

The Monthly Newsmagazine for Women

January 1988, Price Rs. 15.00

SHIRAZ

**Is '88 To Be The
Waterloo Of Women's Rights?
Startling Facts
Reveal How
Little Anyone
Cares**

**HAPPY
NEW
YEAR**

**Gift Wrapped
For The New Year**

**Glittering Winter Fashions
Fascinating Clever People
Delicious Orange Deserts
Bumper Kid's Knitting
And Loads More**

The Wedding



SHE

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COVER

Winter is here in all its brilliant hues and styles, and SHE makes the most of it. Our Cover girl welcomes the New Year's challenges with an ever optimistic smile. Photo by Ramzan Ali



SHE

BRIEFING

1988-A Year of Hope

As the year closes, we are filled with optimism and hope for the one that is about to begin. Such is human nature, that we tell ourselves that the new year can only be better, happier, luckier than the one that has ended. On the women's front in Pakistan, while we must be constantly on our guard against the forces of reaction, there is a tiny, weeny breath of fresh air sweeping through the country which brings with it sweet smell of tolerance and understanding on women's issues. Are we mistaken? We hope not.

This is the season for weddings and naturally Benazir's and Asif Zardari's wedding was a splendid affair. It was a wedding like no other has been so far. An inside account of all the gaiety and festivity as well as the pomp and show is packed in for you along with photographs. The detailed account is sure to make you feel like you were present at the Bhutto-Zardari wedding gala.

Our special report focuses on the plight of the report of the status of women commission which seems to be lying buried in a mass of files, deliberately neglected, deliberately forgotten. Highlights from this report as well as an interview with Zari Sarfaraz, its chairperson make fascinating reading. This month we also have an exclusive interview with Dr. Mubashir Hasan packed in. The Finance Minister in permanent opposition speaks to SHE in a heart to heart interview. Knitting this month is by far the best. Our Knit Collection brings you story book designs for your children that are sure to win your heart. This will be our last knitting feature till the next winter season so do make the most of it.

The new year fashions are absolutely fantastic. Winter Vibes with its capes and shawls makes stylish winter wear. Top choice, Sultana Pasha's wollen creations in checks are just the thing you are looking for to complete your winter wardrobe. And ofcourse Hoor's 'Capital Fashions' are fast becoming a rage in Islamabad warming the cold days with gay colours and new trends. Bargain buys in silk and embroidery come to you in our best sellers from some of the trendy new stores in town. So, make the most of this season of good cheer and go for some new styles and trends to make you a new you in New Year.

We wish all our readers a very happy New Year.

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Karachi Walk for Life

We arrived there late only to realise that we were in fact early. For people would not stop coming. They came in all shapes, all sizes, all colours and creeds --- the only aspect they shared was that they were going to walk for a common cause to help the kidney centre.

This was Friday's story, when for the first time such a huge crowd had gathered --- not for political reasons, but humanitarian ones. The walk was going to be ten kilometres long, starting at the Boating Basin through the Clifton beach and back to the Boating Basin. Donations were fixed at a minimum of Rs. 10.00 per kilo metre. Banks, companies, hotels, industries, defence, and above all schools --- all

were represented. Pfizer, Holiday Inn, Sheraton, Him-alayas and many more sent their teams. Among schools, Karachi Grammar School had the strongest contingent. Many people had come through sponsorships but the majority came on their own resource. Contributions ranged from simple hundreds to big and bloated hundred thousands. But the thought behind all the money was, 'Walk 'a cause' --- Walk to save some twelve thousand nameless shadows from perishing of kidney failure every year.

As the walk started, heavy beats of a song composed by 'Spectrum' could be heard, injecting the crowd with energy and zest. On

marched the people, with mellifluous rhythms 'Walk along, Walk along' cheering them, protecting and uniting them into one whole. They were no longer individuals at that time, they were a rippling merry river moving towards some far off sea. That was the feeling that ran high as some 2500 people walked --- for a wonderful cause.

The ten kilometers were interspersed by stalls where one had to have the forms stamped. Mineral water, tea, coffee were offered at regular intervals. On sale along the walk were tee-shirts, cassettes, head bands and caps. Pink Panther, Donald, Duch and Mickey Mouse from Kenhill Departmental store, also joined the walk,

on a camel cart, entertaining people all the way. The walk was an enjoyable experience that bridged all gaps --- the old and the young, rich and poor no longer mattered. Babies in prams 'walked', little children on Daddy's back walked, oldies and their sticks 'walked', energetic youngsters with joggers 'walked'. Two live bands, one at the starting point and the other half way through, blew trumpets of joy, and drummed welcoming tunes. Nearing the finishing line, Marianna Karim's encouraging voice could be heard congratulating the walkers as they finished and settled down to a refreshing breakfast. The donations amounted to a huge sum of 26 lakhs. A record indeed!

Nafisa Shah

Ceramic Splendour

Art was at its splendour at V.M. Art Gallery where Ahmed and Talat Dabir had put up their exhibition of Ceramics. Murals, objective forms, figurines, engraved pieces, vases, bowls, pots and jars decorated with glazed, pulpy colour boasted their brilliance. The exhibition had much to offer, variety, warmth, colour and beauty zoomed through the art admirer. One felt insecure, not knowing what to see, where to see and how to see.

Ahmed and Talat Dabir both currently teaching at the National College of Arts, Lahore, excel in ceramic work. Although they being a family exhibit together, that's where the similarity ends, except for the medium they both use.

Ahmed Dabir had designed pots and vases, bowls and engraved pieces. Vases and pots had conventional shapes but the application of colour gave them individuality. At times tinted mildly and at times freely splattered, the colours had been combined and united in a highly sensitive way. Bowls and plates had a strong character. Some were carved by additive means and others were left bare, the main attraction being the colour. In some of these the

burnt effect and rough edges were preserved so that on one hand the objects enjoyed lovely glazed colour and polish and on the other hand, suffered the chars and burns of the baking process, making those pieces hot, vivacious and alive.

Talat's stronghold was sculpture, Forms and objects were not as bright, as colourful and not as smooth as Ahmad's ceramics. Addition of grog to the clay coarsened the final forms. The objective forms had been skilfully formed using human postures and stagnating them into coarse ceramic. Some shapes slouched, some reclined and some were contorted. Sizes ranged from miniature form collections to bigger solitary statuettes. All, however, had an air of dignity and character to them. Some were highly expressive and flamboyant while others were modest and puny. While almost all of Ahmed's works had a 'smooth finish', hardly any of Talat's sculptures were complete, immediately giving them more feeling and thus making them distinctive. Talat's murals were highly decorative. Tall columns, minarets, myriads of fish scales were usually the high reliefs making up the

murals.

Sunshine, optimism and happiness glistened through the ceramic world. The exhibition did not offer depth, meaning or message --- it only made an instant impact. The adorned gallery was warm and iridescent and left one excited with the vastness and variety of material exhibited.

Nafisa Shah



A Grand Terracotta Exhibition

Mansoor Aye's exhibition of low reliefs in terra cotta at the VM Art Gallery was a new kind of aesthetic experience.

Numerous feminine faces sculptured on terra cotta hung on the walls across the gallery. Some, however were sculptured in cement and few in which both the media had been mixed. The exhibition had an air of grandeur and antiquity, the kind one would encounter in the remains of some rich, ancient civilization. A civilization where the women reigned supreme, over shadowing all other life forms.

The pieces were small but strong. Faces were powerful, some exuding serenity and peace, others deep felt satisfaction and yet others contorted in pain and sorrow. But all these little faces looked down, within themselves, sometimes in despair and disdain, sometimes in self-pity and sometimes complacently. With their eyes turned downwards and inwards, they seemed to draw the whole world into them, folding in untold tales, unsuspected tragedies, timeless myths.

Allowing no penetration by the onlooker, yielding not betraying themselves, these stubborn women stood away, aloof from the outside world. Quite often they impressed upon the viewer their sanctity and purity making them worthy of veneration. These same goddesses at other times became mortalized, daughters of Eve --- capable of tempting and deceiving.

The modelling was tackled sensitively. Maximum effect was achieved with minimum sculpturing. Some heads were roughly modelled to strengthen the expressive quality while others smoothed and flattened out to give the faces a feeling of delicacy.



terra cotta, giving his exhibition new energy and vitality. The numerous faces shared many features, giving the works continuity as well as consistency without taking away the individuality of each. Left incomplete on purpose, they leave curiosity unsatisfied, eyes yearning for more.

Nafisa Shah



The oil canvases were typical of Mansoor Aye. Lack of detail and deliberate haziness and mist introduced into the works made the figures merge into the background. This took away depth but at the same time added harmony and united every brush stroke with the other. Colour was used with a new radiance and in a more adventurous manner.

Mansoor Aye's work was a modification of the old. His oval, faces were the same but this time impressed upon a different medium ---



Treasures from Thar

The three day exhibition of folk art from Sindh at the PACC was a colourful affair. Brilliant, rich colour shaped into Sindhi tapestries, brasswares, ceramics, ajeraks and silver jewels filled the hall. Original treasures from two historical cities Hala and Thar, of which Thar ofcourse had a special significance. The talent, neatness and craft became more sensitive and precious because of Nature's harsh and miserly attitude towards these simple yet great people.

Step by step, through the auditorium at the PACC, unravelled a depth of artistic ability and talents of these remote people. One corner

carried the beautiful patchwork, very popular in Sindh. The 'rilhi' was colourful and warm. Also present were intricately embroidered chaddars and simply designed Batiks. These gave way to the heavy jewellery of the folk of Thar. The silver ringlets, nose rings, bracelets, anklets and necklaces studded with opaque stones had a unique lustre and distinctive quality.

A collection of ceramic and brass pots, vases and jars was also very interesting. The golden brass spots shone over the exhibition with a golden light. Ceramic works had floral designs and sensual shapes.

As usual, the untiring

'ajerak' dominated the scene. They were mostly in burnt reds, blacks and blues dyed together in motley patterns. Also on sale were the wooden blocks that imprinted their floral patterns upon the cloth, giving it the traditional beauty.

In the miscellaneous section sat a solitary gramophone, a wooden 'manji' (low chair) from Hala, a fifty year old box, small highly carved 'Surma Dani' of the Sindhi people.

The exhibition was not an exuberant affair. Nothing was expensive compared to what it offered. Though, some of the materials on sale are commonly available, this was the first time

they breathed the pure air of interior Sindh, together with other pieces that are rare and exclusively of the Tharparkar or Hala tradition. Its priceless quality was no doubt due to the pastoral background.

A woman sat weaving, at the entrance, reminding one of tales of Bhambhore, of Shah's eternal verse. Oblivious to the people she attracted, she spun, evolving fascination through her timeless, eternal spinning wheel and purity and simplicity of her rustic, tired face which in its own disguised way, screamed attention, representing the voice of a long neglected treasure.

Nafisa Shah

U.K. Book Fair Gaining Popularity

U.K. Publishing house under the patronage of the British Council held a book fair in Karachi recently. Inaugurated by the British Ambassador to Pakistan, the fair was successful in the sense that one could see many enthusiastic children, buying books which was very encouraging to see. With nearly 20% discount in

the prices, all major publishing houses had their stalls. As always the Oxford University press offered the largest variety of books on English literature and Art and of course the dictionaries and encyclopedias.

The U.K. Book Fair was largely attended by college and university students, as there were a large number of

books on science, medicine and management.

There were also books on house keeping, gardening, knitting and stitching. It was very disheartening to see that apart from the students and children, there were very few genuine buyers.

There is a general complaint by our people that books in Pakistan are sold at outra-

geously high prices, but it's strange, that we most willingly buy a dress for Rs. 400, but a book of Rs. 200 is beyond our reach. Regular visitors to such book fairs must be wondering what may be the reason that one

only sees the same familiar faces. Food for thought for all of us.

