Muslims, Media, Mayhem
Letter from the Editors

If you Google “Muslims in the media” the results are abundant, from Wikipedia articles to YouTube videos, to scholarly essays. This is nothing new of course — Muslims have been a sort of goldmine for the media for years. But over time, the Muslim voice has become more dimensional, fermented by experience, hardship and triumphs. With the Arab Spring, Muslims became the face of protestors, with TLC’s All-American Muslim show, we became reality TV stars, and we have since filled the roles of writers, musicians, avid tweeters, Oscar winners, and the list goes on.

When we were trying to decide on a cover story for this issue, we chose instead to devote the whole issue to the media, because there isn’t one singular story that defines the Muslim world this year. Rather, we hope each of these stories plays its role in documenting the ever-evolving Muslim voice. As seen by the onslaught of diversity forums on campus, it’s clear that every group, minority, race and religion needs to be represented and have a vehicle of communication. We hope this year’s issue of Al Bayan adds to the dialogue. So here’s to another year, of Muslims, media and of course, a little mayhem.

Heba Hasan and Kawther Albader
Royal blood flows through my veins, of some sort. Our dinner table was always decked out in French white Corning Ware, gold rim glasses, even flowery engraved sterling silver utensils. Mainly though, it was the feasts, so much food that I was sure my mother had extra hands to buy, prepare, and set the dinner table without my knowing. She didn’t exactly have servants; she had the power to grow extra hands so that she could simultaneously chop vegetables for the sabzi, paint the tandoori paste on the chicken, and steam the pilau – a power that only a mother could have. She wanted her table filled with food just as it was when she was a child.

My mother’s origins begin in Turkey. Emperor Mahmood Ghaznavi was his name, but during the crusades he fled to Pakistan. I’m unsure of the exact dates of his rule, the narrative is constantly changing, but I am sure that he was my great-great-great…great grandfather. My mother was born in Peshawar. Her family once fled again, but this time it was not out of fear but rather out of hope. The destination was Illinois, where we live now, and where, back in the seventies, Devon Avenue was becoming a culinary hub of Indo-Pak cuisine in the Chicago-land area.

Our dinner table was a wooden floor model of then booming furniture company Wickes. The hand-carved grooves and markings were filled in with memories and food scraps. Leave it to my parents to never cover the wooden table with a cloth, they would allow it to serve its multiple functions without discrimination. It was the meat separation table, the ata rolling table, the painting table, coloring, meeting, fighting, mango shakes on hot summer nights, and family table. My parents bought it one weekend after closing on their first home, and it’s safe to say it was one of their most important purchases. The dinner table became a new addition to the family.

Trips to Devon Avenue allowed my parents to take part in what they had left behind as children, a culture that was continually being compromised as they were adults. As soon as the quarters were dropped in the parking meter, the smell of spices and pigeon droppings overtook my father’s nostrils, a smile on his face. My mother once again became fluent in Punjabi. It wasn’t exactly their world, but it was close enough. I did my best to appease my mother by trying on the different shalwar kameez and sherwanis. The harem pants made me feel like MC Hammer, and the shirts fit me like a dress. I didn’t understand her desire, and she politely reminded me that there was no need for me to understand, just to go along. Our visits ended with takeout. Sometimes Usmania, other times Shahi Nihari, always a restaurant with a country-wide reputation for good Indo-Pak cuisine. Relatives from Texas would have mithai shipped from Tahoora. No matter the restaurant the order was always more or less the same: one order of lamb biryani, one order of tandoori chicken, one order of karahi gosht, and four naans. More than enough for the three of us, at that time. My mother insisted on holding the plastic Thank You bags in her lap. The plastic bag was never strong enough for the spiced oil that would permeate through, the wrath of the waiters mercilessly placing the food in the containers being jipped of a tip, words of a waiter that struck me. Takeout was oilier than dine-in food and with the culture of convenience and get-everything-done-quickly mentality taking stronger hold of American consumers, takeout was the only way.

