THE LATECOMER:
The Life and Work of Zarina Salamat of Pakistan

By Kathleen Hughart, Peace Writer

Edited by Kaitlin Barker

2004 Women PeaceMakers Program

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABOUT THE WOMEN PEACEMAKERS PROGRAM

Made possible through a generous grant from the Fred J. Hansen Foundation, the Joan B. Kroc Institute for Peace & Justice's (IPJ) Women PeaceMakers Program annually hosts four women from around the world who have been involved in human rights and peacemaking efforts in their countries.

Women on the frontline of efforts to end violence and secure a just peace seldom record their experiences, activities and insights – as generally there is no time or, perhaps, they do not have formal education that would help them record their stories. The Women PeaceMakers Program is a selective program for leaders who want to document, share and build upon their unique peacemaking stories. Selected peacemakers join the IPJ for an eight-week residency.

Women PeaceMakers are paired with a Peace Writer to document in written form their story of living in conflict and building peace in their communities and nations. The peacemakers' stories are also documented on film by the IPJ's partner organization Sun & Moon Vision Productions. While in residence at the institute, Women PeaceMakers give presentations on their work and the situation in their home countries to the university and San Diego communities.

The IPJ believes that women's stories go beyond headlines to capture the nuance of complex situations and expose the realities of gender-based violence, thus providing an understanding of conflict and an avenue to its transformation. The narrative stories of Women PeaceMakers not only provide this understanding, but also show the myriad ways women construct peace in the midst of and after violence and war. For the realization of peace with justice, the voices of women – those severely affected by violent conflict and struggling courageously and creatively to build community from the devastation – must be recorded, disseminated and spotlighted.[1]

BIOGRAPHY OF A WOMAN PEACEMAKER – ZARINA SALAMAT OF PAKISTAN

Zarina Salamat was for several years the chairperson of the Pakistan-India Peoples Forum for Peace and Democracy (PIPFPD) in Islamabad and a leader in the Citizens' Peace Committee. For most of her life, Salamat had been a social scientist researcher; it was not until the passing of her husband in 1994 that her peace activities began to take center stage. After she joined PIPFPD, India and then Pakistan exploded nuclear devices in May 1998. Salamat organized protests against both, in the midst of great hostility from extremist groups.

By the end of 1998, Salamat was engaged with the Hiroshima Citizens Group for the Promotion of Peace and traveled to the Japanese city with a peace advocate from India to witness the effects of atomic bombs. Upon their return home, joint efforts for peace on the subcontinent commenced. In her efforts to ban nuclear weapons, Salamat hosted a number of peace missions from Japan to raise awareness in the Pakistani public of the reality and dangers of nuclear weapons. She hosted the visit by the mayor of Hiroshima as part of his worldwide campaign for "Mayors for Peace" and enrolled local mayors to join the movement. With the active assistance of the mayor of Hiroshima, Salamat convinced the government of Pakistan to set up a peace institute and university faculties to introduce peace studies as part of their curricula.

Salamat's efforts to create forums for parliamentarians, activists and intellectuals from Pakistan and India to meet are credited with setting the environment for the 2004 visit of the Indian Prime Minister to Pakistan, the first visit in over a decade. Salamat has also arranged for women from India and Pakistan to work together, and for youth between the ages of 15 to 17 to visit Hiroshima so they can witness for themselves the irrevocable impact of nuclear weapons.

Dr. Afzal Iqbal, Zarina Salamat's late husband,
wrote the following dedication in his book Diary of a Diplomat*:*
"To Zarina: A latecomer to my life."

Dr. Zarina Salamat is a latecomer to the peace movement as well.
Her story illustrates how it is never too late to take a risk and step into unknown territory.

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF ZARINA SALAMAT OF PAKISTAN

Prelude

On a hot dry day in June 1998, Dr. Zarina Salamat sat facing newsmen in the downtown Islamabad Holiday Inn conference room. Under diffused lights and flanked by international relations professor Dr. Eqbal Ahmed and physicist Dr. A.H. Nayyar, she felt the tension rise. Her best friend Nasreen and their firebrand colleague Tahria had just distributed copies of the Pakistan-India People's Forum for Peace and Democracy (PIPFPD) press statement denouncing nuclear tests in both India and Pakistan.

Journalists sat forward in their chairs as one of the reporters asked Zarina to repeat the opening sentence of the press statement: "The Islamabad Chapter of the PIPFPD strongly condemns the nuclear tests carried out first by India and subsequently by Pakistan in May 1998." While Zarina read her statement again, right-wing Shabab-e-Milli[2] youth activists carrying anti-India banners and placards marched into the conference hall and quietly surrounded the tables of the PIPFPD spokespersons. A few journalists cried out, "We will not tolerate any word uttered to condemn Pakistan!" One youth declared, "God is superpower, not United States." Reporters yelled antagonistic questions at the conference organizers and pressure mounted.

Suddenly the youth moved closer, picking up chairs and hurling them toward the table where Dr. Nayyar stood trying to explain the opening words of the press statement. Thinking the militants would not throw chairs at a woman, Zarina tried to shield Dr. Nayyar. Protesters in the crowd accused PIPFPD members of being Western agents. Hotel security guards intervened and pushed the attackers back. Plainclothes government agents stepped forward and shoved Zarina, Dr. Nayyar and Dr. Ahmed into an anteroom. Zarina heard loud scuffling sounds coming from the hall as hotel guards pushed the right-wing youth outside into the street. The militants had broken Dr. Nayyar's eyeglasses and scratched his face. In the aftermath, injured guards and protesters were taken to the hospital. For the first time Zarina realized the danger she had faced by speaking out in public.

What motivated Dr. Zarina Salamat, at the age of 62, to become a spokeswoman for peace? From early childhood, Zarina's sense of justice and zest for nonconformity ultimately propelled her toward the life of a peacemaker. But like all destinations, it required a journey.

Partitions

Born in Lukhnow, India, in 1935, Zarina Salamat grew up during the last 12 years of British colonization – before the 1947 partition that called for separation between Pakistan and India. Throughout Zarina's early childhood, her physician father served in the Indian Medical Service as inspector general of prisons where some of India's political prisoners were incarcerated. Her father's post at Lukhnow, one of India's leading cultural centers, offered ample opportunities for interaction with diversity, even if unbeknownst to a young girl.

Though she grew up under strict discipline in a Muslim tradition, Zarina attended privately owned Catholic and Protestant schools. There was minimal religious instruction at such schools, says Zarina, and children had the advantage of learning to speak, read and write English. Convent education offered Zarina substantive coursework in basic subjects like science, geography, mathematics and history, and she grew up with the understanding that religion was taught at home, academics at school. Her father, a well-educated Muslim, taught his children by example, rather than words, to be tolerant of other people's views. "Father used to read the Quran from 3 o'clock in the morning until 8," Zarina remembers. Colonel Salamat studied the Quran in a scholarly fashion, comparing versions in several different languages – Arabic, English and Urdu. Zarina felt at ease being surrounded by diverse religious viewpoints and looked to her home and family for personal expressions of Islamic faith.

The society in India – and later Pakistan – was patriarchal, and Zarina, the youngest daughter in a family of five daughters and two sons, realized early on that parents celebrate the birth of a son, not a daughter. According to tribal custom, the birth of a daughter meant that her family would be deprived of the property that must go with her as a dowry to her husband when she married. So women seemingly start with no rights, Zarina notes, and continue without rights after marriage when they join their husband's family. In extreme cases, under *Sharia* or Islamic law, the only evidence of a woman's existence is the appearance of her name on her father's or husband's identification card. Zarina's position as the fifth and youngest daughter in her family would noticeably affect her life, as the youngest daughter customarily stays home to take care of elderly parents.

Another common practice in large families was to send young children to live with close relatives. "I never had my mother's closeness," says Zarina. "When I was very small, probably 5 years old, my mother gave me to my aunt who did not have children. We were a big family, so my mother felt she could part with me. And my aunt was very fond of me." But Zarina's uncle was a rather unpleasant man "who always looked at the wrong side of things." Zarina lived with her aunt and uncle off and on from the age of 5 until she was 10. It was a rather lonely childhood living with her Aunt Fehmida.

> I remember once my aunt leaving me to go visit my parents, as she did not want me to miss school. My aunt was gone about a month from Lahore to Jubbalpore, a two-day train trip. I was left alone with the servants because my uncle traveled frequently. Only when my aunt returned did I happen to learn that my ailing sister Shireen had

> died of rheumatic fever. My aunt never told me my sister died. I only knew because I overheard her talking.

In 1945, when she was 10 years old, Zarina rejoined her family in Lahore, where her father was now posted as commander of the military hospital, just as the political movement for the creation of Pakistan intensified. Zarina remembers her mother going out to meetings or having gatherings at home. Religious riots reflected the growing animosity between the Muslim and non-Muslim communities. "I remember our cook taking a long knife with him for security when he went for his daily shopping."

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Zarina's birthplace was still part of the British Empire during her nursery and elementary school years, and she grew up playing with both Muslim and Hindu children. But soon after moving home with her family, she noticed the sudden disappearance of her Hindu playmates at school and in the neighborhood. Later on in her teens, she realized why. The British Parliament had passed the Indian Independence Act in July 1947, setting a midnight August 14 deadline for drawing lines of religious demarcation between Sikhs, Muslims and Hindus. Before the partitioning went into effect, millions of Muslims and Hindus had lived together throughout the British Indian Empire.

But another severance jarred Zarina's life before August 1947. A personal one, more obvious and life-altering – especially for a young girl – than the grand political decisions of a nation. Two years after Zarina returned to life at home, her mother had an elective surgery to remove a goiter, but the operation went poorly.

"Mother died on the surgery table. It was a great shock for the family," Zarina recounts. "Father took us to Kashmir for our summer vacation and a change of scene."

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Now a widower, Colonel Salamat relocated his children to the charming mountains of Kashmir for the three months of summer, traveling through rugged cliffs and lush valleys. "Kashmir was nice before the partition, a scenic vacation spot with houseboats, blue lakes, rivers and meadows of flowers beneath towering mountains," Zarina remembers. "We enjoyed the cool climate away from the hot summer weather in the city" – and that summer, the raw absence of their mother. In search of comfort, the family drew closer together. There was Zarina's oldest sister Surraya. Next came brother Muslim, then sisters Saida and Murbarika, Zarina the youngest daughter, and last of all youngest brother Saleem.

