

The Monthly Newsmagazine for Women

June 1988, Price Rs. 20.00

SHE

*Inheritance -
A Wife's Poor Deal.*

*Today's Reality -
Part time jobs, flexi. timings?*

Chitral and Kafristan - This summer?

*Sweeping the Town
Ghagras Galore
The Glitter of Gold . . .
'Hot' Ungari Fashion. . .*

SHE

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SHE

BRIEFING

SHE

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The Callousness of Man

There is much that is alarming in our society, but that which particularly horrifies us is the callousness with which we treat each other. A grim tale of a poor woman, Mumtaz Begum, who is presently confined to Kot Lakhpatt Jail in Lahore, because she is suffering from AIDS, is a case in point. She was involved in an accident in Doha where she was employed as a domestic servant. Given a transfusion of blood in a local hospital, it was subsequently discovered she had AIDS. Summarily dismissed from employment, she was sent home and when taken to hospital she was refused treatment -- So as an outcast she now languishes in Jail. The mind boggles with the callousness of the Lahore doctors

After special bumper issues it is always difficult to bring out a number, certain to please and interest all our readers. What with rozas, curfews and Eid holidays, it has been quite a herculean effort to put this issue together, which we hope you all will enjoy.

This month we present to you Part 11 of our special report 'Whose Law is it Anyway'? Focussing on laws and legal issues other than family matters (covered in part 1). This report includes the more recent body of legislation which the vast majority of women activists and many lawyers view as a direct attack on the legal and social status of women. An exclusive on Syed Yawar Ali, the successful man of business, who today leads Pakistan's pioneers, and to-date the biggest name, in milk products, is also packed in.

Women today, we find are becoming more and more career oriented, at the same time are very aware of their domestic responsibilities. Keeping this aspect in mind we discovered that the trend of flexi-timings and part time jobs is on the rise in diversified fields. Work options is a telling article on quite a few avenues which are open to the thinking woman of today. With summer in full swing every body is going to be taking off to beat the heat or to enjoy the holiday season. While it is the fashion to go abroad, there are many of us who may not want, or cannot afford to, follow the fashionable trail. For these SHE takes you along the Karakoram Highway and to Chitral and Kafirstan, all fascinating, exotic and exciting areas to visit, with some of the world's most wondrous mountains to see and travel through.

Fashions spell the mood of the season. Ghagras don't we simply love 'em, are sure to send each and every one of you rushing to the boutiques before you have even finished reading this magazine. Treasure Hunt, our jewellery special, is quite a glittering trove. 'Hot' Ungari fashions from Lahore is a ritzy glitzy affair -----.

Karachi

Edhi on Channel 4

Munawar Nizam, T.V Producer, settled in Britain with strong emotional ties with her native country goes on making documentaries and films about Pakistan and Asian women settled in Britain

'Apna Ghar' was one such documentary film produced by her in January 86-87. A pre-view of the documentary was held at the PACC which apart from being televised on Channel 4 will be going to a number of festivals world wide.

The Maulana's sustained work in the cause of humanity has won him not only the acclaim and love of the people of Pakistan but respect and recognition internation-



ally. Maulana Sattar Edhi is no doubt a household name in this part of the world but what about the west? "As far

as I am concerned they are (Maulana and Bilquis Edhi) both on the same level as Mother Theresa or Geldoff, it's just that they haven't been exposed to the west. That's what I am trying to do". Excerpt from Munawar Nizams interview in The Star.

In a short span of 26 minutes Munawar has tried to project the dimensions and magnitude of the Maulanas work. It highlights the social problems without either exaggerations or a glossing over. It focusses on the chaotic law and order situations in the country, the Sohrab Goth catastrophe Admist all this inhu-

manity and brutality the Maulana emerges as an angel of mercy restoring the faith in people that all is not lost, that their still do exist people who live only for others, that their is still hope for the future generation for as long as their are people like Maulana and Bilquis Edhi.

Their drug re-habilitation centre also figured prominently in the film. Yet, another very important aspect which this documentary highlighted was the spirit of the common man on the streets in times of crisis. Munawar Nizam truly deserves credit for showing the best and most positive side of Pakistan so rarely televised on Channel 4.

Urban Images

The Arts Council, Karachi and the British Council presented an exhibition of graphic art on urban images. Twentynine British printmakers participated in this exhibition, representing a variety of styles. Some artists presented mechanical modes of life in urban settings. They emphasized the beauty and geometry of artificial structures, the shiny quality of steel and glass. Phil Griffin's 'South Bank' series depict just such a style, tempered by shades of pastel colours. On the other hand, some chose to reflect the bleak, inhospitable and eerie environment of city life. David Freed's "Unreal City", had a quote from T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land", attempted to portray London as a bleak city. Norman Ackroyd's "Park Avenue" also created a similar sense of unease.

In ominous and mysterious style, the artists portrayed



the role of temporary inhabitants and tourists who soon depart the city. "The Breakfast Room" by Chboe Cheese and John Soanes "Museum" on the other hand, were devoid of all visitors and this created a sudden sense of uncertainty and mystery.

Not all paintings in the exhibition, however, created this grey picture of urban society. Some rainbow bright and

cheery pictures were also on show. Bill Meyer, Chris Orr, Jack Muler and Richard Walher all portrayed the glamorous and warmer side of American life, particularly its energy and spunk.

Not all the prints exhibited were of an abstract nature. Several concentrated on the factual and the particular. Some portrayed nostalgia for American scenes of the not too distant past. Jack

Muler's "Diner" and "Meat , Groceries and Liquor" were particularly interesting. Terence Millington and Derek Wilkinson stressed the sense of tradition in their portraying of nineteenth century power stations, factories, and band stands.

This exhibition was particularly successful because of the versatility of style that it exhibited.

Karigari Well Done

In recent times, Karachi has been inundated by exhibits of home and baby products produced as a cottage industry by middle and upper class women at their homes. The amazing monotony and similarity of the articles on display can be numbing. One can predict exactly what's going to be

offered; there is some fun, though, in guessing the prices asked for these goods. No sane person should be willing to fork over the exorbitant prices asked for what are often mediocre products. The fact that they're displayed at Holiday Inn and not at Saddar, however, seems to make the

crucial difference. And the nouveau riche Dubai-return crowd, desperately trying to buy class, is more than willing to flash their wallets. Expecting just another exhibition, SHE trekked over to the Holiday Inn to see Bilkis Qureshi and Shanaz Ramzi's Karigari display. We were a little surprised.

The variety of products was the standard menu: bed sheets, cushions, quilts, towels, baby clothes, et al. What perhaps sets Karagari's work apart from the others are the quality and the price. Most of the embroidery work was done by hand and by people who are obviously skilled. Very neat and

precise. Details were well thought of. The quilts, for example, were not frilled, which means you pay for a full, embroidered quilt and not yards of easy to stitch on frills. Interestingly, we were assured that 99% (!) of the designs were not available on the market and that a fair amount of material used was imported. As for the prices, SHE felt that they

were definitely on the lower side. For example, a double quilt (no frills) with matching cushions was Rs. 850 and a matching full size quality bath and hand His 'n' Her towel set was Rs. 250.

In an attempt to break away from the ordinary and introduce new products, Karigari seems to be sensitive to market needs. For instance,

they offer a line of shower caps for babies and children, currently unavailable elsewhere. Incidentally, the applique work on the children's products was done in bright nursery patterns, making full use of Disney and Snoopy characters.

Again, the quality showed and the appliques did not look like cheap Made-in-

Hong Kong reproductions of the originals.

Bilkis and Shanaz have already started marketing their products, and though the Karigari showroom will not be open for another month or so, samples can be seen and orders placed. Karigari's phone number is 544051.

Imad Rabbani

New Ways to Art

In a recent mixed media art display sponsored by the P.A.C.C. the first solo exhibition of Tazeen Dossal who received her B.F.A. Punjab University made interesting viewing. A variety of materials had been incorporated into the art works including Jute, Silk and book-binding paper. The subjects were primarily of nature. Two very pleasing tree studies were displayed, one a labernum tree, heavily laden with yellow blossoms, and another scarlet, 'Flame of the Forest'. Both these visuals contrasted well with

the jute mounts which framed the pictures. There were delicately executed watercolours which showed promise and decorative calligraphies. A mother of three young children, Tazeen is aware that many gifted artists are swallowed up by domestic responsibilities.

Lack of time and the cash to pay for expensive art materials are particularly affecting young women artists.

Tazeen offers a solution to the problem by showing what can be done with easy to handle and inexpensive



materials by using pen and ink, textile pens and crayons. The results are pleasing and charmingly decora-

tive, encouraging for other young wives and mothers who may have more talent than time.

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Hair Raising News

A strong contingent of highly skilled, well-talented, most experienced and top-qualified male and female hairdressers and beauticians, mostly young, will represent Pakistan in all the five categories of the 1988 XII Asian Hairstyling and Make-up Competition being held on the 19th June in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. The categories are: (1) Ladies Hairstyle -- (a) Haircut and Blowdry, (b) Party Hairstyle, (2) Men's Hairstyle -- (a) Haircut and Blowdry, (3) Ladies Make-up -- (a) Evening Party Make-up, (b) Fantasy.

Announcing this decision, Mr. Islam Salmani, Secretary-General of the Pakistan National Hairdresser Federation and Managing Editor of

the hairdressers community's only "SINGHAR" magazine, has asked all the first class male and female hairdressers, make-up artists and beauticians throughout the country desirous of participating in the said "greatest hairstyle and Make-up Show in Asia" as contestants, viewers and visiting guests to immediately collect the application forms as well as the related rules, regulations, terms, conditions and procedures and submit back the same in triplicate duly filled along with four passport-size photographs to the Hairdressers Federation's Secretariate at J-1/321, Korangi Township, Karachi-31 (Phone: 311876),

Moonstruck

Moonstruck is the story of a family who are as real as any fly-on-the-wall documentary unit could capture. Cosmo (Venicent Gardenia) is the father whose plumbing business has brought him a brownstone in Brooklyn and a mistress in Manhattan. He



fails to fool his wife, Rose (Olympia Dukakis), who is philosophically sturdy enough to deal with his peregrinations. The immigrant grandfather (Feodor Chaliapin, son of the Russian bass) teaches his dog to bay at the moon in Italian. And Loretta (Cher) is the greying widowed daughter, nudging 40, stoically content with doing the book-keeping in their Italian neighbourhood, and equally stoically content to marry Jhonny Cammareri (Danny Aiello), a feckless fellow with blow-dried hair who is still kept in metaphorical short pants by his mother in Sicily. In a scene we see Loretta's mother advising her daughter about men "when you love them, they drive you crazy because they know they can". But Loretta pays little heed to her mother's advice. She falls for Johnny's estranged younger brother Ronny. She sleeps with him, but when he professes his love the following morning, she slaps his face. She is his brother's fiancée. However Ronny obtains a final request from her that she will go with him to see La Bohème. With Ronny's proposal Loretta's horizons have been broadened and she finds herself facing a decision.