With the increasing desire for takeout, Indo-Pak cuisine, in discourse, was becoming oily, greasier, and commercialized. Sometimes the oil found its way into the markings on our dinner table as our spoons fished for lamb botis.
It may seem like a great generalization that Ind- o-Pak food became greasier when more people desired takeout. It may also seem unfair to claim that all commercialized restaurants are creating unsatisfactory, unhealthy, unauthentic food. And I agree. However, it is hard for me to forget how the increasing popular- ity of Devon Avenue and consumer choices changed my parents’ native cuisine. Growing up, we were close family friends with the owner of Ravi’s Kabob King House (name altered for anonymity). Now - under new management and name, and serving as a rundown DVD store selling (arguably, pirated) Bollywood films. Then – Ravi’s Kabob King House used to have the best chapli kabobs, one of my favorite dishes growing up, and a dish that I have not eaten in many years. No kabob could match the taste of Ravi’s, and after the recipe began to change, I lost my appetite for it.

Chapli Kabobs are extremely simple to make – only three steps. First you mix all the ingre- dients – minced meat, chili powder, coriander, cumin seeds, sliced onion, chopped tomatoes, fresh mint, coriander leaves, salt, and cooking oil – and knead well. Then you grab a hand- ful, roll the meat into a ball, and flatten. Heat oil in a frying pan and fry the flattened ball. Heat in many years. No kabob could match the taste of Ravi’s, and after the recipe began to change, I lost my appetite for it.

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A cold, scraping clang of steel against sharpened steel shrieks from the lower terrace of the Benali household. I plug my ears. The last month of preparations during my fall-semester homestay is about to reach its climax. It is finally Nov. 6, Eid Kabir, or the Greater Holiday, has arrived.

The white-haired patriarch of my Moroccan host family prepares the butcher knife with considerable skill. For Eid, he wears a pair of light-washed jeans and a faded t-shirt. My 20-year-old cousin wears a shirt with the mantra, “Virginia is for Lovers.” My older host brother, Ibrahim, sports an Obama “Hope” t-shirt, with matching argyle socks.

Littered on the ground of the lower terrace are remnants of hay, grass and ram droppings. The various clotheslines strapped close to the wall still hang drying underwear and socks from the night before. My host mother, Rabia, and her sister-in-law, Hafida, grasp mops to direct the incoming flow of blood.

From above, the medina of Rabat, Morocco appears as a mass of connected, multi-colored rooftops of varying heights, each modeling a different rusting satellite dish. Sarah, my 16-year-old host sister beckons me forward toward the ledge.

“Come. This is my culture,” she tells me in her accented English. Her hijab closely lines her face, covering any visible piece of hair, her eyes are thickly lined with kohl eyeliner.

Below, the ram named Wahed has been steered down the steps to the lower level of the terrace. In a swift motion, Ibrahim and my cousin grab his legs and force it onto his side, restricting movement. He takes the head of the ram into his own hands, directing toward Mecca. The death is made in the name of Allah, a testament to God’s ultimate power. The slaughter is a symbolic gesture, representing the sacrifice Abraham was willing to make when God commanded him to kill his only son, Ishmael. He conceded, but just before he could go through with the act, God revealed his test and gave Abraham a ram to sacrifice in his son’s stead.

Muslims worldwide celebrate this holiday, more popularly known as Eid Al-Adha, after the Hajj, the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. However, home sacrifices only typically occur in North African and Middle Eastern countries.

With a quick pierce of the knife and forceful thrust, he slices the knife through the throat, windpipe, carotid artery and jugular veins. It is a clean cut, a truly halal slaughter. Ibrahim continues to hold the legs while the patriarch holds the head, allowing blood to flow from the struggling body down the slightly slanted terrace floor to the drain in the corner. The body twitches for 15 minutes or so, as the nerve endings send a final signal to contract. This is only one of the 3 million rams that will be killed in Morocco, a number steadily growing each year.

I turn away from the scene and take a few steps forward. Before me is a low-lying ledge I could have easily tripped over, falling off three stories into the courtyard of the home below. My hands find their way to my throat, the artery pulsing beneath my fingertips. I'm aware of my own breathing, of the expansion and inflation of my lungs as they fill up with air. I notice the spasm of a tiny arm muscle near my elbow, of the rumble in my stomach. There’s something about a sacrifice that makes me contemplate my own humanity.

