

FROM TAILOR SHOP TO DAILY STYLE



In Pakistan, fashion is a vibrant mix of tradition and modernity. While the traditional dress remains a timeless symbol of culture, western clothing also holds a proud and respected place in everyday life. I still remember standing with my brother at the tailor's shop, our eyes wide with excitement as we admired the colorful fabrics hanging on the walls and the glossy fashion magazines stacked on the counter. That was the moment my fascination with clothing began, sparking a curiosity about how outfits were made, styled, and carried with confidence by fashion icons.



AS TIME WENT BY,

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my love for fashion kept growing stronger. I found few sources that opened my eyes to style and culture, and showed me how fashion changed with different times and situations.

One source of inspiration came during special occasions, when street vendors sold small picture cards of famous media icons. I used to buy them with excitement and imagine how I might look if I wore clothes like those stars. For me, those cards were little dreams I could hold in my hands.

Another influence was National TV. Watching dramas and movies gave me a clearer sense of fashion and culture. I learned how clothes could tell stories, reflect personality, and change with every role or scene. Television became my guide, teaching me style without me even realizing it.

The most dazzling influence of all was weddings, the biggest family events in the Subcontinent. They were full of music, food, and people dressed in their finest outfits. I loved watching the well-dressed guests in their designer clothes, imagining myself one day standing among them confident, stylish, and making an impression on everyone around me.



SECRET KEPT GROWING,

inside me. The turning point came when my **FATHER** took us to a second-hand market for Western-style clothes. He bought us shirts and T-shirts, and wearing them made me feel overjoyed as if I had finally discovered a missing part of myself. I still remember it clearly: I was only **8-years** old, and it was the year **1988**, yet in my memory it feels like just yesterday.

In 1996, my elder brother started working and he was 17 and I was 16. I often borrowed money from him to buy second-hand clothes, putting them together in creative combinations. Soon, people around me began to notice and would ask where I was getting such stylish outfits.

Since my uncle and aunt lived in the USA, I made up little stories, telling others that they sent me the clothes as gifts. It wasn't just about impressing people but also it was my way of building an image, of raising my status, and most of all, of feeling happy and accepted in society.



PERSONAL STYLIST

One day brought yet another turning point: one of my brother's clients offered him the chance to try modeling, and he accepted without hesitation. Suddenly, he was meeting people from the world of showbiz, and that's when I stepped in as his personal stylist. I would search the second-hand markets for clothes, fix his hair, choose his shoes and I shaped his entire look. We had such a joyful time together, attending catwalks and photoshoots, sharing laughter and excitement at every step. After a while, though, he decided to leave the fashion industry. He got married and eventually moved to Manchester with his family.

Even today, when we talk, we often return to those golden days, remembering how much fun and passion we shared.



Moved to Sweden

In 2005, I moved to Sweden for my Master's degree, but my passion for fashion never left me. I applied to Konstfack, one of the country's top art universities, and was even invited for an interview with a professor. But because of my language limitations, I wasn't accepted. Still, I refused to give up. I looked for other ways to step into the fashion world and enrolled in a distance diploma in fashion design from Limparts Academy in Ireland. During that time, I styled many friends and colleagues, and eventually, I launched my own clothing brand. I designed T-shirts produced in Turkey and India, but after about a year, I shut it down and it didn't feel fulfilling. Soon after, I tried again by selling exclusive shirts, managing to sell nearly 500 shirts. But balancing it with my regular job became too difficult, and I had to close that chapter as well.

