Chapter 4

Female Voices

Contemporary Indian writers like Salman Rushdie and Ayaan Hirsi Ali have become renowned authors because of their grit and courage to touch themes considered perilous, such as politics and religion, more specifically, Islam. First and foremost, endeavor to tell what has not been told, and it includes the stories of how women lived in that society. These stories are told from an honest point of view. For example, a true reproduction of women being submissive would romanticize women as being happy with the position of wives and mothers.

Rushdie and Hirsi Ali, however, do not sugar coat the reality. While many of these women were hoping for a life as mothers and wives, sooner than later they discovered that they could never be happy in such positions. The consequences are that women either become baffled, their personalities are erased under burqas, or commit suicide. An ex-Muslim, Hirsi Ali, faced several difficulties growing up as a Muslim woman in her native Somalia. In light of her chaotic past, Hirsi Ali has achieved a strong following in the West. Major nonbeliever author Richard Dawkins has addressed her “a hero for rationalism and feminism.” Some others are also cheering her “as a brave champion for women’s rights, especially for Muslim women.”

Many people in the West have been sympathetic to her case. Hirsi Ali’s nasty attacks on Islam and her support for the war on terror, fought mainly in Muslim countries. It left her with few friends among Muslims, including women. Hirsi Ali once famously called Islam a “nihilistic cult of death.” She is supporter for a war with Islam. Many examples of brave Muslim women survive in the Muslim world, yet it is
not unexpected that Hirsi Ali, regardless of her dangerous assertions, has stolen the limelight.

Ayaan Hirsi Ali, in her childhood, used to be fascinated by the mysterious stories of Nancy Drew in which a female character operated freely in society. In her memoir *Infidel*, she burst on the world, with her story of a troubled childhood in a dysfunctional Muslim family in Somalia, Saudi Arabia, Ethiopia and Kenya, and her flight for an arranged marriage to Holland. Here, briefly, she found security and acceptance, and became a Dutch citizen and a member of parliament, only to have to flee again to the United States when her friend Theo Van Gogh's film *Submission*, about the persecution of women in the Muslim world, resulted in his assassination and death threats to her. Nomad takes up the story of her post-9/11 conversion to atheism and campaign against the Muslim religion and way of life. In *Infidel*, she set out to persuade readers that the teachings of the Koran were irreconcilable with a democratic way of life that respected the right of women, children and all nationalities and beliefs to share the goods and privileges of life on earth.

Muslim men exercise religion to excuse their harsh treatment of women many times. Due to that woman may find piety avoiding them from seeking freedom and this too is unbearable. But it is also important to consider that many women are looking for equality within Islam not outside Islam. It is not that the subjugation of women does not exist in Islamic culture.

Ayaan Hirsi Ali and Salman Rushdie urge that the Muslim world to correct its way of thinking against infidels and encourage a culture of equality and open-mindedness within their own countries. They appeal to the whole world to listen to these subaltern voices, the female voices which are separated from mainstream.
A feminist can produce her own biography against the prejudices. She becomes a woman inside out, but sometimes society forces her to give up and pressurizes them. The media also encourages woman in the categories of glamour, family life and romantic love. Her freedom and autonomy are always interconnected with the traditional values of impracticality and romanticism.

Woman is considered to be a politically disadvantaged group. She is made to believe that their situation of limited freedom is their fate and destiny. They must work according to hegemony. It is said that a woman is a free being by birth and later in social sphere she is confined to certain, particular roles, and thus, a subject of restricted freedom. Her freedom is controlled and limited in the social range.

The frank and at times rebellious nature of these authors like Salman Rushdie and Ayaan Hirsi Ali convey the importance of relating the female experience without shame and without remaining to patriarchal or societal norms. They use their works to discover feminist anxiety and their own gendered identities. They convey female gendering to bear on our previously male-gendered narratives of the self and culture. Rather than silencing the female experience, these authors embrace, celebrate, and critique it through their own reflective lenses, paving the way for more women writers and strengthening the feminist voice.

By sharing the close details of their own life, Rushdie and Hirsi Ali state the raw or very real nature of the female experience. They unveil the many and often silenced challenges that contemporary women face within society. They face many challenges such as the archetype of women’s roles in relation to identity and self and the male gaze. The subjects surrounding women’s roles, identity, and sexualization are often silenced or simply accepted as cultural norms. They expose these relevant
issues by reflecting the personal with an interdisciplinary and cultural influence that establishes a meaningful voice for feminism and the female experience.

By sharing the reality of the female experience, the memoirist Ayaan Hirsi Ali, ultimately reveals truths about her own life, and in doing so examines the world in which she lives especially with regard to gendered identity and social norms. By revealing personal experiences, Hirsi Ali opens doors to a new and complex world, enabling the reader to make connections to cultural contexts and to think critically about interdisciplinary.

Hirsi Ali is able to examine, through her writing, how her early years and feelings of dissent toward her role as a black woman have contributed to her identity and sense of self. She tells us a sombre story, focusing on her childhood experiences and her racial and gendered identity. “People washed their clothes in the lake and boys swam in it. Ma was always afraid that the Hawiye boys would drown Mahad, who couldn't swim. Free to roam because he was a boy, our brother was now constantly away from the house. Ma never let Haweya and me stray in this way.”(Hirsi Ali, Infidel 16)

“Anyway, Mahad would not have taken us with him; he didn't want his friends to know that he played with his sisters. Mahad was increasingly conscious of his honor as a male. Grandma encouraged him: she used to tell him he was the man of the house.” (16)

“Mahad never asked permission to leave the house; sometimes he'd return long after nightfall, and Ma would get so angry she would close the fence. He'd sit by that fence, howling, and she would shout coldly, Think of your honor. Men don't cry.” (16) Men are considered to be the honour and head of the family. So they don’t take permission for anything because they are free creatures.
Hirsi Ali strengthens the importance of women through sharing their personal experiences. She is giving voice to their different outlooks and knowledge in order to challenge the age old customs and break barriers. She agrees that women of different races and social backgrounds should tell their stories. By silencing their voice, women become the enemy that creates fear of the unknown and further isolates the ‘Other’ female.

Hirsi Ali finds out a place where she belongs and where she can shape out her own unique role as a woman. Through this, she has created a voice for recovering her violent childhood and finding strength in her experiences. She is sharing reflections and ideas about her own life in her works. She contributes to the voice of feminism confessing that rebel from the norm should be celebrated and understood rather than silenced, disregarded or feared.

