


The Monthly Newsmagazine for Women

January 1987 Price Rs. 30.00

SHILP



**3rd annual
number**

SHE

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JANUARY 1987 Vol. V. No. 3 REGD. M. 30



Ashocking and deeply moving study of the life and times of the women of Heera Mandi, revealed in SHE's exclusive special report.



SHE takes you on on a journey through time for romance that makes a wondrous setting for this season's high fashion.

NEWSMONTH

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"She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies And all that's best of dark and light Meets in her aspect and her eyes".

Byron

Dupatta from Neezu's Boutique
Photo by Akbar Rizvi

SHE

BRIEFING

Our Third Anniversary

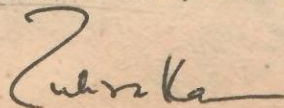
Happy New Year to all of you. Or more appropriately, the best of luck, because you'll need it to assert yourself both as a woman and as a human being in the years to come. Your rights are being systematically eroded and your political, economic and social status continues to remain under constant attack. The disasters of the year's end give further impetus to the accelerating forces of disintegration, creating an uncertainty and confusion in the minds of us all. The call for a true democratic system, to safeguard the oneness and integrity of Pakistan, and to protect women's role and status in society, never seemed more urgent.

Our third anniversary number is, at last, with us. We have waited impatiently for this and our guess is, so have you. Curfews and strikes, coupled with the normal winter illnesses and absences can cause total havoc in any establishment, let alone a small one like ours. However, despite all, we like the result and it is our very sincere hope, that you do too. The excitement and the pressure of seeing our ideas take practical shape through these weeks has, we believe, culminated in the best annual yet. You will surely enjoy the lovely fashion pages with their haunting connotations of romance, the many thought-provoking articles, the interviews with women who count and our special features, all casting a light and giving a lead to women and the problems they encounter in our society. As always our endeavour is to make you, our reader, feel special, and to provide that re-assurance that we stand united together in the battle against the forces of darkness that would prevail. SHE is perhaps one of the few voices that loudly protests against the injustices being perpetuated against women, and its ingenuous mix, of highlighting bold issues interspersed with loads of glamour and fun, has found a response in your hearts and is obviously here to stay. We thank you and are grateful to you for your unstinted support and encouragement.

No magazine could survive without the co-operation and dedication of its varied parts and we are constantly amazed at the devotion and hard work of our colleagues in SHE. Despite sometimes, overwhelming odds, our editorial, fashion, art and business teams, seem to emerge triumphant and smiling. We are truly grateful to them.

The constant and valued support and co-operation of our advertisers, printers and distributors, is equally deserving of our gratitude. It is as much their effort, as it is ours, that has helped in establishing this magazine as one of the most popular in the country in the span of three short years, and we acknowledge this with our humble and sincere appreciation.

1987? What will it bring? Ever optimistic, ever confident, ever a believer in the justicity of our cause, we wish you all a happy and lucky New Year.



SHE

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NEWSMONTH

DESPATCHES, VIEWS, LIVE ISSUES, SCOOPS

ISSUES

While Karachi was burning

While the mafia kings ruled the city, Karachi bled and burned in a senseless carnage, unprecedented in the history of the great metropolis.

The slaughter started soon after the government troops launched "Operation Clean-up" at 'Sohrab Goth', one of the most notorious arms and drugs smuggler's strong holds in the country. Some 3,000 members of the government's security force went on a house to house search of the squalid slum, inhabited by 2,50,000 Pathans with 30,000 Afghan refugees.

The Mohajirs had to pay a high price for this official raid, which the Pathan community believed was instigated by them. Judging by the absurdly low amount of heroin and arms discovered the raid itself can however be called an utter fiasco. Eye witness accounts pinpoint the fact that the bulk of the arms and drugs were earlier shifted from "Sohrab Goth" to hide-outs elsewhere, following a tip-off.

Local Pathan leaders threatened to retaliate and did so. Their target being Orangi Town, the largest settlement of Mohajirs in the country.

Although tension and street fights between the Mohajir community and Pathans have increased in the last couple of years, the recent communal bloodshed was the worst since the 1947 partition of India.

Several factors can be attributed to the growing animosity between the two ethnic groups, including a tug-of-war for jobs and economic insecurity, growing transport hazards, plus the continual resistance of the Mohajir camp against drugs and arms inflow into the city. Pundits however proclaim that the growing awareness amongst the Mohajir youth of the denial of their basic rights and the pent-up frustrations of forty years have given a new turn to the already grave situation.

The Mohajir Qaumi Movement, a fast growing political organization, had under the leadership of Altaf Hussain (presently detained) openly urged a crack down on the drugs and arms trade in 'Sohrab Goth'.

Meanwhile the 'Mohajir' majority in Orangi Town had been consistently demanding the re-patriation of stranded Pakistanis (mostly Biharis)

in Bangladesh. Afaq Shahid, the detained MNA of Orangi Town, had been extremely vocal about the government's policy to welcome 30,00,000 Afghans but deplored their inability to solve the issue of the stranded Pakistanis. The hunger strike by Afaq and his consequent detention were another sore point between the 'Mohajirs' and Pathans. The bad blood between the two groups may have been caused due to several reasons, but the fact remains undeniable - the seeds of antagonism sown have now become virtually impossible to up-root.

Last October nearly 50 people died in five days of rioting in Karachi and Hyderabad. In early November this year the violence erupted in Orangi Town killing about 20 people and rendering 200 families homeless. The disturbances of December, 1986 have however been described as the worst in the history of the city.

The troubled spot, Orangi, regarded as the largest katchi abadi of Asia, stretches across an area of 6500 acres and has a population of over 12 lakh. Inhabited pre-dominantly by Mohajirs, the fringes of the squalid town, namely Frontier

Colony, Banaras Colony and Ittehad Colony are however occupied by the Pathan community. One look at the haphazard manner in which the area has developed (especially the hilly tracts dwelled in by the Pathans) reflects the negligent attitude of the administration. Shortage of water supply and other basic amenities have been an age-old problem of the area. No government operated bus is available within the precincts of the town itself, establishing the monopoly of the private owned transport operators, 90% of whom are the Pakhtoons. Although a handful of government schools are operating in the area, the absence of a full-fledged college is greatly felt. Privately owned and operated schools are filling in the vacuum "Haque Primary English Medium School in Bewa Colony, Orangi Town is one of the best in the city", is the proud announcement by a young resident.

Ironically another good missionary school, St. Mary's in Rahim Shah Colony, became a target of the November, 1986 riots. Whereby the school was totally ransacked, its furniture was burned to ashes and



They came in from the hills into Qasba Colony. The two boys sitting on the left lost their father and brothers.

Photographs by S. M. Shahid

the laboratory equipment was systematically smashed and destroyed.

During the December, 1986 riots, following the action at 'Sohrab Goth', hundreds of Pathans armed with Kalashnikov assault rifles sealed off roads in Aligarh and Qasba Colonies, while others began intermittent sniping from surrounding hill tops. The assailants advanced under covering fire and smoke grenades, into the streets of these areas. As they went, they torched houses and shot escaping residents, gunning down men, women and children. They stabbed and hacked some of their victims to death and threw others into the flames to be burned alive.

Despite repeated calls for help from the residents, security forces stayed out of sight until late in the evening, when troops finally arrived to clear the streets and impose a curfew — but by then about 180 people were dead, nearly 700 were injured and the city's economic life lay paralyzed. Among the dead the majority ofcourse included the 'Mohajirs' but reports say that 38 Punjabis and 14 Sindhis were also killed.

Most casualties reported occurred on the main road from Banaras Chowk to the central points in Orangi Town. As this is the only route available for the people travelling from outside the town into Orangi town, the 'Mohajirs' fell an easy prey to their Pathan assailants (who are in a predominant majority in and around Banaras Chowk). Dragged from motorcycles, rickshaws, cars and even buses the victims were beaten severely, stabbed, shot and thrown into the burning flames alive.

During our course of reporting, eye

witness accounts from the severely affected localities were received.

ALIGARH COLONY

One of the worse affected areas of Orangi Town during the December, 86 riots was Aligarh Colony. Looting, arson and killing continued in the main bazaar, opposite 'Metro Cinema' for more than six hours but the law-enforcing agencies remained passive. The shops in the market alongwith the houses were systematically burned and looted, while the ones belonging to the mohajirs were turned to ashes, the others owned by the Pathans were spared. Ironically the main police thana of Orangi Town is just a few hundred yards from the troubled area. And while a thick smoke of fire could be seen from the police station and the sound of firing and cries of help were clearly heard, the so-called "protectors" of the citizens remained inert.

Khurshid Begum who lost her son-in-law and a nephew says, "It was 9.00 a.m. and I was getting ready for work when the firing started. I did not pay any heed to the familiar sound of the gun-shots as this had become a part of our regular routine. However after a little while the firing became more intense and suddenly we heard cries of women and children for help. We ran out to see what had happened. My daughter lives a few yards away in the main bazaar opposite 'Metro Cinema'. All we could see was a thick smoke of fire and cries of help. We were told that hundreds of Pathans armed with Kalashnikovs and other weapons were on the attack. Approaching the attacked area was suicidal. We

ran to the police 'thana' which is a few yards away from our house, but nobody paid any heed to us. We were told that no officer was available. Frantic calls made by us at the residences of the police officers and government officials remained unanswered too. And while our families were being massacred the law-enforcing agencies remained a silent spectator. Late in the evening I went to my daughters home. She and her children had fled elsewhere, but the dead bodies of my son-in-law and his brother were lying in a pool of blood. As I entered their *mohallah* I could see dead bodies lying every where. Some had their eyes out, others had their noses chopped off, and some were charred beyond recognition. The dead included men, women and children."

"It was hell on earth", cries Khurshid, "The fingers of my son-in-law were cut into pieces and scattered all around the room. I literally picked up the different parts of his body and put them in one corner."

QASBA COLONY

In the worse affected areas of Qasba Colony almost every family lost a precious life as indicated by the scribbings on the walls of each house — announcing the names and numbers of persons killed from that house-hold.

The residents of this locality say that the SHO of the area was bribed and bought at Rs. 5,00,000. Therefore while the killing, arson and looting continued in the squalid, narrow lanes and houses, the police calmly patrolled on the main roads a few yards away.

A young woman who lost her husband and several members of the family says, "At 9 o'clock on Monday morning as our men were getting ready to leave for work a panic started in the *mohallah*. Firing shots were heard and the residents started beating the electric poles as a warning sign. The Pathans from the adjacent hilly area advanced in thousands, armed with sophisticated weapons. Most residents started running for their lives but were shot and killed like sitting ducks. About 45 people took refuge in our house. We locked our doors and hid ourselves in one room. But the Pathans broke in. They looked like mad men as they came upon us, beating, burning, stabbing and killing everyone — innocent children were also not spared. My husband was stabbed to death right before my eyes. My brother-in-law was severely injured and many others in that room were killed. While they continued their massacre they kept telling us that we would not receive any protection for the next six hours.



Jama Masjid in Aligarh Colony.

That the whole colony was at their mercy and they could kill, loot and burn to their heart's content. And sure enough, the troops did arrive exactly after six hours. We are sure that the massacre was pre-planned and the police as well as higher officials had connived with the attackers."

Another house in the same 'mohallah' presents a heart-breaking scene. All three inmates of the house, a husband, his wife and their young child were brutally killed. A fortnight after the incident, blood stain on the walls, the floor and the *charpai* were still distinctly visible. No one had ventured into the unfortunate house since the fateful day. In one corner of the small dingy room lay a school drawing book with the pages torn and scattered around. Mingled with the crayon colours on the pages were the blood stains of the child — presumably the child was doing his school work when the blood-thirsty barbarians had attacked.

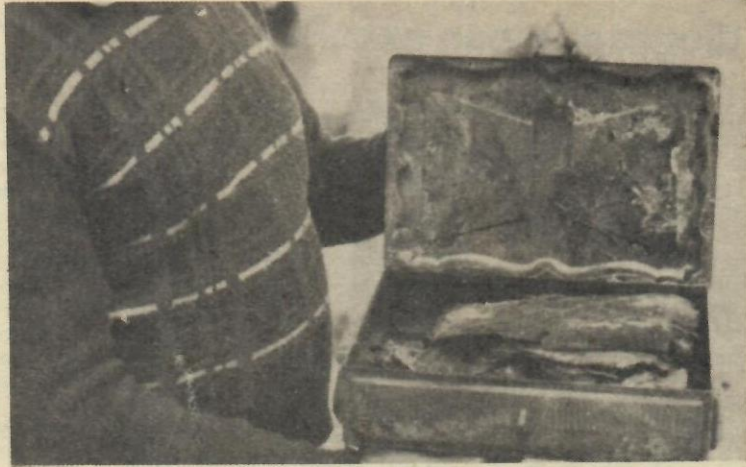
BEWA COLONY

The Siddiq-e-Akbar Colony, "Bewa Quarter" is inhabited mostly by the widows and orphans of the martyrs of 1947 partition riots. Occupied by 106 families, the colony after 40 years of independence still remains deprived of basic amenities.

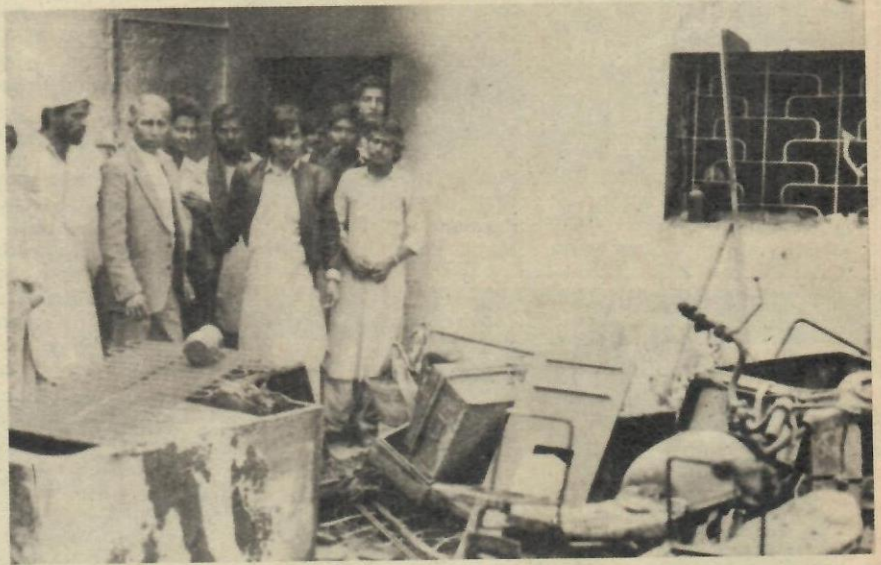
This locality was attacked in the November '86 riots. The residents say, "We were listening to the BBC News at 9.00 p.m. when suddenly the firing started and the Pathans from the adjoining hills of Ittehad Colony attacked. Before we knew what was happening a huge crowd of 8,000 to 9,000 Pathans armed with Klashinkovs and other sophisticated weapons were upon us. They brought along cans of petrol with them. The Pathan workers at local petrol pumps had no trouble in getting the petrol. We didn't wait to see what happened. We just ran for our lives. Staying back and resisting would have been suicidal, as we were unarmed."

An old man with tearful eyes adds in, "The entire dowry of my daughters was burned to ashes. It took me a life-time to gather everything, but within minutes it was all destroyed." Another woman bitterly complains, "I got my daughter married recently and set up a small shack for her and her husband. But her house, her wedding clothes and the entire dowry was burned down. I earn my living by stitching clothes on order. My sewing machine was also burned. So now I do not have any means of livelihood."

A despondent old man says, "My donkey-cart which is the sole means of my livelihood, was taken away by the assailants. The poultry farm of



Box containing the Holy Quran which was burnt



The contents of a house in Aligarh Colony after the attack

our area was set on fire and the animals were burned alive. Our cattle and donkeys were stabbed, shot or thrown into the flames. The assailants were so venomous they did not even spare our animals."

Although the massacre started at 9.00 p.m. curfew was imposed at 3.00 a.m. and to add insult to injury, several innocent residents were picked up by the police for interrogation, and a month after the riots are still under lockup."

The 'Bewa Colony' which was once inhabited by 106 families is today a ghost town. Almost all the residents have taken refuge with their relatives elsewhere. Some of them visit the ruins, which was once their home, in the daytime — but after dark the entire colony remains empty.

