

LAHORE CHANDIGARH

William Titley

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Ian Banks
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Introduction

Lines and Gatherings

Dr Julian Manley

'Improvement makes strait roads; but the crooked roads without Improvement are roads of genius'¹

A 'strait' road is an artificial line. William Titley's photographs take us through the meanderings of city spaces where people carve out roads of humanity in an organic, self-organising weaving and bobbing to and fro, at once directed yet directionless, an interconnected mass of relationships that meet, connect and are gone again, on another thread of the urban complex, still joined but elsewhere.

Here, in Lahore, as Naseer and Ul Ain say in their essay, movement and activity reflect a 'diversity that can only be described as human'. And the concrete blocks, the squares and lines of the architectural designs of Chandigarh stand in living contrast to the crooked roads of its peoples. Often massive, often silent, still and sober, Chandigarh presents us with spaces filled by the artist's eye. Views along a line, a perspective, a view from above, a thousand motorbikes, all from another time, when, as Ian Banks points out, 'The first Prime Minister of India Jawaharlal Nehru saw it as reflecting his new modern outlook "Let this be a new town, symbolic of freedom of India unfettered by the traditions of the past.. an expression of the nation's faith in the future"'. But what is this 'other time'?

In Titley's photographs, there is no single historical time and many spaces. Can we even be sure that these are two different cities, Lahore and Chandigarh, or are we simply in Punjab? Maybe this is a time and space that exists despite the artificial 'Radcliffe Line' drawn up by the British colonialists before leaving the Indian and future Pakistani peoples to an unprepared fate.

In this way, Titley's photographs create a new space, a 'becoming' space, where two cities can almost merge into a single expression of diversity. Within this diversity, Titley juxtaposes everyday life with the institutions of a living past, the buildings of power, architecture and religion. Included in this vision, we see people about their work, a skinny horse, three dogs, a cow, goats all sharing the space with forts, mosques and ancient Gates. A photo of builders erecting wooden scaffolding connects the organic, human activity with the architecture. We find ourselves also counting the numbers of people that can fit onto a single motorbike, just as Titley himself has done, 'amusing myself by counting the passengers on motorbikes.' 'It's just like Milton Keynes..' he says.

'New towns' become old news. But there they are. In this way we are participants in an emotional view of a life depicted. And lurking behind the bustle of life that we participate in through these images, there is a darker history, as Ian Banks reminds us: 'Today, the muscle memory on the two halves of this 'Greater Punjab' still rankle and itch like a severed limb.' Thus, darkness and laughter can coexist in a single experience.

Naseer and Ul Ain evoke the noise and bustle of Lahore: 'Lahore is all sound'. Like them, we need a 'heightened sensitivity born of necessity' to 'hear' both the sounds of the crowds and the silence of the empty spaces in Tittley's photographs. The collage effect of bringing together these elements provides us with this opportunity and necessity. In this way we are drawn to new ways of understanding space and time, the India and Pakistan portrayed in Tittley's photographs: the Punjab.

1 William Blake, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell





























































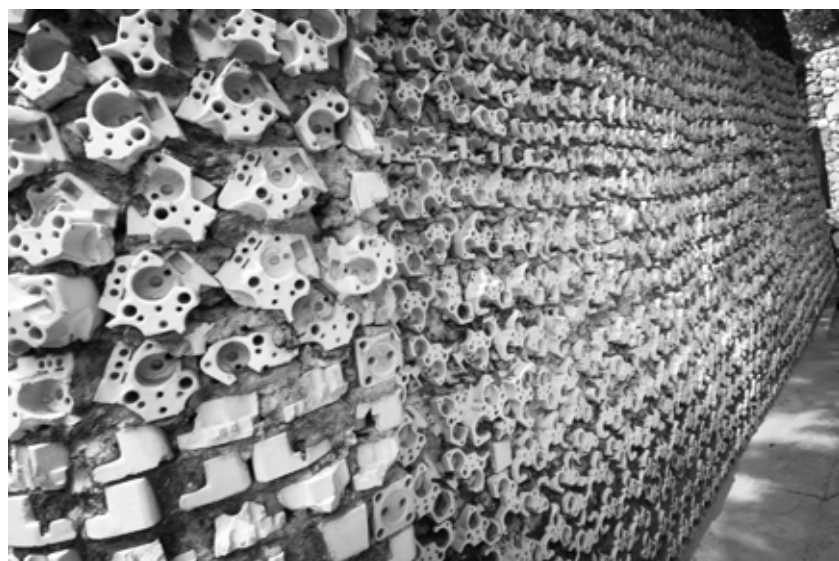
















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A black and white advertisement for Ravi Exchange. On the left, a woman and a young girl are smiling, and a man in a military-style uniform stands in a doorway. The background is a large banner with Urdu text and logos. The text includes 'دنیا بھر سے بھیجی گئی رقموں سے' (From money sent from all over the world), 'راوی ایکسچینج سے' (From Ravi Exchange), and '*منٹوں میں وصول' (*Received in minutes). The Western Union logo is visible with the text 'WESTERN UNION MONEY TRANSFER'. At the bottom, the Ravi Exchange logo (a globe with a stylized 'R') is shown next to the text 'Ravi Exchange 0800 CO. (PVT.) LTD.' and 'فری نمبر' (Free number).