The numerous and diverse voices of the female experience must be heard, celebrated, and united in order to strengthen the voice for feminism and dispel patriarchal and cultural norms. As Moran explains, “women must counter the awkwardness, disconnect, and bullshit of being a modern woman, not by shouting at it or internalizing it, but by simply pointing it out and going ‘HA!’ instead” (13-14). With a blunt approach to women’s issues, one should able to critique one’s own personal experiences and use them as a reflection on society as a whole. “The memoir covers the many voices of feminism where there is not one privileged white academic voice polic[ing] and regulate [ing] who is and isn’t a ‘woman’ based on their interpretation of…gender presentation [or] ‘saving’ people and making decisions for them, rather than supporting their right to self-determination, whether it’s engaging in sex work, or wearing a hijab” (Yee 12).
Salman Rushdie and Ayaan Hirsi Ali observe the appropriate cultural contexts using feminist and interdisciplinary lenses to alter our way of thinking and broaden our perspectives. They bring the often-silenced female experience to the forefront. Salman Rushdie informs us in his Op-Ed essay that “highly motivated organizations of Muslim men-whom he labels Islamists-have been engaged over the last 30 years or so in growing radical political movements all over the Islamic world, movements that have produced the terrorists who not only destroyed the symbols of the freedom-loving West and killed 6000 innocent people in the process on 9/11, but who have been systematically destroying the very societies of which they are a part, with much of their savage venom focused on the female citizenry. In a parenthetical aside, Rushdie sighs, oh, for the voices of Muslim women to be heard!” (New York Times 2001)

Rushdie's Muslim women have been speaking out against the obscurantist Islam he decries in his essay, for years and years, although clearly Rushdie, and many others, have not paid them much heed. There are Muslim women who are feminists, theologians, writers, lawyers, activists, scholars both in the “Islamist” societies he paints with a broad brush, as well as in the “west,” who have been engaged in a two-pronged struggle against both Islamic extremism as well as-and this is where their difference from Rushdie arises-the unjust foreign policies of the United States that have contributed, and continue to contribute, to the “hijacking” of Islam for terrorist ends. There are not many public figures in the world as polarizing as Hirsi Ali. Her ideas for challenging the extremist is itself extreme: She is calling for nothing less than a complete overhaul of Islam as laid out in her book, Heretic: Why Islam Needs a Reformation Now.
In Heretic, she shows her disaffection with Islam, the religion of her youth. Members of the left scorn her for inciting intolerance toward Muslims; some practitioners of her former religion denounce her as an apostate. She states that "Islam is not a race Islam is simply a set of beliefs, and it is not 'Islamophobic' to say Islam is incompatible with liberal democracy." (CBC News, 2007) "Where there is no freedom of speech, there is no conscience." (European Parliament, 2008) “There is a huge difference between being tolerant and tolerating intolerance" (NOS Journal, 2006). “Islam is not a religion of peace. It's a political theory of conquest that seeks domination by any means it can.” (Palm Beach Daily News, 2009)

Every adjustment of Muslim demands leads to a sense of jubilation and a confidence that Allah is on their side. They perceive every act of accession as an invitation to make fresh demands. “The most pressing question of our time is this: Is European society to be taken over by a radical invasion of Muslim immigrants?”(2009). In her book, Infidel, Hirsi Ali says that "People ask me if I have some kind of death wish, to keep saying the things I do. The answer is no: I would like to keep living. However, some things must be said, and there are times when silence becomes an accomplice to injustice"(22).

Progressive critics captivated of the semantically fraudulent junk label “Islamophobics”. They are the assassins of free-thinkers, assisting the subjugation of women. They are shielding razor-happy butchers slicing off the clitoris of little girls. They can betray the ideals for which they thought to be stand more than when they call ex-Muslims living in the West “Islamophobe.” It should be understand in the case of Ayaan Hirsi Ali.

There are none other than Hirsi Ali who stands against these double standard people and faulty thinkers. She exposes them with her expressive writing about Islam
and its culture. She is a self-professed “infidel” and “heretic.” She herself faced the process of genital mutilation. She brought up during civil war and undergone forced marriage. More than a decade now, she has been the object of Islamist death threats. She deserves respect from all religion because she stands against the evil conventions exist in the society. She wants the equality between the sexes. She is a liberal and favours the equality among all religion. According to her, everybody has the freedom of choice to choose one’s religion.

“In a sense, my grandmother was living in the Iron Age. There was no system of writing among the nomads. Metal artifacts were rare and precious. The first time she saw a white person my grandmother was in her thirties: she thought this person's skin had burned off.” Hirsi Ali, Nomad 8)

“The man, who was probably an inherent traditional circumciser from the blacksmith clan, picked up a pair of scissors. With the other hand, he caught hold of the place between my legs and started tweaking it, like Grandma milking a goat. There it is, the kintir, one of the women said.”(8)

“Then the scissors went down between my legs and the man cut off my inner labia and clitoris. I heard it, like a butcher snipping the fat off a piece of meat. A piercing pain shot up between my legs, indescribable, and I howled. Then came the sewing: the long, blunt needle clumsily pushed into my bleeding outer labia, my loud and anguished protests, Grandma's words of comfort and encouragement.”(8)

"It's just this once in your life, Ayaan. Be brave, it's almost finished. When the sewing was finished, he cut the thread off with his teeth. This was Saudi Arabia, where Islam originated, governed strictly according to the scriptures and example of the Prophet Muhammad. And by law, all women in Saudi Arabia must be in the care of a man.”(8)
“My mother argued loudly with the Saudi immigration official, but he merely repeated in an ever louder voice that she could not leave the airport without a man in charge. With our grandmother staying behind in Somalia, my mother had nobody with whom to share tasks and plans. She could do nothing on her own.” (8)

“She wasn't supposed to go out on the street without these new guardians of ours, our uncles, and neither were we. To phone them she had to scuttle down to the corner grocer, with my ten-year-old brother in tow acting as her protective male.” (8)

Hirsi Ali's mother saw herself as a victim. Her mother wanted to shape her career and make decisions about herself. So she left Somalia and divorced her first husband. She got married to Hirsi Magan. But soon she discovered that it was not the right decisions about her personal and professional life. Her mother has taught her that Arab outlook that the devout women must not work outside the home. Her voice was repressed by others. She was a woman of independent character. She never allowed to goes out and creates her career. She was not even older than thirty-five or forty when Hirsi Ali's father left. In spite of that, she remained completely dependent first on her husband and later on her son Mahad. She was aggrieved and nursed grievance.

