



# **You're Killing the Mountain**

Eight Artistic Projects on the  
WATER and TERRAINS  
of Murree, Pakistan | 2017

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You're Killing the Mountain: Eight Artistic Projects on Water & Terrain  
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# Foreword

*We dedicate our work and efforts to the women of our art world,  
especially the ones who left us in the summer of 2017,  
Lala Rukh, Saira Baqir and Saira Sheikh.*

The Murree Museum Artist Residency is an organic, self-organized, artist-run-initiative that brings together a diverse group of practitioners as a space for generating ideas, art and cultural practices. It was founded in 2014 to converge, fail, experiment, and have meals together, while revitalizing each other's practices.

The two main pressing issues for the overly stressed hills are shortage of water and territorialisation of land, which are fast leading to ecological disasters. Practitioners were invited to research and respond to these concerns that have been exasperated by growing strains of tourism. The findings of each group was presented to the public of Murree as an exhibit at Resource Centre, Kashmir point, Murree. To archive our findings/works, to create accessibility at large, beyond white cubes, an artistic book is necessary for proliferation of art and to break art's hegemony as a commodity.

The group was asked to give back to the local community by holding workshops for Gujjar, gypsy children and missionary school boarders, while stimulating interaction with the public in the town.

Our residency is a support structure in a vacuum, where a lack of funding from private or government sector is available to artists/writers who opt for parallel ways of working and seek venues/opportunities beyond state controlled organizations and commercial establishments. In order to offer an alternate, creative, liberal and diverse narrative of Pakistan, art and culture must be sustained.



# Water & Terrains

Water and land are fast becoming key issues in South Asia where population growth, lack of conservation, research and transnational politics have exacerbated resources, which will lead to environmental and humanitarian crisis. Murree becomes a microcosm of these issues and an interesting area for research because of its rich history.

Murree is a colonial, hill town at the foot of the Himalayas. The British in 1855 with a sale deed of Rs. 2,054 (\$20) bought twelve pastoral villages from indigenous tribes as a summer capital away from the heat of the plains<sup>1</sup>. A case has been recently filed by the Musiari tribe against the government for demanding repossession of their land and proper compensation<sup>2</sup>. The British Raj capital was eventually moved to Simla due to a lack of natural springs.

Post-partition, Murree became a popular and an easily accessible resort town, which was continuously pillaged by growing strains of tourism and commercialization without any long-term sustainable planning. Its surviving British Raj architecture and archives continue to wither away, leaving it detached from its past histories, giving way to ad-hoc construction with poor infrastructure.

With the exponential growth of the town, politics is at play to get a consistent water supply. It is supplied in small spurts, only for a few minutes. The indigenous, gypsy tribes use a natural spring with a rudimentary collection system; bathing and washing is an inconvenience and a rare luxury.

Murree still relies on the British-era water system installed in 1896<sup>3</sup>, which was transferred from several miles away from Doongagali to supply to a few hundred homes. Installation of a sophisticated water-pipeline and imported water tanks from England is still in use. The same water supply is used for a million<sup>4</sup> tourists during high season.

The soil of Murree is a spongy, clay which is susceptible to landslides, despite this there continues to be road expansion projects and illegal construction. Large number of hills are being bought by private housing schemes for luxury projects which effect the water supplies leading to Rawal lake. The tourists and traders are callous in their use of the

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Farakh A. Khan, Murree During the Raj: A British Town in the Hills, Sang-e-Meel Publication, second edition 2017

<sup>2</sup> conversation with Musiari Ithehad group

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Farakh A. Khan, Murree During the Raj: A British Town in the Hills, Sang-e-Meel Publication, second edition 2017

<sup>4</sup> Conversation with Assistant Commissioner Murree

<sup>5</sup> Ibid

mountain, dumping up to 35 tons<sup>5</sup> of garbage per day during the summer season, which is just part of the collectible amount, the rest is dumped on the hill side.

These concerns are not highlighted and awareness is not created, a blind eye is turned on the degradation.

\* \* \* \* \*

## This is How You Kill the Mountain

Water empties during the night. With gravity and ingenuity combined, our water is sucked out from our tank into somebody else's tank. In the darkness, under tall trees, water tanks are secretly opened, snake-like long pipes appear from the midst of the shrubbery, inserted from tank to tank of hotels, rest-houses and homes.

"In China, meanwhile, the unregulated and breakneck development of industry and industrial agriculture has polluted 80 percent of its rivers, almost all of which flow down from Himalayas through China to India, Pakistan and Bangladesh and Thailand.

The story these examples tell is in one sense very complex, but in another sense can be summed up as the consequence of ill-considered water projects imposed largely for financial reasons by international agencies and aid programmes, the bulk of which were designed to profit industries and investors in the donor countries. Thus, for example, external insistence on providing aid for the digging of deep tubewells in the Indus River Basin took no account of the naturally occurring arsenic in the aquifers of which millions of people have been or will become victims."

(Mike Gonzalez and Marianella Yanes, The Last Drop: The Politics of Water)

There is the water-man. Looming over the houses on the roads looking down on houses that now resemble a shanty town, a bygone era of the British Raj. He commands each water valve to be turned on. The sound of gushing water from leaky and gnashed pipes, making little fountains resembling boy-peeing-fountain. The sound brings chowkidaars, bearers and house staff into frenzy. Calls for self-organization, new pipes are given life which are pulled out of nowhere. The skeleton of the hill comes alive and shakes with vibration from the water pressure. People walk up the hill shaking hands with the water man, handshakes of money, water is let to run 5 minutes more. 20 minutes are up for those who didn't shake hands. The pipes run dry, the vibration and the gushing of waters from the heavens have stopped. Half a tank of a 1500 gallons tank is full, at peak season,

this will only be sufficient for barely a week.