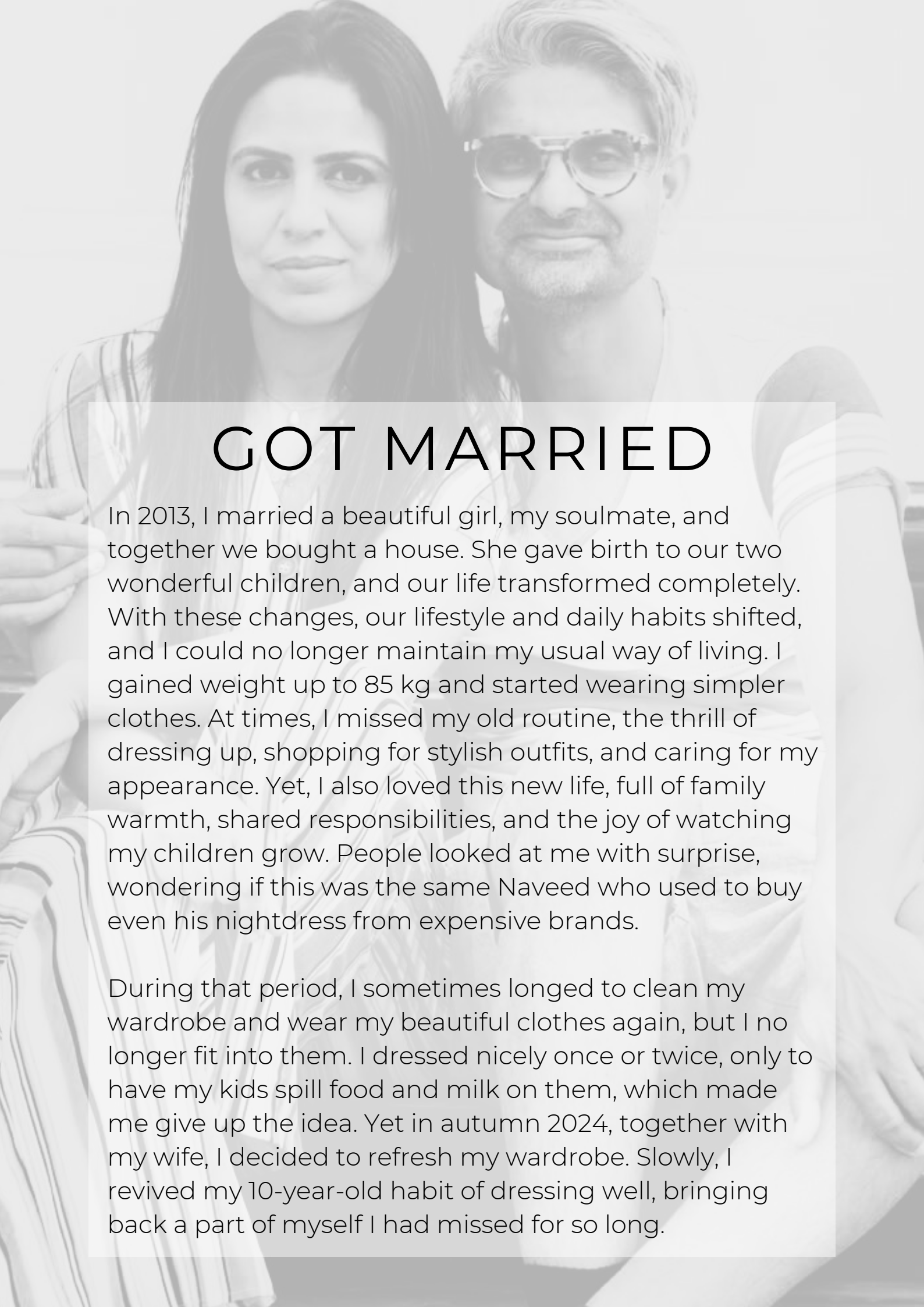


In Gothenburg art gallery

2009-october-03

ONE DAY

a friend at the office told me that people often wondered why I worked with computers, because I looked so fashionable and seemed to have an instinctive understanding of the fashion world. Hearing that felt like a small but powerful confirmation and a recognition that my passion for style was visible to others. What amazed people even more was that I used to spend around 18% of my salary every month on clothes mostly from NK Stockholm and Byxshoppen in Falun. I never hesitated to invest in quality bags, glasses, and accessories that made me feel confident and alive. Every purchase, every outfit, was more than just clothing and it was a way for me to express who I was. No matter the circumstances, my love for fashion never faded; it was a part of me, a quiet fire that always kept my spirit vibrant.

A faded background image of a man and a woman smiling. The man is on the right, wearing glasses and has a beard. The woman is on the left, with long dark hair. They are both looking towards the camera.

GOT MARRIED

In 2013, I married a beautiful girl, my soulmate, and together we bought a house. She gave birth to our two wonderful children, and our life transformed completely. With these changes, our lifestyle and daily habits shifted, and I could no longer maintain my usual way of living. I gained weight up to 85 kg and started wearing simpler clothes. At times, I missed my old routine, the thrill of dressing up, shopping for stylish outfits, and caring for my appearance. Yet, I also loved this new life, full of family warmth, shared responsibilities, and the joy of watching my children grow. People looked at me with surprise, wondering if this was the same Naveed who used to buy even his nightdress from expensive brands.

During that period, I sometimes longed to clean my wardrobe and wear my beautiful clothes again, but I no longer fit into them. I dressed nicely once or twice, only to have my kids spill food and milk on them, which made me give up the idea. Yet in autumn 2024, together with my wife, I decided to refresh my wardrobe. Slowly, I revived my 10-year-old habit of dressing well, bringing back a part of myself I had missed for so long.



MY LIFE IN STYLE & FAMILY

Today, I proudly say that my wife, is my greatest source of motivation. Every day, I carefully combine outfits, add a wristwatch, and a light spray of perfume before heading to the office. On her suggestion my daughter takes a picture of me every day in the kitchen before we all start our day. To an outsider, this might seem vain, but those who know me understand that it reflects my creativity, passion, and self-expression.

Though I never worked fully in the fashion industry, I have found my own way to follow my passion. Dressing with style gives me confidence, keeps my mind active, and brings joy to my daily life. More than that, it is a reminder that pursuing what you love, even in small, personal ways which can inspire not only yourself but also those around you. Fashion, for me, has always been more than clothes; it is a language of confidence, creativity, and living life fully.