The residents swear that they have not received a single penny as compensation from the government. Relief however has been provided by private organizations and individuals.

While the older members of the

colony are paralyzed by grief and dependency, the younger more militant group says, "We do not need relief of any kind. We need protection and security. The police or the government cannot give us this security."

We want arms and weapons to help us fight our own battle. We often receive relief goods and at the same time a rumour starts that the Pathans are approaching. Our people leave everything behind and run for their lives. So what good does this relief do to us?"

After hearing the heart-breaking accounts of the affected individuals the predictions of last year, that Karachi will become another Beirut, suddenly seem to be coming true.

The senseless, some say inspired, massacre and genocide of Muslims, brother against brother, the destruction of the homes and property, of poor people, who have very little hope of accumulating those few possessions again, is unwarranted, unacceptable and unaccountable.

Afshan Siddiqui

Lahore One and only woman folk art potter

Schehrezade Alam, that amazing woman, so marvelous at accomplishing breathtakingly beautiful feats in clay has at long last surfaced in Lahore, her home town. Beginning of December marked a solo exhibition by this solitary woman folk art potter of Pakistan, at the Alhamra, displaying some two hundred pieces of rare artistic value, all wondrous children of the mother earth. That Schehrezade is proud of her Alhamra collection can be judged from the statement, "To be able to show to my own people what I can do is a new experience and specially to this end, I have nurtured these pots and pans, hoping that I would not disappoint. In fact I knew that for Lahore I had to be a plus. It has been a supreme involvement from the word go".

Among the amazing fireworks emerging from her

kiln this time, Schehrezade's greatest success is the revival of the majestic ancient CHUN or JUN glaze showing watery, translucent effects. This has not been easy and the exhibits show a dedicated, hard labour. Generally speaking Schehrezade has come a long way. The Alhamra level of professional competence is far ahead of her last major triumph, the Khurja Turquoise blue pottery. Added years have helped to accumulate greater depth and seriousness. There is a maturity even in the colours, signifying a deeper mood. Cosmetic colour no longer plays that important a part and now she has identified more with the colours of mother earth, the deep, dull sombre, subtle colours that build up stronger ties and roots with the soil. Deep red may be her preference in apparel, but in her work it surfaces only in the "Oxford" glazes,



but that too is no ordinary colour. Schehrezade has progressed from the pink and blue age although these too were there in their

full glory, but the pride pieces were those exhibiting the compound glazes that require thought, that offer challenge and that spell expertise.

Interestingly, Schehrezade the artist, with the finest sensibilities paid a touching tribute to her teacher of music (of which she is a serious student) Ustad Nabi Buksh Khan, the legendary sarangi player, by asking him to be the chief guest at her exhibition. Khan Sahib's presence meant a special encouragement to a pupil wedded to her art.

As a special thought Schehrezade dedicated the exhibition at Lahore to all the children of her city, because as she put it, "We all were children once, weren't we"? And how true this statement is, one could tell by the admiration on the faces of the adult viewers.



Well done OAKS!

As soon as the days in Lahore begin to get pleasantly chilly, the fun-fair season starts. This time, it began with one at Kinnaird college.

Kinnaird has never organised or encouraged it's campus, to be used for any such open public visiting. Recently some local boys walked into the campus,

teased some girls and beat up the chowkidar, the college authorities after this unpleasant incident banned the entry of outsiders into the college area.

But when the OAKs approached the college about a fund-raising fun fair, the Principal agreed. The whole idea was to begin raising funds to celebrate the 75th

jubilee of K.C falling in 1988. The old students of Kinnaird want to make 1988 a huge fun year, invite foreign guests, hold galas etc but of course, the pennies have to be collected and soon.

So the OAKs organised this fun-fair and what fun it was!! The college authorities opened their gates to the ladies and some selec-

ted "gentlemen" of Lahore. Stalls and shamianas were put up in the front lawns music blared loudly from the cassette stalls, games and lucky dips were organised by the OAKs as well as the food stalls.

It was a well organised and most certainly a very popular affair. Well done OAKS!

Fareeha-a dancer of considerable promise

The invitation card merely said Fareeha will dance at the Ali auditorium on November 28th. Who was this young girl, was a question being asked all around. Fareeha turned out to be the grand daughter of Mr. Hyat Ahmad Khan, a great lover and promoter of culture and music in Lahore. Hyat Sahib is known for introducing new talent to appreciative audiences, organising and staging national music conferences, promoting and projecting any activity related with culture and music. So, Fareeha got her first public performance at the age of 13, through the efforts of her maternal grand father. This young dancer is a student of Amy Minwala, who herself was a renowned dancer and

has devoted her talents now to teaching young, enthusiastic girls such as Fareeha. Performing to a packed hall, overflowing with over a thousand people, this young girl, danced five numbers, bravely and almost flawlessly.

Her teacher, Amy Minwala, played the dholak and guided her movements by reciting the toras. The Kathak and Bharat Natyam items were a treat to watch as this talented young lady enthralled the audience. Her peacock dance was also a great success.

A thumri danced by Fareeha was sung by Uzma, a school mate, herself hardly 15 years old. Uzma sang melodiously and with tremendous feeling. The ovation, garlands and bouquets presented to both



teacher and student, at the end of the performance must have been reward enough for both of them. The audience filed out, the show ended but the picture of a young girl, hopefully gaining more experience and practice, remains. Lahore dance lovers look forward to another performance of Fareeha soon.

“Where is the Islam you saw in Pakistan?”

This year too winters have brought in a spurt of life and activity into the drab social scene, and that includes colleges too. Fun fairs, charity shows, seminars and special visits. One such visit was that of the secret conference delegates to the college of Home Economics.

True to tradition, the college played excellent host to the visiting foreign delegates. First the guests spoke to a packed auditorium of girls and they were escorted around the various interesting departments of the college. Each department was living proof of the fact that the college does not merely mass-produce efficient housewives. As the principal said “Our syllabus caters to the fact that girls must be given a job-oriented education. Our girls are employed as dieticians in hospitals, as textile designers, and in a host of other fields.”

The most delightful part of the tour were the depart-

ments of Home Management and of Related Arts. The students of the former displayed their excellent and expertise at the craft by putting up a special exhibition which was greatly appreciated. The department, functioning under Miss Nagi, was a living proof of the variety of syllabi in the college from arty-arty crafts and techniques to architectural planning and designing of houses. The tour concluded at one of the “Residence”. Incidentally these residences are part of the syllabus and every graduate student has to spend a certain number of days, here, living within a certain budget. In short displaying all that she has learnt during her graduate course. The host students arranged a delicious lunch and it was no luxury to sit in such tasteful surroundings, amid youthful hearts and treated like kings, because so proficient were the student hostesses.



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Oh could I but climb mountains again!

Look Back Gently

BY ALYS FAIZ



The Karakoram Highway has been laid bare and open to foreign eyes far too late for me. I know my doctor would never agree to a jaunt there — passing a point of 16,000 feet on the way to the now unveiled mysteries of the Chinese areas. A London Sunday paper quickly listed package tours from London to Islamabad and onwards for as small a sum as £1,500 for 10 days. Foreigners are flocking.

New points of interest are being opened in places long sealed to foreigners. This summer I met up with two young people who had done 25 days of what seemed to me real hard labour in Ladakh. They looked well on it. Another, a young botanist from England was on a rare wild flower quest in the highest peaks of the Himalayas. Next year he will guide a twenty member delegation of climbers, both male and female to the heights of Swat on a similar quest — several of them over 60 years, but equipped with medical certificates proclaiming them to be fit as fiddles. He was well-informed on his subject and was also a first-class mountaineer. He told me that the rarest wild flower, found at the greatest height was by an intrepid English climber in 1922 — at a height of 26,000 feet in the Himalayan range. I hope I have quoted the height correctly, I know it made me feel quite dizzy at the time. He works for what seems to be an imaginative agency. Told a story about an eighty-three year-old member of a mountain tour on horseback who dropped dead while climbing off her horse! She was the wife of a very famous poet. Had she been declared fit? Certainly so, she was the leader of the expedition!

Oh dear — and here I am, scared of jumping down from a mountain bus. I wasn't always. I have had my adventurous years when hills and

mountains were there to be climbed because they were there. They were rucksack days, with money sewn into undervests by careful mothers, and passports pinned into pockets; never more than two we would strike out where whim and money took us. They were the troublesome middle and late thirties when Hitler and his fascists were stamping in beer halls, his buxom B.D.M. young women (Bund Deutsches Madchens) were rising with the dawn, striding out towards the open country, up and down the city streets, pushing workers on their way to factory and shop out of their path and singing their dangerously militant songs. At that time it all sounded and looked inspiring to us young girls as we sat outside our youth hostel door, munching raw tomatoes and fresh rolls. We waved to them, but they were too busy marching on to victory! Then we came across 'Jude' written large in white and red paint on shuttered Jewish shops and houses; in Heidelberg, lounging watching an SS parade in our not very short shorts, we were almost hauled off for indecency. The Nazis had very special views on the place of women in society and what they might wear — shorts were not counted!

But we climbed mountains in the Black Forest, lost our way, knocked on farmhouse doors and were given glasses of sweet, warm milk, offered a barnful of hay for a night's lodging.

Above Baden Baden we were caught out too late, as a harvest moon rose above a haystack — and the city was too far away. On that warm night under a pile of hay in a field, we woke to a soft dawn and crowds of astounded field mice. The nearby stream tempted us and we disrobed and soaped in the cold, cold water as it rippled over stones and shingle.

A guttural 'Was machen Sie?' (What are you up to?) made our hands flutter in a useless endeavour to shield ourselves from the eyes of the gamekeeper, gun in hand. We fled, dried ourselves and took the easiest path to Baden.

The last mountain I climbed was in Khaghan seven years ago, although told not to by a solieitous family. I made it slowly but surely to the top. Coming down over glaciers was worse then toiling up and I fell far behind enough to be worried over. At last a search party arrived. A strong hand to help and a voice 'Dr. Livingstone I presume?'

My heart still climbs mountains, but it still is the coming down which brings me to, with a start. I see again the steps of a ladder in the city of Lahore years back. We had viewed the Moharram procession from a high rooftop, skipping up a shaky ladder to the roof. All over, we had to make it down. I stuck. Hands encouraged me, were stretched out — turn the other way, sit, stand, crouch — nothing worked. The ladder creaked, swayed with the warm encouragements of well-wishers, who would see me down and be on their way. They left and only a small family, bewildered, perplexed, then angered was left. I knew then that if I were atop a burning house I would never make it to the sheet below. Anyway I made it — no welcoming "Dr. Livingstone I presume?"

Oh could I but climb mountains again — but then how to descend from those heights!

The institution of prostitution is a mirror

THE OLDEST

The life of a prostitute is condemned by social hatred and ostracism But how does a girl court such a life? Many a times it is found that the self-same people, who violate the chastity of innocent and defenceless women are often their worst critics." So wrote a Bengali prostitute in her autobiography published in 1912. What she wrote over seventy years ago holds true even now.

The institution is a mirror of society's hypocrisy and degeneration. It reflects, above all, the vulnerability and exploitation of its female members — their defencelessness, helplessness and dependence on males. Those entrapped can seldom escape. Some are born into the profession and others find themselves in it through force of circumstances. These latter have either been abducted, sold or pushed into the profession, by ruthless money seekers and often family members. There are also those to whom the only resort left for survival has been the selling of their bodies. Wars, political upheavals and families almost universally, have witnessed the burgeoning of the flesh markets.

Prostitution is an age-old phenomenon. In the past it has had overt religious as well as state patronage. It was not uncommon for instance, for families to give over one of their daughters to temples and shrines as an expression of devotion. In ancient Greece it is said that female prostitution was consciously initiated to deal with wide-spread homosexuality. In early seventeenth century Venice, twenty thousand prostitutes are said to have raised enough revenue for the state to purchase and maintain a dozen warships. The institution of "devdasis" (devotees) in South India is over a thousand years old. Daughters were ceremoniously offered to the temples where they learnt music and dancing and performed special praying rites. They also served the sexual needs of the priests.

According to some records the first brothels to be set up, after the advent of the Muslims in the sub-continent, were by Shah Muhammad Tughlaq in his capital Daulatabad in the fifteenth century. Subsequently, the Moghals after consolidating their rule in India, gave extensive patronage to prostitution. Shaheshah Akbar, when he built Fatehpur Sikri, built a neighbourhood for cour-

tesans. One sees that such "mohallas" sprang up or were consciously built close to the seat of the king or the ruler. In Delhi, the Chawri Bazaar is close to Chandani Chowk (where the nobility lived). In Lahore the red light area (as they are often called) is in the vicinity of the Fort.

The Moghal era saw the profession reach its pinnacle of sophistication. Sought-after courtesans became experts in arts, music, singing, dancing, playing chess and writing poetry — all integral to the preoccupations and lives of the ruling nobility/aristocracy. A number of them were highly intelligent and creative, creating and composing new forms of music and singing. They could conduct rational discussions on serious subjects and were known to have influenced kings. Theirs was a category above the run-of-the-mill prostitute, whose economic survival depended only on selling her body. Accessible only to the nobility, the courtesan acquired a position in society where young men were sent to be trained and initiated in arts, culture and proper etiquette. The courtesan did not sell her body indiscriminately but was often associated with one particular person only.

With the decline of the Moghal empire and its degeneration, and final destruction in Bahadur Shah Zafar's reign (at the hands of the British) the educated courtesan was ousted. What survives now in Pakistan, despite the ban on prostitution in the sixties, is a vulgarized and degenerate system. Technically prostitutes are not supposed to be there at all, only dancing girls. But in reality the trade goes on unabated.

In Lahore, prostitution was at its peak during Maharaja Ranjit Singh's time. It is said that almost half of Lahore was made up of brothels. These spread over a large area including the old and new Anarkali bazaars, the paper market and localities adjacent to it. About seventy years ago the municipality decided to move the prostitutes to Hira Mandi inside the Walled city, where they still reside. It comprises a number of lanes and streets in the triangular area between Badshahi Masjid, Lahore Fort and the Taxali Gate.

A large number of women have in recent years moved out to more affluent localities of the city, but the bazaar continues to operate. Every evening it wakes up with glittering, gaudy lights and resounds with the sound of shrill, loud music

society's hypocrisy and degeneration.

PROFESSION

accompanied by the tinkling of ankle-bells.

Almost all the prostitutes in Hira Mandi are said to be practicing Muslims. Most belong to the Shia sect, visit shrines of saints and pirs, offer "nazar"

and "nayaz" on religious occasions and do not work during "Ashura" days in the month of Moharram. The bazaar, and the trade of the bazaar, continues to flourish.

—KHAWAR MUMTAZ



We are grateful to Rafia Khalid for her valued co-operation in arranging for the material for this article. — Editor.

MONEEZA HASHMI

I have seen them in the movies portrayed exotically by Rekha or Rani, tragically by Zeba and Sharmila Tagore, voluptuously by Bindu and Sangeeta.

I have seen them in flesh and blood performing at weddings, birthdays, aqeeqas and dinner parties. I have seen them singing and acting on the PTV screen and the Alhamra Arts Council stage and I have also seen them praying at Data Darbar, Saiwan Sharif and Ajmer.

But who are these women really? What do they think? How do they pass their days, months and years? How and why are they doing what they're doing? Can they choose their lives and become doctors, teachers or just housewives? For a long time now, I can remember wanting to know more about the singing and dancing girls of Lahore. I wanted to talk to them in the morning with out their make up and ghungroos and with their guard down but somehow the opportunity eluded me until a few days ago.

I had pursued many leads, thrown several feelers, trying to find an opening, a contact, but drew blanks several times and suddenly it happened. I was able to meet an ex-actress who had retired both from the films and the bazaar and was trying to lead "a decent life".