But then, maybe that’s the point.

In the case of my host family, who save money all year to buy this ram, who soothe and sing to the animal at night to calm and comfort it, the sacrifice is not an act of disrespect to life, but rather homage to the gifts God has given them.

For me, it is a reminder of the fragility of my own life. I force out a long sigh. There’s still the other ram, Jooj.

“Come,” my host sister repeats, beckoning me back upstairs. “This is my culture. You understand?”

Yeah. I think I do.
I don’t like watching the news. As a journalism student at Northwestern University, there’s something about watching it that irks me. Knowing that a news clip has parts that are included solely to “spice” up a story while more realistic parts are cut because they won’t “sell” terrifies me.

When I turn on the TV and see reporters showing “rebel fighters” in the Middle East, all I can do is try to put myself in the shoes of a person who has never met a Muslim before. What would they think of Middle Easterners, Afghans, or Pakistanis after watching this? Would they watch the accompanying “B-roll” of these people praying (which, by the way, is almost always a part of the clip) and think of “Allahu akbar” as a battle cry? The news reporter usually follows up the scene with an all-knowing remark, “These rebel fighters are religious.” It’s here that I cringe.

I don’t know the exact effect this types of “news” has on people, but I know that stereotypes about Muslims, Arabs, South Asians, and Africans are perpetuated, and it’s all become a big jumble of religious terminology. The terms liberal, traditional, conservative, fundamentalist, modern, cultural, practicing, and extremist are thrown around like the bombs some of these people are depicted making. And we, the followers of Al-Jazeera, BBC, and CNN, are affected by it.

At a spring quarter event held by Northwestern’s Muslim-cultural Students Association (McSA), an audience member asked how the Muslim world can function when Saudi Arabia commits the daily “atrocities” it does — how it can live with itself with Saudi Arabia as the “face of Islam.”

Now, I’ll be the first to admit that Saudi Arabia does not attest to all Muslim values. At the same time, I understand how it’s become a symbol for all things Islamic. People hold it to a higher standard than other Muslim countries because it is the birthplace of the Muslim religion, the location of the holy Ka’aba, and home to the holy cities, Mecca and Medina. Because the country is host to all things identifiably “Muslim,” it has been dubbed Islam’s capital.

Yet Saudi Arabia should not be held as the model of all things Islamic, and it was never meant to be. Nowhere in the Quran or the Prophet’s sayings was it ever decreed that Saudi Arabia would lead the Muslim people.

In fact, the Prophet rejected the idea that the Muslim world should be defined by the Arab people. In his last sermon, the Prophet said, “An Arab has no superiority over a non-Arab nor a non-Arab has any superiority over an Arab. A white has no superiority over a black nor a black any superiority over a white — except by piety and good action.”

Saudi Arabia is only a country, and no country has a right to claim representation of the Muslim world. Likewise, people have no right to be disappointed by Saudi Arabia or any other Muslim country, for its shortcomings before holding themselves accountable for their own.

At the end of the day, what matters is where the religion carried over, how it influenced people, and what these people — these real Muslims — did with its teachings. These people are the real representations of Islam, and it’s the ones who don’t get any media play.

This year, the McSA changed the name of what used to be “Islam Awareness Week” to “Discover Islam Week.” The connotations of the former name made Islam sound like a disease, something to be “aware” of. But like all religions and ways of life, Islam is complex, and its depiction in the media requires more thought than simply showing a man on a prayer mat.
REALITY TV

Emerging reality TV shows showcase Muslims in a more positive, but not accurate, light. Which is the lesser evil? By Sara Kashani

In a popular skit from the Axis of Evil Comedy Tour, Iranian-American actor Maz Jobrani jokes about the portrayal of Middle Easterners in the media: “Show us doing something good—like baking a cookie or something. Just once, I want CNN to be like, now we’re going to go to Muhammad in Iran: Hello, I’m Muhammad, and I’m just baking a cookie—back to you, Bob!”