Sandoz Calendar Hits the Jackpot



January is the month of new year resolutions and calendars. Each company endeavours to bring out the best calendar for the year. Sandoz has been excelling themselves in this pursuit. Their 1986 and 1987 calendars were declared as the best. This year, like the previous two years, Sandoz has chosen yet another excellent theme, 'Music of Pakistan' which was the brain-



child of Bilquis Nasarullah SHE's very senior and competent fashion consultant. Pakistan with its rich heritage of music, both folk and classical, can boast of a wide variety of musical instruments ranging from intricate ones such as the Sitar and the Santoor to the simple ones like the Matka. The transparencies by Akbar Rizvi catch the spirit and



mood of the theme to the last detail. Mr. Asif Noorani's script and the valuable assistance by Mr. Qamar Ali Abbasi and Mr. John Benett also added to the successful production of this year's calendar. The printing done by Golden Graphics (Pvt) Ltd. also deserves special mention. Chances are that this year again the Sandoz Calendar will be pronounced as the clear winner.



We omitted to mention that the hair and make-up of our Cover Girl in the Annual Number was done by Expressions Beauty Parlour, Aamir Trade Centre, Block-2, P.E.C.H.S., Karachi. The brocade in the background of the picture was lent by Hilal Silk Palace, Zebunissa Street, Karachi. The omission is regretted.

Lahore

Kinnaird's Kareer Kounselling

Kinnaird College has quite a reputation for being one of the "avant-garde" institutions in the country and it has taken another step forward in the right direction with it's "career counselling club". The idea behind it all, according to Mrs. Sabiha Mansoor, the staff advisor, is to inform the girls about all the careers open to them, after they graduate. "We feel that it is our responsibility as an institution to prepare the girls to be able to choose a career, if necessary". The club arranges talks with professional women and in the discussion that follows, students ask

questions about that particular profession. They are also taken on field trips to visit professional locations to acquire first hand knowledge. Lawyers, doctors, commercial artistes, TV producers, designers are some of the careers that the K.C. girls have learnt about. They've visited law courts, arts colleges, hospitals to see for themselves what the job requires. In the future, Mrs. Mansoor is planning a research which will cover a huge section of professional and non-professional women in Lahore and will measure their attitudes and life styles.

"Basically we're trying to project the idea that being a professional person does not mean that you neglect the home doesn't or your duties as a mother. We want to tell our girls that having a career means being independent but productive". According to the staff advisor, girls are also encouraged to consider part-time careers if necessary, so that "they keep in touch". Judging by the huge turn out, who had come to listen to a TV producer talk about her experiences, it appears that the girls at KC are very interested in finding out about new careers and what

it entails. "Our problems, "as one girl spoke out", is to make sure that we find a husband who agrees to let us keep our jobs". An other girl voiced her concern about "open minded" parents who become "close minded" when it comes to letting their daughters work. Someone from the audience wanted to know if the speaker had any regrets about joining TV. When the answer was an emphatic 'No', the audience clapped to show their appreciation. The career counselling club certainly seems to be doing a good job at Kinnaird. Other colleges should follow suit!

Afghan Crafts on Sale

"Save the children" held an open house recently to formally inaugurate their Afghan Refugee Craft Shop. On display were beautiful samples of many items made by Afghani men and women in camps at Mansehra, Mianwali, Quetta and Sindh.

Irene Samuels, the Manager Marketing and Export moved among the guests talking about each item in detail, explaining the stitch-craft, colours, work involved etc.

This shop is the brainchild of Irene who moves up and down the country, contacting Afghani women in their camps and commissioning them to earn for themselves through "Save the Children". "Our exports have increased tremendously. We cannot meet the demand either in Pakistan or abroad. All this is intricate hand-work, it takes hours and hours of endless labour. The women refugees are hungry, cold, worried about their families. Sometimes, it takes me days to convince them to work because Save the Children" is trying to help them. We pay them well for their work".

Irene designs each item, decides the colour scheme, buys the material and then gives it to the workers. The response by the consumers



has been terrific and now Irene has persuaded the Social Welfare department to set up small centres for Pakistani women where Irene will train them and give them work.

Displayed at the craft shop were beautiful blouses in linen embroidered in matching pastel shades. Shalwar kameez suits were a new addition recently introduced for the local buyers. Silk embroidered cushion covers and clutch purses were also

a new attractive item. Bead work on belts was eye catching. Perhaps the most irresistible buys were the silver and lapis jewellery on display. Bracelets, brooches, rings, pendants, bangles, earrings, cuff links, tie pins, chains. All simply designed, reasonably priced for anyone to pick up as a gift for a friend or ones own self. Leather bags, shoes, pouches and wallets were also arranged in a corner.

Afghan rugs and bed covers were a bit more expensive but again very attractive.

Irene is very hopeful of her craft shop growing and expanding in other cities. "I love what I'm doing and enjoy being of some use to these unfortunate people but it does mean a lot of travelling". But judging by the sales, Irene seemed well satisfied by her efforts and the buyers looked very pleased too!!

Exclusive but Inexpensive

As one of the very few, men in interior designing in Pakistan, Mian Ahad can rightfully claim that his work is exclusive but not expensive. One can also add "very beautiful" and certainly "very original" to describe his creations.

Every thing about him is soft, gentle, appealing, attractive, almost alarming. His manner is unassuming. His work premises are terribly sophisticated but with a professional aura about them, the colours he uses are pastel shades which soothe the eyes and no doubt the nerves, his creations are eye catching and amazingly attractive in their simplicity. It all began, when Ahad left the National College of Arts in 1976. He was always doodling in school and even earlier. "I was very good at drawing and also at arranging stuff in the house". So he was always given the job of re-arranging a room's decor or advising about the colour schemes in the home.

He graduated from the N.C.A. after extensively studying textile designing and applied for his first job. "I was offered 600 rupees and told that my job would be to trace given patterns and re-arrange them for printing. I vowed never to apply for a job again". And so Ahad took off for Europe to observe, experience, study and relax. Geneva was the place he almost chose to settle down in, impressed by its beauty and its way of life. "All those months I was learning so much by just observing,

reading, seeing, travelling". But Ahad was summoned back due to family problems and finding time on his hands began to design durries. "They were completely original. The colours were pastel, the designs were totally new, such as flowery patterns, geometrical shapes". The response was encouraging. A brother in America decided to market them abroad and very soon Ahad's first order of a hundred thousand dollars arrived. "I was thrilled, ecstatic and that's how I began my designing career". One Khaddi led to a dozen and soon Ahad's durries were being talked about in every social circle.

The next step was fabric designing and printing. He joined a team of two other friends. One was the architect, the other did the furniture and Ahad supplied all the fabrics and matching durries. He got huge orders such as the Pearl Continentals in Lahore and Peshawar, banks, offices and private homes.

Today he works alone and is doing complete interior designing for a variety of clients. It all begins with the client stating their requirements and then, Ahad's creative computer begins to click. "I can see it all in my head, the colours, the furnitures, the arrangements, the drapes, the walls. Its a complete, detailed picture but ofcourse the client can't see it like that, so the next step is to make neat, detailed drawings of each room and each article." today Ahad is not only design-

ing and printing tapestry, curtains, durries and fabrics but also making each piece of furniture alongwith accessories, such as lamps, wall mirrors, miscellaneous items as decoration pieces for centre tables, picture frames "I'm also doing wall marbling to give the walls a new look. I do designing and painting of wall borders. I design wall paper and use sand blasting, a new technique for glass partitions. The effect is quite electrifying and very new".



Ahad's creation are now in great demand not only in Pakistan but abroad too. He is exporting furniture and fabrics to countries in Europe and America. "Our labour charges are cheap so my creations are not expensive in foreign exchange but I do use a lot of foreign material such as paint, polish all the finishing material.

"I am a perfectionist at heart and very finicky. I must check each item personally. I touch each surface my-

self. If I don't like the feel, I must change it" Ahad feels his work is being appreciated because he is so particular and attentive to details "I try not to reproduce any item twice. That's what makes me exclusive. I like new challenges all the time". There are times when Ahad feels exhausted by all his mental and physical activities so he takes time off to travel. "I go abroad quite often. I see new things, new materials, new designs. I get inspirations, experiences and new ideas". He switches off his mental computer at 8 pm every night and walks out of the house. "I enjoy socializing, plus since I work at home, I need a change of scene" but a creative mind never stops ticking or visualizing. Anything can trigger him off at any time. He is always straightening crooked picture frames or re-arranging furnitures in other people's homes. "It does get embarrassing" he says but "I can't help myself. I find myself discussing the room's colour scheme before dinner is served!"

His days are full and his nights are busy but Ahad would not have it any other way. "I love what I am doing. I have a lot of projects on hand. I am experimenting all the time and also preparing for an exhibition in Geneva next year. Right now I really have my hands and my head quite full", and judging by the ringing of the phone, the people bustling around and designs piled up at his desk for Mian Ahad's Design Tex, business is booming.

Print Maker cum Tenor Saxe

It is seldom that the art-viewers of Lahore have the opportunity to view original paintings and other works of art from abroad --- exhibitions are mainly of reproductions.

However, in November Mr. Peter Daglish exhibited his brilliant prints, lino-cuts and graphics in Nairang Gallery, a small gallery in Lahore now known for its rewarding exhibitions, and providing viewing space to young upcoming artists.

Mr. Peter Daglish's visit was sponsored by the British Council, and his hosts in Lahore were the National College of Arts and its staff. Mr. Daglish is both painter and print-maker and teaches at the Slade School in London, where a teacher training in that institution met him, saw his work and was determined to bring him, somehow to Lahore so that students might view his original works. He will now exhibit in Rothas Gallery in

Islamabad.

He has followed his professional educational in Ecole des Beaux-Art Montreal, Canada, the Slade School, and was awarded a diploma in Fine Art in Montreal, and a diploma in Pedagogy from the same institution.

He has been deeply involved in jazz also and plays tenor saxophone in groups. He and his wife, Marion also specialise in wall-hangings and have had exhibitions in several major

cities in Europe.

The fact that he is a jazz musician has also influenced his work -- it is so full of life, movement and colour. It is intense, compelling and at the same time humorous. His works are a stylistic intensification of what he feels in both jazz music and poetry. His women, which he depicts are ornate, with radiating hair, eyes and mouths like flowery images. There is in them, an exotic dimension of femininity.

Theatre Talk

Haider Rizvi

Whatever is experienced in the theatre stays in the heart and helps to fight the worst evil in society --- becoming hard hearted. For as the artistes inspire in people confidence in their own strength. But here it stands for those only present the real, progressive and non-commercial theatre.

The story of emergence of non-commercial theatre groups in the town is not so old, even then they have risen to a much laudable status. They foresee a promising and brilliant future before.

Unlike the commercial theatre, full of vulgarity and cheap comedies, they nev-

er let loose their artistic sanity. They hold a strong commitment for the promotion of realistic and progressive theatre. The names are Ajoka Theatre Workshop and the Lok RaHS. Both the groups were found about three years ago by a section of Lahore's youthful, brilliant and conscious enough

to perform their due social role. The two productions they presented last month; one, "Takht Lahore" by Lok RaHS and the other "Marya hoya Kutta" by Ajoka revealed their maturity in thought and creative abilities in the field of theatrical art.

Takht Lahore by the Lok RaHS

Producing takht Lahore, a Punjabi classic play of a long duration (about 4 hours) was really an arduous job. The team not merely required the up-standard artistic skill and talent but a certain level of indepth understanding of the theme of the play. So it was the Lok RaHS group who could take the initiative, themselves as the champions of the cause of promotion of Punjabi language and culture. As one of the Lok-RaHS youth said, "our purpose is to present in a theatrical form, the vital issues confronting the people of our land today and that too in the language of our people". However it is another story that after three month's long rehearsals they stood nowhere to per-

form the play. All the doors were closed to the little non conformists. Poor guys! You know, Alhamra authorities charge not less than an amount of Rs. 50,000 for staging a two hours long play. So before they could meet a further odious situation, the good fate came over to them. The magnanimous poet and friend of young artistes, Aga Akhter Qazalbash, as usual handed over to them his whole house to be used as "Alhamra's Theatre Hall". And then for a week at least, it was more than Alhamra except there was no ticket of Rs. 100. Throughout the week, the writers, intellectuals, politicians, students and workers, with enthusiasm and zest, were rushing to the Qazalbash's residence

located in the Garmen town. And, surprisingly, none of them bothered about the shivering, chilly wind of November nights.