“The Aral sea and the Indus River, which no longer reach the sea, are casualties of the cotton trade.”

(Mike Gonzalez and Marianella Yanes, *The Last Drop: The Politics of Water*, Pluto Press, 2015)

\*It takes 9,600 litres of water to make a pair of jeans in Pakistan.

(Mike Gonzalez and Marianella Yanes, *The Last Drop: The Politics of Water*)

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“Walking the streets can be a form of social engagement, even of political action when we walk in concert, as we do in uprisings, demonstrations, and revolutions, but it can also be a means of inducing reverie, subjectivity, and imagination, a sort of duet between the prompts and interrupts of the outer world and the flow of images and desires (and fears) within. At times, thinking is an outdoor activity, and a physical one.”

(Rebecca Solnit, *Men Explain Things to Me: And Other Essays*)

As children we ran down the hill *khud*, deep into the forests, trespassed neighbours houses without fear to make shortcuts. *Pak-dandi*, pathways made from walking, became routes, shortcuts and clues to the destination. As urban dwellers moved up the mountains, they replicated their insecure city lifestyles, large concrete walls obstructing views, obstructing the pathways once taken. They came in flashy cars, driving fast on narrow winding roads, thinning out the space of the pedestrians. Forests increasingly become territory of the dispossessed: Soviet-US war refugees, gypsies, and Musiari tribe made landless by the colonizers. Their expanding populations spread over the forest but the fear of the forest ranger leaves tall trees with tops but no branches. The earth slides down during the monsoon because thousands of trees were cut, not cut by the dispossessed, but for carving out the new highways, bringing hordes of day trippers without a sense of purpose. The open raw sewage replaces the waterfalls, I remember from my childhood, others are piped into homes. The outdoor/public spaces become narrower/smaller, like the cities we want to flee.

I see the peaks of Kashmir from my window after a stormy night, unable to identify the borders. I saw a map in a sensitive army office, labelling each peak, those names are not on Google maps, just a nameless mass.

Saba Khan, 2017  
Founder, curator  
Murree Museum Artist Residency

## Towards Reclaiming Murree

The significance of the Murree Museum Artist Residency (MMAR) and the launch of *You're Killing the Mountain*, cannot be discussed without highlighting the vision of Dr Farakh Ahmed Khan, who passed away in 2013. His 12-year-long research project, which culminated in Murree during the Raj: A British town in the hills, was an attempt to bring important historical and empirical details of how Murree, once an exclusive hilltop town typically visited by colonial-era officers, was transformed into a 'tourist-hub' which prioritised consumption over preservation, profits over people and communities.

Along with this book, the Murree Museum was launched in 2014 to further this project. As the museum's first director, Dr Farakh, in his last years, fought off attempts to convert the museum land into a fashionable-restaurant or cafe. Despite financial-constraints and lack of support, these efforts were supposed to add up into a larger-attempt to reclaim Murree. The MMAR looks into finding a new way of understanding the impending ecological-disaster taking place in Murree, with a focus on territorial and water-crises.

The story of the destruction of the mountain is said to have begun in the eighties when Murree emerged as a getaway for those in the corridors of power, as a rendezvous to meet and determine their next political move. Through slogans of “eco-tourism” or “New Murree”, the educated elite who wanted vacation homes were drawn towards the dream of consumerism and development that Murree now came to represent. It seemed as if each government that would come to power wanted a piece of Murree, and its major beneficiaries were the crony-capitalist interests and land-developers who saw money and profit in the mountains.

The realisation of this dream in Murree can be seen in rampant urbanisation and unchecked growth. Its forests have seen the felling of thousands of trees to create space for hotels, luxury-estates for elite and gated-communities. This in turn served to intensify the erosion of Murree's mountains and increase its susceptibility to large-landslides.

For the day-trip tourists arriving in droves, the primary goal of this lot was to eat and consume, but also create waste. The by-product of this consumption made its way to our water tables, creating a waste-hazard and breeding with it a predatory eco-system. After years of drought, by 2015, the sole water supply to Murree dried up, providing a unique marker of how, over the last 30 years, Murree was lost.

It is in this vein that readers can situate the message of MMAR's artistic book is a strong foundation to begin imagining a social-contract between people and nature, and a desire to take action and save the mountain.

Sher Ali Khan, 2017



# I. Water

Fazal Rizvi  
Natasha Malik  
Veera Rustomji

Pictured from left: Fazal Rizvi, Natasha Malik, Veera Rustomji, Ayesha Jatoi

# Deterritorialized Water

Following traces of Murree's water upon a walk.

We have been waiting to go down to  
the chashma for a few  
days now. Its raining almost every other day. And they say the way

to the chashma is dangerous for us with all the rain. Not dangerous for them, but for us.

We put on our shoes and get ready for  
this walk down to the spring.

When man walks on  
land, the land makes way for him. The la-  
nd is not meant to be a spectacle like the rest of Murree may have become. And they know well what happens  
when something becomes one.....

\* Text in white are excerpts  
from "Treatise on Nomadology-  
The War Machine"  
by Deleuze & Guattari

Fazal Rizvi

[illegible]

They carry children up and down the mall road on the bacha gaaris (man push carts meant to carry children up and down the hilly terrain). And sometimes some lazy adults too and those aged strands of muscles within those hands sometimes falter, and sometimes shake in friction. And they sometimes give up.

Imagine all that water thrushing down.....

But then there isn't all that much water here. And what is here is reserved. It's marked.....

...its divided amongst many. And there are many others that it chooses to exclude. But they find paths, they find water, and sometimes water finds them.