Jobrani’s pleas may have very well been answered in reality television show All-American Muslim, in which Muslims are shown coaching football, having weddings, and—eating dinner together as a family. The show is filmed in Dearborn, Mich., home to the largest community of Muslims in the United States, and documents the lives of five families of Lebanese Shi’a descent.

While these families’ daily activities are fascinating from an anthropological, people-watching type of perspective (as with all reality TV shows), the show’s relevance to “all-American” Muslims from other ethnic backgrounds is questionable at best. Perhaps a more apt title would have been “All-American Lebanese Shi’a Muslims Living in Dearborn, Michigan.”

Then, reality television made another attempt to portray individuals from the Middle East. Shahs of Sunset Boulevard began airing this spring around the time of Norouz, the Iranian New Year. The holiday usually is associated with renewal, rebirth and now with cable television’s ability to depict Middle Easterners on a tabula rasa.

The show follows the seemingly scintillating lives of six Persian Jews and Muslims from Los Angeles, dubbed “Tehrangeles” due to the many Persians inhabiting neighborhoods like Westwood (Little Persia). The bohemian vibes of Asa, the group’s artist, and the pragmatic style of Reza, the group’s tell-it-like-it-is persona, neutralize the personalities of short-tempered but beautiful “GG,” and businesswoman-an-by-day-partier-by-night Mercedes. The latter confesses, “Others probably think that we live a very glamorous lifestyle—and in fact, we do.”

Shahs of Sunset mixes the lifestyle of the Kardashians with the drama of Gossip Girl, delivering something good—like baking a cookie or something. Just once, I want CNN to be like, now we’re going to go to Muhammad in Iran: Hello, I’m Muhammad, and I’m just baking a cookie—back to you, Bob!”

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Cast members of Shahs or All-American have argued that these alternative “reality” depictions will help supersede the current and arguably more negative stereotypes of Middle Easterners, as depicted in the evening news or on political talk shows. According to a psychological study by the University of Colorado at Boulder, thinking about counter-stereotypic portrayals indeed has a dilution effect on pre-existing, implicit stereotypes. As American-Muslims or individuals from the Middle East, should we appreciate that we have this kind of media representation? Or do these “reality” shows just create reemerging stereotypes with new struggles?

Without a doubt, depictions of minorities on television influence public perception. Conscious bias is no longer the social norm, yet stereotype-consistent associations—even if subliminal—may augment pre-existing attitudes toward particular cultural groups. One of the chief complaints Italian-American advocacy groups had about reality show Jersey Shore, a similar cause célèbre, was the subliminal conditioning of stereotypical stimuli, such as Italian flag colors, with the behavioral quirks of the people on the show. These advocacy groups feared people would then learn to associate these types of behaviors with Italians.

The Implicit Association Test, developed by Harvard psychologists Brian Nosek, Mahzarin Banaji, and Tony Greenwald, has demonstrated the unconscious negative attitudes of individuals toward various ethnic groups, including Arab-Muslim. Social cognition theory can help
explain how media and reality television may perpetuate stereotypes that strengthen these negative attitudes—consciously or not.

From cognitive psychology, we know that people use the representativeness heuristic to quickly judge uncertain events (or in this case, people), depending on how “representative” the salient features are of a parent population. This means that if you meet me, you’ll judge my social identity based on how similar I am to your conception of my ethnic group—which gets influenced by representations in the media.

Secondly, a smaller sample size of a population doesn’t ensure the most well-rounded representation. So if we showcase the behaviors of a smaller group, they may unwittingly turn a blind eye to prejudice by trying to show that Middle Easterners and Muslims are just like everyone else? In this case, “ethnic reality television” is being used as a particular ideological approach toward mediating ethnic tensions in America. The cast members of Shahs and All-American navigate family relationships, go to Vegas, and have parties just like you and me.