She began her story with the story of her mother and I will narrate it as she told it to me. "We belong to Sialkot. My mother's family has some land there but the family was and is totally illiterate. My mother was married off when she was 13 years old. Very conservative families believe that a young girl may begin her first menstrual cycle in her parent's home but the second "monthly curse" must happen in her husband's. And so my mother found herself married in a hurry to a man much older than herself. Being a young teenager, she was full of life, cheeky and terribly immature. After having constant arguments and daily verbal battles with her

mother-in-law, she walked out of the house in a huff. Not sure of her mother's reaction, she went to a distant aunt's house in that village and asked for shelter. The next morning she looked for her aunt but was told to wait. In the evening she heard the sound of dancing bells and music and curious as she was, crept downstairs and saw girls dancing in various rooms. She watched in fascination the whole night. The next morning her aunt came to her and said her parents and in-laws had refused to own her since she had spent two nights here. My mother was horrified and begged to go home. She stepped out of the door and two women spat at her. She turned down the street and a man grabbed at her calling her a whore. The poor girl, lost and rejected ran back to the aunty's house and that's how her life began in that bazaar.

Her aunt moved to Lahore and married my mother to a man who set her up in the Shahi Mohallah and my mother became a singing girl."

On further investigation and questioning of other "ladies of the area", I found out that at least 50% of these women are "accidents" or "freaks of similar hazards". Fate, in one way or another lands them here, at the mercy of uncles, brothers-in-law, neighbours, husbands, aunts, neighbour's wives etc. These girls then, perform at the will of these "commanding officers" and dream of another and better life".

The other 50% are products of the system. They are born into the already existing singing homes and thus know no other life but this. They perform not under duress but purely out of ignorance and habit. They are illiterate and totally protected from any other exposure. So they dance and sing, night after night, because they really don't know what else to do. Neither are they aware that there is a life outside the bazaar. For them a ride in a car or a trip to Data Darbar or a two sentence conversation with anyone (regardless whether it's a he or a she) are eye openers, once a year delights. They are like simple mules or puppets manipulated by their "managers". They are looked after well, fed, clothed and spoilt because after all, they are the "merchandise".

"We are treated like fragile flowers. We can sleep, eat, wear, drink whatever we want, whenever we want. We are treated with affection and respect. The best pieces of meat in the food, the best fruit, the best cloth is put aside for



99% of the girls who marry and leave are back in no time, rejected, broken, spiteful and start all over again.

us. We have only to demand and it's fulfilled but that's as far as it goes. We cannot leave or walk out of the house without a proper escort. We must not communicate in any way with the customer. We must sing and dance when and where and for as long as we are told to."

This was Parveen talking. Another attractive dancer, who left the profession, married twice, once divorced, once widowed but still lives in the Mohallah with her 13 year old daughter. As we sat drinking tea in her drawing room, complete with chandeliers, wall to wall carpet, teak panelling and expensive sofas, I looked at her a bit more closely. She was a bit heavy now but what beautiful hazel eyes, what lovely natural chestnut hair and what a beautiful smile. Yes, I could see this girl entralling a room full of men as she danced and sang. Here is what she told me.

"I began to learn dancing when I was six. We've always lived here, a family tradition. My mother and hers before her followed the same profession. I danced here, on stage and even in a couple of films until I was 17 years old. Then I met this man, a landowner. He became a regular customer and wanted to marry me. My mother didn't object and I married him. The following week I found out he already had a wife and two children. I felt cheated and betrayed but now you can see how simple and gullible we are. I stayed here for a few months, gave up dancing and he would visit me occasionally. A year later, he decided to face his family and took me home. As I walked in the door, my mother-in-law took one look at me and said to her son "she leaves tomorrow or I'll kill myself". I left the next morning and divorced him a few months later. I was pregnant at the time. This is a very usual story. A girl gets taken in by a man's manner, his fantasies, the dream of a better life. She rebels, wants to marry him. A few families allow it like mine, the other fight it tooth and nail, discourage her, threaten her but if she's adamant, it happens. But it's always a dream, a fantasy. 99% of the girls who marry and leave are back in no time, rejected, broken, spiteful and start all over again with a vengeance. Some women may return after 20 years. They are the most unfortunate examples, rejected by the world outside and pointed out in the bazaar, to younger girls and noted as examples of what happens if they leave. Even if the husband accepts us, society doesn't. We are treated like lepers, parians, outcasts. I have heard people whispering about me saying hold on to your purse, you know she's

from there!! Well, how do you think we feel? Perhaps a few of us are cheats, liars and thieves but would you have me believe that no woman in a decent or "sharif" household lies or cheats or steals? Why are we labeled, and branded thus?"

And she continued, "Your daughters learn dancing, it's an art. Our daughters learn dancing, it's vulgar. True, our gestures may be so but don't forget our aims are different. Our motivations are different. Your daughter dances for pleasure, mine out of the necessity to feed her family. I want my daughter to become a doctor. She's studying in a private prestigious school, she does not dance but she cannot bring her friends home nor is she invited to theirs. She will always be ashamed of me and her background. She may go to the ends of the earth but she'll always be haunted by being "found out". She will try and marry into a respectable family and serve her husband and in-laws devotedly and faithfully. But one small mistake and she'll hear those curses again "you are from the bazaar and you'll never be able to change that". I ask you why are we not given that chance to live a decent life?" I saw tears in Parveen's eyes and turned away. I had no answer. Would I accept her daughter as a family member? Yes, perhaps I would, but would my neighbour or my cousin, I couldn't say.

But then these are two examples of the girls who want to get away, what do the others dream about. I wanted to know.

Fame is one. Fame through stage, TV, film. As soon as a girl gets one stage or a TV role or dances even as an extra in a film, her charges go up the same evening. You may even see a name plate the next morning saying "Nagina, TV Artiste". But a film career is what they crave after. Money, fame exposure is all tied up with that. But that doesn't mean they'll give up their original work or profession. They may spend less hours in the bazaar but they'll keep in touch because that's regular income. They may even shift out into semi-fashionable residences of the city. But at night they will attend "office" and "sign a few files" as Parveen put it in a lighter vein!! A film role gives them a few thousand rupees and that too distributed over a few months, they earn double here in one evening. It's purely a matter of economics.

The actual set up is some thing like this says Ahmad, a

**The streets
of the bazaar
are full of
men walking,
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talking and
of course
ogling.**



shopkeeper. "This is a business, a profession like any other. What they're selling is an hour or two of music and dance. In the bazaar itself, interested parties have rented rooms like any other shop keeper who wants to exhibit his wares. The rooms on the ground floor are more expensive as they are more accessible to the buyer. The buildings are a couple of storey's high with balconies for the girls to be displayed from. During the day, the bazaar looks deserted and quiet. As you drive or walk through it, you see doors locked from outside and hardly anyone around. A few tea stalls are open, a vegetable vendor is making his rounds. Here and there an old woman is washing clothes or buying fruit or a few kids playing in the narrow streets. You may somewhere hear faint sounds of the ghungaroos as a girl practices with her Ustaad. But generally it's quiet, deserted and asleep, amazingly disappointing. The Maghrib azaan is the wake-up signal. One by one the "shops" start opening, the cleaning up session begins, windows are opened to let out the stale air of the night before, daris or carpets are dusted, the rooms are swept, business hours are approaching. Agar batis are lit and other perfumes or incense is sprayed in the rooms. It is almost a place of worship for these people, a place which must be respected and honoured as this is where the earning for the evening will happen. Parveen describes how superstitious some of these women are.

"I have seen women sprinkle water on the walls given by a pir and a prayer said over it. I have seen a woman strike the "dehleez" seven times with a slipper because no one came the night before. I have seen women walk to the river and bring water and sprinkle it in the room. All such actions and gestures are to bring in more customers. If a girl next door has done good business the night before, her neighbour's daughter will go and sit in that room the next day to absorb some of the good luck!"

The girls start to get dressed about 9 pm. Meanwhile, the musicians begin tuning up their instruments and the "managers" supervise the preparations. The musicians who accompany the dancer are called Ustaadji's and have a one fourth share in every rupee of the night's earnings. Each girl has almost 10 or 12 people waiting on her. Three or four musicians, one or two older women guardians and the others to pick up the money, protect her in case of a riot

or an over enthusiastic customer etc. Some "shops" may have sofas and divans while others have a floor arrangement. A flower man is also hanging around with garlands for the customer or the dancer, whoever pays more.

About 11 pm the bazaar officially opens and if you have seen it during the day, the scene at night is a complete contrast. Every room and building is brightly lit, music is blaring all over, the streets are full of men walking, smoking, laughing, talking and ofcourse ogling. In each room or balcony fully made up, wearing bright expensive clothes and jewellery sets is the "merchandise". Near them is the manager (or manageress) and the musicians all of them looking quite blank, simply waiting. Some of the girls are very pretty, some surprisingly plain looking, some trim, some heavy, but all of them look resigned, some even bored. Where business has begun, the doors are locked but sounds of music and the ghungaroos filter through. A new customer bangs on the door but is turned away until the first performance is over. There is no set amount paid for a song or an hour. The rules are simple. You come in and sit down. The girl begins to dance or sing as is your preference and you are supposed to quickly either pass some money to the girl's manager or crudely throw it in the air and watch it swirl as it falls at her feet. You can choose your method of payment as long as you pay. There are other strict ethics of behaviour that you must follow also. No listener may touch, tease or molest the performer. Obscenities or vulgarities are not allowed, no hard drinking or drugs are encouraged. Any unpleasant incident is handled by the extras always present in the room. If you are a regular customer, then certain liberties are allowed like interrupting someone else's booked time or specially requesting a song or a dance, bringing guests and not paying extra, dancing with the girl etc. The emphasis totally is on how much are you willing to spend and in how short a time, so that a new person can be let in.

"But we have our own rules of decorum. If you are a guest, we will treat and spoil you like no other. We will feed you, sing for you and spend money on you which is quite a sacrifice for us". Says Nighat. "Some of us may have carpets and sofas but I can tell you there are some homes where if the night's earnings are not enough, the family

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Children would always be a source of shame not pride for the father. For the mother a security arrangement.





Veteran fighter for women's rights

BEGUM ANWAR G. AHMAD

The first Asian woman to be elected Chairman of the U.N. Commission on the Status of Women, the first Pakistani woman to be the Vice-President of International Alliance of Women, a founder member of the All Pakistan Women's Association, an active member of the Family Laws Commission appointed by the government in 1955, Chairman of the National Council of Social Welfare, President of the Pakistan National Youth Council . . . all these and many more are the impressive credentials which pay a rich tribute to one of the most prominent and courageous ladies of the nation, Begum Anwar G. Ahmed.

Hailing from a distinguished elite family of Pakistan, Begum G. Ahmed was instrumental in the enactment of the Family Laws Ordinance 1961, promulgated during Ayub Khan's regime. Today she is extremely vocal about the insidious manner in which the law is attacked by fanatic forces in the country.

"This obsession to suppress women makes no sense in the 20th century. The Family Laws Ordinance is directly linked with the welfare of the entire family. Marriage besides love and romance is a social discipline and if other disciplines can change, why must this particular discipline go back a few centuries.

AFSHAN SIDDIQUI

We are not tribal communities any more. We are nations running into millions and hence we need different laws. Just as we have progressed where our trade and commerce is concerned (we don't trade in goats, camels or spices any more) similarly laws to protect the Muslim family should also change with time. The

Her total dedication and devotion to the women's cause started soon after partition.

21st century has no room for nations that are retrogressing."

Begum Anwar G. Ahmed proclaims to be a self-educated woman as she has had no formal school or college training. She attributes her enlightened views and understanding to the guidance and support of her late husband who was a veteran freedom fighter during the Independence Movement in 1947.

Always interested in the socio-economic problems of women and their upliftment, her total dedication

and devotion to the women's cause started soon after partition.

"Before partition I was busy with my household responsibilities and taking care of two small children. When Pakistan came into existence we were in England and soon after we hurried back home.

When I saw the plight of the refugees I was obliged to do something for them. It became a question of honour. The foundations of Pakistan were built by the work of women in the early days of the nation's birth. We had come out in thousands to rescue the refugees and sustained them morally. And that is how I first started social work. Before long I was fighting for the rights of women. Working for the poorer class, uneducated and underprivileged women, I realized what a grave mess they were in.

Islam is the only religion in the world which has given innumerable rights and a very special status to women and hence one would have thought that the Muslim home would be the most secure and harmonious in the world. As against this, due to incorrect interpretations of the Islamic Law the Muslim home was in utter chaos. Multiple marriages by the husbands left the wife and children unprovided for, and literally roaming on the streets. The wife constantly remained insecure and petrified, not

knowing how long she would remain the mistress of her own home. The ever-present threat of divorce and multiple marriages was always hanging over her head.

Taking all these factors into consideration Begum Anwar G. Ahmed, wrote a historic letter to the then Prime Minister Mr. Muhammad Ali Bogra, which later became the basis of the Family Laws Ordinance, 1961.

"It was in 1953 that I sent the original letter to the Prime Minister informing him about the plight of women in the country. As a result of which a commission headed by Justice Abdul Rehman was set up by the government. I was a member of this commission representing APWA as a major organization.

Among the recommendations made by the commission was registration of marriages. Prior to this there was no proof that a marriage had actually taken place, thereby many husbands threw their wives out on the streets and denied ever having married them. Secondly as regards polygamy in case a man wanted to take a second wife it was made obligatory on him to seek the permission of his first wife.

Besides it was made compulsory for a man pronouncing *talaq* to send notice in writing to the Chairman Union-Council and to supply a copy thereof to his wife. No *talaq* would be effective until the expiration of ninety days from the day on which notice is delivered (thereby giving enough time for reconciliation between the parties).

With a view to safeguard the interest of orphaned children a new law for inheritance and succession was promulgated. In the event of the death of the son or daughter of any person before the opening of the succession the children of the deceased son or daughter, if any, living at the time of the succession opens, shall receive a share equivalent to the share which the deceased son or daughter would have received if alive.

One of our major objectives was to set up various Family Courts where issues such as custody of children, maintenance etc. could be decided within a period of six months. So that instead of waiting for years the divorced women and their children were immediately provided for.

Hence based on the above recommendations we submitted our report to the commission and in 1956 it was presented to the Government of Pakistan. Although a considerable uproar was created in the fanatic section of the country, President

Ayub Khan promulgated the law in 1961. And thus the Family Laws Ordinance came into existence, which could by no means be declared as a revolutionary law but was definitely a step forward for the women of Pakistan".

Commenting upon the accusations made by the orthodox faction of the society, and the popular belief that the present Family Laws Ordinance is the brainchild of a group of westernised modern women who want to bring laws in the country for their own benefit, Begum Anwar G. Ahmed says.

"The provisions of the Ordinance are intended for the benefit of all women in Pakistan and not merely for the satisfaction of a handful of

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the well-to-do westernized women. In fact, if the provisions are to be of much use to the woman's cause, they must clearly have greater application to the village woman who is the back bone of the nation, and to the poor woman who is so pathetically defenceless.

Whenever there is a talk of reforming marriage laws, the immediate response of most reactionaries appears to be that the westernized liberated women are demanding laws for their own benefit. This is completely untrue. It is not the so-called westernized woman who needs the protection of law to maintain her position. The educated well-to-do section of any society is quite capable of managing its own affairs and of dealing with any situation. It is the exploited, underprivileged woman who stands in the greatest need for protection. Because she has no means of making herself heard, her very existence has been forgotten, her rights have been trampled upon and her Islamic status has been denied her. Once again she has become a chattel. It is primarily to the welfare of this vast section of our society that the Ordinance had directed its attention.

An erroneous impression has been

created in certain quarters that the Family Laws Ordinance has tampered with the fundamentals of Islamic Law. Nothing could be further from the truth. No change whatsoever has been effected by the Ordinance in the substantial law as laid down by Islam relating to marriage, divorce and polygamy. All existing rights of men and women under this law remains unaltered. All that the Ordinance has done is to make procedural provisions for the implementation of the Islamic Laws as they exist so that justice is speedily and adequately done.

Just as today the *mullahs* are creating the furore against the Ordinance, similarly in 1962 suddenly some fanatic members of the Parliament said that the Family Laws Ordinance was un-Islamic and that a Resolution should rescind these laws. At that time Begum Fida Hassan was the Chairman of the Punjab APWA, so we sent a telegram to her to organize a protest meeting against such action. She went door to door to the poor, neglected uneducated women. She told them that their educated and well-informed sisters had fought for them and have given them laws that would protect them against the indignities that their men inflict upon them but now some *mullahs* were trying to deprive them of these basic rights.

Believe it or not, we got a fantastic response and a mammoth crowd came to attend our meeting, comprising more of the uneducated, lower class women than the so-called westernized modern women. Each time the women saw a man with a beard, *mullah* or not, they would chant the same slogan — "touch these laws and we'll pull your beards off". I am happy to say that we succeeded in creating a general awareness amongst the women and united them on a common platform. After that no one had the courage to touch the Family Laws Ordinance, they just backed out."

