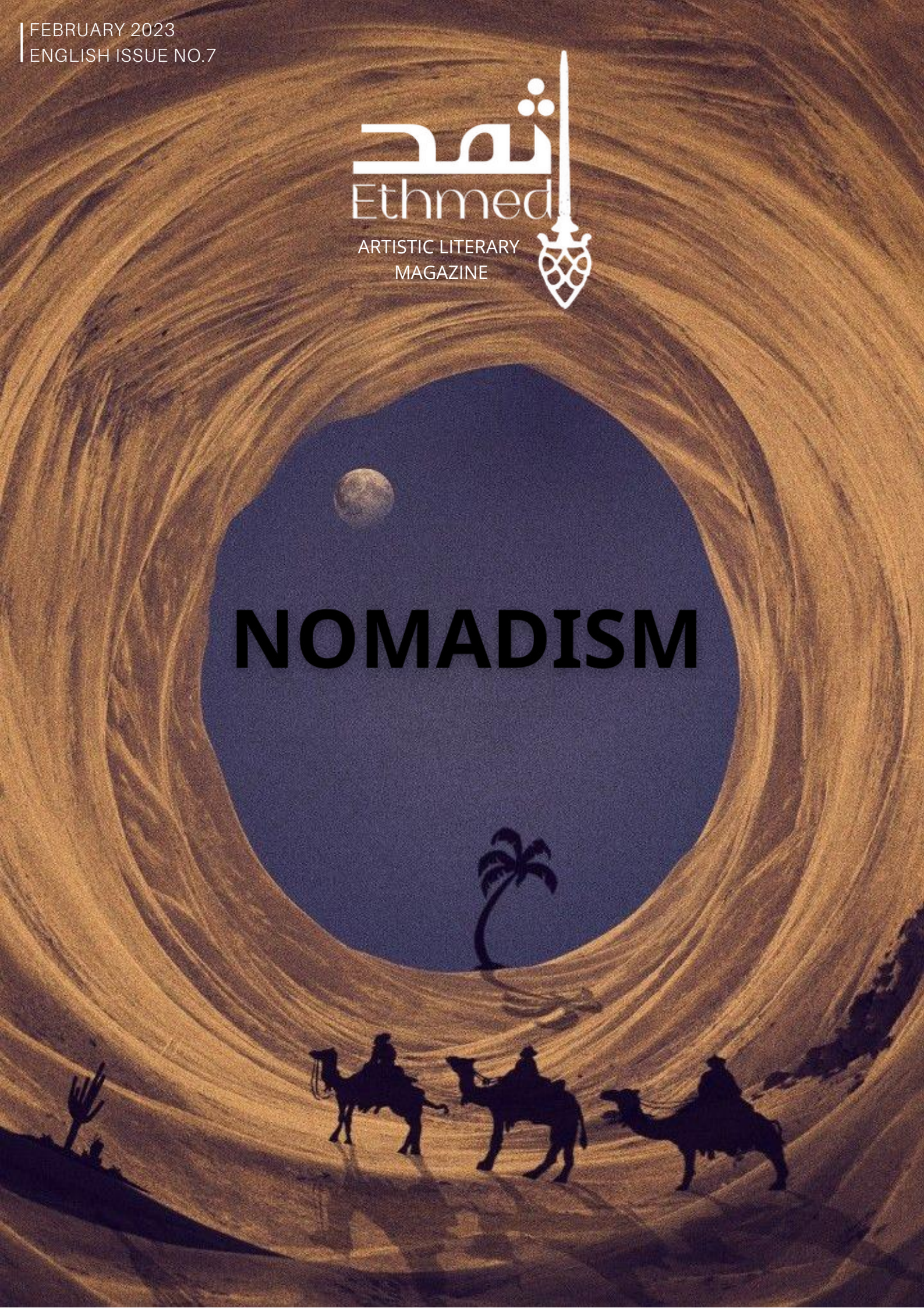


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NOMADISM



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A word from the editors

In its seventh issue, Ethmed speaks about Bedouins and travel. Moved by the spirit of originality and bedouinism to tell “our story,” since we began in conjunction with the Saudi founding day which is celebrated on the 22th of every February.