Yet Jennifer Richeson, a social psychologist at Northwestern University, found that colorblindness—treating others as individuals regardless of social group membership—actually leads to more prejudice than multiculturalism, which acknowledges and appreciates ethnic diversity. Unless these shows highlight the unique culture—or moreover, the struggles, prejudice and racial profiling—of minority groups, they may lead people to disregard the marginalization of these groups, encouraging a sort of backhanded prejudice. For example, parties and weddings aside, not everyone is “randomly” targetted for airport security checks; by acknowledging these differences in treatment, we might better be able to reduce prejudice.

In loose terms, Shahs of Sunset and All-American Muslim depict Mohammad just baking a cookie. Is he really no different from the Joneses next door, aside from a difference in name? But what’s in a “name”? The tragedy is clear in the marketing: Italian, Muslim, Persian—that which we call by these names on television, unless statistically comprehensive and reflective of the diversity and struggles of all possible members of an ethnic group, may never fully reflect reality of all those who identify with these groups, whether or not they get to be cast on a reality television show.

For me, whispers of available suitors, and lavish wedding parties where girls of marriageable age with carefully applied makeup and gold jewelry hoped to catch the eye of a potential suitor or his mother, were not a thing of the past, but the present I lived in breathed.

For Aisha C. Saeed, love carried with it connotations of arranged marriages and a Pride and Prejudice sense of restraint. It was a love that seemed antiquated and therefore automatically incompatible with her 21st century self. But as Saeed learns through awkward arrange marriage set-ups, love neither lives in the realm of antiquity or modernity.

In the anthology of essays, Love, InShAllah: The Secret Love Lives of American Muslim Women, each storyteller reminds us that love is beyond categorization. We meet Zahra Noorbakhsh, who receives a five minute sex-ed class from her strict Iranian mother in a movie theater parking lot the summer after her freshman year of high school. She later loses her virginity in college behind the backdrop of the typical American dorm room.

Noorbakhsh isn’t exactly the conventional picture of Islamic modesty but that seems to be the point. She, along with the other 23 female voices featured in the book, shatter the stereotype of the obedient Muslim woman.

These women, ranging from conservative to liberal, shy to aggressive, heterosexual to homosexual, emphasize that feelings of yearning, desire and uncertainty are universal, too powerful to be extinguished through the opacity of a veil or the stigma of a media label.

We have been taught, whether through family values or romantic comedies, that finding love is the ultimate milestone. It is almost as if we have been instilled with this notion that we have not reached our true potential and we have not experienced all that life has to offer until we connect emotionally and physically with someone.

But where do Muslim women, who are taught to be modest, fit into this equation? As we watch these women navigate the landscape of caution and longing, we are reminded that backgrounds do not circumscribe us to a certain path of romance.

Love, InShAllah The Secret Love Lives of American Muslim Women

Are you there, God? It’s me, Romance.

Part Bridget Jones Diary, part Jhumpa Lahiri, Love, InShAllah: The Secret Love Lives of American Muslim Women unveils the face of Muslim romance. By Heba Hasan

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No matter where these women fall in the spectrum of religiosity, they view love and the lessons it engenders with a sacredness—a sacredness that empowers and transforms them. And with love’s uncanny ability to make everyone feel like a foreigner, it is these empowering tales that force the reader to understand that love is not a milestone or an event, but a destination—a home of one’s own, InShAllah.
Finding a Voice

Zamin's lead singer shares musical inspirations and advice for aspiring artists. By Zabin Patel

Zeshan Bagewadi received his Master's Degree in Voice and Literature from Northwestern University’s Bienen School of Music in 2011. A critically acclaimed, international opera singer, he made his lead role debut last year in a production of Mozart’s “Don Giovanni” in New York City. Most recently, he was tapped by Chicago Opera Theater to understudy the lead role of Prince Tamino for their production of Mozart’s “Magic Flute” in September 2012. He also is the lead singer of Zamin, an indie-rock band that recently released their self-titled album “Zamin.”

Q&A with Zeshan Bagewadi

Tell us the story of your favorite surah (Quranic chapter).

Surah Mulk (Quran, 67) — that surah has a lot of meaning for me because it was my introduction to my own voice. I went to an Islamic school from kindergarten until the third grade, and it was a wonderful childhood experience for me. However, during that time, I had gotten used to a certain drudgery of Quran recitation that was taught to us. It was monotonous and dry, and all of a sudden, I was really digging the sound of the Quran!

