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Inhalt

Allgemeines

Indus, was und wozu.....1

Culture

Ein Gedicht von Saqi Farooqi
„Vertrauter Geist“.....1

A Short Story by Ulrike
Vestring „Rani“.....1

Business

The Lahore CIC.....3

Verschiedenes

Portraits,
Stichwort „Schulen“.....4
„IVSAA“, Karachi

Ein Konsul in Pakistan:

Konsul Kroders.....4

Allgemeines

Ziel:

Informationen aus Pakistan für Deutsche in Pakistan,

Pakistanis in Deutschland, aus Pakistan zurückkehrende Deutsche, etc.

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 - Portrait einer Stadt oder Region

Institutionen:

(Redaktionelle Beiträge willkommen)

- GTZ /
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- Pak German Friendship Association etc.

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ehrenamtlich in Ger: Vestring, Munir, Malik, Ali etc
in Pak: Sheikh, Thode, sowie Journalisten vom Dawn, Friday Times, etc)

Culture

Saqi Farooqi

Vertrauter Geist

*Shaich Zaman Shadani
komm´
laß uns träumen
Schatten durchstreifen die Stadt
Erinnerung
Einsamkeit schluchzt laut
unsere Welt versinkt in die
Dunkelheit ...
... laß uns draußen den Mond
betrachten*

*Shaikh Zaman Shadani
komm´
laß uns träumen.
Wer waren die Menschen vor uns
wer stand am Ufer wessen Blicke
über das Wasser glitten
sich zerstreuten und zerstäubten
zerstäubten und zu Algen wurden
was ist jenseits der Algen
laß uns heute
hinter den verborgenen Strudel
sehen
Shaikh Zaman Shadani
komm´
laß uns träumen.*

Aus dem Urdu übersetzt von
Albert Schröder / Munir D. Ahmed

RANI , A LOVE STORY

by Ulrike Vestring

*Is it right to fall in love with
a child? Rani is the name of the
little girl who for days I can't
get out of my mind. I met her in
Thatta Ghulamka, a mud-hut vil-
lage three and a half hours to
the south of Lahore. What is a
person like me doing in a place
like Thatta Ghulamka?
We had left Lahore in the early
morning on account of the summer
rheat and the traffic which
later in the day becomes almost
impenetrable. We drove along one
of the canals which give the*

Allgemeines

Culture

Business

Verschiedenes

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Business

Lahore COMMUNICATIONS and INFORMATION CENTRE

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Allgemeines

Culture

Business

Verschiedenes

Verschiedenes

... Portraits,
Stichwort „Schulen“
Indus Valley School of Art
and Architecture, Karachi

The Founders:

Arshad Abdulla
Haamid N. Jaffer
Imran Mir
Inayat Ismail
Nighat Mir
Noorjehan Bilgrami
Shahid Abdulla
Shahid Sajjad
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The Symbol: This institution is a centre of learning in the field of visual arts. The history of visual language of

our heritage reflects a dynamic continuity and a rich diversity of idiom. The elements considered for the considered for the conception of an image to symbolize an identity for the Indus Valley School of Art and Architecture are based on the primary sources of Life.

WATER, a symbol of knowledge, its acquisition and dissemination.

WAVES, a cyclical motion.

TREE, a symbol of growth of vision.

Geometric patterns unify space in a rhythmic order.

Sculpted spaces symbolize the sky, environment, and limitlessness of human possibilities.

Zahoor -ul-Akhlag

The courses of instruction:

4 year programme in Fine Arts: These students have a choice of majoring in Painting, Sculpture or Print-making.

4 year programme in Design with the students having a choice of majoring in Communication Design, Textile Design or Ceramics.

5 year programme in Architecture.

... Ein Konsul in Pakistan:

Herr Schanzmann, der Vater oder einer der Väter der Idee eines Deutsch-Pakistanischen Forums und ich, der Unterzeichner, gehören sicherlich zu der Spitzengruppe jener „Deutsch-Pakistaner“, die eine Verbindung zu diesem Land von mehr als zwei Jahrzehnten aufweisen können. Er ging vor einigen Jahren, die Idee dieses Forums mitnehmend, ich blieb aber „hängen“, da meine Verwurzelung hier doch etwas tiefgreifender war.