Ramadan's month of fasting came in the summer of 1947, just before partition. The Colonel and his children were still camping away from home, and since there was no mosque, they said their prayers together in a mountain cabin. Gathering in the evening, the children watched their father read the Quran by lantern light and listened as he told stories about Abraham, Moses, Noah and Jesus. "Father had four or five different Qurans he used to study and compare each to the other. It

was in these formative years that we used to observe Ramadan and Father used to teach us about Islam." But down from their mountain of peace, a great cloud of change was gathering.

> Fourteenth of August 1947, when Pakistan and India gained their independence, was a very quiet day in Kashmir, I remember. In early September we came back from vacation to Lahore where Father was posted at the hospital. These were days of great turmoil, refugees pouring in, looting and killing at its height. Trainloads full of dead people. Pakistan was not prepared. There was no government. The British made no arrangements for the coming upheaval. They left it to us to do our best providing food and shelter to the refugees. This was one of the biggest migrations in history.

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After passage of the Partition of India, millions of Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs left their homes to seek safety inside whichever territory favored them. The new Muslim territories became divided geographically into West and East Pakistan, separated by Indian territory and including half of the Punjab and Bengal provinces (Punjab in West Pakistan and Bengal in the East). Hundreds of thousands of Hindus migrated east to India, leaving the new independent nation of Pakistan, while equally large numbers of Muslims left their homes in the British Indian Empire to find refuge in Pakistan. Most Sikhs eventually settled in India's Punjab province. Ethnic religious riots left at least 1 million people dead. Ownership of Kashmir, in the North-West Frontier territory, became one of the most contentious disputes to face the two countries. All that remained of the idyllic Salamat family vacation spot was a memory.

In the huge population transfer, more than 2 million people came from India into Zarina's new home of Pakistan, and nearly 2 million went from Pakistan into India. Crisscrossing religious tides. Unlike India, Pakistan had no state capital. Offices were set up in tents in the southernmost city of Karachi, a great distance from Lahore, which was now in Pakistan's Punjab province. The government of Punjab was unable to keep up with the refugees, and the government in Karachi had to administer not just to people from across the border, but also to refugees from all over India.

Solemnly, Zarina remembers the repercussions of the great relocation. Lightly touching her long fingers together at the tips to form a pyramid, Zarina speaks slowly and deliberately, telling how the government set up a department of evacuee property to check the credentials of those who had left property in India and come to Pakistan.

> There was a rush for evacuee property. People who did not go to the refugee camps went to empty houses that had been vacated at a moment's notice by fleeing non-Muslims. This was not limited to refugees. Even the local population took advantage of the situation and moved from a lesser property to one that was of greater value. People got rich or poor overnight. This was to have a big impact in the coming days as some became *nouveau riche*[3] and others lost everything.

The influx of refugees and the disruption of social structure caused great turmoil. Non-Muslims, who had represented a more professional sector of society before partition, were gone.

Overnight, Pakistani society was deprived of doctors, lawyers and teachers, adding to the disruption. Zarina's father would be away from home for days at a time, looking after all the refugees in his hospital. But it wasn't just those who were brought to him. "He would pick up fallen refugees from the roadside and take them for treatment," Zarina remembers.

Pakistan, the younger, less established territory of the subcontinent, was a poorer country than India, with 80 percent of its economy dependent on agriculture. Pakistan wanted to set up a separate government, but years passed before partition's chaos calmed enough for an administration to be organized. "India had just taken over its administration from the British," Zarina explains, "but Pakistan had to set up its own capital from the ground up, even to the extent of finding typewriters to carry on day-to-day work."

Zarina remembers the deep class divisions between educated Pakistanis like her immediate family members and the servants who worked for them: Pakistan's own internal partition. She describes her family's life as very comfortable but not ostentatious. "We just had enough to eat and clothe ourselves." But she knew her family's servants were extremely poor and illiterate, with barely enough to eat. They lived outside the house in one-room huts with a common toilet. Some of their servants were very old and stayed with the Salamats as long as 20 years. The cook prepared meals not just for her family but also for the rest of the servants – chauffeur, gardener, "sweep" and "bearer" – who looked after the house, tidied up, made the beds and looked after the Colonel. A *dhobi,* or washerman, used to take the family's dirty clothing home in a dhobi cart to wash and then dry in the open air.

Zarina and her brothers and sisters used to play with the children of their servants, all the while being led to believe that these children did not have the same mental capacities as they did. Nevertheless, she had one special friend her age, the cook's granddaughter – Zarina, her namesake. Two Zarinas, one on each side of the divide.

An Education

Sensitive about school regulations, neighborhood living conditions and inequities at home, young Zarina felt restricted and "elusive" – she kept to herself and had few friends. She did not go out with classmates because the Colonel prohibited his children from going to social functions. Being the youngest daughter, her father was more restrictive with her than anyone else. Youngest brother Saleem fared better. "He had more freedom in his movements and he went to England earlier." Zarina often felt constrained by her father's strict rules – and that he stressed military discipline at the expense of his children's own initiative.

> The suppression was always there, built in. A convent education doesn't give you an all-round personality either. The nuns don't allow you to do things the way you want to. I always felt I wanted to do certain things, make decisions. I wanted to help people in distress but never had the opportunity. My father saw to it that we kept to

> our timetable. Certain time to sleep, early rising, time to study, time for school, then time for Quran lessons.

The Colonel may have been both strict and religious, but he was not conservative. Zarina received the same progressive education as her brothers – rather unusual in a society where many families denied women educational equality. Shy and reclusive, she nevertheless enjoyed school, participating in debate, sports and dramatics. Later during her college days, Zarina fondly remembers playing roles in Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *Lady Windermere's Fan*. "I was also something of a bookworm, loved reading novels, story books, whatever I could get."

Zarina majored in home economics at Queen Mary College, a prestigious school in Lahore established by the government in the last years of the 19th century for girls from "princely and feudal families." The societal restructuring that occurred after Partition had created openings for upwardly mobile families, paving the way for Zarina's enrollment. In the absence of her mother, youngest daughter Zarina knew she was destined to care for her retired father and felt some courses in household management would come in handy.

After graduating from Queen Mary College in 1952, at the age of 16, Zarina went on to spend her 17th and 18th years studying humanities at Lahore College. Then it was a master's degree at the co-educational Punjab University – where "girls sat together on one side in front of the boys" during lectures – and a diploma in journalism. Because schools were deprived of their non-Muslim teachers after Partition, university administrators recruited new staff. Though a few teachers were excellent, many were not as well-qualified as their predecessors.

According to Zarina, when the British came to power in the 19th century, Muslims had been slower in taking to Westernized education, as they resisted British occupation. Meanwhile, Hindus willingly adopted Western education and joined government services. "The Muslim community was to suffer for their refusal to keep up with the times," says Zarina. "They had an excellent system of education before the British came but lacked knowledge of science and technology."

The last province to be annexed by the British, Punjab's society remained traditional and feudal. The canal network set up by the British made Punjab the wheat-producing region of the subcontinent, but because the area that became Pakistan after Partition had hardly any industry, India's Punjab territory surpassed Pakistan's in wheat production. In Pakistan, says Zarina, "We couldn't make a needle. Bengal produced jute,[4] but all the factories were in West Bengal in India for jute processing. We only had cash crops." Pakistan had raw materials, but India possessed the means of production. Zarina felt the social and economic tensions between the two countries on a daily basis.

At age 21, after her graduation from the university, Zarina stopped going to school and looked for a job. Jobs – except for teaching – were hard to come by. For a few months she taught preschoolers in Rawalpindi at the nursery school owned by her oldest sister. She liked the work, but it was inconveniently far from home. And the Colonel didn't allow her to learn to drive.

After nearly a decade of unstable nationhood, Pakistan's government officials drafted the country's first constitution in 1956. Two years later the military took over, seeking to liberalize the country, and General Ayub Khan began making changes to Islamic personal law, implementing a Muslim Family Laws Ordinance[5] that provided limited rights to Muslim women. About that time Zarina found a public relations job near her father's home in Lahore that entailed reporting government activities and writing government directives, mostly propaganda handouts. She left after a year. "I didn't like it," she says. "It wasn't interesting." She aspired to something more than government-controlled press releases.

Then, unexpectedly, 26-year-old Zarina found herself face-to-face with a great opportunity. The year was 1961.

A Room of Her Own

Zarina's middle sister Saida, who had been quietly enduring an unhappy marriage complete with a hateful mother-in-law and spoiled husband for quite some time, was becoming increasingly mentally disturbed. Concerned, the Colonel proposed a trip to England to seek medical treatment for Saida. Zarina longed for the chance to travel, but was afraid to ask. She knew her father didn't need her to come with them.

"Why don't you go?" her oldest sister urged her. Zarina was certain she knew what his answer would be. She answered simply, "He won't take me." But her sister insisted. "Try."

Zarina laughs quietly recalling it. "So it worked. I asked, and he said, 'OK, OK.'"

Once in England, Zarina's father asked her, "Why don't you go ahead and study?" So Zarina enrolled in the University of London's School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) Honors Program, and the Colonel saw to it that she had a place to stay in a nearby boarding house. Then he left. Zarina was alone.

A scholar at heart, Zarina thrived in her new world. For two incredibly happy years Zarina lived in a room of her own. She cooked meals on a little single gas burning stove. Afternoons she lunched with classmates – new friends from Turkey, Ghana, France, Germany and India. Friends elected her their resident South Asian "social secretary" in charge of soirées and balls, a post that required taking responsibility for activities she had never before experienced: arranging for bands to play at the dances, setting up bar service, ordering drinks. Though a departure for someone of her strict Muslim upbringing, she rose to the occasion. "I took it as a challenge," Zarina says. When the young women returned to their residences from their studies in the evenings, they would go to the "housemother," Miss Wilkinson, in the duty room and ask for a key. So long as they let themselves back in by midnight, they were free to socialize at dances and parties around town.

Zarina also delighted in her professors, "learned authorities in their fields." Her history came alive under their instruction. There was more philosophy and meaning in their teaching. It was

in London that she learned the richness of her own history – both Hindu and Muslim, Indian and Pakistani. "It gave me a new way of looking at history in my own land." The museums and libraries of her new life offered books never before available to Zarina's curious appetite, and she read them hungrily.

Walking past the beautiful buildings of London, down Oxford Street, a bittersweet feeling swept over Zarina. *Look at all the money that's been brought here by the East India Company and all the others*, she thought. *We've not been able to make use of the wealth*. Looking back now she comments, "The British, residents of a small island, had developed and grown into a big empire by exploiting our resources, and we had remained backward and conservative."

