

The Monthly Newsmagazine for Women

April 1988, Price Rs. 20.00

SHE

**DO
OR
DIE?**
When
will
women
get
control
over
their
bodies?

**BRIDGE
FEVER**
Introducing
a column
for addicts

NEEDLES
Are they
for
you?

A SPRING AFFAIR

With the Star of Greek Tycoon - the best of Sophia
and Karachi's brightest style makers

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Considered faddy till yesterday, acupuncture is considered to be the 'in' treatment having no side effects.

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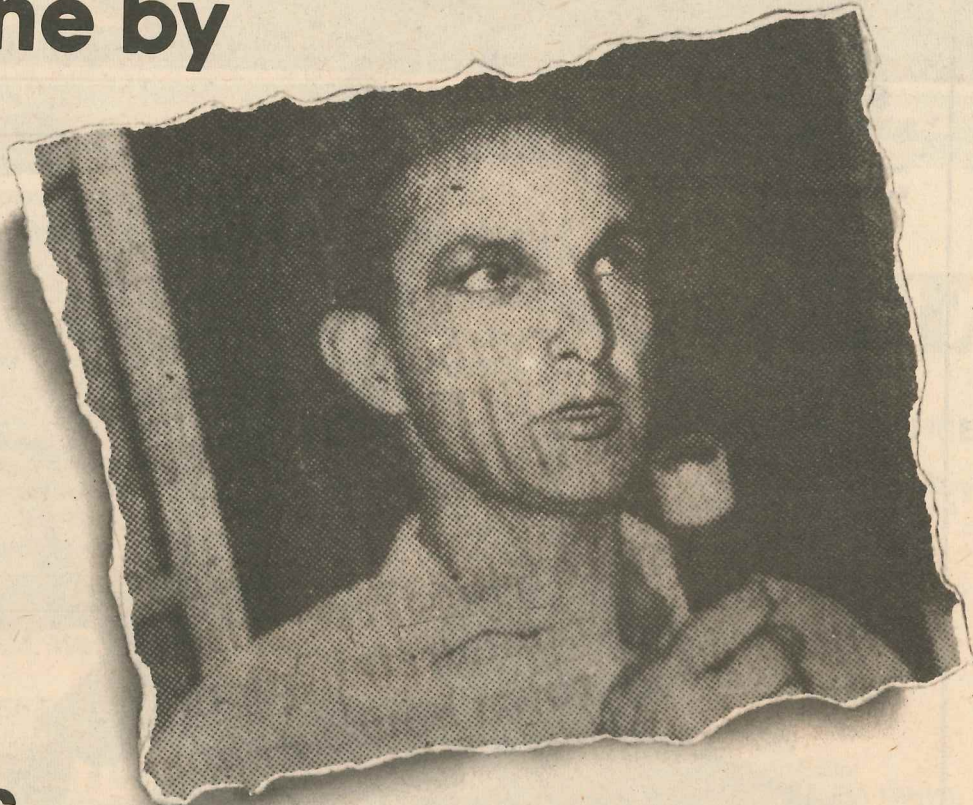
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COVER

Spring is here amidst a lot of pomp and style. Our cover girl sets the mood of the season.
Photography by Ramzan Ali



40 years of an innocent life — gone by



Who's responsible?

This man was born in a mental hospital. For 40 years, the only world he knew was that of an asylum. What wrong had he done that all these years he had to be among lunatics and as one of them. The best friends he ever had were mental patients, the best part of his life, annihilated in a mental home. He is not the only one, there are hundreds more like him; innocent, locked in mental hospitals and prisons. For crimes not committed by them. Who's responsible for this injustice?

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BRIEFING

We Shall Move Forward

The month of March has two significant days for us -- International Women's Day on March 8th and Pakistan Day on the 23rd. Both this year, seem to have been observed with the usual meaningless mouthings of non-issues, coupled with the trappings of non-events. Speeches and seminars, melas and plays do NOT commemorate that great day in 1910, when the women of a garment factory in Chicago marched out into the streets demanding better working conditions, thereby being the first women to fight for their rights. Far better for women, countrywide, to express their solidarity on all issues that concern us, be they national or international, and to demonstrate that women in this country mean business and are a force to contend with. We shall move forward, we shall have our place in the sun.

Issue after issue, SHE supports the cause of women, seeking to project both their plight and successes. This month SHE's special report concerns itself with a vital women's issue, the state of family planning in our country, with a bold account of the causes for its lack of success. Highlighted among these, are the appalling ignorance and superstition among women, and above all the societal taboos which prevent women from having any say at all in determining the number of children they want. A report on the shocking state of the world's children is quite an eye opener. Did you know that three out of every five Pakistani children are suffering from malnutrition with one in ten being severely effected, incidentally exactly the same estimate as for Ethiopia.

This month we have introduced a special bridge column for all bridge addicts. Roshan Bokhari, a member of the Pakistan National team, will be contributing regularly to this page. We are confident that many of our readers, who are lovers of the game, will pick up several useful hints from her column. Keeping the popularity of our Up the Ladder feature, we bring to you the upwardly mobile women of Islamabad as well as our regular Karachiites. Packed in is also an exclusive on acupuncture. Dr. Anwar, a leading acupuncturist of China, now settled in Karachi, spoke to SHE in an illuminating interview. Kinnaird College's jubilant 75 years jubilee celebrations have found their way into SHE as well. For all those KC's who missed the festivities and several others, who would be interested readers, we have an inside account of the happenings in Lahore earlier this month.

Fashion fans will simply love our spring collection. Aha! Jackets and so much more, is in this spring number to make you dance to the spring beat. Design Connection is the brainchild of Tamie Mahmood, the star of 'Greek Tycoon' who now has designs on you. We hope you enjoy our latest number.

SHE

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NEWSMONTH

DESPATCHES, VIEWS, LIVE ISSUES, SCOOPS

ISSUES

Child Labour - Top Priority

An international seminar sponsored by the Pakistan chapter of Defence of Child International was held at Lahore in the last week of February. 44 delegates from nine countries participated in it.

Addressing the inaugural session of the seminar, the Chief Justice of the Lahore High Court, Justice Ghulam Mujaddid Mirza, disclosed that juvenile courts would be set up in the country which would try juvenile criminals. He hoped that the proposed courts would start functioning in the near future.

Justice Mirza said child labour was a social evil and at the same time an economic necessity for the child and his family. "We by no means can condone child labour but we have to plan our strategies for its eradication in a manner where the victims of child labour do not themselves become sufferers of our crusade".

He emphasised the need to provide these children with alternate sources and activity. He asked the lawyers to mobilise the public opinion in this regard.

Justice Mirza said international standards had done a good deal towards stamping out many of the abuses that were exploiting the children. However, much still remains to be done.

"The laws must provide protection for child workers, they must be humane, but likewise, if their effective im-

plementation is to be possible, they must be realistic. Many of the standards currently laid down, the Chief Justice LHC noted, can not legally be applied to the children working within the family unit. Majority of our population lives in the rural areas where it is a common sight to see both girls and boys work alongside their parents.

He said before decisions could be taken on the current situation, the conditions under which the children were employed, the treatment they received, the hours they worked, the kind of payments which were made, the provision for education or lack of it, the available health care, the relevant social provisions etc. should also be taken into account.

The participants of the seminar held that the assumption that child employment is a vital necessity for the economic sustenance of the family is "wholly unwarranted" as thus has yet to be established by empirical evidence. Child labour as a necessity has been grossly exaggerated by interest groups and its abolition has been derided as unrealistic without proper research, they added.

They held that child labour is a crime that needs redressing through economic and penal sanction against the perpetrator and that this exaggeration has led to shock-

ing apathy even towards voluntary servitude and bonded labour.

The conference concluded that the issue of child labour needs immediate attention and governments, NGOs, groups of lawyers and other concerned agencies including inter-governmental agencies must pool their resources to ensure that children below the age of 14 should not be employed in any circumstances and as an interim measure child workers above the age of 14 years may be employed only in specific occupations under strict regulatory control. They said priority should be given to the provision of the opportunity and means of education for children who are driven to employment while due importance must be given to establishing income generating programmes for the families of the disadvantaged children, these families must also be brought to understand that the income benefits to child labour are at best marginal to their economic sustenance and that in fact such employment has the effect of perpetuating their miseries for generations.

The conference made the following recommendations in its concluding session: Public interest litigation concept developed through judicial activism in India should be used effectively in other countries of the region and be mobilised to protect chil-

dren's rights and prevent exploitation of child labour; A clearing house for collecting and disseminating information be set up in each country and be linked up at the international level; Legal aid clinics be set up for providing legal assistance for monitoring court cases, for providing legal information and for legal research purposes. These clinics must call for help from the international community where gross violation occurs.

Linkage between lawyers, journalists and activists must be established both nationally and internationally so that effective campaigns are designed to draw public attention and the attention of governments to the issue of child labour; Bonded labour of children should be unearthed and towards this end a regional campaign be designed also involving inter-governmental bodies so that attention is focussed on different aspects of crime against children;

Human rights activists and legal professionals must themselves give priority to the rights of the child and recognise that these rights form part of the fundamental rights guaranteed by law; and;

Proper professional training camps be set up for advocates of children's rights and journalists for all follow up action.

Ashraf Mumtaz

Women Campaign for, Afghan Settlement.

While the political parties gave their suggestions to the government with regard to the solution of the Afghanistan problem at a conference with the Prime Minister, the women launched a signature campaign to press the authorities to sign the Geneva Accord.

A total of 50,000 signatures were obtained during the one-week campaign which continued simultaneously in a number of cities, including Lahore, Faisalabad, Multan, Rawalpindi, Gujranwala and Peshawar. These papers on which the signatures were obtained, were sent to the Foreign Office, Islamabad. The memorandum which the

people signed read: "The solution of the Afghanistan problem which has created a number of political, economic, social and cultural problems for Pakistan, is the strong desire of every patriotic and peace loving citizen. We, therefore, demand of the Pakistan Government to accept the recent steps

taken by the Soviet Union so as to solve the Afghanistan problem with the consent of the parties in the Geneva talks. Since the withdrawal of the Soviet troops has become imperative, failure to reach an agreement (at Geneva) will endanger the peace of the whole region and Pakistan too will not remain safe.

Karachi

Chadar Aur Chardivari

Keeping the general apathy of the people towards theatre and the five minutes drive to the Alliance Francaise in mind I merrily left the house fifteen minutes before the evenings drama was to begin. At the ticket counter I was shocked out of my complacency when I was told that the tickets were sold out, "not just for tonight but the following night as well". Then came the gallant Peerzada (Faizan, I think) to the rescue. Within five minutes, VIOLA! I was given the two tickets I needed and then the dark night unfolded its drama. In the company of an avid audience and the twinkling stars we watched 'Birgees Qadar Ka Kumba' enthralled.

On the occasion of International Women's Day, 'Tehrik-e-Niswan' a group of die hards in the theatre world presented 'Chadar Aur Chardivari'. The story of a dictatorial mother (Birgees) her daughters and her, confidante, her bandi. Chadar Aur Chardivari was an adaptation by Raghuvir Sahay of Federico Garcia Lorca's 'The House of Bernarda Alba' directed by Khalid Ahmad. A poet par excellence and a dramatist of great repute 'The House of Bernarda Alba' was Lorca's last play written in the year of his death and considered to be one of the classics of drama, widely staged all over the western world. However, in the present day



and age its relevance to the western world is merely on a general plane, but in the sub-continent is immediate, topical and as large as life. For it speaks of a vast ma-

ajority of unmarried girls living in a repressive, feudal male dominated society bound by social customs. Their only escape from their char divaris being an 'arranged mar-

riage' to "who-so-ever" (if that can be called escape). With only a few minor changes Raghuvir Sahays

adaptation fits our climate like a glove. The play is devoid of love and tenderness other than at certain junctures. To emphasise the drabness of the situation it was designed in black and white very effectively. The cast, both seasoned and very new, performed to the hilt. Khurshid Shahid, Sheema Kermani, Mehreen Ilahi need no introduction. Khurshid Shahid (Birgees Qadar) made her reappearance on stage after an absence of seventeen years. Through her performance she highlighted the emergence of fascists dictatorships in society like our's which need no brute force alone to sustain them but which are also nurtured by the attachment of our people to out moded ideals and irrational beliefs. The nanis character-played by Nasreen Rauf-made its poignant appearance twice on stage bringing in its wake beautiful dreams. . . .

Amongst the newcomers Uzma Shakir deserves special mention. Qudsia, in the play she portrayed her role as if she were born to it. Realistic being the keyword. A vote of appreciation goes to Khalid Ahmad, the soft spoken, genteel director for presenting the Karachiites with such a fine play.

Nighat Gaya

More on Thar

Today the land of Umar and Marvi is facing the worst drought of the century. Its once green pastures have turned into scorched sands, wells have dried up and fodder for the livestock has been exhausted. The Thari's known for their pride and valour, their strength and perseverance are fighting the ravages of nature but they are not alone in this crusade.

Looking to this land, of legends, a number of groups and organizations have come into existence in the true spirit of friendship to help save Thar. One of them being "Friends of Thar".

Apart from their long and short term strategies to help Thar, this group of dedicated and committed citi-



zens belonging to various walks of life recently organized an exhibition cum sale of traditional clothing, handicrafts and photographs of

Tharparkar at the Holiday Inn. Syed Ghous Ali Shah, Chief Minister of Sind was the Chief Guest and after el-

loquent speeches opened the exhibition. The display though exquisite was beyond the budget of average citizens. Some-

one commented "such a pity that all the niceities of our tradition go to the dollar". At this juncture we would like to clarify that we are not propagating penny pinching in the cause of charity but the honest desire of wanting to be able to afford the traditional items of our culture. Coming back to the events of the exhibition one corner was dominated by a group of Thari's playing soul searching instruments, another depicted a woman from Tharparkar at the potter's wheel oblivious of the so called progressive world around her, bringing Thar in the midst of Karachi.

Fashion Exhibitions Going Strong!

Sleeklines :
A New Collection



The fashion scene of Karachi sees the addition of two new faces this month. Manizeh Riaz and Seemeen

Islam, two friends who decided to enter the world of fashion designing with a bang. Holding their first exhibition Sleeklines, at the Holiday Inn, the two are certainly going to set a trend in fashion and style.

Having a wide range of dresses from evening wear to cotton suits, some of the dresses were very striking. Regional style dresses today are very popular, keeping that in mind, Manizeh and Seemeen of Sleeklines, had quite a few of them. The most striking was a yellow lehnga with a red chunri dupatta for Rs. 850. Another Baluchi style kurta shalwar in contrast with resham and zari work stood out among the dresses.