Reflecting upon the present political propaganda against the Family Laws Ordinance, and protection against the government's campaign to denigrate the Pakistani Women, Begum G. Ahmed says.

"All the women's organizations in the country should take up any issue pertaining to women's rights as a challenge. Organizations such as WAF are doing very good work and are fighting tooth and nail against the propaganda. But what I would like to suggest is that they should enlist the support of the common

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FAMILY LAWS ORDINANCE

(1961)

A view of the present furor raised against the Family Laws Ordinance (1961) by the fanatic mullahs in the country, 'SHE' has decided to give a concise account of the relevant clauses pertaining to this law.

A thorough study into the following will undoubtedly establish the fact that not a single clause or commendation negates or is in contradiction to the Islamic injunctions.

Chiefly some of the more important commendations which are now being implemented are :

REGISTRATION OF MARRIAGE

Every marriage solemnised under Muslim Law shall be registered in accordance with the provisions of this Ordinance

For the purpose of registration of marriages under this Ordinance the Union Council shall grant license to one or more persons, to be called Nikah Registrars but in no case shall more than one Nikah Registrar be licensed for any one ward.

Every marriage not solemnised by the Nikah Registrar shall, for the purpose of registration under this Ordinance, be reported to him by the person who has solemnised such marriage.

Whoever contravenes the provisions of sub-section (3) shall be punishable with simple imprisonment or with fine, or with both.

The form of nikah-nama, the registers to be maintained by the Nikah Registrars, the records to be preserved by Union Councils, the manner in which marriages shall be registered and copies of nikah-nama shall be supplied to the parties, and the fees to be charged therefore, shall be such as may be prescribed.

Any person may, on payment of the prescribed fee, if any, inspect at the office of the Union Council the record preserved under sub-section (5) or obtain a copy of any entry there in..

POLYGAMY

No man, during the subsistence of an existing marriage, shall, except with the previous permission in writing of the Arbitration Council, contract another marriage, nor shall any such marriage contracted with-

out such permission be registered under this Ordinance.

2) An application for permission under sub-section (1) shall be submitted to the chairman in the prescribed manner, together with the prescribed fee, and shall state the reason for the proposed marriage, and whether the consent of the existing wife or wives has been obtained thereto.

3) On receipt of the application under sub-section (2) the chairman shall ask the applicant and his existing wife or wives each to nominate a representative, and the Arbitration Council so constituted may, if satisfied that the proposed marriage is necessary and just, grant, subject to such conditions, if any, as may be deemed fit, the permission applied for.

4) In deciding the application the Arbitration Council shall record its reasons for the decision, and any party may, in the prescribed manner, within the prescribed period, and on payment of the prescribed fee, prefer an application for revision; to the Collector and his decision shall be final and shall not be called in question in any court.

5) Any man who contracts another marriage without the permission of the Arbitration Council shall:-

a) Pay immediately the entire amount of the dower, whether prompt or deferred, due to the existing wife or wives, which amount, if not so paid, shall be recoverable as arrears of land revenue.

b) On conviction upon complaint be punishable with simple imprisonment or with fine or with both.

TALAQ

1) Any man who wishes to divorce his wife shall, as soon as may be after the pronouncement of Talaq in any form what so ever, give the Chairman notice in writing of his having done so and shall supply a copy thereof to the wife.

2) Whoever contravenes the provisions of sub-section (1) shall be punishable with simple imprisonment or with fine or with both.

3) Save as provided in sub-section (5) a talaq unless revoked earlier, expressly or otherwise, shall not be

effective until the expiration of ninety days from the day on which notice under sub-section (1) is delivered to the Chairman.

4) Within thirty days of the receipt of notice under sub-section (1), the Chairman shall constitute an Arbitration Council for the purpose of bringing about a reconciliation between the parties, and the Arbitration Council shall take all steps necessary to bring about such reconciliation.

5) If the wife be pregnant at the time Talaq is pronounced, Talaq shall not be effective until the period mentioned in sub-section (2) or the pregnancy, whichever be later, ends.

6) Nothing shall debar a wife whose marriage has been terminated by Talaq effective under this section from re-marrying the same husband without an intervening marriage with a third person unless such termination is for the third time so effective.

MAINTENANCE

1) If any husband fails to maintain his wife adequately, or where there are more wives than one, fails to maintain them equitably, the wife, or all or any one of the wives, may in addition to seeking any other legal remedy available apply to the Chairman, who shall constitute an Arbitration Council to determine the matter, and the Arbitration Council may issue a certificate specifying the amount which shall be paid as maintenance by the husband.

2) A husband or wife may, in the prescribed manner, within the prescribed period and on payment of the prescribed fee, prefer an application for revision of the certificate to the collector and his decision shall be final and shall not be called in question in any court.

3) Any amount payable under sub-section (1) or (2), if not paid in due time, shall be recoverable as arrears of land revenues.

The Family Laws Ordinance is thus an important contribution to the progressive and forward looking strategies so very essential for the survival of a nation. The Ordinance has been enacted within the framework of the Islamic sociological principles which as Muslims, we believe to be progressive as well as the most practical ever devised.

Afshan Siddiqui

A N

OPTIMISTIC PROGNOSIS

—The Women of India

FARRUKH NIGAR AZIZ

A few weeks visit to Delhi can only provide glimpses of the situation of women of India, nevertheless it is of interest and relevance to Pakistan not only because of the long history of living together under the same colonial rulers, but because of the fascinating contrasts and the inexplicable similarities that prevail even after forty years of Partition.

In these forty years of independence both the countries have followed different political paths. The socio-cultural differences which caused partition have deepened, particularly since the Islamisation process was begun in Pakistan in 1977.

A woman's place in India as dictated by religion, custom and socio-economic patterns has differed from that conceived of in Islam. It is difficult to describe in tangible terms, the nuances and emphasis are different in Muslim society. The role of Goddesses — Kali, Lakshmi, Saraswati for example, create awe, respect and regard for women in the daily life of Hindu society which is at variance with the rights awarded to women in Islam. The conceptual approach and its evolution has been disparate. That ignorance, poverty and economic structures reduce women in both countries to be the most oppressed and exploited group of the population is an outcome of class alignments common to all Third World countries, but the similarity of conditions of women in India and Pakistan is striking.

Religious fundamentalism riding high in Pakistan is gaining ground in India—witness the rise of Shiv Sena and the militant Sikh religionists. But even today the statements and proclamations of Indian political and social leaders (barring the fundamen-

talists) are in the context of secularism. This is beneficial for women, backed as it is by constitutional guarantees. The contradictions in Indian society are many, arising out of the polygot communities and culture. The recent bill on Muslim Personal Law passed by the Lok Sabha is a major contradiction motivated by short term political interests. To compound the situation a Universal Civil Code is also under consideration and strangely enough is being supported by the reactionary Hindu elements as they visualise it as promotion of Hindu supremacy.

It is however, not debatable that the women of India have made considerable progress in the raising of their status, reducing discrimination and creating general awareness of their

needs and problems.

Working women at certain levels are finding that attitudes and conditions are improving particularly in the elite sectors—the professions. It is not to say that there is not an underlying hostility and discrimination, but the openings and opportunities are increasing even in areas where women were not accepted before. Advantage is being taken of this by young women who have received the education which is the privilege of the upper income groups. Women of course have to be tough and assertive to maintain their position and get their deserved promotion. But each breakthrough, and a new precedent set makes the next one easier.

Thus many inured attitudes and prejudices are slowly being eroded in India. While in Pakistan liberal strands in society are being eliminated in the name of Islam. The increasing ratio of women being enrolled in the Indian Administrative Service is an illustration of the improving condition of women. Women in this cadre are not confined to clerical accounts or education, nor are they

limited to service in major cities. Women are working in all departments and levels of this service. More and more women are reaching levels from which they can exert influence on policy and planning. The Indian Prime Minister's personal secretary is a woman from the IAS cadre. There are many women at the Secretary level. Within two years women should be in a position of power with opportunities to radically change the historical 'male world' to a "world of Partnership". Freedom of thought, intellectual enquiry and scholarship serve to raise the level of thinking and promote learning and dissemination of knowledge. This is widely prevalent in India and is being assiduously encouraged in Pakistan, particularly amongst women.

A recent publication — "Woman Image Text" edited and published by Lola Chatterji, a former Professor of English at the Delhi University, is representative of the best academic work being undertaken by women and illustrates what freedom to think and write in an unconstrained environment can achieve. "Woman Image Text" is a collection of essays by a group of Delhi University lecturers discussing texts of English Literature. Women teachers of English unequivocally recognising that English and its literature has been integrated into the multifaceted cultural tradition which has emerged in India as a legacy of the colonial past and its relevance to today, have undertaken a study and critical analysis with the objective of relating it to Indian society.

Through these texts the lecturers examine the patriarchal power structures within society and how they cause legal inequalities and hinder the free development of women. The essays try to revalue literary texts in the context of their own ideologies and awareness of gender

films and commercial ones are dealing with women's issues and promoting an awareness of women's condition and the need to redress it. Women themselves are more conscious of their oppression and their aspirations and assertions of equality are becoming concretised. In commercial enterprises, again women are found at all levels and in many fields including engineering works, financial institutions, garment making and boutiques. In Pakistan, the stifling of all cultural activities has reduced even the thinking sections of the population to thronging to overeat at restaurants and to boutiques to adorn the empty beauty of men and women.

In the Indian society of socio-political complexities and contradictions there is the dark side which is also deeply entrenched. The oppression and exploitation of women in rural areas and remote communities continues unabated. The revival of repellent customs such as 'sati' are manifestations of the rise of fundamental religion. Bride burning has spread through the length and

women of Rajasthan, tall and slender dressed in bright oranges, pinks and parrot greens, breaking stones by the roadside or carrying heavy baskets with elegance and grace found only in their counterparts in Sind, epitomise the labour and life women are compelled to undertake to eke out a meagre and marginal existence.



The glimpses caught of the position of Indian women cannot but lead to an optimistic prognosis. The light at the end of the tunnel is growing brighter. Women in Pakistan maybe passing through a dark phase but it must pass, because progress is inevitable and clocks cannot be put back.

Ignorance, poverty and economic structures reduce women in both countries to be the most oppressed and exploited group of the population is an outcome of class alignments common to all Third World Countries.

differences. The suffering of Indian women is linked to the study of wife murder in 'Othello' by one of the essayists. Her scrutiny leads to view wife murder as a socially structured action, exemplifying the various dimensions of power relations between men and women. Equally interesting and original conclusions are found in other essays. A 'must' reading for those teaching English and those working for women's rights, a modern consciousness of identity is embodied in these texts.

On the cultural scene in India, women are active everywhere. It is a dynamic area of Indian society, with all the performing arts flourishing and the crafts are enjoying both development and patronage. In the recently held National Cultural Festival in Delhi, 6000 artists were brought together of which nearly 2000 were women. In the films, a major industry of India, both the art

breadth of India inspite of attempts to facilitate legal action. A Dowry Cell has been set up in Delhi in this connection. But the reports appearing in the Indian Press of the logic being used by those in charge does not hold much hope for reduction of this problem which requires radical changes in social attitudes: it is maintained that the parents of brides by their sympathetic attitudes towards their daughters retard the brides adjustment and acceptance of the conditions of her in-laws. The parents of daughters have been advised to desist from visiting their daughters. sic!

The similarities between Indian and Pakistani women are linked to the class structure and economic status. The elite and higher income group women in both countries suffer less discrimination and have greater opportunities. Rural women in both countries work harder and longer than men. The sight of the beautiful

INTERNATIONAL STYLE

Inspired by the image of the modern woman, Aliya Iqbal presents her city collection. An international look that can be taken from the office to lunch to cocktails. In terra cotta colours with fabrics that are wondrously tactile, plain or subtly patterned to produce an overall effect that is warm, earthy and totally appealing. Aliya Iqbal has distilled her creative intensity towards contemporary sophistication. On her way to the top, Aliya Iqbal makes her first international debut at London and San Francisco in January, 87. SHE brings you an exclusive preview.

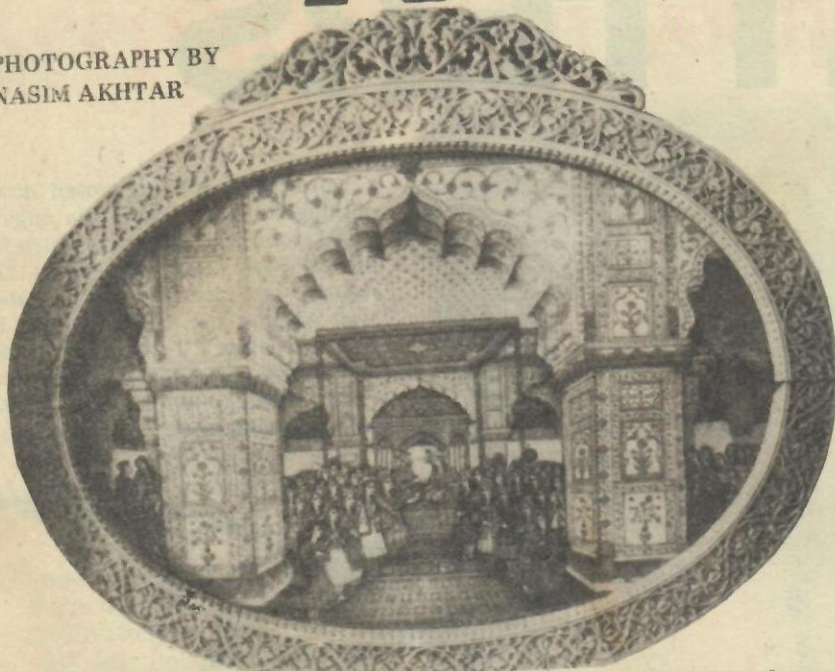


Sleek lines with dramatic fringed wool gaucho pants, complemented by a sculptured jacket blouse. Stole, gems and beret to complete the Spanish Matador effect.

Classic paisley back buttoned, pleated shirts, over slim elegant box pleated skirts. Encrusted velvet choker, beret complement the sophisticated line.

A HIDDEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
NASIM AKHTAR



A miniature on ivory. Fakir Sahib was offered \$35,000/- and a Rolls Royce for this piece.

landed at the Fakir Khana, situated in the middle of the walled city, Bhati Gate to be exact. But what is the Fakir Khana all about? The Fakir Haveli has been in the Fakir family for over two hundred years and Begum Fakir Mogheez-ud-din is at present the Manager and caretaker of this family museum which has priceless art effects. The Begum Sahiba offered us tea and "Khatais", and spoke to us, in her gentle, sweet voice about the history of the Fakir Khana. It all started in 1972, when her father-in-law Fakir Syed Jallal-ud-din began earnestly collect antique works of art from all over the world. Although many invaluable items were already a part of the family collection (given by royalty, nawabs and other well-wishers) Fakir Syed Jallal-ud-din wanted more, where ever he could find them. He travelled East and West looking for all sorts of antiques to add to the family collection.

Actually it was a foreign friend who took me there. I, the proud Lahorite, borne, bred and living in this city for 40 years was taken aback when this friend announced that he wanted to visit the "other" museum, the one with the family heirlooms. I made a few discreet inquiries, so as not to look too stupid and the next day we

"My husband Fakir Mogheez-ud-din learnt to love and care for these beautiful things from his childhood. He would watch his father, ask questions about each item etc. Later, after my father-in-law's death my husband became the custodian of this Haveli and it's treasure. He travelled to Japan and the Far East, to the western countries looking



A priceless miniature-set in turquoise and black stone — a lady — in-waiting in Victoria's Court.



A writing desk, Victorian Period.

TREASURE-

Fakir Khana

MONEEZA HASHMI

Situated in the middle of the walled city is the "other" museum, an archive of family heirlooms collected by the Fakir family over a period of time.



Ceramic piece from Japan.