The play written by the Punjabi poet-philosopher, Najam Hussain Syed was directed by Hussain Baluch. Apparently it was a historical play revealing the contradictions among the forces of oppression and those against oppression in the era of Mughal domination in Punjab under the rule of Emperor Akber. But it also reflected to a certain extent the continuation of that struggle upto the present time. More simply, the story was about the revolt of Dulla Bhatti against the injustices of Akber.

The long episodes of the poetic monologues were

also dramatised to convey the radical message of Shah

Hussain's philosophy. Among the outstanding features of the play were a powerful script and subtle performance. The set, props and an array of colourful costumes also added to the high standard.

It is worth mentioning that the Lok RaHS women on and back stage performed very well. Nasreen Anjum Bhatti, sensitive Punjabi poetess

set the sound "effects and Rubi performed two different roles in the same play, the first for Dulla Bhatti's mother and the second for the young pretty daughter of an aristocrat. Huma Safdar who is also an active feminist designed the costumes.



Marya Hoya Kutta by Ajoka

The same week, parallel to Lok Raahs, another non-professional theatre group, namely, Ajoka Theatre Workshop" staged a play Marya Hoya Kutta at the open air stage of the Goethe institute. The play written by Shahid Mehmood Nadeem, a free-lance journalist, was directed by talented theatrical and well known miniscreen artiste, Madiha Gohar.

The story of the play starts with a morning scene in a walled city's bazar. Different characters representing the whole social set up of a particular Mohalla the shopkeeper, the barber, Apa (a married women) oldman and mauvi. While all of them discussed petty matters, a dog lay dead in the middle of the bazar. But none of them bothered to do anything about the dead dog. As the night fell deeper, the whole area began to stink, the foul smell became unbearable and the people, were compelled to leave their beds, and rushed to the same spot where the dead dog was found in the morning. The dog was not there but the bad smell was everywhere. The writer attempted to indicate some ugly features of our society. Seemingly, the message was that everyone of us desired to see good things but did nothing in terms of deed.

Shahid Nadeem seemed to have been inspired by the famous Bengali play wright, Badil Sarkar who had reset



the tradition folk theatre in the subcontinent, today popularly known as street theatre. And then as the Ajoka's shows are geared essentially to establish direct contact with the spectator, there was no stage in a traditional sense for this play. Instead the audience faced a platform. The audience were just close to where the action was. This gave the spectator a feeling of involvement, the sole

purpose of Ajoka.

The performance by all, Akram Waraich, Ayaz, Insabat Ahmed, Tariq and Sohail was rich in terms of having achieved quite a level of accuracy in movement, and rhythm. But Muhammad Afzal as Saeen (MAD) depicted the meanings of creativity in the art of theatre. And needless to say, Madiha was marvellous.

The strength of Ajoka and Lok Raahs is in the sincerity that gleam dazzling in their eyes. An atmosphere of comradeship and purity prevails in the groups. No wonder, they are steadily drawing a lot of love from the town's intellectuals, writers, politicians workers and youth. One hopes the time is not afar when they would think of the millions of their audience living across the river Ravi.

Fighting to Preserve the Endangered

The Lahore Conservation Society was founded in Lahore in 1983 by a group of dedicated people comprising of architects, doctors, journalists, lawyers and others determined to fight on behalf of not only the preservation of historical monuments of Lahore, but every edifice, lane, garden and even neglected authors and their works which are in danger of being defaced, encroached upon, obliterated and forgotten.

The task is indeed an onerous one, for the rapid uncontrolled growth of Lahore

and the neglect of such places as the old city are continually regarded as causes to be defended.

In November, Mr. I.S. Rehman, a journalist of repute in both Lahore and Karachi, and an authority on culture, delivered a lecture on "Why Conservation?" in the auditorium of the National College of Arts. The lecture was well-attended and was also recorded.

With great clarity he expounded on the absolute need to stress the continuity of our heritage and culture which lies in all signifi-

cant relics of the past, and to embody them with a sense of freedom from violation, degradation and obliteration; freedom to know, to uphold and to continue from the past into a meaningful present. The word 'freedom' in this context, one feels, implies a freedom of cultural heritage, its beauty, its lasting worth --- in relation to a freedom of the present.

There is no doubt that this group of dedicated people have a hard task ahead. A student from the body of the hall asked how they as art

students could help. Mr. Rehman replied that by strengthening their own awareness of what was their past, what was endangered, and creating this awareness in others --- also by documentation of what they are aware of and what they are capable of doing.

Lahore as the cultural centre of Pakistan, with its vital history, is no doubt endangered by neglect, and the indifference of authority and bureaucracy. We must join in every possible way to support the work of the "Conservation Society".

The Diary of a Wedding



Little Benazir ... the cat that swallowed the canary

The long awaited, much talked about wedding of Benazir Bhutto, Co-Chairperson of the Pakistan Peoples party, favourite daughter of the nation, and darling of the crowds was finally here. For days and weeks before people had been fighting over for invitations to the various functions, working and planning how to get them, sitting it out in the drawing rooms of well-connected family members, all the usual palava of making sure one gets there, any way, any how. But those without any need for cards undoubtedly had the greatest time of all - all those PPP supporters who were in the streets around Clifton on the day of the Mehndi and Shadi and the lakhs in Lyari and the Kakri ground, celebrated the wedding of their darling with real joy and fervour. Banners, music, illuminations, fireworks lit up and decorated the streets around Clifton and Lyari and their enthusiasm and interest in turn lit up the nation's fervour. People came from all over the country to participate in this wedding and photographers and press from many



Some friends in the V.V.I.P. at Kakri ground

foreign newspapers and magazines came in scores. But not a glimpse of the occasion on TV--Such is the stubborn, short-sightedness of the powers that be. This was after all the wedding of the most eligible girl in Pakistan.

There was much speculation over the much awaited wedding of the century -- actually our answer to the royal wedding. On Thursday 17th of December, 1987 the entire Clifton was swinging in the mehndi spirit. The Main Clifton Road was full of swarms of people, dancing to the beat of the dholak with the fountains and buildings all illuminated in fairy lights. It seemed everyone that day was out on the street, with endless traffic jams, people peering and staring to get a glimpse of something if anything.

Meanwhile at the Zardaris the preparation was in full swing. Very punctually the bridegroom's friends and family left for 70 Clifton. Greeted with a lot of aplomb and pomp, the mehndi started taking its traditional colours. Women were dressed to the nines in their heaviest of silks and splendid array of jewels. The splash of colour and gaiety was enormous -- it was a real treat to see the people celebrate something with so much fervour. It was not planned to be a national event but it soon became one.

Both the sides 'His' and 'Hers' were equally strong when it came to singing and dancing and as it was like a live dance contest one dance was followed by the other, sometimes on the rhythmic beat of the professional 'dhol' wallas or to the jazzy beat of Alan Fakir's 'Huma Huma' (cassette) --



Little Benazir... the iron fist in a velvet glove

the song has sure come a long way almost become an anthem for mehndi ceremonies. The friends of the bride performed a very pretty dance with 'diyas' -- a lot of practice and effort went into that dance. The 'groom's' family were not far behind as what really stole the show was a 'dandiya' dance to the beat of the cassette. The Mehndi was very tastefully decorated in the shape of a peacock which was unusual and very effective. The groom's friends in 'ajraks' also danced to the beat of a very traditional Sindhi song. Dancing was the order of the day and it continued till the early hours of the morning. The interesting thing was that usually people are coaxed into dancing at

mehndis but here whether they were friends or not, everyone wanted to be in the limelight.

Understandably so as the foreign press was there in full swing, cameras and photographers swarmed the place and there was not a stolen moment when a camera was not clicking.

Benazir looked confident and unusually pretty as she descended down in the typical way as a bride. She was not shy, smiling, conversing, enjoying every moment. Asif was slightly flustered and very much in 'awe' of his 'famous' bride. Both of them sat together and the Mehndi ceremony was performed on them by the respective families. After the 'rasam'



Little Benazir... imperious ... couquettish ... happy at last.

was over -- it was like a carnival, everyone doing their own thing amidst the pandemonium of photographers, energetic dancers and kids galore. The Mehndi put everyone's speculations to rest as it was as traditional, as typical and as enjoyable as any Mehndi, a colourful pageant of dresses, dances and moreover the gaiety that involved everyone in it whether he or she was an onlooker or a close friend.

The nikah was a small but not a particularly quiet or family affair. Among about 150 -- 200 people who were gathered at 70 Clifton were many photographers, foreigners only, diplomats and foreign guests of the Bhutto family. The garden was the venue of the ceremony, with a stage at one end and chairs spread all round. All the guests were seated, and while they waited for Benazir to come out almonds and the traditional dry fruits were passed among the guests, at last she appeared, nearing about 6 o'clock wearing a green printed shalwar kameez, a pink dupatta, looking happy and relaxed, and very, very confident, not at all like the typical muslim bride one usually sees on such occasions. The nikah was performed by the bride's family maulvi from Garhi Khuda Bux

What Benazir Wore



Nikah A printed green silk shalwar kameez suit with a chiffon dupatta. The motifs were outlined with a touch of gold.

The Wedding Reception: A white silk shalwar kameez suit worked in gold and silver thread, with badla, dabka and nakshi. The dupatta had a lace like jhali done in gold thread at the four corners and at the edges, superimposed with badla, reeki and doakh. The centre of the dupatta was filled with jhal. With this she wore an emerald and diamond collar. A red Imam Zamin, worked in gold, was worn on her right arm.

The Vallma - A shocking pink pure silk satin dupatta with an aari bhel, worked in dabka and nakshi with a beautiful complimentary border all round the dupatta. Her lengha was embroidered to match the dupatta. With this she wore a plain shirt in the same colour.

Faiza Samee made these outfits, working for over two months, upto fourteen hours a day to complete them in time for the wedding. Tariq Amin did her make-up and Roxanne of Sheraton Hotel did her hair style.



Little Asif... is it just a fly?

Bhutto, the Bhutto family's village near Larkana in Sind. As Benazir's mother comes from Iran, it was natural that Iranian traditions would be pre-dominant at the wedding -- the wearing of green, the chaddar being held high over the heads of the couple, the clicking and clucking of the family (said to keep evil spirits away) the impromptu dancing of some of the family guest who stood up in the crowd, wherever they were, and performed little dances both before and after the nikah.

Masses and masses of orchids in fantastic displays covered the garden and enormous bunches of them were presented to the guests. During the nikah little pieces of bread and cheese were passed around and after the nikah was over, little bags filled with pink and white sugared almonds each containing a little gold coin, were distributed to the guests. The latest Parisian fashions worn by some of the Bhutto family's guests and relatives were really quite something. Short little skirts, mini style, very with it, were really popular.



Mother Nusrat ... sorrowing as baby flies the nest CONTINUED PAGE 114



BY ALYS FAIZ

Changing Times

Setting foot for the first time in one of those very trendy boutiques

I think I should be listed in the Guinness Book of Records! Setting foot for the first time, in my latter years, in one of those very trendy boutiques! Of course, I have marvelled from afar, viewed the innovations which have taken place in that once classic line of *shilwar chemise* - not forgetting that the 'dhopatta' has almost made its last curtain call, at least in the manner in which we knew it in days of yore.

Well, so three generations of us went looking for a trendy suit for Long Plait, she leading the way, and seeming to be very well-versed in all the jargon; she disappeared once or twice into a slim cubicle, and finally sauntered out, money intact followed by two generations! I loved it all, and thought, well, if we can't give young people any other liberty, then let us grant them the liberty to do exactly what they like with what they wear!