With a price range starting from Rs. 250, and going into thousands, Sleeklines exhibition had a dress to fit everyone's budget. Sleeklines plans to hold exhibitions at regular intervals and will also be operating from their home at,

114-U Block, 2
P.E.C.H.S., Karachi.
Telephone: 444390

Sharmin Farah

Style Inn s Creative Chic

Holiday Inn seems to be the most popular venue for any exhibition. Style-Inn featured their latest spring collection on the 19th of March. Attractively displayed, the clothes were simple, slim lined with emphasis on straight cuts and interesting fabrics. Maliha Khan, showed combinations in stripes and polka dots in contrasting colours. They were by far the best buy off the rack. Among the display was a varied selection of furniture pieces as well, the most attractive was the "Italian finish" and painted pieces.

Farida Qureshi also had her latest selection on show. With a penchant for animal prints and "earthy" textures, there was an exciting display of "Ghagra" suits. The Ghagras designed in jersey with black tops were highlighted with block prints. A lovely ghagra suit in white tissue stole the limelight. Besides this block prints in silk with an evident Indian touch were also on display Farida also introduced cotton shirts for men on a limited scale. The best feature of this "joint" exhibition was that a variety of styles were on show.

Computer User

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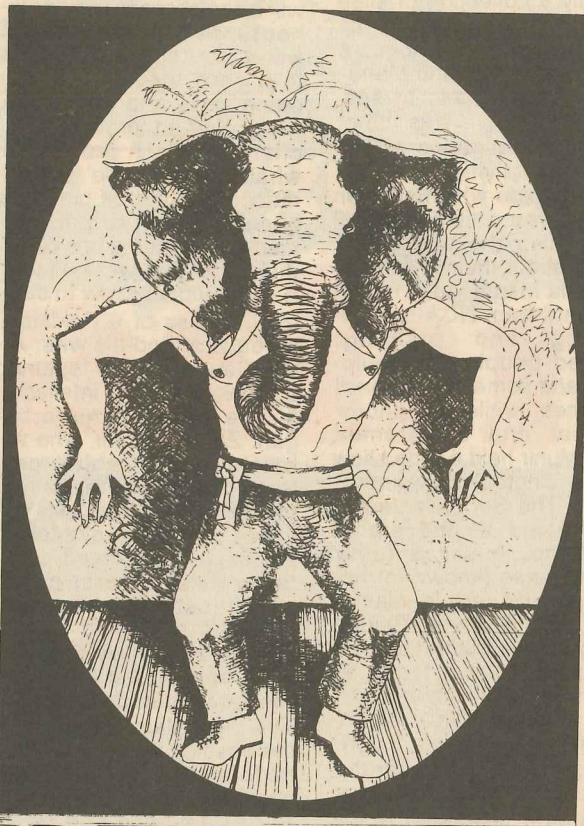
Islamabad

The Elephant Man

It is curious how readily an audience laughs at the hypocrisies of Victorian society when they are acted out on stage. "An excellent play," people readily said after the Rawalpindi Amateur Theatrical Society's performance of "The Elephant Man". But once they reached home, perhaps in their heart of hearts they admitted that they had just passed a dreadfully depressing two hours at the American Center and did not in the least want to fall asleep with thoughts of death and moral vacuums.

Bernard Pomerance, the American playwright who wrote this Broadway hit and classic of modern theatre, purposely set out to unsettle his audience when he dramatized the true story of a man horribly disfigured by an incurable genetic disease. John Merrick, known in London as "The Elephant Man", was displayed in freakshows and later in the London Hospital, as an attraction for those who were curious to see this staggering example of humanity-turned-grotesque. Merrick had a disease from birth, now known as Proteus Syndrome, which caused abnormal bone growths and an enlargement of his head to a width of three feet. What happened to people when they looked at The Elephant Man? Well, that's what the play is all about.

RATS did an admirable job of staging this ambitious production. The direction done by Jeremy Moodey was always subtle and kept the play moving at a deliberate, deathly pace. The production design by Cor Schouten of the Netherlands Embassy was professional in its quality. All the action took place on a stage bare except for black flats and a bed, table, and chairs for the hospital scenes. Yet the slide show and music which functioned as a sort of overture to the show created the eerie yet emotionally-charged atmosphere which was carried through the play to the end. Sketches of Merrick as he must have appeared were made by Rosie Wates (she



was also assistant director and a lead in the play) and were shown as slides, along with other slides of working-class Victorian London. When Merrick was on stage these slides were occasionally repeated to illustrate his deformity. Merrick, played by Jorge Nelson only acted crippled; that is, no special effects were used to reproduce the way he must have looked. This technique was especially advised by Pomerance, because his intention was to keep the audience focussed on the play

itself, and not on any attempt of his to re-create reality.

The whole play is deliberately un-realistic. It is divided into 21 short scenes with such bizarre titles as: "Art is as nothing to nature", "This indecency may not continue", "When the illusion ends he must kill himself." It is as if there is a little philosophical message to be delivered in each scene. There is not much plot. Merrick gets rescued from being carted around by the crude Ross

and exhibited in freakshows for money. Treves, the doctor from London Hospital "discovers" Merrick's disorder for medical science and later brings him to live there in private rooms. A fund is set up by the concerned London elite which helps to pay for all of Merrick's expenses. Lords, Duchesses, and the famous actress Mrs. Kendall befriend him.

Naturally, they do not need to pay for this honour. Yet somewhere underneath Treves' efforts to normalize Merrick's life lie deceptive and self-serving motives. It takes Treves the whole play to shatter his own illusion of moral righteousness. In contrast, the Bishop who regularly visits Merrick and who takes pride in Merrick's deep religiosity, never realizes how self-serving his "charitable" visits are. Neither do any of Merrick's other friends, with the possible exception of Mrs. Kendall, who seems to be beyond illusions of moral virtuosity anyway.

The cast did some remarka-

ble acting. Naturally certain scenes were more successful than others; and the actors only became more comfortable on stage after intermission. The role of Treves was taken by the director himself and played with all the earnestness and energy that was needed. Rosie Wates as Mrs. Kendall, and also as a madwoman, proved very versatile and brought a sympathetic interpretation to the role of the charming, slightly cynical, well-meaning Mrs. Kendall. Yet the heart of the play was in the movements and facial expressions of the Elephant Man himself. We watched him struggle to articulate himself, grow fond of his friends, come to terms with his life, and finally die, all in very few words. Jorge Nelson never lost control of his character. With this strength he managed to deeply move his audience who left the show subdued, but grateful for the fine performance.



MAKE THE RIGHT
MOVE SUBSCRIBE
TO SHE

Art Beat.

To the delight of starved art lovers, a new academy of the arts has opened in Islamabad. The Sangat Shah Hussain is the brainchild of Sara and Sarmad Sehbai, and will function within their own home. An open house was organized to introduce the Sangat to the public and to formally begin its activities. Maharaj Khattak, Pakistan's foremost *ustad* of Khattak dance, lit the chighat and in his eloquent and emotional style delivered the following verse: "I will go away but the marks of life will follow; I am the setting sun which leaves behind a red glow."

The Sehbais have been involved in the arts for years. Sarmad is a writer of poems, stories, and dramas, and he works as an editor for PTV. Sara has taught ballet to children and in the past year has held Khattak dance lessons at her house with Maharaj himself regularly visiting from Lahore. It seems only natural that they responded to the lack of organization among Islamabad's creative community by offering their own house as a center for workshops

and performances.

The informal opening was actually a collection of slide shows, an exhibition of paintings and drawings, a drama workshop and Maharaj's Khattak class in session. The house was full of people investigating all the different activities and trying to decide which session to join. The artists who will be running the workshops talked about their work freely. Asma Mehmood, a recent graduate from NCA in print-making and painting, showed people her equipment and some of her pencil sketches, while the photographer and cameraman Sajid Munir held a slide show for the photography enthusiasts. The Sehbai's verandah served as the drama workshop. A skit starring Rosie Wates (known for her drama skills here in Islamabad) and Sheryar Rashid parodied the frustration of a European tourist trying to communicate with a local hotel manager. While the on-lookers exploded into laughter Sarmad was all over the place challenging the actors to perform according to his

changing directions.

One of the main purposes of the Sangat Shah Hussain will be to present regular in-house performances. This will encourage participants to assess their own developing skills and appreciate what other art forms have to offer as well. A preview of what an in-house performance is like took place as evening began to fall. Sarmad had written a few comic dialogues that were used in a short puppet show to satirize the lives of a Pakistani bureaucrat and his wife. After a few skits, one featuring a monkey and an intellectual, the classical music began. Zahid Farrani, who will be teaching tabla, performed and briefly explained his technique. This was followed by other breathtaking pieces: a raga played on sitar by Nafeez, Raees on the violin (both musicians are from the renowned Patiala family), and finally Sufi Karam Deen on the tabla and the rarely heard Pakhawaj.

The most glamorous item of the evening was the Khattak performance by Sonia, Maharaj's prize young student. At only fourteen she exhib-

its an instinctive feel for dance as well as an extraordinary technical mastery for one who has been learning the art for less than two years. As she danced a *chup-taal* from the age of Amir Khusro, and the *gat*, or beautiful walk, her grace mesmerized the audience witnessing Khattak in its purest form for perhaps the first time.

The opening could only offer glimpses of what the Sangat Shah Hussain will potentially become. Sarmad and Sara both want to maintain an informal atmosphere so that more than anything else every participant will be able to experiment with his/her own creativity. In addition to the workshops already mentioned, *ustad* Mubarak Ali and Arif Jaffrey will teach vocal music, Sara will teach creative movement for children, Shazia Pirzada will run the Khattak-for-children class, and Mrs. Toosi will train newcomers in puppe-

teering and puppet-making. Those interested in creative writing will be able to develop their skills in Sarmad's workshop.

Capital Waking Up

This seems to be the season of women's art exhibitions in Islamabad. Is the capital finally waking up to the fact that its residents can do more with colours than make red tape or green lights? Given the success of the recent three-artist exhibition at Nageen Hayat's gallery Interiors, we may conclude a happy yes.

Interiors is actually a display room for furniture, fabrics and cushions. But perhaps because Nageen Hayat is a designer herself, she has eagerly dedicated her wall space to the exhibition of art. The small circle of diplomats and art-lovers who regularly attend these exhibitions has now been expanded. Three emerging Pakistani artists, Mobina Zuberi, Anjum Ayub Khan, and Asma Mahmud, have just shown their work at Interiors and have drawn appreciation from a wide cross-section of Islamaba-

dis.

Mobina Zuberi's mixed-media work and experimental techniques suggest the freedom she has enjoyed as basically a self-taught artist. She seems intent on exploring textures, as her use of print-making techniques, newspaper cuttings, and bits of tissue paper confirms. The six paintings she chose for this exhibit were all on the theme of women. The effect of a young woman peering out through densely-textured leaves, her sweet gaze unflinching, her surroundings warm and golden-brown, was simply arresting. The painting was immediately sold to a Pakistani. This was fortunate, as most often it is only diplomats who are eager to invest their money in Pakistani art.

Anjum Ayub Khan, a recent graduate in painting from the National College of the Arts displayed a large portion of

her thesis project. The theme was "Lahore's Walled City" and the range of techniques used to express it was quite ambitious. Three paintings, and lithographs, water-colours, wood-cuts, and etchings were all on display. Anjum had captured details of the activity that so crowds the inner city, and shaped them into some often very skillfully crafted works of art.

Another NCA graduate, Asma Mahmud, a specialist in print-making, dominated the exhibit with her bold yet poignant portrayals of women. A series of three almost life-size charcoal sketches titled "Aliya" delightfully illustrated the young woman in poses of languor, expectancy, and thoughtfulness. What most captured our imagination was Asma's mixed-media print, "Anarkali". Two of these lithographs (prints made of work on a zinc plate) were

displayed. Each print was worked over with water colour and charcoal. A woman with a haunted stare crouches in a chadar with her back against a wall (or is it the backdrop of the city?). The effect of her loneliness is intensified in the lithograph done over in blue, which makes the picture look like the eerie negative of a photo.

The potential of mixed-media work is being explored beautifully by these artists. Islamabad humbly, eagerly, looks forward to future exhibits of their work.



75

YEARS OF DEDICATION

The Institution that made an Institution... Miss Mangat Rai

The hall was jam-packed with girls of every age from fifteen to seventy five, squeezed together like sardines, a maze of heads as far as the eye could see. Suddenly as a dignified, tiny, sari-clad lady stepped on the stage, the giggling crowd broke out in thunderous applause, a mighty sound that rocked the very foundations. Amidst applause incomparable to any so far, a medal was put around the neck of the leading lady, Priobala Mangat Rai, leading even today, at seventy seven! Prim and erect, the silver hair tied in that unforgettable bun, the crisp sari pleated neatly, Mungo to cheeky first years and Mungo Rani to loyal final years was back once again at Kinnaird. This time she was, as always before, to play the star role; showered with laurels and feted to perfection, Miss Mangat Rai, played the prima donna to the last bit, looking as freshly authoritative and as tenderly respected and revered as the darling principal who retired almost twenty years ago at the age of fifty nine.

"I am overwhelmed by the welcome I have been given. It has been a wonderful experience, and I truly appreciate the warmth shown by every student and staff member. These girls have their own interests in life and yet they have come from all over the world to be here today".

Spoken in soft tones, this was typical of the quietly assertive ex-principal, but behind the lines one could spy the hint of joy and pride in the heart of one who had given the best of her life and talent to Pakistan's premier women's institution. Kinnaird is home to Mungo Rani and she was beaming happily to be back home. Born nearly seventy seven years ago in 1911 in an educated family, Miss Mangat Rai's father was then posted at Abbottabad in the taxation department. Since there was no girls school in the city, she spent a year at the Peshawar convent and finally the young Priobala was packed off as a boarder to Murrees St. Deny's school. Kinnaird College, came into her life nearly sixty years ago when she joined as a first year student in 1928.



The Lahore and Kinnaird Miss Mangat Rai remembers, were very different from the city and college of today. It was a small college, consisting of three or four small bungalows on Lake Road, Chauburjee, near the university playing grounds, which is now the Madrass-tul Binnat. It was in 1929 that the college got its first principal Miss Mae Nair, when Miss Mangat Rai was in the second year. It was a time of social awakening and female education was being recognized. In 1933 the then principal learnt of the present Kinnaird site being put up for sale by its original owners, the Salvation Army, who had intended it to be a dairy farm! The red house, (now due to be demolished) was the only building. Says a nostalgic Miss Mangat Rai, "Lahore was a nice quiet village city, beginning and ending round about the G.P.O. The

golf road was the civil lines area for the British administrators and this Kinnaird site had miles and miles of green fields. Stretching out on all sides. Kinnaird was a girls college in rural surroundings."