A Straight Path or The Pack-Donkey's Way? Rambles about Chandigarh and Lahore

Ian Banks

Man walks in a straight line because he has a goal and knows where he is going [...]. The pack-donkey meanders along, meditates a little in his scatter-brained and distracted fashion, he zigzags in order to avoid the larger stones, or to ease the climb, or to gain a little shade; he takes the line of least resistance. [...] The Pack-Donkey's Way is responsible for the plan of every continental city; including Paris, unfortunately.

Le Corbusier: The City of Tomorrow and its Planning - 1929
There is no need to acquire great areas of land and property in order to drive straight roads through the city [...]. This is unskilful and costly and takes no account of the inhabitants and their trades which are displaced. It takes away the characteristics of the city and causes hardship. Careful observation on the ground will show the town planner many cases where he can acquire property cheaply from which he may form chawks and connecting streets running, like a string of beads, along the lines of least resistance.

Basil Martin Sullivan: A note for the use of the Lahore Improvement Trust Committee when formed, with special reference to the city of Lahore inside the walls', Lahore: Punjab Public Works Department - 1928

Contradictions and re-inventions appear as you explore the legacy and quixotic ego of a Punjab split between India and Pakistan. There is a recurring love-hate relationship born from a dichotomy of conflict ebbing and flowing throughout this delta for centuries. The Punjab (Persian for 'land of five rivers') had been in a constant state of flux since even before Alexander the Great briefly conquered it midway through the 5th century BC. For centuries before and after that, a power play between Hindu, Muslim and then Sikh dynasties has muddied the region's cultural pedigree - along with its often described propensity "to deliver saints and fighters in equal measure" (and sometimes even simultaneously). In more recent times, this innateness was further fuelled via a British Raj's Divide and Rule ethic that established a seismic chain-reaction of annexation, dissolution, mutiny, partition, linguistic trifurcation and wars.

Today, the muscle memory on the two halves of this 'Greater Punjab' still rankle and itch like a severed limb. This is illustrated most graphically when viewing the pantomime of the gate-closing ceremony in Wagah every sunset. Here, set upon the ancient silk route of the Grand Trunk Road, is the only crossing between India and Pakistan. Like a two-faced Janus, Latin god of beginnings,

transitions and gateways, the view from here looks both ways from a major fault-line that is the 'Radcliffe Line' of demarcation drawn up in 1947. Post-Partition, this new order has not proved the cure-all panacea, but just another seminal shift to the power base that has influenced the Punjab for millennia. Today, continuing separatist revolt in neighbouring Kashmir and the most recent threat of al-Qaeda insurgency in Pakistan retains an uncertainty for the regions future.

For over 4000 years, the Grand Trunk Road has been one of the most important routes for both trade and troops, snaking for 2500 miles from Afghanistan through the Kyber Pass towards Bangladesh. This, along with the irrigation from its 'five rivers' enabled the Punjab to develop as the historic bread basket for the sub continent. Attracted to this, nomadic tribes, speaking Sanskrit (from the family of Indo-European languages that include Persian and Latin), descended the route to settle. It's resulting civilizations are now classed as one of the oldest and richest on earth, with Persians, Greeks, Huns, Turks, and Afghans all leaving their trace on the regions formative culture, language and identity. Home to one of the largest of the four ancient civilizations, the Pakistani Punjab formed the heart of an ancient Harappan civilization, where sophisticated urban culture flourished from as early as the fourth to the second millennium BC - in the twin cities of Harappa and Mohenjo-daro. Of the settlements now uncovered, these were found to be built of modular-sized mud and fired bricks, which ironically are similar to some being used in Lahore even today. What is known of Harappan culture shows an evidence of very sophisticated society. This is illustrated by the presence of large and well-fortified citadels in each of the two ruins: Both were built to a strict planning template of a mile square, with defensive outer walls built around dwellings and a central Citadel of civic buildings, public baths and pools; The citadels faced west and served as sanctuaries for the cities' populations in times of attack and as community centres in times of peace; A formative feature was the regularity and order in their town planning and consideration given to the civic amenity, sewerage and drainage; The main streets were generally oriented from north to south, with connecting streets running east to west and laid out in a perfect grid pattern. They divided the city into 12 blocks, and even the size and proportion of the bricks remained the same everywhere with a fixed size ratio of 1:2:4.

As such, both Lahore and Chandigarh today demonstrate many unconscious parallels to the design and aesthetic legacy drawn from this Harappan culture. Whether the eclectic build-up of the Mughal, Sikh or Raj layering in Lahore; or the applied modular grid on New Town Chandigarh, the mutual debt to their social planning and module seems clear.