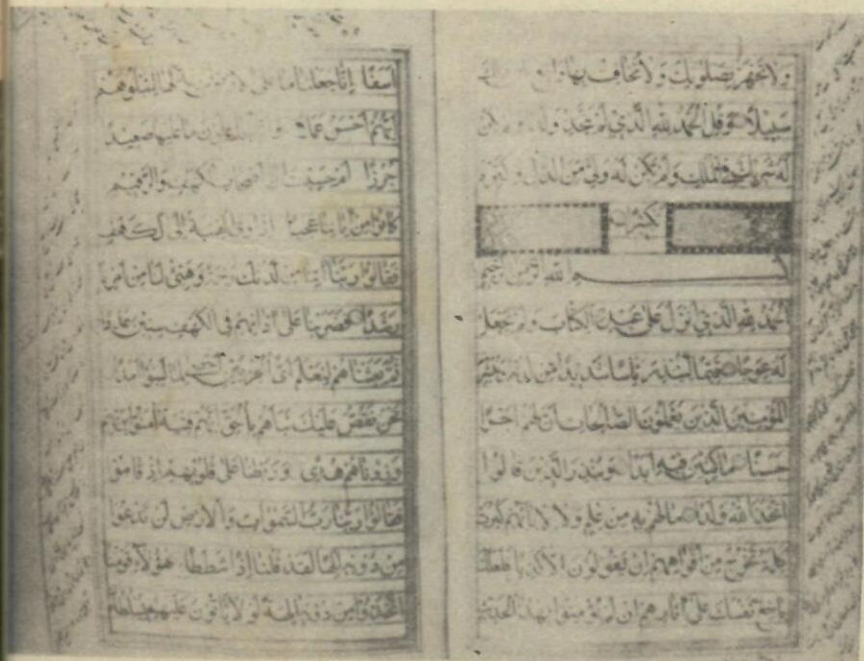
ing for antiques. He had a talent for immediately looking at and seeing an item that was priceless. At times he knew more about it than the owner. Many people came to him to sell their possessions. Again he could tell at once what item was authentic and where the dealer was being dishonest. When I got married I also blended into this passion that he had. I would hear him talk about a painting or a coin or a carpet,

ask questions, see him clean it etc. That is how I am continuing to look after these jewels. I have had no training, no exposure, just the plain and simple experience of watching Fakir Sahib who learnt it from his father".

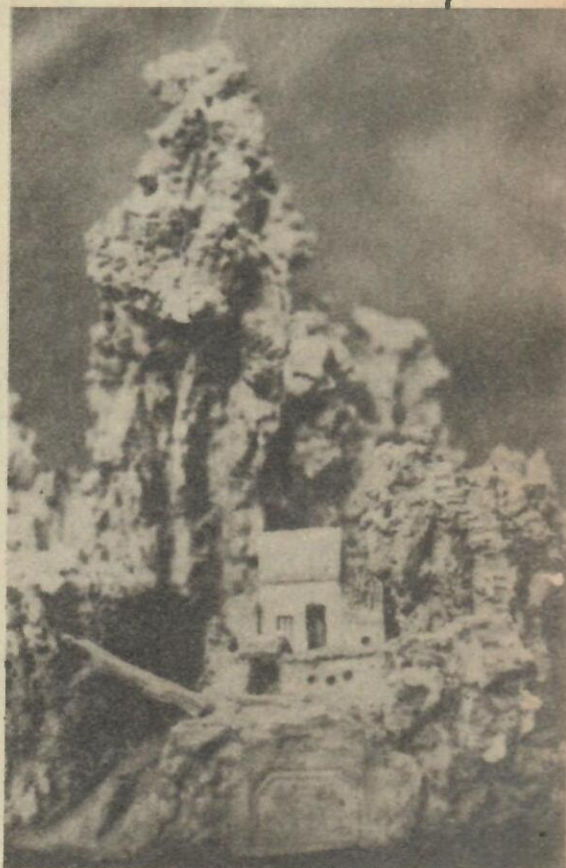
I wanted to know about the family history. Who were the Fakirs and how did this collection begin?

"It was during Raja Ranjeet Singh's reign that the Fakir family rose to

prominence. According to the family legend the Raja developed eye trouble and Fakir Nur-ud-din, a



A hand written copy of Quran.



A carving on Sandal Wood from China.

Naz Ikramullah

She lives in Ottawa where she is an associate at the Edward Monaghan Gallery. She also is on the executive committee of "The Canadian Artists Representation" (CARFAC) and is working on several projects, including one for "The National Film Board of Canada", to integrate art into multicultural education in Canada. But she has continued to provide an outlet for her work in Pakistan. She visits Karachi whenever she can and derives evident pleasure at being here. It seemed only appropriate that "Constant Duality" should be the theme of her recent exhibition at the Indus Gallery.

"I have lived in two worlds all my life and have travelled back and forth between two cultures constantly," she stated in her introduction to the show "This duality of culture and environment pervades my thought process and I try to come to terms with it by giving it visual expression.

"Living and working in Ottawa, I have recalled images of Karachi as I remember it and tried to weave the nostalgia, the reflection into a meaningful image that also mirrors my present environment. By superimposing images of the present onto those of the past, through the element of reflection or by presenting two images in direct contrast as in the twin paintings, "Take Off" (Karachi) and "Landing" (Ottawa), I have tried to visually respond to the impact of these different places". Naz Ikramullah's exhibition at the Indus Gallery consists of delicate lithographs, collages, water colours, oils and mixed media paintings. Some of these, such as "Red House, Aligarh" and "Gilmour Street" consist of a single image, while others, including "Nazm", "Leaves and Grasses" and "Only The Tree Remains the Same" are of infinite complexity and are built up layer upon layer, each of which tells a story.

"My work is a very personal comment about a particular time and place" she said "But it took me a long time to formulate a way of working where I could express the concept of 'being in two places at the same time': in other words, being able to convey through my paintings, my awareness of both the physical reality at a given moment and the invisible reality in my head, when my mind was ticking away, to events thousands of miles away." A particularly evocative collage at her Indus Gallery show, was one entitled "Nostalgia". She has used



'CONSTANT DUALITY'

MUNEEZA SHAMSIE

Depicting two cultures and environments through her paintings.

the stylized pose of an Indian miniature to depict a woman standing by a window, where snow wafts past, while she thinks of narrow, sunlit streets and clustered houses belonging to another time and another world.

Naz is a voracious reader and has been strongly influenced by feminist

literature such as "The Hidden Eye" and "Frogs in The Well", which focuses upon Muslim women. Many of her paintings are characterized by the figure of a shrouded woman who moves past glass wall or through Canadian streets, while lighted windows and illuminated archways in the background evoke memories and

taboos that she will carry with her, always.

The daughter of diplomat parents, Naz has lived in several countries and her work has been in group or solo shows in London, Washington, Ottawa, Karachi and Dacca. She was in Karachi recently, staying with her mother, Begum Shaista Ikramullah, when I went to see her. On the walls were family photographs, a painting by Jamini Roy and several of Naz's works, including a water colour of a child with an umbrella, which was accepted for an exhibition "Artists of the Commonwealth" in London, when Naz was only 13 years old.

I asked her if she had always wanted to paint.

"No," she said "I was good at Indian dancing as a child. I wanted to be a dancer. But one day, I read an article about Ram Gopal — I had seen him dance several times — and there was something he said about being a Muslim which made me realize dancing was somehow 'not on for Muslims'. Furthermore when I used to dance, my aunt, who was more old fashioned than my parents, used to close several doors behind me, in my grandfather's house. I became conscious of the fact that this was not an activity of which society in general approved. It was tarnished with the label of 'Hinduism'.

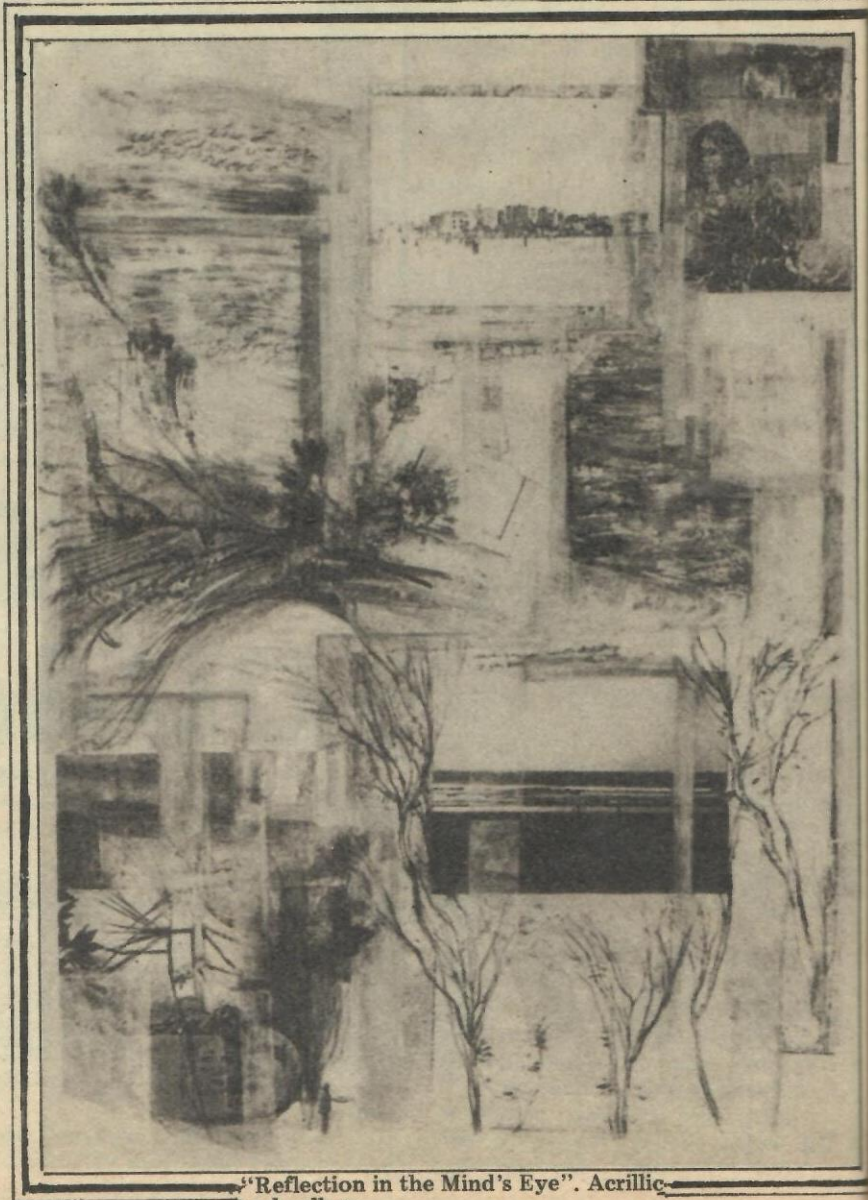
"Later, after Partition, I went through a long period wondering 'who am I? What is Pakistani? What is Indian?'. The ambience here suggested we had nothing in the way of visual and performing arts. So I started to look towards the Persian." Naz was in standard III and had just moved to Karachi, when her art teacher stopped by at her drawing of a little girl and said 'You must have lessons. You are very good'. Naz was so thrilled that she promptly bought herself a sketchbook and declared 'I am going to be an artist'. She was fortunate, she says, to have received her early education at an immensely exciting and creative kindergarten "run by a wonderful lady" called Elizabeth Gauba. There, Naz learnt to write on the *takhti*, she learnt about historical characters, about the Koh-i-Noor and the Quaid-e-Azam and she also learnt the art of clay modelling. "I still teach children to model" Naz said "the way Elizabeth Gauba taught me to make a head, when I was only four."

Naz has taught art to school children in Pakistan, England and Canada, while continuing to pursue her career as an artist. In 1978, she was asked to represent the Canada Pakistan Association at a meeting of the Ottawa Board of Education Multicultural Task Force. Naz suggested that art was one of the easiest subject in which other cultures could be introduced in the classroom. She was given grant to explore her ideas and eventually presented a paper "Art is Multicultural" in which she wrote,

Her paintings evoke memories and taboos that she will carry with her always.

"In the past, art was more clearly definable as belonging to one nation or another because societies were more rigidly confined by natural geographic barriers and distances. On closer examination, one finds that there has always been some interaction between nations, tribes and cultures, either through religious links, conquests or trade.

"This, I think is one of the most interesting aspects of studying art. It is also the least developed in art classes at school, because at the junior level the teacher is often not an art specialist and there is very little available for schools that is easy to introduce in art classes. In high schools, art classes usually cover only the history of classical Greece, the Romans and the Renaissance, ignoring completely the works of three quarters of the world, that influenced the art of the twentieth



"Reflection in the Mind's Eye". Acrylic and collage

century....

"The appreciation of the art of different cultures is important, not only for our inner life but also our behaviour and attitudes as social beings. I believe that the more one knows of another culture the more one learns to live in peace and happiness with others.

Multicultural education in art also helps children belonging to minority groups to develop a sense of pride in their own heritage and provides a meeting with children from other ethnic groups as well as the majority population. Naz developed some educational kits with this in mind and she spoke to me for a while about one such project "Masks" which delved into the tribal rites of Africa, as well as Greek and Japanese theatre and included such events in North American life as Hallowe'en. I was particularly interested in some of the "Teacher's Resource Material"

which Naz has prepared. She has shown what different symbols and different colours meant in the folklore of various civilizations and highlighted similarities. Among other items, she had also discussed the introduction of applique work in the classroom and pointed out its use in European Church banners, the patchwork quilts of North America and the traditional Ralli work of Sind.

A delicate but very determined woman, Naz has spent most of her married life in Canada, but she made her first trip to Ottawa, when she was still a child and her father, was

"I like the fact that less is more." she said. "I like to make one colour do the work of several."

posted there as High Commissioner. Her overriding love of painting was already well known and curiously, when her father was transferred from Ottawa, someone wrote prophetically in Naz's school magazine: "Naz will come back to Ottawa one day, as a diplomat or an artist."

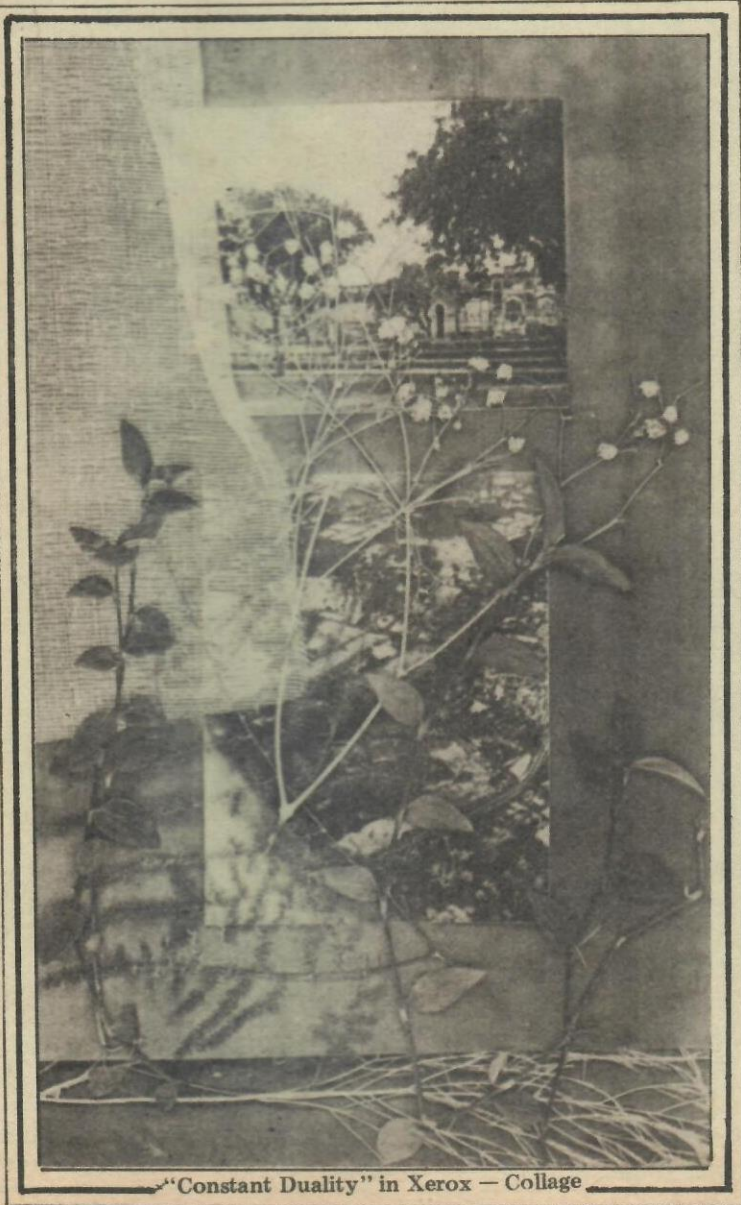
Naz was born in Britain and has always felt particularly at home in London and has some very good friends there. She was at school at Westonburt in Gloucestershire for sometime, before going on to the Byam Shaw School of Art in London. "I went through a great crisis of identity, during this time," she said. "My problem was: 'what am I trying to say through my work?' I did have enormous difficulty.