Miss Mangat Rai did her M.A from the Government College and formally joined the Kinnaird staff in 1934. So it was back to the alma mater, but now in a different position. She has bitter sweet memories of the partition years and says, "in 1947 we closed college with three hundred and fifty girls on the role and five months later we opened with only twenty two students! You see people were afraid to let their girls out of their sight. By 1950 we had sixty students and almost six staff members. But it took another ten years to come back to normal and it was then that I felt that I was rejecting students because I could not afford to admit them.

"I remember Shamim Anwar our first refugee student who was brought for admission by her father on a bicycle. Imagine!"

Kinnaird in those days had been mainly a boarding college for students with an all live-in staff, since that then was the policy. One of the changes I have felt today is that apart from the vast number of day students, there are very few resident staff members. "It has affected the system, for you see that meant a closer contact and better authority over the girls. The teaching staff also acted as the wardens".

Even in those early days, Miss Man-

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YEARS OF DEDICATION

gat Rai remembers that the Kinnaird system of admission had been rather selective, "we received about four hundred applications and admitted only a hundred girls. It was important to maintain standards, but we made it a point to take in sisters and daughters of old students".

"Comparisons are odious but I feel that as principal I had a greater freedom. I could appoint my own staff team. Of course there were always recommendations for staff and student selection but I asserted my will, and there was no pressure." Miss Mangat Rai, as she talked of her days, as student, teacher and principal displays a keen pride and sweet nostalgia. Why then did she, after such a long association, detach herself so completely from her alma mater, for now she lives permanently in Edinburgh.

"I retired because I was fifty nine years old, I had done what I thought was good for my college." Of course like any leading lady Miss Mangat Rai dictated her own time of departure, gracefully. She left Pakistan and Kinnaird far behind, not for personal gains but in a spirit of service and sacrifice. Of course there had been the offer of a year's lectureship as the Dorothy Cadbury Lecturer, but there she got involved in helping Asian immigrants in Birmingham, a social service she is doing even today. "I also saw that the college got a good new principal, Miss Robinson and then when Miss Mae Nair invited me to share her Edinburgh flat, I decided it would be the best thing to do, to serve my old principal and ex-colleague."

What has really impressed dear old Mungo is the tremendous progress girls have made in every field of work. "It brightens my heart to see young girls working with men and this is progress." Beaming with pride and pleasure, Miss Mangat Rai states the obvious and one imagines what a source of joy the college and its age old motto must be for her, the person who first laid the foundations for that very motto. Yes, Miss Mangat Rai, Kinnaird owes you a lot and it is with the warmth of leaden hearts that once again it wishes a merry Bon voyage to its graceful God-mother!

NYLA DAUD



JUBILANT

1988

is the jubilant jubilee year for Lahore's

prestigious Kinnaird College and its loyal band of Oaks. Although no pains have ever been spared to accord the mother institution its due respect, the jubilee year with its multifaceted programmes has certainly taken the cake. Directed by Mira Phailbus, the staff, students and old students put in a herculean effort to make the celebrations come up to the Kinnaird standard. This, one realises is the winning spirit that makes Kinnaird what it is today and what it shall always be!

Jubilations commenced with the advent of 1988 but gathered momentum of a special order as March drew near, for March was the month when pre-partition graduates from neighbouring India were to be feted and given the choice treat of meeting Miss Mangat Rai, that institution who built up the Kinnaird institution with its motto of Light, Courage and Love. Wearing a festive air, the college welcomed the team of white haired Indian delegates on the 1st day of March, the second of March was an

exciting day, full of girlish nostalgia, especially as old-gold, grannies sipped tea at a formal registration ceremony. But, they were all girls once again, grey haired and snowy headed girls in tillaks and saris and wearing glasses and hearing aids!

The third day of March was given over to an Al-Hamra programme of entertainment and where the old girls clapped and laughed to their heart's content.

Friday, the fourth of March, was the big day where the Kinnaird premises were open house, to all its alumni past and present. Colourful skits were put up by the various delegations and standing ovations were accorded to old students who had flown from the corners of the world, just to once again sing that lovely song "Mian Mir Nehar Kay Kinaray". Old grannies ran into newly wed grand daughters of old friends. Mothers came holding hands with daughters who were still green oaks in years and grand daughters introduced themselves as the third generation Oaks. "How many children do you have". "When did you finally get married". What happened to that old -- "which part of the world are you living in? "Arent you the one who translate



JUBILEE

Standing ovations were accorded to old students who had flown from the corners of the world, just to once again sing that lovely song; 'Mian Mir Nehar Kay Kinaray'

costumes of Sabiha Mansoor and Humaira Irfan. Nayyar Shah was the magic hand behind the programme helped by Masters student Sameena Khorsheed Ahmed. The highlight of the show was the stage presentation of the cast of the 1958 presentation of Merchant of Venice and what an ovation they got!

Monday the seventh March brought a grand re-union dinner at the beautiful house of Nasira Iqbal, President of Oaks. The delegates gathered informally under a bright shamiana, giggling, laughing, reminiscing. While the white heads in the crowd squinted at old class-mates; the brown and grey heads tried to be as vivaciously, naughty as they could. And all the while the sprightly black headed ones looked forward to the time when they too would become the snow white Oaks. Hostess Nasira Iqbal saw to it that nothing went amiss and compered a lively musical programme, all nostalgia and girlish fun.

Two more days of fun and frolicking followed, interspaced with serious seminars, sight seeing tours and sumptuous lunches and teas, and finally it was time to go home. "It was fun to become sixteen once again", said one snowy Oak.

NYLĀ DAUD

a nonsense sentence for Mungo when she wanted to ask the gardener to put flowers in her vase?"

These were the sort of melodious comments that floated in between the dignified Oak trees and red buildings, that day. Oh! it was fun to be sixteen once again! And to top it all there was the bonfire and sumptuous dinner with colourful luddis and folk dances. K.C that day collected three generations to its bosom and made them all feel teenagers! The next day guests were treated to a grand performance of Merchant of Venice by the students. The Kinnaird woman has always been recognized by her standards and it was this sort of woman that the Merchant of Venice portrayed on the stage. The Portia of the play emerges magnificently as the new mature woman, entering the harsh realities of life. Directed by Neelam Hussain and Perin Cooper, the play was brought to life by the





Nighat Gaya

Jewelled Happenings

Alive is one way of perceiving Amin Gulgee's sculptured jewellery. Where the differentiation between sculpture and jewellery begins and ends for the artist is indeed blurred.

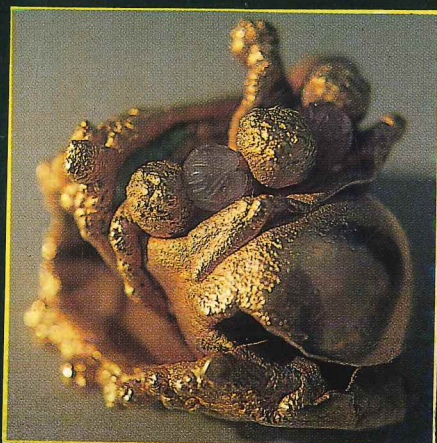
Amin though young in years reveals his maturity through his work. His closeness or rather oneness with nature is revealed in his every piece which conveys the strength and power of the forces of nature, making the objects appear as if the savage elements of nature have ravaged and created them. Working with copper semi-precious stones and a synthesis of textured gold plate, each piece is as unique as every dawn.

Left in their natural crystal formations the stones protude boldly savagely at sharp angular points. The copper entwining the stones not only entraps but highlights the raw brutality of each individual stone. Amin's every piece of sculptured jewellery has a surprise element which adds

to their fascination. On close observation a keen, avid eye may detect a miniscule garnet embedded deep in the copper, twinkling dully at the fascinated observer.

In the words of the artist, "the turbulent processes of creation and destruction that is imposed by nature on all things is my inspiration. I create my work by the same basic principles of addition and subtraction until a perfect balance has been obtained. This is not a cerebral process but an instinctive emotional one in which I feel closer to understanding the enigmatic cycle of life".

Amin Gulgee's exhibition of sculptured Jewellery and Happenings was held at the P.A.C.C. where every piece of the artists work told its own tale to the avid observer according to his perception. The New York based artist is the recipient of the Cogar Goodyear Fine Arts award from Yale and will be returning to his studio workshop in N.Y. shortly to continue his work of sculpture and painting.





Cover Shot: Latest style with body hugging chooridar highlighted with lace petticoat.



STAR QUALITY

behind the camera, infact it taught me to be a better model'. Talking on her modelling career, she was a professional model for eight years featuring on television, and all press media. Tamie was in demand but in a time when modelling was far from being accepted. 'There was so much public harrassment that one felt like running away'. Her parents backing and her own determination led her to all her success abroad. 'Modelling abroad was great an excellent experience'. She had the privelege of being photographed by one of the best photographers of that time - Charlie Gerlie. Her affiliation with Gavin L.B. Robinson (modelling agency in U.K.) led to her role in the Greek Tycoon. At that time she was also offered a second lead in the movie 'Caravan' which she later declined.

'Every one with a pretty face is not a model—you have to have the height, the body and the personality to match it'.

Comparing modelling here and abroad she felt that times had changed and it was a relief to see that modelling was finally being accepted and was popular with a great many girls. But unfortunately 'there is a world of difference - every thing is very professional there. - Everyone with a pretty face is not a model you have to have the height, the body and the personality to match your looks.' Majority of the girls here would not qualify as models abroad. Commenting on another myth in the 'model' world is agencies and schools teaching you to become model. 'The look like a model - or walk like a model schools are a hoax - either you have it or you don't' - These schools end up cramping*your individual style'.

The oriental mixture that Tamie is herself reflects in her personality and therefore in her clothes. 'Style comes from within. It is your personality'. Commenting on her collection. 'Design Connection' Tamie feels every style should be practical and wearable - maintaining a classic everlasting mode. 'I want to make a fashion statement not get lost somewhere in between design and style'. Unfortunately the word 'fashionable' is badly misconstured here -- another word for being trendy is being over-done or over-designed.' Tamie feels competition is extremely healthy and in a couple of years few of our top designers can easily compete abroad. The only thing that holds us back is quality.

'Another word for being trendy here is being over-designed, fashion is badly misconstured ...'



STAR QUALITY

Being a buying agent for exporting garments taught her the utmost importance of quality. Quality is almost an obsession with her, she personally has all her clothes overlocked and believes in the "English finish" which is the best in the world. 'I challenge anyone to turn my clothes over and see they are as perfect in seam upfront as inside.' Quality control accelerates your overhead cost but the result is immaculate tailoring. 'One can only appreciate quality when you learn to wear it'. Exposed to the best and worst of both worlds, Tamie feels there is not a place like home 'I've travelled all over and there is no place like Pakistan.' She greatly admires the eastern lifestyle and ideology 'There is nothing like the eastern balanced lifestyle - it is far superior to the western outlook'. Unfortunately people do not appreciate this here and more people are getting fascinated by this so

'Fast cars, men in uniform'.... 'You only get to live it once make most of it'.

called 'Westernisation' particularly in Karachi. Its is interesting to see how western ideals and morals were going bizarre - and are now ironically turning to the Eastern values. Abroad - Marriages are really in, living together is out, and divorce is out. With the Aids racket promiscuity is out, and joint family systems are in. Everything is changing what the average Pakistani is exposed to is the working class. The rich American families adhere to strict principles and a conservative way of life. Strangely enough we should be perserving this eastern ideology. 'Its unbelievable what happens these days (just like the west) except all under-covers'.

Eastern ideology is being applied to beauty as well as 'herbs' and natural treatments are really in fashion abroad - something we here in Pakistan have had all along.

Tamie has had her share of ups and downs but she still has her passions for fast cars, fighter jets and men in uniform Commenting on men, her views on the Pakistani male - thorough bred male "Chauvinist" and to the core for that. Tamie loves to write poetry, paint, design - playing a starring role in real life she knows how to live life to the fullest. Her shop with a gala opening has already taken off - french windows, gloved doorman, red carpet, tea in porcelain China what more can you ask for. If this is not style tipping what is. For everyone cash in on it. Look out for her fashion show.

Drama in black.
Deep cut effective
neckline with net
for the works.

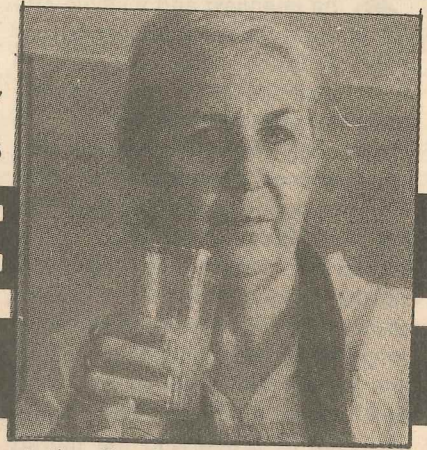
Design Connection:
Jason Centre (Next to Chinese Palace)
Shop 7 & 8
Kekhshaan

LOOK
BACK
GENTLY

BY ALYS FAIZ

Long soliloquies went on,
before bathroom mirrors

CUBBY-HOLE HEARTS



The Lower Sixth German Class had assembled for play-reading -- preparation for the year, the Annual Prize giving. Parts were to be distributed. We in the Upper Fifth, of course, were ignored -- standard of German not up to it, and the Lower Sixth was intent upon elbowing us out. Fraulein was in a foul temper -- her grey curly hair awry, and red spots on her cheeks. Nobody had qualified for the last part, not all that important, but still a necessary one.

So Fraulein sent for the top mafia from Upper Fifth to read the part. Action, she said, really act the part. Turn by turn we tried, and at last my turn came and in front of the blackboard I declaimed ". . . . hop seine kleine naze. . . (Lifted his little nose. . .). Up went my nose, more in disdain of the Lower Sixth than in the part I was trying out. The Lower Sixth roared in derision -- Fraulein screamed, good she gets the part! There was an uproar. Upper Fifth in a Lower Sixth play? Hell let loose.