Moonstruck is a high-quality entertainment. Cher in the

role of Loretta won the Oscar for herself.

△△△ Film of the Month

Maurice

Based on the book by E.M. Forster and directed by South Asian born Merchant, this is a touching story of homosexual love in the England of Oscar Wilde's time. The term "touching" when used to describe homosexual love may seem inappropriate at first, and this is precisely what Merchant is aware of. He skillfully avoids graphic love scenes and keeps his focus on the emotions of his characters rather than the physical aspect of their relationship.

We clearly feel the heady excitement of love, the everyday ups and downs of a long term relationship, the periods of doubt and the pain of rejection experienced, and perhaps come to realize that these are not much different from heterosexual relationships.

△△△ Excellent

Tamas

Bishin Sahn's historical novel Tamas is the latest and most talked about film among serious video watchers. Set against the backdrop of the period immediately before Partition of India, the film starts in a hut in Jalalabad where a butcher kills a pig. This pig is later placed on the steps of the local mosque by miscreants, an avalanche is set in motion, and a blood bath ensues.

Tamas is not a political film, nor is it religious propaganda. Tamas focuses on the tragedy which follows the exploitation of religious sentiments by communal elements. It is on three cassettes, approximately six hours watching time, and while slow moving, Tamas is an excellent, unbiased story of those terrible times.

△△ Good

The Untouchables

The Untouchables is based on the memories of Eliot Ness, leader of an elite group of gang busters who fought to put Al Capone

(Robert De Niro) and his mobsters behind bars. Set in the Chicago of the 1930s. The Untouchables brings to the fore some stirring set



pieces. Kevin Costner who plays Ness has the right amount of boyish charm to off-set any moral high-mindedness. Sean Connery as the Irish cop brings the character to life, giving a very convincing performance which won him the Oscar for Best Supporting Actor.

The film has heavy dialogues and a lot of Rambo style submachine gun fights.

△△△ Excellent

For Keeps

The queen of teen emotion, Molly Ringwald is back. Unfortunately, what was fresh and cute in Sixteen Candles, started becoming a little forced in Pretty in Pink has in For Keeps become a patent formula: predictable and lacking energy. If one has watched a handful of Pakistani or Indian movies, this plot may be all too familiar. Yet, the movies not all bad, especially if you're in the mood for something light and mindless. Two high school kids fall in love and because of a little indiscretion end up marrying and moving out of their parents' houses. The usual trials and tribulations of married life follow, and a few smiles later (you will smile at least a few times) the movie reaches its happy conclusion.

△ Fair

Inherit The Wind

Those of you who enjoyed the Murder of Mary Phagan will particularly like this film. It is the story of the trial of a teacher who is arrested and then tried for explaining the theory of evolution to his students. Darwin meant anti-God, anti-Bible, anti-Christ, in the days of this trial in a small American town. Kirk Douglas, as the Prosecutor and a Bible totting candidate for the Presidential race, and Jason Robard as the counsel for the defendant, are both excellent. It's a gripping film and is strongly recommended for family viewing.

△△△ Excellent

Anjuman

Dedicated to Faiz Ahmed Faiz, Anjuman, directed by Muzaffar Ali, is the story of a Muslim family in Lucknow, who had seen golden days in pre-partition times. But after partition things change for the worse. The story revolves around Shabana Azmi, who along with other



Muslim girls, earns her living by embroidering flowers on Chicken cloth. Its a touching saga of working girls and how they are exploited. Shabana Azmi struggles for her rights. Faruque Sheikh plays a quiet romantic lead. The film has several ghazals of Faiz sung rather amateurishly by Shabana Azmi. An excellent movie, with superb acting. Definitely not to be missed, particularly for serious movie buffs.

△△ Good

Islamabad

BEHBUD



realities of the situation. In a rushed voice she explained that she had just come back from one of the affected areas, Nirala Nagar, which for some reason had been given less attention by the government. After talking with the people, she had compiled a list of families and their immediate needs. Next to each name were written items

PARKS AT OJHRI

Ayesha Khan

The day after the tragedy at Ojhri Camp, we all watched government officials hand out checks to surviving victims who were left with devastated homes and family members crippled for life.

Over the last weeks it has become clear that these checks are ultimately an inadequate compensation in terms of both amount and practicalities. Relief work for the victims requires even more than monetary compensation, immediate hospital care, or high-flown plans to rebuild residential areas. Relief work is an indefinitely long-term commitment.

The Behbud Association was founded in 1967 primarily to rehabilitate women widowed during the 1965 war. From the beginning Behbud's social and community workers understood that giving these women occupations, and training them to be practically skilled would allow them to be most independent in the long run. As the assistance continued, other needs began to emerge. Behbud has responded by growing into the nationwide non-profit resource development organization it is today. It runs over a dozen projects ranging from literacy, to industrial and family planning programmes.

"Women should have a say in their destiny," says Mrs. Nighat Saeed, Executive Director of Behbud's headquarters in Rawalpindi. "Simple welfare or charity is demeaning. Behbud provides women with props for them to improve their lot."

As Mrs. Saeed explained the workings of Behbud and introduced me to the other staff members, it became clear that Behbud prides itself on attending to only the most basic needs of its communities. According to the Behbud philosophy, a family's right to eat, be clothed, attend school, earn a living, and limit its size, is the bottom line. This goal is daunting enough in a country such as ours; but in the aftermath of the Ojhri Camp crisis tireless effort is necessary just to restore even a semblance of normalcy to the affected communities.

There are three women at Behbud's headquarters running the relief services for the Ojhri Camp victims. Mrs. Kishwar Hamid, a senior community worker, was first to impress upon the

of clothing, food rations, jehez, school books, and tools of trade. About thirty families live in Nirala Nagar, many of them in partially damaged houses that threaten to collapse altogether. Weeks after the blast, these families were now being supplied with "family packs" put together by Behbud which contained the necessary goods.

Mrs. Hamid and her associate, Dr. Bilquis Iqbal were completing what they call Phase 1 of the relief services. After a need assessment survey of Nirala Nagar and neighboring Dhok Babu Irfan, they knew what was needed. I was brought to the far end of the spotless Behbud Headquarters on Tipu Road, and shown where they store the supplies. With money given by donors especially for this purpose, bedding, flour, sugar, cooking utensils, ghee, shoes, etc. had been bought and lay heaped on the floor. When I returned two days later, everything had been sorted into neat "family packs" and was being loaded

into Behbud's little van headed for the vicinity of Ojhri Camp. The goods were placed in shiny new metal buckets, with bedding strapped on top. This was not to be the last of the family packs. According to Behbud's estimates, need for them would continue for at least another month.

Wasn't Behbud a little late in starting their relief operations, I wondered. Mrs. Saeed conceded that money which Behbud received immediately after the blast could have been passed onto the victims without delay. But first, people donate to Behbud knowing that every penny can be accounted for. Second, "Real charity means working with your hands," she said, "unless you do this and actually talk to the people, it is not real charity. Just giving money is the easiest thing."

It may be the easiest thing, but without people eager to take the simple way out Behbud could not operate very well. Most of the donors to Behbud, like its members, are from the middle and upper classes. People usually donate in the tens of thousands, but immediately after the blast at Ojhri Camp everyone simply gave what they could on the spot. Rs. 30,000 were collected from Islamabad and Pindi residents. WAF contributed funds and clothing. Rs. 50,000 were sent in from Behbud's other branches.

Clothes, bedding, and food were also collected, the other necessities being bought with the new funds. Everyone at Behbud is very practical in their approach to their funds and supplies. They readily admit that assistance to Nirala Nagar and Dhok Babu Irfan will exhaust their resources. Rehabilitation of the crippled, one of Maulana Edhi's projects, is not within their scope. Neither is housing the orphans, although they are willing to assist any efforts to do so.

This realistic attitude is one of Behbud's great strengths. It knows how much it can accomplish, and efficiently sets about to do only that. Phase 2 of the Ojhri relief work will concentrate on re-starting the ruined trades of the victims. The damaged localities are filled with doodh, subzi, and phul wallas. They will be given two days supply of goods to get their businesses going. Sewing machines will be replaced. Loans will be taken out from Behbud. Destroyed jehezes will be refunded. Schoolbooks and uniforms will be bought. At the time

this article is published, Phase 2 will be well on its way.

And eventually Behbud will move onto Phase 3, the one with no real end. This will involve all the follow-up work. Fortunately Behbud is one organization that is willing to look into the psychological trauma survivors of the disaster have been going through. Many of them will need care and consideration before they overcome the shock. In addition, lingering health problems must not be neglected. Behbud's workers will keep an eye out in the affected communities, ready to arrange treatment whenever the need arises. Finally, a major part of the rehabilitation program is easily available loans. Behbud provides



loans on very manageable terms, which will no doubt be of great help to families struggling to re-establish an income.

Much of Behbud's work is focussed on health care. Dr. Bilqis Iqbal explained to me that although Behbud did not give direct medical treatment to the Ojhri Camp victims, it has offered its services to all hospitals in the vicinity. Fortunately all were equipped enough to handle the emergency, although one hospital has been supplied with life-saving drugs purchased by Behbud.

