

Daily Newsmagazine for Women

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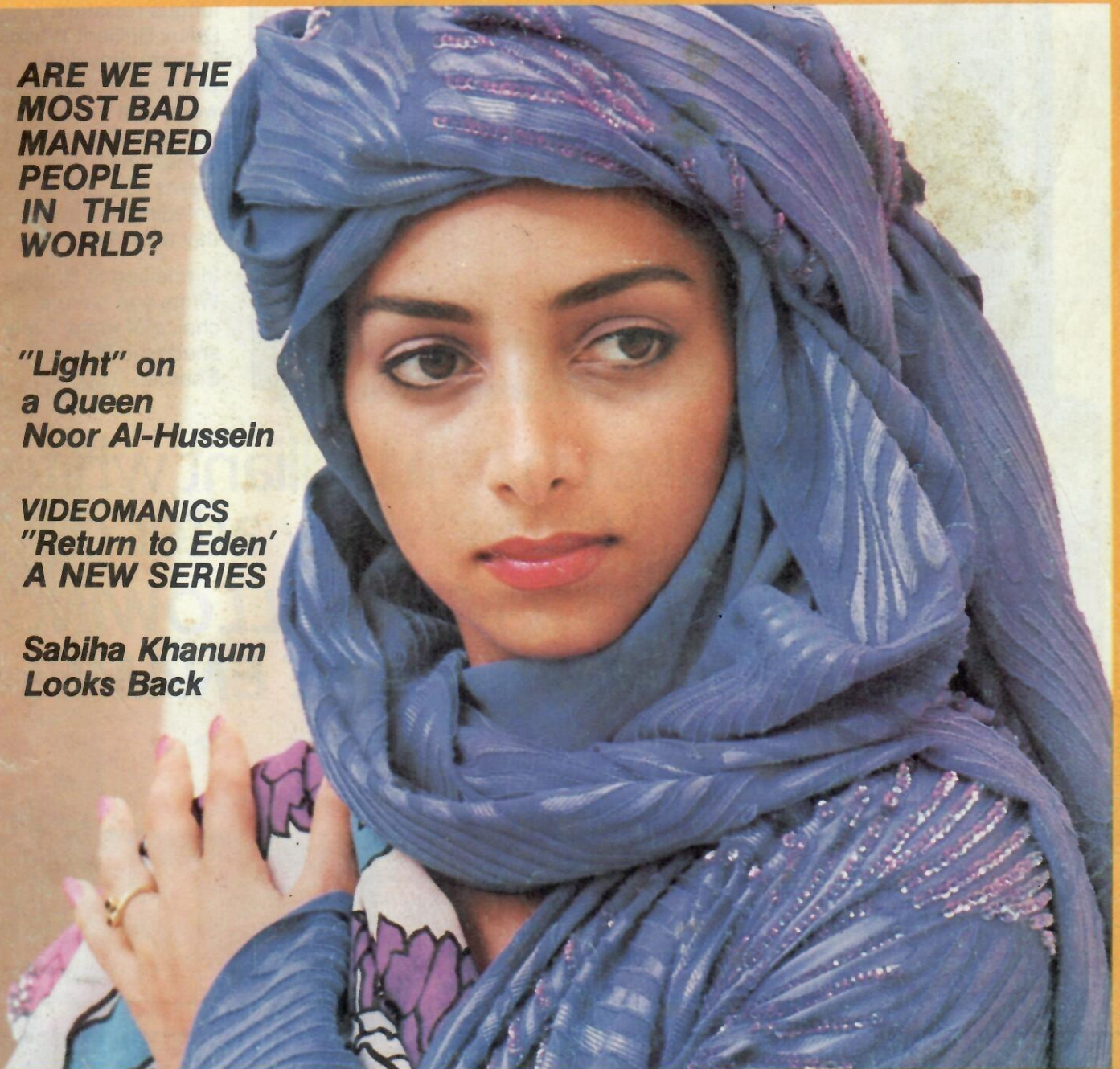
SHE

**ARE WE THE
MOST BAD
MANNERED
PEOPLE
IN THE
WORLD?**

**"Light" on
a Queen
Noor Al-Hussein**

**VIDEOMANICS
"Return to Eden"
A NEW SERIES**

**Sabiha Khanum
Looks Back**



SHE

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A Bit of Fun — For children only
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with more drama and thrill for the viewers.



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COVER



All that shines Stripes and shiny sequins so chic and elegant. Much in vogue now. See fashion hot line. Outfit from Shaneel Silk.

SHE

BRIEFING

An Eventful Month

Welcome to the world of SHE MAN, the supplement for the thoroughly modern male. In these pages we look at both the pleasures and the pressures of being a man today. We present the fascinating life of a leading industrialist and explore the pitfalls of being a success in a thought provoking article on executive burnout. Our fashions for men are a round-town selection of the best, highlighting yet another male designer who has plenty of talent — and then some. In short we hope we have provided food for thought, a feast for the senses and a boost for the morale of the good looking, high living, hard driving, fit and fashionable man.

A tragedy has just occurred which has shocked and bewildered us all, the hijacking of the Pan Am flight at Karachi airport. Much has been said and written on the incident, both here and abroad, the leaders and the people there having a field day about the 'bungling' of the Pakistani authorities. Whatever one's personal views may be on this matter, the fact remains that several people have died and many more injured, and if any 'high-ups' are at fault, it is more than likely that not one among them will be axed. Undoubtedly some scapegoats will be found to take the blame. Such is life here.

One Pakistani girl, sixteen years old, already paralysed in one arm, is presently lying in a hospital in Germany, threatened with the loss of the other. A bullet hit her in that arm, shattering nerves and muscles, and while doctors are doing their best, there is a serious doubt that it will ever mend. Her courage and good spirits have made her the darling of the hospital and the German and American media, truly a little heroine and worthy of our thoughts and prayers. Striving always to bring you, our reader, news and features of interest and appeal, we encountered a young fortune teller the other day, who had just recently returned from Germany. We invited her to our office to demonstrate her card telling abilities. She saw accurately into our past, skirted pretty near the truth in the present, and went on to say some interesting things about the future. We've featured her in our Newsmonth section, and predict that this young lady is going to be quite a success in Karachi.

A letter which appeared in a local Urdu paper intrigued us, because it deals in a completely different way, with the supernatural too. Newsmonth carries an English translation of that letter, the contents of which readers are sure to find incredible. This strange and rare occurrence is no doubt not a unique one, so why don't you write in and tell us all about some other instances you know about?

Are we the most bad mannered people in the world? Aquila Zaman, who researched this subject extensively, seems to think so in her special report on pages 48 and 49. Would you agree?

Fashion, this issue, have gone all MAN, but the excellent tailored outfits now in the boutiques, cried out for our attention. In Step, In Style features an exciting collection of these clothes which we are hopeful will set a new awareness of the importance of wearing a well cut and well stitched jora. So happy winter wardrobe hunting to you all!