People differ on what makes a Bedouin a Bedouin. Some say that it is the lifestyle of those who live in the desert, others have said that it is the many specific customs, traditions, and actions. And we believe that even if Bedouins stopped traveling and settled, they never stopped being Bedouins at heart. If you were to look back on their past with the lens of today, you will see their bedouinism reflected in the way they look, act, and talk. It shapes their day and tomorrow just like it shaped their yesterday.

The nature of travelers on the other hand, is no point of dispute; it is the reasons behind their travels that varies. Some steps were taken to run from home, and some others ran looking for a home. Alienation and travel are two sides of the same coin, and if you were to look deep into the eyes of a traveler, you will find that, in one way or another, they are connected to a certain home. You will see a white ethereal rope tying them to their homeland, a delicate string called alienation. In the issue of bedouins and travel, we celebrate all the nomads in the Arabian deserts who lived their lives settling and traveling, and we celebrate all expat travelers. And we tell the stories of customs, traditions, alienation and never ending roads.

Ethmed



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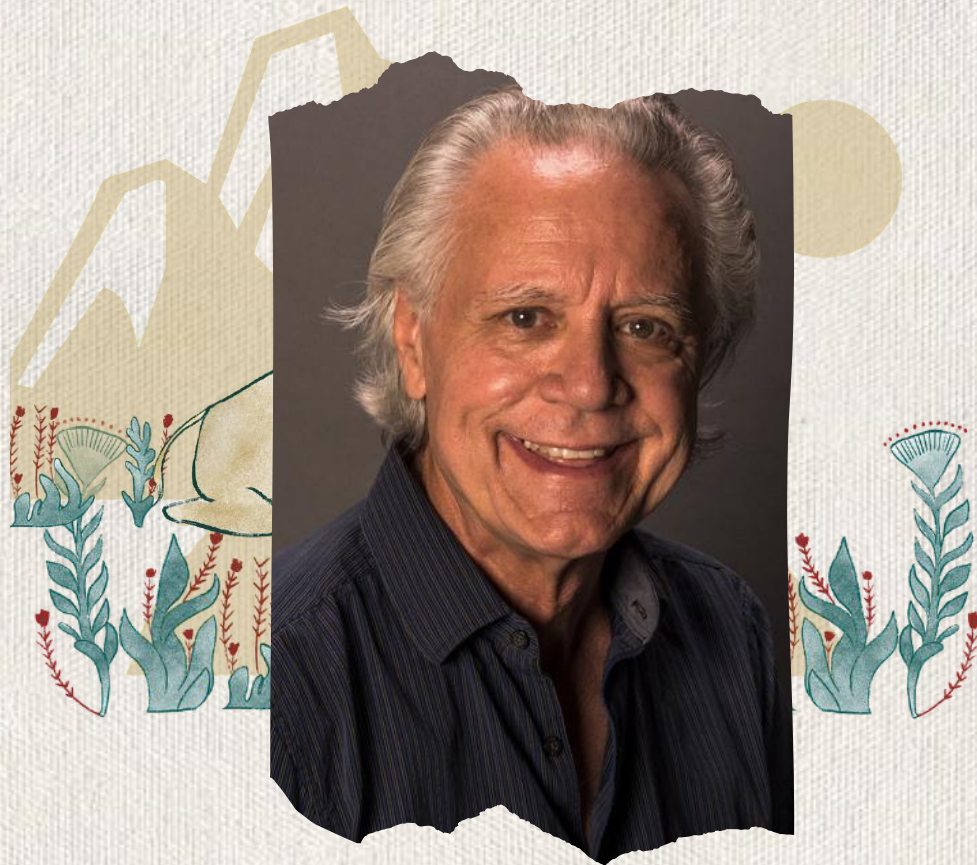
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Photo by Wayne Eastep





Wayne Eastep is an American photographer and photography instructor, with several publications of photographic books such as *Bedouin* and *The Soul of Kazakhstan*. His intimate, spectacular photographs are the result of many travels, like the ones he made in Saudi Arabia with his wife, Patti Eastep. Most of his works featured in this issue were taken during his first trip in the early 1980s.