Modern Lahore is now effectively three different cities: The old Walled City built to the curve and flood plain of the River Ravi;

the British Raj's Mughal-Gothic hybrid of architecture; and then the concentric expansions away from the river post Partition. There is no doubt that Lahore's architectural peak was during it's Mughal phase with the creation of such gems as Lahore Fort, Badshahi Masjid (Royal Mosque), Moti Masjid (Pearl Mosque) and the Alamgiri gate. Further to this, in its exquisite green spaces like Shalimar Gardens, designed to mimic the Islamic paradise of the afterlife described in the Qur'an. Here, ancient Persian design principles of Charbagh were used to create lush geometric layouts.

So was it that under Mughal rule, the city slowly became seen as a major cultural and academic centre. It became to be called the Paris of the East, with John Milton even classing Lahore alongside the finest cities of the world in his *Paradise Lost*. However, a steady decline in cultural morals soon followed first under Sikh and then the British rule. Symbolically, the old city walls were destroyed shortly after the British annexed the Punjab in 1849. These were replaced with new gardens, some of which still exist today. The Walled City, which had an original 13 gates, has only 6 of these surviving today.

Fortunately, since 2006 the Government of the Punjab has begun a process of rebuilding the Walled City with the help of UNESCO and World Bank funding. This presents a new opportunity for Lahore finally to apply the best practices of urban regeneration and conservation planning. As a result, it is notable that a replica of the Lahore Fort was used for the Pakistan Pavilion at the 2010 Expo in Shanghai. The irony here is the fact that a 1928 planning report, by Basil Martin Sullivan, chief architect and planner to the Punjab Government highlighted that the expansion of Lahore and its future potential, needed a more coordinated planning policy to preserve its original character.

Unlike Lahore's ancient evolution being interspersed with upheaval imposed at a change of rule, the creation of Chandigarh was a more instant-fix of political statement and social experiment. The city was designed by visionary architect Le Corbusier and was established in the 1950's as a modernist new town and regional capital following Partition and the so-called trifurcation of the Indian Punjab. The first Prime Minister of India Jawaharlal Nehru saw it as reflecting his new modern outlook "Let this be a new town, symbolic of freedom of India unfettered by the traditions of the past.. an expression of the nation's faith in the future", he said.

Plans for Chandigarh had first started with town planner Albert Mayer who had been an army engineer stationed in India at the end of WWII when he was introduced to Nehru. The master plan thus agreed between them had a fan-shape sitting between the two seasonal river-beds. The city centre was sited in the middle, with two linear parklands running diagonally northeast

to southwest. At the northern edge was a capitol complex set against the backdrop of the Shivalik hills. Mayer proposed a self-sufficient city surrounded by a green belt. Areas were set aside for business, industry and cultural activities. However, in 1950, his co-planner died in a plane crash and so Mayer withdrew from the project.

On his subsequent appointment, Le Corbusier saw a golden opportunity to finally implement the principle of his 1935 Ville Radieuse (Radiant City) - his blueprint for social reform. It was also linked to studies undertaken in the 1930s by the Congrès International d'Architecture Moderne (CIAM), and these same principles were later used in Le Corbusier's 1943 Athens Charter. Key to his utopian principles were the division of urban functions, roads and pedestrian networks. Linked to anthropomorphic proportion, Le Corbusier developed his Modular expanding on Vitruvius and Leonardo da Vinci's Vitruvian Man and the work of Leone Battista Alberti. This system was also based on other human measurements, the Double Unit, the Fibonacci Series, and the Golden Ratio.

In doing all this, Le Corbusier created the Edict of Chandigarh where his fundamental principles to do with human scale, sector zoning, traffic management, preservation of green space and truthfulness of materials were likened to an organic growth: "The seed of Chandigarh is well sown. It is for the citizens to see that the tree flourishes".

Bringing things up to date more than 60 years later, Barbel Hogner's 2011 Book, Chandigarh - Living with Le Corbusier, explored the contradictions between the legacy of these Edicts of modernism against the daily rhythm and vernacular of real Indian life in the city today. Her personal conclusion was that these had been largely successfully dealt with and appropriated.

Unsurprisingly perhaps, Chandigarh is said to have the highest per capita income in India; as well as being classed as both the cleanest of its cities (2010 government study); and top of the ranking in 'human development' or well-being (2005 Human Development Index data). How this applies itself across the broad social spectrum of the city is beyond the scope of this article, but one must assume that these figures are likely to be improved by higher proportions of middle and high income classes. Perhaps symbolic of this local anomaly is The Geri Route, a circuit of streets running through Sectors 10 and 11 of the city. Here, the middle class youth and couples parade themselves and their cars as a daily spectacle. The irony of this for Chandigarh is that India remains 127th in the world list of countries by vehicles per capita ratio (with only 15 cars per 1000 population according to statistics from 2006 World Bank data).