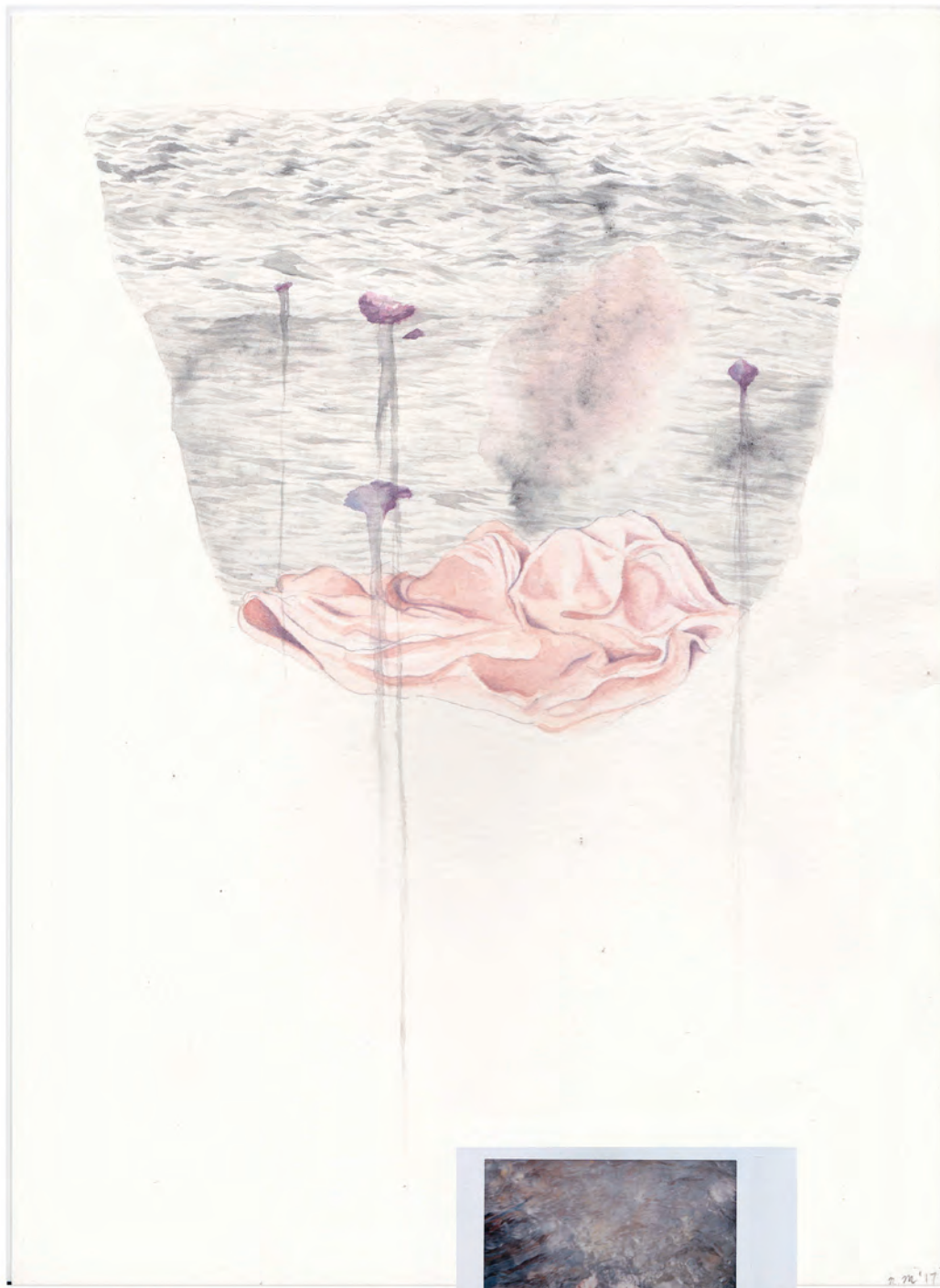
The water pool is caught up in a day's trip in the water as it is pushed up the terrain must push down its weight on what lies below it. Those hands too. They often also transport water to hotels and residences.

order to be left behind. Every point is a relay and exists only as a relay. A path is always between two points but the in-between was I saw one such elderly Gujar man pushing a cart laden with nestle bottles filled with spring water. Pushing slowly up the mountain, pausing occasionally to catch his breath. He says he makes 500 rupees for one such trip. And he is able to make one in these carts, for there is not enough of it. There never is. Old used nestle 6 gallon water bottles replace the children and go up and down the Mall road. They insist and forget to insist any longer.