But it stood, and I think it was then that my passion really began, for the stage, following in my mother's footsteps. Her passion was sadly aborted early in her life. In her time the stage was quite taboo. The nearest she got to it was on one winter afternoon, with a girl companion. They were told by the stagedoor manager to go inside and get under that green tarpaulin and 'be a wave'. It was Shakespear's 'Tempest'. They both rolled around under the tarpaulin during the storm scene, and finally emerging found themselves covered from head to foot in dust, cobwebs and fluff. Their homecoming was a sad, tempestuous event. Here ended what might have been a promising stage career!

My passion grew, and result -- searching for a teacher of elocution out of school hours, who would coach the voice, enter me for competitions, and perhaps satisfy my urge to face the footlights. I had no outstanding talent, but ego had to be pandied to, and mothers have a way of laying the dust to avoid confrontations.

The first Eisteddfod was a prestigious affair, lots of aspiring contestants and doting mothers. How well I remember the piece, Hiawatha's Childhood. . . . 'At the door on summer evenings, sat the little Hiawatha . . . ' etc., etc. There was the lapping of the water, and rustling of the pine-trees. Well, some of us had been taught to produce fine histrionics, flinging hands and arms around, one step forward, listen to the lapping water, eyes right up there for the rustling pine-trees.

But the girl who beat us all, just stood there, calm, collected, hands loosely clasped behind her back, gently smiling, lips slightly parted -- but in fact that was how it was done. Our hearts lamented, for we realised that the voice was the thing.

For a while the passion subsided, then as the years passed, one grew ambitious again, joined drama classes and faced auditions. Small parts came along, and even a line in a review. No heroines' parts, but a villainess or two. All this with earning one's living and keeping up alliances. But it was a sideline, taking a deal of time with little recompense. But long soliloquies went on, before the bathroom mirror, sometimes in lonely moments, compensations.

More years passed and many smaller passions were forfeited in a new environment, a new culture and life's other stringencies. One managed All India Radio with Rafi Pir, Hamlet, Ophelia; programmes during the war 'Youth

at the Barricades', one was still young. One's voice was the same, and radio was kind. The stage became a shadow, a memory from the past, long over, but never forgotten. Pakistan, of course, eliminated many more passions, and if we climbed the stage it was with much younger people, Antigone's nurse with Yasmeen Tahir one was content, a back seat, but a seat after all.

Daughters mounted the stage, and the 'Tempest' story was told to grandchildren. Came the Swan Song at last, a passing-out parade. Two grandsons and a nephew in the cast, and one wept for indolence through the years; apart from a witch in a children's theatre group!

But in the Swan Song there are other hearts which had ached and still ache for unanswered passions. There is within each and every one of us the drive and the passion. The poet cries out for the line which will not come; the artist for the brush which will not convey his love.

Did you want to make a film? Write a play? Climb a mountain? Run a mile in a breathless record-breaking stint? Fling out your arms and fly like a bird? To the sound of fife and drum march amidst roars from an adoring crowd? Of course you did. That yearning and that longing are with us all, but only the few are chosen.

Others drift into all kinds of compensatory cubby-holes, peeping out at the world which seems to have passed them by, so many of them. Millions of cubby-holes are full of hearts-a-beating and hearts-a-longing.

But we mustn't develop cubby-hole hearts! Lots of people do drop from cubby-holes into happiness and even fame -- no resignation to cubby-hole existence -- a cubby-hole is as restricted or as big as you make it!



MEHREEN KHAN

Intelligent, bright and smart, Mehreen Khan epitomizes the woman of today. She holds a master's degree in business administration from I.B.A. Karachi, and is an assistant manager in the Project development services at Lakson group of Companies. Her main task in this managerial position is to work on the objectives, the financial layout and operational schedule of a development project. Enjoying her job and working environment immediately Mehreen says, 'the working atmosphere at Lakson is very professional and they focus on the use of modern techniques, the latest methods in management and they plan and orient the managerial jobs in such a way that one is always exposed to new things, new processes.

Although she is the only woman in her department, yet Mehreen feels quite at ease and never ever felt any strangeness and never encountered any hindrance in her job. For she says, 'the important factor about any job is your potential and how well you can face certain situations.'

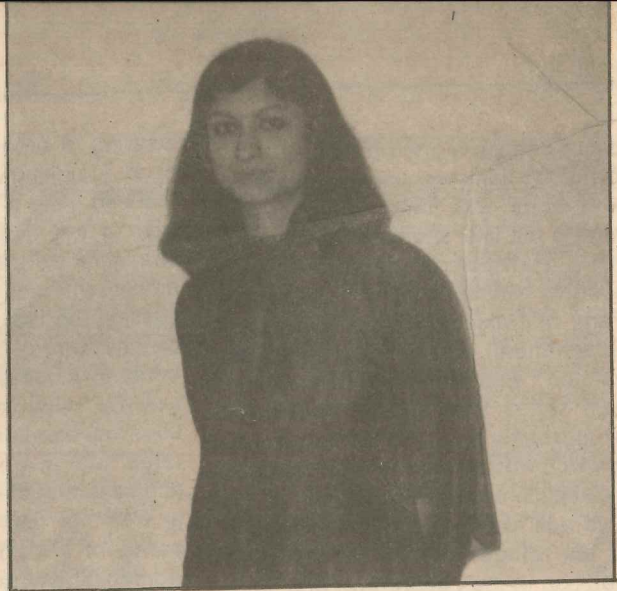
Having a motto of live and let live Mehreen says, 'Its hard for me to comprehend why women are said to be non-professional, today more and more are coming up in the business world, everyday one hears about fashion shows and new boutiques. Women are into making money. The time has come for a change in attitude and beliefs of our people.

Appreciating SHE's stand on the cause of women, Mehreen said, 'by our government top priority should be given to the eradication of poverty and other social problems in our country, instead of debating on the implementation of Hudood Ordinance, which is misinterpreted by many and women are suffering at its pretext'.

Talking about her future plans, Mehreen wants to work her way up in the management hierarchy and reach the top, but at the moment she is concentrating on establishing a strong base for herself in her job, she believes her career to be one of the most challenging jobs around.

A gold and silver medallist from the I.B.A., Mehreen has done her O'levels from the Convent of Jesus and Mary and 'A' levels from Karachi Grammar School. An outgoing person she enjoys meeting new people and seeing new places, and has been to the Far East, Europe and America. Enjoys reading books and going to the theatre, Mehreen likes accepting new challenges in life.

Shamin Farah



AMMARA MASOOD

Graduation - Kinnaird College . . . MBA - Islamabad University Three months internship - American Express Bank The entire scenario spells success which Ammara Masood is definitely on the threshold of achieving. Ammara started her professional life with Louis Berger, a consultancy firm, as a marketing assistant. Totally goal orientated, she left them to join NCR within three months as the new job offered her better prospects.

Her next career development move was when NCR sent her to the United States on a comprehensive training programme which enabled her to acquire product selling skills and presentation techniques etc. A mix major in Finance and Computers, Ammara's days as a trainee have come to an end. She goes back to her home city Islamabad this month as a marketing executive with the task of selling computers to the government and educational sectors. However Ammara feels that in the field of computers Pakistan is way behind the west. The question of catching up is a shot in the dark, but we are at least heading in the right direction.

Her encounters with men as a professional have led her to believe that 'they are eager to give advice but hesitant to work with women. It takes a lot of convincing by proving ones worth to make them realize that you are capable of doing a good job.

On our women her views are emphatic. She is of the opinion and we quote here: 'If women start 'thinking' they can become equal to their men . . . they lack initiative . . . there is no consciousness amongst women about their own potential'

Very strong opinions !!! Lets stop for a minute to think how far they are true. You can be your best judge.

Nighat Gaya

MOVING



NAHEED MASHAQULLAH

There is so much to be done architecturally', says Naheed who works as a junior architect with Lari Associates. Having lived for more than 20 years in Bombay, she came to Karachi after her marriage. A graduate of Sir JJ College of Architecture in Bombay, Naheed while talking to SHE said 'our architects try to impose western ideas, but when designing they have to keep in mind the climate and the cultural heritage of the country.

But then she also smilingly added that most of our architects come under the pressure of the wishes of the clients. That's one of the reasons for the sudden mushrooming of White Houses in Karachi! Another reason is that those who have almost walked into wealth want to show off their affluence.

When asked if there should be any design code for a city Naheed said, 'Yes ofcourse. In most countries they do, although its a flexible code system. I feel it is difficult to impose a strict code in a cosmopolitan city like Karachi, but certain points should certainly be considered for better architectural structures. Asked for a comparative comment on the women of the two cities, i.e. Bombay and Karachi, which are culturally close, Naheed said, in Bombay women have more freedom, they are more independent. Here in Karachi there is a radical difference and a few women are seen in the normal run of city life. You often hear and read statements in newspapers that women shouldn't work. She also feels in Karachi there are very few women in the technical field.

The most amazing fact that Naheed revealed to us was that not once in her academic life in Bombay were the schools, colleges and Universities closed down, even in worst of conditions the institutes were open.

Married to Murtaza Mashaqullah Naheed says "I have a perfectly balanced life. My husband is very supportive, I have no problems as such at the home front. Life in Karachi is fun and I enjoy living here, but sometimes I do miss Bombay, especially after coming back from holidays".

Sharmin Farah



SEEMA QURESHI

Life blood of Bond Advertising Seema Qureshi is much more than the Managing Director's daughter. A graduate from Mt. Holyoke College, she majored in Economics with Marketing and Communications as her subsidiaries.

Her work load as Director involves a lot of management, public dealing with both the clients and the media plus creative team work as a matter of fact a bit of everything. 'It's more than a 24 hours a day job', she claims.

When we say that Seema is the life blood of Bond Advertising it is no exaggeration. For the 23 year old agency was fast going down hill due to the M.D.'s diversified business interests which resulted in the agency being practically self run. As helms woman Seema not only brought in new blood, new management policies but also won the agency clients like 'Samad' which it is rumoured will make Bond Advertising the number one agency, in terms of billing this year.

Very honestly, the young Director admits on having had an edge in her professional life. Having had the advantage of the proverbial silver spoon Seema has escaped office politics. 'My new management policies too were accepted without hesitation which enabled me to attain my objective without hindrance. However, Seema too has had to face the condescending attitude of our men. The older men tend to have a patronizing 'beti' attitude, whereas the younger ones try to use their charm, she adds. It's a game which she has learned to play as well. But, today Seema is recognized for her ability as an ace advertising woman. 'Clients don't phone the M.D. any more to confirm what I have said' she told us laughingly. Our society's measure of self worth for a woman, Seema feels is her marital status which unfortunately doesn't induce women to discover their own potential. Though not looked upon kindly till a few years back, advertising presently has become an accepted profession for women. It is rightly recognized as a big forever growing industry and the intense consumer awareness has brought it to the fore front as never before.

Within a short span of time Seema Qureshi has attained a lot of success but this is only the beginning of her ambitions as she has plans of taking Bond Advertising to even greater heights.

Nighat Gaya

ONWARDS



NAILA MATIN

It somehow happened while Shaziaie was at Mt. Holyoke College in the U.S. that the Soviet Union began to intrigue her. "It is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma," Churchill once said, and Shaziaie soon set about trying to unravel this mysterious country. "Nobody knows anything about the Soviet Union. We know very little about them here. It made me feel very insecure, and I wanted to know more about it." After completing her B.A. in International Relations from Mt. Holyoke, Shaziaie went to work at The Economist in London. For one year, she was an editorial assistant at their International Affairs department. A fellowship from Columbia brought her back

AYESHA KHAN

CAPITAL

For the last few months Orient Advertisers have had a woman designer in the midst of their unusual talent. This designer of press ads, products, and brochures is Naila Matin, who is also one of Pakistan's young emerging painters. She recently exhibited as one of a group of fine arts students from Pindi Government College for Women, whose work was shown in Islamabad at the Originals Gallery. To her amazement, many of her paintings were instantly sold. "The trend has

changed," she says, "and people are now more willing to put their money into modern works of art."

Naila's artistic background is diverse. Like any student of art in Pakistan she has studied both Eastern as well as Western traditions, and much of the latter on her own. "I really like the Impressionists," she laughs, "like everyone else!" But what has particularly influenced her own work is the less well-known Fauve group of artists. Naila explains that their work lies in between the Impressionists

to the U.S. and Soviet Studies. She pursued a rigorous Masters programme, studying both Russian and Tajek, Soviet nationalities, military strategies, and foreign policy. However she maintains, "the more I learn the more insecure I feel. It is such a huge and complex system." Shaziaie has followed her career to Islamabad, which hosts the impressive Institute of Strategic Studies. She is now their only Research Fellow for Soviet Affairs. Yet she is one of a number of women doing research, so she finds the atmosphere comfortable and relatively liberal. "Most of the men one deals with are several decades older than one. It's hard to get them to take one seriously, and to accept that an evolution in interna-

tional thinking and policy is taking place."

Shaziaie's work is designed to inform the public about these very changes that are taking place in her field. She writes research and analysis articles, participates in seminars and conferences, and even teaches at the Foreign Service Institute. As part of the I.S.S. Public Outreach Programme she toured the major universities of Pakistan, lecturing students on the varying aspects of Soviet foreign policy.

Her office in Islamabad is covered with complicated-looking maps of the U.S.S.R. She explains what they mean and comments, "The hardest thing for men to accept is my interest in Soviet military affairs. They as-



TEHMINA BUTT

Timi will say her artistic interests come from either her grandfather, the renowned photographer Dr. Aftab Ahmed Khan, or perhaps her uncle, an aerial photographer. Or perhaps she has it from her mother who is a painter herself. Most likely she has taken the best from all these influences to extend her talents from photography to graphic and interior design. At 21, Timi was the youngest M.Sc. graduate from Lahore's National Col-

lege of Arts. Her degree in Design included work on photography and interiors. Framed posters of her thesis project hang on her walls. One is a bright blossom against a dark background, elegant and controlled in its simplicity. "The timeless Beauty of Nature" is written beneath. Another project completed during her NCA years is the interior design for "Bunny's", the successful fast food place in Islamabad owned by her brother.

Soon after Timi's return to Islamabad she decided that it was time for her career to start moving. So she and a friend from NCA, Salma Sheik,

SUCCESS

and Picasso, and can be considered the first really modern art. Naila's own paintings, like those of the Fauve group use bright, contrasting colours, and are neither naturalistic nor purely abstract.

Her four years spent in Thailand were put to great use. Naila enrolled in the Silapakorn University of Fine Arts in Bangkok as a special student. Unfortunately due to the language barrier, she could not attend lectures or take exams. Her time was devoted to practical work instead. The result

was Naila's first exhibition, held at the Pakistan Embassy as part of a show on Pakistani paintings.