To do full justice to the scope of Behbud's work would require a book. The Ojhri Camp relief services are just one of 14 on-going projects. Behbud runs a very successful Population

Welfare project sponsored by the government's Population Welfare Division and USAID. At Behbud's Pindi headquarters I was shown their clinic where family planning and ante-natal counselling is provided. Their operation room is equipped for contraceptive surgery. Women turn up every day. Sometimes just a handful of these operations are performed every day, sometimes as many as 10. Outlets of these services have been set up at 16 stations in the Rawalpindi district alone.

Each project run by Behbud has its own source of funding, whether governmental, private, diplomatic, or from international agencies. For example, the Asia Foundation contributes to the Adult Education programme, and the CDA has donated 3 canals in Saidpur for the construction of an Industrial Complex. This complex will combine health-care, and skills-training (spice-grinding, weaving, soft toy making), with a literacy program for Saidpur's villagers.

Behbud also depends greatly upon private donations. One of its most generous donors is Mrs. Akhtar Riazuddin Ahmed, Secretary of the Women's Division and Behbud's President for Life. She was one of the original founders of the organization, along with Miss Gulzar Bano. Her commitment to the development of Behbud has served as an inspiration to all its workers, many of whom have given up better career prospects to devote themselves full-time to the organization.

Future projects are actually two in number. Behbud has received land from the government right next to the headquarters. There they hope to establish a working women's hostel and a home for the terminally ill. On the same plot, a vocational training centre will be opened to both boys and girls. Typing, plumbing, woodwork, and block-printing are among the practical skills which will be taught at the centre.

My brief glance at Behbud's organization was really refreshing. As a low-profile organization it has managed to expand without losing sight of its priorities. The manner in which Behbud has been assisting the Ojhri Camp victims is proof of its simple and unpatronizing approach to the underprivileged people of our communities: talk to them, find out what they need, and then help to stand them firmly on their own two feet.

D·E·S·I·G·N·E·R· O·F· T·H·E· M·O·N·T·H

BY POMME
AMINA SHAHBAZ

RITZY
RITZY

Sunflame sprayed with attractive lace and dabka patterns highlighting the shoulder. Grecian pleated out for effect.



Glam! Ungari the high fashion alternative sets the Karachi night life on fire. A certain sophistication, a remarkable sense of design. The Ungari look is no exception to these fashion rules. The accent is on ritzy glitzy glamour — taking inspiration from our culture 'rich ornate and in essence very eastern'. The brainchild of Aalia Bux and Chamain Faruque. The Ungari Collection hails the era of the total woman, innovative, stylish and above all an individual. Aalia feels 'in Ungari we cater more for personalities rather than customers for images rather than clothing thus making Ungari an exclusive outlet, not really meant for the masses.' In a time when most boutiques are churning out ready made the Ungari Collection features outfits that are one of a kind, unique, different and always with a touch of glamour.

Burnished bronze tissue worked with gold sequins and nalkis for a hanging waterfall effect.



Though working together for quite a while Aalia and Chamain have totally conflictory views. Chamain is inclined towards the very traditional effect with dabka, zari and ornate embroidery. While Aalia goes for a modern silhouette with a up-to-date and more adventurous silhouette. Strangely enough, our designers are not waging war -- the conflictory views combine to complement each other. Probably the reason behind the very individual look.

The focal point of the Ungari Collection is the melange of different techniques like -- dabka, cutwork, embroidery diamantes paired with lace tissue or chiffon appliques. A normal potpourri of this kind would result in a hotchpotch but with Ungari the melange is what makes it different and thus more exciting.

Cut, line, pattern, colour are all vital in the art of creating fashion. Colour notes are versatile from rich jewel shades to soft feathery pastels like lime and lemon. For every collection 'Ungari' has a theme -- this time the accent is on 'flowing, elegant and feminine shapes. The next collection a suprise should take off sometime in winter by a fashion show.

LOOK
BACK
GENTLY

BY ALYS FAIZ

BLACK, BAT NIGHT



When we were young, how we hated the dark! If we were together in a dark room, or together on the stairs, we suffered it, but send us upstairs for something with a lighted candle in hand, and the long shadows thrown on the walls and ceiling played havoc with our nerves. Those were the days before electricity lightened our darkness. There were gas-points at strategic corners, where the stairs began, or at the end of a passage, but in between it was the candle, askew with the slightest draught, or even, to our horror, blown out.

Sometimes we would take the plunge without a candle, stamp violently and loudly on the stairs, as we mounted, to give us courage, our little hearts pounding, rush down the last passage, singing madly, and fling open the door to Mother's room. The lamps stayed lit for us, so once inside the room, panting, we were safe. Safe from what? We never really knew, but there were Things which went stomp, stomp, stomp in the dark, so Big Brother would tell us. He should know, we thought. Or why was he Big Brother? When we opened doors, if the window was open, the curtains would flap wildly around our faces, and that made matters even worse! Our bedtimes were more or less strictly adhered to, and being the younger sister, I was told to go up to bed, 'just a little earlier'. Big Sister was a dedicated Guider, and on Monday nights she came home late. I remember I would try to hide myself, on the fireseat hoping to be forgotten. But sooner or later, often sooner, I was reminded that bedtime had come and gone. So it was off, stomping up the stairs, roaring at the top of my voice, to frighten off the things. One had to clean one's teeth and brush one's hair, halfway up the treacher-

ous route, and when one finally made it one's heart was beating like a sledge-hammer.

Then when dawn came, and the call to face perhaps a wintry morn, the dark seemed like a bad dream, and there was light on the bedspread, and on the wallpaper.

The dark has always been, the horrifying unknown. 'Black, treacherous night', 'dark, dark night, heaving with the unknown', 'doomed to walk the dark, dark night', 'men fear death, as children fear the dark night', and so on. Mankind has been nurtured in this terrifying tradition.

There were things which went stomp, stomp in the dark, so Big Brother would tell us

The black people of Africa were held in fear, for their dark, often inscrutable faces -- until it was found that their darkness could be used to great advantage, nothing to fear, man, they are more afraid of us, than we of them! So the white man's fear was transformed into brutal oppression. Darkness became for the white man, something to be despised, for the fact of its being, black, but then, wonders, of wonders, some of these black men and women, when they penetrated into the world of the white man, were found to have minds of their own, some people even found them beautiful and black became beautiful!

Blacks are everywhere now, driven as slaves from their Dark Continent, as the white man in his impertinence called it.

But the terrors of the night still remain, of a dark house, a house left in darkness, coming home to an unlit

house, the wretchedness of the sudden load-shedding, the fumbling around for that torch or candle, cursing, trying to pierce the hostile dark with unseeing eyes. Then a shaft of bountiful light!

"Leave a light burning, then I'll know you are home," so the light is left burning. Once it was for the mariner, borne on the tempestuous waves, he would know that watchful eyes and hearts were waiting.

All the same, no matter what, the shadows of night 'steal' across the sky, like robbers, we know they come stealthily, 'night black as the pit from pole to pole', and yet 'lovers' tongues by night', 'soft stillness of the night'. 'There's night and day brother, both sweet things'. Hence one takes

. . . but what does one take? The sweet night, the soft night, the lovers' night, and finds in it all, whether 'ghosties and beasties go bump in the night' a moving experience. Oh, yes, and 'night was made for lovers'!

But still Long Plait, who now by the way has chopped off that impressive tail, and swings chunks of hair back and forth, hates the dark, as we did, two generations back, when mothers had no pity -- neither did the 'watchful night' nor those 'ghosties and beasties'.

And for the blind, for those in total darkness, one's heart is moved. But they find light in the touch of their hands upon the letters they have lost sight of. The white stick and the faithful hound become the light for those in the dark -- and they have composed beautiful music. Last week in India I came across a beautiful woman, well into her seventies, whose eyes are failing, but the sweetness of light was still on her face, and her eyes shone with what, one cannot say, but it certainly was not fear of the dark.

THE 'MILK PAK' WALLA

-Syed Yawar Ali

MONEEZA HASHMI & NYLA DAUD

Tetra Pak is a large family today. The gigantic strides this company has taken in recent years is very much due to the drive and dedication of one man Syed Yawar Ali.

Although about 75% of the Tetra Pak Packages are containers for milk and milk-products, the Magic Pack is now a home-carrier for a surprising number of exciting drinks and juices. Syed Yawar Ali, the moving power behind the local Milk Industry talks of the phenomenal progress of an industry which has proved to be a year-round cash-crop for the rural farmer, something that can literally be harvested every day.

The successful man of business who today heads Pakistan's pioneer, and to-date the biggest name in milk-products, Syed Yawar Ali, born with a "business spoon" in his mouth, so to say, seems to have taken to the industry as a fish to water. Yet though the going is certainly great now, it has been a grind and if he can view with pride and pleasure a new concept in food, he is loathe to forget what has gone into the making of both the man and his project.

Aitchison educated, Yawar Ali, alongwith his multifarious interests in extra-curricular activities, and on the games field, is a one time winner of the prestigious gold medal as the institution's outstanding student. From Aitchison, it was off to an engineering school outside New York where besides his broad-based training as a chemical-engineer, he was exposed to the grinding schedule of an education system that excelled in focusing on problem-solving. After graduation, alongwith a job at the Chase Manhattan Bank, Yawar Ali worked for a master's degree in management which was to secure him later the job of a Commercial Manager in the Marketing Division of Packages Ltd. At this moment comes the African call, so it was off to Zambia for a year and half long stint in a project which Packages had contracted with a Zambian Packaging Company. Finding the Zambian Interlude a fascinating experience in terms of personal experience as well as that of tutoring a younger people, Yawar Ali was soon to return home to Pakistan- And it is here that the Milk-Pak comes into his life.



**Because of that one
brave decision, there
are eleven dairy farms
today!**

In 1974 Syed Babar Ali the founder member of the Ali family's business empire, was seconded by the Government to set up the National Fertilizer Company, and Syed Wajid Ali was brought in as the new head. His first step

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Brocade designed into bubble style ghagra. Belt adds the glamour. From *Fashion 2000*.

Bronze gold worked with sequins in spirals and squiggles for a dressy evening style. From *Squiggles Boutique*.

Self embossed material with delicate embroidered florals. Note the double layers. From *T. Maxx Boutique*.