"In England my teachers kept telling me that I had a fantastic heritage, that I belonged to Indian miniature tradition. I kept saying that I grew up with 'Now We Are Six and the drawings of Edmund du Lac'. I knew there were painters such as Jamini Roy, but they seemed very divorced from me. I wanted to paint like the new Raphaelities. But I then looked at the early Siennese painters and they seemed linked with me, with my own traditions. I also liked Matisse because he had been to Orient.

"In Pakistan people said my work was very British. In Britain they said it was Oriental. I finally learnt not to worry about that and just do what I had to do. I suppose I have come to terms with what I am. I used to hate being called an *Angrez* and told I was not *desi* enough. I now realize that I am the product of several cultures and think' it is a great advantage.

"The country which reflects the work that I would most like to do is Morocco, she added. "To me it is the most perfect blend of East and West and has stayed in my mind as the most beautiful place I have ever been to."

One of the most important influences on her, as a student, was her uncle and well known art critic Professor Shahid Suhrawardy. He would take her and Salma around art galleries and museums, but he always had a great dislike of exotica and frequently said to Naz, "My dear, beware of couleur locale." She has never forgotten his advice and prefers to keep her work very understated. "I like the fact that less is more," she said. "I like to make one colour do the work of several. I particularly like print-making because to me it is like



"Constant Duality" in Xerox — Collage

making a brief statement, as in couplet, or a short poem.”

Naz returned to Pakistan in 1959 and a year later, she held her first solo exhibition in Pakistan at the International Women's Club. She also taught, worked as an illustrator and joined Hamidur Rahman's studio at the PACC.

It was a life which she evidently enjoyed, but even she could not escape from the constant pressure to get married. She began to think in terms of “wanting to get away for a while”. Then her father fell ill and the family moved to London. Naz joined “The Slade School of Art”, to specialize in printmaking and lithography.

“Until then,” Naz said “I had been working from sketches and drawing. I would see something and paint it. I now found that I could not always go out and sketch, because I was often needed at home. So I started painting things from memory and re-creating them.”

Naz was due to have an exhibition at “The Woodstock Gallery in Bond Street”, when her father died, suddenly while on holiday. “The exhibition was due to open on 19th September”, Naz said. “He never saw it. He died on the 12th in Rome.

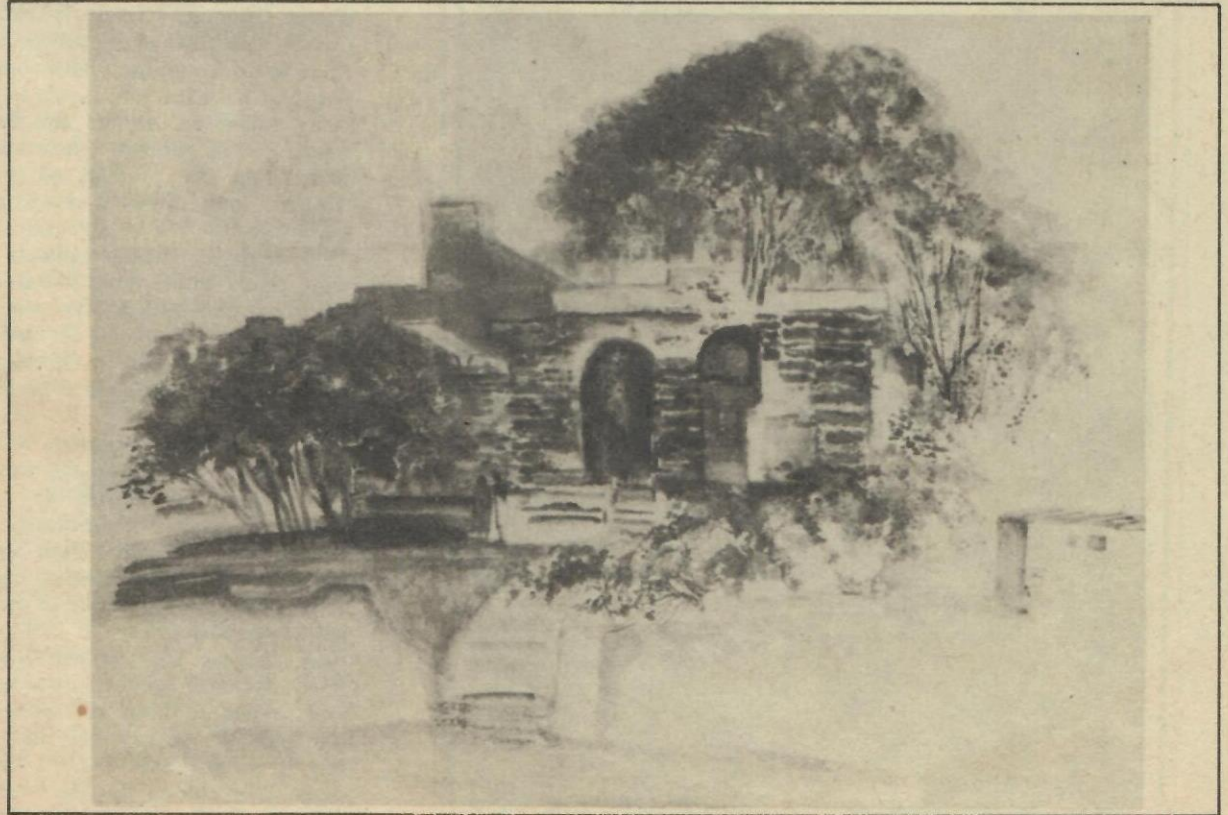
I had to come back for my exhibition alone. Because I couldn't pack it up. Everyone was marvellously kind to me. I just stayed on in England for a while and some English friends gave me a lovely room in their house to live and paint in”.

Naz studied typography and was trained by an advertising firm in London, with a view to do advertising so as to earn a living, while she worked at an artist's studio in the evenings. This pattern of life was to continue for many years. She would go to office or teach in the day and paint in the evenings. When she returned to Pakistan, she joined J. Walter Thompson, to eventually become the first woman Account Executive in Pakistan. She also joined Michael Ponce de Leon's famous printmaking classes at the PACC. Shahid Sajjad, Bashir Mirza and Naheed Azfar were familiar faces there: the prints they made later toured the United States in a group show and some of the work was acquired by the Library of Congress, in Washington.

Naz wanted to set up her own studio and press in Karachi but she moved to Canada and then East Pakistan (now Bangla Desh) after her marriage. Her life was sadly

disrupted by the war and turmoil of 1971. The only work that Naz did during the course of that year was a highly political collage “The End of a Dream”. It was based on T.S. Elliot's poem; *There was a door we did not open/there was a garden we did not enter*. In her collage all the gates were barred and the entrances full of fire.

Naz returned to Canada in the early seventies, with her husband and only daughter. She has been there ever since, though she has continued to exhibit her work in Ottawa, Karachi and Dacca. She has constantly joined workshops to explore new mediums and taken every advantage to innovate and make the best of new material available to artists there in Canada. She had already started experimenting with collages in the late sixties. She then became fascinated by acrylics and from that graduated to the use of photographic images and coloured xerox prints in her collages. She has been particularly impressed by the work of Canadian artist Jennifer Dickson, R.A. and took part in a group show with her in London, earlier this year, on behalf of the Edward Monaghan Gallery.



Old House Aligarh in inks and water colour.

Tahira Mazhar Ali



What strikes one most about Tahira Mazhar Ali is her vitality and enthusiasm. She walks and talks briskly, her manner is "no nonsense, let's get the work done" her energy quite exhausting for others and above all her dedication to the cause of restoring democracy astounding.

Tahira Mazhar Ali is at present the General Secretary of the Democratic Women's Association of which she is also the founder member. This Association was formed in 1949. Some of its founder members were Hajra Masroor, Begum Hashmi, Alys Faiz and Tahira herself among many others. Khadija Feroze-ud-din was its President. This association began working with the rangers of 1947 mostly with women and children. Its workers tried to trace relatives here and in India, to find them food and shelter, to provide them with some means of livelihood along with the Trade Unions' the DWA, struggled to give these homeless people some hope for the future. Tahira remembers how she was constantly asked by these destitute women, "Bibi, where is the heaven, (janat) we were promised?" The DWA began its first project with these refugees in the railway workers colony of Garhi Shahu, where most of these families settled. Building homes, a school and other amenities for these people took a great amount of dedication and zeal. Both these qualities abound in Tahira and her workers.

But Tahira's political awakening and interest in the workers entered her life when she was only twelve years old. Her father was the Governor of the Reserve Bank of India and then later the first Chief Minister of Punjab. So political activity and general political awareness was very much a part of Tahira's childhood. She remembers many visitors to her house including Jawaharlal Nehru and Dr. Narindra Nath. It was meeting Mr. Nehru that had an important impact on her life.

She was in school at that time and asked the principal of her school to invite Mr. Nehru to talk to the students. Her principal reprimanded her and expelled her for six months from school for this "audacity"! Tahira was most annoyed at this unfair treatment that a local leader could not address the students whereas a British one could. A Congress flag could not be pinned on one's lapel whereas a Union Jack was proudly displayed. So Tahira went home for six months, not demurely but defiantly. Her father upon hearing the reason for her expulsion was sympathetic and Tahira went back to

school, after 6 months probably more defiant than before. She met Mr. Nehru during her expulsion and he was very amused that he was the reason!

During her childhood Tahira also remembers a very free and friendly atmosphere at home. Her father encouraged discussions and question sessions between himself and the children. Tahira and her other brothers and sisters were taught to respect all religions but never through a lecture session.

"This is something that I have also conducted with my children. I have tried to provide them a free atmosphere at home and they have learnt and imbibed all that we believe in but not through any lectures but through a friendly exchange. I felt when I was young that I learnt

**Tahira's political awakening
and interest in the workers
began when she was only
twelve years old.**



MONEEZA HASHMI

DEMOCRAT



We forget how Jinnah propagated the importance of women, we ignore their sheer numbers, we are blind to the awareness among them.

far more this way and so this method was adopted with my own children also" says Tahira. Tahira got married when she was seventeen years old to her cousin, Mazhar. They had grown up together and it was very much a marriage of mutual consent. It was after marriage and with Mazhar as her partner, that Tahira's political activities began to take more of her time. During the war, she remembers working collecting supplies on the one hand and making the people aware of the fascist intentions. After the war it was the anti-British time' and independence. Every educated and enlightened man or woman was struggling to throw off

the foreign yoke and live as free individuals.

Through out those early years, Tahira worked in villages, holding meetings, talking to the women about their rights, making them aware of their positions as independent human beings etc. She worked long hours, day after day, alongside her husband and with a handful of devoted workers like her.

In the Ayub Khan era, the DWA workers were banned from entering the Garhi Shahn area. Those days, according to Tahira, were the worst. "We were harrassed on the streets and at home. Raids were conducted in our homes. We had police vans, surrounding our houses and following us. It was frustrating and suffocating. After all, what were we doing? Only trying to improve the lives of our own country women. Why were we such threats to a great powerful government? If I invited two DWA women for lunch, a truck full of police men would come and sit outside. I fail to understand how three women could plot and intrigue so much that it made the local authorities so nervous" says Tahira in a lighter vein. But inspite of these discouraging tactics, the DWA with Tahira leading it, continued to work for democracy and women. It invited a Vietnamese delegation of women and took them around Lahore to talk to women here. Tahira remembers how petite and gentle they were and yet one of them had just come out of the jungle and was an active guerilla fighter.

The DWA also collected 5 lakh signatures against the bomb and circulated it.

It was in 1971 that only five women from this organisation took out a silent procession with placards saying that the army action in East Pakistan will lead to the breakup of the country. Tahira recalls how the elite of Lahore sat confidently in their drawing rooms sure of the army's victory while she was trying to argue how much destruction was being caused and still the war was going to be lost. "The media plays a very important role specially when it comes to projecting such important issues. I feel our media let us down, misted us and when I and the DWA workers tried to bring it to public notice we were threatened and discouraged. But still at least we tried and then when the surrender happened, women came to us and congratulated us for our bravery."

The DWA has it's own objectives but also cooperates with all women's organisations such as WAF or APWA and other Trade Unions. Basically it is the woman and her rights that are being fought for but the DWA is more

Endless Love

SHE's exclusive invitation to romance where we take you down memory lane, weaving through legend, myth and history to recapture the endless love of centuries. A star-studded kaleidoscope of fashion and beauty takes the stage by storm, and gives **SHE** lovers the excitement and fascination of romance.