Zarina speaks warmly of her life in London. "There were one or two people that made a difference in my life. One in particular was Padma, a 46-year-old Hindu lady studying at SOAS." Padma Misra belonged to a respectable family of Benares, a holy city of India, and was doing research in Sanskrit when she came to live in Miss Wilkinson's boarding house with Zarina. Because she was older, Zarina respectfully – and endearingly – called her Padmaji.[6] "London was a long way from home, and I felt the need of a friend and confidante. We got on well together. Religion was no bar. We took care of each other."

Padmaji and Zarina cooked together, went for walks, talked about religion. As student-scholars, they learned from each other and compared notes on Sanskrit and ancient writings. After Zarina moved to a girls' youth hostel conveniently located around the corner from SOAS, Padma stayed on at Miss Wilkinson's boarding house. But the two friends continued meeting for lunch and study time, keeping up their friendship throughout Zarina's stay in London.

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Miss Wilkinson, a "very Hinduized lady," also helped Zarina feel at home in London. And then there was Mrs. Charles, who persuaded young Zarina to take an interest in the Moral Re-Armament movement (MRA). The movement's gala luncheons and social gatherings were complete with refreshments and speakers who promoted membership. At one such MRA affair, founder Frank Buchman, by then an old man in a wheelchair, made an appearance. On another occasion Zarina, who loved to travel, went with a group of students on a chartered flight paid for by the MRA. They flew from London to Caux, Switzerland, on Lake Geneva to attend an annual MRA function where speakers invited them to join the movement.

The whole idea of MRA, says Zarina, was that

> you must be true to yourself. You must sit down every morning and think what you did the day earlier, and if you have any grudge against any person, you must go and tell that person. It was that sort of philosophy of being self-critical. And it preached spiritual sort of development. 'Be friends with all.' 'Peace.' But what really put me off was … their attitude toward China and India. China's and India's leaders were not 'good.' Communism was 'bad.' We students were socialist-minded at that age and felt that at least communism was helping people at large, improving the lot of people. I

> remember they were critical of Indian leaders also, like Pundit Nehru,[7] for whom we had great regard. That put me off.

Zarina remembers being amused by her friend Peter Howard's assessment of the recruitment process. A freelance writer on the flight to Switzerland, Peter told the students a joke about the MRA while they were standing in line to board the airplane. "During World War II, people standing in a queue waiting for rations would remark upon what they had received. *I got an egg. I got some vitamins. I got a potato.* And referring to the MRA, one said, *Oh, I received an injection*."

At the MRA session in Switzerland, many new members came up to the stage and spoke about themselves and how MRA had changed them. "I couldn't convince myself that it had changed me. I found it strange telling people how I felt about them. Padmaji, my Hindu friend, had changed me a lot, but I couldn't accept this MRA way of looking at life." Something told her that more was needed than injecting a quickened social change.

When the time came for Zarina to return home, she and Padma said a regretful farewell. Padma continued her postgraduate research in London, and over the years the two lost touch. But two years at school in London had transformed Zarina's outlook on the world, and her friendship with Padmaji had changed her feelings toward Indians. Though another 30 years would pass before she joined the Pakistan-India People's Forum for Peace and Democracy, she was on her way to becoming an agent for reconciliation.

Simplicity and High Thinking

Back in Pakistan with her father after two years in London, Zarina had a bit of adjusting to do. It was still not easy to find work immediately – jobs for women were scarce. For a few months she worked in a family planning association, but what she really wanted was to offer girl students more than what she had been offered at Punjab University. When she at last found a teaching position at Lahore College for Women, Zarina vowed to inspire first-year college students. She wanted to emphasize what she called "simplicity and high thinking" and give girls a chance to think for themselves. But it was no easy battle – mostly uphill, never down.

Among oversized classes of 100 students, she organized tutorial groups of 20 and circulated through the groups coaching and questioning. Occasionally one or two students displayed a spark that set them apart. But overall, Zarina felt the girls were just going through the motions, biding their time until a marriage proposal came along. "It is rather sad that girls in our society have little identity. You see, ever since a girl is born she is told that the parents' home is not really her home. She belongs to the husband's family, whenever she gets married. When eventually she gets married, she finds that her husband's home belongs to her husband. A girl has no home of her own." But Zarina held great hope for what she and her fellow teachers could do for their students. She wanted girls to value education. She wanted to wake them up.

It wasn't just the girls who were disinterested though. Zarina felt that her fellow teachers were not that interested in their students – "that they were just whiling away their time, doing a job

for the job's sake. Very few were good teachers." From 1962 to 1966, Zarina taught at Lahore College and lived at home. But something itched. She decided to take time off and return to London.

Back in London she looked up old friends, enrolled in a few classes and visited her favorite library haunts. Her new academic advisor, Peter Hardy, wanted her to work for a second master's degree in history, but London revisited turned out to be short-lived. After one year the Colonel asked her to return home.

Once settled back in Lahore she bought herself a 1964 VW Bug and learned to drive. Independence came more easily now and, with renewed zeal, Zarina pursued her objective of enlightening the girls in her classroom. Living and studying in London had liberated Zarina's ideas about the value of education in bringing independence to women. And she saw study abroad as a sure path toward freedom of choice and finding one's way in the world.

Growing Pains

Zarina continued her teaching mission from 1967 until 1974, this time at Samanabad College in Lahore. At election time teachers were given polling responsibilities, and Zarina worked as a presiding officer at her polling station in West Pakistan for the 1970 National Assembly election. After the vote was counted, East Pakistan, with about 56 percent of the nation's population, wanted a constitution that would grant them more powers in the government.

The people of East and West Pakistan had been divided both culturally and geographically ever since the country's inception in 1947. Though the two halves of Pakistan were different in language and ethnic origins, even their shared religion – Islam – would prove insufficient to keep them together. Zarina underscores the lack of understanding between the two cultures:

> Punjabis [West Pakistanis] looked down upon people from East Pakistan largely because they were dark. Punjabis had a superiority complex, that there was no one like them. There was a difference in the way the two groups looked at things and no effort to understand the problems. As a historian I found it tragic. There was no unity between East and West Pakistan.
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> Ali Bhutto,[8] the people's choice in West Pakistan, alienated the eastern wing because he was not ready to recognize the new leadership of East Pakistan. Our elected government could not succeed because the leadership was not large-hearted enough to realize that the east wing had a majority of the population and their party had won.

In a move that was sure to offend the East Pakistani wing, President Yahya Khan postponed the first meeting of the National Assembly in March 1971 when the Awami League (East Pakistan's assembly majority) refused to form a coalition government with the West's majority, the Pakistan

People's Party (PPP). Because East Pakistanis wanted better representation, they staged demonstrations in protest. President Khan ordered the Pakistani Army into the East to quell the riots, and the East Pakistanis resisted. On March 26, 1971, East Pakistan declared itself the independent nation of Bangladesh.

"We were all very deeply, painfully upset when civil war took place because of the 'misleadership,'" recalls Zarina. In the aftermath of East Pakistan's resistance, Pakistanis watched with horror as their country crumbled in the midst of war.

India joined Bangladesh in December 1971 in the battle against West Pakistan, escalating the civil war into conflict between India and Pakistan. The fighting spread into parts of West Pakistan and Kashmir. Two weeks after India entered the war – on December 16, 1971 – West Pakistan's commander surrendered to combined Indian and East Pakistani forces. More than 1 million people had died in the bloody confrontation.

"The West Pakistan army action in East Pakistan was really something we cannot be proud of," Zarina laments. "Women were raped and humiliated. Our country was divided into two parts."

The civil war left many disheartened Pakistanis in its wake – and set off ripples that would extend far beyond it. "The split was a breakaway situation that later caused things to polarize," says Zarina, and in it "lay the seeds of extremism and the further disintegration of women's rights."

Leaving Home

In 1973 Zarina's niece and her husband, both artists, invited their auntie to travel with them, touring Afghanistan, Iran, Turkey and Greece during summer vacation. But Zarina couldn't go; she was the sole caretaker of the Colonel's household. Around that same time, Zarina's father began putting pressure on her younger brother Saleem, now 35 years old, to return from England and settle down. Zarina had been looking for a research writer position, which she finally found at the National Institute of Historical and Cultural Research in Islamabad. Shortly after Saleem returned to Pakistan in 1974 and married, the newlyweds moved into Colonel Salamat's home.

Zarina had been tending to her father's house for years and was ready for someone else to take over. *Saleem's wife could run the house now*, she thought. Finally there was a chance to be temporarily relieved from her duties as youngest daughter. "I was able to say to Father, 'I would like to go. This is a good job,'" Zarina recounts. "He felt I was old enough to go. So I went."

Zarina left home at the age of 39. "In a way I was happy," she remembers, "but I was a little unsure of how things would work out being on my own." She had lived by herself in England, and in Rawalpindi long ago with her family. But Islamabad was a new city, "a different world."

In Islamabad, Zarina found a friend, Dr. Ifthikar Hasan, a colleague who had done her Ph.D. in the United States and was a child psychologist. She had a job in Islamabad at the new

"open university" Allama Iqbal – the first and only one of its kind in Pakistan. Zarina and Ifthikar lived together for about six months, until Zarina could find a flat for herself. Her oldest sister was teaching in a convent in Rawalpindi and her oldest brother lived there too before retiring from the military. But Zarina wanted to live in Islamabad near her workplace.

Islamabad – Pakistan's capital city – forms its own capital authority. In 1958 President Ayub Khan had initiated plans to build Islamabad and eventually move the country's capital there from the southern port city of Karachi. Islamabad offered a healthy climate, plenty of water and was well placed on the historic Grand Trunk Road in Punjab, which ran from Peshawar to Calcutta. Zarina found the cosmopolitan, diverse ambience of Islamabad "a world of its own," one she felt bore almost no resemblance to the rest of the country. There she entered her new workplace, located at the Quaid-i-Azam University.

While working at the institute, Zarina began research for her first book, *The History of Pakistan: 1947-1958*, which she would later dedicate to her father. She also wrote and published articles and prepared papers for upcoming conferences. It was in May 1974 after she moved to Islamabad that Zarina heard the news of India detonating its first nuclear bomb. India's "Smiling Buddha" exploded underground at 8:05 the morning of May 18 in Pokhran, a remote location in the Thar Desert of Rajasthan. It was the starting pistol shot of the race.