“Ma never told us when she was leaving on a trip. She was there, and suddenly she was gone, sometimes for weeks at a time. I discovered that there was a kind of pattern to her movements. My distant but somehow dependable mother would become miserable.” (13)

“What should I do now, O Allah? she would wail. Alone with three children and an old woman. Do I deserve to be punished like this? My Ma would cry, and my Grandma would speak to her comfortingly. I would climb onto her lap and pat her, which only made her cry more.” (13)
“Then she would disappear for a while to some far-off village, often traveling with one other father's cousins, a trader who had long ago sold his camels, bought a truck, and now transported food to the city. Sometimes I would see her coming home on the back of a truck, just after sunset.” (13)

“Men dragged in sacks of food: rice, flour, sugar, and aluminum jars filled with tiny pieces of camel meat soaked in lard with dates and garlic. These unloading’s were quick and secretive and were practically the only times we came into contact with any men at all. We were told to say nothing about the food, which was stored under the beds—otherwise our mother, and her cousin, too, could go to jail.” (13)

Ayaan Hirsi Ali had learned most of part of the Quran by heart in Mogadishu. She did not understand the Koran properly. Actually, it is written in Arabic. Her teachers claimed that she didn’t recite the Koran discourteously. Her teachers thought that she was only learned the Koran to show off. Hirsi Ali declared that now, it should be read by heart but this time with deferential pauses. She still didn't recognize more than the bare substance of it. It seems that, understanding wasn't the point. “In Saudi Arabia, she saw everything bad was the fault of the Jews. The hatred of women against the Jews when the air conditioner broke or the taps stopped running, even when the Saudi women used to say that Jews did it. The children were taught to pray for the health of their parents and the destruction of the Jews.” (47)

“Later, when we went to school, our teachers lamented at length all the evil things Jews had done and planned to do against Muslims. When they were gossiping,
the women next door used to say, She's ugly, she's disobedient, she's a whore--she's sleeping with a Jew. Jews were like djinns, I decided.”(47)

“I had never met a Jew On September 16, 1978; there was an eclipse of the moon in Riyadh. Late one afternoon it became visible: a dark shadow moving slowly across the face of the pale moon in the darkening blue sky. There was a frantic knocking on the door. When I opened it, our neighbor asked if we were safe.”(47)

“He said it was the Day of Judgment, when the Quran says the sun will rise from the west and the seas will flood, when all the dead will rise and Allah's angels will weigh our sins and virtue, expediting the good to Paradise and the bad to Hell.”(47)

“Though it was barely twilight, the muezzin suddenly called for prayer--not one mosque calling carefully after another, as they usually did, but all the mosques clamoring all at once, all over the city. There was shouting across the neighborhood. When I looked outside I saw people praying in the street.” (47)

She was born and brought up in a Muslim family. Once, she was so religious and dutiful. She joined the Muslim brotherhood. Hirsi Ali justifies, to say the least, a fair hearing when speaking of Islam. Yet in the constitutionally secular United States, Hirsi Ali often finds her views about her former faith treated with suspicion, even contempt. Her media appearances and publications occasions slew of sanctimoniously ignorant commentary from liberal “Islamophobia” scolds. Women consequently deserve unconditional respect as autonomous sources of morality, and should be treated not as means but as ends in themselves.

From this perspective, Hirsi Ali starts war against female genital mutilation, sexual and domestic violence, forced marriages, and honor killing. Such practices are responsible to penalty, no matter whether particular spokespersons (mostly men)
defend them as essential to a community's culture or religion. Hirsi Ali praises moderate democracy as a superior political regime. It puts individual rights and freedoms first. One of these rights is the right to lead one's life in one's own way, as guaranteed by freedom of conscience, freedom of opinion, and freedom of association.

“In October 2002, I flew to California. It was the first time I had ever been in the United States, and I realized almost immediately that my preconceptions of America were completely ludicrous. I was expecting rednecks and fat people, with lots of guns, very aggressive police, and overt racism – a caricature of a caricature.”(293)

“In reality, of course, I saw people living perfectly well-ordered lives, jogging and drinking coffee. Of course, I also encountered hostile reactions in campaigning. People called me names, even spat at me; I received more threats.”(293)

“The most remarkable people, to me, were those who apparently approved of everything I said but nonetheless wouldn't dream of voting for the Liberal Party. It reminded me of Somalia: they wouldn't vote outside their clan. Many well-meaning Dutch people have told me in all earnestness that nothing in Islamic culture incites abuse of women, that this is just a terrible misunderstanding.”(293)

“Men all over the world beat their women, I am constantly informed. In reality, these Westerners are the ones who misunderstand Islam. The Quran mandates these punishments. It gives a legitimate basis for abuse, so that the perpetrators feel no shame and are not hounded by their conscience or their community.”(293)

“I wanted my art exhibit to make it difficult for people to look away from this problem. I wanted secular, non-Muslim people to stop kidding themselves that Islam
is peace and tolerance. I would like to be judged on the validity of my arguments, not as a victim.” (293)

She has cultured in the hard way. She is a free thinker of Western people. She has learned a lot of women from the east and the West the lesson of liberty and integrity. According to her, Free speech is the foundation of emancipation and a free cultured society. It contains the right to commit blasphemy and offend. In her book, Nomad she observes that, “All human beings are equal, but all cultures and religions are not. A culture that celebrates femininity and considers women to be the masters of their own lives is better than a culture that mutilates girls’ genitals and confines them behind walls and veils or flogs or stones them for falling in love.”

“A culture that protects women’s rights by law is better than a culture in which a man can lawfully have four wives at once and women are denied alimony and half their inheritance. A culture that appoints women to its supreme court is better than a culture that declares that the testimony of a woman is worth half that of a man.” (140)

Hirsi Ali comes across sympathetically when she shares her grief at her family’s troubles that she is difficult to dislike. Rushdie has given the diverse images of women and attempts to give them a voice. His women survive in the world ruled by men, using whatever means available to be heard. They successfully speak against the patriarchal society that they inhabit. He tries to examine the role of women against the patriarchal norms and speaks for the powerless and vulnerable women. Salman Rushdie penned his novel Shame with the Pakistan background.