Such outcomes are quite common when exploring other

examples of new town planning. For example, Lahore's own small Model Town, established in 1921 no less, was the fruition of Dewan Khem Chand's dream to establish his own "Garden Town" through a belief in self-help and the democratic movement. Nearly 100 years later, whilst the Model Town remains a co-operative society, the owners of its spacious houses, remain as they always were: retired professionals, businessmen and traders. Chandigarh was not envisaged by Le Corbusier as a city to walk around in any way other than along his straight path. Anything other than this, he believed was what he called the "Pack-Donkey's Way" and played into the hands of what he called a "Law of Beauty" that had become an unfortunate religion and design manifesto for cities as a result of Camillo Sitte and his 1889 book *City Planning According to Artistic Principles*. That work is often cited as the ultimate criticism of the Modernist Movement, whilst Le Corbusier believed it to be an "appalling and paradoxical misconception in the age of motor cars".

And so here finally exposed is the ultimate paradox in trying to justify either the retained order and controlling design edict of a new model city like Chandigarh; against the alternating bursts of artistic and pragmatic growth in an old city like Lahore. Le Corbusier bemoaned that even Paris had been ruined by his Pack-Donkey's Way, but one could argue that it is this very cyclic growth pattern in ancient cities like Paris and Paris of the East Lahore; as well as their constant flux through a process of decay, revolution and reinvention; that give them their true vitality and life.

Perhaps the fate of the lost Harappan cities of Harappa and Mohenjo-daro was not to adapt to similar controlling forces in time.

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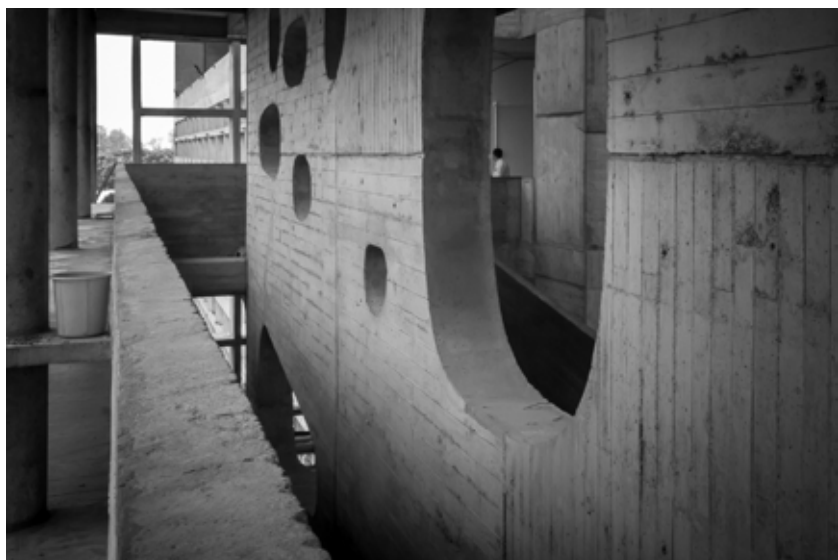




