Foren dieser Art gibt es viele. Meiner Erfahrung nach sind diese in vielen Fällen wenig mehr als gelegentliche Zusammenkünfte gewisser Gruppen zum Austausch von nostalgischen Erinnerungen an ein Land in der Dritten Welt, in dem man, meistens in jüngeren Jahren, als „wegweisende Figur aus dem entwickelten Westen“ gewisse Zeit verbracht hat. Viele lösen sich bald auf. Das Deutsch-Pakistanische Forum lebt aber noch und hat einiges vor für die Zukunft. Die bereits angelaufenen Aktivitäten bestätigen, daß es diesmal nicht nur bei einem Gedankenaustausch bleiben wird. Dieses erfreut mich, einen „Hängengebliebenen“ um so mehr, als Deutschland, wie fast kein anderes Land, bereits

in wenigen Jahren nach der Staatsgründung im Jahre 1947 es zu einem Ansehen gebracht hat, welches seinesgleichen noch sucht. Auf diesem Boden kann vieles wachsen.

Waldemar Kroders, Honorarkonsul in Lahore

Termine:

3. LIFE '96
Lahore International Festival of EduTainment
15.- 17.11. 1996

Anschriften:

Shaukat Khanum Memorial Cancer Hospital & Research Centre
Raja Salahuddin Chowdhry / Hospital Director
7-A, Block r-3, M.A. Johar Town, Phase II
Lahore - Pakistan

Deutsche Welle, Radio & TV International
445/E2 Jauhar Town
Lahore - Pakistan

Exkursionen:

März 1996
Prof. Scholz mit Studenten der FU Berlin

Bücher:

Pakistan, Nelles Jumbo-Guide
Nelles Verlag München

Women in Pakistan,
mit Beiträgen von Khanum Gauhar Aijaz, Anese Majid Khan, Ulrike Vestring
DGFK, PPP-Verlag Berlin

1995 Educational, Directory of Pakistan
Ibrahim Publishers, Lahore

Filme:

Media Impulse, Aachen
Das Rätsel der vergessenen Stadt
/ Dokumentation über Moenjodaro
im Auftrag der UNESCO

Hunza - towards new horizons
im Auftrag der Aga Khan Foundation

CD ROM:

AVI Berlin
IVSAA-Reader,
Über eine Kunstschule in Karachi
und einem Wettbewerb

InterNet:

Die Pak-Ger-Infos können Sie ab Januar 96 bis auf weiteres unter
<http://www.snafu.de/~dgfk/index.html>
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city with its million inhabitants a confusingly rural charm somewhat similar to Holland. The reality of Pakistan soon caught up with us as we turned onto the interurban road which leads from Lahore via Multan to Karachi. Rumbling over the pock-marked asphalt come ox-carts, horse and carts, tractors, trucks, busses and coaches - all a merciless strain on human, animal and material resources. Again and again the general chaos builds up to situations of extreme danger, as every driver takes at any moment extreme risks in order to gain a slight advantage over the others. Overtaking three at a time without consideration of the oncoming traffic is a common manoeuvre. The others then have no other choice but to save themselves amidst a cloud of dust on the hard shoulder.

One and a half hours later your nerves and backbone desperately need a rest. And so we stop at a building which claims to be a hotel (with the stress on the first syllable) by virtue of its fireplace and a few "charpoy", - the locally common divans stretched with hemp rope. Mian, the driver, who along with car was provided by a friend, is a splendid fellow: quick as a shot he is behind the counter, and unassisted starts to make tea for the foreign ladies in his charge. In the interior of the building, which is open to the street, there are chairs and tables - so, it's a big "hotel". A few guests are sleeping on the charpoy in the background. Heaving a sigh of relief we take our seats under a whirring fan hanging from the ceiling. It is eight o'clock in the morning; the temperature outside is 38 degrees.

Fortunately I'm not travelling alone to Thatta Ghulamka. Senta from Berlin is accompanying me. For seven months she has been instructing the women and children of the village in the production of cloth-dolls in order to give them the opportunity of earning some money. I want to see this. The story of Senta and her village of toys will be told at a later date; perhaps it will also be a love story.

As we continue our journey Senta speaks of the people in the village and her growing love for them. She talks about Rani. The little one is six years old and, as her hair has been cut short, she doesn't look at all like the other girls in Pakistan. Senta talks about Rani's astonishing intelligence and her need for loving care and attention. According to Senta this is perhaps because her mother died

shortly after she was born. When the doll-maker is in the village, Rani doesn't leave her side. Occasionally she begs for permission to take her siesta on the carpet next to Senta's bed. We have left the nerve-racking trunk road in order to make a detour round Okara, the district capital, which lies 150 km. south of Lahore. The road stretches between fields of sugarcane and along the irrigation ditches which are so typical for the five-river plain of the Punjab. Buffaloes, seemingly timeless, stand in the brownish water; the look in their eyes is strangely transformed, colourless and glassy; and among them children are splashing about. Once again it strikes me that there are only boys here - in these parts such activities are out of the question for girls.

