down a lucrative film offer just because the director wanted him to act like Amitabh. Even the film's story was a plagiarised version of one of the Amitabh starrers.





The Marie Adelaide Leprosy Centre recently honoured Dr. Ruth Pfau at a special function on 25 years of service to the Country. She was also awarded the Pride of Performance by the President.

BY NAJMA SADEQUE

One of the keenest memories is of hunger. Chronic hunger. That was what it was like for most Germans in post-war Germany, but more so for those who found themselves in East Germany where Ruth Pfau, her parents and four other sisters happened to be. Being white-collar and educated was a crime then. Her father was forced out of his prestigious job and what he earned elsewhere was scarcely enough to maintain the family. Even otherwise post-war food shortages had to be contended with. But they were a close-knit family and gave courage to one another, each holding up for the others' sake.

Then a greater will to live came into the family. A little

A GREATER LOVE

brother — the only one — born after a gap of 12 years. He was at once the joy and the sorrow of their lives. His infant innocence won their hearts but the child had a bad head-start. Because his mother was poorly nourished, so was he. Matters got worse when she had to continue to nurse him way beyond the time he was to be weaned simply because there was no food available for him. At the crack of dawn, Ruth and her father would slip across the Russian lines in a desperate search for food: if not for themselves then at least for the baby.

But the baby could hold up only so long. Ruth Pfau is unable to recall without the tears coming into her eyes. Soon after he reached his second birthday, he died. Only because there was not enough to eat.

Her father had long since realized that none of them could survive indefinitely anyway since they were discriminated against. There was no future, either education-wise or career-wise, for any of the girls. Admissions into the universities were supposedly based on merit; they were, but they excluded opportunities to those who did not come from the blue-collar class. A plan was made. They were to escape one by one so as not to arouse suspicion. Together they would be conspicuous and easily caught. First her father left first so as to find a home and pave the way for the rest. If it had not been for one young Russian left with a heart, Ruth would not have been in this world today. She set out early one morning, empty-handed, as if it were only a casual walk. Crossing the woods, a group of patrolling soldiers suddenly heaved into view. It was too late to run —

a hospital was where she belonged in that terrible, precarious condition — but her husband refused. He plainly said that if she was to die, she would have to die right there. I spent the night there, and left the next morning after leaving a course of antibiotics to be taken. Much later on our return trip, I stopped by there. I was overjoyed to see that she fully recovered. God knows how many other such cases there are. I would have never done what I had to except under general anaesthesia, but she opted for immediate care. She realized it was the only hope. But she was a very brave, brave woman. She never complained.

Even when a leper has been cured, the social stigma prevents him or her from being reintegrated into society. Even the enlightened educated continue to reject them. It continues to be the biggest obstacle of all. But once in a while there is a breakthrough. One cured patient happened to go to Germany. There he fell in love. He loved her so much that he told her about himself and refused to marry her unless Ruth approved in the circumstances of health. She came all the way to ask Ruth, and the answer was of course, yes! They now have children and have migrated to Canada where they do not suffer society's rejection. Yet others have come a long way in being able to speak freely and frankly about their past disease just as if it were malaria or any other illness. They force society to accept them and shrug them off if they don't.

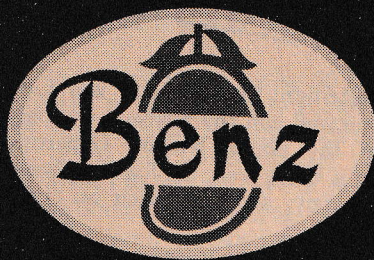
In 1973, she had just once thought of going back to Germany for some years for higher studies and research. "That's the modern tendency. I had been lying very low intellectually. And it was like being stuck in a groove in one's profession forever or a marriage gone stale. Germany offered peace from the constant crisis and frustrations here. But then I thought I might revert to type and decided against it. Anything to be done, I'd do here."

"Where do I feel I belong? There's such a contrast when I travel between East and West. . . I feel I am neither here nor there. For my part I have signed a blank cheque without knowing what the total bill is going to be. Some of the moral values here I simply cannot accept. For me yes is yes, and no is no — no double standards. And all people are equal. No difference between man and woman. Culturally, when I'm in Germany, I'm a German; when in Pakistan, I'm a Pakistani which is most of the time. I guess I'm something of both or nowhere at all. I prefer to think I'm in the centre of a bridge which people are supposed to cross but hesitate. I like to feel I'm in a special position being able to help them cross."