A Late Bloom

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was Pakistan's prime minister when India exploded its first nuclear device. One of Bhutto's ambassadors at the time was Afzal Iqbal, "author of books on history, international affairs and Rumi, the mystic poet," Zarina notes with pride. Four years after the bomb, in 1978, General Zia-ul-Haq removed Bhutto from power in a military coup and declared himself president. The following year, Zia ordered Bhutto executed for allegedly murdering a political opponent. It was this year, 1979, that Zarina met ex-Ambassador Afzal Iqbal.

During the turbulent years of Bhutto's administration, Afzal had been ambassador to several countries, including Canada. From a Foreign Service perspective, Afzal shared Bhutto's view that Pakistan must have a nuclear bomb at all costs. But Bhutto's successor preferred to downplay Pakistan's interest in building a bomb. Afzal's last diplomatic mission was to tell Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau that Pakistan had little interest in a nuclear weapons program after all. Trudeau told Afzal, "Never mind. I know how you feel about this." Afzal subsequently resigned his post and returned to Islamabad.

But nuclear weapons proliferation was not yet an issue in Zarina's life. Because she was interested in the history and culture of Pakistan and its relationship to India, she valued Afzal's knowledge of history, international relations, poetry, music and art.

In 1979 Afzal and Zarina both attended a historian's conference in Rawalpindi, two academics presenting their papers.

> I read a paper. He also read a paper. Then we started meeting. I was living independently in a flat. He used to bring his meals from his house. He had a cook. I used to cook on my own, so he used to bring his food. We talked. He was not a movie man, not a TV man. Talking in the evening and having a drink with friends, that was his way of enjoyment or relaxing. In the morning he would write.

Within a couple of months, Afzal proposed. They were married in Lahore at the mosque Zarina's father had built after his retirement – a few close friends and family came to the ceremony. Zarina had her hands painted with henna according to *mehndi*, Pakistan's marriage custom.

The couple moved to Afzal's home, a big bungalow with four bedrooms – as well as a cook, a house servant and a gardener. A widower for about five years, Afzal had two adult sons and two grown daughters. One daughter, Rubina, and her husband lived in Minneapolis, and during lecture tours in the United States in the '80s, Zarina and Afzal would visit them. They stayed with Afzal's son Sohail (known affectionately as Bobby) in England and later visited the other son Khalid in Toronto. Zarina loved traveling with Afzal, and his lectures took them to Jordan, England and Konya, Turkey, birthplace of the great mystic poet Mowlana Jalaluddin Rumi. Together they explored the world. Zarina had found her companion.

The Fist of Reform

"Travel does broaden your vision," Zarina says, emphasizing one of her mantras. While Zarina and Afzal traveled extensively throughout the '80s, back home in Pakistan, President Zia-ul-Haq was enforcing a narrow vision, ordaining one repressive measure after another. One of his first acts upon coming into office had been to cancel elections by decree on March 1, 1978, and ban all political activity. Scores of journalists were arrested and several newspapers shut down. Former Prime Minister Bhutto's daughter Benazir was placed under house arrest. Zia's goal was the Islamization of Pakistan, which happened to be the title of one of Afzal's books.

Zarina remembers Shia Muslims pouring out en masse to protest one of Zia's decrees, mandatory state collection of *zakat*, or tithes. Civil society spoke out vehemently against the undemocratic passage of government ordinances. Women's groups protested Zia's Hudood Ordinances, specifically the *zina* laws[9] that declared women guilty of adultery or fornication when in fact they had been raped. Women also opposed the "law of evidence," which required the testimony of two women to match the testimony of one man. Punitive measures only served to increase the number of women activists.

Before general elections in 1984, Zia held a national "referendum" focused on Pakistan's Islamization program, the main question being: Was the government doing a good job? With a 98 percent "yes" vote, few people doubted the outcome had been fixed. Most of the political parties boycotted the referendum; however, by the end of 1985 Zia had succeeded in legalizing all acts taken under martial law in exchange for an end to martial law.

"The Satan," Zarina calls him. She thinks General Zia gained prominence by using religion to legitimize his regime. People had no choice in the referendum that selected him president, she says. Votes were stuffed in ballot boxes. Her eyes flash with anger as she describes how Zia's fist of reform grasped tighter around Pakistani society. "Media was controlled, and that affected women adversely. They were seen as subservient. They had no choice to do what they wanted to do. And if they were working women, they were not 'good' women." Most television dramas involved women being subjugated. There were also dress restrictions: Men were expected to wear "national dress" instead of Western suiting, and women to keep to Islamic dress and be covered properly.

> On one occasion when I was working in the office, they wanted to make a film featuring our work in the institute. They asked me to cover my head and I refused. They never included me in that documentation. On another occasion, I was requested to do a number of programs on TV, but when I refused to change my sari to a shalwar kameez, they backed out. The sari was not considered Pakistani dress. I didn't get in trouble, but I refused, and they didn't put me in the program. That's how restrictions work.

The clergy got stuck in the box, the people would say. Television under Zia blamed working women for "the visibly rampant corruption in society" and "the disintegration of values in the country" – in short, all of Pakistan's social ills. In the streets going to or returning from work, men had license to pass judgment on women and their dress. The sensibilities of professionally employed middle- and upper-middle-class women were outraged. Few people realized what the impact of Zia's legislation would be in the long run.

In 1983 the Women's Action Forum (WAF) first protested against the Hudood laws in Lahore – and the women who spoke out were beaten. February 12 is still commemorated to honor those women who publicly protested the unfair practices.

Throughout Zia's process of removing the rights of women by ordinance, Zarina was living with her husband in Rawalpindi. Happily married to a liberated man and enjoying life with him, Zarina realized how the country's leaders were destroying women's freedom, taking away hope for reform. In the evening she and her husband discussed the government's repressive measures with friends – mostly other social elites. Deeply conscious of schisms within society, Zarina and her friends read the daily newspapers and were shocked by the government's extremist laws. Zarina points out that, in those days, there was a greater likelihood of being imprisoned for drinking alcoholic beverages than for writing articles against the government.

The upper middle class and middle class were apprehensive, but it was Pakistan's poor who felt the real impact. "A poor woman could be convicted," Zarina says. "An upper-middle-class woman could get away. Rich people could cover up."

Because of widespread suppression, people talked about things but didn't do much. Zarina worked at the institute every day and looked forward to coming home each afternoon and talking with her husband. "It was lovely to come home each day and have someone there on my return. He

would read his articles out to me and I would comment on them." Afzal wrote weekly newspaper columns on a variety of subjects – political, literary and philosophical. He wrote his articles in longhand and Zarina, who had never learned to type, sent his articles out to be typewritten before he submitted them each week. They were witty, learned pieces about history, international relations, religion – and, above all, a book called *The Life and Work of Jalaluddin Rumi*, on whom Afzal was a known authority. He also wrote an autobiography, *The Diplomat's Diary*, a collection of articles about people he had met while working in the Foreign Service.

Afzal loved to smoke while he was writing – usually two packs of cigarettes each day. Finally in 1983 he gave way to Zarina's concern and quit. Two days later he had a heart attack. The doctor ordered immediate bypass heart surgery, and the couple traveled to London for the operation.

They were there for a few months afterward, first staying with his nephew and then renting a separate flat. Afzal went for regular checkups and slowly recuperated, but blockage of three arteries had caused heart damage. Bypass heart surgery, the only procedure available in the '80s, did not provide a long-term solution. A couple of years after surgery, problems again arose and Afzal's doctors recommended another operation. But Afzal was not willing to go through more surgery, and with increasingly blocked arteries there was more heart damage. The 14-year age difference between them became more and more evident, and Zarina found herself in the role of caregiver.

In 1990 Zarina decided to take a two-year study leave and do research for her postgraduate dissertation, "The Punjab in the 1920s: A Case Study of Muslims." The work was interesting but hard, and it let Zarina work both at home and in the library – two places she loved. And at home, her husband helped her. "He was excellent," Zarina remembers. "Nobody gave me confidence, but my husband did. He was a wonderful person. He gave me a lot of love." Dedicated to her husband, her dissertation was published some years later.

Because of Afzal's ongoing heart problem, the couple often went to London for medical examinations. As the years went by, Afzal's declining health curtailed both travel and social life. He was very sick in 1993, and continued ill through January of 1994. Then, with the onset of spring, his health improved and the couple planned a lovely three-month vacation in England and the United States to see his friends and family. "He was well enough to travel and we went abroad and met all his friends, and the children," Zarina tells. "It was just a month after we returned that he collapsed at home."

Her Afzal died on November 14, 1994.

Beginning from the End

Now alone, Zarina grieved the loss of her husband as she struggled to decide what to do with her life. "I felt that he had left me at a very wrong time in my life," she says. "I had looked

forward to retirement when I would spend more time with him, enjoy his company, which I had not done really because of his illness and my own work."

Her 21 years at the Institute of Historical and Cultural Research in Islamabad had been something of a mixed blessing. On the one hand, it was there she had met her best friend Nasreen, a librarian. Her job also gave her liberty to go on study leave and offered reasonable working hours. But there were drawbacks. Pettiness and office politics made things unpleasant.

> I was never happy in that place. I was there from '74 to '95 and I should have left earlier. I had my own busy life, so I just carried on from 8 to 3. I was very heartbroken, as the institute had been set up with a view to take stock of our Indian/Pakistani historical background. It had started well, but due to office politics, it had gone off its track. There were scoundrels, and lots of politics went on. I wasn't one to sit there with them and chat. Nasreen and I thought alike and got on well with each other.

Most of Zarina's co-workers did not care about historical research, and "one had to be on their right side to get on." While most of the girls in the office just wanted to keep their jobs, Nasreen and Zarina kept to themselves and shared thoughts about peacemaking. Both had come into contact with peacemaking issues in the historical work they were doing, and they belonged to outside activist organizations.

Zarina sensed murmurs of where to go with her life, and then came an announcement that would open doors and educate her even more about the growing women's movement worldwide: the 1995 Women's Summit in Beijing.[10] Outside of her day-to-day office routine, Zarina had learned of the summit from notices put out by various women's organizations in Islamabad. Activists were making preparations and buzzing with anticipation. Though Zarina's officemates showed no interest in going to the conference, Nasreen strongly encouraged Zarina to attend. Still grieving the loss of her husband, Zarina decided that travel would be good for her. Since the conference would take place in September and Zarina was not due to retire until her birthday the following month, she decided to take a 10-day leave of absence and attend the summit. Zarina signed up to travel to China with a group of 20 women from Islamabad.

Still reeling from the loss of her husband, Zarina nevertheless felt glad to be part of the pre-summit Nongovernmental Organization (NGO) Forum and the subsequent workshops. Zarina's busy schedule was a welcome distraction, and she was always torn between simultaneous programs. Nearly 200 Pakistani women participated over the 10-day period, and Zarina found there were thousands of women of diverse races, religions and cultures sharing in the struggle for human rights.