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NEWSMONTH

DESPATCHES, VIEWS, LIVE ISSUES, SCOOPS

ISSUES

Violence on women— open letter from Sindhi Tehrik

The President of the Central Executive of the Sindhi Tehrik, Sahibzadi Darmehri, has issued an open letter to expose the recent actions in Sind against those struggling for restoration of a democratic order. The letter strongly condemns the atrocities of law enforcing agencies on women. The text of the open letter is as follows:

The activities of those mouthing the sanctity of "chadar and chardiwari" over the last few years are no longer secret and they stand fully exposed. Since the East Pakistan debacle, never in Pakistan has so much violence been perpetrated, on political grounds, as in the last three years against women supporting democracy. And the violence is multiplying day by day.

In the 1983 movement for restoration of democracy, women belonging to the Sindhi Tehrik were arrested. Their demonstrations were lathi-charged and even 10-year-olds were not spared. Police force was used to disperse the marches of democratic women in Lahore and many were arrested, some were taken to the infamous Shahi Qila and meted out harsh treatment. But the 1986 movement, extremely intense in Sind, has witnessed police

firing on women. In Lyari, two women were injured in police firing and a young girl died of sehll-bursts. In Tando Tayab Theem, an innocent eight-year old, Noor Khatoon, was killed by a police bullet. In Dadu, a student, Umme Kulsoom Chandio, received a serious bullet wound while participating in a demonstration. In Hyderabad, Dadu and numerous small towns of Sind, women's demonstrations have been subjected to severe lathi-charges and a large number of women belonging to PPP, ANP and the Sindhi Tehrik were arrested. This brutal repression of women is not because the Government has tactically decided upon using strong-arm measures but because women have come out in the open to be acknowledged as equal members of society and participants in politics as in education, employment, social activities and sports. They have joined in the struggle against authoritarianism along with men. This role of women is not acceptable to the reactionaries and dictators and they are using all their force against the growing consciousness among women.

The worst violence is in the rural areas against innocent

women not directly involved in the current movement but whose male relatives are. In the present movement the oppressed sections of society have agitated against authoritarianism without the patronage of any "raees", "jagirdar" or "pir". Because of this, rural women have been harassed, arrested by the male police and beaten up. Some of the areas where women have been subjected to violence are village Kathion, Nangar Vassan, Siddiq Mallah, Rukan Pir, village Kumhar, Mehran Faqir, Kisana Mori, Palijani, village Sarki, etc. The only lifetime savings of poor women, jewellery, kept aside to meet unexpected expenses or for children's treatment, have been forcibly taken away from them, earrings have been ripped off their ears. Many pregnant women have miscarried as a result of such operations. The women arrested are taken to police lock-ups and forced to witness demeaning treatment meted out to their male relatives. The objective is to humiliate the men. Such measures were used against the people of Sind during the periods of the Arghuns and Tarkhans. Today the present rulers are executing them with the

full support and advice of their collaborators who include the local landlords, the so-called "Hur" force and councillors who encourage repression. These jagirdars know that if the peasants are liberated from the fear of the police then the landlords will not be able to exploit them. Therefore, in the villages arrests of women continue without any stated reasons or warrants. A sum of three to five thousand rupees is extracted from the family of each arrested woman and she is released after a few days.

In this manner despondency and fear are temporarily being spread in the rural areas and the peasantry is slowly on the retreat. But simultaneously deep hatred and feelings of hurt are taking birth. In the coming years this hatred and sense of hurt will overcome the present despondency and fear. One has seen greater oppression by the French colonialists in Algeria and the racist violence of the South Africans and Israelis in their countries. Have they managed to achieve the desired results? In the same manner, in Sind and in other parts of the country, these rulers will never succeed in their dishonourable objectives.

Democracy? Going for it

Independence Day, this year was marred by violence and a sudden turn around from the restoration of even partial civil and political liberty — at the end of August, WAF Karachi announced a seminar to review and analyse 'Democracy — Problems and Strategies' in the light of the prevailing situation.

The (Retd.) Justice Dorab Patel presided over the

function held, once again, at the hospitable Karachi Press Club. Nasreen Azhar, speaking for WAF said the restoration of democracy was a joint responsibility, it could only be achieved through united struggle. She said that while the '73 constitution had afforded some protection to women's rights a spate of discriminatory laws had been passed in the wake of its suspen-

sion. Condemning police brutality against workers for the restoration of democracy, she said that police had indiscriminately assaulted and manhandled women in Lyari and the interior of Sind. In the absence of a democratic system, she said, the perpetration of such actions would never be held accountable. There must be a joint struggle to fight

injustice and to regain the people's democratic rights. WAF Karachi, she reported, had brought 28 Organisations together on a common platform to endorse a statement against the Shariat Bill-it would continue to work with progressive forces towards the elimination of discriminatory legislation. Afshan Saboochi, recently elected general secretary of the Anjuman Jamhooriyet

Islamabad Business as usual

"Heat and Dust" is the title of a famous novel about pre-partition India during British rule. I opt for August '86 being known as the "Heat and Sweat" month of the year — it has been so muggy throughout, with a little relief when the rain came — only to be worse when it was over. Eid day was one of the sultriest, so the streets were even more deserted than they would have been. It has been mentioned here before that the twin cities are usually deserted when

there are a number of holidays together — this time Independence Day combined with three days for Eid. Despite the deserted look of the streets, there were heaps of offal lying near the dustbins, which added to everyone's misery. Independence Day, thank goodness, was one of the cooler ones. There was the flag hoisting ceremony — held for the first time in front of the new parliament building. The usual speeches were made — and as usual

they were too long. As usual Sohail Rana's group had been called in to sing the National songs and as usual, there was plenty of grumbling and grouching from the kids of the twin cities — why weren't they chosen? You can see that I've used the word 'usual' a number of times. That's not because I'm short of words but to stress how 'usual' everything was — oh yes, there was one difference — instead of the President, the Prime Minister presided, and a couple of buses were

burnt by the MRD demonstrators, but that is one of the usual happenings — the mob always takes out its frustrations on public transport.

In the evening, it seemed that all those who were present in town turned up, by car, wagon, cycle, on foot to watch the fire-work display at the Industrial Exhibition ground, courtesy of the Capital Development Authority. It was a good effort and afforded a bit of excitement to the bored residents.

RATS at their best

Too good to be true! Two comedies in one month, my, my we are waking up and what a way we're doing it!

I have not laughed so much in ages. It was RATS at their best. RATS, for those who don't know is the Rawalpindi Amateur Theatrical Society of Islamabad, who have stuck to the name which was given to it when there was no Islamabad. Consisting mainly of diplomats and a few talented Pakistanis the society has built up a reputation of producing high quality theatre.

Much appreciated by the theatre going public, who sadly miss the lack of such activities on a general scale, the play chosen this time was 'Black Comedy' — and comedy it was in the true sense.