At first glimpse, the roles of the women appear to be more feminine, conventional, restricted, silenced and bounded. Women seem to be the puppets in the hands of men. They are considered men as a primary source of their tradition. But as the story moves, it shows woman as a person of strong will. Rushdie presents the four
strong women who are mothers and daughters. They are moving and surviving within a patriarchal society. They raise their voice against patriarchal culture. Bilquis, Rani, Sufiya, and Arjumand are appeared to be puzzle for the readers. Looking at each of these characters, we will argue that using any means necessary, either through their domesticity or silence, the denial of their physical beauty and gender, or ultimately through violence, these women are the voice of feminist Pakistan.

The lives of two mother and daughter, Bilquis and Sufiya share very similar paths. They are silenced by the shame of a mother unable to bear a son, and the daughter who fails to be born a male.

“She has always wanted to be a queen, but now that Raza Hyder is at last a sort of prince the ambition has gone sour on her lips. A second baby has been born, six weeks early, but Raza has uttered no word of suspicion. Another daughter, but he hasn't complained about that either, saying only that it is quite proper that the first should be a boy and the second a girl, so one must not blame the new arrival for her elder sister's mistake.”(Rushdie, Shame 112)

“The girl has been named Naveed, that is Good News, and she is a model baby. But the mother has been damaged by this birth. Something has been torn inside, and the medical opinion is that she must have no more children. Raza Hyder will never have a son. He has spoken, just once, of the boy with field-glasses in the window of the witches' house, but this subject, too, has been closed.”(112)

“He is withdrawing from her down the corridors of his mind, closing the doors behind him. Sindbad Mengal, Mohenjo, love: all these doors are closed. She sleeps alone, so that her old fears have her at their mercy, and it is in these days that she begins to be afraid of the hot afternoon wind that flows so fiercely out of her past.” (112)
Both mother and daughter share a similar mental instability carried out by their shame and shamelessness. When, first introduced with Bilquis, she seems to be full of energy and independent woman. She lives a cheerful life in New Delhi.

“I am wondering how best to describe Bilquis. As a woman who was unclothed by change, but who wrapped herself in certainties; or as a girl who became a queen, but lost the ability possessed by every beggar-woman, that is, the power of bearing sons; or as that lady whose father was a Woman and whose son turned out to be girl as well.”(64-65)

“And whose man of men, her Razzoo or Raz-Matazz, was himself obliged, in the end, to put on the humiliating black shroud of womanhood; or perhaps as a being in the secret grip of fate for did not the umbilical noose that stifled her son find its echo, or twin, in another and more terrible rope? . . . But I find that I must, after all, return to my starting point.”(64-65)

“Because to me she is, and will always be, the Bilquis who was afraid of the wind. I'll be fair: nobody likes the Loo that hot afternoon breath that-chokes. We pull down our shutters, hang damp cloths over the windows, and try to sleep. But as she grew older the wind awakened strange terrors in Bilquis.”(64-65)

“Her husband and children noticed how nervous and snappish she became in the afternoons; how she took to pacing about, slamming and locking doors, until Raza Hyder protested against living in a house where you had to ask your wife for a key before you could go to the pot. From her slender wrist there hung, jingling, the ten-ton key-ring of her neurosis.”(64-65)

“She developed a horror of movement, and placed an embargo on the relocation of even the most trivial of household items. Chairs, ashtrays, flowerpots
took root, rendered immobile by the force of her fearful will. 'My Hyder likes everything in its place,' she would say, but the disease of fixity was hers."

"And there were days when she had to be kept indoors as a virtual prisoner, because it would have been a shame and a scandal if any outsider had seen her in that state; when the Loo blew she would scree childlike a hoosh or an a frit or some such demon, she would shout for the household servants." (64-65)

"To come and hold down the furniture in case the wind blew it away like the contents of a long-lost Empire, and scream at her daughters (when they were present) to cling tight to something heavy, something fixed, lest the fire wind bear them off into the sky. The Loo is an evil wind." (64-65)

As the novel developments, Bilquis turns further and further silent and hidden. She is wrapped in a black burka. She becomes the isolated figure. She wanders the house and starts muttering to herself. Her loss and shame depicts itself in a shadow of black fabric. She sews this black fabric silently under the shroud. It is as if Bilquis moves from being a woman who initially speaks to a woman who is silenced due to her suppression and insanity.

It is only at the end of the novel that we find a sparkle in the personality of old Bilquis. She is the one who manifests an escape route for Raza and Omar by dressing them in the burkas that she has sewn. Bilquis is the one who stands up to the men on the bus. She shames them for their behavior. When it appears that they will soon discover the real identities of the men. Rushdie may write Bilquis within a traditional female context. But, it is her actions that bring about real change in the novel actions that change her destiny, as well as that of Raza, Omar, and Sufiya.

Sufiya progresses in the same manner as her mother, but only in reverse. From her childhood Sufiya is calm and quiet woman. Rushdie marks of Sufiya’s silence as
well as her ability to take in what is going on around her “And now it was the baby, it’s very essence in doubt, who fell silent and began to muse” (89). The disappointment surrounding her gender from the moment of her birth silences and shames her. If Sufiya is the sponge that absorbs the shame of her gender, then she also absorbs the knowledge of how a patriarchal society works. Moments after her birth, she knows her place within society and the shame manifests in her blushing, “Then, even then, she was too easily shamed” (89).

Sufiya Zinobia, the character to whom the novel's title acknowledged, is known as her mother's shame. The baby girl blushes in response to her mother's embarrassment and her father's anger.

“An umbilical cord wound itself around a baby's neck and was transformed into a hangman's noose (in which other nooses are prefigured), into the breath-stopping silken rumal of a Thug; and an infant came into the world handicapped by the irreversible misfortune of being dead before he was born.”(81-82)

“Who knows why God will do such things?” Bariamma, mercilessly, told her grandson. 'But we submit, we must submit. And not take out baby-tears before women. 'However: being stone dead was a handicap which the boy managed, with commendable gallantry, to surmount.’”(81-82)

“Within a matter of months, or was it only weeks, the tragically cadaverous infant had 'topped' in school and at college, had fought bravely in war, had married the wealthiest beauty in town and risen to a high position in the government. He was dashing, popular, handsome, and the fact of his being a corpse now seemed of no more consequence than would a slight limp or a minor speech impediment.”(81-82)

“Of course I know perfectly well that the boy had in reality perished before he even had time to be given a name. His subsequent feats were performed entirely
within the distracted imaginations of Raza and Bilquis, where they acquired an air of such solid actuality that they began to insist on being provided with a living human being who would carry them out and make them real.”(81-82)

“Possessed by the fictive triumphs of their stillborn son, Raza and Bilquis went at one another with a will, heaving silently in the blind-eyed dormitory of the family wives, having convinced themselves that a second pregnancy would be an act of replacement, that God (for Raza was, as we know, devout) had consented to send them a free substitute for the damaged goods.”(81-82)

“They had received in the first delivery, as though He were the manager of a reputable mail-order firm. Bariamma, who found out everything, clicked her tongue noisily over this reincarnation nonsense, aware that is was something they had imported, like a germ, from that land of idolaters they had left; but curiously she was never harsh with them, understanding that the mind will find strange means of coping with grief.” (81-82)

She is an outstanding woman because she not only feels her own embarrassment, but also the unfelt embarrassment of others, men in particular.