The secretary of women's affairs in Pakistan gave a report from the government's Women's Division. Everyone in the division talked about the issue of greatest concern to Pakistani women: the damaging effect of fundamentalism on women's rights. Panel discussions provided channels of information and contacts with new acquaintances. Zarina learned the names of human rights and women's organizations in Pakistan – Shirkat Gah, Simorgh, Pattan and the All Pakistan Women's Association (APWA) – and returned home inspired.

On her birthday – October 3, 1995 – Zarina retired. "This was the 'big occasion.' I didn't like the [office] people and I didn't get on with them." So after a modest send-off and a gift from a few close friends at the institute, Zarina packed up her books and said goodbye.

Besides her good friend Nasreen, Zarina had several other acquaintances she could rely on for support. Dr. Inayatullah, a retired social scientist, was one of them. In 1993 Zarina had attended the Association of Asian Social Science Research Councils (AASSREC) meeting in Kawasaki, Japan. Dr. Inayatullah had attended a similar meeting earlier and both scholars lamented the fact that there was no such council in Pakistan. Seventeen countries had attended the AASSREC meeting, with all South Asian countries represented except Pakistan. Eager for Pakistan to set up a council too, the two held meetings with other scholars to enlist their support. Though it took them a number of years to get funding, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, among others, contributed to some projects, and an NGO gave funds for setting up an office. A constitution was framed and the council was registered.

During the same period of time, Dr. Inayatullah invited Zarina to join the Pakistan-India People's Forum for Peace and Democracy (PIPFPD), an organization dedicated to creating people-to-people contact between citizens of Pakistan and India. So while she and Dr. Inayatullah worked on the Pakistani Social Science Council, Zarina attended local meetings of the newly established PIPFPD. During the first months after her husband's death, Zarina already had connections with organizations and people she felt an inner commitment to.

As Zarina attended meetings to renew contacts with academic colleagues over the next year, Nasreen stood by her side through the long months of loneliness following Afzal's death. She continued encouraging Zarina to take a more active leadership position, and the two friends talked about becoming officers in the Islamabad Chapter of PIPFPD. After attending a few of PIPFPD's monthly meetings, Zarina noticed that "five people would show up at one monthly meeting, then an entirely different five the following month," with no real core membership except for herself and Nasreen. Though the two friends wanted to think of ways to increase the membership, neither had gone so far as to volunteer for an office.

Toward the end of 1996, Zarina heard about the annual joint PIPFPD convention planned for the end of December in Calcutta, India. She applied for her visa and packed a suitcase with enough clothes to last two weeks. Not knowing what to expect, she felt a shiver of excitement, anticipating renewal of old memories from her childhood growing up in India.

Revisiting Roots

Traversing the country by train, the Pakistanis stayed isolated in their own Pullman car for security purposes. At each stop along the way the delegates would jump off the train to peer at sites, brimming with personal recollections from the days when Pakistan and India were united – before Partition and before they had emigrated. "Usually they don't give you visas for more than two cities," Zarina says, but members of the Pakistani delegation were lucky to get visas for many cities,

including Amritsar, Delhi, Calcutta, Bhopal, Hyberadad – and Lukhnow. Zarina and her PIPFPD delegate friends never dreamed they would be allowed to visit places that, after years of separation, had become mere memories. They took photographs next to historical markers of well-known spots. Zarina wandered alone through byroads at each of the train stops en route while other delegates pursued visits to their own childhood haunts. From her historian's point of view, Zarina was especially moved at the Lukhnow station, as the city of her early years appeared through the train's grimy windows.

Indian Railways measured up to Zarina's seasoned traveler metric of service. "They took good care of the Pakistani passengers, serving us breakfast, lunch and dinner. There was a non-Muslim Sikh gentleman, a colonel, who saw to it that the 200 Pakistani delegates were comfortable." Together the group rode into Calcutta, and finally it was time to step down off the train and set to work on the peace activism of their trip.

Pakistanis and Indians convened and discussed how they as PIPFPD delegates would work for peace between their two countries. "We delineated and marked out four areas of work: 1) Demilitarization**,** Denuclearization and Peace Dividends; 2) Religious Intolerance; 3) Kashmir; and 4) Good Governance." After the priorities were established, they went over each point individually making improvements. The delegation finished by celebrating New Year's Eve and Day in Calcutta. Zarina felt pleased. They'd made the most of their long journey to try and reconcile two countries partitioned.

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After her trip to India, Zarina felt prepared and energized taking a position with PIPFPD in Islamabad. In the spring of 1997 she accepted the post of chairperson of the Islamabad Chapter of PIPFPD, but in spite of her best efforts, attendance continued to be sparse at the monthly meetings. "People are very interested in meeting Indians in Pakistan and Pakistanis in India," Zarina says. "But otherwise they don't come. They don't have time."

Nevertheless, she held discussions, exchanged reports and made plans for further goodwill exchanges between Pakistan and India. The success of the December 1996 PIPFPD convention in Calcutta created a cautious optimism among members on both sides of the border, and throughout 1997 relations between India and Pakistan seemed to improve. Beneath the surface, however, other forces were at work, ones that endangered people at every level of civil society. Near the end of the year, both governments issued statements of distrust and hostility against each other. While citizens wanted to move forward toward peace, their leaders had other plans.

Zarina suspects that members of PIPFPD were under surveillance by intelligence agencies from both Indian and Pakistani governments during their cross-country train trip to Calcutta. "They kept track of us. The agencies always know what you are doing." Forum members, however, had no idea that India was preparing to detonate four nuclear bombs underground in May 1998. India first tested their nuclear bomb in '74, and the Pakistani government had responded by saying, "Even if we have to eat grass we shall have our own nuclear bomb." Whatever the cost, Pakistan would pay it to have the atomic bomb.

Bombs and Consequences

On May 11 and 13, 1998, India conducted nuclear tests in the country's barren Pokhran desert region. After India exploded its bombs, Zarina went straight to the office of the Indian High Commission to present a letter of protest. But she wasn't alone. Zarina had invited peace workers from national organizations opposed to nuclear proliferation: the Sustainable Development Policy Institute; WAF; Human Rights Commission of Pakistan; Sungi, a partner development program that worked in mountainous areas; and Pattan, whose members worked in riverine and rural areas to help farmers during the flood season. About 40 demonstrators showed up at the rally. The group marched from Aabpara, a downtown gathering place near the bazaar, through the streets of Islamabad toward the diplomatic enclave that housed the Indian High Commission. Escorted by police to an anteroom at the gate, Zarina handed their petition to a security guard.

From May 14 on, both advocates and opponents of Pakistan's entrance into the "nuclear club" waited anxiously from one day to the next to see whether or not their government would detonate its own bomb. Peace activists rallied, asking Pakistan to resist responding to India's provocation. "We called upon the government not to repeat the nuclear madness," says Zarina. No one knew for sure if the government even had the atom bomb. Some said the Pakistani government should be large-hearted. "Let India do it, we won't." But, Zarina adds, the majority of people felt that if Pakistan had the bomb, then Pakistan should test it.

And it did. On May 28, 1998, Pakistan conducted its own bomb tests in the Chagai Hills of Baluchistan. As soon as Zarina and Nasreen heard the news, they hurried to work to organize another protest, this time against their own government. But this was the first time Zarina had organized a press conference. She worked late into the night on a statement and organized a meeting, inviting newspaper reporters from English and local language newspapers as well as foreign and local news agencies. There were *Ausaf* (To Be Just), *Khabrain* (The News) and *Nawa-i-Waqt* (Voice of the Time) in Urdu. And in English there were *Dawn*, *News*, *Jang, Frontier Post* and *Nation* (an English version of *Nawa-i-Waqt*). Friends later told her she should not have contacted the right-wing press, whose reporters were bound to be confrontational. News of citizens' criticisms of government policy were about to be distributed throughout Pakistan from north to south in the cities of Islamabad, Rawalpindi, Lahore and Karachi – publicizing a highly unpopular point of view.

In contrast to peace activists who spoke out against nuclear weapons, the majority of Pakistani citizens in cities and villages nationwide expressed great joy over the news of the country's first nuclear bomb tests. Jubilation and euphoria filled the streets. In the days following May 28, nationalist groups held huge rallies and marches, dancing in the streets and burning American flags along with effigies of Indian and U.S. leaders. Shopkeepers handed out sweets to the crowds. Celebrants joyfully proclaimed: *We are the only Islamic country in the world to possess the atom bomb.* This was the mood of the people on June 2 when Zarina and her colleagues announced their condemnation of the bomb tests.

A Newfound Voice

For the first time, Zarina had publicly declared her position as an advocate for peace. She was 62 years old. Zarina found her first protest action against nuclear tests "good fun," though she had little experience until that time "opposing the forces of war mongering." Her appearance at the Islamabad Holiday Inn protesting India and Pakistan's nuclear weapons tests caused quite a stir – and made international news. As relations between India and Pakistan deteriorated, it became more and more difficult for Zarina to find meeting places for the PIPFPD. The Pakistani government clamped down on public demonstrations and dissidents. Even NGOs refused forum members office space.

Following Pakistan's bomb tests, the government curtailed civil rights. People nationwide soon felt the socio-economic impact of sanctions imposed by the United States and other countries as punishment against Pakistan for exploding nuclear bombs. Further increases in military expenditures on top of the sanctions hurt the nation's economy and its people. Money spent for weapons development drained the budget allotments for education, health and social programs. The bomb was an eclipse, blotting out any other line of sight.

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Soon after Zarina spoke out at the June 2 press conference – while people all over the world were reading about the Pakistan-India weapons race – the Citizens Committee for Peace in Hiroshima sent her an invitation to visit Japan. The letter communicated the committee's opposition to the escalation of hostility between Pakistan and India, criticizing the two governments' nuclear policies. "It was the citizens themselves, not an NGO or a government body, who got together and expressed their concern over what peace should be," Zarina says. She was impressed that ordinary citizens were trying to educate people and governments about the effects of nuclear war.

After replying to the Citizens Committee, Zarina made her flight arrangements. Nasreen and Zarina's oldest sister Surraya saw her off just after her 63rd birthday. The late arrival of her plane on the first leg of the trip almost made Zarina miss her connecting flight. A flight attendant ran with her down the hall toward her gate and asked ground crew to roll back the connecting tunnel and open the airplane door so she could board.