Philippe Rochot is a French photographer and photojournalist, with a large body of work that covers a huge part of humanity's modern historical events such as the Islamic Revolution of Iran and the Civil War of Lebanon. His career began when he graduated from The Superior School of Journalism of Lille in 1969 and moved to Jeddah, Saudi Arabia in 1970 where he worked in the local Radio. This journey is when Rochot's photographs that are featured in this issue were taken.



"A guest is
a prince in his arrival,
a prisoner in his stay,
a poet in his departure."

Guest



Photo by Wayne Eastep

The Dreaming Nomad

By Yara H.

With no Roots,
I travel.
Grainy dunes and parched earth,
I battle.

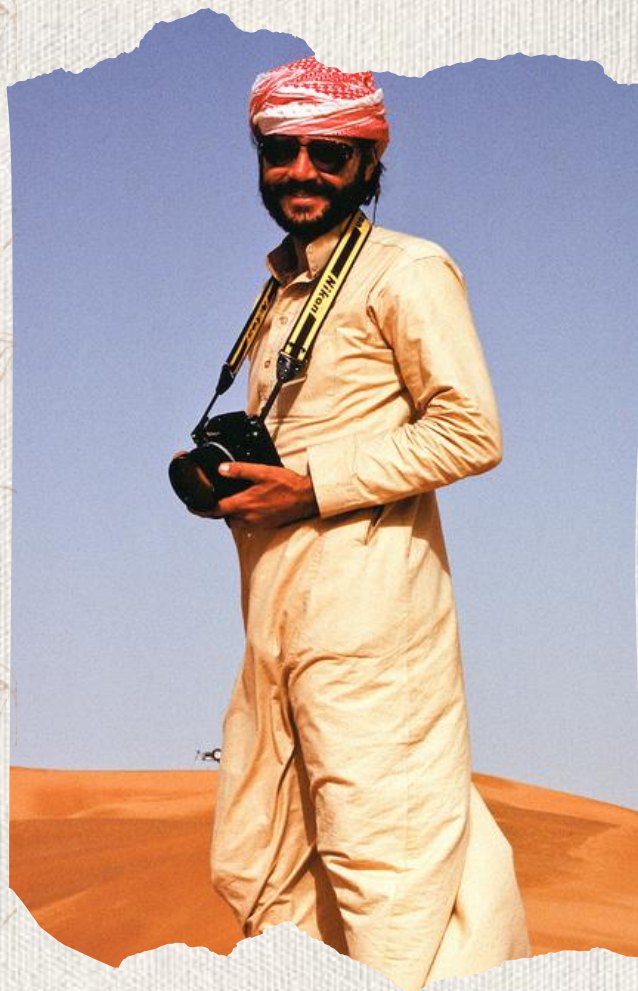
A flock, I shepherd.
With heavy steps and panting breaths
We cross the desert.

But sometimes I dream.
With a blanket of stars over me.
An oasis is what I see
Glimmering, Glittering. It fills me with Glee.

I reach into the water...

That's when I awake.
I Sigh.
And watch the sun break.





Wayne Eastep in Saudi Arabia (1983)

Bedouins Through American Lens

- Maha Alqureqrei

Wayne Eastep is an American photographer and photography instructor, with several publications of photographic books such as *Bedouin* and *The Soul of Kazakhstan*. His intimate, spectacular photographs are the result of many travels, like the ones he made in Saudi Arabia with his wife, Patti Eastep. Most of his works featured in this issue were taken during his first trip in the early 1980s.

I learned about Eastep through the Internet, the wonder of our modern world. I also had the chance to speak with Mr. Eastep about his journey and his photography, as well as the time he and his wife spent with the Bedouins of the Al Murrah tribe.

-First, may I ask about your background in photography? And how did you get into it?

Regarding how I got into photography, after I finished graduate school, Master of Divinity from Union Theological Seminary in New York City, I decided I wanted to engage culture directly, face to face, rather than from an academic perspective of reading, researching, and writing about culture.

I determined that photography would give me a visual language to tell the story of another culture. To acquire the documentary photographic skills I would need, I apprenticed at Magnum Photos in New York. After the apprenticeship at Magnum, I went on my own to Saudi Arabia in 1980.