“We have leapt too far ahead: it is time to conclude our remarks about rumors and shellfish. Sufiya Zinobia, the idiot, is blushing. I did it to her, I think, to make her pure. Couldn’t think of another way of creating purity in what is supposed to be the Land of the Pure . . . and idiots are, by definition, innocent.”(123-125)

“Too romantic a use to make of mental disability? Perhaps; but it's too late for such doubts. Sufiya Zinobia has grown her mind more slowly than her body, and owing to this slowness she remains, for me, somehow clean (pak) in the midst of a dirty world. See how, growing, she caresses a pebble in her hand, unable to say why goodness seems to lie within this smooth flat stone”.(123-125)
“How she glows with pleasure when she hears loving words, even though they are almost always meant for someone else . . . Bilquis poured all her affection over her younger daughter, Naveed. 'Good News' the nickname had stuck, like a pulled face in the wind was soaked in it, a monsoon of love, while Sufiya Zinobia, her parents' burden, her mother's shame, remained as dry as the desert.”(123-125)

“Groans, insults, even the wild blows of exasperation rained on her instead; but such rain yields no moisture. Her spirit parched for lack of affection, she nevertheless managed, when love was in her vicinity, to glow happily just to be near the precious thing. She also blushed. You recall she blushed at birth. Ten years later, her parents were still perplexed by these redenings, these blushes like petrol fires. The fearful incandescence of Sufiya Zinobia had been, it seemed, intensified by the desert years in Q.”(123-125)

“When the Hyders paid the obligatory courtesy call on Bariamma and her tribe, the ancient lady bent to kiss the girls and was alarmed to find that her lips had been mildly burned by a sudden rush of heat to Sufiya Zinobia's cheek; the burn was bad enough to necessitate twice-daily applications of lip salve for a week.”(123-125)

“This misbehavior of the child's thermostatic mechanisms roused in her mother what looked like a practiced wrath: 'That moron,' Bilquis shouted beneath the amused gaze of Duniyad Begum and the rest, 'just don't even look at her now! What is this? Anyone puts eyes on her or tells her two words and she goes red, red likes a chilli! I swear.” (123-125)

“What normal child goes so beetroot hot that her clothes can smell of burning? But what to do, she went wrong and that's that, we must just grin and bear.' The disappointment of the Hyders in their elder daughter had also been hardened in the
noonday rays of the wilderness into a thing as pitiless as that shadow-frying sun.”(123-125)

“The affliction was real enough. Miss Shahbanou, the Parsee ayah whom Bliquis had employed on her return to Karachi, complained on her first day that when she gave Sufiya Zinobia a bath the water had scalded her hands, having been brought close to boiling point by a red flame of embarrassment that spread from the roots of the damaged girl's hair to the tips of her curling toes.”(123-125)

“To speak plainly: Sufiya Zinobia Hyder blushed uncontrollably whenever her presence in the world was noticed by others. But she also, I believe, blushed for the world. Let me voice my suspicion: the brain-fever that made Sufiya Zinobia preternaturally receptive to all sorts of things that float around in the ether enabled her to absorb, like a sponge, a host of unfelt feelings.”(123-125)

Where do you imagine they go? - I mean emotions that should Shame, Good News and the Virgin? have been felt, but were not such as regret for a harsh word, guilt for a crime, embarrassment, propriety, shame? Imagine shame as a liquid; let's say a sweet fizzy tooth-rotting drink, stored in a vending machine.(123-125)

“Push the right button and a cup plops down under a pissing stream of the fluid. How to push the button? Nothing to it. Tell a lie, sleep with a white boy, get born the wrong sex. Out flows the bubbling emotion and you drink your fill . . . but how many human beings refuse to follow these simple instructions! Shameful things are done: lies, loose living, disrespect for one's elders, failure to love one's national flag”.(123-125)

“Incorrect voting at elections, over-eating, extramarital sex, autobiographical novels, cheating at cards, maltreatment of womenfolk, examination failures,
smuggling, throwing one's wicket away at the crucial point of a Test Match: and they are done shamelessly. Then what happens to all that unfelt shame?"(123-125)

“What of the unquaffed cups of pop? Think again of the vending machine. The button is pushed; but then in comes the shameless hand and jerks away the cup! The button-pusher does not drink what was ordered; and the fluid of shame spills, spreading in a frothy lake across the floor.” (123-125)

Her shyness represents a slow blazing that builds with the passage of time. The embarrassment keeps building until it erupts in the form of a beast that punishes male offenders. The fantastic elements of her character reveal how monstrous women's shame is to look at, if only it were something that could be seen.

Rushdie associates the characters of Sufiya and Omar together with the shame and shamelessness. Omar, being a man, can move to the centre from the margins (and back again), but Sufiya is locked into the margins because she is a woman. She does not have the same opportunities and freedoms that Omar enjoys in making choices regarding her own life.

“She was his wife but she was not his wife. In Karachi on his wedding night Omar Khayyam had been prevented by a contractual clause from taking his bride away; instead, he was shown to a room containing a single bed and no Sufiya Zinobia anywhere. Shahbanou the ayah ushered him in and then stood obstinately in the doorway, her muscles tense.”(122)

“Doctor Sahib,’ she said finally, 'you must tell me what are your intentions.' The fierce solicitude for Sufiya Zinobia which had driven Shahbanou to commit so outrageous a breach of social law, of the master-servant relationship, also prevented Omar Khayyam from becoming angry. 'Don't worry,' he soothed the ayah, 'I know the girl is simple.'”(122)
“I have no desire to impose my, to force myself upon, to demand my marital,' whereupon Shahbanou nodded and said, 'That's O.K. for now, Sahib, but how long will you wait? Men are only men.”(122)

“I will wait until my wife is agreeable,' Omar Khayyam replied angrily, 'I am no junglee man.' (But once - we remember – he had called himself a wolf-child.) Shahbanou turned to go. 'Remember, if you get impatient,' she told him in a matter-of-fact voice, 'that I am waiting to kill you if you try.” (122)

After her marriage with Omar, Sufiya doesn't find any advantage or caring from her husband. Sufiya presents the endeavor to imagine a different outcome for women. It represents women who are the victims of male aggression. Sufiya also feels embarrassed, except that her reaction is redirected at the outside world. Men are not permissible to feel shame because, it would destroy their pride. This means that they hold their heads high only by rejecting their shameful actions.