Tight scheduling in Japan required coordinating the arrival times of Zarina from Pakistan and Yogesh Kamdar from India, the two honored peace activists. A Citizens Committee member received Zarina first and escorted her on the train journey from Narita airport into Tokyo. Yogesh arrived in Osaka the following day from India. He and Zarina each took a high-speed train into Hiroshima. Zarina recalls her first vivid impressions of Japan, the swift passage from Tokyo to Hiroshima, the striking beauty of Mount Fuji seen from the train window, the splendor of Japan's countryside.

After a five-hour trip, she arrived, greeted by a cheering crowd holding huge banners. "When I stepped off the train onto the platform, I read the words *Welcome Zarina Salamat*," she

remembers. Another banner awaited the Indian guest's arrival. Faced by television cameras, the two visitors stood on the train platform and held interviews with newspaper reporters.

Yogesh and Zarina would travel together to each historical site over a 10-day period. Their Japanese hosts first took them to a reception before showing them their accommodations near the Hiroshima Peace Park. For the next nine days, the citizens of Hiroshima – well aware of the realities of nuclear bombs – escorted their guests throughout the city.

On the first day, Zarina and Yogesh walked through the city with a commemorative wreath and placed it at the Memorial Cenotaph Monument for victims of the atom bomb, accompanied by much press coverage. The next day they visited Hibakusha Care Centers,[11] where they talked with victims of radiation poisoning and many survivors of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki atomic bombings. They saw a radiation research center and various laboratories where scientists studied the effects of radiation. A visit to Hiroshima Peace Park took the better part of one day, as did a visit to the Hiroshima Museum. They saw the monument to young Sadako and heard the story of Sadako and the thousand cranes.[12] Several other monuments commemorated the Japanese child whose origami cranes symbolized her will to live. One tour included a visit to a domed building – the only structure to survive at ground zero. The visitors walked past mounds of earth where survivors had constructed mass burial grounds for the thousands struck dead upon impact and the thousands more who died soon afterward from burns.

The visitors' guide was Mori Taki San, the daughter of a hibakusha who founded the Hiroshima Peace Program. Mori Taki San accompanied Zarina and Yogesh every day, telling stories along the way and translating when necessary. After their educational tour, Zarina and Yogesh visited a school some distance from Hiroshima and talked to the children. They each presented a brief history of their respective country and promised to work toward an end to nuclear weapons. She later gave a lecture to the adult citizens of Hiroshima.

Meeting Hiroshima Mayor Takashi Hiraoka was one of the highlights of her trip. She, Yogesh and the mayor made plans for an ongoing people-to-people student exchange program that they vowed to put into action as soon as possible. Both Zarina and Yogesh left Japan full of determination to work for more understanding between their two countries and an end to armed conflict around the world. But another task took priority once she arrived back home in Islamabad.

Teatime

No sooner had Zarina returned from her visit to Japan than she set to work planning for the joint PIPFPD convention at the end of November in Peshawar, in Pakistan's mountainous North-West Frontier Province (NWFP). A large contingent of 150 PIPFPD members from India was expected. Zarina says that the Indians were "keen to visit Peshawar and see the Khyber Pass. They came in droves from as far away as Madras, Calcutta and Bombay."

As part of the welcoming process, PIPFPD organizers from the Lahore and Peshawar chapters asked Zarina to arrange for a tea break somewhere between the two cities to make the long trip easier. The journey from Lahore to Peshawar was already 300 miles, and going into Islamabad for tea would have prolonged the visitors' journey with a needless 15-mile detour rather than driving straight through. It was decided that teatime could take place along the highway.

Zarina and Nasreen, now the forum's Islamabad Chapter secretary, planned a day trip to drive up the highway toward Peshawar and visit cafés along the way. Nasreen no longer worked at the Institute of Historical and Cultural Affairs, having changed jobs after Zarina retired. Zarina hoped teatime would open up the opportunity for relaxed and informal interaction between Pakistanis and Indians, a moment for one-on-one communication that would bring them to a closer understanding of each other.

She and Nasreen aimed to find a roadside café proprietor willing to allow the Indian visitors to come in for a tea break and refresh themselves. But as the two friends drove from café to café, the task proved more difficult than they had expected. At each stop, the owner shook his head. *No.* Not one was willing to have Indians come into his establishment. "The problem wasn't so much that they were not willing to express hospitality as it was not wanting to make a public display of friendliness."

Still Zarina and Nasreen persisted. After a few hours of brainstorming, they went to work on alternative arrangements. They decided to just serve the tea inside the delegates' buses with two big thermoses and disposable cups. But, in their search for large enough thermoses, they came across a caterer in Islamabad who not only agreed to serve tea along the highway, but also approved of the forum's peacemaking objectives. "It's good work you are doing," he told them.

Once again Zarina drove out of the city to the highway. This time she convinced the owner of a Shell gas station to let her use part of his parking lot for the reception. The caterer provided tables, chairs, crockery, knives, forks and spoons, biscuits – and even a red carpet.

On the appointed day, the caterer drove up in his pickup truck and unloaded supplies. He partitioned off the area where tea was to be served, laid out the red carpet and set up tables and chairs where the visitors would sit and relax. The buses were due to arrive at 4 p.m. Dr. Nayyar, the physicist peace activist who taught in Quaid-i-Azam University, had come with his traveling bag to join the Indians on their way to Peshawar. Zarina, Nasreen, Dr. Nayyar, his wife and son, and two other peace activists expected the visitors to arrive from Lahore following their clearance by immigration authorities. Dusk approached. The sun sank lower in the sky. Anxiously awaiting their Indian guests, everyone began shivering as darkness set in.

"There we were, all ready to receive our Indian guests, and no one showed up."

The welcome committee sat watching the highway for six hours. The tea got cold. No one knew what had happened. No one contacted Zarina. At 10 o'clock, Zarina gave up and asked the caterer to pack up the tables and chairs. "Dr. Nayyar and a couple of other peace activists caught the local bus to Peshawar and the rest of us drove back to Islamabad."

The next day in Peshawar, the PIPFPD convention hall at the Arts Council was packed. Nasreen and Zarina had driven to the convention together from Islamabad and arrived somewhat late. Following the opening session of the convention, they found out what had gone wrong the night before. Immigration officials had delayed the Indians on their side of the border for several hours. The two busloads of PIPFPD delegates sat waiting for clearance until late in the evening and did not drive by the Shell gas station until after midnight.

But the Indians had a grand reception in Peshawar. "People thronged the streets," Zarina remembers. Everywhere the visitors went, shopkeepers and others received them with open arms. The Indian delegates couldn't believe what they were seeing. "Indians believe Pakistan is backward and undeveloped, full of *hijab*-wearing[13] women," comments Zarina.

Ironically, it turned out to be Indian border officials who had caused the three-hour long delay of their citizens at the border. Pakistani guards let them in after only 10 minutes. "People want to be friends, but they are restricted by government agencies that create trouble for them," Zarina asserts. "It was clear that people-to-people contact was making a great impact."

Peace Education

After the Peshawar conference, Zarina set her mind to work on the Hiroshima-Pakistan-India student exchange program. At a luncheon party one afternoon, Zarina met Akhtar Riazuddin, author of *History of Handicrafts: Pakistan-India*, who invited her to visit the Behbud School, which had branches in nearly all major Pakistani cities. Run by private donations, the schools admit mostly underprivileged children, their main qualification being financial need. Zarina immediately devoted her time to the school, coming in to coach approximately 230 students of all ages – from toddlers to teens – in languages, art and music. She then agreed to help with administrative responsibilities, accepted the post of treasurer and later became chairperson of the school committee. As time went by she developed teacher-training classes and gave teachers lessons in English. She also stressed physical exercise and games, and produced annual sports contests complete with races, hurdles and gymnastics.

Surrounded by Pakistan's youth, Zarina came to believe that peace education – like the student exchange program crystallizing in her mind – was one of the most important ways to counteract the possibility of war. Unfortunately, according to Zarina, in at least two of the three kinds of schools in Pakistan, religious and governmental policies actually promote attitudes favorable of war.

Private schools, a small segment of the population, have high tuition fees but offer higher quality education and are largely free from such attitudes. But, Zarina says, "a large number of children who attend private school end up going abroad and are lost to Pakistan, getting jobs in labor and skilled areas of the United States economy."

Then there are Pakistan's madrasas, religious schools noted for promoting extremist views and *jihad* at the expense of sound academic instruction in basic subjects. Once enrolled in the madrasa, children learn by rote. Instructors weave fundamentalist doctrines into every subject – mathematics, history, language, arts, geography and science. But for about one-third of the Pakistani population, madrasa education solves the school affordability problem for parents. In addition to free schooling, madrasas provide free room, board, clothing and books, all of which help maintain boys' youthful susceptibility to romantic notions of international jihads in the name of Islamic faith.

Teachers tend to promote anti-Western propaganda and contempt for India. Strictly disciplined male students learn that women must be subservient to men. Zarina makes the historical note that "during the Afghan War – first with the Soviet Union, and later with the United States after Sept. 11, 2001 – they became breeding grounds of extremism." As opposed to private school students who are apt to seek jobs outside of Pakistan, "madrasas turn out dangerous students who find no jobs."

Zarina describes the third type of educational institution in Pakistan last, the mainstream government school, where the rest of Pakistan's children go, if they can afford school fees and if they go at all. There, "curriculum is fixed by the curriculum wing of the Ministry of Education. This wing finalizes the national curriculum and thus has a complete monopoly."

After her interest in peace education was piqued, Zarina and several progressive colleagues in the Sustainable Development Policy Institute (SDPI) carried out a detailed study of government curriculum known as "The Subtle Subversion," from 2002 to 2003.

> We analyzed what was being taught in mainstream Pakistani schools, not madrasas. Apart from distortion of history, right from kindergarten through class 5, children are taught to become life-sacrificing *mujahids* (martyrs) and told stories eulogizing jihad. Children are taught that Hindus have always been the enemy of Islam. The common theme for all ages is jihad and *shahadat* (martyrdom).

The meaning of jihad, Zarina points out, is "struggle" – or "any earnest striving in the way of Allah, involving personal, physical, intellectual or military effort, for righteousness and against wrong-doing." But religious extremists interpret jihad to be a struggle against the "evil" of Western influence. They teach that Western secular thought threatens Islamic morality and must be eradicated. Zarina's work reading and analyzing textbooks for the SDPI revealed that mainstream state curriculum teaches prejudice against Hindus and vilifies Western culture.