I was so moved by it that I went to Mrs. Barhumi afterwards and asked if I could borrow that cassette and listen to it at home. She was definitely surprised — after all, this is third grade and they heard with their ears. She was so proud of me she asked me to recite it for her and I did. She was moved to tears. And thankfully it wasn’t because I sucked! That was the first time I had ever seen anyone react in that way to something they heard with their ears. She was so proud of me she asked me to recite it in front of the whole class. That was the first time I had ever performed anything publicly, and it was then that I realized that I had a voice.

How would you describe Zamin’s musical style?

Zamin is an Indie-rock band with classical acoustic instrument and Indian vocals.

Who are your musical inspirations and influences?

My three major influences are in different spheres of music. First, I would say Johnny Cash because I love his music and songwriting. He’s like an idol to me. His voice was a gift and he came from a time where you had to have talent in the music industry. Every song he sang felt like he lived it.

I would also say the opera tenor Franco Corelli. He embodied the ideal singer because he as dedicated to studying voice and improving his technique. I have almost all his recordings. And the last would be the ghazal (ancient type of South Asian poetry) singer Mehdi Hassan. His Urdu diction was fabulous.

What would be your message to aspiring artists?

You succeed in doing that, then you really are establishing communication with the audience.

What’s on your playlist?

Johnny Cash, Radiohead, Elvis, Carl Perkins, Americana, and country music — it gets a bad rep, but I think it’s a wonderful genre of music, and it’s an integral part of our nation’s history. I wish people could appreciate that!

What is the best advice you’ve ever been given?

When I was growing up, my mother used to tell us, “Good, better, best. Never rest until your good is better and your better is the best.” I try to live by her words.

Given that you are trilingual and sing in many languages, how do you feel when people don’t understand your lyrics?

I don’t think of it in that way. I want to sing convincingly so that even if someone doesn’t understand Hindi, Urdu, or Punjabi we can convey the meaning of the song through our music. When
The Essential Elements of a Bollywood Movie

By Idil Öksüz

BRIGHT COLORS

One of the most easily recognizable elements of a Bollywood movie are the bright colors dominating almost every scene. While some newer Hollywood remakes may have colors that are more understated in nature, true Bollywood movies are all about dazzling costumes and even more awe-inspiring dancing and singing numbers.

MUSIC

What good would a Bollywood movie be without music? It’s arguable that the musical interludes are more central to the audience’s enjoyment of the movie than the actual speaking portions. True to India’s classical music tradition, women tend to sing at very high pitches. Fun fact: the songs you hear (both the male and female parts) are actually pre-recorded.

VILLIANS WHO WON’T DIE!

No Bollywood movie would be complete without villains who try to spoil blossoming love and complicate people’s lives. Villains come in all shapes and sizes, from fathers to brothers to mothers to mobsters (and trust us, you haven’t seen a real mobster until you’ve seen a Bollywood one). Luckily enough for the main characters, they’re almost always defeated by the end of the movie — happy endings don’t always come easy.

DANCING

You can’t have a Bollywood song without the main characters dancing. Dancing varies in style from classical to modern, and is matched to the mood of the scene. The lead actors and actresses dance while singing along to the music, and often wear beautiful, brightly-colored costumes while doing so. With back-up dancers added to the mix, these scenes become the fully orchestrated productions unique to Bollywood.

LOVE

Love — the key to almost any Bollywood plot. Here’s a typical plot line: boy meets girl, boy chases girl, the girl falls for him, but alas! Complications stand in the way of their happy ending. Sometimes, there will be a complex love triangle in which someone ends up heartbroken, but rest assured that things will always end well! Oh, and don’t forget to bring in a box of tissues if you plan on watching the whole story unravel.
This traditional style can be completed with any square cloth and is usually considered the easiest hijab to manage. It covers everything, from hair to ears to neck to chest, and still looks professional and elegant. Aatifa Shareef describes it as the "problem-free" hijab that is folded into a triangle and never falls off her head. With one safety pin under the chin and another on the shoulder, this style is oftentimes the way to go. The use of two straight pins is also common to pin the hijab flaps to the top and side of the head. Shareef enjoys mixing up cotton fabrics with extreme color combinations. Sometimes the right fabric is all that matters.