Hair and Make up: Tariq Amin
at Shaheens

Photography by Akbar Rizvi

Sohni & Mahinwal

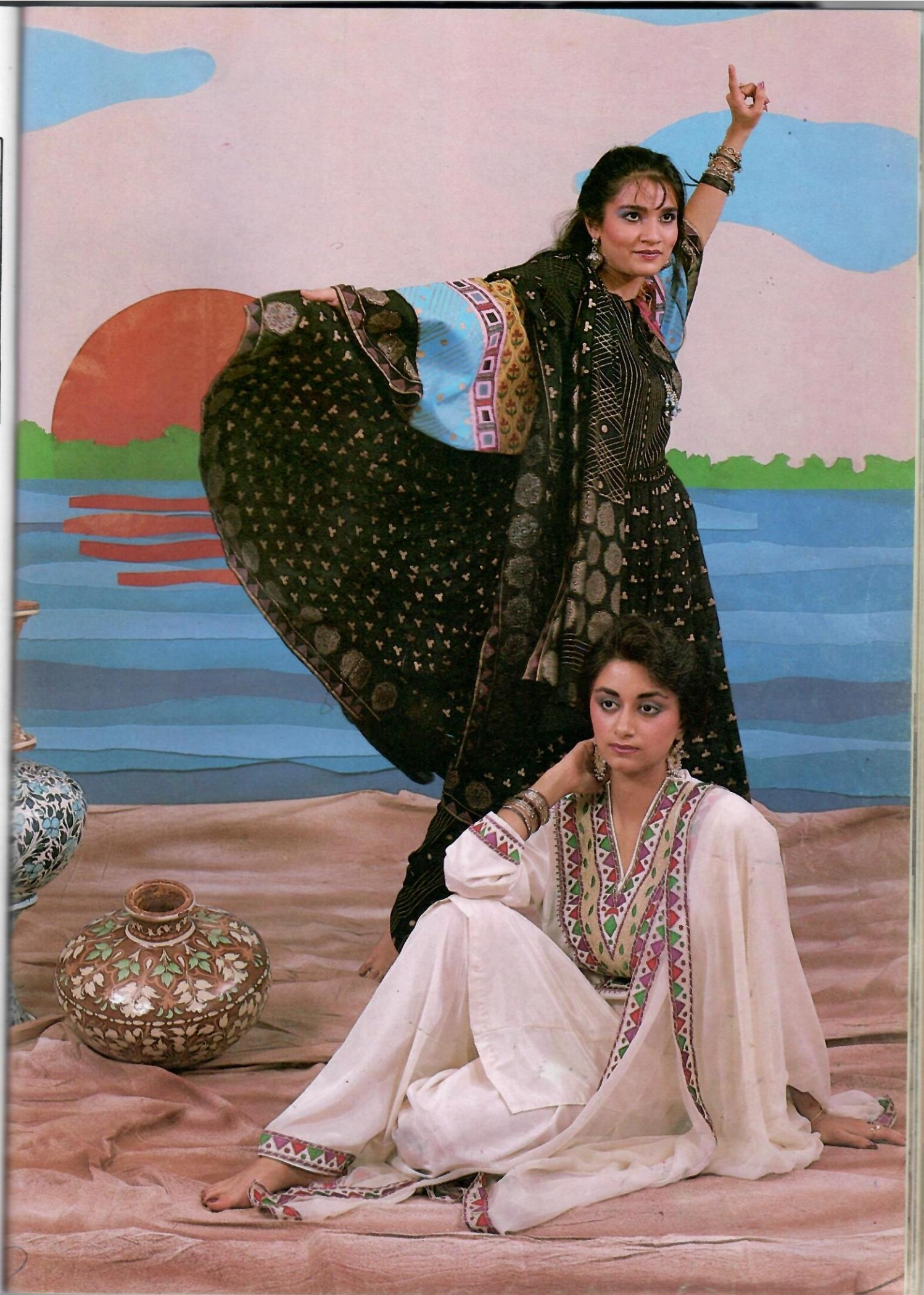


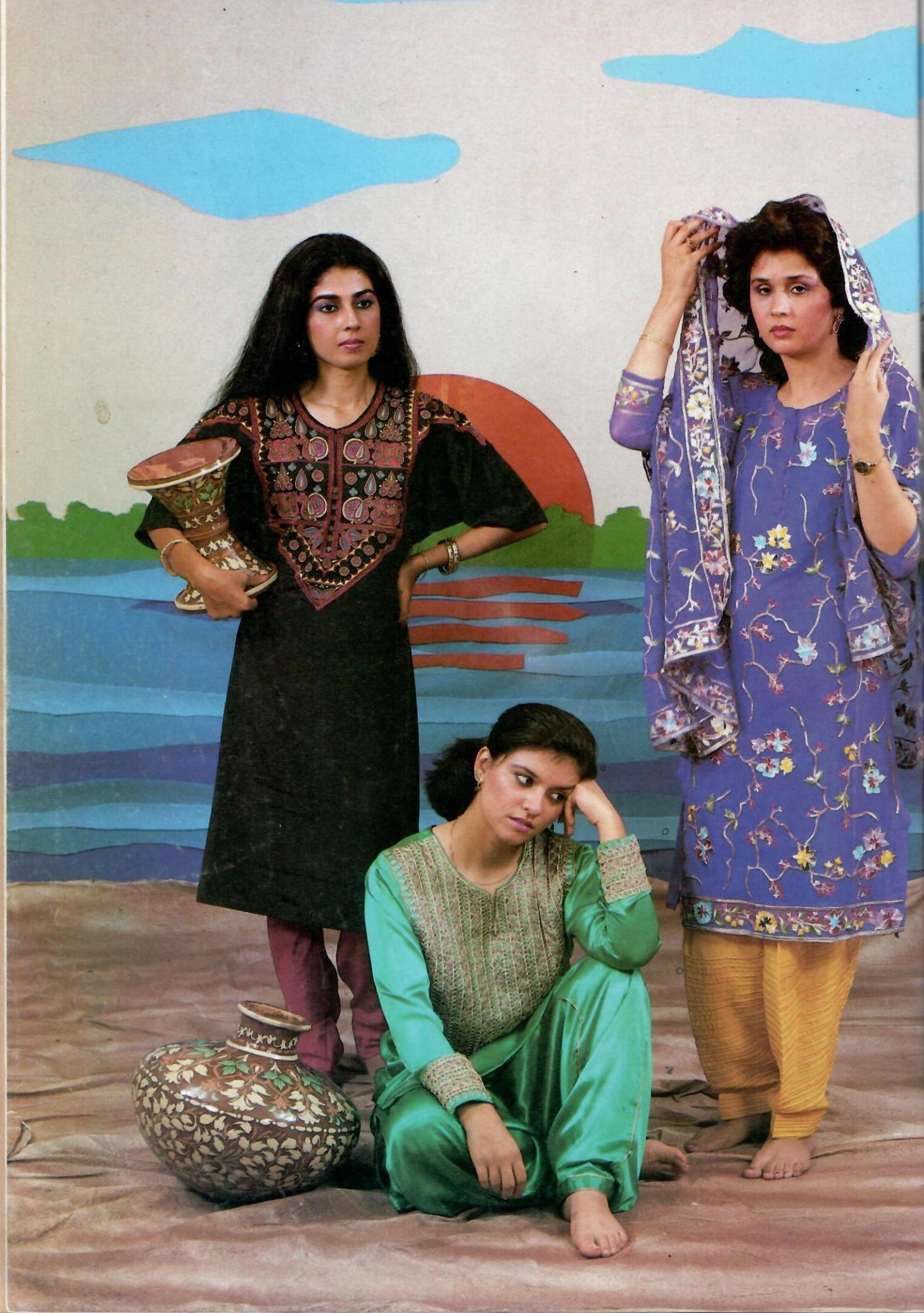
The crimson glow of the setting sun, the fateful river, coloured skies. Punjab rich in, flora and fauna set against velvet, green carpets of fields – a dream full of reality, the story of Sohni and Mahinwal. The village belle whose beauty is associated with the word “Sohni”. Bringing the excitement and allure of romance, the secret rendezvous, the fire of eternal love and the symbolic “matka”.

Nostalgic with the demure loveliness of Sohni, and the, rustic simplicity of village life, fashion flows with ethnic currents evident in every style. Kuchi's swaying, patialas billowing layers, Embroidery in contrasts and sun dried colours, highlighting the creativity applied in wearing almost a piece of art.

◀ Sparkling diamonds, rubies and emeralds in a floral design. Note the extended earrings. From *Shahkar Jewellers*.

▶ Left: “Kuchi” kurta in exotic black – block printed in a variety of ingenious patterns. From *Chaman*. Right : Offset by white and artistically embroidered in a typical “meena work” style. From *Collection*.







R

ong ago in the city of Gujrat, on the bank of the river Chenab, there lived a rich potter called Tulla who owned

a big shop full of all kinds of earthenware vessels. This potter had a daughter called Sohni — meaning beautiful, who was more lovely than her name implied.

One day Izzat Beg, the only son of a wealthy merchant of Balkh, travelling through Gujrat visited Tulla's shop. Upon beholding Sohni he was enchanted by her beauty. Returning every day to the shop he fell deeply in love with Sohni who soon started reciprocating this feeling.

Soon Izzat Beg had very little money left as he purchased something from the shop on each visit. He decided to open a shop of his own selling everything at low prices until he was reduced to poverty.

Then he sought to become the servant of Tulla to be near Sohni. Sohni and Izzat Beg were now more in love than ever. Then Tulla gave Izzat Beg the job of looking after buffaloes and everyone started calling him Mahinwal — the herdsman.

One day Sohni's mother discovered the love of Sohni and Mahinwal for each other. Mahinwal was turned out and Sohni married to a young man named Dam. However whenever Dam approached Sohni he was seized with some kind of sickness and he was forced to leave her alone.

One day Mahinwal visited Sohni's house as a beggar and after that they secretly started meeting on the far bank of the river every night. Sohni used to swim across the river with the help of an earthenware pot. One day her sister-in-law discovered this secret and substituted the baked pot with an unbaked one.

Halfway across the river the pot began to dissolve. Mahinwal saw Sohni desperately struggling in the water. In a frenzy he jumped into the water and they were both carried away. Some say their bodies were found — clasped in each others arms, united in an eternal embrace.

From Left to Right:

Typical ethnic charm renewed in heavily embroidered kurta. From *Super Duper Wear*. Sea green lined in an intricate display of detail with emphasis around the neckline. From *Femme Fashions*. Floral embroidered motifs intertwined in a maze of leaves and traced with gold taar. Note the contrast. From *Femme Fashions*. Patiala's billowing layers block printed in lined bands. New wave — hemline of kurta on its way up. From *Chaman*. Jewellery from *Shahkar Jewellers*.

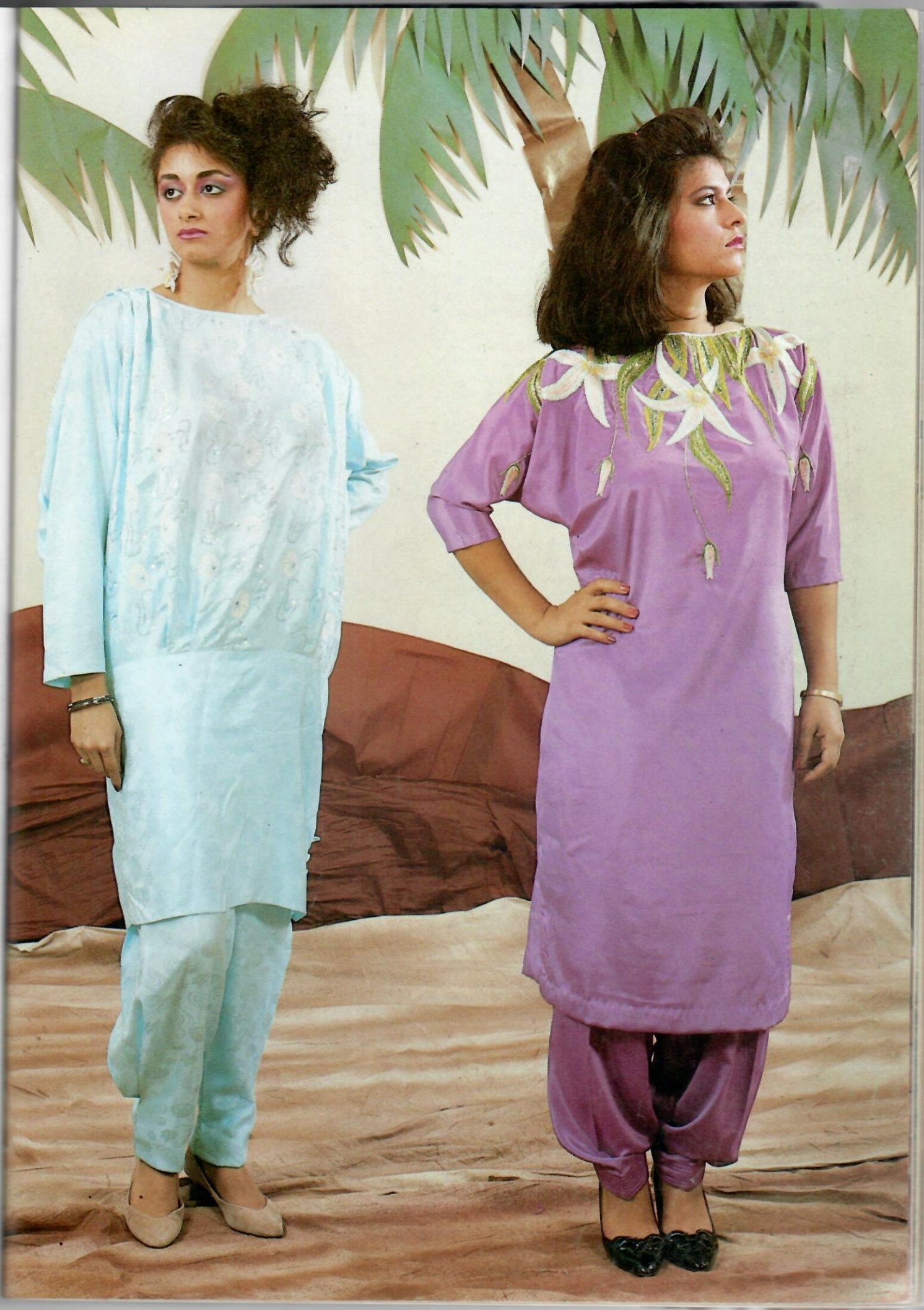
Sassi Punno



With the exotic charm of desert, nights and a full moon, . . . the romance of Sassi and, Punno. Set in the heart of Sind where the wind blown sand and the sizzling heat evokes the soulful and plaintive strains of the, alghoza, the mystic poetry of Shah Abdul Latif. . . . A whisper of fresh jasmine, sparkling wine, heady senses when fashion follows a modern line. A contemporary impact with a blend of oriental flamboyance and western sophistication. Jackets are in and stay in. Styled with flair and finesse in jazzy trendy, looks of today. Classic man's, shirt or blouson kameezes, — the choice in shalwars is endless, with slinky streamlined shapes, pleated or slim chic dhoti ones.

◀ Intricately set diamonds and rubies in elegant spirals and waves. From *A Sons Jewellers*.

▶ Left: Delicate sky blue tinted with sequins in a low waisted style. From *Mariam n Lubna Saeedullah*. Right: Effective contrast with lily motifs cleverly traced with gold. From *Erums*.





n the banks of the river Indus there was once a beautiful city called Bhambhor. In this city lived a blind Brahmin and his wife who were blessed with a daughter. Their joy was soon shattered when a priest told them of her destiny — that of falling in love with a man of a different faith. Putting her in a wooden box they cast her into the river from which she was rescued and taken to Mohammad, the head washerman in Bhambhor. Mohammad and his wife, having no children of their own, adopted her and gave her the name of Sassi — the moon.

By the time Sassi reached her fifteenth birthday she was extraordinarily beautiful. Tales of her beauty spread all over the city and beyond and chanced to fall upon the ears of Prince Punnu, the son of the King of Kech Mekran.

The handsome and adventurous prince, intrigued by Sassi's famed beauty, disguised himself as a merchant of perfumes and thus arrived in Bhambhor.

Sassi paid the merchant a visit with a relative, Rakhi. Sassi and Punnu fall deeply in love with each other upon glimpsing each other. Rakhi, understanding the feelings of Sassi and Punnu, arranged for a marriage to take place between the two, so the two were married a few days later and lived in the city in perfect happiness.

The King, perturbed by Punnu's absence, sent his other sons to bring back Punnu. Punnu's brothers visiting Punnu's home, drugged him during a feast and started the journey to Kech Mekran carrying Punnu with them.

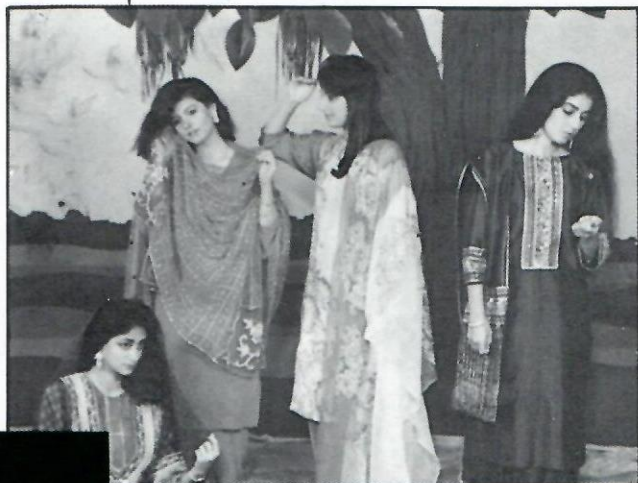
Sassi discovering this ruse the next day set off distraught into the scorching heat of the desert, searching and calling for Punnu and finally perishing on the desert sands. Punnu, too, on recovering consciousness fled into the desert under the relentless sun, discovering the grave of Sassi made by a herdsman. A wild cry of grief from him and he fell dead upon the grave of Sassi.

From Left to Right:

Inventive simplicity in a "cone" cut with jacket to complete. From Saaz. Plain suit updated with printed jacket touched with "sitaras" and sequins. From Flair. Colour contrast with jacket stylishly worked into gold thread embroidery. From Erums. Jewellery from Shahkar Jewellers.