I really have begun to like what it is all about - those very trendy trousers, looking less and less like their origins, and the whirls and the swirls of the chemises - but most of all the tailors who run up these extraordinary garments have earned my admiration.

Long Plait is neither girl, nor yet woman. She trots off to school each day in her snow-white uniform, with a neatly folded "dhopatta", burdened with her bag of books - nothing trendy about all that. But in the evening there she is appearing in the older generation's borrowed suits, shoes and a few baubles!

Regretfully I never succeeded in doing that. I was too lanky, too skinny to borrow or take over the older generation's wardrobe - and then fashions changed as swiftly as they do now. But the older generation's spotted veil, pulled down carefully and knotted under the chin, seemed to go on and on, along with navy gaberdine

coats, and silk dresses, court shoes, and very flat gloves. How on earth could one ever borrow on those! Powder was dabbed on with coated, wispy little sheets of tissue paper, with great decorum, and the grown-ups smelled of garden roses and hyacinths. Perfume was gentle eau-de-cologne, a dab on the ears, under the chin and a little dab on one wrist! Why one wrist we never discovered, watching from afar. Long curling irons were heated over a gas-jet and hair was rolled up, poking out, just a little from a soft pulled-on hat.

We had to wear 'sensible' shoes and coats with cape collars, stockings a little less than thick, and even more 'sensible' hats. Stockings were kept up with suspenders, some lucky girls had frilly garters, but they were frowned on by our elders. Fast, they would say. But we still thought we were very smart, until a small rebellion took place, first against 'sensible' hats. And this rebellion became bigger and bigger.

Red berets came into fashion, and one simply had to have one. They are common, we were told. But we craved, and carried on, and then had our own way. The angle was very, very important, as important as today's shawl, hanging carefully over a shoulder, but with an air of *non-garde*. One tilted one's beret to the right, just halfway down the ear, and managed a curl-covered left ear. The idea was to look dashing and yet demure. How many times one rehearsed until one was quite sure. And then - then some hobbledehoy dashing by on a cycle would yell 'red hats a bob' - but we didn't care, although our cheeks went as red as the beret. We had been noticed, and that was enough for us.

We had no boutiques to saunter round, to strut in and out of. A gorgeous camel-hair coat cost just a

guinea, taken off the peg, and it seemed to fit perfectly, we simply flowed into it! For evening skirts and afternoon frocks there was the little widow just a ride away, who sewed behind lace-curtains and that sign 'Ladies Dressmaker'.

It was all very correct, and the older generation's word was law and final. There was a spring suit, a summer coat and dresses, and a winter coat. Hats were straw and velour, as season dictated, ribbons hung down the back, and gloves were *always* carried, one on and one off. Seldom were both worn - that wasn't smart!

There was Sunday wear and day wear, and when Sunday wear was ousted by a new fashion it went into day wear - it was all so carefully worked out. We had our 'dotes' on head girls and maths, teachers, and Frauleins, and M'selles; we carried their books, waited at gates, opened doors, had a Christmas party, and danced the foxtrot, the Valeeta and rushed around in Paul Jones.

Now what do all our Long Plaits do? If they are fortunate they visit a boutique, roar at a cricket match, write letters to TV Times, have a favourite pop singer, usually black - block the telephone for hours on end. But they have their serious side too. Our Long Plait is typing out her first novel, and she performs as well as any private secty! Adores reading, hates school, wants to be a "madame" when she really grows up - that is, someone with authority and sway!

But what does the future hold for these millions of Long Plaits, fast cutting off their hair? For the plain, for the in betweens and for the beautiful - they are all ours, and we owe them much. What will we hand over to them? Both rich and poor? This world balancing on the brink of its own self-destruction? Can we guarantee them something better?

Get Going The HALEJI WAY

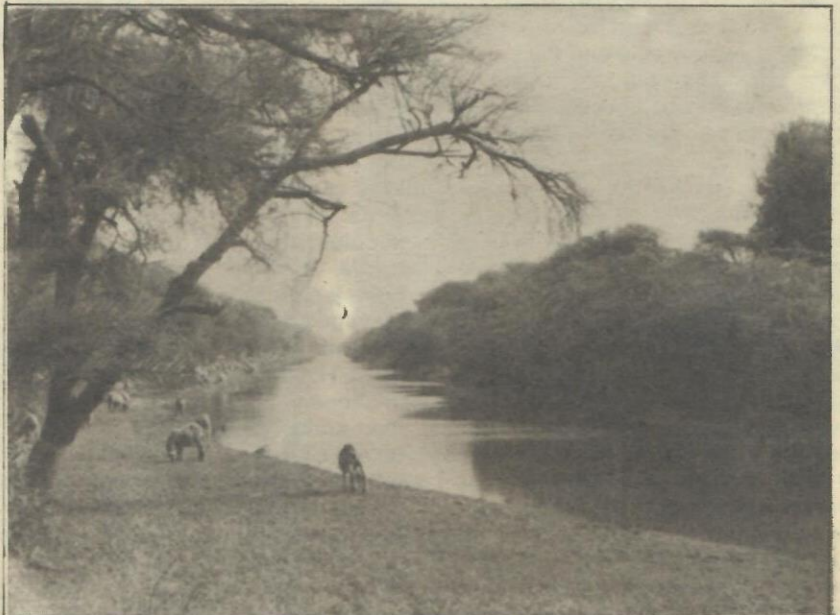
SUE BANNISTER

One of the pleasantest outings to be made from Karachi in winter is to Haleji Lake, the largest bird sanctuary in Pakistan, which is approximately 1 1/2 hours' drive from the city along the National Highway. It is run by Sind Wildlife Management Board which has a small information centre beside the lake. This makes a fine observation point from which to start to drive round the lake. Although it is sometimes difficult to get the Board's office in Karachi to supply information, at Haleji they have brochures to help identify the birds as well as hoardings with illustrations of the more common birds. The best time to visit is at dawn to see the birds flighting in and out; I have never managed to arrive so early but have nonetheless always thoroughly enjoyed my visits.

When one arrives on a calm winter day one could be forgiven for thinking that an earth tremor is in progress. The entire surface of the vast expanse of water quivers. The air is full of soft croaking sounds. Then one realizes that thousands of birds are swimming around, feeding amongst the reeds, quacking gently. On arrival I always turn right and circumnavigate the roughly square lake in an anti-clockwise direction; this is partly from habit, partly because the Information Centre which is open the

entire year is a few hundred metres along and partly because one usually sees more birds in this first stretch. One does not need to be an avid or well-informed bird-watcher to enjoy the day out; one can picnic along the edge of the lake and simply watch the birds on the lake or in the trees along its borders. It is a peaceful place and during the week there are very few visitors. Even the least knowledgeable can recognise pelicans, flamingoes or ducks. Needless to say,

one's enjoyment is much enhanced if one takes a pair of binoculars, a bird-book and perhaps if one is very enthusiastic, a pencil and pad to note down the species one sees. Initially one finds open water with long strips of reed behind; this area harbours thousands of coots, bossy black birds with a white patch on the crown of their head which gave rise to the expression 'as bald as a coot', and various different species of duck, all charming and very pretty.



A view of the canal

Further out amongst the reeds there are usually several sizes of egret, always elegant with their long necks and white plumage. A little further on one comes to a great patch of waterlilies. These often play host to gorgeous purple moorhens, rather heavy birds quite redeemed by beautiful purple-blue iridescent plumage, and various small waders, much more difficult for a beginner to identify. Cormorants perch on any patch of reed, wings spread to dry, little dabchicks bob up and down, constantly diving for food. They are enchanting to watch. One sees marsh harriers, graceful predatory birds a little smaller than the common pariah kite, quartering the lake constantly, searching for smaller birds to eat. One should not forget to look the other side of the causeway on which one drives to discover whatever there might be lurking in the reedy area there. On the causeway itself I have seen the occasional mongoose. After turning the first corner more birds appear in the trees along the track; kingfishers, both pied and common, perch on branches overhanging the water or hover delightfully above it and suddenly plunge into the lake to catch small fish. Although called 'common' there is nothing common about their colouring. One often catches a glimpse of a brilliant turquoise jewel flashing by and one knows this kingfisher is about. On the shrubby bushes on the bund green bee-eaters wait for insects, whisking off with marvellous quirky flight to catch their prey and then returning to their perch. Towards the end of this side of the lake one gets the best view of two guano-covered rocks which harbour lots of cormorants and, on a good day, a flock of pelicans. These birds, so ungainly and pompous to look at on the water, become wonderfully graceful in flight, swirling round and round, higher and higher, on the air currents



A group of Balochi people collecting twigs from near the lake

above the lake.

At the second corner there is a shady patch of trees by a lock and canal where a cheerful paanwallah sits on the steps of a ruined storage hut. Just beyond the sluice, village children sometimes bathe and splash whilst their elders net the canal for fish. Here one should look out for coucal, crow-like birds with smart rust-coloured wings to enliven the black, and babblers, one of whose varieties is called *Satbhai* in Urdu as they are always seen in busy groups. About half way along the third side of the lake one comes to a low island where sometimes crocodiles are to be seen. According to the local people there are between 80 and 100 in the lake. If you see a 'log' on a rock on

the island it is most probably a crocodile and might just slip into the water as you watch. Along this stretch one meets local women gathering wood. One group of Baloch explained to us that they had walked for three hours from their village to collect twigs which would only be sufficient for two days' fuel, when again they would have to return. Their clothing makes a vibrant splash of colour along the track.

The fourth side of the lake has much more open water close to shore, covered with the ubiquitous coots, egrets and ducks. On one occasion I saw flamingoes in the pools on the right-hand side of the bund. They were scratching up the mud and sifting it for small feeding matter, extraordinary action to watch. When they flap their wings one gets a glimpse of beautiful warm pink feathers beneath.

The best months to visit Haleji are December and January when the migratory birds arrive in their thousands. To reach the sanctuary you take the National Highway towards Thatta and turn off by the 82 km. stone down a track. There is a rather insignificant sign but immediately before the turning there is a very small but freshly painted mosque. After a further 5 km drive you reach the entrance where you pay a nominal fee for an entry permit. The track around the lake is 18 km. Shooting is strictly forbidden.



Fisherman spreading their nets

In 1984 Rosemary Lachlan arrived in Pakistan with her three children and husband Ian, who was taking up a post as the British Naval and Air Attache in Islamabad. For this shy, gentle English woman, Pakistan held no 'culture shock' or unknown fears, because, for her, it was a homecoming

"Home is where the heart is"; so goes the old adage, and for Rosemary Lachlan 'home' is certainly Pakistan. In fact she can claim much more than a sentimental attachment to this country -- for she was born here. The Lady Willingdon Hospital Lahore was her place of birth, just a few years before partition. However, due to her mother's ill health, the family left for England when Rosemary was still a toddler, and it was to be over three decades later, before she

"HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS..."

again stepped foot on the land of her birth.

Rosemary, who is now an established artist, looks at this land with that very special sight which is the artist's gift: "I had an immediate sense of belonging as soon as I arrived", she said. "All my life my parents -- especially my father spoke of their life spent on the sub-continent. My father was in the army and so they moved house quite often -- but it was Lahore they loved best",

She spoke with obvious sincerity of her love for Pakistan;

" a place that will be special to me all my life".

Moving house continues to be a dominating factor in her life, she had 18 moves in 20 years of marriage to her Naval Officer husband. At present they are living in Belgium, but she recently visited Pakistan on a three week vacation -- and was happy to be back.

"It was a real joy to be here after Belgium, which, for me as an artist, -- seems dark and shuttered. I love the wonderful infusion of light and colour here -- and the marvellous open expanse of the landscape".