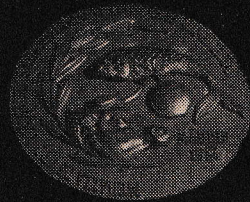
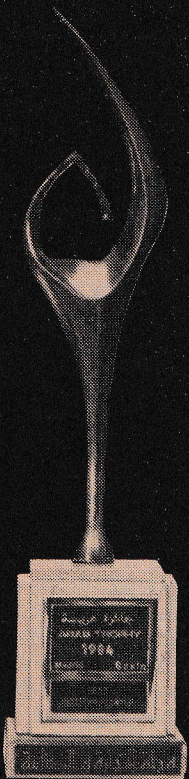
Although Dr. Pfau is able to visit West Germany only at irregular intervals — sometimes for a few consecutive years, sometimes a gap of as long as 8 years — her family is constantly near. All her sisters who are married, as well as all their children — each and everyone — come to Pakistan not only to visit but to help her in her work for the time that they are here. Her father died much earlier but her mother who is over 85, is politically well-informed what with her children and grandchildren scattered all over the globe but always coming home to roost.

Even through leprosy, Dr. Pfau has seen the horror that is the lot of Pakistani woman: in fact, she has seen it at its worst. Leprosy or being a woman — both were a stigma. "As it is I have seen much injustice before I came here. First the treatment meted out by the Russians to the Germans, and later the German to the Russians. All because of a futile hatred. People have suffered for no fault of their own.

"If I had not been happily and irrevocably married to leprosy I would have devoted myself to doing something for the social status of women. If the Hindus are right and we have three lives, then my next life definitely goes to women's liberation."



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PAEDIATRICS

My baby was born a mongol and I want more information on this. Please can you tell me if there is any cause of cure for this.

The original discription of mongol children in 1866 by John Down Chence also known as Down's syndrome) has been a subject of intensive genetic research.

In man, each cell normally has 46 chromosomes, arranged in 23 pairs. One pair is the sex chromosome determining the sex of the individual. In about 85% of mongol children there is an extra chromosome i.e. 47 instead of the normal 46. The extra one is chromosome 21 (trisomy 21). Some mongoloid children have other chromosomal variations known as translocation defect (a part of chrom 21 breaks and becomes attached to chrom 14) or mosaics.

Affected children are born to older mothers but may be born to young mothers. Close to 50% of infants with Down's Syndrome are born to mothers over 35. The overall incidence is about 1: 700 live births. In early child bearing years the incidence is about 1: 2000 live births. For mothers over 40 yrs it rises to 45: 1000 live births. Recent studies have shown that the extra chromosome 21 occasionally comes from the father.

I am afraid there is no cure. There is only one method of prevention. If amniocentesis (drawing out of amniotic fluid from the mother's pregnant uterus by a needle passed through the abdomen and examining the fetal cells in the fluid), is done in mothers over 35 yrs old during the 14th to 16th week of pregnancy, a prenatal diagnosis of chromosomal abnormality can be made and a therapeutic abortion of the affected fetus can be carried out.

These children even though mentally retarded are temperamentally quiet,

DR. YASMEEN AHMED
Consultant Clinical Psychologist
Medicare Hospital, Karachi.

DR. SALMA MOHSIN
Obstetrician
Tippu Clinic, Karachi.

DR. FAZILA ZAMINDAR
Paediatrician
MBBS, DCH
PIA Hospital & Clinic

ALIYA KHAN
Barrister-at-Law B.A. (Hons) Cantab

ALIYA RIAZ
Barrister-at-Law
LL.B. (Hons) London

affectionate and good humored. Parents can cope quite adequately with them with help and guidance in their upbringing and special educational facilities now available even in Pakistan.

GYNAECOLOGY

One of my breasts is larger than the other. What is the cause and is there a cure?

Breast asymmetry is an inherited defect, the cause being in your genes. However have yourself checked up to exclude any pathology.

Harmones can be given in the form of cream for local application but since it is not safe it is not recommended. Plastic surgery can offer reduction in the size of the larger breast, some times enlargement of the smaller. You even get special 'bras for asymmetrical breasts.

I am in my late 20s and recently have been experiencing great pain when visiting the bathroom. I have tried to examine myself and there are small growths inside. Can you tell me

more about these growths and what they are?

Your question is not very clear. Do you experience this pain at the time of passing urine or at the time of opening your bowels?

I presume the small growths you mention are probably in and round the vaginal orifice, although it is not easy to examine one's self. The vaginal wall is not smooth. Its lining tissue called the epithelium is grown into tiny folds called rugae. Perhaps it is this that appears to you as tiny growths. If you have no abnormal discharge or bleeding then forget about it. Sometime tiny growths around the vagua could be due to warts, produced by a virus or through sexual transmission.

Swell growths around the anal orifice could be piles. In any case please get yourself examined.

PSYCHOLOGY

I am 18 years old and although I try to behave like an adult, my parents still make me feel like a child by not letting me do anything like choosing my own clothes, go out with my friends and telling me what to do. I am so angry, I want to runaway or yell at them.

It is not easy to live with a family which is overly protective. You have reasons to feel bad about the whole situation. One tends to be very frustrated at not being able to take small decisions. But running away is certainly not the solution, and yelling at them would only prove their point that you are immature. First of all you have to sit down and calmly review the whole situation, do your parents hate you? are they trying to imprison you and dominate you because they want to make you unhappy? or are they doing it out of sheer affection? Usually parents who