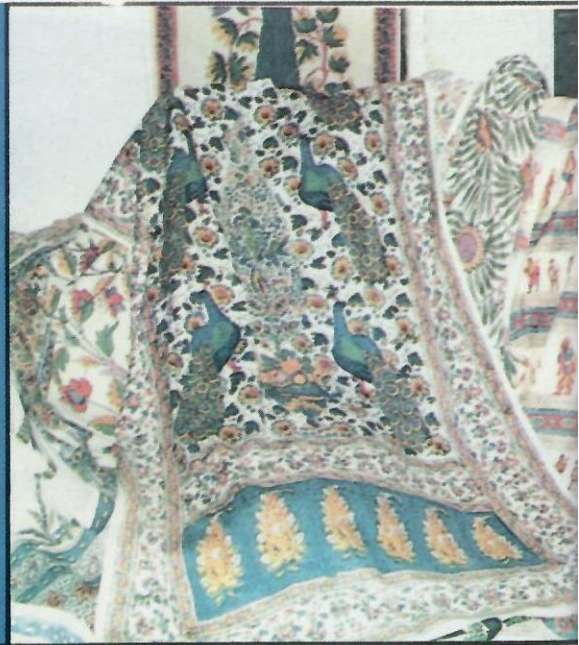


Yards of silk fashioned with unusual ballroom style. Note the use of colour for effect. From Fashion 2000.

Black n white motifs in sequins for an all over jaal effect. Sash to match. From Squiggles Boutique.



AN AGE OLD



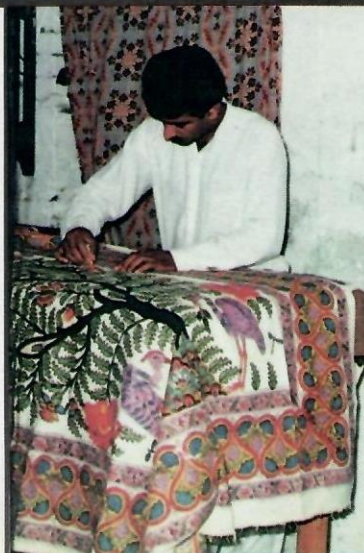
Indeed today Iqbal Mirza with his skill of colours and stroke-work keeps alive the technique of hand block printing which grandfather Jhando had carried to the pinnacle of perfection.

HERITAGE

NYLA DAUD

The father is old and squats on the floor before his rickety work table, hand-painting the centuries old designs on Coarse Cotton Fabric, his wrinkled hand moving slowly but surely, yet wary of mistake, lest he play unfair to a family heritage --- the art of hand block printing.

The son is young, full of zest, energetic and alive to his age, as he stands at his work table. His hands move with lightning



speed, one block follows another, one stroke of brush follows another, colours speak out and he raises his head in abject admiration of his art. Nevertheless he fails to please his meticulous father.

The older man represents an age when mastery over art was the struggle of a life time of hard labour and he does not mean to let the younger forget this philosophy.

FOCUS

But the youngster is eager and impatient, with ambitious plans of commercialising the art of his forefathers in a Big way. Suddenly, the father needs to mix a new shade of colour. Deliberately the son is sent out on an irrelevant errand to fetch drinks for the guests. Frustration, guarded under filial obedience, is written large on the younger's face as he complies. As if secretly protesting; he looks up trying to find an ally.

A generation gap to be sure, in the very heart of Lahore's Mozang Area, Kot Abdullah Shah, house number nineteen. The house, a little more than a dilapidated hovel, crumbling edifice of a century old architectural pattern, earthen bricks baring themselves like grinning teeth from out of the pock marked walls, whose mud-plaster and lime wash have peeled off, never to return. But who cares? Tattered curtains supported on precariously balancing rods, sturdily guard the crevices behind, store houses of wooden blocks, blackened by use through centuries. Prized possessions of generations of artisans, some dating back to the days when young Kipling sat with pen and paper in the office of the "Civil and Military Gazette". There are other blocks, dating even further back, but all piled heartlessly, almost viciously, one on top of the other. Their numbers run into infinity and one feels overpowered by their demonic black presence, sombre, weighty, yet passive. One's hands itch with the restlessness of the age, just to touch these prized possessions, so near and yet so far! But then where does one start, if start one could, because the hawk-like eyes of the old man at his work table hold imperial warning. Haughtily proud of his treasure trove, he guards his legacy vigilantly as it lies scattered all over the narrow "Dallan", in nooks, crannies, in straw baskets, in locked wooden trunks -- all grottos of an antique heritage, the keys to generations of art technique. Stone-deaf, yet quick to read expressions and gestures, he assumes the posture of one used to public praise. Quickly he arranges himself amidst the paints and brushes and flowing fabrics and poses because he knows we are the press and he is very much alive to the power of the printed word. The photographer is a bit unsettled at this composure of the artisan who likes to set his own stage. He needs

Haughtily proud of his treasure trove he guards his legacy vigilantly as it lies scattered all over the narrow 'Dallan', in nooks, crannies, in straw baskets, in locked wooden trunks



no coaxing to display the finished pieces. Bedspreads, sheets, tablecloths, a melee of colour and an extravaganza of design. As quickly as he spreads his art pieces, he rattles off the names, Persian one, Persian

two, Masjid Wazir Khan, the palm tree, peacock palm, dancing parrots, the elephant tram, six peacocks! Each time Young Son wants to put in a word he is silenced by an arrogant gesture.

Somewhat embarrassed by this air of rivalry, one puts forth a general question. Father and son vie with one another for an answer. More often than not the precise answers of the youngster get bogged down by the authentic authoritative retort of the elder. Age is reverent but it proscribes. Youth is fallable but it encourages and gives hope to dreams. This then is what remains of the legacy of Jhando and son, that master craftsman who three quarters of a century ago exported hand painted and printed cottons and silks and velvets to agencies in London and New York. Punjab Calico works was international nomenclature in those days and old Iqbal Mirza, grandson of that towering genius of the block-print world, is proud of the family name which once enjoyed international repute. He remembers the time when in the primitive factory inside Mochi Darwaza, five hundred labourers bent double the day long, carving blocks, preparing dyes, block-printing fabric and hand-painting intricate floral patterns. "Today I work single-handed because that factory, its show-room, everything perished in the flames of partition. I employ no labour, because no one comes up to my standard. I cannot enlarge my business because I do not have the capital. But I still hold the key to that legacy in my fingers."

Indeed, today Iqbal Mirza with his skill of colour and stroke-work, epitomises an art technique which grand father Jhando had carried to the pinnacle of perfection. That of course had been an age of plenty and publicity, whereas today Iqbal Mirza, jealous protege of an ancient heritage, fights a lone vocal battle against the vicissitudes of time and tide and the arrogance of unfair social values. He gives vent against a nouveau rich society that fails to recognize the effort of the artisans hands. He clamours in the dark, for attention to an art form, about which the west is raving mad, but which fails to arouse the sympathy of local business.

Jhando, the legendary grandfather, was of course a figure of epic stature, so to say. He it was who as a teacher

CONTINUED PAGE 128

WORK OPTIONS



Simi Kamal

ly alien in our country either. Simi Kamal, a Masters from Cambridge and mother of two, pursues her career in research, writing and community development from her office at home working 8-9 hours a day. Having recently finished a report on the status and performance of a Karachi based NGO called 'Basti', she is presently involved in compiling a hand book on a project development to help grass root level NGO's to prepare project proposals for family planning. Following this she will be planning an inventory of government departments and NGO's involved in womens development programmes in the province of Sind. A job which she has to com-

**To many women
an opportunity to combine
a real career with family life
is the stuff dreams are made
of**

plete in six months. To many women this kind of an opportunity to combine a real career with family life is the stuff dreams are made of

sent by her school for a 6 weeks intensive programme in computers conducted by the Advisory Unit for Computer Based Education AUCBE (from the U.K.) organised by the BCCI. Still pursuing her teaching career, her school has adjusted her teaching hours so as to enable her to further the cause of computer education in Pakistan.

National administrator and Chairperson of the Pakistan Association for Computer Education in Schools (PACES) she co-ordinates all branch activities countrywide and is responsible for training teachers in computer education, apart from advising schools who want to introduce computer education in their institutions. What began as a part time interest for her has today, become a commitment.

These are but a few fields in which our women have entered and excelled. With the spread of urbanisation, education and positive feminism. . . . work attitudes are being revolutionized, inviting women to pursue their self chosen career, by their widening horizons, enabling them not only to contribute to the economy of the nation but to be emotionally and mentally self satisfied as contributing members of society.

Computers came into Naseema Kapadia's life quite by chance and have now become the focal point of her career. A convent teacher, she was



Naseema Kapadia

PROFILE

It was like sitting on a roller coaster for the first time." Now seated more comfortably in her Pindi drawing room, Kanwal Nasir recalls her very first day on Pakistan television. It was November 26, 1964, the day TV first came to Pakistan.

"The first announcement that was made on camera was by me." Kanwal Nasir was placed in a glass cubicle, in the "studio" which was actually part of one larger room on the premises of Lahore's radio station. The room was divided into partitions for a make-up room, production and newsroom, control room, and studio. "I had never seen a camera before. And they said when the light comes on don't look at the light look at the lens. Nisar Mirza, who is head of the camera facilities now, was the cameraman."

The first day of PTV was a hectic event. At the last minute Fazal Kamal, the producer of the opening telecast, realized that they didn't have an on-camera announcer. Only Tariq Aziz had been called from radio to cover the grand opening and its VIP



KANWAL NASIR

going to make the closing announcement, because I had to go home early. There was just one car, Aslam's -- and he would have to fetch all of us -- Tariq, myself, and most of the producers. And at nine o'clock we used to go back en bloc in the same car. I used to be dropped off first."

Kanwal has remained associated with PTV throughout its growth from a small family into a nation-wide network. She acted in the first dramas in the 60s, partly because it was even harder in those days to find many girls from good families to appear on TV. Her marriage to Col. Vaqar brought years of shifting back and forth between Lahore and Islamabad on army postings.