In his novel, Shame Rushdie presents tradition and shame through his lead character Sufiya. Tradition and customs presents as a code of conduct that prevents Asian women from fighting British racism. Rushdie attempts to show Sufiya’s violence as a way of women rising up against the patriarch. He notices her marginalization with violence against the forces that have silenced her.

“The beast inside the beauty. Opposing elements of a fairy-tale combined in a single character . . . Bilquis did not, on this occasion, faint. The embarrassment of her daughter's deed, the ice of this latest shame lent a frozen rigidity to her bearing. 'Be quiet,' she ordered the ululating ayah, 'go in and bring out scissors.”(144)

“Until the ayah had completed her enigmatic errand Bilquis would let nobody touch the girl; she circled her in a manner so forbidding that not even Raza Hyder dared go near. While Shahbanou ran for scissors Bilquis spoke softly, under her
breath, so that only a few words wafted as far as the watching husband, widow, younger daughter, servants, anonymous passers-by.” (144)

“Tear your hair birthright woman's pride all fuzzy-wuzzy like a hubshee female cheapness loose crazy, and then the scissors came and still nobody dared intervene, as Bilquis grabbed hold of great clumps of her daughter's savaged tresses, and cut, and cut, and cut. At last she stood up, out of breath, and working the scissors absently with her fingers she turned away.”(144)

“Sufiya Zinobia's head looked like a cornfield after a fire; sad, black stubble, a catastrophic desolation wrought by maternal rage. Raza Hyder picked his daughter up with a gentleness born of his infinite puzzlement and carried her indoors, away from the scissors that were still snipping at air in Bilquis's uncontrollable hand.”(144)

“Scissors cutting air mean trouble in the family. 'O, Mummy!' Good News giggled with fear. 'What did you do? She looks like . . .' 'We always wanted a boy,' Bilquis replied, 'but God knows best.'" (144)

Nonetheless, Grewal admits that “this idea backfires, since Sufiya’s violent behavior only serves to highlight patriarchal fears of women as vengeful, destructive and dangerous. Ultimately, Sufiya acting in a patriarchal (violent) way negates her chances of being accepted as an equal voice within her combination.” She remains forever became quiet and marginalized regardless of the carnage that she wields.

“Time moves differently for the Beast. The years fly past like birds. And as the girl grows, as her understanding increases, the Beast has more to eat ... Sufiya Zinobia at twenty-eight had advanced to a mental age of approximately nine and a half, so that when Shahbanou the ayah became pregnant that year and was dismissed from service on the grounds of her immorality.”(231-232)
“Sufiya knew what had happened; she had heard the night-time noises, his grunts, her birdlike cries. In spite of her precautions the ayah had conceived a child, because it's easy to miscalculate dates, and she left without a word, without attempting to apportion blame. Omar Khayyam kept in touch with her, he paid for the abortion and made sure she did not starve afterwards, but that solved nothing; the damage had been done.”(231-232)

“Sufiya Zinobia stiff as a board in bed. Trying to bring the good things out of her head, babies, her father's smile. But instead there is only the thing inside Shahbanou, the thing that husbands make, because he did not give me the baby she took it inside her instead. She, Sufiya, possessed by fault and shame. That woman who loved me.”(231-232)

“And my husband, who can blame him, he never had a wife. Over and over in her empty room; she is a tide rising towards flood, she feels something coming, roaring, feels it take her, the thing, the flood or perhaps the thing in the flood, the Beast bursting forth to wreak its havoc on the world, and after that she knows nothing, will remember nothing, because it, the thing, is free.”(231-232)

“Insomnia into somnambulism. The monster rises from the bed, shame's avatar, it leaves that ayah-empty room. The burqa comes from somewhere, anywhere, it has never been a difficult garment to find in that sad house, and then the walk. In a replay of the turkey disaster she bewitches the nocturnal guards, the eyes of the Beast blaze out of hers and turn the sentries to stone.”(231-232)

“who knows how, but later, when they awake, they are unaware of having slept. Shame walks the streets of night. In the slums four youths are transfixed by those appalling eyes, whose deadly yellow fire blows like a wind through the lattice-work of the veil. They follow her to the rubbish-dump of doom, rats to her piper,
automata dancing in the all-consuming light from the black-veiled eyes. Down she lies; and what Shahbanou took upon herself is finally done to Sufiya.” (231-232)

“Four husbands come and go. Four of them in and out, and then her hands reach for the first boy’s neck. The others stand still and wait their turn. And heads hurled high, sinking into the scattered clouds; nobody saw them fall. She rises, goes home. And sleeps; the Beast subsides.” (231-232)

Rushdie presents Rani and Arjumand in a very different mother and daughter dynamic. In the beginning of the novel, Rani emerges very much like her friend Bilquis. She has an outspoken quality about her and shares with Bilquis her “malicious ruminations on the subject of the household sleeping arrangements.” (70) She is eighteen years old. She lives all her life in the house in Karachi. Rani delights in sharing her shameful opinions on the family and their history with Bilquis. This is a woman who speaks her mind, and she becomes a confidant and friend to Bilquis.

She marries with the prize catch, Iskander Harappa. She is carried away to the family estate of Mohenjo where she lives the rest of her life. At times, she lives in exile and other times under house arrest. She is deserted and humiliated by her husband’s immoderation, despised by her only daughter Arjumand. She is mocked by the domestic help at the estate Rani, much like Bilquis, turns hidden and silent.

During the six-year period of her house arrest with Arjumand, Rani presents their history through the embroidery of eighteen shawls. This work is her suppressed voice, her memory, “an epitaph of wool” and Rushdie writes of the shawls, “Locked in their trunk, they said unspeakable things which nobody wanted to hear” (201). When Rani sends the shawls to Arjumand, it is her last act of rebelliousness. It is a last act of speaking the truth about all she has observed within the patriarchal society. The society who is trying to silenced and shamed her. Before sending the trunk of
shawls to her daughter, she enclosed a piece of paper with them. “On this piece of paper she would write her chosen title: ‘The Shamelessness of Iskander the Great.’ And she would add a surprising signature: Rani Humayun. Her own name, retrieved from the mothballs of the past” (201).