'Black Comedy' is well

known for its interesting techniques. As the story goes, a young artist, out to impress a millionaire buyer and a prospective father-in-law, borrows the valuable furniture and antiques of a neighbour who is away on holiday, and furnishes his house with it. Suddenly the electricity goes off. In the ensuing confusion the neighbour returns from holiday, an old girlfriend turns up, an electrician, another neighbour, and finally the millionaire completes the confusion. The actual series of events are supposed to take place in the dark, but the technique reverses the situation for the stage. The play begins in darkness, and as the fuse is supposed to blow, bright lights come on. Jeremy Moody in the main role, did an excellent job as the 'borrowing bachelor'. A versatile actor — he has

taken part in RATS productions before — he looked the part.

The other members of the cast included Fiona Dryden as the fiancée, Alec Flemming as her father, Henry Dryden as the neighbour, Jenny Tremayne as the girlfriend, Jan Wielaard as the electrician and Cor Schouten as the millionaire, who all did a very good job of their allotted roles, but the person who stole the show was Amalya Blakeley, as the teetotaler spinster who has had 'one too many!' Abid Hussain the director, is well known to Lahorites, as he was involved there in theatre and two TV serials — the more famous one 'Such Gup' which became a house-hold word. He has acted in a number of plays since shifting to Islamabad in 1979, but 'Black Comedy' is his first play



as Director. Lets hope he continues his work to entertain Islamabadians.

Photo contest at Lok Virsa

An exhibition and prize-giving ceremony was held in the beautiful setting of the Lok Virsa, and I personally think there was no need to put up a 'shamiana'. The weather has changed, it is not quite so warm at 5 p.m., besides which the tall trees give enough shade. I suppose its part of our tradition to put up 'kanats' and 'shamianas' at the slightest excuse and I must admit that some colour is added to the scene.

Anyway, the exhibition was the outcome of a photo-contest organised by the

National Institute of Folk Heritage (Lok Virsa). The theme of the contest was 'Folk life in Pakistan'. Though many of the pictures chosen for awards could not be termed as typically representative of 'folk', the quality on the whole was very good. The first prize winner (Rs. 10,000) in my opinion and in those of many other spectators, did not deserve the first prize. It was neither representative of 'folk', nor eye-catching, it was unusual, but since we were not the judges I

guess our opinion does not count! The judges were Javid Kazi, chairman, Nisar Mirza and Aftab Ahmed expert photographers, and Ashfaq Ahmed, cultural expert.

Though the Lok Virsa sponsored the contest, they did not have any say in the evaluation and decision making. This was emphasised by Adam Nayyar, who is the Director Research of the Institute. He said that though the NIFH was doing its best to make a visual record of Pakistans rich cultural heritage, the pace was slow as it was a tremen-

dous task to deal with the folk life of an entire nation. That is why they decided to have the contest, so that citizens can be involved in it. The photographs thus collected will form part of the archives of the virsa. He announced the theme of next years contest 'Nomads of Pakistan'. So all you camera buffs — get clicking because Uxi Mufti, the Director of NIFH announced that the prizes are going to be bigger and better!

The exhibition was on for three weeks and drew an appreciable number of art lovers and critics.



A ctress now politician

MELINA MERCOURI

At 61, she works as a Culture Minister in the Greek Socialist government of Andreas Papandrou. Formerly she made her name as an actress and singer. Her best known films are Never on Sunday and Top Kapi, both of which she made with US director Jules Darin to whom she is now married.

“ I wake up early. When I say early I mean at 8 o'clock. Somebody who has lived with us for 25 years, she wakes me up. I am not in a very good mood when I wake. She brings me coffee, Greek coffee, and a little something . . . a biscuit. And I smoke. It is always the same biscuit every day with a monotony that is terrifying. Then I read the two newspapers that interest me most, in bed, and this takes me until 8.30. I take a quick bath (and it must be quick because I am in the office at 9 o'clock). It is frightening how quick I am. I think that I learnt that from the theatre. In the cinema you have more time. My office is only five minutes away and somebody takes me. So, at 9 o'clock I start work until 4.30 in the afternoon. During the day I eat two *koulouri* (bread hoops). I adore them, and then I come home and I eat. I eat well and I eat much . . . fish, eggs. Then I go to sleep from, let's say, five until six or

6.30. Afterwards, my colleagues might come here to work with me until 9.30 when I watch the television news. Often I go to a gallery or a theatre or something social, if you like, but it is always work. Sometimes people visit us if we stay at home. We eat at 9.30; if we go out to the theatre we eat afterwards.

I sleep, we sleep, we go to bed around 12 but we read until 2.30. My husband reads all the newspapers outside Greece because we must know what happens all over the world. I read Homer and Greek novels; we have some very important young women writers and I read them often because they are marvellous. There is a new flavour. And when I am very tired or very unhappy I read a love story. This is a moment when we are very much together. This is the day without accidents, the day without surprises and the day without happiness.

On Friday morning we have the Cabinet meeting, except when Mr Papandreu is out of Greece, and Friday night is the night I love the most because you have two days in front of you *perhaps* to do the things

you want. Friday night is my night and I sleep very much.

Saturday I go to the *coiffeur*, near here. They are very charming; they go 'puff, puff' and it is all fixed. Then, at around 12 o'clock, I work for a few hours and then I sleep. At 9 p.m. I wake up and often we play cards. Not big games, we play gin rummy. I started to play in New York. All the workers there played in the hours we had between performing. I never play cards with very close friends. Outside, in public, I play backgammon. This is my passion. We can play, Julie [Jules Dassin] and me, six hours of backgammon. And I have won elections because I play with all the men of Piraeus. And I win. So they accept me. It is a very Greek game . . . in the villages, the coffee shops, it is very relaxing.

On Sunday I work. I have had no holidays at all now for five years. Well, I have had a month in all those years. It is not a dreadful life because nobody is asking me to do it. Nobody has a pistol at my head to do it. It is very fascinating work. It is

The mother of the Fiz girl also won an award once.

Look Back Gently



All of us in the family have won awards, every one of us, large and small, and awards large and small too. There was, of course, Tosca the dog, who brought home cup after silver cup each year, and was finally told not to come again, but to give some other doggie a chance. That's history. Then there were debates, and prizes for stamp collections, and coin collections. Prizes, too, for dancing, and school work. One can hardly remember and count them. The so-called silver cups piled up. They were first placed on mantelpieces, then shelves and tables. Then as the polish on the cups tarnished they were stacked in trunks and put into the storeroom. The trunks were black and shabby, and one was indeed sorry that something better wasn't chosen for the speech-makers and stamp-collectors, something which might have stood the test of time and thus held firmly onto its place on mantelpiece and shelf. I know we did try polishing with pink silver powder but it seemed to make matters worse and ugly patches became uglier.

There were certificates, too, from newspapers for contributions, fancy-dress parades, odd painting competitions.

One silver cup which has stood the test of time was one awarded to elder daughter for her Shankar's Weekly First Prize. It was the Nehru Prize, but even Nehru didn't look closely enough to see that the engraver had played havoc with 'Faiz' and it had become 'Fiz'! And there it remains. Of course she wasn't allowed to go to India to receive it. We did try, asked the Heavens, were ignored, and then got a 'No' for an answer. So the Pakistan Ambassador in India received it on

her behalf, and there was a fine photograph of him in the Press, with his turban an' all. But the name of the Fiz girl wasn't there.