She was soon joined by other announcers on television, but never gave it up completely. From 1975-78 she was a permanent announcer from Pindi, and for a year and a half hosted Mehfil-e-Shab, the music programme from Lahore. Fans of Apni Baat will remember when she used to appear along with Salma Beg. A few years ago Kanwal appeared in the

With PTV From

guests by speaking off-camera. At that time Mohini Hamid was at the peak of her distinguished career as a radio actress and announcer. Her daughter Kanwal had also participated in radio dramas (usually in the roles of boys, because of her deep voice!). So on the day of PTV's opening, Kanwal recalls, "Fazal Kamal sent a chit to my mother saying if she would send me for the opening then they would make arrangements for later on."

"I was the only girl on television, just 17, in my first year of (Kinnaird) college, and I'd never even seen a video or television before that. I had only heard about television."

Most of the Pakistanis at the first television station had to learn their skills on the spot. The studio was launched as a pilot project by Nippon Electric and thirty Japanese were sent to Lahore to set the project on its trial run. Only a few of the producers were Pakistani and the young men who eventually became PTV directors (Mohammed Zubair and Nisar, for example), were fresh out of engi-

DAY ONE

AYESHA KHAN

neering college.

Kanwal Nasir spoke fondly of her early days at PTV. The enthusiastic and dedicated young team was not yet working for a government-controlled television. Everyone was thrilled with the opening. Hundreds of VIP guests came to the station for the ceremony. Crowds of people gathered around the 300 television sets distributed throughout Lahore by NEC. Mohammed Tufail Niazi sang the very first song.

Transmission became a daily event, from six to nine each evening. "Nine o'clock used to seem like midnight. We always used to fight about who is

drama Silsila; and now she is the presenter of the Punjabi programme Sanjhan.

Kanwal Nasir's facility with Urdu, Punjabi and English has given her many career opportunities. Despite occasional breaks from television, she has never left announcing on radio. Two years ago she founded the first English language programme which is broadcast throughout Pakistan every evening from six to seven. For the first year she managed "Pakistan Calling" all by herself, but now she presents this cultural and informative program just two days a week.

Actually her radio commitments had begun to interfere with yet another undertaking. Kanwal was manager of public relations, Pearl Continental Pindi, for a year. This job remained related to show business, and Kanwal made use of her experience to organize cultural events for the hotel. Unknown to most of us within Pakistan, there do exist government-sponsored cultural troupes which

CONTINUED PAGE 116

JUNE

ERUM _ the new T.V belle



She began acting for TV a very long time ago. "I was just a little girl when I took part in Jamil Bismil's "Children's Theatre". We staged plays at the Goethe institute and acting was fun" Jamil brought her with him to the TV studios in Lahore and introduced her to the producers. She was cast in a child role and then over the years, she moved to bigger roles as she grew up. The TV cameras never bothered her at all neither did the lights or the make-up. She herself would break off from TV after a serial and then come back after a few months. "I want to enjoy what I'm doing and if I do it too often, it's not fun any more". Erum has done mostly roles that are just herself and hasn't found any of them very exciting or challenging. She was also cast in a Punjabi serial and the viewers found her very suitable. A long black plait, big, almond shaped eyes, a sweet demure smile and a simple face, all the digestible ingredients for the Punjabi belle!! "I've never seen a village or a village girl. All my rural exposure is watching Anjuman on the screen! I know people

say, that's not the real Punjab but that's what we see, so I copy that". Erum describes herself as a quiet person, who doesn't like going out too much, has just one good girl friend and likes to help her mother at home. "I had no problems from my home front about coming on TV but sometimes my elder brother discourages me. I suppose people talk to him and he gets annoyed. But so far he hasn't forbidden me". Her mother accompanies her during late recordings but otherwise "I'm quite at home here". Erum finds her new public image frustrating when people pass "stupid remarks" just to get her attention. For her appearing on TV is "nothing spectacular" and "the money I get for acting, barely covers my transport expenses"!! She'd like to act as a blind girl in a play. "I've seen a blind girl and would like to portray her but she was very beautiful, that's something I can't be"!! And off she went for her recording of "Qissa Kahani". Are you sure a village girl would wear so many bangles and rings? I asked her. Erum laughed and replied "Anjuman does in every movie"!!

TALK

P.T.V.

The daily morning transmission is certainly here to stay. When this experiment began in January this year, a lot of voices voted against it and the same amount for it but it has been decided to continue it. New staff is being recruited to man the extra production load. New pro-

gramme ideas are being discussed and more productions planned. Further expansion plans of PTV include allocation of funds for a second channel For years now, the

Believe it

Sometimes one hears stories about PTV which should really make it in the Guinness Book of Records or Alfred Hitchcock's Believe it or not series. Here are a few examples:--

There was once a producer of PTV who was awaiting a move-over into the next pay scale. He was told that his previous confidential reports were not upto the mark, so his case could not be considered for extra facilities. The poor man decided to work on the same pay. A few weeks later the same guy was nominated and won a PTV Award for his production. Based on this he put forwards an application saying "if I can get an award, I can get a promotion!" A few weeks later, the guy had been promoted and given the extra facilities. What happened to his previous "not upto mark" confidential reports is a mystery!!

Another story is more pathetic. A young fellow currently employed at PTV woke up on April 10th in Satellite Town, Rawalpindi and all hell had broken loose. He saw bombs and missiles whizzing past his head and his house. Totally dazed he grabbed his two small children, shouted at his wife to follow him and began running barefoot on Murree Road in search of shelter. It took the family three hours to reach the C.M. Hospital where they collapsed with exhaustion and terror. They crawled home in the evening to find their windows broken, walls collapsed and total chaos. But as he bravely put it, "we were alive and safe" The next day he went to the office and explained his absence regarding the previous day and was in tears describing his plight. His immediate boss looked up and said, "you were absent from duty. I'm sending you a letter of explanation! We were

second channel "bogy" is brought up every now and then. It's talked about in the new Education Policy. It's referred to in the new development budget. It's discussed in every fifth year plan but nothing has been finalised to date. Once again discussions are being held regarding beginning a second chan-

PLANS

nel. Will it be purely educational or the usual hotch potch has yet to be clarified. New boosters are being lined up to cover the whole country. Country-wide electrification plans

with WAPDA are being discussed so that the TV signal can reach every house hold. It's usually around this time, as the budget looms up that these "bogies" are brought out of closets with the idea probably that new taxes will not bite so much if the people feel that they are getting something in return. But let's face it, we may get an all day TV, a second channel for education, but surely what actually is transmitted is the actual issue at state. What are we seeing is what should matter, not how many hours. Somewhere the main problem always gets covered up by a lot of fancy wrapping paper.

or not

having a national emergency and you take a day off!! "He made it sound like I had gone off on a picnic!" said the young man, totally aghast.

Somebody asked a PTV programmer, why weren't the programmes improving. The man replied, "our technical facilities are not upto the mark". The questioner was puzzled, "but the technical facilities at PTV match any other in the world, how can you say that?" "I wasn't talking about the machines, those are fine. It's the mind that runs the machine that is below standard now. Our machines have improved. Our machine operators have deteriorated. Those are the technical facilities, I mean!" he remarked.

There was once a producer who decided to take some time off from the job because he had transferred to another city. Go on leave, some one said, it's a useful ploy to throw off the official procedures. So, the guy disappeared for a whole year. About six months later, a replacement for this gentleman was requested "but where is he?" Came the query for Headquarters. "We don't know. He was transferred. Asked that centre where he was supposed to go. The search was on the guy couldn't be traced. After a year, finally when a charge sheet was issued the person in question turned up and filed a reply. An enquiry ensued that took another year. The results were "Don't do it again and we will not pay you for the 12 months, that you were absconding, you naughty boy! "

POST SCRIPT:

- During his absence, the producer was promoted and confirmed in his new post. Believe it or not



And the winner is !

And the winner is!!

The recently held PTV Drama Festival may have happened some time ago but the awards ceremony has yet to happen. It was scheduled for April 12th but the Ojhri - Camp disaster put a stop to all festivities and ceremonies.

Now the final decisions have been made and the winners are:--

- BEST PRODUCER - **Shahzad Khalil**
PTV - Karachi
'SAVERA'
- BEST ACTOR - **Abdul Qadir**
PTV-Quetta
'ADAM ZADAY'
- BEST ACTRESS - **Catherine M. Ahmad**
PTV - Islamabad
'AATHWAN SAMANDAR'
- BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR - **Noor M. Lashari**
PTV-Karachi
'SAVERA'
- BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS - **Durdana Butt**
PTV-Karachi
'SAVERA'
- BEST SCRIPT WRITER - **Shoab Mansoor**
PTV-Islamabad
'AATHWAN SAMANDAR'
- BEST SET DESIGNER - **Shahbaz Chaudhary**
PTV-Karachi
'SAVERA'
- BEST MAKE-UP - **Kamal-ud-Din Ahmad**
PTV-Karachi
'SAVERA'
- BEST TECHNICAL EFFECTS - PTV-Quetta
- BEST CAMERA WORK - PTV-Karachi

So six out of ten awards have been bagged by Shahid Kazmi's script about a Makrani Boxer who turns to drugs, a theme very close to the hearts of the Pakistani Youth today.

WELL DONE KARACHI

WHOSE LAW IS IT ANYWAY ?

PART TWO

How the law applies, or rather doesn't apply, to our women is the burning question in the country today. Part one of our special report in last month's issue dealt with personal laws. This month Cassandra Balchin has focussed in depth on the legal and social status of women

"I cannot believe that there can be a divine sanction for such evil practices as are prevailing. . . How can there be such a divine sanction for this cruel, horrible, inhuman practice that is prevailing in India? . . . You must remember that public opinion is not so fully developed in this country, and if we are going to allow ourselves to be influenced by the public opinion that can be created in the name of religion when we know that religion has nothing whatever to do with the matter, I think we must have courage to say, 'No, we are not going to be frightened by that'".
 -- extract from a speech by Quaid-e-Azam, Mohammad Ali Jinnah before Independence.