and they all laugh

*A thought vibrating with whiteness  
clouded my mind.*



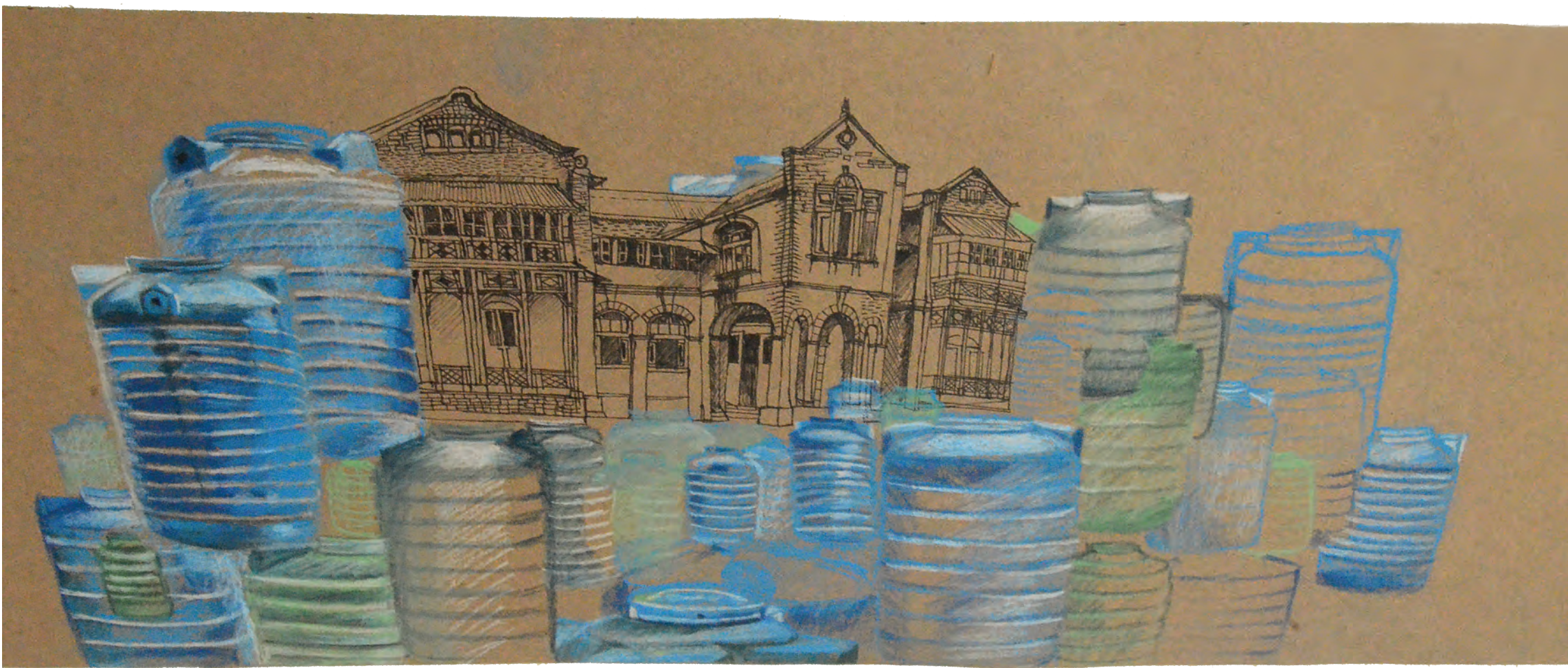






Veera Rustomji





## II. Terrain

Asif Khan  
Shahana Rajani  
Zahra Malkani



**Pictured from left:** Saba Khan, Zahra Malkani, Naazish Ata-Ullah, Salima Hashmi, Shahana Rajani, Asif Khan









### Groundtruthing

Bahria Town performs an imperial earthmoving  
as mountains are gouged,  
forests uprooted,  
histories and presents erased  
as the earth turns toxic from  
traces of gunpowder.

A detached optics of brutal architectures.  
Quarrying, breaking,  
ballasting, hauling  
to render the landscape tame/visible  
to claim the exclusive right to look  
to lay bare  
to survey and surveil  
to name, plan, build and order  
from above and afar.



Much like the Viceroy's house, Bahria Town Chairman's residence is located at the topmost peak of the *Sanketar* mountain. A site of refuge and surveillance.

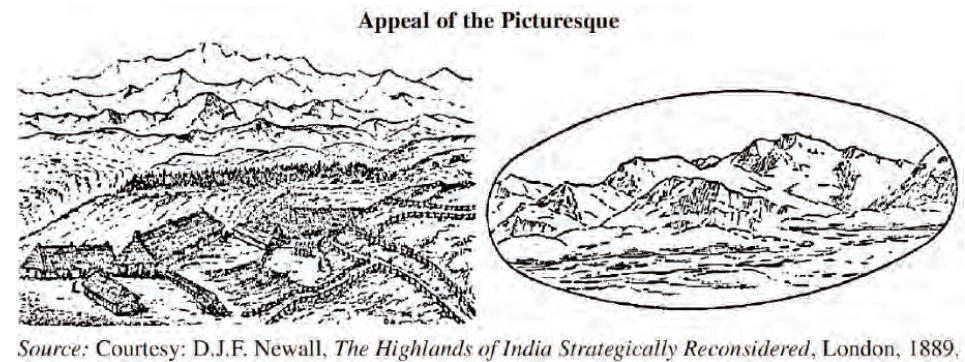
The contractor offers us a tour of the under-construction palace. We are transfixed by view after view, of picturesque landscapes. The contractor explains:

*Malik Riaz sabb ko views boht pasand hai.  
Upar agar aap dekhe tu boht khoobsurat jungle hai, pahar kaat kar  
jungle ki taraf open kar rahe hai hum.  
Ye sara view nazar aa raha hai, iss waja se ye location chose hui hai.*

He adds,  
*Magar ye saara bulletproof glass hai.*

I pause on this clarification, the desire to consume views yet the necessity of bulletproof glass.

Is it a fear of one's gaze returned, with equal force?



*This hostility is a condition dictated by those who control sight.*  
It responds by militarising terrain –  
bulletproof glass  
guns  
barriers  
barbed wires.

These apparatuses are evidence that the regime of sight reduces all to a threatscape, always sensing a potential threat in the terrain to turn insurgent against itself. A collapsing of the carefully manufactured frames of picturesque landscapes, a shattering of its idyllic abstractions, a revolt against erasure.

And yet so easily *the lust to be a viewpoint* makes us forget the sensings of violence and tension that haunt the landscape.