We cross the little market town of Gogera, and a few kilometres further on, as we turn off the asphalt road and into a country lane, Senta's face is filled with a look of expectancy: "We'll soon be there!" Her request to drive slowly because of the dust is thrown boldly to the winds by Mian. This results in it raining brown dust from the roof over the windows, and Mian almost misses the bridge over the canal at the entrance to the village.

We have left the car and have greeted a group of women and girls who are sitting on mats and working in the inner-courtyard of Senta's doll-making centre. When the sun rises and the clay walls no longer offer any shade, they will go home: in summer the three hour work and school period begins very early. Next year a new centre will be built with roofed-over areas for school and workshop.

Due to a projecting wall I can't see her coming, but I can hear Senta softly calling "Rani". Into her outstretched arms runs, no flies, a high spirited, graceful being with a mop of tousled brown hair and slender yet strong limbs. Behind her follows a horde of children, barefoot and wearing shirts and pantaloons. After Rani has also greeted me with radiant black eyes and a curious grin, she takes Senta's hand for a walk around the village.

A very old woman sitting on her charpoy in the shade of a tree asks us to sit with her. Meanwhile Razula, Rani's elder sister, has joined us, and the woman who had adopted the two girls after the death of the mother. Senta tells me that the father of the two girls had left the family immediately after the

birth of the second daughter, just as he had left another family previously. In his third marriage this tireless man married a fourteen year old whom he got by bartering: his own daughter from the first marriage who had also just become fourteen was given in return to a forty-five year old widower. Now he is said to be on the look-out again, hoping at long last to beget the son he so yearns for. Perhaps someone should explain to him the biological fact that it is his contribution to the act of conceiving which is the decisive factor in determining the sex of the child.

During our next stop in one of the astonishingly clean inner-courtyards we are invited to tea. I take a look around and let the children explain everything to me: the hand operated pump which draws from the abundant supply of water lying close to the surface; the oven for baking bread which has been sunk into the ground; the fireplace for cooking; and, finally, the special round oven with a lid, in which the buffalo milk is boiled down over a low flame to make it preservable.

It is incredibly hot; even the constant blowing of the little wind becomes now around noon more like a breath of fire. The tea boiled up with buffalo milk and lots of sugar makes me sweat even more profusely, and somehow the many children sitting with us on the bench seem to shift closer and closer. The boys have their fabric schoolbags with them, and one of them shows me his English book. The simplest of words under pictures: dog, cat, flower, car. The school drill obviously wants them to spell rather than pronounce the words, as a somewhat older child proudly demonstrates to me. Meanwhile Rani nestles into my left side and Sunny, her somewhat older cousin, sits on my right. I ask Senta if he is the future husband as decreed by the family elders. "Probably" is the answer, but Rani has already confided in Senta that Sunny is too dirty for her. Sunny shows me his writing skills on the pad I had brought along, and then Rani gets hold of the pad. Now I have a page full of her squiggles which to her great satisfaction we furnished with her name and the date: Rani 19. May 1994. Senta tells me that Rani sneaks into the boys' school; she is the only girl there. In the village there is no school for girls, only a building designated for this purpose which at the moment houses a few goats. The people in the village have been waiting

for a long time for a state employed teacher although everywhere the talk is of the importance of education for girls. Senta has already thought about persuading her sponsors in Germany to make provisions for a teacher's salary.

In the meantime I have heard that matters have taken a favourable turn: the provisional government is willing to release funds from a special programme. This will finance a teacher's salary for the girls' school for a period of six months (a total of three thousand rupees or about one hundred and fifty German marks), a blackboard and books for thirty pupils. A qualified teacher is prepared to move to Thatta Ghulamka and open the school for the coming school year. There is also a special fate which led to this decision: the woman, who has a two year old son, wants to leave her husband, a drug-addict. The thirty marks salary is not enough to live on even in the mud-hut village. Perhaps she could supplement her income in Senta's doll-project?

Whatever, from August Reni will attend school regularly. I do, however, ask myself how long the new teacher, even if she already has experience, will be able to hold the attention of a child like Rani. She is terribly inquisitive, she wants to know and understand everything, but she is also fidgety and perhaps a little unruly. She has already told Senta that she doesn't want to stay in the village. And she is making childlike plans to realize her dream; if her plans grow up with her, then perhaps she will succeed.