Continuing its analysis of women and the law in Pakistan, 'SHE' this month presents part-II of its report, focussing on laws and legal issues other than family matters (covered in part-I). This includes the more recent body of legislation which the vast majority of women activists and many lawyers view as a direct attack on the legal and social status of women. Exclusive to 'SHE', the report highlights a very recent judgement which may set a precedent for a more liberal interpretation of the by now infamous Hudood Ordinance's section on Zina. Attempts to enforce rigid interpretations of Shariat in the matter of evidence under the proposed Qisas and Diyat laws, and more recently attempts to bring all laws in the country under Federal Shariat Court inspection via the proposed Ninth Amendment are also dis-

cussed. And finally, since 'SHE's main concern is that its female readers should be aware of their rights, common civil and criminal cases involving women's property and inheritance rights along with their involvement in murder have been included in the report.

Lawyers Asma Jehangir, Syed Ali Zafar, Sh. Najam-ul-Hassan and Sh. Pervaiz Akhtar were interviewed for their opinions and recommendations regarding women and the law, with additional material being provided by the offices of the Pakistan Women Lawyers Association in Lahore and Karachi. A number of real life cases have been included, illustrating the report; the names of those involved, however, have been changed where necessary.

The practice of 'benamée' (property belonging to someone in name only) has also caused women immense suffering. Many cases have gone to court where a person has claimed that a piece of property belonged to a woman in name only and that she was not the actual possessor of the land. The law tends to regard the person who uses, occupies or benefits from a piece of property as the true owner. Since women are less likely to be active commercially or involved in the management of land, the practice of 'benamée' is frequently used as an excuse for denying them their ownership of property. President of the Pakistan Women Lawyers Association Begum Rashida Patel once commented "the law of benamée is especially discriminatory against women and needs to be abolished completely if women's rights in immovable property are to be secured". Women who are gifted property either as a tax dodge or as a true gift, therefore have to make sure they have watertight documentation if they want to make sure nobody can take this property away. Generally in money matters, women's lower public profile makes them vulnerable to fraud, often by their nearest and dearest. Husbands have been known to set up entire false bank accounts in their wives' names to process forged cheques. When the scam is uncovered, the wives then face charges of fraud and embezzlement. These men work on the assumption that it is not regarded as odd for a man to sign a document in place of his supposedly purdah observing wife.

Although upper class women can use their wealth and influence to reduce the legal discrimination they face as the so-called 'weaker sex', women of all classes in Pakistan are denied justice both by the law itself and by the social customs which influence those who implement the law. As the more disadvantaged section of each layer of society, women at all levels find themselves worse off than their male counterparts. The lower one goes down the social ladder, the more crippling becomes this discrimination. This is particularly true for working women. Apart from top government service -- where women still face promotion difficulties -- there are absolutely no legal guarantees protecting women's rights to maternity leave, equal pay for equal work, or to appointment on merit. In education too, the courts have refused to definitively solve the very real problem that girls with high merit are being turned away from colleges while boys with lower marks are given admission.

Established in 1980 as the fundamentalist attack gained strength, the Pakistan Women Lawyers Association -- with the assistance of sympathetic male colleagues -- has done much to combat women's legal inequality. Working on two lines, it has quietly helped hundreds of individual women to secure their rights through its legal aid centres, and has also taken up highly publicised petitions challenging attempts to discriminate against women generally. The organisation equally works on a theoretical front, making many useful suggestions for reform of the law. As realists, bent on bringing women relief as soon as possible, the PWLA's recommendations include many changes which could -- and should be made today. Inaugurating the PWLA Karachi legal aid centre two years ago, Begum Rashida Patel listed the following changes :-

* Double the number of judges/judicial officers at every level (to speed up justice and allow judges more time for each case);

* The work of the Family Courts judges must be assigned to 1st Class Civil Judges and any delay in a case of more than one year must be justified before the Chief Justice of the province's High Court (again for speed, and to ensure that Family matters are taken seriously);

* Empower Family Courts to pass interim orders for maintenance of wife and children (to prevent them from starving while the case drags on);

* Women government servants, especially women judges, must only be posted where it is possible for them to work and no pregnant woman or one with children under ten years old should be posted away from home (to boost the number of top women officials by ending one of the main reasons they give up their career);

* All laws discriminatory against women must be amended and the discrimination removed; the United Nations Convention on the Elimination of Discrimination against Women must be signed and implemented.

Meanwhile at the end of the International Women Lawyers Conference held in Lahore in 1985, a declaration was issued demanding "an international commission on personal Islamic laws to recommend a uniform and universal code of personal laws under Islam, with equal representation of women and embodying international norms and standards of justice, peace and equality". In the longer term Asma Jehangir insists "eventual equality will only come if there are more women with decision-making powers -- hundreds of them". This should be a strong call to educated women to use their power for the benefit of all. Although Asma agrees that on the whole women lawyers face a lack of professional respect, she is not blind to some of the 'advantages' of being a woman. Most male lawyers and judges assume that a female lawyer will not be able to contribute "two words" in court, "so when they hear two sentences, it really speaks", she adds with a broad grin.

Within legal circles in Pakistan, there has long been a debate about how far laws can be used as instruments of social change. In 1961, as discussed in Part-I of this report on women and the law, the Muslim Family Laws Ordinance was passed in an attempt to discourage polygamy, regularise divorce and prevent child marriages. But virtually every woman in Pakistan continues to suffer from domestic insecurity and oppression within the family, while in recent years the incidence of polygamy has actually risen and child marriages continue unabated. Meanwhile, Article 25 of the country's Constitution guarantees equality of citizens before the law and equal protection on the basis of sex alone. As Part-II of this report has shown, women face discrimination both in the letter of the law and in its application. Noted intellectual Jaz Hussain Batalvi analysed the situation thus: "Laws do not enforce themselves. . . Laws may reflect values but they do not create values". For women's status to be improved, thorough social change is vital -- since the law, its creators and its implementors are only as developed as the society itself. Law reforms will largely be operating in a vacuum until women receive equal education and employment opportunities and equal working conditions, until the entire legal system is overhauled. In essence, until fundamental and human rights are fully enforced, legal equality for women -- just like any other underprivileged section of society -- is going to be a distant dream.

A murky stream of water, covered with soapy foam was slowly flowing in the narrow drain. He had just bathed and come out of the dark bathroom. Drying his hair vigorously with a towel, he pulled up an easy chair and stretching his legs, sat down in the open courtyard to warm himself in the sun. His limbs had almost stiffened in the intense cold.

While rubbing his hair with the towel, he casually glanced towards the drain and stared; his eyes were drawn to the creeping stream of water under the restless, wavering, soapy foam. In that dirty, mud-filled drain, the movement of water was very slow; just then suddenly like a flash, it all came back to him vividly -- that incident which had made such a horrible impact on him. After going through that terrible experience, for days he had remained dazed with the shock of what he had seen, of what had happened that day, as if he was incapable of thinking about anything else except that particular incident.

Then time began to heal. Slowly those painful feelings got less intense, the horrid images of the past became blurred and eventually he forgot everything. But today all of a sudden the creeping water in the narrow dirty drain, engulfed in large trembling bubbles of soapy foam, brought back images of that incident vividly. He felt as if that image was not really dead. He felt as though there was going to be a relapse of the condition which had once paralysed him with pain and anguish. During the past few months, he had helplessly witnessed many horrible scenes which would melt even stones. But none had affected him as much as what he had seen that cursed day.

For days the city had been in the grip of communal riots. All its hustle and bustle had been swallowed by death. Hiding its face and concealing itself in nooks and corners, life was sobbing and quivering with mortal fear. Desolation conveyed that these surroundings would never be inhabited again and the demon of death would whisper menacingly that no one would escape from its claws. But the pitiful hearts of the kind-hearted members of the Relief Committee were of the opinion that life was not so cheap and they would not allow human beings to be trapped helplessly

like insects in the claws of death. Whenever they could, they would look for and save those frightened men, women and children and shift them to the safety of refugee camps.

That day, from early morning he had been combing every inch of the worst affected areas of the city in a truck and had shifted fifty riot-stricken people to camps. Tired and listless after a hard day's work, he had left the truck at the police station and was walking towards his house. It was about five in the evening. The sun was low on the horizon and the shadows around him were lengthening slowly. Longing to rest at home he was walking swiftly when all of a sudden he stopped; by the side of the road there was a small crowd of about a dozen men. They were looking closely at something; they all looked excited and he went forward out of curiosity to see what was happening.

They were standing in front of a tall building. Its main door was closed with a heavy lock and it seemed as if they were exploring the possibility of breaking it open.

"Three days back we killed all the inmates without any exception. Not even a child was spared. But God knows how this one escaped." A dreadful looking, hefty man with blood shot eyes said brandishing his large knife.

"Why shouldn't we break the lock?"

TAKE ME WITH YOU

Another one suggested fiercely while trying to disentangle his leg from the *kamar-band*, which was hanging awkwardly. His voice was menacing.

"But the building is locked from outside. The whole building was ransacked thoroughly. So who could possibly be inside?" He tried to explain to them.

"If there isn't any one inside, then what about this stream of water and the soap bubbles in the drain? Is it some sort of hocus pocus or magic?"

For days the city had been in the grip of communal riots. All its hustle and bustle had been swallowed by death, life was quivering with mortal fear

The third fellow with his bulging, blood shot eyes pointed at the water in the drain. The drain was broad and very dirty. Water mixed with soap was making its way through the mud slowly.

"It looks as though some one is having a peaceful bath." The fourth one declared scathingly in a high-pitched voice cleaning his large knife on his shirt.

Their ferocious looks and the venom in their tone made him think fast.

Panic-stricken he tried to think of what he should do next. He had already left police men far behind with the truck at the police station. There was no possibility of getting any help from them. Just then several loud, reverberating voices went up into the air.