When her parents moved back to England they settled in Cornwall which is an area of wild and beautiful countryside. Bodmin Moor with its swirling mists and treacherous marshes and Tintagel with its soaring cliffs and romantic castle -- said to be the ancient seat of King Arthur and the Knights of The Round Table -- have inspired many great artists and musicians. Rosemary admits that



ROSEMARY LACHLAN

NORMA SYDNEY

Cornwall nurtured her artistic talent: "In Cornwall the village is an integrated part of the landscape -- as it is in Pakistan and, like here, the countryside is wild and challenging".

However, her talent is also inherited. There are two Royal Academicians in the family and her uncle is Gilbert Ledward, the sculptor, whose statue of a mermaid graces Sloane Square in London and who also created a fine war memorial for Westminster Abbey. Rosemary began working for her Art Degree in Penzance College of Art, and, after two years there continued her studies at Exeter Art College and completed them in Bristol.

"I then began to teach and I must say I enjoyed the experience -- especially teaching pottery. Children enjoy the actual physical aspect of throwing a pot as well as the excitement of working with different glazes".

Teaching, however came to an end with her marriage -- and arrival of two daughters Eleanor and Catherine and son Thomas. She did not stop painting though and her work has been exhibited by the Royal Institute of Artists in Watercolours, at The Mall Gallery, London, and her oil paintings by the RBA (Royal Society of British Artists). In Pakistan her work was exhibited at the National Art Gallery in Islamabad when, in 1985, she shared an exhibition with four other professional women artists, drawn from Islamabad's international diplomatic circle. "I work in mixed media and enjoy experimenting", said Rosemary who also spoke of the particular difficulties faced by women artists in Pakistan.

"Painting landscapes or even sketching on the spot can prove difficult. On one occasion when sketching in a Pindi bazaar the police moved in on me and asked what I was up to. I suppose it must have looked strange to see a lone Englishwoman sitting on a carpet among a group of Afghan carpet sellers drinking tea and sketching! However when they had had a look at my work and talked to the carpet-sellers they seemed quite satisfied and left me to it!"

Because of this sort of problem Rosemary uses her camera to record a scene and her artistic ability to create the atmosphere.

"I do love the buildings especially the shapes of old balconies and tiled roofs. I am also fascinated by regional dress and love to go out and meet people in the remote regions".

While in Pakistan Rosemary travelled a great deal and has painted in the beautiful area around Karimabad, with Rakaposhi dominating the skyline, in all seasons of the year.

"The changing season completely alters the landscape of the valleys and mountains it's not just the light that changes but the whole essence of the place --- it would be impossible to say when it looks and feels most beautiful".

Although she understands the difficulties, she still prefers to travel alone. "When I travel with my husband and family I am too distracted by my involvement with them to absorb my surroundings. The other -- more important point is that when I am with them, local people politely leave us alone, but when I am alone they will talk to me far easier. I love to travel by train when I can usually develop a special relationship with my fellow travellers. They are always concerned about me and make me feel very protected. It also gives me a rare opportunity to observe people closely".

While in Karachi recently she decided to travel to Lahore to visit her birthplace and, typically chose the train journey rather than the air-flight to travel to the Punjab.

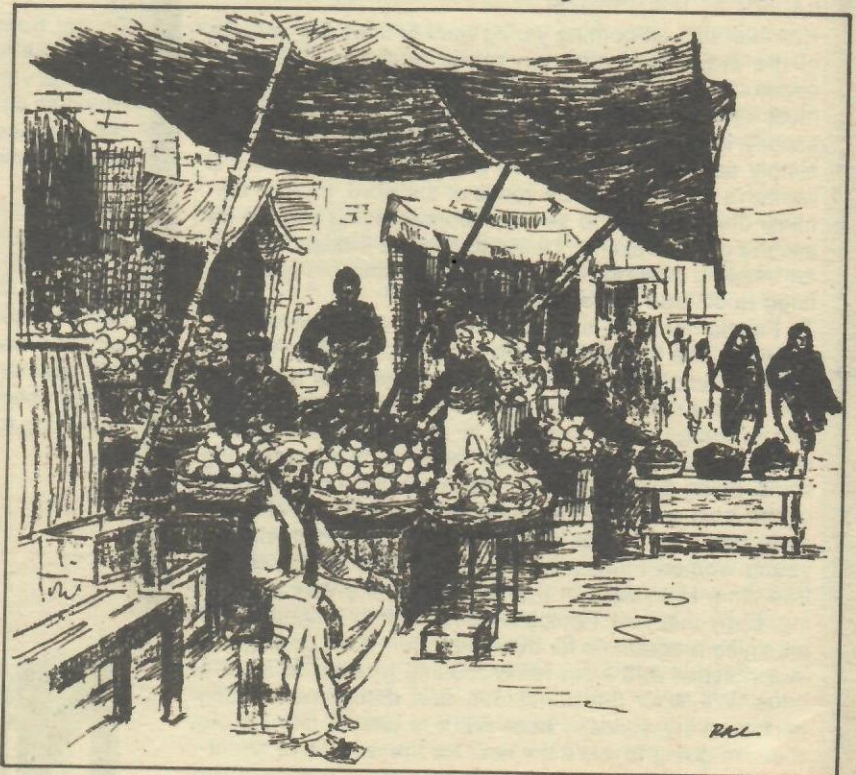
Her lively pen and watercolour drawings attracted a great deal of attention when she exhibited in Islamabad, and it was suggested that they would make delightful notelet cards for both tourists and local people to send abroad to family and friends. So, with her husband's encouragement she went ahead and printed a few of the designs as cards. They were an immediate success and in 1985 began to be seen around Karachi at the

Charity Bazaars. Recently a company called Original Designs was launched to market them throughout Pakistan -- but at present they are available only in Karachi. The little paintings are typical of Pakistan's rich and varied culture and include village and bazaar scenes, market vendors and -- most loved of all -- the colourful Pakistani buses. Next year the range will be enlarged to include some of the paintings created during this recent visit to Karachi.

"I shall never lose touch with Pakistan", said Rosemary, "if people here like my paintings, I am very happy". When she left Pakistan after her recent visit she had a special challenge ahead -- to find, at last, a real home-base for her family in England.

"I have no idea yet where we will end up in England, but wherever it will be, it must have a nice big studio where I can work. And, when the skies are leaden with the weight of snow, I will remember the desert of Cholistan, where the luminous light was like a bowl of honey, and the village where I sat in the dust surrounded by the children who watched while I painted their portraits. I know for sure that I will return again and again to my wonderful Pakistan".

And, when she comes we will welcome her, for Rosemary Lachlan is a very special artist whose warmth and sensitivity reaches out to everyone she meets -- but also she is an artist with a great gift --- a sense of place. **Cards available through Original Designs Tel: 530446.**



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"I then began to teach and I must say I enjoyed the experience -- especially teaching pottery. Children enjoy the actual physical aspect of throwing a pot as well as the excitement of working with different glazes".

Teaching, however came to an end with her marriage -- and arrival of two daughters Eleanor and Catherine and son Thomas. She did not stop painting though and her work has been exhibited by the Royal Institute of Artists in Watercolours, at The Mall Gallery, London, and her oil paintings by the RBA (Royal Society of British Artists). In Pakistan her work was exhibited at the National Art Gallery in Islamabad when, in 1985, she shared an exhibition with four other professional women artists, drawn from Islamabad's international diplomatic circle. "I work in mixed media and enjoy experimenting", said Rosemary who also spoke of the particular difficulties faced by women artists in Pakistan.

"Painting landscapes or even sketching on the spot can prove difficult. On one occasion when sketching in a Pindi bazaar the police moved in on me and asked what I was up to. I suppose it must have looked strange to see a lone Englishwoman sitting on a carpet among a group of Afghan carpet sellers drinking tea and sketching! However when they had had a look at my work and talked to the carpet-sellers they seemed quite satisfied and left me to it!"

Because of this sort of problem Rosemary uses her camera to record a scene and her artistic ability to create the atmosphere.

"I do love the buildings especially the shapes of old balconies and tiled roofs. I am also fascinated by regional dress and love to go out and meet people in the remote regions".

While in Pakistan Rosemary travelled a great deal and has painted in the beautiful area around Karimabad, with Rakaposhi dominating the skyline, in all seasons of the year.

"The changing season completely alters the landscape of the valleys and mountains it's not just the light that changes but the whole essence of the place --- it would be impossible to say when it looks and feels most beautiful".

Although she understands the difficulties, she still prefers to travel alone. "When I travel with my husband and family I am too distracted by my involvement with them to absorb my surroundings. The other -- more important point is that when I am with them, local people politely leave us alone, but when I am alone they will talk to me far easier. I love to travel by train when I can usually develop a special relationship with my fellow travellers. They are always concerned about me and make me feel very protected. It also gives me a rare opportunity to observe people closely".

While in Karachi recently she decided to travel to Lahore to visit her birthplace and, typically chose the train journey rather than the air-flight to travel to the Punjab.

Her lively pen and watercolour drawings attracted a great deal of attention when she exhibited in Islamabad, and it was suggested that they would make delightful notelet cards for both tourists and local people to send abroad to family and friends. So, with her husband's encouragement she went ahead and printed a few of the designs as cards. They were an immediate success and in 1985 began to be seen around Karachi at the

Charity Bazaars. Recently a company called Original Designs was launched to market them throughout Pakistan -- but at present they are available only in Karachi. The little paintings are typical of Pakistan's rich and varied culture and include village and bazaar scenes, market vendors and -- most loved of all -- the colourful Pakistani buses. Next year the range will be enlarged to include some of the paintings created during this recent visit to Karachi.

"I shall never lose touch with Pakistan", said Rosemary, "if people here like my paintings, I am very happy". When she left Pakistan after her recent visit she had a special challenge ahead -- to find, at last, a real home-base for her family in England.

"I have no idea yet where we will end up in England, but wherever it will be, it must have a nice big studio where I can work. And, when the skies are leaden with the weight of snow, I will remember the desert of Cholistan, where the luminous light was like a bowl of honey, and the village where I sat in the dust surrounded by the children who watched while I painted their portraits. I know for sure that I will return again and again to my wonderful Pakistan".

And, when she comes we will welcome her, for Rosemary Lachlan is a very special artist whose warmth and sensitivity reaches out to everyone she meets -- but also she is an artist with a great gift --- a sense of place. **Cards available through Original Designs Tel: 530446.**





FAUZIA HASNAIN

Avibrant young graduate in Economics from Wheaton College, U.S.A., Fauzia Hasnain received her early education from the prestigious Karachi Grammar School. It was during her student years that she decided to adopt banking as her career. On one of her visits home from the U.S. Fauzia took up an internship with the American Express Bank. 'The atmosphere and the work in the bank appealed to me so much that I decided to adopt it as a career after completing my graduation', says Fauzia.

Working presently for the Deutsche Bank (Asia) as an officer in their credit department, Fauzia has a formidable work list, dealing mainly with loan documentation, security and collateral of loans, studying balance sheets, handling minor problematic accounts ----- and from what we know she's doing all this and more very competently.

Having won a lot of respect and responsibility from the personnel of the bank Fauzia at times finds her age a bit of a handicap. Having to relate to a client twice one's age and experience, policy matters and know how is not an easy task and one can feel the barriers of age coming in the way of one's professionalism. But as Fauzia adds, you have to overcome the generation gap to be successful.

However this up-coming young banker finds the attitude of the majority of our men rather upsetting. 'Just because I am a woman most men take it for granted that I must be a secretary'. The basic problem she says, in our society is that people don't take women seriously. It is simply assumed that women can't think. Though not a woman's libber in the true sense of the word, Fauzia definitely does not like to see our women being treated as second grade citizens. 'I'd like to see the Pakistani woman heading businesses and industries and not just confined to cottage industries', she says.