Now that Naila has returned from her travels and finished her MA (first position, she was just told), what next? "Now I'm ready to do my own work." She wants to develop her own style.

"Your style has to come to you. It is difficult to bring both western and indigenous influences together. This is something the artist has to work out himself. It should come naturally." It becomes difficult to paint when one

is carrying a full-time job. Naila enjoys the atmosphere in the designing department, but finds that a long day in the office makes it impossible to begin painting once she gets home. She is filled with ideas for projects, "I plan to do a series on women and their problems. But there's just not enough time right now. I also only want to do this when I'm mature enough."

Maturing as an artist includes gaining in both experience and theoretical knowledge. For this purpose Naila hopes to go to the United States and do a specialized course in portraiture. But ultimately, "I want my paintings to have an indigenous style as well." In her experiments with styles and subjects, Naila takes ideas from block-printing, and often adds glass, beads, or golden foil to her oil paintings.

some women know nothing about strategies, military doctrine, weapon systems. Even if they accept it, it's with a patronizing attitude." Readjusting to the working world in Pakistan hasn't been a problem for Shaziaie. However living here on her own and coping with the social restrictions has been a difficult task. Yet the obstacles should not be enough to discourage one from having a career and being independent. "You have to fight, but it is possible to do it. My work is worth it."

Other activities also involve Shaziaie in Islamabad life. She studies dance under Maharaj Khattak. This is no easy undertaking, as she often goes straight from the office to two or three hours of strenuous dance practice.

SHAZIAE PIRZADA

But it is rewarding to develop this talent, and dance has become a most enjoyable part of Shaziaie's life. Shaziaie firmly believes that her education will not be complete until she has her Ph.D., and even then she will always have to keep abreast with the developments in her field. And one day perhaps there will be an institute devoted solely to research on the Soviet Union, founded by Shaziaie herself. This is her ambition, and it is certainly one from which the whole nation will benefit.



opened GraphikCo. Their home-operated company does mainly interior design, as well as photography and advertising. The partners divide up their projects between themselves. Timi does more of the photography and basic planning, while Salma concentrates on the designing. Business is good. "The kind of communication in the business community has improved in recent years.

They want to spend money because they feel that it does make a difference." Since competition in the private sector is on the increase in Islamabad, companies have to look their best now more than ever before.

Timi's work makes her solely responsible for her client's office appearance. And this is just what she loves most about her job. "What's challenging in this field is that you have to keep in mind your client's budget and plan accordingly."

This planning takes Timi to furniture factories, carpenters, and remote craftsmen in Lahore, in search of materials and working skills. "At home you're protected. Even in NCA it's like one big family. But in this type of work, dealing with all sorts of odd people, it's not as difficult as expected. I am dealing with them on their ground, they feel at home. It has

been a very good experience." Even in dealing with prospective clients, Timi has been pleasantly surprised. They meet her at her home, and often find themselves being introduced to various members of Timi's family! Her youth and sex have not been a drawback either. "I always felt that they might not take me seriously. But it's been exactly the opposite." Timi admits that the field of interior design is also one which is very open to women.

There is another field in which Timi excels: on the golf course. When she was just twelve years old she won the Women's National Championship.

CAPITAL SUCCESS

TEHMINA BUTT

Since then she has won many other distinctions in golf, including the Exxon trophy. After four years' absence from the sport during her studies at Lahore, Timi has returned to regular practice. In fact, she tries to make it

out to the Islamabad Club course every day!

Next month Timi plans to hold her first exhibition. She will bring the whole range of her talent to the show and display her posters, etchings, slides, and black and white photography. Timi's emphasis however is on commercial art and she says, "I always

wanted to support myself with my art," she still seems to have struck a balance. All her work, whether designed for clients or privately, reveals the same extraordinary attention to quality and detail. And she only does photographs in black and white. Why? "Because that's where the art is."



HUMA CHUGHTAI

batch of female students ever, and they were only being allowed to study Dawah, an intensive scrutiny of Islamic teachings. Finally the administration was persuaded to let them study law. Huma found herself struggling to learn Arabic and keep up with a gruelling schedule.

Looking back she says, "it was only because of the wonderful teachers that I could stay." These scholars from Al-Azhar University in Egypt, from Jordan and Saudi Arabia were "angels". "They would teach us in such a loving manner." And when family laws were studied in the Shariah courses, they kept their patience when "we used to jump on our seats." It was not easy for Huma to reconcile the incontrovertible Shariah laws with her desire to see men and women as equals. "You have to have faith," she says simply. Islam has given many rights to women, among them the right to work outside the home,

choose one's husband, and re-marry after divorce or widowhood. "Hindu and other influences have made us overlook these contributions." Huma believes the laws of Shariah have been misinterpreted and put to wrong use over the ages. The injustices we see around us in the name of Islam undermine the fact that the religion is basically just. "We can't blame the laws. We should blame ourselves."

Huma cites the case of the 13-year old blind girl who was raped and became pregnant. She was then charged for zina. "We are mininter-

preting over here," she says, explaining that according to Shariah law the girl was not guilty of any crime. Well aware that the working world would be full of such traumas of injustice, Huma was hesitant to begin practicing once she got her degree in 1985. But due to a senior woman lawyer under whom she could do her apprenticeship, and the fact that her sister Uzma would also begin practicing with her, Huma decided to join the Pindi courts. At first she and Uzma went to court in chadars, but they soon realized that only in professional black blazers would they get any attention. Now they are known even in the bazaars. Store-keepers eagerly call out to them, "wakil-sahib!" when they walk by.

Huma adjusted quickly to the very fast-paced, very male environment at the courts. "My sister has been a great help. She would tell me I shouldn't do this, say that. When we were going for arguments she would give me a lot of confidence." Her clients are mainly women from the lower middle class; her cases are often criminal, mostly divorce. Eventually Huma wants to specialize in family and criminal law.

Last October Huma participated in the Quetta seminar on Legal Aid for Women. She found that her views were very different from most of the other lawyers who attended. Huma re-emphasized to me her faith in the Shariah legal system by saying that if it is adopted in Pakistan, "I think it will give a lot of security to women and to people in general." That, of course, remains to be seen. Not even Huma can reassure us that the "people in general" will refrain from their usual misinterpretations.

wanted to do something thrilling," she laughs, perched at the edge of her seat throughout our conversation. The attraction of seeing women lawyers in films combined with an understanding of the urgent need for women lawyers in Pakistan, made Huma choose this field. One day she read an ad in the paper advertising a programme of study in both law and Shariah at the Islamic University. The Islamization process that has been going on inspired Huma to study the Shariah. Huma's B.A. in French and Psychology did not prepare her for the four years ahead. Her first month at the University was spent battling for the right of girls to even study law at all at this institution. The girls were the first



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Photos by Ramzan Ali
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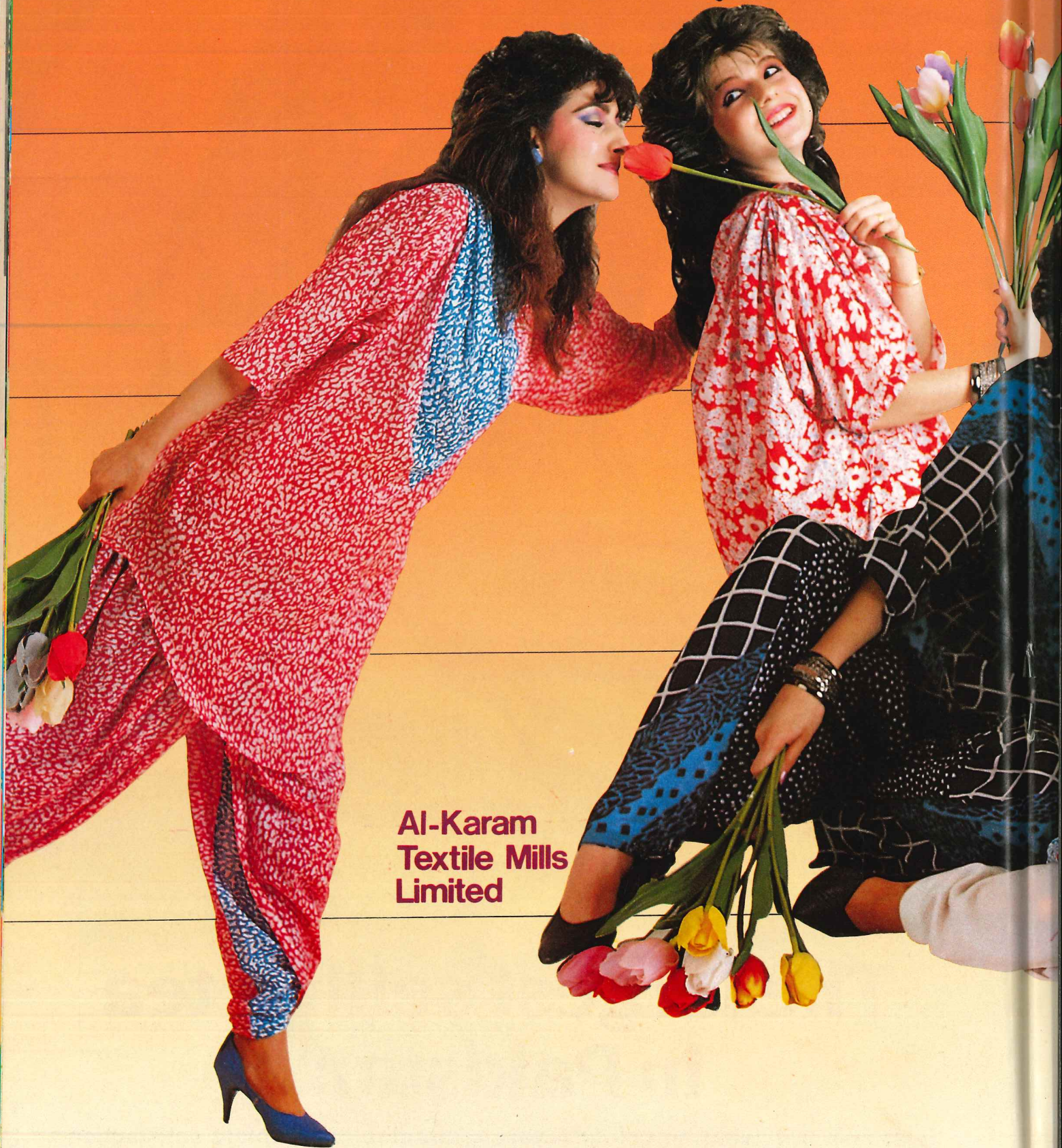
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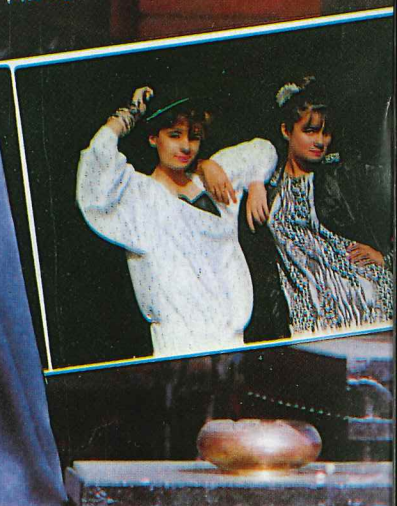
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Dotted fun
Fashion 2000

Photography by Ramzan Ali

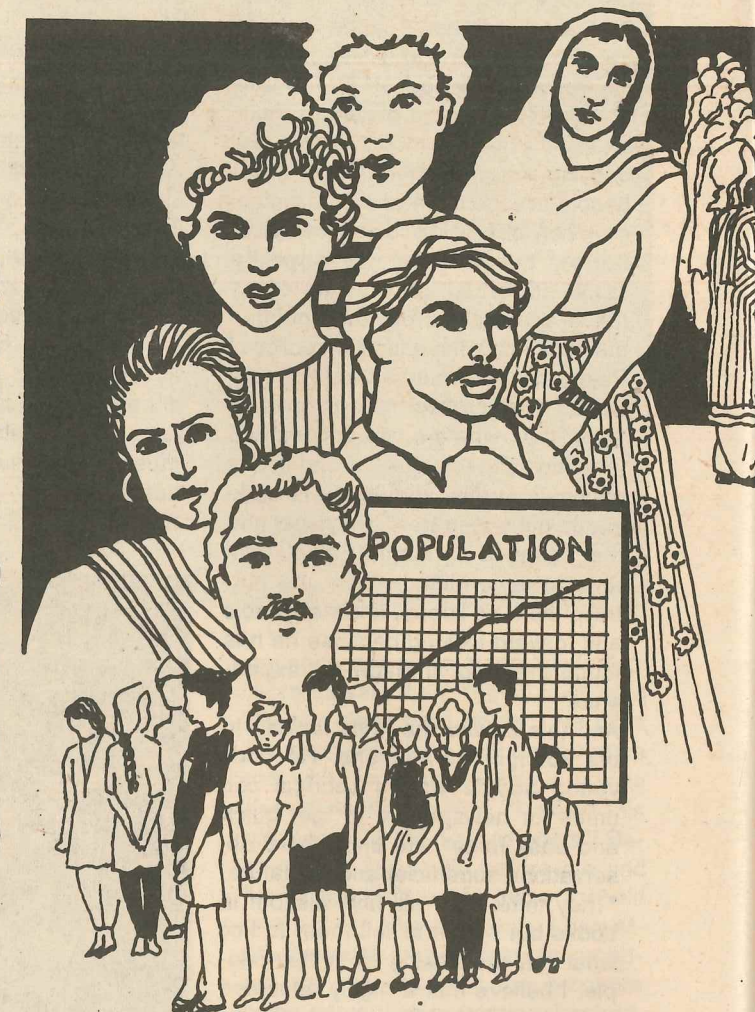


Why don't women who want and need contraceptives use them? One answer is ignorance. The second is fear. The third is social and cultural, a lack of decision making power among women who do not even claim the right to control their own bodies.

TOO LITTLE FOR TOO MANY

KAREN PASHA

First the good news. Family planning, once a taboo topic, has come out of the closet. Times have changed since 1977, when the government sacked 4,500 family planning field workers, and since a few years later, when the Council of Islamic Ideology declared family planning un-Islamic. Today, family planning messages are published in newspapers and broadcast over the radio. A cheerful fellow even sings about child spacing on television, which shows you that someone is mindful of who takes most of the major decisions in the average Pakistani household. And so far, their has been no backlash. Government expenditure on family planning has risen steadily since it first became part of the official budget in the 1960s, from Rs. 2.2 million per year at that time to an estimated Rs. 392 million per year during the current Sixth Plan. Family planning services or products are now being offered by over 1,400 government facilities of various types, over 400 non-government organization (NGO) outlets, and 8,000-plus private chemists, grocers, community volunteers, dais and hakeems. What's more, a recent government survey of 7,500 women of childbearing age estimated that 6 out of 10 knew of at least one family planning method, and 4 out of 10 wanted no more children. Thousands of "silent users" - women or couples who practice family planning, but don't



admit it - are quietly doing their bit to bring down the birth rate and improve their own family standard of living.