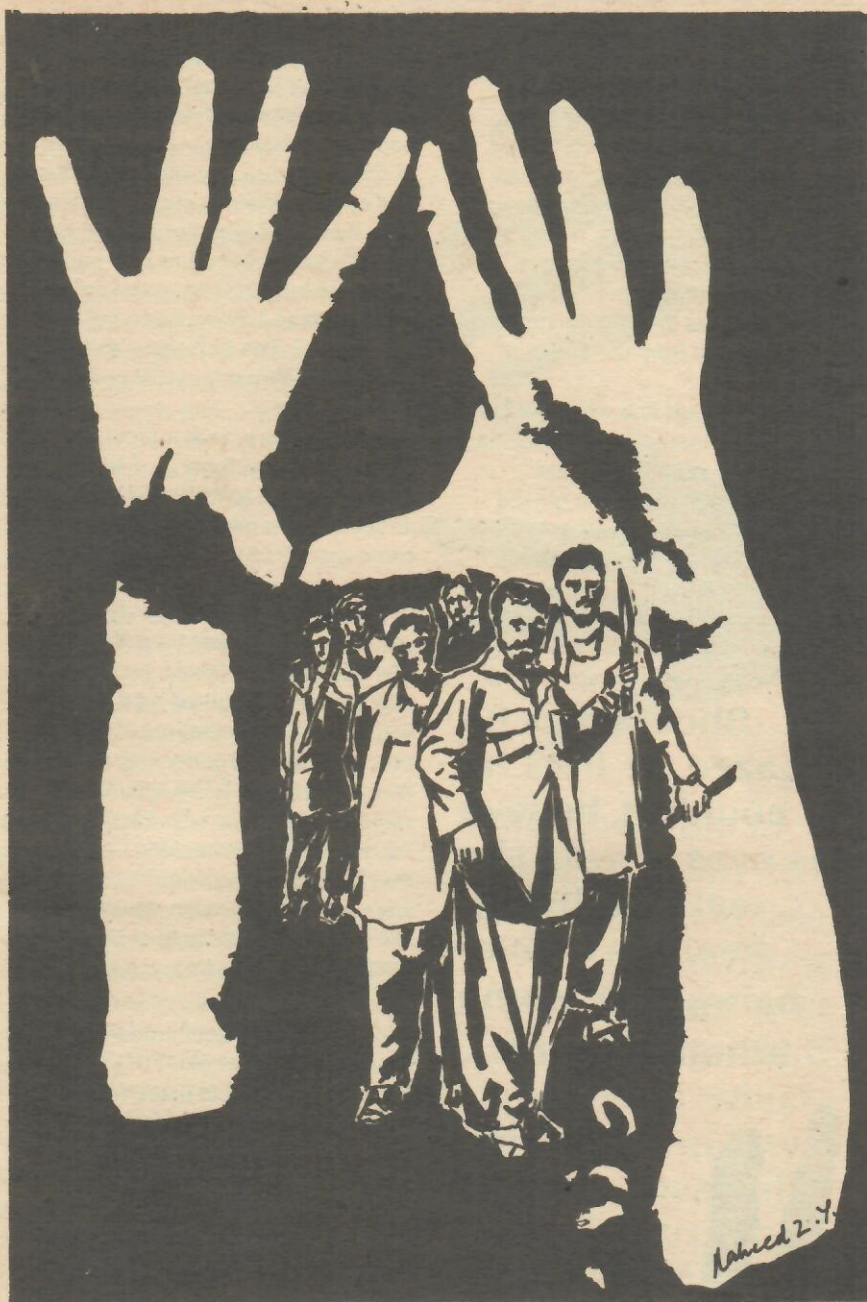
"Break the lock *Ji* . . ."

"But, please listen to me. . . human kindness and compassion demand.

. . ." He blurted out desperately. He tried to quench, in vain, their blood thirstiness and the raging fire of vendetta in their hearts by appealing to their better sense. But before he could complete his sentence there was another uproar.

"When our mothers and sisters and brothers were mercilessly slaughtered, where was your human kindness? And where were you?" Some one shouted angrily.

"Must have been sleeping with his hu-



panic in his heart he followed them swiftly. The moment he set his foot in the deserted building, he felt as if his soul was weeping and writhing in pain and despair. His mind began to work fast. He knew there was definitely someone here who had somehow escaped death by hiding somewhere. That person had to be saved but how? At that moment, like a flash, an idea came to him. . . . a blurred plan which could succeed.

Suddenly he stopped and said loud enough for them to listen to him. "Don't rush forward blindly so fast . . . it's possible that he could be armed . . . perhaps with a gun . . . let me go first. All of you can follow carefully after me."

It was a shot in the dark . . . but the trick worked and they stopped dead and waited for him to lead them on. He was dead tired and depressed, but whoever was in the building had to be saved. So with aching limbs he began climbing the stairs slowly with heavy feet. But the moment he saw them following him with the eagerness and guile of a tiger stalking its prey, he lost all feelings of fatigue and lifelessness. His speed increased and within minutes he left them far behind. All the time his mind was constantly thinking When this building was attacked and these brutes had thoroughly ransacked it killing everyone and leaving no human soul, even then, somehow in that carnage, the one who was hiding now, had managed to survive. If somehow he could spot him, he would quickly make some sign and ask him to hide immediately. Somehow he would try to convey that the angel of

MY BELOVED

KHADIJA MASTUR

man kindness . . ." that horrid faced man, with blood shot eyes scoffed and a loud burst of hideous laughter followed. There was a devilish excitement in their behaviour.

"But please listen to me. . ." Once again he began pleading. But the next moment seeing the frightening expression on their grotesque faces he stopped abruptly.

"Why the hell are you stopping us from breaking the lock?" Someone asked rudely. They all looked at him

contemptuously as if they had suddenly discovered that he was not one of them.

"I'm not stopping you. Go on. Break the lock." He replied helplessly. He knew that no one would listen to him and if he opposed them any more, they would pounce on him and tear him to pieces.

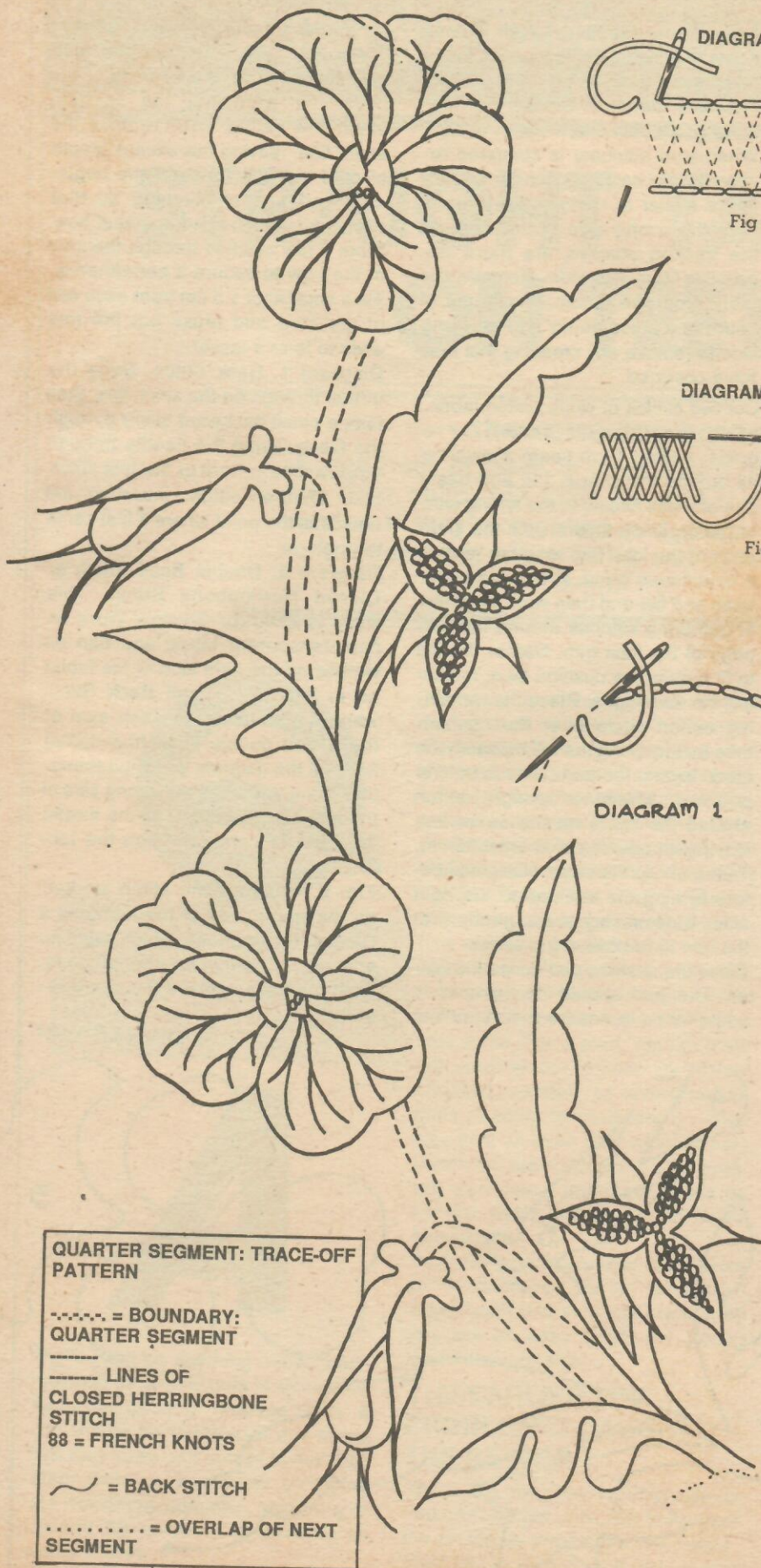
Within minutes the lock was broken and removed from the cross rod which held the door. Gleefully they all rushed into the building. With rising

death was after him. . . only a few steps behind and like before he should rush and hide himself in his sanctuary once again.

First floor . . second . . . third. Every nook and corner of all the floors were searched very carefully and there was no sign of any one there. Always he would be the first to enter the floors, the rooms, the verandahs, kitchens, bathrooms. All in vain. There was nothing there but desolation and stillness and he felt as if



IN SHADOWS



QUARTER SEGMENT: TRACE-OFF PATTERN

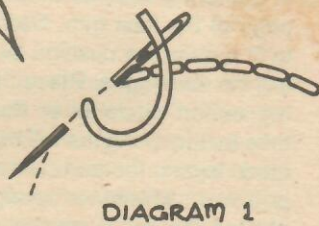
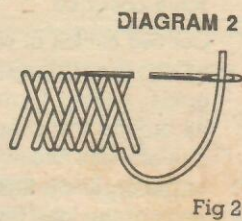
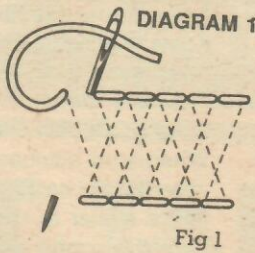
----- = BOUNDARY: QUARTER SEGMENT

----- LINES OF CLOSED HERRINGBONE STITCH

88 = FRENCH KNOTS

~ = BACK STITCH

..... = OVERLAP OF NEXT SEGMENT



Materials Required

Anchor Pearl Cotton: 2 balls each Violet 96 and Emerald 227; 1 ball each Oak Brown 355 and Cinnamon 368

15 cm x 10 cm yellow cotton lawn

20 cm x 10 cm lilac cotton lawn

15 cm x 10 cm white cotton lawn

30 cm x 30 cm bright green cotton lawn

60 cm white cotton organdie, 115 cm wide

3.50 m white lace edging, 6.5 cm wide

50 cm white cotton fabric 115 cm wide

1.80 m matching yellow cord.