To Fauzia her work is a very important aspect of her life. Although she has no immediate plans of getting married Fauzia intends to continue with her career after marriage. She feels a good balance can be struck between career and marriage if the husband is supportive and understanding. As an example she adds with a captivating smile, being a man does not mean you can't cook. Some of the best chefs in the world are men. The Pakistani male has only to get off his high horse. An intelligent young woman Fauzia likes to read and socialize in her free time. Her future in the bank too looks very promising. Early this year Fauzia is being sent to Singapore for a training programme for three months. 'It will be banking in a nutshell and I am really looking forward to it,' she adds. We wish this ambitious and determined young banker every success because it is people like Fauzia who are going to pave the way for the women of tomorrow.

Nighat Gaya



SHIREEN NIAZI

Soft spoken and charming, Shireen Niazi, is a dedicated and impassioned Montessori teacher working at Rahi Montessori.

Why do you teach is the question often asked of a teacher. For most it is thought of as 'just passing time' until marriage. Shireen certainly does not teach for this reason, or because it comes easy. As she says, 'I always wanted to be a teacher, although I didn't start as a career orientated person, but soon I got so involved in my job that I just want to carry on, frankly it's my love for children and that alone keeps me where I am.'

After completing her A levels from the Karachi Grammar School, Shireen did her diploma in Montessori teaching from Karachi. She has now been teaching for the last eight years without a break, 'no matter how long I teach, I can never get bored with my job. No two days are alike for me, everyday a child comes up with something new. Teaching kids from the age 2 1/2 to 4 is a challenge and an opportunity to learn and understand child psychology.'

On her training as a Montessori teacher Shireen says, 'even for a person who doesn't want to take it up as a career, it is very good for girls as it helps you in bringing up your own children. You are given training in all aspects of child psychology, and this helps you in understanding the problems of raising a child'.

In Karachi there are very few authentic Montessori schools, citing the reason for this, Shireen said, 'people are generally not aware of difference between a Montessori and nursery system of education. They are not even interested in knowing about it. Education in Pakistan has become more [a successful business venture. There are very few sincere people in this field left'.

With marriage coming up in the near future, Shireen plans to open her own school, 'just to make teaching a permanent thing for me.'

Sharmin Farah

NEW YEAR



HINA KHAWAJA

A trainee at the Pakistan Design Institute (P.D.I.) Hina Khawaja got her bachelor's degree from St. Joseph's College after receiving her initial education from the Convent of Jesus and Mary. Creative and charming Hina thought of appearing for the CSS examination but gave up the idea because she felt it may not be too practical for girls, especially after marriage, due to the fact that one could be posted anywhere. Since Art had always interested her, Hina joined the Pakistan Design Institute and after completing her training in three and a half years will be awarded her diploma in product designing. Presently Hina is studying product designing the history of art and other related theory work. Her entire training programme however includes exposure in the graphic, textile and product designing departments. In the future Hina prefers to work independently as a free-

lance designer. "When freelancing, one is able to choose not only one's job assignment but is also at liberty to work at one's own choice of time", which Hina feels is important for girls.

Although Hina faces no discrimination at work, she is of the opinion that girls from only one section of the society are pre-dominantly career conscious. 'It is the task of the women to encourage the younger generation of women to work' she adds. After all, it is said that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

Hina feels that product designers have a very bright future in Pakistan. Though presently not so popular she feels that people are becoming more and more aware of the importance and need of designing and the day is not far when product designing will be all the rage!

Nighat Gaya



ASMA ZIA

A sma Zia, programme coordinator of Shirkat Gah -- an independent non-governmental international organization. This young and ambitious girl is working for the uplift and development of women in Pakistan.

Asma could have easily avoided working for Shirkat Gah. After returning from the U.S.A. with a degree from Allegheny College, Pennsylvania, she joined N.D.F.C. as assistant manager, market research. This she says was a very good experience, 'as it taught me to deal with people at all levels'. But she felt that she was not getting an experience in the direction that particularly interested her. "For I had always planned to join an organization which would concentrate on women and their development".

In '85 she took leave for a year to pursue an M.A. degree in Literature at King's College, University of London. While studying there she got deeply interested in women's issues. After her return Asma volunteered to work with the Shirkat Gah. 'I became involved bit by bit and later when an opportunity came in I decided to join as a permanent worker. I found them very sincere, with a very professional attitude towards their work'.

Asma deals with administration, research and the library section. She is also involved in field work. Working at Shirkat Gah, Asma feels she is contributing a lot and says it's very rewarding. As for her future plans, she says, 'I would like to continue working at my present job, it certainly is one of the most rewarding and interesting jobs, I have ever come across'.

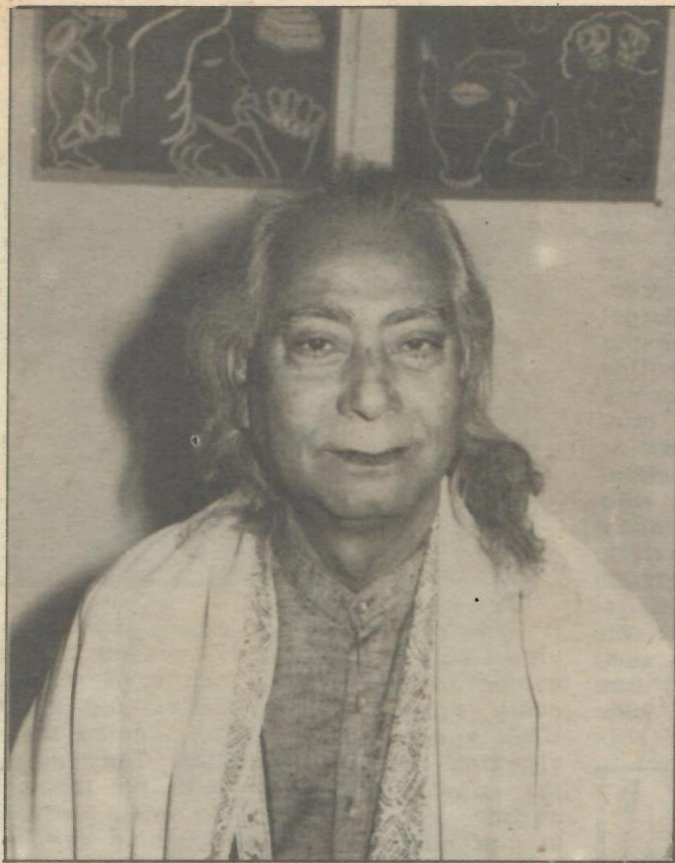
Feeling ardently for the women of our society, Asma feels a lot has to be done for them. 'Our problems are so great and intense, particularly in the rural areas, where women are not aware of the many alternatives. But we at Shirkat Gah are determined to go on with our development programmes.

It can easily be said that Asma has seen the best of both worlds having studied in the best institutions in Pakistan as well as abroad. When asked of her experiences while studying in the U.S.A. and in the U.K. Asma said, 'I loved studying abroad, both the countries offered a great deal academically and socially. Surprisingly in England I didn't face any discrimination what-so-ever.

On women and their striving for individuality Asma says, "although it is difficult, I think it is very important that women realise here that despite the protection of the family, financial independence is basic to one's independence. When asked to comment on the general attitude of men in Pakistan toward an independent and intelligent women, Asma said, 'I feel men are taken aback by intelligent women. Things are improving, but it is going to take time for them to completely accept an independent self reliant woman'.

Sharmin Farah

WOMEN



A narkali Bazar is as much of a living legend as the lady who gave it her name and is definitely a strange place to be in, at once fascinating due to its colour, disturbing by its frenzied movement and chaotic by the noisy crescendo of human and inhuman pitch that make up the place. And yet, at its far end, almost near the circular road, leading off from life's maddening rush

Kathak, sole exponent of the delightful Kathak dance form in the entire sub-continent, feted in his lifetime as a living legend, profusely showered by international accolades, the love and reverence for an art, showing clear on his benign face. Suddenly a pall descends as the observing eye deciphers the reality of these unreal surroundings which speak of a social set up that in a



The Glorious

is a quiet by-lane. This is a by-lane, branching into which, all chaos and confusion, noise and disorder disappear mysteriously and give way to a special sort of quiet serenity and silence. So near and yet so far? The lane leads into a quadrangle surrounded by whitewashed buildings and a pointed board that welcomes you to the Delhi Muslim Hotel. Unknown to many, but known to those who care, this place is home and hearth to an eighty three year old master artist, a mythical figure, almost hermit like in his life-style, yet proudly arrogant as an expert exponent of an art form, and at the same time aware and unaware of the mysterious *aura* he exudes around him. This is the legendary Maharaj

profusion of wild emotions is prone to overlook its precious gems. A regal, majestic figure in his informal black, gold braided 'chuga', a shawl over the shoulders, the wooden "Kharavans" on his feet, the sapphires and emeralds dancing on his gesticulating fingers, the Maharaj holds his audience spell-bound as, chain smoking, he holds court. Baba to one and all, his magnetic personality and fascinating conversation give him a special appeal and he delights in it all. In public too he cuts a splendidly magnificent figure. Bystanders say that when the Maharaj leaves his hotel room to take lessons in the city, the departure itself is a right royal affair. Dressed in white Churidar

Pajama, boski angarkha, mareena shawl, bedecked with jewels, complete with a satin pouch full of pan and sappari, the sixfooter towers above all around him. Maharaj Ghulam Hussain Kathak, the sole master exponent of the fabulously intricate beauty of the Kathak dance drama is indeed a right royal person and as he speaks about his childhood, his training, his experience of a world spanning almost a century, he lays bare the secrets of an era long past and

A regal, majestic figure in his informal black, gold braided 'chuga', a shawl over the shoulders, the wooden "Kharavans" on his feet, the sapphires and emeralds dancing on his gesticulating fingers, the Maharaj holds his audience spell-bound as, chain smoking, he holds court

BY
MONEEZA HASHMI
AND
NYLA DAUD



Imam of his Mohalla Mosque, Ghulam Hussain had a stern, disciplined childhood, including prayers, Quran lessons and the basic training to respect his teachers and elders. So it is no wonder that at eighty plus the Maharaj bows his head as he talks of Dr. Rabindarnath Tagore, Agha Hashr Kashmiri and Achhan Bhayya, his teachers. "We lived in a primitive age, minus all the scientific technology but by God it was an age of culture and refinement, of respect and reverence. As a little child I do not remember having ever raised my eyes to question a teacher or having entered my mohalla with my head uncovered. We respected not only our mother as "Janam deota" our

melody or movement. Our dance dramas often ran for six hours at a time. If it was a folk classic like Sherin Farhad its performance would start at 9 p.m. and continue till the muezzins call next day. In those days, we did not have dialogue even in drama, but every action, every word was dependent upon melody and movement. Today drama and dance have lost their real meaning.