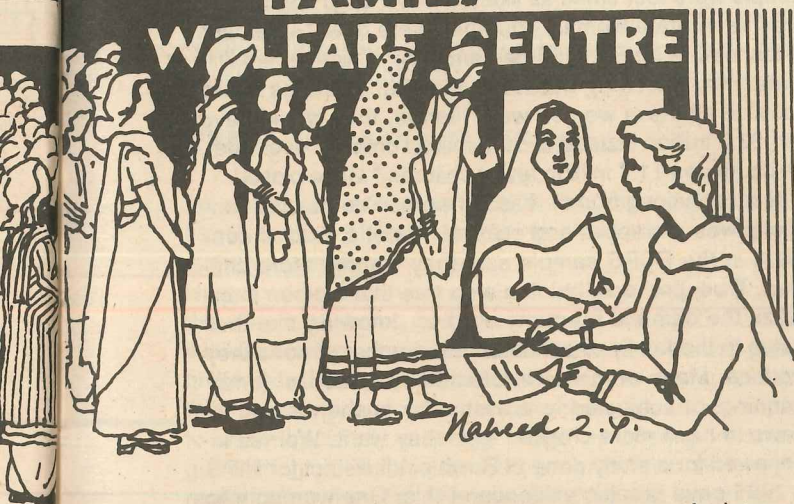
■■■■■ Say Goodbye to the Pie

Now for the bad news. It may be too late. At today's growth rate of 3 percent per year, Pakistan's population will double - to 200 million people - in just 25 years, which is 9 years sooner than the average developing country and 15 years sooner than the average South Asian nations. This swift growth has profound human implications. It's not simply a matter of each future individual getting a smaller and smaller piece of the pie. The pie is actually disappearing.

All these extra people are turning forests into firewood, pasture-lands into bald pates, fallow fields into flooded, salty stone soup - and this in an economy which is 70 percent dependent on agriculture. People earn almost nothing (\$380 per capita in 1984, which ranks Pakistan 112th among the 142 countries of the world), so they spend whatever they earn on food - and pretty awful food at that, comprising 81 percent cereals and a mere 12 grams of animal protein per person per day (3 ounces of meat contains about 25 grams of protein - a glass of milk, 8 - an egg, 6).

People who spend don't save. This upsets the government, which reacts badly, borrowing more and more money. Borrowed money, unfortunately, eventually has to be

FAMILY WELFARE CENTRE



paid back, and usually on unpleasant terms. As interest payments go up, down comes government spending on such niceties as health, education, clean water and housing.

What happens to people living 6 or 7 to a room with no work, no clean water, intermittent health care, very little to eat, and no hope of anything better? What happens to people who see half their children die before they reach the age of 5, mostly of things like diarrhoea, which you get from drinking dirty water, or measles, which knocks a healthy child flat for ten days, but kills a child on a low-protein diet? Do such people tend to smash windows and burn buses? Do they forget their troubles with heroin? It's not surprising that some of them do. What's surprising is that so many of them don't.

■■■■■ Money - Where To? And Whose?

Slowing population growth should be Pakistan's number-one development goal. Put the brakes on the birth rate, and you have a chance to catch up with everything else: health, education, productivity. Yet the Population Welfare Programme accounts for less than one percent of Pakistan's public-sector expenditure. More alarmingly, the foreign aid component has risen from a mere 8 percent at the end of the Bhutto years to a whopping 70 percent in 1985-86. As one research report done for the National Institute of Population Studies (NIPS) remarked, this heavy dependency on foreign aid is "not a good augury for the programme. Foreign aid should normally be restricted to one-time activities All core activities should be fully financed by local resources." In other words, the government should put its money where its mouth is.

What exactly are "core" activities? These are the main service delivery project at 1,134 Family Welfare Centres (offering condoms, pills, foam, IUDs and injectibles), 80 Reproductive Health Centres (offering all these methods, plus sterilization), 140 rural Basic Health Units, Rural Health Centres and Maternal and Child Health Centres, and various government departmental health outlets. Other service delivery points are the 173 health outlets of so-called "target group institutions" (PIA, Railways, WAPDA), 8,399 district distribution points (chemists, dais, hakeems, etc.) and over 400 NGO centres, includ-

ing 70 run by the largest NGO in the family planning field, the Family Planning Association of Pakistan. This multi-sectoral approach, aiming to supply contraceptives through all possible public and private sector outlets, is at least cost-effective, if somewhat chaotic.

Besides its "core" activities, the Population Welfare Programme supports administrative, research, communication and training projects. There is also a new NGO Coordinating Council which independently controls a portion of the ADP funds for the Population Welfare Programme, distributing this portion among the 89 NGOs working in the field.

SHE was unable to learn exactly how much money the NGOs get, or how the government distributes the remaining funds among its various types of projects. But we do know what the major foreign donor, USAID, is paying for. USAID is providing over \$13 million per year for family planning activities during the current Plan. That translates into Rs. 255 million, or 65 percent of the annual Sixth Plan expenditure. While USAID also funds the NGO Coordinating Council, personnel training, research at NIPS, construction of a contraceptive warehouse in Karachi and of a building for the National Research Institute of Fertility Control (which tests contraceptives for quality, efficacy and side-effects), an official USAID description of its population projects states that the bulk of its funds are utilized for the procurement of condoms, pills and IUDs. One programme alone, called the Social Marketing of Contraceptives, accounts for \$4 million per year. In plain language, 30 million American-made condoms from W. Woodward, sold under the brand name "Sathi," have been sold in 40,000 retail outlets in Pakistan since 1984. If the bulk of the remaining \$9 million per year is going toward contraceptive procurement for government and NGO outlets, it looks suspiciously as if much of the big U.S. money coming into Pakistan's family planning programme is going right back into the pockets of American pharmaceutical firms.

■■■■■ Health Risks

Well, why not? One might be tempted to ask. The contraceptives have to come from somewhere, and nothing inspires consumer confidence like "Made in the USA." But it would be naive to believe that commercial concerns have no influence over the choice of products made available to aid recipients. For example, the rising star of the Pakistani contraceptive range, the injectible (absolutely invisible, and effective for 8 weeks), is not part of USAID's contraceptive package. Why not? One family planning worker said it was because this method failed clinical tests in the USA, which linked it with an increased risk of breast cancer. But another worker ironically remarked that it might be because the only two types of injectibles on the market are made in West Germany and the U.K. Even some American health professionals are sceptical about the U.S. rejection of injectibles, since many of the tests were done on beagle dogs, which have a tendency to develop mammary tumors. Again for example, IUDs are being supplied to Pakistan, but they are completely unavailable in the USA at the moment. Why? Because the manufacturers of the Dalkon Shield, an IUD popular in the 1970s, just paid millions of dollars in compensation to hundreds of victims of this de-

vice's numerous styles of malfunctioning, and other manufacturers, afraid of the same thing happening to them, have pulled their products off the American market. Of course, products unilaterally withdrawn from the market by their manufacturers even though they have caused no unusual problems do not represent a health risk. But it is sort of convenient, isn't it, for these manufacturers to have somewhere else to sell their IUDs?

A developing country receiving commodity aid must always be watchful of trends in use in the country of origin, and wary of companies' dumping substandard or outdated products on them. For example, one unpublished study observed that there was no expiry date on packets of vaginal foam supplied to Family Planning Association centres. Clients of these centres also complained of condoms bursting.

Contraception has its fads and fashions. Pakistan's programme has gone through an IUD period (1965-70), a pill period (1970-78), an anything-goes period (1978-83), and the new trend seems to be toward injectibles (supplied, by the way, by the U.N. Fund for Population Activities) and, if the government can get them, implantables, which are placed under the skin to release low hormone doses effective in preventing conception for 2 to 3 years. All these methods have their health risks and side effects, but as family planning workers rightly point out, these risks are small compared with the health risks of continuous pregnancy, anemia, malnutrition, and septic conditions during childbirth. They also point out that Pakistan's family planning campaign is entirely non-forcible. There is no cadre of paramedics plucking men off the street and railroading them into vasectomy centres.

Still, it's disturbing to think of Pakistan's 85 percent illiterate women being supplied with contraceptives whose functioning they do not understand, whose history they are unaware of, and whose side-effects they are unprepared for.

■■■■■ The KAP Gap

Non-forcible is one thing, non-forceful is another. Pakistan has one of the oldest developing-country family planning programmes in the world - and one of the least successful. The 1984-85 Pakistan Contraceptive Prevalence Survey (PCPS) estimated that while 62 percent of childbearing-age women knew about at least one method of contraception and 43 percent wanted no more children, only 12 percent had ever used any contraceptive method, and only 9 percent were current users. The same study estimated by inference that an additional 7 percent were "silent users", perhaps of traditional, low-efficacy methods such as rhythm or withdrawal, or even of modern, efficient methods which they were too shy to describe. Health professionals call this the "KAP gap" - the gap between knowledge, attitude, and practice. Why don't women who want and need contraceptives use them?

One answer is ignorance. Almost half the never-users interviewed in the PCPS had never heard of contraception. Besides saying something about family planning outreach efforts, which tend to be localized within walking distance around the Family Welfare Centres (outreach staff is provided no transport), this fact tells us how

abysmally ignorant women are. Literate women in this sample were four times as likely to have used contraceptives as illiterate women - but they were only 14 percent of the total. A terrifying 93 percent of rural women are illiterate. Yet the study observes that "other things being equal, if all these women were literate, they would have had 39.2 million instead of 50.9 million children ever born, which means 11.7 million fewer children." Case closed.

A second major group of reasons women do not use contraceptives are social and cultural. About a third of non-users in the PCPS sample said they wanted more children. True, perhaps, but it is also true that women internalize the demand for many children, knowing that their status in the family depends on the number of sons they produce. Many women are forbidden to practice family planning, or subjected to pressure by husbands and in-laws to have more children than they want. Women interviewed for a study done in Rawalpindi district for NIPS in 1986 gave graphic evidence of this. One woman who had five living daughters was instructed by her in-laws to produce an equal number of living sons. Another woman's mother-in-law insisted that all her children must equal her record of ten offspring. A third woman was flatly told to produce three sons - daughters didn't count.

Social control over women is not always direct - it can also be a passive outcome of the purdah context. For example, one woman in the Rawalpindi study who lived 200 yards from a Family Welfare Centre said she did not use contraceptives because they were "unavailable." Neither was she allowed to go to the centre to get them, nor would her husband bring them home.

At today's growth rate of 3 percent per year, Pakistan's population will double to 200 million people in 25 years

Their lack of decision-making power produces fatalism and apathy among women. As one woman in the Rawalpindi study put it, "Khana hai, to ruij ke khao" - If one must eat, eat to the full. But it also produces rebellion. Women in the same study had experimented with IUDs, injectibles and even tubal ligation without telling their husbands, although sterilization from a government facility requires the husband's signed consent.

The third main reason women do not use contraceptives is fear of, or experience with, side-effects. Almost half the users in the Rawalpindi study who experienced method problems dropped out. Women are not adequately warned about possible side-effects, and follow-up care can be poor or nil. Bad news travels fast, and women who are not properly looked after when they have problems are not only put off contraception themselves, but can also become a source of negative propaganda for others. The incidence of method problems in the Rawalpindi study was positively hair-raising, especially for pill users, among whom 88 percent had problems. In fact, this study recommended that the retailing of pills without counselling (by chemists, community volunteers or hakims) be stopped.

Of course, women may also be exaggerating - or imagining - method problems. Several women in the Rawalpindi

study attributed their "lassitude" to the use of condoms, and another refused to use condoms altogether in the belief that they would make her short-sighted! Obviously, much needs to be done in P.R. terms to remove this backlog of misinformation, superstition and prejudice.

■■■■■ Removing the Stigma

To close, let's look at some of the shortcomings and inconsistencies of family planning efforts and how they might be remedied.

Numerous studies have pointed out the fact that most of the clients attending both government and NGO Family Welfare Centres come on foot. That means a small geographical radius of potential contraceptive users. Add to this the fact that, despite these centres' recent attempts to shed the family planning image by offering income-generating schemes, literacy programmes and non-reproductive medical services, they are still largely perceived as family planning centres - not a place the average potential user would like to be seen by friends and kin going into or coming out of. Obviously, more budget, staff and transport are needed for active outreach. (And outreach staff must learn to be discreet. One study had dais and lady health visitors carrying tales from house to house!).

There also need to be more female motivators. According to one researcher, the Family Planning Association's volunteer community motivators are exclusively male, and sometimes quite ignorant of the contraceptive methods and child-spacing benefits they are supposed to be promoting. Women motivators might also be more inclined

It's not simply a matter of each future individual getting a smaller and smaller piece of the pie. The pie is actually disappearing

than men to publicize one of the most efficient and trouble-free methods of completing your family: vasectomy, which is offered in theory, but rarely opted for in practice, due to the patriarchal assumption that it is woman's fertility which must be controlled (and this in a society where each man can marry four women!).

The Rawalpindi study pointed out that rural Family Welfare Centres have a much more dramatic impact than those located in urban areas, where they may be lost in the shuffle of competing and more popular health outlets. In fact, while these centres are supposed to be the government's main outlet for contraceptives, the PCPS found that users by far preferred hospitals (55 percent) and chemists (27 percent) to these centres (8 percent) as sources of supply. This suggests that besides upgrading the level of services offered by the centres, the government should be distributing condoms, which are readily accepted and trouble-free, in every Pakistani village, however remote. In a rural centre where the only government health facility is a Family Welfare Centre, everybody knows about it. This means there should be more such centres in remote areas, though this poses problems in terms of transport and population catchment. Better outreach from rural centres might solve the problem.

One way of removing the stigma from family planning is through more public education. Despite the rantings of hysterical fundamentalists, family planning is not prohibited by Islam, and knowledge of the economic and health advantages of child spacing could quickly break down resistance, which anyway seems to be very mild, and confined mostly to husbands loathe to grant their wives any decision-making powers, especially in the bedroom, and to in-laws with dynasty on their minds. Supposedly there is "population education" material in Class VI to IX textbooks, but it only describes the pressure of overpopulation on natural resources, making no mention of marital behaviour. If our MNAs aren't ready for sex education with technical terms and diagrams, at least they could allow the few children who do complete their schooling some demure reference to the fact that births can be limited by medical means, and point them in the right direction.