-What made you decide to spend time in Saudi Arabia?

Through research, I learned about the Al Murrah tribe. I discovered that as a tribe, they had a history dating back more than 5,000 years. At that time, 1980, they were still living in the desert as they had for millennia. I wanted to learn what values and lifestyles accounted for the strength of their tribe. So, I started observing them in 1980 and continue to learn from them until this day.

-I did not know this about the Al Murrah tribe!

They are known among the Bedu as "The Bedu of The Bedu!"

-The images are familial and intimate. I assume you lived with the tribe?

I did, and so did Patti, my wife. It took me two and a half years and 12 trips from New York City to Saudi Arabia before I was able to get their acceptance to live with them and document their way of life. We lived in tents, drank camel's milk, sat with them, and migrated in the desert.

Is your wife Patti a photographer as well?

Patti took some photographs of the Bedu project. She mainly worked as a picture editor on the book and co-wrote the book.

And how did you communicate with one another? Did the tribe members speak English, or was there a translator that traveled with you and Mrs. Eastep?

No, we had to learn Arabic before they would let us live with them. That was a requirement of their accepting us; we were able to learn basic conversational Arabic, which, over distance and time, has unfortunately faded.

Wow! Where else have you traveled in Saudi? Some of your photographs were taken in the North of Saudi. Also, I know it was long ago, however was there a difference between the two areas which you recall?

I traveled from Najran and Taif to Tabuk and Hafer Al Batin, Medina to Daharan, the deserts in the eastern province to the heart of the Nefud and many places in between. We lived with the Shammar of the Rawallah in the Nefud* and Al Murrah in the Eastern province. Both showed considerable hospitality. Al Murrah tribe have remarkable skills in observing people and nature.

You must have spent a long time in Saudi back then!

I have come more than 32 times since 1980.

When was the last trip?

2014.

Do you have a favorite photograph from the ones that you have taken during your time in Saudi?

I like the fire/coffee image because it represents hospitality which is a core social value of the Bedu. I like it also because of the way it expresses the grace in their way of life.

The man with the child shows the close bond between the adults and children. The man is not the father, but an uncle.

Everyone in the clan treated each of the children as their own child. This genuine relationship is for me one of the most important lessons I learned from the Bedu. Family is not a word or phrase like "family values" rather it is a fact of the dynamic that defines and holds together the fabric of the clan and tribe.

Understanding this value changed Patti and my life, the very way we live differently after being with the Bedu.

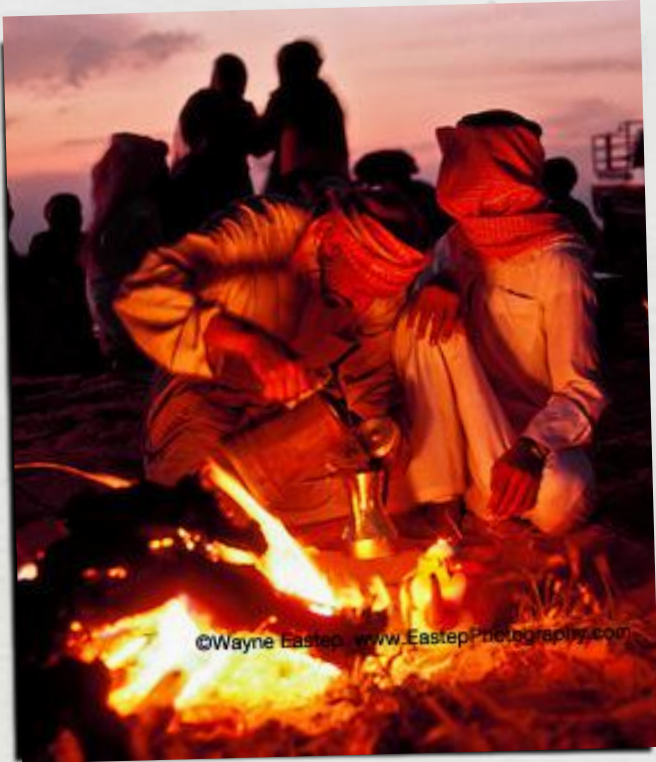
I like the image of the two men, because it indicates the value language plays in their lives. The man whose face is shown is a poet within the Al Murrah who was visiting our camp. I was impressed by the honor he was shown while being with us.