So the prize was sent to Government House, Lahore, to be handed over to this member of the Fiz family. Well, Government House hung onto it for a long time, and since we lived almost next door to G.H. we would glare at the white gates, and someone would yell, 'Hi! the Faiz family wants its prize!'. They didn't hear us of course, neither did the gates open. If the Indians had known they would have been very, very upset, I'm sure.

Then at last we wrote a humble note asking for what was ours, and at long last we were asked to G.H. for a cup of tea by the Governess herself, and with our tea we got the Fiz cup, which made us howl with laughter.

The mother of this Fiz girl, yours truly, also got an award once. She was very young, the tender age of eleven, and as it happened she was quite good at stringing rhymes together. There was a large competition and in a poetry section the age-range was 10-100 years. Children really don't write poetry at 10 years of age, and at 100 years men and women have long stopped if they ever did.

So, the mother of the Fiz girl sat down and wrote a poem, and if she

is in a responsive mood she will even recite it now as she did many decades ago, when she was told she had been awarded a bronze medal, and that she would be invited to receive it and to recite.

Hence the day came and mother and her mother made their way to the Great Hall. She was small and the stand was so high that bearded bards had to hunt around for a footstool high enough for her to stretch her neck and be seen by the audience. So she stood in her buckled shoes. And some rude people laughed, she remembers, probably because they hadn't won a prize, and she began . . .

"There was once a wee fairy . . ." right onto the end without a breath or a stop, and the applause was tremendous. She clutched her bronze medal for many nights after that. But the tale doesn't end there. The Fiz girl who won the silver cup also clutched the bronze medal, in her cot, in her bath, and sometimes in her sleep. She loved it.

In Gulmarg in 1947 she had it too, when she was five, and had had a bad attack of whooping cough, so she was being indulged. And the bronze medal rolled, and rolled and down into a 'khud' it went, and was never seen again. But the mother of the Fiz girl will still recite her poem — just in case she might forget a line here and there.

Then of course the head of the family started winning true gold medals, but no risks are taken with them. They repose in their merited glory in a locker in a bank, and if anyone wants to see them you have to sign a register and so on. The last gold medal was just a while ago, and the mother of the Fiz girl took it on his behalf and even she got a standing ovation!

K THE LADY BEHIND Kidstuff

AFSHAN SIDDIQUI



Set against the unobtrusive background of the PACC auditorium is a diminutive world of its own, a repertoire of rag dolls, tiddies, pin cushions, mouse and cat muppets, florid fabric kites — an array of colourful creations to gratify the child within each of us.

This world is a carefully guarded possession of Rumana Husain, a talented young artist and graphic designer, who has given new dimensions to the art of toy-making in Pakistan.

Unique in style and design, Rumana's stuffed toys are characterised by their ethnic essence. Varying from cushions appliqued with animal figures, colourful rag dolls in 'ghagras' and 'choljs', inspired by 'Sukhan' of PTV, or a king size lobster present in its minutest detail, the collection 'Kidstuff' is an evidence of the creators virtuosity and devotion. Rumana's recent exhibition at PACC

drew huge crowds, inevitably leading to the sale of more than fifty percent of her items.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to Rumana was that several children at the exhibition remarked that 'her stuff was better than most of what they got from abroad'.

"I first stepped into this field six years back, when I made a hippo for my son's first birthday", says Rumana. Since then she has not looked back.

Born in Karachi to a family of doctors, Rumana received her early education at Model Secondary Girls School and later did her Inter Science from Karachi College.

"My heart was not in science subjects, I used to cry myself sick over physics and chemistry, which was totally beyond my comprehension. Seeking to satisfy the artistic streaks within me, I abandoned science after F.Sc. and joined the Central Institute of Arts and Crafts to

complete a four year programme of graphic designing.

I thoroughly enjoyed myself during this period. On completion of my studies I left for Canada where I did a year-long course in television production and direction".

From graphic designing to television production, covers a wide range indeed, Rumana smiles, "Art is such a vast field that you can't tie yourself down to one particular area. Performing Arts of all sorts, ranging from music to acting and direction have always fascinated me. Unfortunately so far I have not done any constructive work in this respect." Her interest in stage and direction may well be attributed to the influence of 'Hasina Moin' who has been her art teacher in school and of whom Rumana speaks with great affection.

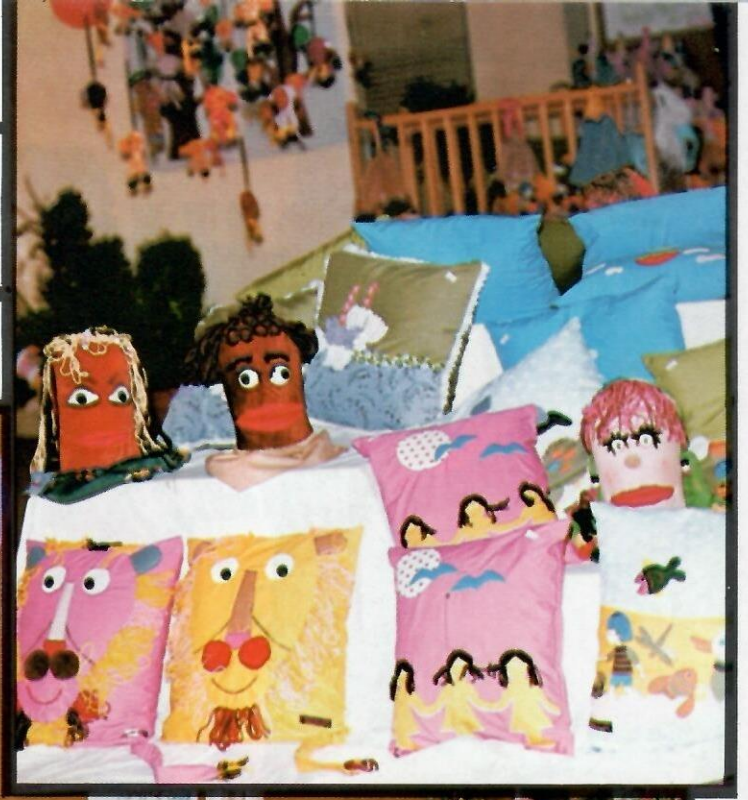
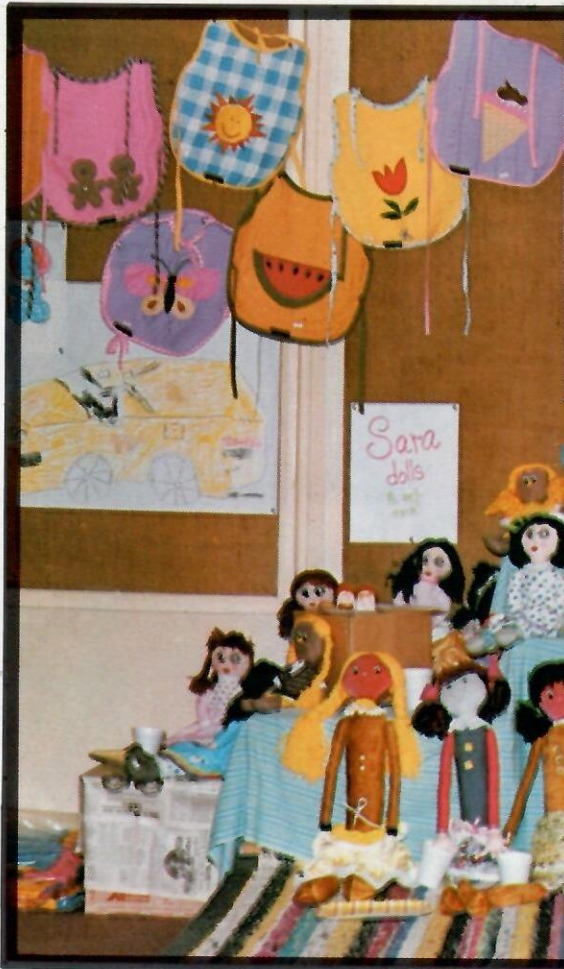
After her return from Canada, she got married in 1977. For Rumana then starts a period of creative fulfillment with her husband, an architect by profession and an extremely accomodative and understanding life partner.