Zarina's special contribution to the SDPI report was a chapter titled "Peace Studies: a proposed program of studies in schools," which outlined general objectives as well as specific study programs for preschool through class 10. Her proposals have not yet been implemented.

From Zarina's experience, several realities stand in the way of introducing peace studies curriculum into mainstream government schools. First, in order to get permission to speak to classes, Zarina has to fill out an application and submit it to the school principal. "Peace education?" With a wave of a hand, her application would immediately be dismissed by the principal.

Next is the problem of textbook publishing monopolies. Zarina notes that government bureaucrats and textbook suppliers establish privileged working relationships for certain publishers, ensuring that they obtain monopolies.

And, even though education is compulsory, state officials do not enforce attendance. The student population shifts continuously, with large numbers of youngsters dropping out of classes. School-age boys assigned to attend government-supported state schools may end up working in carpet-weaving factories, restaurants, wayside cafés or making a living scavenging and selling what they find to supplement the family income. Often they are the main wage-earners in their families. Young girls work in homes, taking care of babies, washing dishes, doing laundry and cleaning. In state schools with overcrowded classrooms, teachers do not make an effort to assure students come to class. "By and large, schools are poorly heated and ventilated. Such conditions don't lend themselves to peace education," Zarina points out.

In her initial search for candidates for the student exchange program to Hiroshima, Zarina selected students from private schools financed by tuition fees, reasoning that the meaning of peace education can be more readily grasped by children who attend well-equipped, clean and generally high quality private schools. Private schools have strong parental support because parents are paying whatever they can afford to make sure their children receive a good education.

Zarina has learned that mainstream state schools are not the best place to talk about peacemaking. "The children have their own problems, are often mistreated and do not have conveniences," Zarina explains. "Furthermore, they may not have enough to eat, they have no place to play and both parents are working, so there will be no one at home to help with homework and study." Plus, while at school, state schoolteachers often make the students run errands at the local shops or do tasks for them at home.

"Tell me, if you're hungry and you don't have enough to eat, you don't have shoes to wear, you just live in a couple of clothes, and at home there are no conveniences like running water or sanitation, how does peace help you?" Zarina asks. "Peace, to children living in poverty, means a good school where they can get food to eat and have good teachers."

Zarina deplores the harsh boundary that separates children in her country. An "illiterate person from the shantytown" is not going to understand what she means when she talks about peace in terms of no nuclear bombs. For them, peace is closer to home, like their economic status. "That's what we in the peace movement say. You reduce your expenditure on militarization and spend it on people. People are the best security a state should have. It's not the army that's important; it's the people that are important."

The Line of Control and a New Vision

From May to July 1999, nuclear tensions between Pakistan and India reached new heights. Government leaders all over the world watched as two neighboring nuclear powers edged closer to nuclear war, pushing at the fragile lines of stability. Control of the Kashmir region has been in dispute ever since Partition. Zarina remembers the pitched battles and thousands of deaths of the Kargil conflict, the first land war in history between two declared nuclear powers. Neither Pakistan nor India has ever recognized the 760-kilometer Line of Control (LOC) between portions of the state of Kashmir as an international border, and it has been a continual clashing point with constant small arms and artillery fire across the line.

Planning for the operation by Pakistan may have occurred as early as the autumn of 1998, after the two countries' bomb tests and before the February 1999 Lahore summit between Pakistani Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif and Indian Prime Minister Atal Bihari Vajpayee. It was a historic meeting, concluding in the Lahore Declaration – an agreement between the two countries to work toward peaceful bilateral relations. It is unclear whether or not Pakistan military chiefs General Pervez Musharraf and Lieutenant General Mohammed Aziz obtained concurrence from Prime Minister Sharif to proceed. But either way, the potential breakthrough signaled by the Lahore Declaration was halted when they led the Pakistani army in a brazen offensive across the LOC into Indian-administered Kashmir.

On June 21, as the armed conflict waged on, Zarina issued a press release from Islamabad addressing the Kashmir situation on behalf of the Islamabad/Rawalpindi Chapter of the PIPFPD:

> *We express our grave dismay and concern at the fast deteriorating situation at the LOC and adjoining areas, leading to further deterioration of the state of Pakistan-India relations. This mini-war along the LOC is a dangerous development; it belies the claim that nuclear weapons are deterrents to both conventional and nuclear wars; it has the potential to escalate into a conventional war and could even lead to a nuclear conflagration. It does not give rise to confidence in the intentions of leaders on both sides.*

After more than three months of fighting, primarily in Kashmir's Kargil district, Pakistani insurgents lost control of most outposts and other strategic heights. Sharif finally ordered the withdrawal of all troops from Indian territory back to the LOC. But more than one line of control had been crossed. The invisible lines that contained nuclear capabilities, protected livelihoods and guarded peace were becoming dangerously thin.

The tensions between the two countries made Zarina more determined than ever to fulfill her pledge to the Citizens Committee for Peace in Hiroshima. The need for mutual understanding and nuclear awareness was urgent, and Zarina developed a plan to inform students from both Pakistan and India of the student exchange program. As her network of PIPFPD acquaintances expanded, she coordinated her search for participants with Lalita Ramdas, a peace worker from the village of Bhaimala, India. Wife of Admiral L. Ramdas, chairman of the India Chapter of the PIPFPD, Lalita was involved with peace initiatives and education for children's groups, especially having to do with Indo-Pakistan relations and the nuclear issue. Lalita visited Pakistan in 2000 so she

and Zarina could work together surveying students on their beliefs about peace. They traveled together, giving talks on conflict resolution and ways to resolve differences without violence.

Zarina continued to refine her system of outreach, scouting for teens from the cities of Islamabad, Peshawar, Rawalpindi and Karachi and encouraging them to participate in the peace exchange program she first envisioned while in Japan. To initiate the search, she visited schools and sent information to classrooms. As students showed interest, she visited schools again and talked to them about the history of India-Pakistan relations, the Kashmir situation, the meaning of peace and the repercussions of the nuclear issue. Meanwhile, the same process took place in India.

About 25 students applied for the program's first trip. Zarina gave them research assignments on nuclear weapons and an essay topic to express their views on the nuclear problem. On top of writing their essays, they had to take a test and fill out an application. Nasreen and Zarina's social scientist friend Dr. Inayatullah helped her read the essays and narrow down the applicants. The Citizens Committee for Peace submitted questions and established their own prerequisites – that the students be willing to try new foods and be ready to experiment with new ways of doing things.

After youth from both countries were selected, they met each other before traveling to Japan. Shy about making friends at first, the Indian and Pakistani students soon warmed up to each other. Their common objective – learning about the importance of peace with an end to nuclear proliferation – created a sense of cooperation and solidarity.

It took Zarina nearly three months to make the final preparations for the trip. A total of eight young people, four from Pakistan and four from India, qualified to go. Two adult volunteers, one each from Pakistan and India, accompanied the eight-student inaugural trip in 2001.

After administering the student selection process again in 2002, Zarina joined the next group of Pakistani and Indian young people. Their tour happened to meet with a delegation of African-American students, and the three groups – Indians, Pakistanis and Americans – became acquainted while they visited Hiroshima's parks and monuments. Zarina was pleased that Nasreen accompanied the student peace delegation in 2003, giving her the opportunity to visit Japan for the first time. Zarina's vision was now a reality.

Samia's Story

Unlike impoverished women who more frequently suffer discrimination, abuse and even death, Samia Imran lived comfortably in Peshawar in the conservative North-West Frontier Province (NWFP). Her father was a prominent businessman and president of the Chamber of Commerce, and her mother was a leading gynecologist/obstetrician. But they had married Samia to their nephew against her wishes. The couple had two children.

Miserable after years of unhappiness with the man she was forced to marry, Samia finally decided to divorce and marry a man of her choice. She ran away from home in 1999 and went to the Lahore AGHS Legal Aid office where she met human rights lawyer Hina Jilani. Hina sent Samia to Dastak, the women's shelter in Lahore, while she worked on her case.

Several weeks after Samia left her husband, she went back to the lawyer's office, having heard that her parents wanted to discuss reconciliation. But Hina suspected trouble when two men showed up with Samia's mother, so she went out to the reception area and insisted that Samia's uncle and his companion stay outside. Claiming to be disabled, Samia's mother begged Hina to let the men come in. Finally, she conceded.

Once inside the office, the uncle's companion pulled out a gun and shot Samia dead, firing four rounds point-blank, right before the mother's and uncle's eyes. One bullet barely missed Hina before lodging in the office wall. In their escape the gunman was shot by a security guard, while the mother and uncle hurriedly fled in a rickshaw, presumably so their car's registration number would not be taken down.

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The cold-blooded murder of Samia Imran sparked a furor in Pakistan. And it thrust Hina Jilani into one of the most sensational cases of honor killing that had occurred up until that time. Honor killing condones murder in the name of "family honor" when, among other situations, a woman seeks to marry a man she loves rather than someone her family chooses. Such a protest can result in the ultimate loss. A mother having her own daughter killed in front of her became the issue that brought the ubiquitous tradition of honor killing under public scrutiny. Samia's case was also set apart by her status in an upper-middle-class, well-to-do family.

Shocked, middle-class women demanded justice. Samia's murder was taken up by the women's movement, Zarina says, and women decided it should go to the Senate as a test case. In response, right-wing parliamentarians launched an offensive against the activist sisters Hina and Asma Jahangir, claiming that the refuge at Dastak was actually a meeting place for sex traffickers. The extremists condemned all women's rights defenders, and a joint meeting of Peshawar Chamber of Commerce members and some religious figures charged Asma with having conspired to kill Samia. By this point the new Musharraf administration had muzzled all independent NGOs.

Two years after the young woman was shot dead in Hina's law office, parliamentarians heard a resolution to make honor killing punishable by law. While parliamentarians argued their cases in private hearings, Zarina became involved in the fight. Along with members of the Aurat Foundation, a national NGO, Zarina pressured members of Pakistan's Parliament to pass the resolution that would condemn honor killing and hold the offender accountable to the crime.

Zarina and her friends spoke with Senate members asking for their support of the resolution. They all expected Wasim Sajjad, a Rhodes Scholar and chairman of the Senate, to help them. "His wife had been very supportive toward the resolution," Zarina notes. There was also hope

in Iqbal Haider of the Pakistan People's Party (PPP), who at first came forward in favor of the resolution.

Contacts through Haider helped Zarina and a group of friends attend proceedings in the upper house hearing room during heated discussions over the following several weeks. "The hearings did not take place over consecutive days," Zarina recalls, "but were spread out from one week to the next." The gap between hearings made it more difficult to know when to be present. Zarina and her colleagues watched the legislative calendar intently for the dates when the case would again be heard so they could sit in the gallery.