That's really interesting. Poets having a social status is understandable now that we see most of the Bedu's history, and stories are documented through poetry.

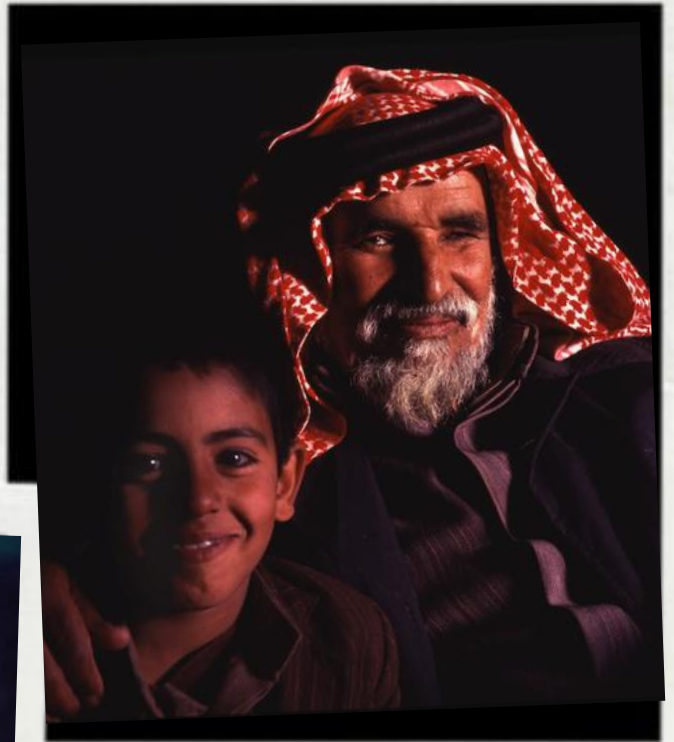
One of the men standing on the sand dune captures the beauty I find in the desert.

The young boy with the binoculars illustrates the natural way children learn the ways of the desert.

The young man running with the goat expresses the freedom a Bedu child can have in the desert.



The making of coffee



A boy with his uncle



The Man and The Poet



A man standing



The young man running



**The young boy with
the binoculars**

Do you have any specific memory of the time spent in Saudi or the Al Murrah tribe?

Oh, my, I have so many!!!

You have obviously traveled many times to several destinations. Do you consider traveling to be a source of inspiration? Or that it helped you gain perspective and added to you as a photographer?

Traveling with curiosity, respect and openness, and an appetite for discovery sets up the possibility for connection between me and the "other". The uniqueness of language, social customs, food, art, lifestyles, and history creates a recipe for an enriching experience. Each time I have traveled to a new place, I am reminded of the unique ways of life each society has. I am also reminded how similar we all are.

The universal principle of oneness comes into focus, and these limited notions of "us and them" are challenged and have the possibility of fading away. I am often drawn to a higher understanding of the one, and how we are all connected with each other and nature.

...

Wayne Eastep's photographs remind us of how similar humans are despite their races and nationalities. Upon looking at these images we see a reflection of our childhoods and our childhood and our family, we see the intimacy and warmth of belonging; even if we have never lived in a tent or stepped foot in the desert. Nomadism is an ancient lifestyle, traveling in search of food and water for one's self and for those one looks after is a primal instinct of human beings, When we take a closer look we see the great wisdom in keeping only what our arms can carry to lighten the weight on our shoulders as we pass through the deep valleys and high mountains of life.