"I'm a lucky woman to have married a man who understands my feeling and emotions so well. As my husband is an architect we have a lot in common. We have worked on several joint projects, designing and decorating the interiors of various shops and offices, including the outer panels and entrance of "Glamour One". During this period I also took up a teaching job at Karachi Grammer School as the art instructor of junior classes."

"I discontinued my teaching job when my first child was born. It was actually my son who set me on the path of my present occupation. After making several stuffed toys for his birthday, the idea triggered that it could be done at a formal level. I got busy with my pins and needles and finally my

CONTINUED PAGE 114

Rumana Husain



Why this indifference to

WOMEN'S RIGHTS ?

PIR ALI MUHAMMED RASHIDI

One day this half of the population will bring in a revolution

An APP story dated Islamabad on 29th of July contained the good news that Prime Minister Junejo has accepted all recommendations of the commission on the status of women and has ordered that the recommendations should be implemented. Some of the recommendations were:

- 1) *Necessary information about the status of women be projected through Radio, TV and newspapers to bring to notice the indifference towards the women's position and how this indifferent attitude has affected the process of development and welfare of people.*
- 2) *All government, semi government and private agencies should prepare plans and chart their lines of action for the progress of women so that there remains no discrimination between the rights of men and women.*
- 3) *The media should be used to create an understanding among people about the rights and affairs of women.*
- 4) *Media should emphasise the significance of progress of and education among women.*
- 5) *There should be co-education for boys and girls at the primary level.*
- 6) *There should be no discrimination between men and women at senior service level both in government and private organisations.*
- 7) *The system of dowry and related matters should be researched and worked upon afresh.*
- 8) *The use of currency notes for garlands must be banned at once.*

This was a good news in the sense that if offered a redressal of the encroachment upon the rights of women but the very next day an important newspaper carried a two line story denying the previous day's story. This, if correct, will be taken as a tragedy. It would be appropriate if the government issue a clearance as to what is the correct position.

The indifferent attitude toward women, their rights and welfare practiced so far, for political or social reasons, had been a big mistake. Half of our population consists of women. We have left this half of our population, particularly in the villages, to freshen the hookas of men, work as free agriculture labour, rear children, remain ill and die

silently.

One factor to be kept in mind is that there is a gradual growth of political awareness among the illiterate village women. Infact we will soon experience a tug-of-war between a husband and his wife when it comes to voting at the elections with the result that the wife may might well cast a vote against her husband's choice!

The world has Central Asia to look to as an example. In the old Islamic States, women were treated no better than cattle, as is their position in rural Pakistan today.

They were kept out of sight, were made to do the work of labourers. The Wrath of God was drummed into their heads at every step so that it would keep them terrified and submissive. But then the Communist Revolution came and the revolutionaries were able to use the women's plight to further their cause. These women readily joined forces with the revolutionaries. No heed was paid to the maulvis, who were soon drowned in the communist deluge. Today there is no religion in Central Asia, because it has been replaced by communism. This was the ultimate result of neglecting women's genuine rights.

At least one achievement of President Zia will go down in history that we brought to the surface the matter of rights of women and thus tried to halt that type of revolution. He appointed a commission on the status of women and left it to women themselves to identify their rights and desires so that these can be brought on record and before the men of wisdom.

The question now is of implementation of these recommendations which is being delayed for this

reason or that.

I raised the question of health and treatment of village women in an article some time ago. I explained the deplorable condition of women's health in rural areas and had proposed that thousands of jobless MBBS doctors can be engaged to work in the rural clinics which may have special arrangement of medicare for women and children. It is a pity that no response is forthcoming on my proposal.

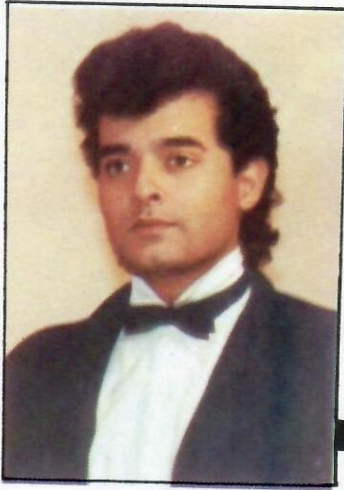
I knew that it is useless to write in newspapers on such topics as the newspapers have their own problems or they have to devote a lot of space for politicians' senseless statements and they have no time to give attention to the condition of rural women. But when a mutiny starts, and it will Insha Allah soon start, they will realise the worth and significance of women. And after that in the second, if not in the first, elections, women will turn the result of the polling.

A lot can be written on this subject but today I would like to request the Prime Minister that if circumstances permit, a health survey may be conducted so that a correct picture may emerge about the actual state of affairs and environment in which people live in our villages. The surveyors should visit the rural areas and not make fictitious reports in the cities.

This is unfortunate that every speech and talk today concern either the affairs of men or the favour or disfavour of United States and nobody talks of half of the population. But one should not forget that one day this half of the population will help to bring in a revolution.

Translated from Jang.

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS



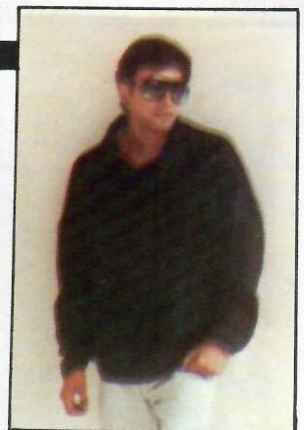
“Clothes are an indication that someone with style has enormous character and it shows in the way they think, act, dress.....a certain finesse”
Zain Imam, a young man of exceptional promise is SHE’s choice of the season.