### *Experiments in groundtruthing*

*To undiscipline ways of seeing,  
To reject colonial imaginings of virgin forests/deserts  
of empty, barren wastelands  
refusing service to sight's larger destructive force –  
that I know to be violence against others.*

*To look down to the ground on which I stand.  
Learn ways of being in/of landscape, without distance  
To read its textures  
pause on the glitches  
refuse abstraction*

*To delve through the sediment,  
the savours of the soil,  
essences that circulate in the depths of the landscape  
diffused through the chain of being  
rising in plants as a multitude of  
saps, juices, remedies and poisons.*

*To listen to the histories of guzara forest,  
living with/ depending on/ giving back  
To learn and imagine practices of care,  
with the earth and ecology.  
New modes of making-sensible, an ethics of seeing.*



Zahra Malkani



## ground-truthing

### I

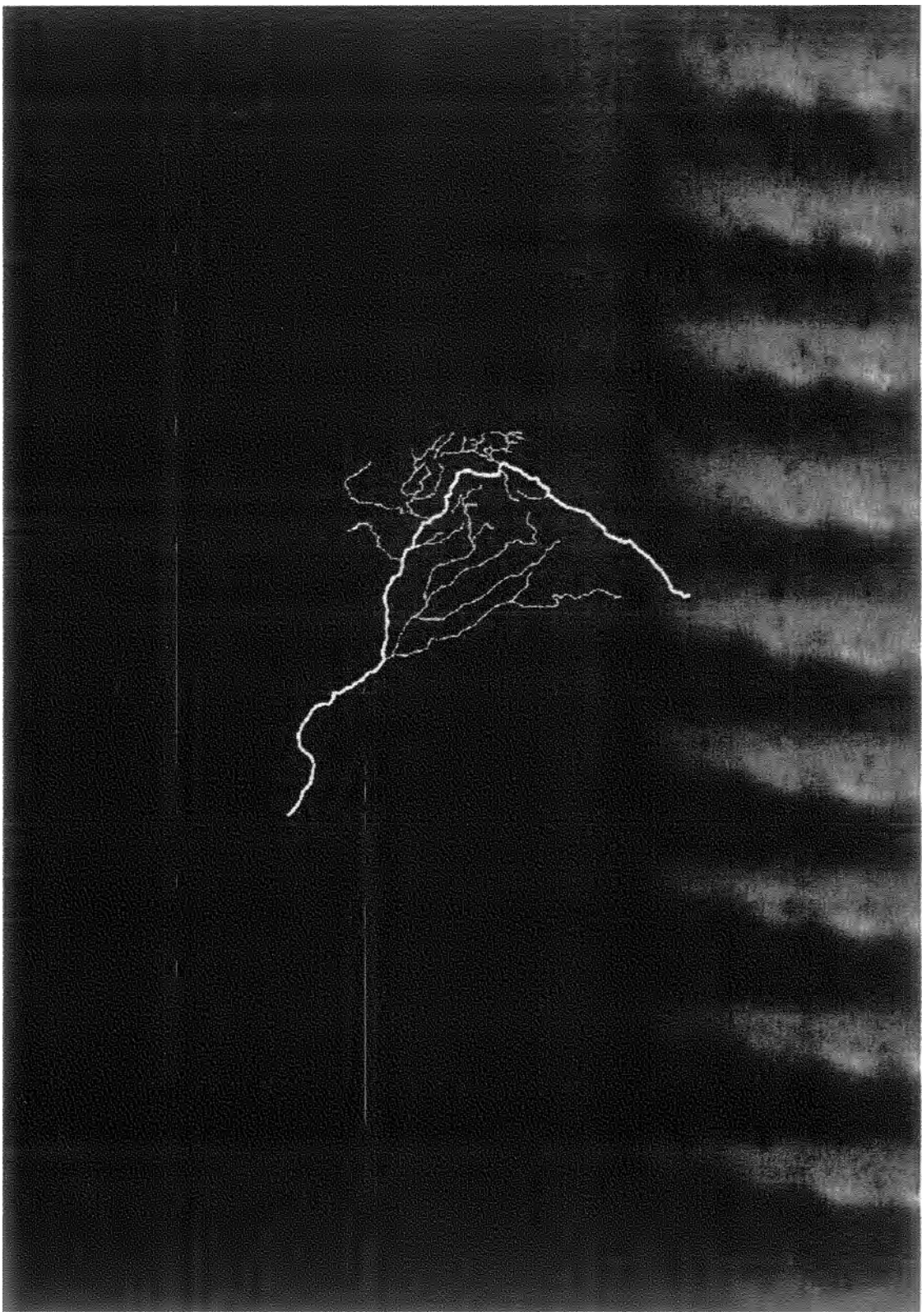
Begin with a landscape. A dreamwork, or a language. Say: I come from the banjar, ghairabad, ghairmehfooz zameen of Sindh. It's 38 degrees and the ground is hot and hardening in separation from dammed up rivers. Beneath the dry hot hard ground is coal, gas, energy, poison, life. From this dry hot hard ground grow weeds and vines, antidotes and elixirs. In abundance. You are sick and your vaidya tells you you dream of water so much because your body is on fire. In Murree it rains everyday.

.....

In Gadap the sand was always in your eyes, the wind in your ears, and here in Murree the clouds come down like a wall and all you see is mist. There is no narrative. You sent signals to the satellites so you could see Gadap from above. You received in return GPS coordinates, codes that don't crack. You drew maps but you were only ever drawing yourself. Figured in/by a landscape.