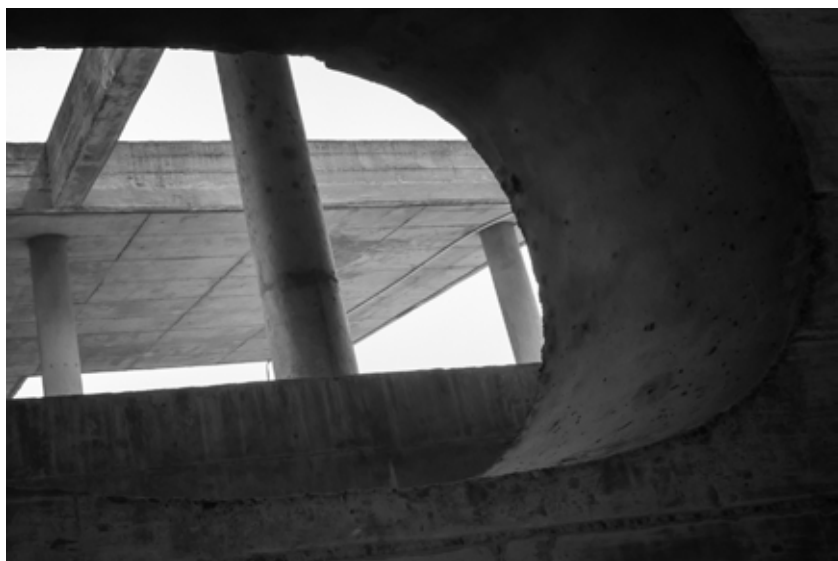




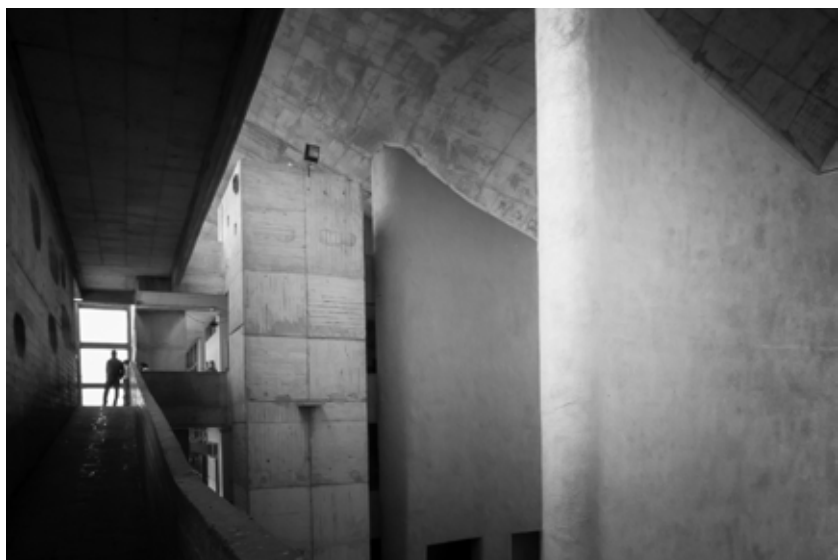




















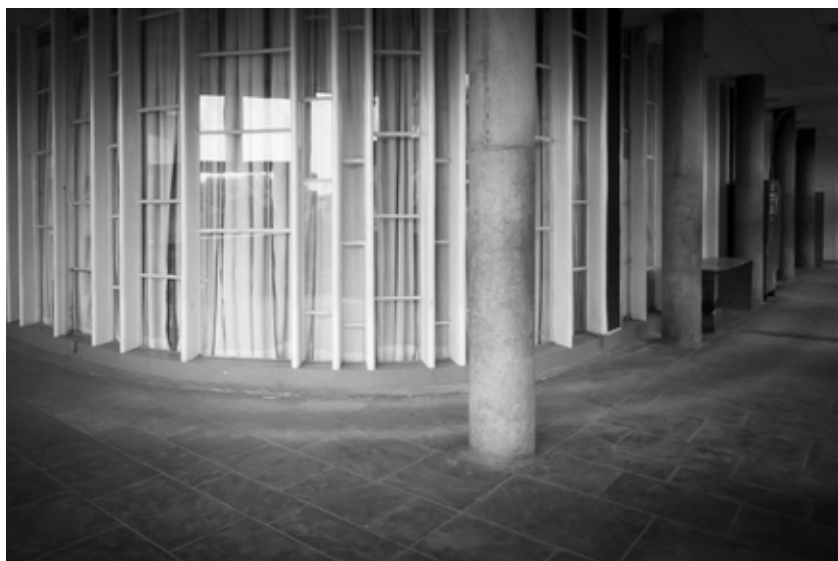




























Welcome To Lahore, Brother

Rabbya Naseer and Hurmat UI Ain

Welcome to Lahore, brother², Lahore the Paris of India³, belonged to an old family of Delhi who for generations had links with the Mughal Court⁴ 'You should see her dance. How she moves!⁵ like a maiden⁶, Soft spoken and mild mannered⁷. Like most brides, however, she had accepted⁸ any predators⁹ willingly, if not passionately¹⁰. I feel her movements as she chuckles and flays¹¹. Her possessions had become part of her existence¹²; a river with crystal waters - fine palaces and gardens¹³, the marble domes and the minarets of the Badshahi Mosque¹⁴, a brick wall about fifteen feet in height, pierced with thirteen gateways¹⁵, the cheerful people who love unconditionally¹⁶, the sound of(;) wedding songs ringing in the air - tak-a-tak in food street - rickshaw's engine speeding away - merciless beauty called Punjabi¹⁷, world of extended families, aunts and uncles, two dozen cousins, cricket¹⁸, restaurants and tea shops - famous for producing poets and artists and writers¹⁹ - full of surprises - a diversity that can only be described as human²⁰.

Along the Mall, the city's main avenue (of which every Lahoria is justly proud²¹) lay the stately buildings from its colonial past: the Governor's House, Aitchison College, the High Court, the Punjab Club²². On the right we face the famous Sir Ganga Ram building housing the leading chemists Jagat Singh and Sons²³. That's when I realized what has changed²⁴, she looked older, more elegant; she had an element of that beauty which only age can confer upon a woman²⁵.

Old Anarkali – named, as you may be aware, after a courtesan immured for loving a prince²⁶. Now if - this is fiction the question naturally arises, who is the lady buried in the tomb?²⁷ - at this time of the day, only one thing could have brought you to the district of Old Anarkali – and that is the quest for the perfect cup of tea²⁸ and I waited impatiently for that²⁹. The sweetest thing in the world is your need. Yes, think on it. Your own need, the mainspring of your wants, well-being and contentment³⁰.

Even from that distance we can tell it's the³¹ National College of Arts - and its students often come here for a cup of tea, just as we are doing now³². Thirty seven years after the British had left it was still the most privileged address in Lahore - faded but desperately holding on to the aloofness of their old masters³³.