Like the best French menu, a man’s wardrobe must be “superbly put together” and to tantalize one tastes the focus is on Zain Imam presenting his distinctly individual clothes for men. Under the logo of Strutt-Line, his collection has a varied selection of cotton shirts, T shirts, pullovers cotton jackets poly cotton and polyester blouses and even shorts. His trump card is “cotton jumpers” that are so attuned to the body that they defy belief. His claim to be the new “Knit Rider” is not far wrong as his jumpers can be definitely quoted as the “knit hit” of the year. Expanding also in to formal wear—spelling out all his big party numbers, in a small way as they are only made to order.

Zain Imam armed with a B.Com degree, was under training for two years at the South-Korean firm, Samson Company, dealing in trading commodities. It was from here that the interest developed and taking advantage of an idea offered by an uncle, he started on his own. “I started by exporting cotton dusters, I was so ashamed that I wouldn’t tell anyone”. It was a slow start but his ambition was the final outlet to success. Though the main objective was export, the outburst at the local market geared his attention to our side of the horizon and at present he is in partnership with Aziz Bawani and they have set up an extremely enterprising unit. The travelling man behind the scene is his cousin Keele who travels around the world and keeps them attuned to the latest designs, fashions and buyers. Sarfaraz Haji, the manufacturer behind the sweaters, has given Zain Imam, the sole agency for sweaters and therefore he maintains a certain exclusivity that remains his alone.

Commenting on the rag trade, Zain said that the competition in this business is extremely tough, and unfortunately the government having slashed the rebate, leaves very little incentive for new comers. “There is not enough encouragement or opportunities for the younger generation — my father had business contacts so I was quite lucky in this respect, but for another individual, without any social backing or solid parties it would be extremely difficult to get by” There is a great deal of potential in our export as our local cotton being one of the best in the world and ofcourse our labour much cheaper. But unfortunately, it is not exploited and major ‘parties’ or ‘communities’ control the economy, and it almost become impossible for a young person to make a break through. “It’s very sad, the set up is in fact very racist.” He strongly feels that new comers should be given an incentive by the government to enable them to compete.

His interpretation of fashion combines finesse with nostalgia. Uncluttered and interchangeable, his cottons



have a class of their own. His formal wear exudes punch and zest — ideal for the younger generation.

Zain feels that there is no good boutique in Pakistan for men and they “really don’t know where to shop” The epitome of good dressing here is picking up knick-knacks from Tariq Road or Zainab Market. While the elite prefers to shop abroad. “Good taste must be developed, it is essential to give men something to choose from”. Commenting on fashion for men. “the concept is wrong here, there is just that macho image for a guy, if a guy dresses up he’s effeminate”. Hopefully there is a modern trend in our society and we should be able to overcome these shortcomings. “Considering in U.S.A. they have even started producing makeup for men.”

Personal style is the back stop of casual dressing — the right mix of clothes captures the idea. One has to mix/match colour and texture to create effect. Personally he likes dressing in two colours, with black and white as the eternal favourite “I like the clean look, not too formal, comfortable.”

In his future plans he will probably go in for exclusive outlet for his knits, the Pakistani answer to Benetton. Otherwise he plans to maintain an exclusivity and operate from the house. The preparation for fashion show to be held in New York (in collaboration with his foreign contacts) are already in full swing. At present he is still feeling the local market and hopes to expand if the response is positive.

“I like to dress up, if you dress well you entire image changes, you can do better everywhere”. Fashion should be going all the way, “men don’t have enough guts and confidence.” I am here to change that, if they want to look good we have the stuff.” When your dress up you want the “half man, half tiger look”. Strutt Line gives you just that.

BY AMINA SHAHBAZ

Hanif Adamjee — THE GENTLE GIANT

NAZIHA SYED ALI

**A fascinating
insight into the life
and family of a
leading member
of Pakistan's
business and
industrial
community.**



Adamjee Insurance, Adamjee Foundation, Adamjee Paper and Board Mills, Adamjee Dentz, Adamjee Corporation. the Adamjee family with its vast share in Pakistan's industry and business has long been recognized as virtually an institution in the country. The name unanimously inspires respect and an association with the qualities of honesty, hard work and a tenacity that has seen them through the most adverse political circumstances. Hanif Adamjee is a leading member of this family and the Chairman of Adamjee Insurance Company.

Unassuming, soft spoken and charming, he is well known in the business world for his shrewd judgement in taking calculated risks, his keen assessment of character and his integrity in business dealings.

"Our family are a very sensitive people", says Hanif Adamjee. "We value our name and reputation immensely and for this we have to sacrifice a lot. There is a rigid set of principles to follow and I and my brothers too, teach our younger generation that money is not everything. Today as an Adamjee, you will be respected anywhere in Pakistan. This is worth more than money".

The journey to this plane has been a fascinating, generations-long one, that has endured several blows of circumstance and fluctuations in fortune. "We are Memons who originally belonged to a small village in Kathiawar (Gujrat) in India. My great-grandfather, Haji Dawood, was inclined towards business, which was not a lucrative occupation in the largely agricultural community of Gujrat. So in the 1870s, he migrated to Burma with his family and there established a business in jute bags and rice. By the time he died in 1924, my grandfather, Adamjee Haji Dawood (later knighted by the British and known as Sir Adamjee) had for a couple of years been working independently with another company in Burma for a meagre salary of about Rs. 5.00 a month. He took over the reins of his father's business and expanded it, starting a match factory that soon developed into the largest in Asia. The jute business also prospered as he imported jute goods from Calcutta where most of the jute mills were situated. Rice was another item he imported in great quantities to Burma.

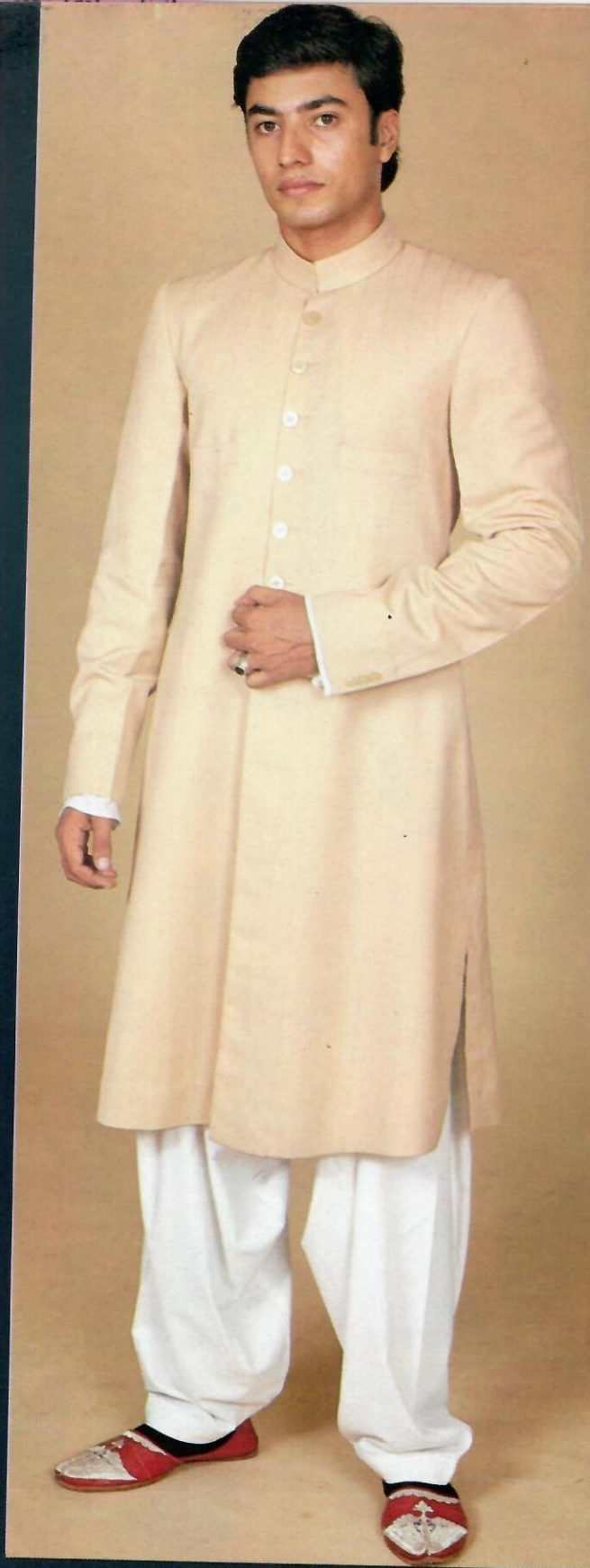
"To facilitate his jute business, he opened an office in Calcutta followed in 1927 by a jute mill, the first belonging to an Indian Muslim. In fact this industry was dominated by the British, with the exception of a few Marwari Hindus,