^^

You know it's not fair to hope that Murree will heal you. In the hills of Shimla a najoomi told your great-grandmother to keep her sons away from the heights. Years later she lost a son in an accident on this same mountain, another son and son-in-law in separate plane crashes. You are all alone for four nights. You listen to a lot of Hemant Kumar and think a lot about ghosts. Ghosts of dead colonisers who came to Murree to heal, ghosts of natives who fought for their land, your paramamoo, the ghosts of Gadap who paralyse tractors and drill-machines, the elders whose shrines refuse to allow BahriaTown's manicured landscapes to stand uninterrupted. Everyone is asking you if the isolation is getting to you - You don't feel it at all.



Beneath the dry hot hard ground I come from is coal, gas, energy, poison, life. We live and die with it. There is a storm in Murree and we watched the electric sky in awe all night. We'd never seen anything like it before. The next morning we hear all the rivers in Sindh have disappeared.



You are surprised you haven't fallen yet. Your feet won't grip the wet ground. You will slip again and again but you won't fall. The cloudwalls come down blocking all signals to and from the satellites. They dissolve all over the ground. You slip. Murree resists you. You cannot even map it with your feet. You find a chashma in the hills. You are told a story of the old woman who carved it out in search of water. That night the river will creep its way through the mist into your laptop and short circuit it.



1st -14th August 2017:

**Say:** Azeem Abro, Umar Unar, Shahid Junejo, Punhal Sario, Inam Abbassi, Jafar Chandio, Khuda Bux Lohar, Akram Bajkani, Nawaz Bajkani, Zubair Dahani, Haroon Panhwar, Qurban Khokhar, Shoukat Bahooto, Hajan Brohi, Khadim Bahooto, Jabal Junejo, Rajib Panhwar, Ghani Kolachi, Dur Muhammad Siyal, Ali Abbas Sanghroo, Haji Abid Sanghroo, Anwar Ali Sanghroo, Ghulam Murtaza Sanghroo, Nago Sanghroo, Masood Shah, Amjad Soomro, Waheed Bughio, Gulan Rind, Faiz Muhammad Bughio, Soomar Jamali, Rafique Shar, Hyder Shar, Javed Halepoto, Baboo Halepoto, Shabeer Halepoto, Javed Soomro, Babloo Khokhar, Najaf Laghari, Zulfiqar Sajjad Kori, Taimoor Halepoto, Mehran Lashari, Khushihal Bholo, Ayaz Unar, Mehboob Peerzado, Muhammad Khan Bhutto, Abdul Rasheed Chachar, Zulfiqar Kachhi, Mangharam Oad, Mehboob Chandio, Rafique Mallah, Khalid Sangharoo, Sadam Sangharoo, Abdul Rasool Sangharoo, Siddique Joyo, Altaf Jakhar, Javed Mandhro, Khalid Mandhro, Faraz Bajeer, Ahmed Qambrani, Ghulam Rasool Burfat, Zaheer Burfat, Asif Ali Burfat, Bahdur Noohani, Bilal Pathan, Zegham Ghuriyani, Irfan Ghuriyani, Farhan Ghuriyani, Qurban Ali (Azad) Jarwar, Shafi Muhammad Sand, Imran Khushk, Gul Rind, Faiz Rind, Waheed Bughio, Achar Mari, Mahar Ali Samo, Abdul Hafeez, Shuaib Korejo, Muneer Mallah, Badal Noohani



Can the rasas of Murree heal me? Hakim Arif tells me nothing could ever heal me. He tells me that, according to hadith, I will go to hell and take ten men with me. Say: I will go to hell and take ten men with me. The Vaidya drew a map of my body in her notebook to trace all the directions in which the fire had been displaced. In the dreams I know that the water is going to submerge me, but I know when it arrives I will breathe in it. I produce many different kinds of waterscapes in my dreams, excavating from knowledges I didn't know I had, languages I didn't know I knew. I mean, I grew up driving up and down a disappearing Indus. Mazboot! My father warns us every time there is a bump on the national highway. We hold on to each other and giggle. We loved that piece of shit national highway, every break and bump.

=====

End with an image, figured by a landscape: Mid-August, A jangala body in an anupa mountain. Whose country is this? Can you see it? Whose dreams do you see and: can you see yourself in them, through this mist? Can you see the disappeared, their disappearing ecologies, the ghosts? The river bed is coated in white now. Can you taste the salt, where the river used to be? Take 3 teaspoons every night before sleep. Enfolded in it is a memory of water. I smell fish everywhere I go. Where did you go, river, rivers? My first word: river, mother, I breathed in you. I dream you just to see you.

x

# Mentors

Naazish Ata-Ullah  
Salima Hashmi

summer <sup>transformation</sup>  
~~season~~ refuge station abandoned  
the intersection of an historical past  
with the present silence at the edge  
Orientation memory ~~and~~ nostalgia  
black and white photographs ~~wooden~~  
baptismal cistern <sup>try</sup> wooden baptismal  
cistern font black and white photographs  
men in ~~pub~~ knitted pullovers suits hats  
walking sticks / sound of rain on sloping  
tin roofs clouds descending <sup>transparent</sup> mists ~~sweeping~~  
gently settling lengthening shadows  
day into night drawn curtains  
warm quilts // catching morning sun  
clover leaves squelching soil underfoot  
pine <sup>trees</sup> a solitary oak <sup>distant</sup> mountains //  
observer or participant? discussion  
reflection sharing learning stories  
urchins wrinkled skin matted hair  
balti baths water conservation  
bulbous pears <sup>warm</sup> toast and tea