This one-piece hijab comes in various patterns and colors and can be slipped on easily over one's head. For hijabis like Hagar Gomaa, it's easy, it's simple, it doesn't require pins, and it is one of the most convenient on-the-run hijab styles. Gomaa almost always contrasts her patterned (or non-patterned) tops and one-piece hijab colors. For her, the hijab is not necessarily the flashiest part of her daily wardrobe, but rather a small and simple accessory that adds some poise. It's not preferred for fancier events, but for travel and everyday use.

This trendsetting style adds volume to those with heads that are smaller in size. It also adds a level of mystery to the hijab—passersby will never know just how flat the sister's head is, or have a clue about the possible hairstyle underneath. Hanan Abdusubhan loves drapes and folds and dons this style because she "like[s] it when people don't know what's happening." The covering underneath is convenient for pinning purposes, and allows the sister to avoid too much fabric-flinging. This style can be worn in both formal and informal settings.

The Square
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The Wraparound
This is perhaps one of the most standard methods of wearing the hijab. Usually, a sister will wrap a rectangular cloth around the head tightly, and can choose whether to either tuck the remaining flaps in or keep them out. It is comfortable, easy, and requires minimal effort. According to Sara Fadlalla, this style generally means that she “doesn’t have to worry about [the hijab] during the day” and can always spruce it up with little bows and other adornments. Great for everyday use, this hijab style is both painless and pin-less, unless one chooses to use safety pins and straight pins for added security.

The One-piece
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The Drape
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@MsImrGrlProblem

How to seamlessly escape awkward Gchat moments: "brb. I have to pray" #never comeback #MGS #Muslimgirlsolutions

White guy: "Who is Eid? Did you mean to say Ed?" #what #whosisEd #whitesguysFTW #EIDMUBARAK #everyone

If the Scream movies were about Muslims, we would have to rename it ‘Ayatul Kursi’ #ireciteitliketwiceaday #anotherpointforwhiteboys

White guy: "Who is Eid? Did you mean to say Ed?" #what #whoisEd #whitesguysFTW #EIDMUBARAK #everyone

Why are Muslims always late?? Meetings are not like prayers...u don’t have a 3 hour time span to show up. #anotherpointforwhiteboys

How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days is on. We should do a Muslim remake: How to Marry a Guy in 3 Days #parentstalkonDay1 #marryhimDay2 #meethimDay3

"OMG in jannah...maybe we can be harry potter" #weirdthoughts #butthatwouldbeamazing #wheremywandat

Always that one guy who forgets to turn off his cell during Maghrib prayer. Really dude. #whyamithehearingtoChrisBrownwhileipray #Ramadan

Id love 2 reveal my identity 2 some ppl but I know how Muslims roll #everyonewillknow #mymomwillsomehowknow #theimamwilltalkaboutitatjummah

Always the girl trying to high five the guy who does not shake hands. Awkward moments. #howwasisupposedtoknow #ohiguesstheturbanandbeard

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watering pots and lotta’s in the bathroom always freak your friends out. Its embarrassing #buthowtheckdotheylivewithoutit #nasty

Watching fireworks in NYC w/ Muslims and one kid yelled ‘Takbeer!’ after it was done. #truestory #ckbro #justRELAXwhenshitisExploding

Just found out the Imam at my masjid isn’t even a scholar or a hafiz or anything really #MuslimUmmahProblems #weakimanresumes #canibeanimam

1. Tawakul Karman - one of three women to win the 2011 Nobel Peace Prize and “Mother of the Yemeni Revolution”. She is the youngest Nobel Laureate to date.
2. Yuna - a Malaysian singer who will be performing at Lollapalooza 2012.
3. Mad Men - a show about advertising agencies in the 60’s.
5. Downton Abbey - A must-watch TV show.