Cheers! Out to dinner in a style that's never out of fashion. Shalwar Kameez complemented by a V cut "koti". Nawabdin.



No rigid rules of coordination, mix according to preference in true Don Johnson style. Casually effective combo with quilted pocket trouser complemented by T shirt and netted jacket. Designer Depot



Classic and dignified, the sherwani stealing all the charm of formal attire. A perfectly defined cut, with all the traditional touches highlighted by the "khosas".



Trendy, boyish into the party mood. Rough fabric jacket, with macho T shirt and trousers to match. Strutt Line

BODY PROFILE,

GOOD NEWS

BAD NEWS

20s

Physically, you're at your peak. You've left childhood and adolescent illnesses behind and are not yet facing the degenerative diseases of middle age. Never again will you be able to run so far, jump so high, work so hard. Abuse can be born easily now, but you should consider the future. This is the time to lay down a fitness plan for life

Never again will you be able to run so fast, jump so high, work so hard.

30s

In the early 30s, your hand grip is at its strongest, but stamina (the ability to carry out strenuous work quickly) is beginning to decline. Joints are still supple, muscle loss no greater than it was in your 20s. Insurance company research shows that, from 35, you'll experience less lifestyle anxiety (getting married, 'getting on,' for instance,) than has beset you over the past 10 years

Joints are still supple, muscle loss no greater than in your 20's.

40s

Studies in Britain and the US show only 7-10 per cent of men go through a mid-life crisis. Positive points; pituitary gland works better than ever; expected thickening of eye lens after engine of eye less than cures short-sightedness

Only 7-10 percent of men go through mid-life crisis.

50s

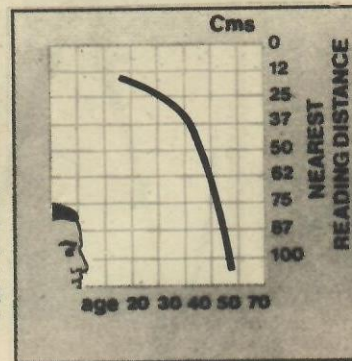
If you're healthy now, the chances are you'll live until your 80s. You not only sweat less as you grow older, your tolerance of pain actually increases. Studies made by insurance companies show that after you reach your 50s, being 10-15lb overweight may help you live longer than being very slim. The brain's circuitry improves inefficiency to compensate for cell loss. Put simply: you'll think just as well as you ever did. What's more, your body is able to absorb even more alcohol than before!

Sight and hearing are less keen and the 20's should see the beginning of a weight problem.

Already, muscle fibre is beginning to deteriorate. Sight is less keener. Our ability to hear sounds, especially higher ones of 3000 Hz (hertz, cycles per second) or more, declines. Hair may begin to recede or thin. Many men have lost some teeth by 25; take extra care now. Incorrect eating habits of adolescence may remain, yet physical exercise is no longer compulsory as it was at school. Could be the start of a weight problem.

Your ability to metabolise glucose begins to decline, making it easier to put on weight, even though you may be eating no more than before. The structural components of the skin — collagen and elastin — start to show the effects of time; skin colour is less uniform and wrinkles appear. By the age of 30, half the population shows signs of chronic gum disease. In the late 30s, hair begins to turn grey as less pigment is produced at the roots. From 35 onwards, there's a slight reduction in libido due, say the experts, to psychological rather than physical strains. The most common culprit; tension, stress and sheer familiarity with your regular partner.

Ability to focus decreases. Testosterone levels decline: could cause hot flushes. In the 'management decade,' stress is high; 45 per cent of deaths are due to coronary arrest caused by stress-induced high blood pressure and by arteriosclerosis



Gastric secretion may dry up, causing digestion to become more difficult. Circulation worsens as arteries harden. Lungs lose some absorption capacity, making it harder to breathe. The body shrinks as the spine compresses — by the time you're 60, you'll lose 2in in height. You may find that you begin to feel sleepy during the day. As the end of your working life looms and not all goals have been achieved, you may feel a sense of resignation or even depression.

How we age : what

MINIMUM FITNESS PLAN

CHECK POINT

Chances are you're in great shape, but already there are some signs of physical deterioration. Effort put into fitness now will pay dividends: you shouldn't notice any significant body changes until your mid-40s. Exploit your body's ability to maintain the stamina levels of adolescence, while still becoming stronger

Strategy: A combination of activities to work on muscle tone and flexibility. Now is the time to get heart and lungs working really efficiently, well before there's any danger of overdoing it

Even if you haven't bothered with getting yourself into shape until now, there's still time; leave it any longer and you may not be able to catch up. Apart from a few wrinkles, your body is as good as it was 10 years ago. But consider the encroaching 40s, when brisk circulation and a healthy heart are of prime importance

Strategy: Activities to build up stamina (in other words, efficiency of heart and lungs). Steady rather than fierce exercise is what's required. Remember that connective tissue, like cartilage, is less strong than it used to be — avoid sudden shocks to the system

This is the time that minimum fitness pays off. Your body is working well, getting you through this most difficult of decades. A lack of suppleness may begin to be a problem, and stress levels are high

Strategy: You need activities that have a strong recreational dimension to ease tension while stretching you physically. Remember, though, even the softest of exercise options needs to be undertaken with vigour and determination if it's to do you any good

Suppleness should be your main concern. It can decline quickly, although with regular exercise, there's no reason why it should. Keep brain active by playing games which employ skill, rather than relying on mere brawn — golf and tennis are perfect