Naazish Ata-Ullah

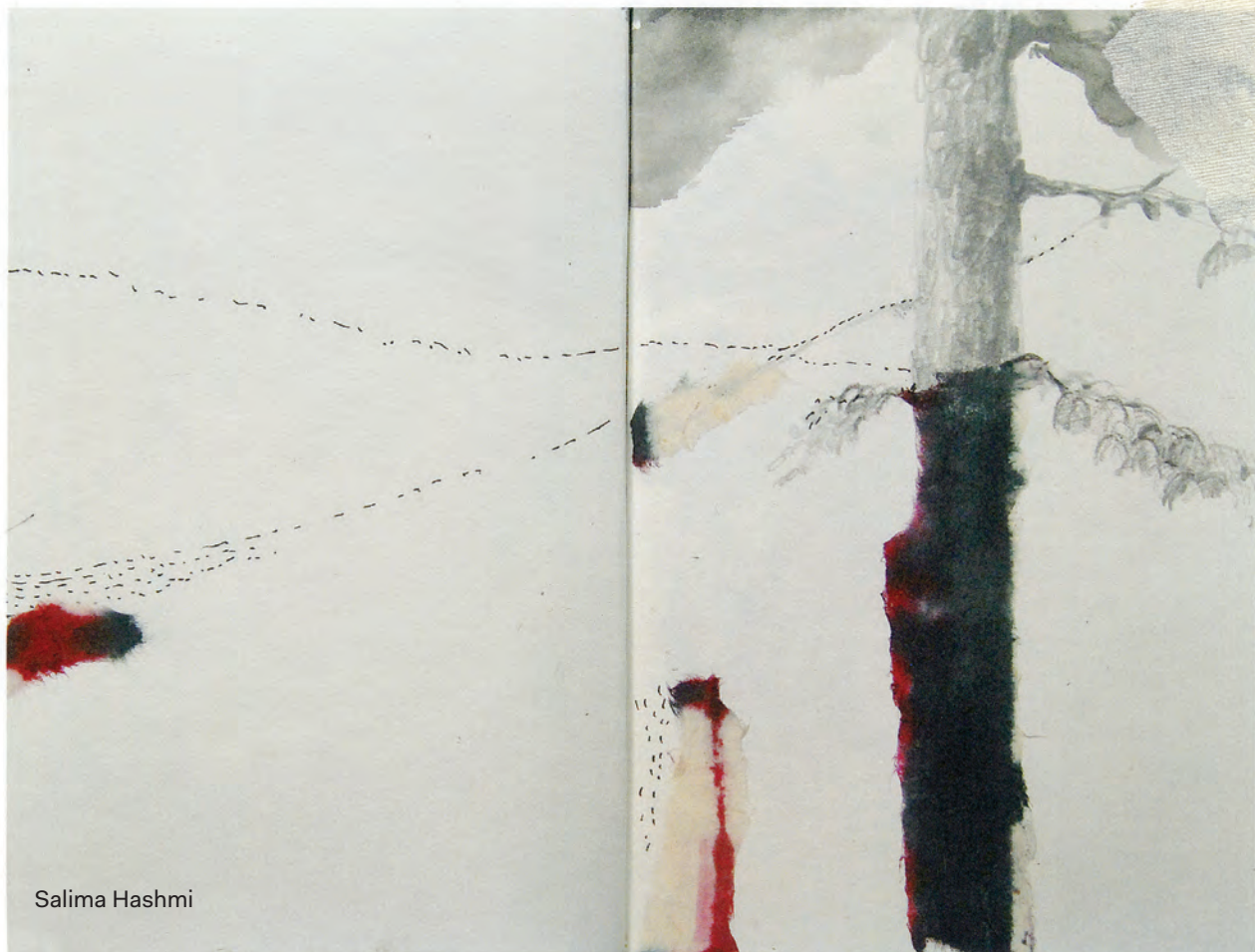
Notes from Muree

Listening and seeing -

How do others listen and see things?

Things change from generation to generation. What is worth talking about? What is worth passing on?

28  
2017



Salima Hashmi



Muree  
Residency?

So what does an artist  
residency hope to  
accomplish?

Does proximity change  
artists as human beings?  
Do they come away as  
somehow - different?

Sahana Hashmi -  
Muree 2017.

# Biographies

## WATER

**Fazal Rizvi** is an interdisciplinary artists with a practice that explores notions of memory, loss, erasures, migration, post-colonial identity etc. Rizvi graduated from the National College of Arts, Lahore, in 2010. He was selected for the Arcus Project Residency, Japan, in 2011 and was the recipient of the Charles Wallace Pakistan Trust and British Council Residency at Gasworks, London, 2014, and was part of the Vasl International Artist Residency 2015 as the Art Writer in Residence. He is currently a core member of the Tentative Collective and works and teaches at the Indus Valley School of Art and Architecture, Karachi.

**Natasha Malik** received her BFA in 2012 from the National College of Arts, Lahore, Pakistan, and her MFA from the Slade School of Fine Art in 2015. Malik's practice incorporates various modes of representation examined during her training in Indian miniature painting. Through printmaking, painting, photography, film and installation, she explores thematic concerns such as female identity and sexuality developed within the constraints of patriarchy.

**Veera Rustomji** graduated from the Indus Valley School of Art and Architecture with a Bachelor Degree in Fine Art in 2015. She enjoys exploring visuals primarily through painting and photographic documentation which bring out the multilayered issues and stories that are woven into her work. A recipient of the 2015 Rangoonwala Trust Academic Scholarship and the Dr Salimuzzaman Siddiqui Award, she continues to conduct in-depth research for her practice that is driven by her interest in the parallel dialogues of personal histories and minority communities. At present, she is working as an assistant coordinator for Vasl Artists' Collective. Veera peruses freelance writing with publications such as Art Now, Herald, Libas Magazine and has also contributed to international arts magazine DUST.

## TERRAINS

**Asif Khan** is a photographer and a photography department technician at Beaconhouse University. He has worked on several projects with eminent artists. Recently he showed at 1x1 Gallery, Dubai in a show curated by Salima Hashmi. He is also working on archiving the work of the eminent, deceased artist, Zahoor-ul-Ikhlaiq. His own work is on the sublime landscape.