Drama today is mere comedy to make you laugh your guts out senselessly, with a hint of tragedy, but where has the melody gone? And dance? Dance is a melee of hop skipping females and they are all appreciated. Dance in its true sense with classical representation is becoming

Kathak Dancer

angrily points out the intrigues and false values of the age we are living through. As graceful in speech and selection of words as in the dance drama he is master of, the Maharaj radiates a peculiar majesty, a serenity and depth of thought, a wit and rational reasoning, punctuating his ideas with quotations from the Quran and the Sufi Poets. Roomi, Saadi, Jami and Khusrau, their verses flow fluidly apt from his tongue. He holds them in reverence as prophets of intellect, art, faith and divine principles. Faiz, he holds in special reverence, as he speaks of a friend who is no more and his eyes take on a special softness. Born in 1905 in Calcutta, son of an ICS Officer, who later became the

father as "Un-deota" but also the ustad as "Karam-deota". I remember sitting with knees bent before my ustad for hours on end without so much as batting an eyelid". As the Maharaj remembers with respect his revered ustads, he falls into reminiscences marked with pathos as he talks of that greatness of dance as an art form half a century back when it was not practised as slapstick comedy but as an ibadat. That, he says was because in those times there lived people who had the genius and guts to acknowledge it as such without the inhibition of false values. "European ballet stands nowhere in comparison to the classical tableau of our times, either in costume,

obsolete". So true because whatever forms there do exist, are being black listed in the name of religion and chastity. "As little children, we had mixed classes. There was no segregation because the ustads believed that dance is a natural expression. At the same time it was no joke to become a shagird to an ustad. They made us work for hours on end without rest sometimes we just tapped our feet to a single "Taal" for hours but we never questioned. Only later it dawned that this was the ustads way of teaching discipline and philosophy". How did the Maharaj who in his words started off with painting, take to dance? With his lovable smile, Baba mischievously disclosed how the

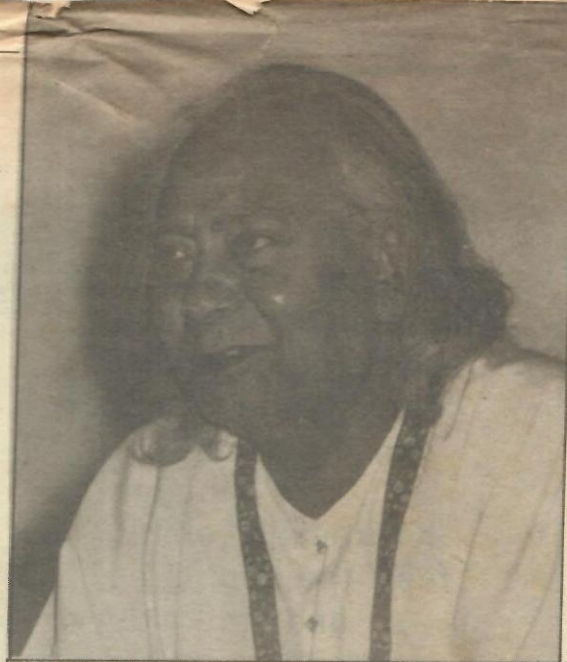
artist in him became a Kathak addict. When he drew his first portrait an angry father gave him piece of his mind for this heretical art. "Then I took to music. In my time melody was a part and parcel of drama which was flourishing at the time, so I came on stage. Actually dance is the ultimate form of self-expression by movement. I came to it quite methodically, not deliberately. Then I fell in love with it. It was an age of stage shows. Under the Fauji Dilkusha Saba, a British Government Organization I went to different war-fronts with troupes. Then I spent some time in Rangoon with the Imam Shah Theatrical Company".

The Maharaj decided to say good-bye to Rangoon when the Tehreek gained momentum in his native India. The call was so strong that like a patriot he turned homewards to take part in the independence activities.

"My friends reminded me of my esteem in India, but I was adamant that God would give me fame and recognition anywhere if he so desired. I moved to Dacca which was my "nunhial" with high spirits. Very soon I realised that there in my own home my art was unrecognized because in the heat of independence my old values were being rejected. So in 1950 I came to Karachi, where I formed the "Bazm-e-Funoon-e-Mughalia".

However Lahore proved to be the strongest attachment because it was here that the restless Maharaj

European ballet stands nowhere in comparison to the classical tableau of our times, either in costume, melody or movement



ultimately came as a homing pigeon. It was here that he found his restless spirit could gain peace. That was almost twenty years ago and to this day he lives in tranquil serenity surrounded by friends and admirers, in his two room hotel suite at the Delhi Muslim Hotel in Anarkali Bazaar. It goes to the credit of his magnetic person that amidst the crescendo of motor-rickshaws and shrills of human voices he has managed to create this oasis of sublime peace. It is an oasis that draws fans through its open doors, day and night. Because as the story goes this artistic melange does not believe in shutting the world out. With its neat, clean atmosphere, its red Afghani rugs, the white latha "Gao-Takyas", the stately spittoon and endless cups of tea, the place is a haven for restless minds, tired of a system that deems culture and art as heretical.

Coming from such a culturally rich background why then did the Maharaj opt for Kathak as his form of expression? Suddenly the master artist goes into a deep reverie a soft smile descends on his features and unconsciously his right hand adopts a Kathak pose.

"Bittyta Kathak means Katha, a dastan or story --- Kathak is the most delicate, beautiful and touching way to tell a story. I found that it was one form of dance that appealed to my inner self. It is the beauty of its movement, its refinement and delicacy that moved my heart and soul years ago and it still reigns supreme even to this day".

What does the Maharaj think of the future of classical dance in the country? Again with a merry twinkle in his eye and a glint of satisfaction on his round face he prophesies hope for his beloved art form. It is the hope of an "aashiq" that the temporary

phase of neglect and ignorant misunderstanding of an art he holds dear shall one day die its own death. "People today are more interested in Kathak than ever before. For how long can the natural feelings of people be suppressed? We are free people living in a free country and nobody by mere ignorance, can kill the soul that is born to appreciate harmony and melody which are the constituents of dance".

But it is at the official patronage of art and culture that the Maharaj really lashes out. "What do they know what is culture. Ask me and I will tell them that art is ibadat. It is a divine expression of "Ishq-e-Haqeeq". And no one can suppress real Ishq, because this will only lead to frustration and frenzy".

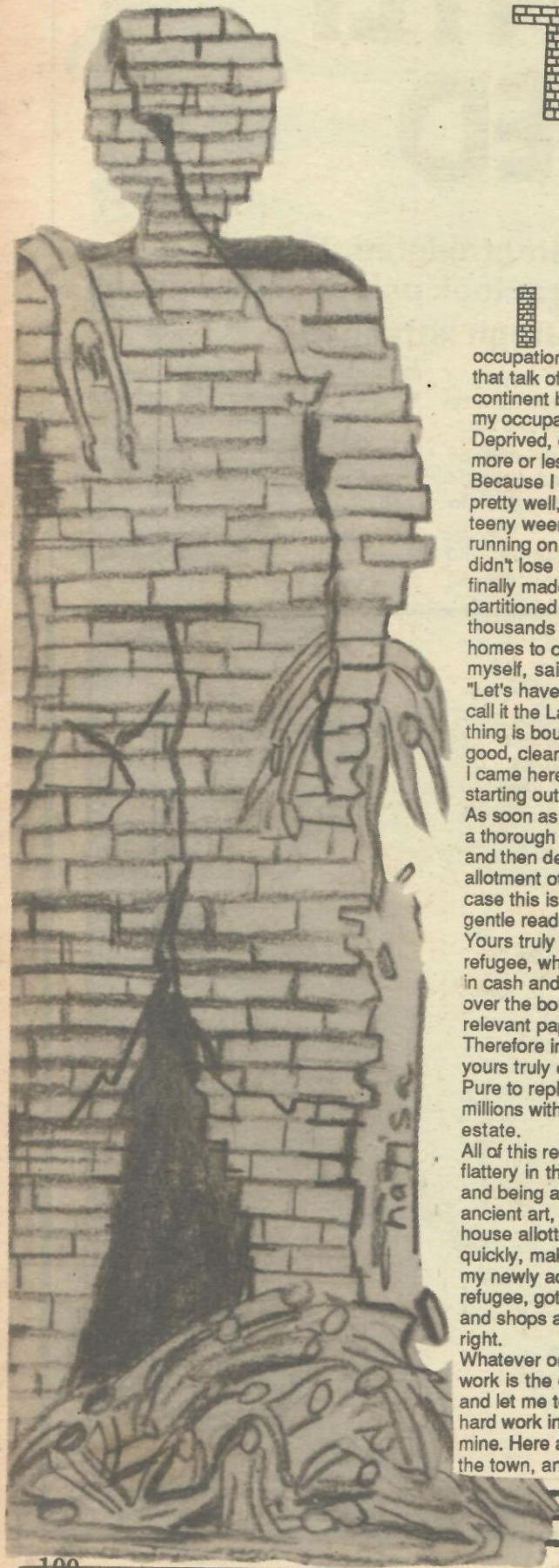
The Maharaj radiates with delightful energy, and life pulsates his very being as he defends his art with the faith in the creator that he declares his rozi is not the result of servility to any human being.

"I have never sold myself to any person. My art is for the world and those who care come to me and in return I am glad to spread my art. I have been blessed with the best of "shagirds" and their achievements in the world of Kathak are my fees. Today when one of my "shagirds" comes and embraces me, the sound of Baba on his lips is my ultimate gain and reward".

Satisfied and contented, with malice towards none, but confident of the magnetic powers he radiates, proud of his art and with fresh hope for its survival against odds, the Maharaj lives alone for he never married. Yet his loneliness is a paradoxical metaphor for nowhere can loneliness be so crowded and pulsating with public appraisal as the life of Maharaj Ghulam Hussain Kathak.



THE MAR



I belong to Gujerat, Kathiawar, and I am a Banya by both birth and occupation. But last year when all that talk of the partition of the sub-continent began, I was deprived of my occupation for quite some time. Deprived, did I say? Well, let's say more or less deprived, shall we? Because I managed to get along pretty well, regardless. I had this teeny weeny cocaine business running on the quiet, and I certainly didn't lose anything on it. When they finally made up their minds and partitioned the country, and thousands began to leave their homes to cross the borders, I said to myself, said I,:

"Let's have a look at Pakistan. They call it the Land of the Pure. Something is bound to turn up there for a good, clean lad like yours truly!" I came here with the intention of starting out in business in a big way. As soon as I arrived in Lahore I made a thorough appraisal of conditions and then decided to deal in the allotment of refugee properties. In case this is not quite clear to you, gentle reader, let me explain myself. Yours truly posed as a destitute refugee, who had left behind millions in cash and kind, but while escaping over the border, had lost all the relevant papers and documents. Therefore in compensation thereof yours truly expected the Land of the Pure to replace those nebulous millions with some form of real estate.

All of this required a good deal of flattery in the right official quarters, and being a past master at that ancient art, I soon had a fair-sized house allotted to myself. I sold this quickly, making a neat Profit, and in my newly acquired role of destitute refugee, got more and more houses and shops allotted to me left and right.

Whatever one's profession, hard work is the quickest route to success and let me tell you, I put plenty of hard work into this new profession of mine. Here a bribe, there a night on the town, an occasional evening of

"nautch". I knew all the tricks of the trade and soon I had every official eating out of the palm of my hand. And I would scout the streets of every city I visited, in search of likely refugee property which could be allotted in my name.

Nothing succeeds like success, and within a year I had made two hundred and fifty thousand rupees. I had everything the human heart could desire .. a beautiful house, a large bank balance, plenty of servants and a Packard car, not to mention several factories and shops bringing in the shekels night and day. I had all this and yet there was a nameless ache somewhere in the vicinity of my heart. Even while I was running my cocaine business I suffered an occasional twinge, but now things were much worse. There was this heavy lump, this weighty feeling in the chest. I had to stop and take stock of matters. What on earth was wrong with me? When all is said and done, I'm quite a bright lad. If a question forms itself in my mind I never rest until I've found the answer, and so I began to worry and wonder. Was it woman trouble, or rather the lack of? Hmmm .. that could be it. I no longer had a woman of my own. My wife died long ago in Gujerat, Kathiawar, but there had never been any dearth of women as far as I was concerned. For example there was the gardener's wife .. Ahh, but that would be telling, wouldn't it? Between you and me, all I ask of a woman is that she be young and luscious. Education and breeding, phooey! I couldn't care less about such trivialities.

As I think I've said before, I'm a bright lad when all is said and done. I do not rest until I've probed into the very depths of a problem. The factories were humming away, the shops were doing a roaring trade. The shekels seemed to be multiplying of themselves. And so I had a bit of time to myself for a change and was able to put on my thinking cap. At last I came to the conclusion that the nameless ache was there because I hadn't done any good deeds

TYR MAKER

SAADAT HASAN MANTO

Translation from Urdu by Salma Mahmud

recently.