Will Rani like to look back on her childhood in Thatta Ghulamka? The things which seem like hardships for people from the civilized world: a life without electricity, without running water, without a sewerage system, without telephone - such things aren't an important factor for the children here. Within the boundaries of village life they enjoy the greatest freedom. In contrast to the towns, the streets and neighbours' courtyards here are safe playgrounds. At the edge of the village the fields begin with trees where the mangos are now ripening. At the other end there is the village pond where the buffaloes wallow and where - as Rani demonstrates: the turtles are sooo big. Do the mothers make soup out of them? Everybody shudders: the people here have a deep, perhaps religiously based aversion to all animals with shells.

Admittedly, the village can be too limited for an adolescent, especially if he is bright and full of energy. And even more so, if the young person is a girl.

Childhood ends early for girls: from the age of ten or eleven they have to behave like the grown-up women, wearing a headscarf and with lowered eyes. There is a major difference separating Rani from her sister who is only two years older: the big sister appears much less carefree and much more serious. She has duties in the household and is responsible for her younger sister. And one thing she knows for certain - one day the head of the family will disclose that the decision has been taken for her to marry one of her relations. When it has come this far, and even little Rani knows this instinctively, then any opposition is in vain. People in the village remember with horror the story of a young woman who after the birth of her first child admitted that the father was not the husband but a neighbour. She was killed by her own relatives. Her son, who is now fifteen, would like to leave and start a new life far from the village without the stigma of his birth.

Such stories make one feel anxious about Rani who may have something of the rebel in her. But for now her lighthearted happiness dispels such thoughts. Hardly is our sauna-like siesta over and Senta and I have refreshed ourselves with the ice-cold water, which is left over from the ice bought in the morning in town, than Rani is back again: "Didn't you promise earlier" she says to me, "to take me for a drive in your wonderful car?" She has thought over everything very carefully: she and Senta accompany me to Lahore and return to the village next day. Rani's eyes sparkle at the thought of adventure. But it is impossible: Senta has a lot to do in Thatta Ghulamka in the next few days before she returns to Lahore and then goes home for her hard earned holiday. And what can I do with Rani in the Punjab-Club where our consul has found me quarters? But can a person let such an enthusiastic child down?

Senta and I quickly make alternative plans. Rani can drive with us as far as Gogera, accompanied by Cheti, the 10 year old girl from the neighbours' house who is particularly responsible. In Gogera I will put Cheti and Rani in a "tonga", a horse and carriage, which will take them safely back to the village for twenty rupees. Rani's joy is so overwhelming that we have to rehearse the whole scene before

the journey actually starts. Waving and skipping the little girl sings a song which she has just made up on the spur of the moment:

Reni, Cheti and Ulrike are riding in a car,
Bye, bye to Senta,
bye, bye to all,
We're riding in a car,
in a car to Gogera.

And this is how it happens. First I have to talk to Mian, the chauffeur, and to his friend, who Senta, slightly worried, sent along as a kind of bodyguard. I have to explain to them why all of a sudden two little girls are getting into the car with me. Rani, as a matter-of-course, decides who should sit where: she will sit by the window with Cheti next to her. Cheti is looking rather serious and has pulled her headscarf tightly over her head. Shortly before setting off, by the way, Rani suddenly disappeared only to reappear transformed.

In place of her somewhat threadbare pantaloons outfit she was now wearing a brightly coloured T-shirt and shorts, which Senta had brought her from Lahore. After fond farewells from the doll-maker I sit next to the children in the back of the car and laughing and waving we drive out of Thatta Ghulamka. I have half an hour to enjoy Rani's enthusiasm and Cheti's somewhat quieter joy. I ask Mian's companion to put on a cassette of Pakistani music and when the hit "Kabhi, Kabhi" comes on, my two passengers rock along in their seats. Incidentally, I have to pay for this whim of mine by having to listen to three and a half hours of such pop-music, because after dropping off Rani and Cheti, I don't have the heart to say:
"turn that row off!"

As we enter Lahore I almost know the songs by heart. Our journey ends far too soon as we arrive at the corner in Gogera where the tongas depart.

I buy a farewell round of soft-drinks, and this time I don't care if it is the custom here for ladies to execute such transactions from the back seat of the car. I stand with Rani and Cheti at the refreshment stall, and then Mian takes them both across the street to their carriage.

Amidst all the inquisitive stares Rani and I on parting just look deeply into each other's eyes. Then the two girls return home to Thatta Ghulamka, and I take the opposite direction and travel back to my life which is so different to theirs.