The road had been improved lately - At intersections, billboards with attractive young women and men advertised clothes, cars, credit cards, ice cream. On one billboard was a splattering of dark paint where someone with conservative views and good aim had tried to obliterate a particularly fetching

female face³⁴, Lahore lagging behind New Jersey in the display of skin³⁵. My mind went back to my father's room – where I used to see an illustrated Urdu magazine on his table – It usually had a photograph of an actress on its cover and the inside pages also.³⁶

I tend to associate places with smells³⁷. I know I'm in the right place by the smell³⁸. But not Lahore. No. Lahore does not have a smell. Lahore is all sound³⁹. So I learned to be more imaginative⁴⁰. Like all things in my profession, it is a learned art⁴¹, the heightened sensitivity born of necessity⁴². The feel of the grass of Race Course Park⁴³. The intermittent breeze, which, when it does blow, makes these warm afternoons more pleasant⁴⁴. Those stalls full of garlands, the red roses and the easily bruised white motia⁴⁵. The very climate of Lahore is passionate⁴⁶. Together, we surrendered to it - Warmth issued from my body. Perspiration gathered in the close-cropped hair at the bottom of my scalp⁴⁷. The sun's amber light nestled on the brown waters of the shallow Ravi⁴⁸. The muezzin's cry, suppliant, plaintive and sensual, rose in the hushed air ⁴⁹. The summer lingered like an unwelcome guest⁵⁰.

I turned left along the canal. Weeping willows along its banks dragged the tips of their branches through the water⁵¹. I stand at the edge of the flowing water⁵², took the photograph of myself out of my handbag. With deliberate movements, I tore it and scattered the pieces⁵³, a melancholy picture of fallen splendour⁵⁴so as to leave no trace behind.⁵⁵ who was the person I wanted to be?⁵⁶ Yes, I was happy in that moment. I felt bathed in a warm sense of accomplishment.⁵⁷ I thought: The Sufis have it right. They believe that the death of a saint must be celebrated, because it is the moment that his soul achieves union with the Eternal Being⁵⁸.

Life flows on this river of eternity
Man is not born this way; does not perish this way
Undefeated, life slips beyond the horizon,
But does not end there⁵⁹.

He told me stories about a man whose existence I had remained unaware of until his death and I felt like I knew him. He called it a "beautiful death" and I think these words will stay with me for the rest of my remaining days⁶⁰. True or not, the story has an extraordinary power, and⁶¹ The prayers for the welfare of the departed soul were over⁶². And am reminded that it is time to bring these "Reminiscences" to a close⁶³.

I felt a peculiar feeling; I felt at home⁶⁴.

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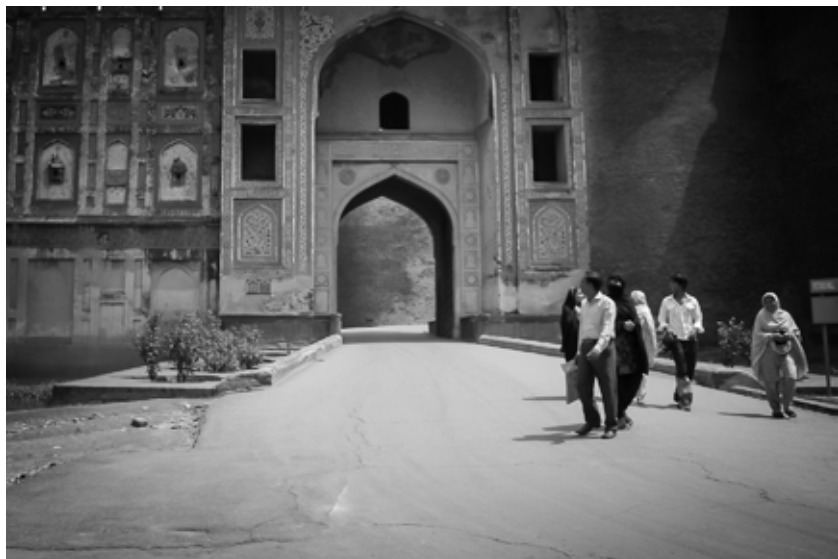