In that one action, Rani warns her daughter about what her future holds for her. If she continues to please the patriarchal mindset and most importantly, she takes back her name. She is no longer the puppet in the hand of patriarchal society. This is the reflection of the young Rani coming back to speak for herself and for all of the women held in exile within their own home or country.

Shame is noticeable in a completely different way with Rani’s daughter. Rushdie explains “the matter of daughters-who-should-have-been-born-sons” in relation to Arjumand when he writes, “Arjumand, the famous ‘virgin Ironpants’, regretted her female sex for wholly non-parental reasons. ‘This woman’s body,’ she told her father on the day she became a grown woman, ‘it brings a person nothing but babies, pinches, and shame’” (107). Arjumand realized the shame of being a woman in Pakistan. Where Rani and Bilquis cope and survive their shame with sewing and silence, Arjumand rebels against her gender, cutting herself off from everything it means to be a woman and seeking power through political means.

“Loathing her sex, Arjumand went to great lengths to disguise her looks. She cut her hair short, Swore no cosmetics or perfume, dressed in her father's old shirts and the baggiest trousers she could find, developed a stooped and slouching walk. But the harder she tried, the more insistently her blossoming body outshone her disguises.”(162-163)

“The short hair was luminous, the unadorned face learned expressions of infinite sensuality which she could do nothing to control, and the more she stooped
the taller and more desirable she grew. By the age of sixteen she had been obliged to become expert in the arts of self-defence.”(162-163)

“Iskander Harappa had never tried to keep her away from men. She accompanied him on his diplomatic rounds, and at many embassy receptions elderly ambassadors were found clutching their groins and throwing up in the toilet after their groping hands had been answered by a well-aimed knee.”(162-163)

“By her eighteenth birthday the throng of the city's most coveted bachelors outside the gate of the Harappa house had become so swollen as to constitute an impediment to traffic, and at her own request she was sent away to Lahore to a Christian boarding college for ladies, whose anti-male rules were so severe that even her father could see her only by appointment in a tattered garden of dying roses and balding lawns.” (162-163)

In her own way she is a creature, just like Sufiya. Rushdie has already shown the correlation between the two of them as the “daughters-who-should-have-been-born-sons.” The only difference is Arjumand has tapped into the sensible, reasoning side of herself, while Sufiya is pure passion and fury. Arjumand has a wrath within her, but it is controlled and calculated as when she taunts the young Captain Ijazz. Arjumand uses everything she hates about being a woman to taunt and eventually imprison and torture him.

She gets her vengeance upon all men by doing "what she had never done in her life, that is, she dressed to kill. The Virgin Ironpants swung her hips and wiggled her behind and flashed her eyes at all the soldiers, but most of all of the peach-faced Captain Ijazz” (199). Arjumand, contrasting Sufiya, Sufiya uses the violence of the patriarchy to speak. Arjumand uses her sex to speak and gain power over men. Bilquis and Rani use domestic arts in order to speak or act as representatives of change.
Bilquis by silently sewing burkas to bring about an escape plan for Raza, Omar, and herself and Rani, exiled to Mohenjo, by telling the history of the society through her embroidery of shawls. She emerges as free thinker and rebel against society.

Arjumand is a great beauty that dislikes her gender. She worships her father and despises her mother. She yearns for power within the political world inhabited by her father. She is a beauty with many suitors. Arjumand turns her back on what is expected of her within society in order to advance her father’s political career (and her own) through manipulation. Finally, there is Sufiya. Sufiya is the conclusion of the other.

The hopes of a patriarchal society that she should be born a boy, led to her role as the storehouse of shame for an entire gender. “Female, silenced, marginalized as an “idiot,” she is the other with a capital O. Rushdie brilliantly gives voice to the one woman who is the embodiment of voicelessness in a way that can best be understood by a patriarchal society, through violent behavior.

Grewal advised that “organizations, such as the Women’s Action Forum, highlight that Pakistani women have a voice. She points out that there is a middle ground between passivity and violence in dealing with a political system that is heavily Islamized and therefore patriarchal. She concludes that Rushdie fails to acknowledge with any degree of depth that other options are available to his female characters. Once again, he fails to speak to these women.”

Grewal considers that “the novel could only work as an agent of change had Rushdie drawn upon the history of women’s struggles in Pakistan instead of their subjugation. His inability to imagine a world without patriarchal rule fails him in the end. Based upon these theories one might ask, how can Rushdie be the voice of
subaltern women and their plight in a patriarchal society?" According to Spivak, subaltern can speak for themselves if only given a platform to do so. And Rushdie has become successful to give them a platform to speak about themselves.

Dayal believes that “through the blurring of masculine and feminine divisions Rushdie is disempowering the female.” But Scott acknowledges this subjugation to be true only if, "historical rootedness is seen as a prerequisite for the stability of the subject of feminism, if the existence of feminism is made to depend on some inherent, timeless agency of women" (286). When one takes into account, Scott's proposals of fantasy as an empowering mechanism, it is necessary to look at Rushdie's scheme in a different perspective, with a postmodern slant of course. AminaYaqin proposes that “Scott's argument offers a valuable contextual read of Rushdie's works.”

She further argued, "It is interesting to juxtapose Scott with a feminist rereading of Rushdie's novels, which on the basis of a shared feminism, try to reclaim women's histories from the clutches of the male narrator, particularly in Shame without sufficiently allowing for experiential differences to do with geographical context and class" (65). Again, it is essential to recognize the author's struggle: "I have been a swallower of lives; and to know me, just the one for me, you'll have to swallow the lot as well." (Midnight’s Children, 4) The elements of misogyny that so many critics find in Rushdie's texts are actually a postmodern representation of his own struggle with beliefs in the dominant paradigms.

In Infidel, Hirsi Ali set out to persuade readers that the teachings of the Koran were irreconcilable with a democratic way of life that respected the right of women, children and all nationalities and beliefs to share the goods and privileges of life on earth. They patriarchal culture uses their religion preaching to excuse their harsh
treatment of women. A woman may find piety preventing them from seeking freedom and this too is intolerable. But it is also important to remember that many women are seeking equality within, not outside Islam, and it is not as though women's oppression does not exist outside Islam.

