

IQBAL AND SHAMIM RIZVI

Mrs Habeeb

THE young General Manager of Parke Davis, Iqbal Rizvi, and his pretty wife, Shameem, make an attractive looking couple. Not to be any the lesser, their little girls are pretty as a picture. Their nine month old pink and white toddler, Yasmeen, being the Beauty Queen of the family.

The Rizvis' believe in bringing up their children most naturally and are satisfied with the way their eldest daughter, Atiya, took to school. She enjoys school and mixing with other children. She is first in class with the answers, says her teacher. Seema, their second daughter, now two years old, is trying to prove to herself and testing her elders to make sure that she is not less noticed because of the new baby in the family. but with the time and love that Shamim devotes to the children Seema will soon find out that her position is as secure as the other two's.

Iqbal Rizvi, whose understanding of people and his administrative ability which make him successful at his work, uses the same talent around the home too. Not that he interferes with Shameem's way of running the home, but as Shamim says, his personality complements her efforts. Under her supervision each of the servants manage to keep the high standard of cleanliness and efficiency which every housewife wishes for and which Iqbal insists upon.

Shamim is not particularly interested in cooking herself, but keeps a vigilant eye on the cook as she said her husband is almost a connoisseur of food. He knows exactly which ingredient is missing and which aroma should be present, in a particular dish. She enjoys sewing and knitting—she was working on one of the children's woollies, and I noticed lovely frilly curtains in muted shades of candy stripes which Iqbal said were sewn by Shamim.

Shamim is a skilled sportswoman, she enjoys riding, shooting, hunting, swimming and tennis. Iqbal Rizvi recounted an incident when after his engagement to Shameem, he visited Bhopal and excitedly or happily accepted the invitation for *shikar* (I think he mentioned tiger shooting) with his fiancée's family. At this point Shameem started to laugh at the remembrance of his scare or to put it mildly, his uneasiness.

Iqbal's parents were from Amroha (Muradabad) and he is their only child. His father was a scholar of philosophy, religion, mathematics, literature and medicine. Iqbal says that his family have had five generations of *hakims*, which brought us to the subject of the difference of the medicine in which his father carried out research and the medicine in which he deals. Mr Rizvi feels that it is a chain, a continuation, the building of sciences.

Shamim is the daughter of Shehzada Sultan Aziz of Bhopal. Having lost her mother when still young, she was brought up by her aunt, the Begum of Bhopal. From a large family (they are seven sisters and brothers) Shamim has learnt sports, music and dancing. The opportunity for developing such talents was available right in the home. Talking nostalgically of the vast grounds and spaces people were used to, one sighs for the limited opportunities available to our children today.

Iqbal and Shamim have tried to give the best to their children by giving them a large airy bedroom and lots of space in the compound with a large sprawling lawn. In their beautiful well tended garden a wooden swing hangs down from the boughs of a tall tree. Shamim said that on Sundays and holidays, if at home, Iqbal is to be found pottering about in his garden which he is fond of and takes special interest in.

Discussing the social conditions our children will be growing up in, I asked the Rizvis' what place do they think Religion have in our children's lives, the children of today. Iqbal Rizvi seems to feel that *Religion is a way of life and that will remain with us. If a child is taught or shown right from wrong in early age we can hope reasonably for them not to go astray.*

(Talking of money, Iqbal would like to make two millions at least—the first million, he said, would go to Ghalib and the second to his family. I was wondering if I had heard correctly when Shameem intervened to say she had the most unusual rival in the works of the poet Ghalib.)

Explaining what he meant by the first million to Ghalib, Iqbal Rizvi maintains that Ghalib's contribution to literature would not only equal Shakespeare's but surpass his work. He feels that it has not been presented to the world and that is where he would like to use his money to bring Ghalib's verse and philosophy to the world. Shamim and Iqbal both enjoy reading, Shameem must read every night before sleeping.



Mr Iqbal and Shamim Rizvi photographed with their children.

Iqbal and Shameem are usually out together at the many cocktail and dinner parties that they are invited to. Besides these they enjoy pictures and plays whenever one is presented in Karachi. Other days they like to spend a quiet evening by themselves, chatting, reading and listening to music. Iqbal and Shameem have the usual misunderstandings and quarrels which occur between two people living together but they have it out and if Iqbal leaves home in a huff he usually rings up from office, said Shameem, and once they have made up life is smooth again. Due to his work, Shameem and

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Iqbal have not had a holiday out of Karachi together since their honeymoon to Kaghan Valley in July 1959. The couple of times that Shamim went without her husband to Murree hills and to Bhopal, she was bombarded with letters and on one occasion Shamim's favourite song was written in the letter by Iqbal and back came Shamim in one third of the time she had planned to holiday.

Shamim enjoys being a housewife, her most urgent ambition being to travel and see the world. She reigns serenely and contentedly over her domestic kingdom, finding complete satisfaction in house-keeping. Using her artistic talents in interior decorations and in beautifying her home.

Their living room is furnished in beautiful yellow and grey complementing the same yellow in a large abstract painting which adorns one wall, done by Shamim's sister-in-law, Laila Shehzada. The Rizvis' do not draw or paint, but Shamim has tried a hand at Khattak dancing and plays the piano beautifully. Her husband is planning on buying a piano for Shamim who is looking forward to practising and teaching Atiya how to play.

Atiya, her father said, shows artistic talents and enjoys drawing things too. For my benefit he asked her to draw a man as she was with a slate and chalk in hand and in minutes she drew a man which is more than I can do. The Rizvis' like to go out to the beach or to a swimming pool on weekends with the kids. As Iqbal Rizvi has a five day working week he enjoys and savours the week-end outings.

Having seen Shamim in her traditional Bhopali dress and always wearing fabulous jewellery, I commented on it. Shamim said that she sometimes wears the Bhopali dress otherwise she is always in sarees. And which woman does not enjoy wearing jewellery when one possesses a collection like Shamim's.

Despite each other's shortcomings Shamim and Iqbal seem very much in love and harmony. Not that they mentioned any shortcomings, I mean the human earthly ones present in each one of us. In such a lovely setting they will, I suppose, make the best job of bringing up children with the influence of their modern living and habits along with independent thinking which is seasoned with the educated and cultured minds of the couple themselves.