Security guards carrying rifles protected the square-shaped parliament building. The hearings took place inside in a committee room with rows of tables on either side. Each speaker would stand between the tables and deliver his argument while the women watched silently from the gallery. Day after day Zarina and her friends sat, at times joined by women members from the Pakistan Assembly.

> Strangely enough, the gallery was not packed. That was the most peculiar part of it. It appeared that not many people were interested. My colleagues and I made it a point to be present there. The hearings did not generate as much interest as they should have. Women stayed away. Not many may have known about the issue that was being discussed.

As president of the Peshawar Chamber of Commerce, Samia's father was an influential man with many contacts. A businessman supporting his case strongly opposed Haider, and he was able to get the backing of Senate members who represented tribal leaders, as well as those who represented the interests of the business community. "The representatives of the tribal areas are conservative, not religious, but fundamentalist and aggressive – anti-women's rights, one could say," Zarina explains.

The Senate members who sided with Samia's father spoke against the resolution while Iqbal Haider of the PPP, who had supported the women's reform measure, kept silent. And Zarina's last hopes were dashed when Senate Chairman Wasim Sajjad withheld his support. Most members of parliament took no stand on the issue because, since it was in the upper house, it was not really a party issue. In the end, Zarina says, pressure groups supporting honor killing "had more contacts and were able to prevail in getting the resolution thrown out. Customary practice, not Islamic law, won out: The family has every right to protect their honor."

Tomorrow's Peace

In 2003 Zarina planned a welcoming party for 40 Indian parliamentarians – a visit which signaled renewed efforts among PIPFPD spokespersons from both Pakistan and India to tell their governments to choose peace over war. At the June gathering, Zarina placed garlands on each of the dignitaries – unbroken circles of flowers in the spirit of peace. It was a victory for both countries

over animosity that had been brewing since a terrorist attack on India's Parliament on December 13, 2001.

In another exchange of goodwill, Hiroshima's dynamic mayor, Tadatoshi Akiba,[14] traveled to Pakistan from Japan. At 3 a.m., Zarina and Nasreen, along with scores of Pakistani youth, greeted Mayor Akiba at the Islamabad airport with a large welcome banner. As part of his goal to promote Mayors for Peace[15] worldwide, Akiba met with Pakistan's minister of higher education and succeeded in founding a peace institute at the Islamabad School of Technology.

On October 21, 2003, at a function organized by PIPFPD and Hiroshima Citizens Committee for Peace, Mayor Akiba urged leaders of Pakistan and India to take action toward the destruction of all nuclear weapons. Soon afterward, in January 2004, Indian Prime Minister Atal Bihari Vajpayee and Pakistan's President Pervez Musharraf agreed to embark on a process of normalizing relations between the two countries and resolving the Kashmir conflict. Issues such as the reopening of consulates in Karachi and Bombay were agreed to in principle, and both Musharraf and Vajpayee spoke positively about increased people-to-people contact. Zarina believes the efforts of PIPFPD set the stage for both leaders to move toward reconciliation.

The two countries are also working to ease visa problems. A cricket fan, Zarina rubs her hands together as she tells how, early in 2004, Indians obtained visas to attend an India-Pakistan cricket match in Lahore. Cricket fans from both countries follow the sport avidly. "The Pakistan High Commission had a hard time issuing visas because there were so many of them to process," Zarina says. Likewise, when Pakistanis want to go anywhere in India for an upcoming PIPFPD joint convention, hundreds apply. But, she says, "there is as yet no system of tourism between the two countries. These events are the occasions when people find an opportunity to cross the border. It's the only way we can visit each other."

"As peace activists, it is our duty to make society aware of the dangers it is facing," Zarina emphasizes. The concern that first brought Zarina onto the peacemaking stage – the nuclear arms race – still looms. And Zarina is still paying attention, still reminding the world:

> Since nuclear tests cannot be undone, both countries need to decide what strategic decisions should be made to stabilize the relationship. Possibilities of escalation should not be ruled out. … The common man has made the nuclear issue a prestigious issue. They don't know what the real fallout of proliferation can be. We must make them aware of the dangers. This is my vision.

As Zarina says, the past cannot be undone – but the future is yet to be decided. Zarina's continues to be a journey to help decide a future of peace. It's never too late to help create tomorrow.

JOAN B. KROC INSTITUTE FOR PEACE & JUSTICE

The mission of the Joan B. Kroc Institute for Peace & Justice (IPJ) is to foster peace, cultivate justice and create a safer world. Through education, research and peacemaking activities, the IPJ offers programs that advance scholarship and practice in conflict resolution and human rights. The institute, a unit of the University of San Diego's Joan B. Kroc School of Peace Studies, draws on Catholic social teaching that sees peace as inseparable from justice and acts to prevent and resolve conflicts that threaten local, national and international peace.

The IPJ was established in 2000 through a generous gift from the late Joan B. Kroc to the University of San Diego to create an institute for the study and practice of peace and justice. Programming began in early 2001 and the building was dedicated in December 2001 with a conference, "Peacemaking with Justice: Policy for the 21st Century."

The institute strives, in Joan B. Kroc's words, to not only talk about peace, but also make peace. In its peacebuilding initiatives, the IPJ works with local partners to help strengthen their efforts to consolidate peace with justice in the communities in which they live. In Nepal, for example, for nearly a decade the IPJ has been working with Nepali groups to support inclusiveness and dialogue in the transition from armed conflict and monarchy to peace and multiparty democracy. In its West African Human Rights Training Initiative, the institute partners with local human rights groups to strengthen their ability to pressure government for reform and accountability.

In addition to the Women PeaceMakers Program, the institute has several ongoing programs. The Joan B. Kroc Distinguished Lecture Series is a forum for high-level national and international leaders and policymakers to share their knowledge and perspective on issues related to peace and justice.

WorldLink, a year-round educational program for middle school and high school students from San Diego and Baja California, connects youth to global affairs.

Community outreach includes speakers, films, art and opportunities for discussion between community members, academics and practitioners on issues of peace and social justice, as well as dialogue with national and international leaders in government, nongovernmental organizations and the military.

In addition to the Joan B. Kroc Institute for Peace & Justice, the Joan B. Kroc School of Peace Studies includes the Trans-Border Institute, which promotes border-related scholarship and an active role for the university in the cross-border community, and a master's program in Peace and Justice Studies to train future leaders in the field.

UNIVERSITY OF SAN DIEGO

Chartered in 1949, the University of San Diego (USD) is a Roman Catholic institution of higher learning located on 180 acres overlooking San Diego's Mission Bay. The University of San Diego is committed to promoting academic excellence, expanding liberal and professional knowledge, creating a diverse community and preparing leaders dedicated to ethical and compassionate service.

The university is steadfast in its dedication to the examination of the Catholic tradition as the basis of a continuing search for meaning in contemporary life. Global peace and development and the application of ethics and values are examined through campus centers and institutes such as the Joan B. Kroc Institute for Peace & Justice, the Values Institute, the Trans-Border Institute, the Center for Public Interest Law, the Institute for Law and Philosophy and the International Center for Character Education. Furthermore, through special campus events such as the Social Issues Conference, the James Bond Stockdale Leadership and Ethics Symposium and the Joan B. Kroc Distinguished Lecture Series, we invite the community to join us in further exploration of these values.

The USD campus, considered one of the most architecturally unique in the nation, is known as Alcalá Park. Like the city of San Diego, the campus takes its name from San Diego de Alcalá, a Franciscan brother who served as the infirmarian at Alcalá de Henares, a monastery near Madrid, Spain. The Spanish Renaissance architecture that characterizes the five-century-old University of Alcalá serves as the inspiration for the buildings on the USD campus. The architecture was intended by the founders, Bishop Charles Francis Buddy and Mother Rosalie Hill, to enhance the search for truth through beauty and harmony. Recent additions, such as the state-of-the-art Donald P. Shiley Center for Science and Technology and the new School of Leadership and Education Sciences building carry on that tradition.

A member of the prestigious Phi Beta Kappa, USD is ranked among the nation's top 100 universities. The university offers its 7,500 undergraduate, graduate and law students rigorous academic programs in more than 60 fields of study through six academic divisions, including the College of Arts and Sciences and the schools of Business Administration, Leadership and Education Sciences, Law, and Nursing and Health Science. The Joan B. Kroc School of Peace Studies opened in Fall 2007.

LIST OF ACRONYMS

AASSREC	Association of Asian Social Science Research Councils
APWA	All Pakistan Women's Association
IPJ	Joan B. Kroc Institute for Peace & Justice
LOC	Line of Control
MRA	Moral Re-Armament movement
NGO	Nongovernmental Organization
NWFP	North-West Frontier Province
PIPFPD	Pakistan-India People's Forum for Peace and Democracy
PPP	Pakistan People's Party
SDPI	Sustainable Development Policy Institute
SOAS	School of Oriental and African Studies
USD	University of San Diego
WAF	Women's Action Forum

ENDNOTES

[1] A version of this paragraph first appeared in the article "'Women Cannot Cry Anymore': Global Voices Transforming Violent Conflict," by Emiko Noma in *Critical Half*, Vol. 5, No. 2 (2007). Copyright 2007 Women for Women International.

[2] Shabab-e-Milli is the youth wing of the Jamaat-e-Islami, an Islamist political party in Pakistan.

[3] French for "newly rich."

[4] A natural vegetable fiber, usually woven into burlap fabric.

[5] Among other reforms, General Khan's 1961 ordinance restricted polygamy, expanded women's rights and protection and developed family planning measures to curb population growth.

[6] The suffix "ji" is added to a name as a title of respect and seniority.

[7] Jawaharlal Nehru was India's first prime minister, from 1947 to 1964.

[8] Zulfikar Ali Bhutto of the Pakistan People's Party later became president from 1971 to 1973 and prime minister from 1973 to 1977.

[9] The Hudood laws were a package of laws, but of particular concern to women's rights were the *zina* laws regulating illicit sex, such as adultery, rape and premarital sex. Transgressions of zina are technically punishable by death by stoning.

[10] United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women.

[11] The Japanese word *hibakusha* translates literally to "explosion-affected people."

[12] Sadako Sasaki developed leukemia from the radiation from the atomic bomb.

[13] The hijab is the traditional Islamic head covering for women.

[14] Akiba succeeded Takashi Hiraoka as mayor of Hiroshima.

[15] A network of cities around the world committed to abolishing nuclear weapons.