“In the months after I first got my period, I educated myself I read through the chapter on human-reproduction in our biology book that Mrs. Karim had carefully skipped. I attended the optional class on grooming that the district nurse gave every year. She told us we could now get pregnant and taught us about contraception and the basic biology of wombs and embryos.” (Infidel 44)

“She did not explain how the sperm got to the egg; there was just this sperm. It didn't help me much. I did know that sex was bad. Sometimes in the evenings, when I tramped with Ma through the neighborhood searching for Mahad, listening to her never-ending complaints about the foul odor of sukumawiki, we came across people making out in alleyways.” (44)

“The nights were dark in the side streets, we could barely see these couples before we were practically on top of them. When this happened Ma would grab me by the hair and yank me down the alley and beat me, as if I had been the one engaged in sex, and scream, Tell me you didn't look at anything!” (44)

“Haweya and I were entering the danger zone, the time of our lives when we should not be permitted out of the house without supervision. About a month after my first period, Ma decided we girls should stop attending Quran school. We had
been attending a Somali-style Quran school, with boys and girls mixed, fifty kids of every age cram into a room with one ma'alim, teacher.”(44)

“The ma'alim really didn't notice who was learning and who was just moving their lips, and he never seemed to notice, either, that a lot of meaningful eye contact was going on there every Saturday. I could see it out of the corner of my eye.”(44)

“In addition, Haweya and I got up to an unforgivable amount of mischief on the way to Quran school. One afternoon we developed a game with two other Somali girls. We'd talk to some random small child on the street, take his hand, and walk a few blocks, then deposit the child in front of a house, ring the doorbell like crazy, and run away.”(44)

“When the people opened the door they'd look out, mystified, at adult height, find no one, and then catch sight of an unknown small child who was far too little to reach the doorbell. They'd be so bewildered, and there'd be such a ruckus of women looking for their children and the baby screaming. It doesn't seem funny to me now, but at the time this game made us all weak with laughter.”(44)

“One day those fat, screaming mothers followed us to Quran school and told the ma'alim. It was that one, and THAT one. That night we were punished beyond endurance. And from then on, Ma hired an itinerant preacher to come to our house every Saturday to teach us the Quran.” (44)

A brief glimpse at the origin and development of the socio-cultural matrix of Indian society highlights the reasons for the gradual marginalization of women in India. In primitive Indian society women enjoyed the comparatively high status. She was invested with power, respect and admiration. It was the tribe that owned property
and woman's work in the household was considered as per with that of the man outside the house.

However, with the rise of private property and commodity production, the primary exploitation of woman was brought about which led to her loss of status. Hirsi Ali criticizes Islam with fierceness. There are harsh, potentially feeding religious bigotry and blasphemy in her memoirs. “The will of little girls is stifled by Islam. They are reared to become submissive robots who serve in the house as cleaners and cooks.” (Nomad 20)

Hirsi Ali and her writings have many qualities. Millions of people around the world rejoice her liberty from the difficulties and disgusts of her early days. She celebrates in her emancipation into an intellectually more fulfilled adult woman. Apart from this, she intends to share her joy with others. She wants to teach them what she has learned, and hopes that they will become as free as she is. She has won universal appreciation for her eagerness to help other individuals who have suffered human rights abuses. A storm of controversy has occurred over her criticism of certain morally and legally relativistic forms of multiculturalism.

These practices are firmly defended by many who may consider themselves social liberals. They do not only exist in the Netherlands but elsewhere in Europe. On the grounds, they are respectful and courteous of other cultures. But as Hirsi Ali correctly points out, such an argument ignores fundamental principles of human rights. No matter how they may be rationalized by their supporters, when laws and customs turn a blind eye to human rights abuses if and only if they occur in the context of minority communities, they inevitably injure some members of these communities. What may ultimately be even worse is that they tend, apartheid-like, to prevent genuine integration of both the injured individuals and the communities in the
larger society. They are perhaps best understood as racist vestiges of colonialism, motivated more by a desire for low-cost labor (“guest workers”) than by sympathy or understanding for the workers, their families, or their cultures.

Hirsi Ali has been seen as an unaided voice willing. She takes up great personal risks to reveal the cruelty Islam inflicts on women. Islamists are tried to cover them up. It is certainly true that she has taken great risks, but the presentation of her position in Dutch society as a lone voice is remarkable. Whereas she does not have much support amongst Muslims, men or women, she finds herself in the company very powerful political players. She stands in a tradition of Islam bashers that have become increasingly influential in Dutch society, starting with Frits Bolkestein, former European Commissioner and former leader of the VVD, one of the first in the early 1990s to argue that Islam and modernity are incompatible and that a strong anti-migration stance is needed. Her ideas are also similar to those of the more populist discourse of the late Pim Fortuyn who considered Islam a backward religion.

The radical interpretations of Hirsi Ali in the matter of independence, freethinking, and the emancipation of Muslim women have been challenged from different perspectives. First, Dutch Muslim women have aimed to her theory that the only way toward liberation and empowerment is to shake off the shackles of Islamic faith. They have challenged Hirsi Ali’s view that only then would women be able to become truly morally and ethically autonomous. Muslim women, so they have argued, are well capable of making up their own minds about what Islam has to offer them.

The Koran suggests plenty of evidence that Islam initially argued for the equality and dignity of female supporters. Many Muslims experience Islam as their
only source of comfort in a world of hatred and discrimination. Hirsi Ali's approach of Islam-bashing does not support, but rather hampers their liberation. "It moreover detracts from the real sources of their problems, which are the rellicts of traditional, patriarchal culture, social and economic deprivation, and racism and Islamophobia." (Handelsblad 2003)

Therefore, some marginalized women confirmed their agencies through representation; their narratives may not be exempt from hegemonic control. Others are thoroughly misrepresented by elitists. While some subaltern mothers undertake outlaw mothering by defying normative patriarchal motherhood, responsible representation can re-cover these tales which are silenced when these mothers succumb to their children and community’s disparagement. While some subaltern children may survive disastrous experiences, others may be traumatized into silence.

The Representations bear witness to the traumatic silences and subjugation of women and their silencing processes. While historically powerless subaltern men may expel and represent their rightful frustration and wrath against the oppressors. They may be simultaneously silenced their own doubly-oppressed women. Salman Rushdie and Ayaan Hirsi Ali are sharing their voices in order to strengthen the female perspective and listening to women’s voices at multiple levels of subjugation.