Heer Ranjha

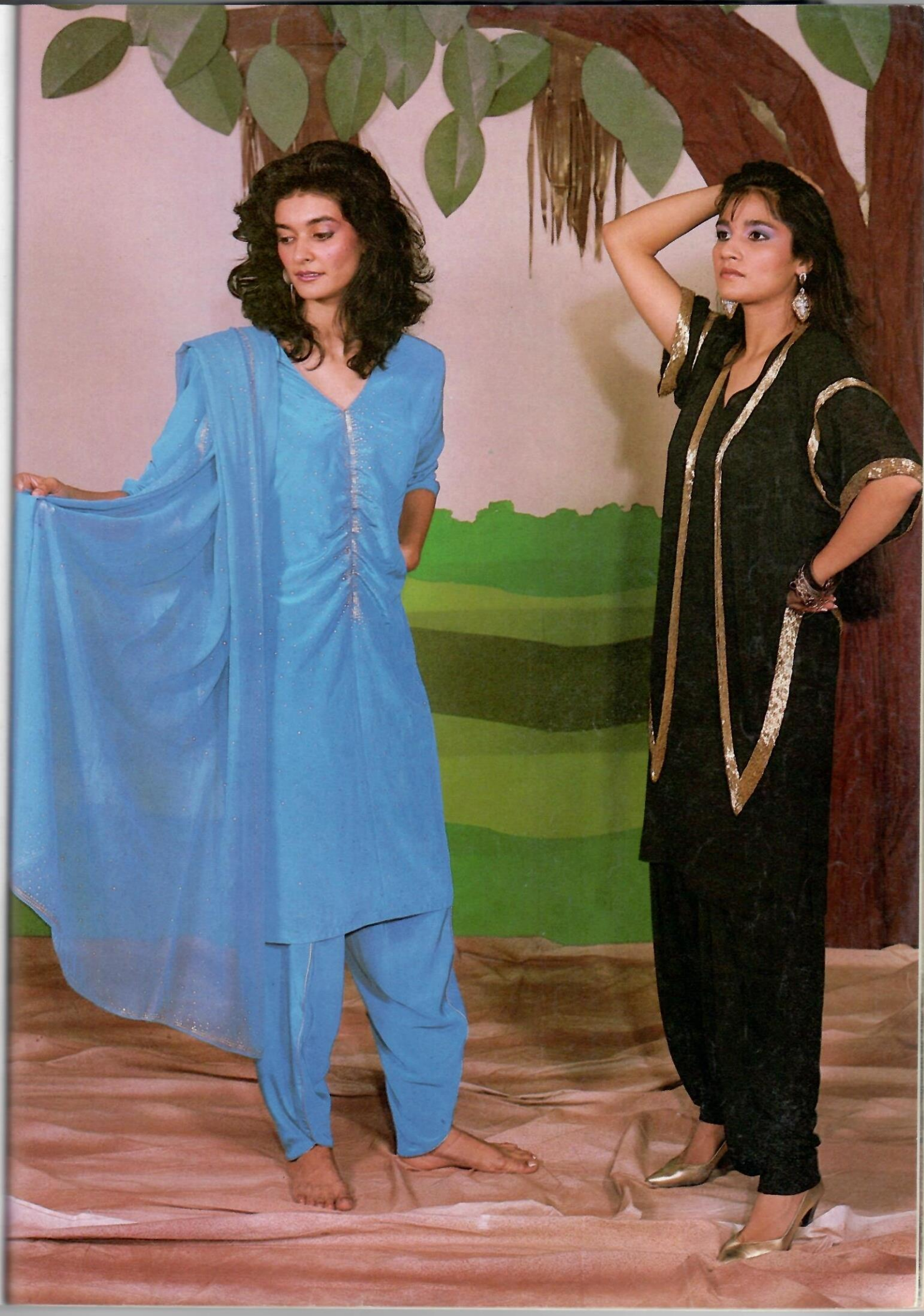


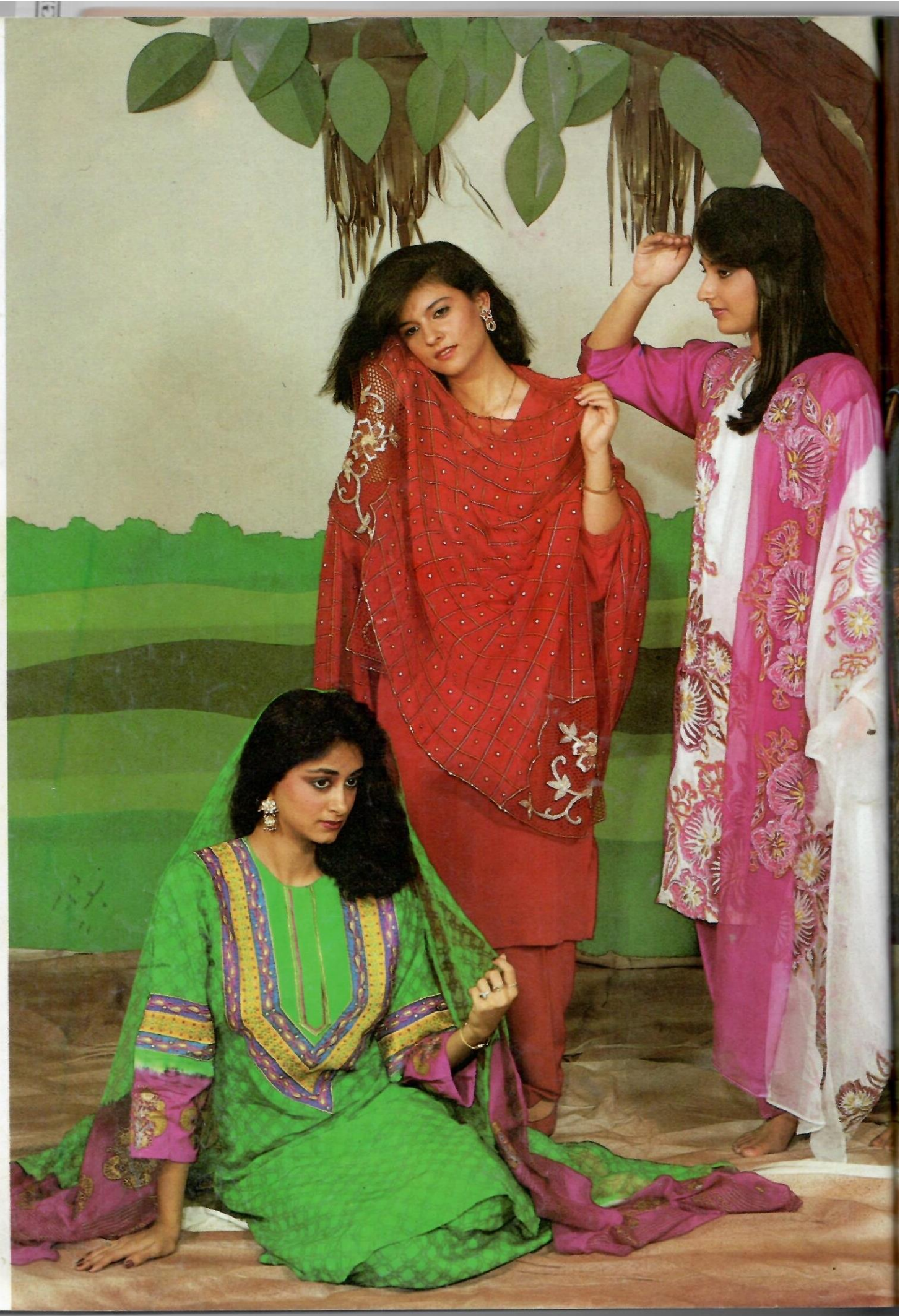
The lush green, the fruit laden orchards the shade of pipal trees and meandering, rivers. Land gifted by mother nature the heaven of Heer, and Ranjha, the famous lovers, of Punjab. The flower decked, slopes their undying love, reaching sublime heights, Heer watching in eager anticipation, searching for, signs of her lover. Dressing in joy, adorning herself, sometimes in pensive moods, waiting for her Ranjha.

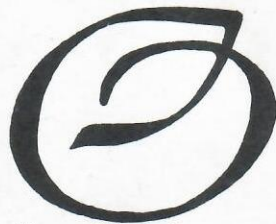
As the rippling river flows, the, breeze, whistles and the flute 'music tinkles . . . fashion sets' an even more enchanted mood.' Sprinklings of Badla, sprays of sequins, the "Chamak damak" of zari. Swirling dupattas and flowing Kurtas, with plenty of tinsel and glitter set in vivid jewel colours.

◀ A traditional necklace and earrings in gold, strung with gold chains. From Hassan Ali Mohammed Javeri.

▶ Left: A sprinkling of moonlight "mukaish" with the emphasis around the neckline. From Maheen Creations. Right: Slinky black jacket outlined in close knit sequins. From Haveli.







n the banks of the river Chenab, a beautiful girl was born to a family of wealthy Sial Rajputs in the old city of

Jhang. The baby was named Heer and grew up to be so beautiful that tales of her beauty spread far and wide.

Heer enjoyed all the comforts of a rich man's house. She had a beautiful boat in which one day she and her companions found a handsome youth fast asleep. Upon waking he made himself known as Ranjha, a landlord who had been cheated out of his share of land by his brothers. On Heer's request he played his flute so beautifully that Heer was absolutely enchanted. She found him employment as her father's herdsman and would secretly slip out to meet him every day. Soon Heer and Ranjha grew to love each other intensely.

Shortly afterwards Heer's father discovered her love for Ranjha through one of her uncles who had observed the couple together. He decided to marry Heer off immediately to Saida, a young man of the Khera tribe. Heer's marriage was solemnized although she would not give her consent to the Kazi. Heer however would not let Saida touch her, although she soon became friends with his sister Sehti. One day a beggar came to her door whom she recognised as Ranjha.

Heer confided in Sehti of her love for Ranjha who was sympathetic as she herself loved a young Baloch named Murad who was disapproved of by her parents due to his poverty. It was ultimately arranged that the two men would come on a certain night to take the two women away.

However, while Murad and Sehti managed to escape on a camel the Kheras soon caught up with Heer and Ranjha who were taken to the Governor. The Governor upon hearing of Heer's story declared her marriage to Saida as being null and void and ordered her father to marry her to Ranjha.

Heer and Ranjha were over-joyed. But when Ranjha came to collect his bride, she was no more of this world. Her life had been cut short by poison. Ranjha dejected and broken-hearted did not take long to follow her.

From Left to Right:

Parrot green highlighted by the clever use of colour and pattern. From Chaman. Red – the colour of the season, sprayed with delicate checks and motifs along the pullou. From Neezu Boutique. Applique in double tone contrast traced in gold taa and tinted with sequins. From Sundip. Sussi finely worked in geometric blocks with intricate zari designs. From Sundip. Jewellery from A-Sons Jewellers.

Anarkali



Reminiscent of Mughal splendour, with courtly style, bejewelled pillars, marble, encrusted floors, lattice work windows — ethereal palaces. A royal romance with its tragic overtones.

Anarkali wearing her magic through legend up to the present day.

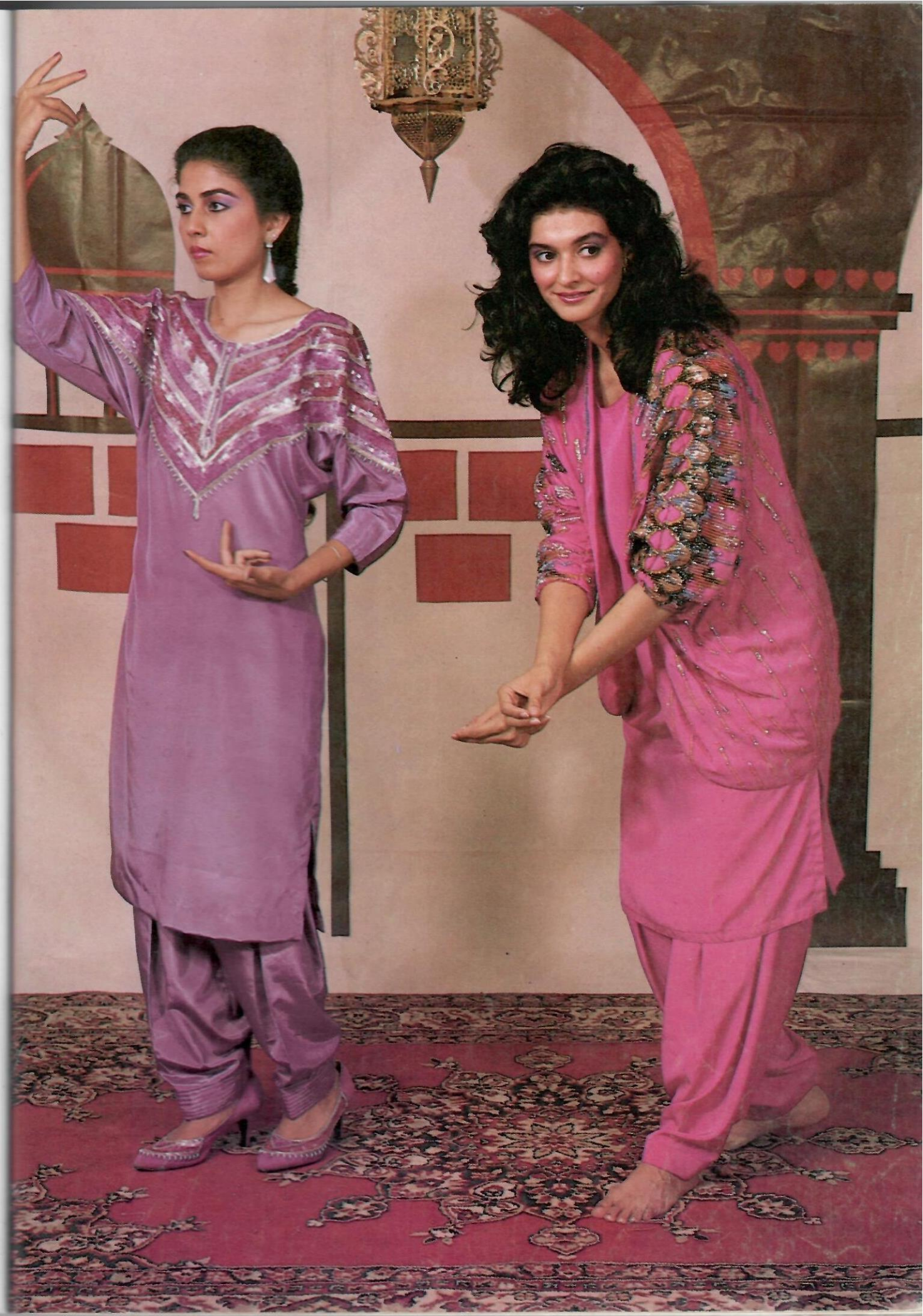
Dancing her way into the heart of all young lovers, in story, in poetry and in film.

Echoing a romance that makes history and bringing fashion to the epitome of traditional styles. The essence of the east recreated in beaten gold and silver dabka and zari. Adapting from the richness and tradition of past to give us bejewelled finishes.



◀ “Almond shaped” turquoise set with dazzling diamonds. Note the original and highly creative setting. From *Shahkar Jewellers*.

▶ Left: Sequins in shaded lines, glistening in an extended motif. Shoes to match. From *R.T.L.* Right: Like peacock feathers intricately woven in multi coloured shades. From *Maheen Creations*.



C

he great Mughal King Akbar was blessed with a son after much prayer — Prince Saleem. King Akbar sends Saleem off to battle at an early age to make him fit to be a king. After many years the Prince returns to court a young, handsome and brave warrior.

On his return he is presented with a beautiful statue by a sculptor. To his total wonder the statue starts to move proving to be a beautiful woman covered with plaster — Anarkali, a “kaneez” (maid-servant). King Akbar is quite taken with this clever little trick and says that Anarkali should dance in the court that night. During this dance Anarkali and Prince Saleem fall deeply in love with each other. Prince Saleem, the future Emperor Jehangir, professes his love for Anarkali in a letter he sends through her sister. At first Anarkali is terrified at the prospect of a humble maid-servant loving a great prince but Saleem keeps seeking her out until she too professes her love for him. In the meantime another “kaneez”, Bahar, who herself is in love with the prince discovers their love for each other and is consumed with jealousy. She reveals this secret love to the King by drugging Anarkali and while Anarkali dances in front of the Prince in a drugged state, making her love for the Prince very apparent, the king watches the whole scene reflected in a mirror. The King is horrified when he sees them together and has Anarkali thrown into prison.

Prince Saleem demands her release but Akbar is opposed to the match not wanting the future Queen of India to be a mere “kaneez”. The King does not listen to any of Saleem’s pleas, and sends Saleem to war, threatening to have Anarkali killed if Saleem declines.

While at war Saleem hears that the King is trying to arrange a marriage between Anarkali and the sculptor. The son declares war on his father. In the meantime his friend, a Rajput, rescues Anarkali from prison and hides her.

Prince Saleem loses the battle, and upon refusing Akbar’s demand to bring forth Anarkali, is condemned to death. At the last minute Anarkali appears, saving Saleem’s life.

After convincing Anarkali to drug Saleem into a deep unconsciousness, Akbar has her buried alive in a wall of the palace.

From Left to Right

Dull gold zari designed in a maze of delicate patterns in a baluchi style kurta. From *Chaman*. Elaborate gold dabka and zari and tilla work shimmering in traditional style. From *Femme Fashions*. Gold thread intricately woven and embellished in “peacock” motifs. From *Sundip*. Jewellery from Shahkar Jewellers.