As long as we've reached taboo subjects, let's mention abortion. It's illegal, of course, the government's logic being, if we don't acknowledge it, it doesn't exist. The sort of tortures desperate women subject themselves to are beyond description, involving sticks, balls of potion-soaked cloth, or chicken feathers; the potential results are obvious. As for the unborn child, to prevent an unwanted birth is to spare a child a life of misery, hunger, neglect and even abuse. Abortion in the early stages of pregnancy by means of menstrual extraction, done with a syringe and permitted, to name just one Muslim country, by Bangladesh, is a safe and merciful alternative for those who have heard the family planning message too late.

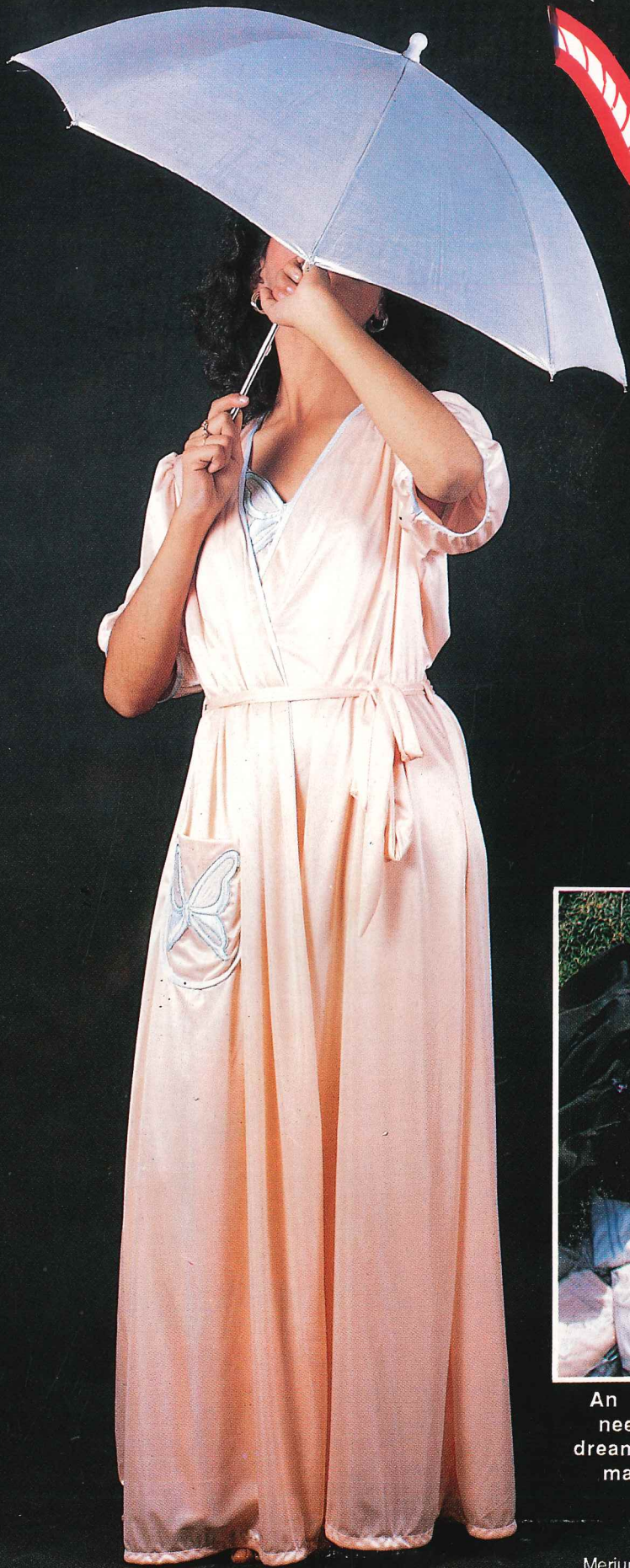
One family planning worker had a final word for SHE readers: Talk to the women around you and encourage them to use family planning. You might give your sweepress or laundress the extra push she needs to seek out the services she wants, but lacks the knowledge, mobility or confidence to pursue. Tell her where the nearest Family Welfare Centre is, or take her there. If you use contraceptives yourself, tell her you got them from the centre - even if you have to lie.

CONTRACEPTIVES CURRENTLY IN USE

Female sterilization	28.65
Condom	22.6%
Pill	15.2%
Withdrawal*	9.7%
IUD	9.1%
Injectible	6.7%
Other	
(e.g., herbal spermicide, abortion)	5.0%
Rhythm*	1.5%
Vaginal methods (e.g., foam)	1.2%
Male sterilization	0.4%

*Neither a modern, efficient method nor one recommended by government or NGO family planning counsellors.

SOURCE: Pakistan Contraceptive Prevalence Survey 1984-85 (Islamabad: Government of Pakistan Population Welfare Division, 1986).



BESTSELLERS



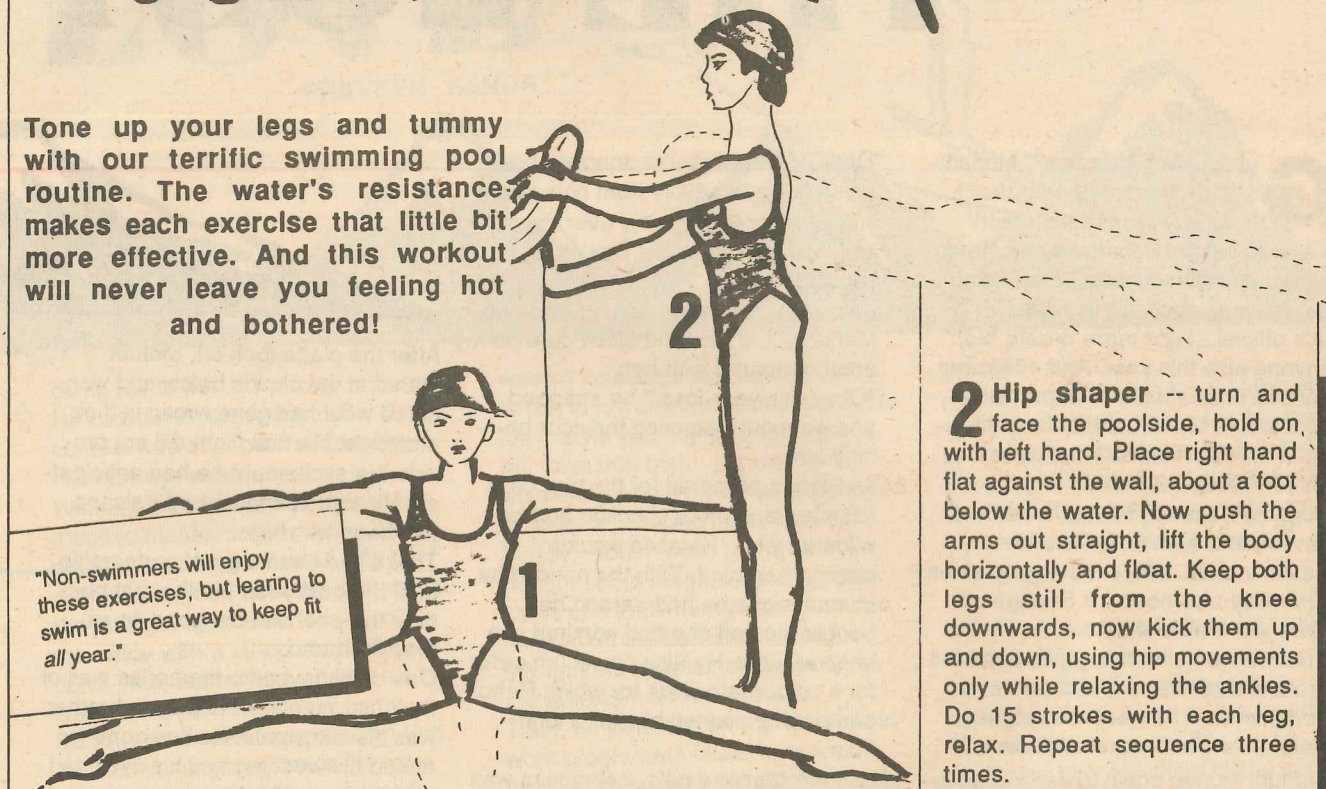
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2 Hip shaper -- turn and face the poolside, hold on with left hand. Place right hand flat against the wall, about a foot below the water. Now push the arms out straight, lift the body horizontally and float. Keep both legs still from the knee downwards, now kick them up and down, using hip movements only while relaxing the ankles. Do 15 strokes with each leg, relax. Repeat sequence three times.

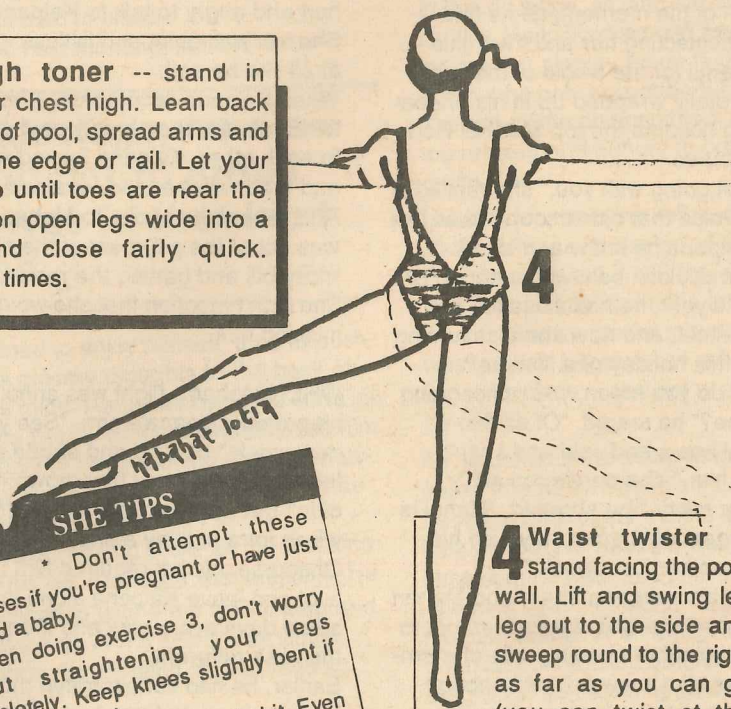


3 Leg stretch -- face poolside, grip edge or rail with your hands. Lift knees up between arms and place feet flat against wall between hands (slightly lower down on pool wall). Then straighten the legs and pull your head and body over your knees. Repeat exercise 6-10 times.

1 Thigh toner -- stand in water chest high. Lean back against side of pool, spread arms and hold on to the edge or rail. Let your legs float up until toes are near the surface. Then open legs wide into a V-shape and close fairly quick. Repeat 6-10 times.

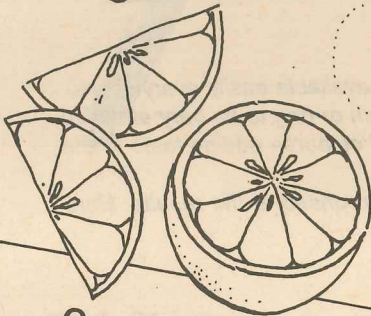
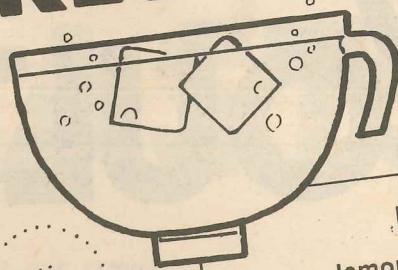
SHE TIPS

- * Don't attempt these exercises if you're pregnant or have just had a baby.
- * When doing exercise 3, don't worry about straightening your legs completely. Keep knees slightly bent if you feel strained.
- * Make swimming a healthy habit. Even going to the pool once a week will help keep you in shape! Why not take the kids along?



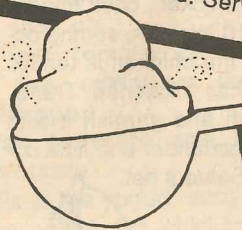
4 Waist twister -- stand facing the pool wall. Lift and swing left leg out to the side and sweep round to the right as far as you can go (you can twist at the waist, it will firm you up). Repeat this 5 times and then change to right leg.

REFRESHINGLY COOL



Orange Frosted

8 fluid ozs. orange juice, fresh, frozen or canned
 2 scoops vanilla ice cream
 Blend orange juice and ice cream with egg beater or liquidizer until ice cream is dissolved. Serve 1.



NAHEED 2.7.

Mint Drink

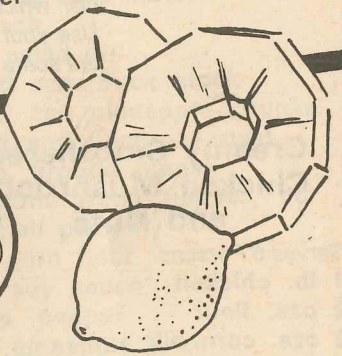
6 ozs sugar
 8 ozs water
 3 lemon juice
 4 springs of mint,

Boil water and sugar, cool. Add lemon juice. Serve in glasses half filled with crushed ice. Garnish with springs of mint.

Lemonade Punch

6 ozs. lemon juice
 6 ozs. pineapple juice
 2 1/2 pints of water
 3 1/4 pints gingerale
 13/4 pints soda water
 Sugar to taste
 Ice cubes

Combine juices, sugar, and water keep chill, when ready to use gingerale and soda water and pour over ice cubes in a large punch bowl.



Grape Fruit Juice Frappe

1 1/2 tps. gelatine
 2 tbs. cold water
 4 fluid ounces boiling water
 3 ozs sugar
 16 ozs grape fruit juice
 2 ozs lemon juice
 1/2 oz gingerale

Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in boiling water, add sugar and cool. Add fruit juices and freeze. To serve, half fill tall glasses with frozen mixture and top up with gingerale. Garnish with orange or lemon slices. Serve 4.

P OULTRY

Our country is blessed with many types of fresh and dry fruit available easily everywhere. I have always found additions of fruit in recipes, whether fresh or dry, to be very effective in bringing about originality in presentation to the recipe and ofcourse adding taste to the dish which would otherwise have been quite ordinary. Use your imagination in adding fruits to recipes - you'll be surprised at the results. Here are some ideas.