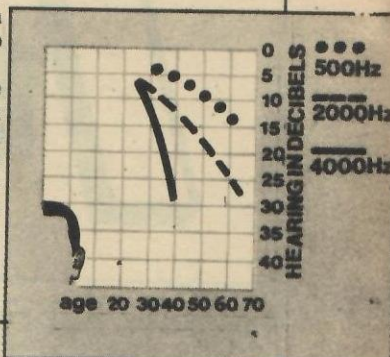
Strategy: Opt for exercise that can be maintained right into your 80s. Peak activity is not necessary — but regularity is essential, otherwise fitness declines quickly. Set up a programme of activities that can be expanded to take in increased leisure time

ACTION NOW

STRENGTH

Basics: Vigorous jogging 3 times a week to build up strength in calves and thighs, keep joints supple

Boosters: Tennis or squash once a week. Make it tough, to work out heart and lungs, but build up slowly. Or try a 5-mile cycle ride once a week; strengthens leg muscles and increases flexibility at knee and ankle. Avoid racing handlebars which put too much strain on lower back



STAMINA

Basics: Switch to biking as your regular means of transport, if it's at all practical. Continue to jog 2 or 3 times a week, to keep up stamina

Boosters: Once a week, go for a serious swim. Start slowly, alternating strokes for the best effect and resting for a few seconds every third or fourth length. Because water supports the body and removes gravitational stress, swimming is an excellent form of exercise for increasing suppleness. The crawl is the best all-round conditioner

CONSOLIDATION

Basics: Go for easily integrated activities: fast walking for 30 minutes a day increases circulatory efficiency — essential for you now

Boosters: Golf fits well into weekend relaxation sessions. Main physical benefits derive both from the extensive walking and from the twisting movement of the swing, which is good for abdominal, arm and shoulder muscles

REASSESSMENT

Basics: Now is the time to cultivate vigorous walking, perhaps interspersed with some gentle jogging

Boosters: Go back to, or take up, the recreational sports — such as swimming or golf. Build up skills and stamina slowly

Whatever your age, if you decide to embark on a fitness plan and are in doubt about your general health, seek your doctor's advice

Fast walking for 30 minutes each day increases circulatory efficiency, golf fits well into weekend relaxation sessions.

happens, when



DO YOU INTELLIGENT

MARGERY REHMAN

He does not require an intellectual soul-mate who desires a discussion on Nietzsche or the Quantum Theory over the dinner-table.

It has always been accepted as a truism that women desire husbands who are more intelligent than themselves, presumably so that they can look up to them. However, does it work the other way round? Do men really want intelligence or, to be more precise, intellectual capacity in their wives? According to basics gleaned from Desmond Morris, what men look for in a wife is basically the capacity to bear children and to be a good mother and 'nest' builder. Progressing from these fundamentals a wife should be able to organise the home and leave her husband free from day-to-day domestic worries, she should see to his wants and needs. After all, not for nothing the old adage 'The way to a man's heart is through his stomach' and very true it is. Many a light hearted bachelor has been seduced by the well-cooked meal nicely-darned socks, mended-collars routine. To continue, she must nurse him when he is sick, ensure his clothes are laundered and provide him all other comforts. Moreover she should be a gracious charming hostess, capable of organising dinners for up to fifty guests and endowed with the ability to talk to some guests about absolutely nothing serious (known as small

talk and pleasantries) for anything upto three hours non-stop. On all other occasions silence is generally regarded as a virtue. Moreover, she should have a good appearance, dress quietly and with taste (this means, ofcourse, husband's taste) and only wear jewellery that adds to his status. Raving beauties and sexy sirens are not considered very good bets in the wife league — other males may evince too much interest and, God help us, even younger males, who should know their place in the scheme of things and not ape their elders and betters.

Obviously to have all these "wifely qualities" involves not only a desire to please, but some organising ability, time-management, some financial skill in balancing the household books, a certain amount of imagination needed for devising the daily menu and a fair amount of physical effort. None of the above qualities can be present, save for physical effort, without some degree of intelligence, perhaps just enough to keep things running smoothly so the husband can relax at home and thereby save his energies for what is the really important thing in his life, generally his work, although other pursuits like golf and bridge have been known to take precedence even over this.

What does a man get from his work? Well economic reward, ofcourse, and these increase as he goes up the ladder. Then there is a sense of achievement, intellectual commitment, interest, social interaction and the companionship of his colleagues and fellow workers. His work provides him with mental stimulation, common interests, opportunities for conversation and discussion on various topics including plain old gossip. All these factors are there even in a mundane, lower-skilled occupation.

There is also another facet to the male and that is his instinct of aggression, the offensive protector

of his ego. His work provides him with outlet for his aggressive side and gives him a chance to indulge in one-up-manship, a discreet and cleverly played game which every man indulges in almost subconsciously, so instinctive has it become. At home a man cannot suddenly dismantle all this psychological equipment and in any case he is not always the winner in these all boys together psychological war-games at work, so his ego still needs to be boosted he needs 'stroking'; he will still, probably more so, want to dominate. In other words, he 'knows more', he 'understands better', he 'comprehends the significance of' far better than his wife, who is expected to defer to his more erudite opinion on whatever subject may come under discussion. In other words he does not require an intellectual soul-mate who desires a discussion on Nietzsche or the Quantum Theory over the dinner-table. Should a wife persist in discussing such topics, she will discover that her husband unknown to her or anyone else is actually an expert in this and having mastered it all years ago and become bored with the whole thing, will insist on setting her right or, as is more common, tearing whatever theory to pieces in a few deft sentences with such an aplomb of total ignorance that she gives up.

I think my argument can be borne out by the numbers of ladies one can think of who, before marriage, were intellectually committed to something or other, who at least possessed a modicum of mental independence, who used to read books and discuss them but who after marriage discuss nothing deeper than the latest styles, yogo rage, dieting and home decoration. Some obviously gave up and accepted that intelligence and intellectual stimulation were not required of them and so prefer to be charming, beautifully accoutred symbols of their husband's status, or to dis-

WANT AN WIFE?

appear into the caverns of domesticity as dispensers of comfort and cheer to the intimate family circle, depending on class background and husband's professional status.

There are always exceptions. A topic like this tends to deal in generalisations. There have been couples like Sydney and Beatrice Webb who worked together on their socialist economics and founded the London School of Economics — a marriage built on an intensely intellectual relationship.

Levin had his Krupskaya, Louis XV, a gentleman of very limited intellectual equipment, had his very

intelligent Madame Pompadour. Admittedly she was not his wife — perhaps that's where the difference lies. After all Pericles, the great dictator of Athens, is famous for saying that even the name of a good woman should never be uttered and he owed a great deal to Aspasia, one of the most intellectually gifted and beautiful women of classical Greece, famous for her intelligence and accomplishments. But then he was not married to her either nor, come to think of it, according to his definition could she have been a particularly "good woman" whatever that means, as her name lives

after marriage they discuss nothing deeper than the latest styles, yoga rage, dieting and home decoration.

on. Or may be poor Pericles uttered the remark on an off day after being 'out-intelligenced' at the luncheon table. It's possible!