In good old Gujerat, Kathiawar, I did many a good deed. For example when my friend Pandverang died, I looked after his mistress for two whole years. Then when Vinayak's wooden leg broke into two, I bought him a new one for forty rupees. And when that whore Jamuna Bai got the clap I paid her doctor's fees for six months. But this was all back in Gujerat, Kathiawar. Since coming to the Land of the Pure I hadn't done a single good deed. I was quite sure now that this was the cause of the nameless ache. At first I thought I would rectify this by distributing alms among the poor. But after one long walk through the city I discovered that every second man on the streets was a beggar. I asked myself:

"How many of these wretches can I feed and clothe?"

Then I thought of opening a free kitchen -- but I told myself:

"What good will one free kitchen do and anyway, where will I get enough flour for all those chapatties? If I buy the flour in the black market I'll be sinning with one hand while feeding chapatties to the poor with the other. No, no, yours truly will have none of that".

So after much taxing of the little grey cells I decided that just about everybody was unhappy - both those who slept on the pavement as well as those who lived in large mansions.

The man who walked on foot complained because his shoes needed resoling and the man who drove a car grumbled because he owned a two-year old model!

I began to think I had thrown myself into a bottomless pit of misery and troubles; and I told myself that distributing alms wasn't such a good idea anyway. You may not agree with me, gentle reader, but have you ever visited a refugee camp? Well, I have, and I've come to the sad conclusion that charity has ruined most of these wretched refugees. They do nothing all day long except play cards, gamble and abuse one another. How can such a collection of wasters strengthen the hands of the

government? So I told myself that distributing alms couldn't be classified as a good deed.

The hospitals were overflowing with victims of a cholera epidemic and the thought occurred to me that perhaps I should build a hospital, but then I thought better of it. I had gone to the extent of chalking out the entire scheme and called for tenders for the construction of the hospital building. I had planned to collect all the application fees and then float my own little construction company, awarding the tender to myself. But at the last moment I saw the light of reason. By building a hospital I would be saving useless lives and thus adding to an already over-populated community.

I also rejected the idea of building a mosque and was beginning to despair of ever finding a satisfactory good deed when God showed me the path to salvation right under my very nose. I was suddenly struck by this tremendous idea that I must work hard at reducing the population rather than increasing it. And so I began to worry about how I should go about achieving this brilliantly-conceived end.

At first I thought it would be a good idea to go from one poor person to another, persuading them to commit suicide both for the good of the community and in order to put an end to their misery. But would you believe it? No-one was willing to follow my advice! For example there was this ancient old crone lying on the pavement. She seemed too far gone to hear any of my persuasive arguments, so I simply picked her up, put her in my car, drove to the railway track and laid her down in the path of an approaching train. And the horrible old hag jumped up like greased lightning and raced off into the night, snarling at me as she ran. Not a word of gratitude did I get.

I tried my best. I even went to the extent of scattering banana skins and melon peels on practically every pavement of the city in the forlorn hope that some beggar would slip and break his neck. But all to no avail, at

least not directly.

At long last, during my wanderings carrying banana skins and melon peels I came upon a decrepit mansion in the heart of the old city, with hundreds of tiny rooms, crumbling walls and leaking roofs. It was the answer to all my prayers! I could now achieve the good deed to end all good deeds. These old experienced eyes of mine saw that with the first monsoon rains all those roofs ought to collapse. So I bought the mansion for ten thousand rupees and rented it out to one thousand semi-destitutes at the rate of five rupees per month each. I received two months' rent in advance. Work it out for yourselves. By the time the two months were drawing to a close the monsoons began and the roofs of my mansion collapsed. Seven hundred men, women and children perished under the rubble. That nameless ache lessened considerably. I'd cut down the population by seven hundred souls and had made them into blessed martyrs without losing anything into the bargain. Only the son of a Banya could have managed all this in one swift blow!

Now I spend most of my spare time in this good work of decreasing the population whenever and wherever possible. Every day I manage to help two or three poor people to attain martyrdom.

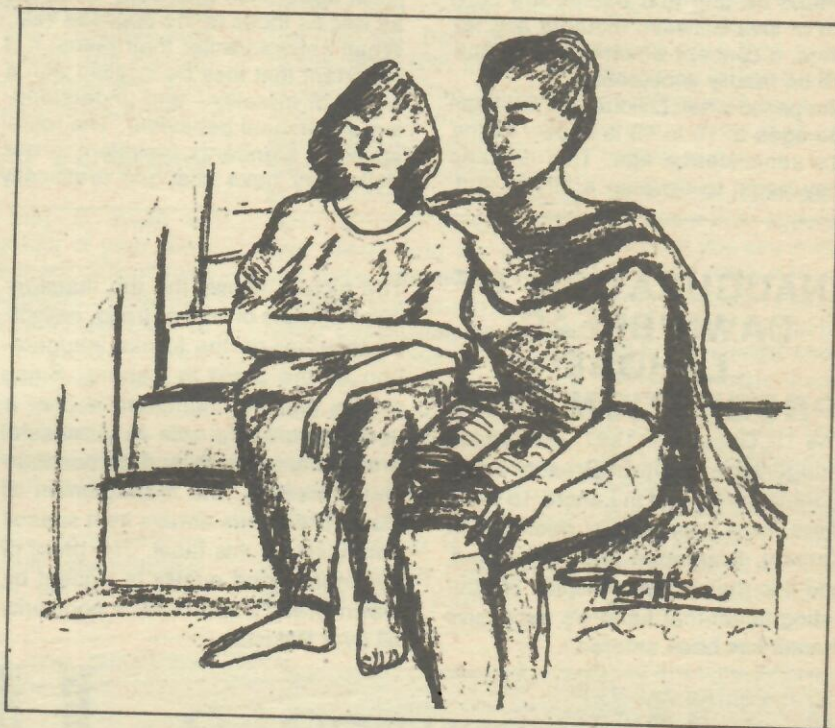
I'm getting a huge building constructed as well. The two lakh rupees contract is with my own company. Seventy-five thousand rupees will be pocketed by me straight away. I've insured it also, of course. My educated guess is that by the time the third floor has been constructed the entire building will collapse with a big bang. I've used doctored cement, you see. There are three hundred men working on it and I'm quite sure that every man jack of them will achieve martyrdom. If any one manages to escape it will only mean that he is a greater sinner than most and that Allah in His infinite wisdom did not think fit to bestow martyrdom on him.

IS SEX EDUCATION IMPORTANT!

SHIREEN HUSAIN

In a conservative society such as ours, discussions on sex, especially with one's children, are still regarded as strictly taboo - so much so that most parents fail, and in fact, think it unnecessary to tell their children about "the birds and the bees". Admittedly, the children of today know much more about the facts of life than we did at their age, but their knowledge has mostly been acquired either by reading modern novels or seeing movies on VCR. This visual exposure however, has not been tempered with proper parental guidance, resulting in a situation where youngsters of today are able to feel but not fully understand the emotions that accompany the physical aspects of sex. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing and unless they are guided properly, right from the very beginning, it can lead to serious consequences.

As a keen observer of the younger generation and the mother of growing children myself, I feel that it is essential that today's parents should realize the importance of parental guidance on sexual matters. Naturally the question arises as to how parents are to approach such a subject with their children and the dilemma of how much to tell a child and at what stage. No one has the answer to this except the parents themselves. At best, it would be a process of searching and testing, of making mistakes and learning from them. First and foremost, it is essential that grounds be laid for an honest and open relationship - one that encourages the child to trust you and in which they feel free to approach you with their prob-



lems. It may perhaps be reassuring for parents to be told that most children do not expect their parents to have all the answers, even on other issues - and very few parents do. Good sex education makes your child grow in his capacity to give and receive love and therefore it is never too late or too early to start working toward that objective.

Sex education should involve more than just an explanation of the biological facts because equally, if not more important is the development of attitudes. Your own approach to the issue will determine the attitude your

child develops. It is best therefore to adopt a direct and honest approach which will in turn encourage the child to be honest and direct with you and will ensure an open and healthy attitude towards the child's own situations in later life on relevant issues. During the primary years of a child's life, parents are more involved in teaching the child the basics, like walking, talking and eating. However, by the time children begin school, their personalities are beginning to take shape. They begin to have likes and dislikes, feel happy or sad, and even at this early age, learn the ad-

vantages of throwing a tantrum! Children at this age seldom, if ever, display any definite interest in sex, aside from perhaps an occasional query about the most obvious aspects of human reproduction. It is best to give straight and immediate answers to such questions.

Most toddlers between 3 to 6 nearly always ask where babies come from. It can be explained that a baby grows inside the mother in a special place where it gets its nourishment through whatever the mother eats until it is big enough to live in the outside world. Don't give your child more information than he is ready for, but endeavour to instil a happy acceptance of the child's sexual role in life, that of being either a boy or a girl.

Love is of vital importance during the early years of a child's life. Young children need the love and warmth of their parents to instil a feeling of security and pride. Sex should therefore be associated with love. Children should be told that babies are born out of love between mothers and fathers, a concept which is simple and will be readily acceptable.

The period when children are between the ages of 10 to 13 is known as the pre-adolescence age. This is when they begin to develop a strong curi-

osity about the differences between the sexes and it would be an appropriate time to tell them about human reproduction, describing it in the same manner as one would the circulatory or respiratory systems. In the case of girls, they should be prepared for menstruation which usually occurs around this time. Boys at puberty also experience striking and disturbing changes, which should be explained to them in simple and direct words. Children may feel embar-

Sex education should involve more than just an explanation of the biological facts

assed or inhibited when you are explaining these facts to them, but the key word in such discussions should be NATURAL. As future mothers and fathers, it is essential for them to know about their own body functions as well as those of the opposite sex. When children enter their teens, it is important that they be instilled with a sense of morality - and understanding of personal behaviour. The moral ethics or standards prevalent in our days may have changed drastically

in the west, but in the sub-continent remain more or less the same and should, in any case, be the criteria. By this I do not mean the fanatic approach to right and wrong, but one which is accompanied by reasoning. I do not know what the reaction of our society would be to the introduction of regular classes at HSC level, separate for boys and girls, where they could receive comprehensive, wholesome and intelligent guidance on matters related to sex, marriage, children etc., in order to help them become better members of society and through knowledge, complete individuals and in years to come, more enlightened and better equipped as parents. Perhaps the idea is premature, but even so, I still would say that proper sexual guidance is very much the need of the day.

While summing up, I would stress again that the early years of a child's life, the ages between 1 and 10, are the most important for development of sexual attitudes. It is important to remember that what a child learns or perhaps most important, how a child is taught, in these formative years is actually what will determine his behaviour and reactions in later life to related situations involving marriage, babies and the opposite sex.

INAUGURATION OF DAWN BREAD LAHORE PRODUCTION UNIT

The 1st December 1987, marked the inauguration of Dawn Bread's fourth manufacturing unit in Lahore. To date, there have been similar openings in Karachi, Islamabad and Hyderabad, and it is thus an able display of marketing talent that Lahore's expensive market has been entered.

The picture shows the top management officials of Dawn Bread, collected together on the formal inauguration of the plant in Lahore. Since quality and its maintenance play a very instrumental role in successful bread manufacture and its commercial marketing, the management of Dawn Bread has always kept special emphasis on this facet. The proof of continued good quality is evident by Dawn Bread's tremendous popularity all over Pakistan.



Stop Press

BANO BENGALI now a veteran in the field of formal dress designing, held her first exhibition at the Holiday Inn recently. From heavy joras to casual wear she had a variety of dresses on display. One could see the young brides-to-be along with their mamas, buying the dresses, as not only were they beautifully embroidered but were reasonably priced too. Done in intricate zari work and sequins, each had something special about it. One particularly eye-catching outfit was in black chiffon with sequins work, for Rs. 950.00, unimaginable! This was

Mrs. Bano Bengali's first exhibition, as she has her own small setup at home. But seeing the tremendous response she got, many more are sure to come soon. If you want to have a look at Mrs. Bano's gorgeous outfits you can contact her at Fashion Square, 48/11 10th Street, Phase V, Defence Cooperative Housing Society, Karachi. Ph. No. 531722