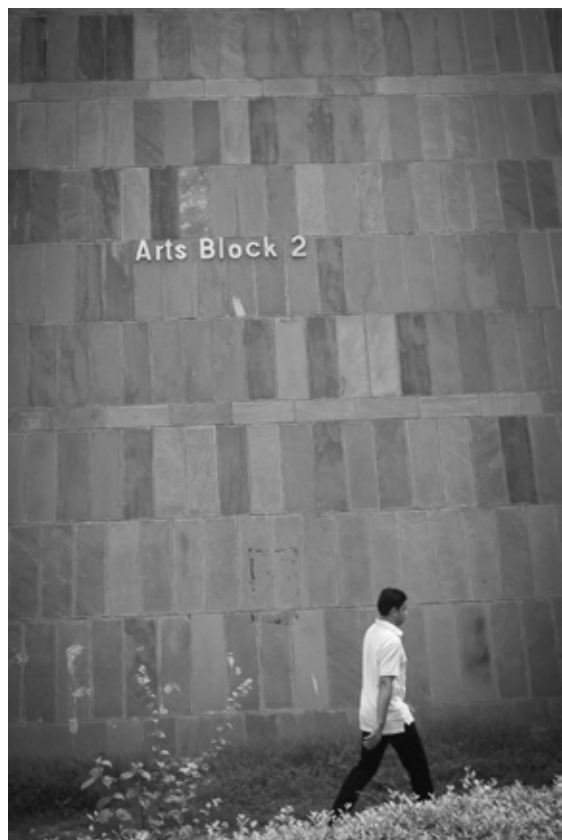








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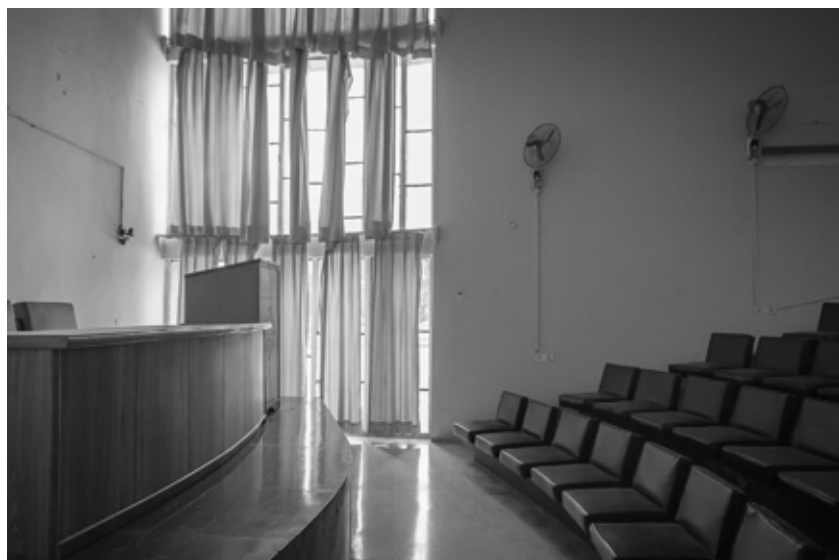








































































Between the lines

William Titley

I wake to the sound of a Monsoon shower and the giddy screams of children outside my door.

With The Delhi Gate behind me at the south eastern side of the city, I'm heading due west and into the maze. The tarmac roads are wide, very long and lined with trees which all have scars at the same height of about 1.5 meters up the trunk. The scars all face the road.

It is like driving through a film set for a 'Spaghetti Western', mud roads and animals all over the place: cattle, goats, donkeys, chickens etc. I'm spending the duration of the power-cut taking photographs of the heavy downpour from under the shelter of the architecture, trying to capture the encroaching flood puddles and amusing myself by counting the passengers on motorbikes. It's just like Milton Keynes.

At the Capitol Buildings in Sector 1 I am refused entry (I need a government permit). The building is British Colonial and is around 150 yrs old, it looks very impressive with gardens busy with groups of tourists enjoying the flowers, waterfalls, insects and butterflies.

Across the road is 'Amritsari', the oldest sweet shop in town, established at the time of Partition in 1947. All the different landscaped gardens are linked via bridges, stepping stones, shaded corridors and archways until the latest phase of the development opens out onto a huge plaza with tall playground swings, shops, an arena, hall of mirrors and a camel ride.

In a region where cinemas are proud to announce that they have been showing the same movie for the last three years, Rahid and his team manage to keep busy in his studio down a dark side street. Not so long ago, all the cinema boards were hand painted by skilled craftsmen like Rahid.

I'm in a cycle-rickshaw heading to the tourist information office at the bus terminal in S17 to find out about getting a permit for the Capitol buildings. A businessman is having a massage after a hard day at the office. He is lying on a carpet with a man walking up and down his body, using a long stick for balance.

He says the Mini Secretariat building is closed to the public today and gives me an information sheet with directions. So instead I head for the cinema. It's a movie about a boy who wanders over the border and is arrested (along with his father) by the border patrol and is eventually released after many years in captivity. The designated Pedestrian Crossings are too close to the traffic

roundabouts and drivers don't give way to pedestrians. There is a commotion in the street with women queuing for flour. Occasionally, chaos breaks out as men wade through a sea of colourful dresses. It's virtually impossible to navigate visually due to the flatness of the city with very few buildings above a certain height. Nonetheless, it is somewhat of a tourist attraction; drawing crowds of a couple of thousand on both sides each evening.

It reminds me of a huge sports arena with a tall fence going through the middle, separating the respective communities (and territories).

It is just one permit after another and I'm spending what seems like an age going through a variety of security checkpoints, paper signatures and different office staff to get permission to visit the rooftop of the main Secretariat Building. I suspect on a clear day the view is spectacular but with the heat and the humidity, it's just a hazy indication of distant mountains. However it is clear enough to see the whole Capitol Complex from this position and the soldiers on duty are friendly and in good spirits, pointing out the Assembly Building and The High Court buildings.

It is all very dramatic and even has cheerleaders to get the crowd going before the ceremony starts. The roar from the audience is echoed on the other side of the gates by the excited crowds with their own demonstrations of theatrical allegiance. There is some aggressive marching, the gates are opening and the flags on both sides are being lowered and exchanged in a mechanical robotic fashion as the gates are slamming shut to the roar of the cheering crowds.

Together with the heat, humidity and chasing the long paper trail of signatures I am completely exhausted as the sky grows dark with swirling storm clouds above the golden M.