**Shahana Rajani** is a curator, artist, and educator based in Karachi, Pakistan. She holds a Bachelor's in History of Art from University of Cambridge (2009) and a Master's in

Critical and Curatorial Studies from the University of British Columbia (2013). She is invested in using curatorial strategies to generate counter-geographies and alternate discourses on cities in the global south. She has worked extensively on community-based projects exploring urban space, violence, and the politics of grief, while also using printed matter and the internet as subversive mediums to reach diverse audiences and create cross-place connections. She conducts radical tours of Karachi as a way to perform and embody the counter geographies of the city. She is the founding member of the creative education initiative Bachon se Tabdili (Change through Children) that enables children to creatively visualize their stories and experiences of the city, which are routinely marginalized. Through art making, children produce meaningful urban narratives that expand our understanding of cities. Its first project aimed to re-envision public space in Karachi by highlighting children's experiences. Its second on-going project is working with children from migrant communities to explore family histories and experiences of migration through dialogue, map making, drawing and digital media. Rajani is also a core member of the Tentative Collective, an artist group that shares resources to create interdisciplinary works of art in public spaces.

**Zahra Malkani** is a Karachi-based artist. Her work engages with visual articulations of protest and the circulation, proliferation, and archiving of images in cyberspace as evidence and resistance in the Baloch and Sindhi nationalist movements. She is a member of the Tentative Collective and teaches visual culture at the Indus Valley School of Art and Architecture. Malkani received a Bachelor of Fine Arts from Bard College, NY and an MA in Contemporary Art Theory from Goldsmiths University of London, UK.

## VISITING MENTORS/ARTISTS

**Salima Hashmi** has been the Dean at the School of Visual Arts, Beaconhouse National University, Lahore. In addition, she is an activist, a painter, art educationist, writer and curator. In recent years she has been working on developing closer links with India and working towards a unity group. She was educated at the National College of Arts (NCA), Lahore, the Bath Academy of Art, U.K., and the Rhode Island School of Design, USA. In addition, Salima taught for 30 years at NCA, Pakistan's premier art institution, and retired as its Principal. Her work has been exhibited, and she has traveled and lectured extensively all over the world. She has also curated numerous international art shows in England, Europe, the USA, Australia, Japan and India. Salima Hashmi is a recipient of The President's Award for Pride of Performance, Pakistan.

**Naazish Ata-Ullah**, artist, educator, curator, writer, social and human rights activist lives and works in Lahore, she was Principal of the National College of Arts (NCA), Lahore. The Republic of France awarded her the title of Knight in the Order of Arts and Literature in 2010. Currently she is a Senior Fellow at Beaconhouse National University, Lahore. In 1985, she established the printmaking studio and program at the NCA. She has presented her work at Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux Arts, Paris; Teachers College Columbia University, New York; the Asia Society, New York; Fukuoka Asian Art Museum, Japan; the Institute of Education, University of London; the Victoria and Albert Museum,

London; The Indian Arts Society, School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London; Asia House, London; Whitechapel Gallery, London; the Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, India; Cartwright Hall Museum, Bradford, UK; The Slade School of Fine Art, London; the Art Academy of Oslo, Norway.

**Ayesha Jatoi** was trained as a Miniature painter at the National College of the Arts in Lahore. Her practice primarily explores the traditional manuscript's symbiotic relationship between the image and text and the spatial division of these "illuminated pages". In Jatoi's work, text often frees itself all together of the image. While being immersed in local ancient aesthetics of iconography, she simultaneously questions the relevance of traditional modes of constructing images today; resulting in a practice, which takes on hybrid forms.

**Fatima Hussain** is an Artist-Curator/Theatre Practitioner based in Lahore and Islamabad. She also runs an artist collective 'Other Asias' with Hamja Ahsan. Fatima has presented projects at the Shanakht Festival Karachi, SPILL Festival 2011 (London), Aicon Gallery London, The Guild NY and many others. Her work over the last few years have addressed multiple issues bringing into it the political, the historical, the everyday, and whether with intention or escape, 'art' for her, has fallen within a larger interpretation of the colonized structures, languages and territory. Fatima is a 2005 graduate of NCA (Lahore campus) where she was trained as a painter. She moved on to Central Saint Martins, UAL for her MA in Fine Arts (2007-2008).

## FOUNDER

**Saba Khan's** work is pumped with humour and satire; it looks at the class divides through layers of local aesthetics. Glitter, paint and crystals are used as tropes to comment on the emerging affluent-class, along with the 'bad-tastes' exhibited through religious ceremonies, homes and the bazaar. The works also make acerbic commentary on political and social conditions with inside-jokes and symbols while not preaching on a particular stance. She teaches at the National College of Arts and founded Murree Museum Artists' Residency, an artist-led initiative to support artists/writers, in 2014, and has run five residencies along with two books.

*Our residency was made possible with the support of our friends,  
family and mentors.*

*Ayesha Jatoi, Fatima Hussain, Fatima Khan, Fawzia Naqvi,  
Khadija Rahman, Mehjabeen Abidi-Habib, Naazish Ata-ullah,  
Qudsia Rahim, Raza Ali Dada, Raza Ali Khan, Salima Hashmi,  
Seher Khan Tareen, Seher Naveed, Sher Ali Khan,  
Tariq Zaman, Wasif Ali Khan*



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## GENERATION



LAHORE  
BIENNALE  
FOUNDATION



MURREE  
MUSEUM  
ARTIST  
RESIDENCY  
FOUNDATION