Creamy Smothered Chicken Mushroom and Nuts

Serves 6 Persons

- 4 lb. chicken
- 2 ozs. flour
- 2 ozs. corn oil
- 12 fluid ozs. hot water
- 8 ozs. milk
- 1/2 lb. mushrooms
- Cooked noodles

Wash chicker, dry and joint it. Mix 1 oz. flour, 1 tsp. salt and a small pinch of pepper use to dredge over the chicken.

Brown chicken in fat, add hot water, cover and simmer until chicken is done, about 40 minutes. There should be about 4 tbs. stock in pan, add milk to make 16 fluid ozs.

Blend remaining flour to a smooth paste with cold water add to stock and milk in pan and cook slowly, stirring constantly until thick.

Saute mushrooms in butter, arrange hot cooked noodles, chicken and mushrooms in a serving dish. Pour a little of the gravy over the chicken. Hand round the remaining gravy if you like.

Chicken Cooked in Coconut Cream

Serve 4 Persons

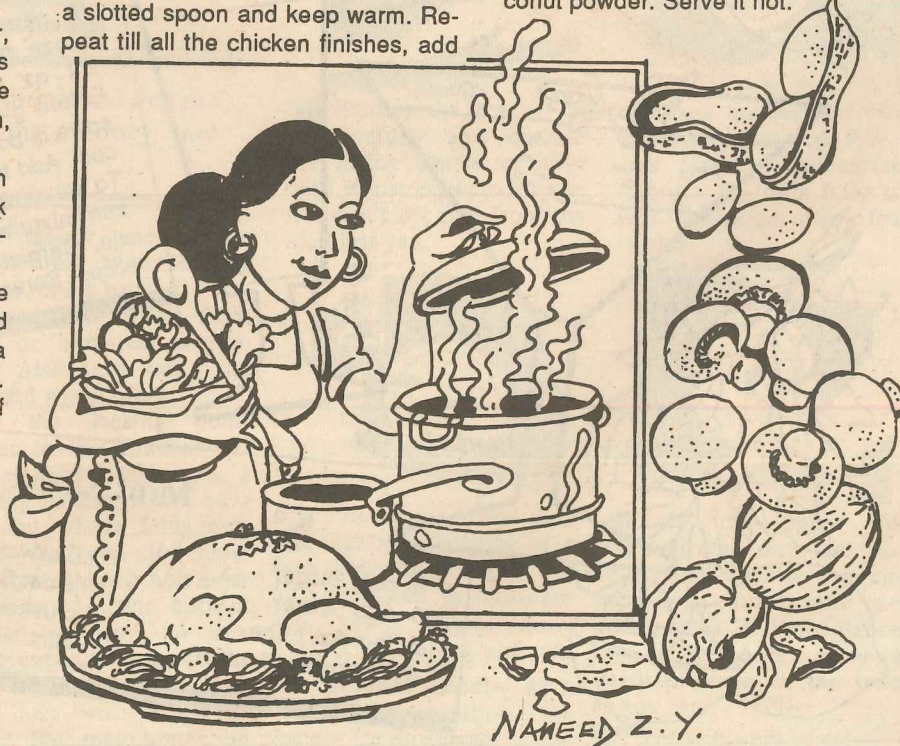
- 3 tbs. sesame oil
- 4 chicken breasts skinned boned and cut into 2 inch pieces
- 2 medium onions finely sliced
- 1 garlic clove finely sliced

- 1 Inch fresh ginger cut into strips
- 2 green chillies finely chopped
- 1 tbs. sesame seeds
- 6 cloves
- 1 Inch thick cinnamon
- 1 tsp salt
- 3 glasses of coconut milk
- 1 level tbs. finely chopped fresh coriander leaves

Heat the sesame oil into a deep pan, add the chicken a little at a time and turning frequently, fry for 10-15 minutes until golden brown. Remove with a slotted spoon and keep warm. Repeat till all the chicken finishes, add

the sliced onions, garlic, ginger, green chillies, sesame seeds, cloves and cinnamon, Reduce the heat and stirring constantly for 5 minutes, fry until the mixture is pale golden.

Add the salt and the coconut milk and stir well. Bring just to boiling point and add the chicken pieces, spoon the sauce over the chicken, cook uncovered for about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally until the chicken is tender and the sauce has thickened. Transfer it into a dish and garnish it with finely chopped coriander and little coconut powder. Serve it hot.



NAMEED Z. Y.

7 FEASTS

Red Chicken and Peanuts

Serves 4 persons

1 cup yogurt
 1 tbs. curry powder
 1 glove garlic crushed
 1 lb. chicken without bones
 1 lb. onions
 2 tbs. oil
 1 cup tomato sauce
 2 tbs. coriander leaves finely chopped
 Salt to taste and red chillies to taste

Mix in the yogurt, curry powder and the garlic. Cut chicken into cubes and mix them with the yogurt paste. Cover the pan and marinate for 24 hours in the fridge. Heat oil and fry the onions till golden brown add the marinated chicken, the tomato sauce, the coriander leaves and salt. Let the chicken boil, stirring occasionally for 5 to 10 minutes, then put it in a pyrex dish and then in hot oven. Keep it covered for one hour then uncover the chicken and cook in the oven for another half hour. Put the chicken and the sauce over the rice and sprinkle with fresh coriander leaves and peanuts cut thickly.

Chicken Cecelia

Serves 4 Persons

1 pound chicken
 1 1/2 - 2 tbs. flour
 3 ozs. butter
 1/2 pound milk

2 ozs cream
 2 eggs
 1/4 tsp. grated nutmeg (optional)
 150 grams walnut (baked to chopped)
 Salt, pepper to taste
 One cup chicken stock
 One bunch green coriander

Boil the chicken with ginger and garlic paste, salt and pepper. When it's boiled take out one cup chicken stock and remove bones and cut into small pieces.

Heat butter, add the flour, lightly fry it. Stirring well and the stock and warm milk and cook till it thickens, remove from fire then add the beaten egg yolks, cream, coriander leaves nutmeg, whisk egg whites and whip it till stiff and fold it in the mixture. Add the walnuts.

Arrange the chicken pieces on a greased pyrex dish, pour over the sauce and bake it in a moderate oven for 30-40 minutes till the top browns.

Deep Fried Walnut Chicken

Serves 4 Persons

2 lbs. chicken breasts cut into small pieces
 1/4 pound walnuts crushed
 2 eggs whites
 2 tbs. corn flour
 1 teaspoon salt
 1/4 tsp. aginomoto
 1 tbs. sesame oil

Clean and wash the chicken. Cut the chicken in small pieces about 2" each. Place in a bowl to marinate with egg whites, salt, corn flour, aginomoto, white pepper to taste and 1 tbs. sesame oil.

Dip the chicken pieces in the egg white mixture then dip it in the walnut and deep fry it till it gets a golden colour.

Pineapple Duck

Servs 5 - 6 Persons

4 pound duckling quartered
 2 1/2 pints cold water
 2 tsp salt
 2 tbs. salad oil
 12 fluid ozs. duck stock
 16 ozs. can pineapple chunks drained and juice reserved
 1/4 tsp. ground ginger
 1 medium green pepper, cut into small pieces
 2 tbs. corn flour
 1 tbs. soy sauce
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 6 tbs. pineapple juice

Place quartered duckling in sauce pan. Add cold water and salt. Bring to boil over high heat. Reduce heat, cover, simmer gently 45 minutes. Remove duckling and drain thoroughly. Reserve stock.

Heat oil in a large frying pan. Add the duckling to cook gently turning frequently until golden brown for about 15-20 minutes.

Add the duck stock, pineapple clunks, ginger and green pepper. Cover and cook over moderate heat for 20 minutes. Remove duck and keep warm.

Blend the soy sauce with corn flour, pepper and pineapple juice, stir into the stock and pineapple mixture in the frying pan. Stir until it thickens. Return duck to sauce, cover and heat thoroughly for about 10 minutes. Serve with hot boiled rice.



small designs are available for Rs. 80 - Rs. 180.

Gulshan-e-Iqbal: Gulshan Book Depot, Daanishkada and Pick and Pay. **Defence and Clifton:** London Book House, Naaz Book Depot in Defence Market, Clifton Book Store - Boat Basin.

Urdu Bazar: Abid Stationary Mart, Tayyab Ali Building.

School Bags range between Rs. 25 to Rs. 110 depending upon the size and material used.

Recommended: In my opinion the best school bags today and the most convenient are stocked by Bata. They are just being introduced. They are just ideal in size, sleek and neat and made of strong material in various light shades. Prices between Rs. 65 and Rs. 75.

School Shoes and Socks

Bata: have always been the largest stockists of school shoes.

Black leather school shoes range between Rs. 65 and Rs. 75. White P.T. shoes are of two qualities - the single soled ones are for Rs. 20 and the double soled ones are for Rs. 47.

For the convenience of the schools and students if approached, Bata sends a sales representative to the schools who take the sizes and deliver the shoes in a couple of days. For this contact Mr. Manzoor Hussain, Manager Bata Shoe Stores, Zebunissa street.

Servis have a large stock of both leather and P.T. shoes as well. Branches of Bata and Servis are situated in most localities and mothers can make use of this convenience.

School Lunch Boxes and flasks or bottles

In Bohri Bazar, Clifton, Defence, Tariq Road, Gulshan-e-Iqbal, Tariq Road most general stores are well stocked. In fact Zahaibiya on main Tariq Road have a large corner, set aside these days only for flasks and lunch boxes. Plastic lunch boxes in all shades with pretty prints on them are for Rs. 25. They have a good air tight system and a compartment in the centre so that fruit and sandwiches dont get mixed up, flasks are between Rs. 20 to Rs. 25. Imported lunch boxes, rather bulky ones which

have a flask in them too are between Rs. 150 and Rs. 180. They are at Zahaibiya on Tariq Road, Agha's Super Market and in most general stores and super markets. Defence and Clifton areas are cheaper than Saddar or even Tariq Road these days. So keep this in mind. Flasks locally made are good and hygenic and water remains cool in them also, they are for Rs. 25 only.

Gulshan-e-Iqbal are stockists of good stationary, **Naaz Book Stall** in Defence and **Clifton Book Store** on Boat Basin keep an equally good collection.

Suggestion: Urdu Bazar.

In most stationary shops here whole sale business is done. Ruby stationers shop 24 in Urdu Bazar have a large and good collection. The best exercise books are made by Pakistan Paper Products. A single copy of 200 pages costs Rs. 6.50 to Rs. 7. the price per dozen is Rs. 72. They are not hard bound and easy to carry those of 160 pages are Rs. 60 per dozen.

The best pencils are for Rs. 11 per dozen as opposed to Rs. 2 or Rs. 1.75 for a single one if taken single.

So it will be wiser to make a trip per term to Urdu Bazar and get a supply of stationary if you have more than one school going child.

Stationary

Exercise books, pencil cases stationary and other necessary items are all available in all stationary shops. Prices range between Rs. 25 to Rs. 100. **London Book House** on Tariq Road, Clifton.

Modern Book Stall at Nursery Market. **M.M. Corporation** on Tariq Road, **Gulshan Book Depot** and **Pick and Pay** in

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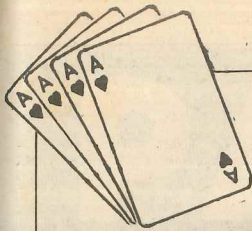
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The Bridge Scene

ROSHAN ARA BOKHARI

There has never been a dearth of enthusiastic bridge players. Rubber bridge has been all too engrossing and much to the annoyance of irate wives many a hot dinner has been spoilt waiting for the bridge playing husbands to return in time - but for the proverbial 'last rubber'.

Rubber bridge continues to fascinate the avid player but now more and more players are trying their hand at duplicate bridge. This is becoming increasingly popular. To be able to play duplicate bridge needs organisation and Karachi has of late been able to develop a few centres where this can be played. For many years the Pakistan Contract Bridge League was the only organization to be able to provide this facility at the Stadium. The hard core of the duplicate bridge players venture forth there twice a week and were hard put to it when the authorities locked them out for over two months. But you can't keep bridge players away from the game. Some resourceful people persuaded a Chinese restaurant to let them use the premises till 9.00 p.m., so this became the meeting place on Tuesdays. Luckily the Stadium premises have been restored to them and so the game continues there as well despite all the inconveniences that are linked with that place.

Other than the Stadium more duplicate bridge venues have come up in the city. Now and again someone sponsors bridge tournaments which are usually held at a hotel and attract about thirty tables. These tournaments are eagerly awaited events and before a major tournament you can find players busily making up their teams.

The Gymkhana Club has a team of four events open for all, regularly once a month, The Sind Club organises a Pairs Event twice a month. The ladies are even more enterprising and have organised duplicate bridge games for themselves. The 'Monday morning' bridge group is an exclusive set of ladies who have been playing regularly for the last so many years every Monday. They take turns to have the game in their homes. Thursday morning bridge at the Gymkhana only for ladies has been gaining in popularity. Keen bridge players stylishly turned out can be seen there, the champions as well as the young enthusiasts. The atmosphere is friendly and the overriding interest is BRIDGE. The clothes, the jewels - all worthy of

note and comment - are forgotten in the all too absorbing discussion of the hand that has just been played.

With this growing interest in bridge it is always fascinating to read how the experts would play a certain hand. One of the major assets of great players is the ability to read the cards. By the opening lead they are able to get a good idea of the opponent's hand and after two or three tricks have been played, are able to construct the hand fairly accurately and then play the cards accordingly. Here is a hand that was played by Zia Mehmood at the recently held Bermuda Bowl Championship:

	NORTH	
	♠ 432	
	♥ A984	
	♦ 74	
	♣ 10852	
WEST		EAST
♠ 98		♠ QJ1075
♥ K32		♥ 75
♦ KJ1082		♦ 653
♣ AJ6		♣ Q74
	SOUTH	
	♠ AK6	
	♥ QJ106	
	♦ AQ9	
	♣ K93	

Zia was declared as South in Four Hearts and West led the H2.

At first glance the declarer would see a spade loser, a possible loser in the Heart King, maybe a diamond loser - and the clubs - how many losers there? Zia played the H8 from dummy and when this held he realised that West had an unattractive holding in the other suits. So he decided against the diamond fi-

nesse and led a club to his 9 which West took with the Jack. West played another trump, Zia won in his hand and continued with another trump to the Ace dropping West's King. Now he played the C10 and let it run to West's Ace, who continued with the third club, which Zia took with the CK. The C8 was good, and he was able to discard his spade loser thereby making his contract.

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