I am talking to a couple of shopkeepers: a young tattooist originally from Goa who dreams of returning home to its festivals and night life and a communications worker, who has lived here for 20 years and feels that the authorities are neglecting the maintenance of many buildings. Between the Mosque and the Fort is a large square with fine examples of Sikh architecture. At The Museum of Fine Arts I'm crossing Montgomery Road and heading down McLeod Road to Lukshmi Chowk then turning right up Mahmud Ghaznavi (Abbott) Road to the cinema. They are showing 'Singh is King' at 16:30, I'm buying a ticket.

There are some French architecture students making watercolour studies of The Gandhi Bhavan. The crowd is mainly men who laugh and sing as I'm making my way to the department of Art History. The peaceful and tranquil space, which is a mini version of the Taj Mahal, was installed by the famous architect Shah Jahan.

At Gandhi Technology Park things are changing fast, expanding beyond the vision of the original architectural ideals and indeed the master plan.

I'm walking along McLeod Road up to The Mall Road. The G.P.O. is at the junction as expected and I'm heading for Anarkali Bazaar but actually meandering and drifting towards The Lohari Gate. The sky is blue for the first time since my arrival. Through the dissipating haze I'm glimpsing the mountains which are a lot closer than I thought. I love it around this area with lots of different craftsmen using different materials: from bamboo ladders to refurbished engine parts.

Most of the traffic is pedestrian and the exchange of goods from warehouse to shop is done by balancing large flat wicker baskets on the heads of delivery boys.

I'm staying here long enough to get bored by the place and walking down dusty alleyways through more colourful bazaars and riding a rickshaw to Gulistan in search of the cathedral in S19. It is very hot and humid again so walking is slow and energy sapping. I know the cathedral is close to the centre so if I can find my way to the cathedral then perhaps someone can point me in the right direction of the centre.

About a mile down the Mall Road is The Alhamra Arts Centre. It is a large complex of buildings, set in lawn gardens and from the south window I can see fireworks going off over Government House. It reminds me of the modern cathedral in Liverpool; concrete but on a much smaller scale. The attendant is drawing me a little map on a piece of scrap paper (an old service sheet). I am caught in a traffic jam of baskets as one man pulling a small cart is stuck in the middle of this very narrow street. The noise level is increasing with shouts of encouragement for him to move quicker with his cart full of shoe boxes.

The map is vague but I remember the temple he speaks of and I'm retracing my steps to a recognisable point on the map and stumbling across it by accident. It's a magical Aladdin's Cave, crammed full of shimmering jewellery and sequined clothing: an underground labyrinth of colour with glittering gold and silver dripping from the walls.

This is the actual building where most of the planning and design discussions relating to the master plan take place. I'm staring at the shopkeepers recycling engine parts, young boys cleaning ball bearings in all their sizes as the men tinker with huge machines amidst the smell of metal lubricant.

It reminds me of a small military barracks: a single storey, narrow building with well kept gardens at front and rear with its ancient texture and colour.

It is the perfect backdrop for observing everyday life.























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Contributors

Ian Banks

Experience includes Head Architect for the Maldives Ministry of Education and Public Art & Architecture Officer for Arts Council England, North West. Following this, Ian launched Atoll, a new form of art and architecture collaborative which acts as a deliberately small art & architecture consultancy. He has written regularly on art and architecture for a number of specialist publications, including: Art & Architecture Journal, The Art Times supplement to the Times newspaper, Prospect NW, A Magazine, Architecture Centre Network's Snapshots, and the US publication Public Art Review. He has also written the feature article 'Public Art - Guidelines for Commissioning' in the 'Manual for Historic Streets' produced by the English Historic Towns Forum.

Dr Julian Manley

(MA, MSc, PhD) is Research Associate at the Psychosocial Research Unit, University of Central Lancashire, UK. He was educated at the universities of Cambridge, Middlesex and West of England. He has lived in Spain for many years where he was working as a Tavistock trained organizational consultant. His interests are centred around working psychodynamically with groups and employing new methods of qualitative research in academic work, with a special focus on visual methods, such as 'social dreaming'.

Rabbya Naseer and Hurmat UI Ain

interdisciplinary artists working in collaboration in Lahore since 2008. Their works; visual, performative, time-based, text-based and contemporary in texture and its mediums are often inspired by personal photographs and urban narratives. Rabbya Naseer is a visiting lecturer at The National College of Arts and Beaconhouse National University, and currently writes about contemporary art for Nukta Art, Sohbet and The Herald magazine. Hurmat UI Ain is currently teaching at The School of Art, Design & Architecture at The National University of Science and Technology. The text piece generated for this publication is an exercise in collage, borrowing from a wide range of fiction literature set in Lahore.

William Titley

Often employing elements of community consultation to engage directly with place and people, his projects explore (through playful inquiry) ideas of location, identity and spatial ownership, with a multidisciplinary arts practice including video, photography, drawing, painting, sculpture and performance. He is an active member of the academic research team in Art, Design & Performance at The University of Central Lancashire, UK. The text 'Between the Lines' is a blend of his diary excerpts from Lahore and Chandigarh.



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