Coats (polyester) thread to match

Cushion pad approximately 45 cm in diameter.

50 cm x 50 cm piece tracing paper

Adhesive tape

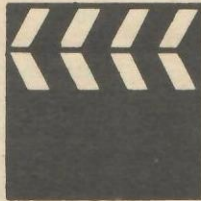
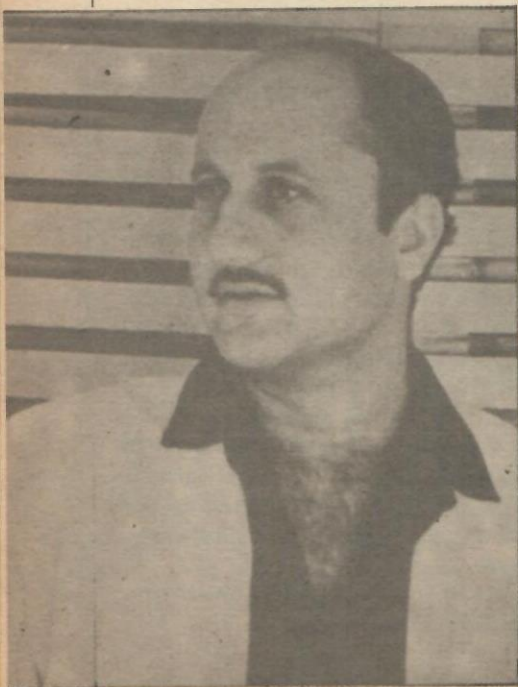
The method of transferring the pattern shapes of the leaves and petals onto the fabric is a very quick and accurate one. Simply place the appropriate coloured cotton lawn over the shape to be transferred and with a coloured crayon which is slightly darker trace the shape on to the fabric. This method is ideal for fabric such as lawn as it is semi-transparent so that you can see the design lines through it. Do not use biro or lead pencil as these will leave an unsightly mark which will spoil your embroidery.

Use the yellow lawn for Pattern Piece 1; white lawn for Pattern Piece 2; Lilac lawn for Pattern Pieces 3 and 4; and bright green lawn for Pattern Pieces 5 and 6. When the shapes have been transferred onto the fabrics then very carefully and accurately cut out each shape using a pair of small sharp-pointed scissors. When cutting out Pattern Piece 6 you will find it easier to cut out the small "gap" before cutting around the outline of the leaves. Fold the sheet of tracing paper in half and then in half again to give four equal parts. Using this as a guide trace off the quarter section of the design four times to give the complete circular pattern. To prevent smudging which would occur with lead pencil use an ink pen or fine-tipped felt pen to transfer your design on to tracing paper. Cut the organdie



SHE's

HIT



Family Favourites

FILMS

English

- 1. The Last Emperor:** (*Peter O Toole, John Lone, John Cehn*). Life story of the last Chinese Emperor. Winner of 9 Oscars.
- 2. Some One To Watch Over Me:** (*Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers*). A movie, with lots of suspense.
- 3. Inherit The Wind:** (*Kirk Douglas, Jason Robards*). A thriller, with lots of court room drama.
- 4. Nuts:** (*Richard Dreyfuss, Babar Striesand*). Spellbinding. Terrific story of a woman who tries to prove her sanity.
- 5. The Couch Trip:** (*Dan Akyroyd, Walter Matthau*). An epic comedy, which brings the great Ackroyd of "Saturday Night Live" back.
- 6. House On Carrol Street:** (*Kelly Macgillis, Jeff Daniels*). Romantic thriller with lots of suspense
- 7. For Keeps:** (*Molly Ringwald, Burt Reynolds*). Story of a girl who's going to have a child, so they are going to have a wedding.
- 8. Winter Kills:** (*John Huston, Jeff Bridges, Eli Wallach*). A thriller in which powers are protected by violence and ruled by corruption.
- 9. Amazon Women on The Moon:** (*Steve Guttenberg, Rossana Arquette, Carrie Fisher*). Outrageous comedy shots, witty and funny.
- 10. Broken Angel:** (*William Shatner, Susan Blakely*). Story of the best student in the class and a member of the worst gang in the city.

Indian

- 1. Kabza:** (*Sanjay Dutt, Amarta Singh*) Story of two brothers, a good family drama.
- 2. Waaris:** (*Samita Patel, Raj Babbar*). A movie with a good story and very superb acting by all the characters.
- 3. Ram Avtar:** (*Sunny Deol, Anil Kapoor, Sri Devi*). Story of two friends, who are ready to sacrifice their love for their friendship.
- 4. Qayamat Se Qayamat Tak:** (*Aamir, Johi Chawala*). Love story of a young couple whose families are rivals of each other. Good songs and well acted.
- 5. Sherni:** (*Sri Devi, Shatrughan Sinha*). A movie full of action, nothing worth applauding.
- 6. Susman:** (*Shabana Azmi, Om Puri*). A must for people, who like to watch a good art movie.
- 7. Pushpak:** (*Kamal Hassan, Amala*). A very well made silent movie. Story of a jobless man who tries to earn his living the right way.
- 8. Zalzala:** (*Dharmendra, Shatrughan Sinha, Anita Raj*). A copy of an English movie, "Meckana's Gold," lots of action dances and thrills.
- 9. Anjuman:** (*Farooq Shiekh, Shabana Azmi*). A story of women liberation. Dedicated to Faiz Ahmed Faiz.
- 10. Mohre:** (*Anupam Kher*). Well acted movie with a good plot.

Courtesy:
 Star Video Library
 Clifton Shopping Arcade and
 Khayabane Shamsheer Ph. V
 Ph. No. 531178

PARADE



Top of
the Month

CASSETTES

English

TOP SINGLES

1. Heart ----- *Pet Shop Boys.*
2. Temptations ----- *Wet Wet Wet.*
3. Love change everything -----
- *Climmie Fisher.*
4. Prove your love ----- *Teaylor Dayne.*
5. Don't turn around ----- *Aswad.*

TOP ALBUMS

1. More dirty dancing -----
Sound track.
2. Micheal Bolton ----- *The hunger.*
3. Climmie Fisher ----- *Everything.*
4. Talking Heads ----- *Naked.*
5. Various ----- *Now thats what I call music II.*

Courtesy: Prism Audio Shop, DC,
1, Block 8, Jamallstan Clifton,
Karachi.

Urdu

1. Sajid Ali 'In Gold'
2. Qayamat se Qayamat Tak
3. Abida Khanum 'Disco Cabana'
4. Sunheray Geet 'Chalo Dildar Chab'
5. Ayaz Khan Show
6. Noorjehan 'Beetein Yadien'
7. Choroon ka Badshah
8. Khatroon ke Kilhari
Muhabat ke Dushman
9. Queen '88 vol. 12
10. Hamara Khandan

Courtesy:

Pasha Music Corporation (Pvt.)
Ltd., P.M.C. Centre, Main Tariq
Road.



Bestsellers

BOOKS

1. *Rage* -- by *Wilbur Smith (Rs. 85)*
Set in South Africa it is a riveting tale of a torn country, a divided people, a remarkable clan.
2. *Zero* -- by *Eric Van Lustbader (Rs. 63)* Another complex blockbuster from the author of the *Ninja*
3. *Kaleidoscope* -- by *Danielle Steel (Rs. 85)* Interesting tale of three sisters bonded by blood separated by fate.
4. *Winter* -- by *Len Deighton (Rs. 85)* A superb novel of one family and its dramatic part in the rise and fall of Nazi Germany.
5. *The Palace* -- by *Paul Erdman (Rs. 85)* Masterly novel of financial skulduggery on the big game circuits.
6. *Savages* -- by *Shirley Conran (Rs. 85)* A sensual, erotic, exciting South Pacific adventure from the bestselling author of *Lace*.
7. *Vell* -- by *Bob Woodward (Rs. 170)*
The secret wars of the CIA 1981-1987. Available in hard cover at a super special price.
8. *Washington Wives* -- by *Mau-reen Dean (Rs. 91)* Wife of John Dean has written this explosive new novel of top level intrigue at its steamiest.
9. *Spy Catcher* -- by *Peter Wright (Rs. 83)* A revealing look at MI5 Britain's secret service.
10. *Patriot Games* -- by *Tom Clancy (Rs. 93)* Another suspenseful novel by the author of *Red Storm Rising*.

Courtesy:

Agha's Supermarket
1, Uzma Court Kehkashan,
Clifton, Ph: 531321

DAWN BREAD

--irresistibly good.

KARACHI ISLAMABAD
HYDERABAD LAHORE



Good
Food Guide

EATING OUT

- Pepper Chicken* ----- *Jade Garden, Clifton.*
Walnut Tarts ----- *Salt 'n' Pepper, Liberty, Lahore.*
Chicken Pizza ----- *Flury's, Clifton.*
Nihari ----- *Maria Snacks, Khayabane Jami, Clifton.*
Afghani Pulao ----- *Kababist, Clifton.*
Mango Ice-Cream ----- *Hino Ice Cream Spot, Delawala Centre, Clifton.*
Chicken Tikka ----- *Rondevouz, Gulberg, Lahore.*
Cille's Cheese Cake ----- *Cliff Cool, Clifton.*
Thali ----- *Roof Top Garden, Off Tariq Road.*
Club Sandwiches ----- *Mujib's, Tariq Road.*