*** The information mentioned by Mr. Eastep regarding Shammar and the Rawallah might be incorrect due to the passing of time. Shammar is a different tribe than Anizah which is the tribe the Rawallah are descended from.**



Untitled

By: Abu Alala'a Al Ma'arri
Translated by: Rnad Alharbi

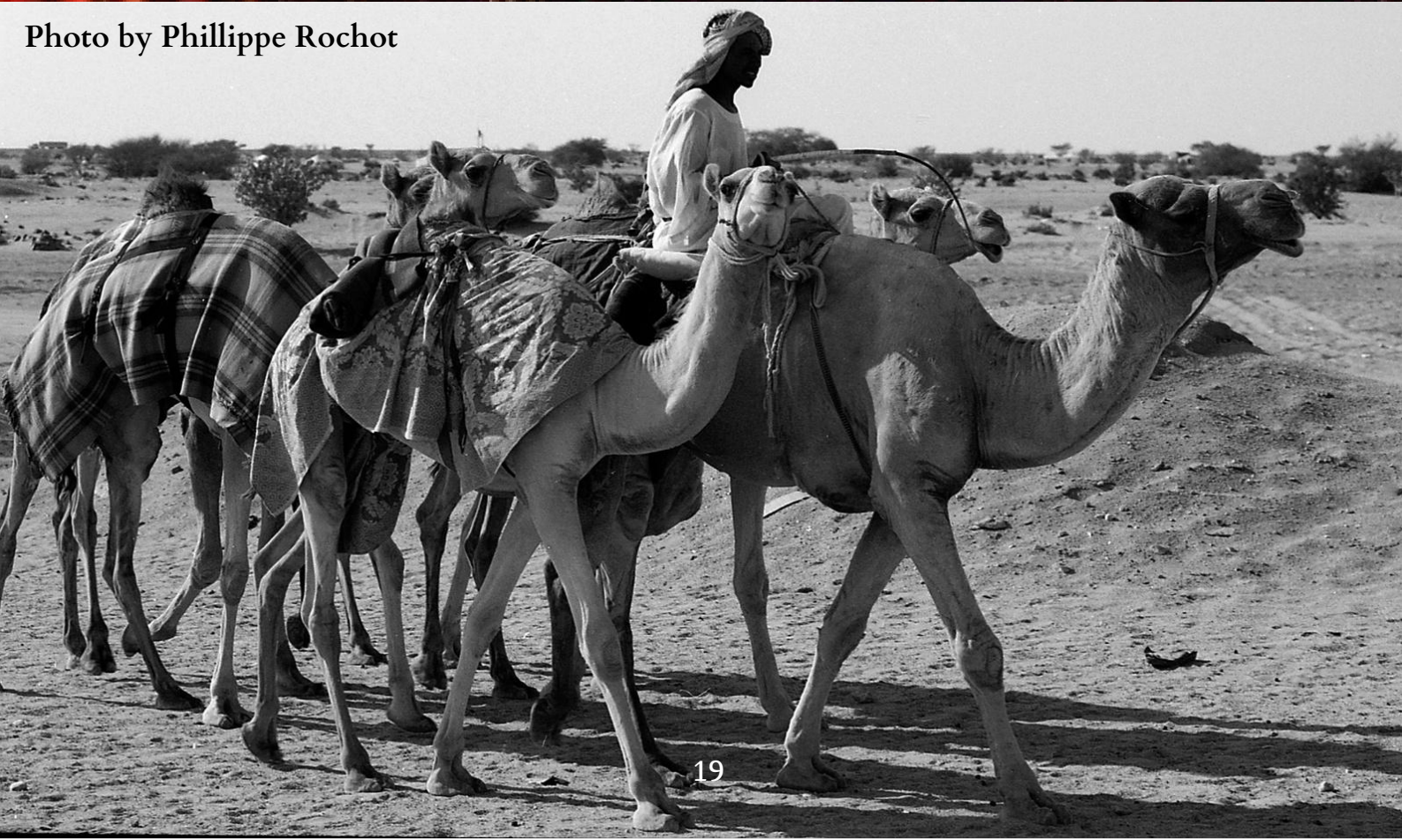
As the trip drew close,
I didn't awake

And in the voyagers and companions,
Drunkenness disclosed

Say whatever you wish to say
And fear no blame;
For duplicity too will be doomed

Photo by Wayne Eastep

Photo by Phillippe Rochot





She told me a contradiction of talks,
So I doubted your clash of words

A dyed head and a dyed fingertip are
nothing alike;
As the crimson at dusk isn't like the
crimson at dawn

On the horizon, between Aries and
Gemini;
The inimitable events pass the
nymph by.

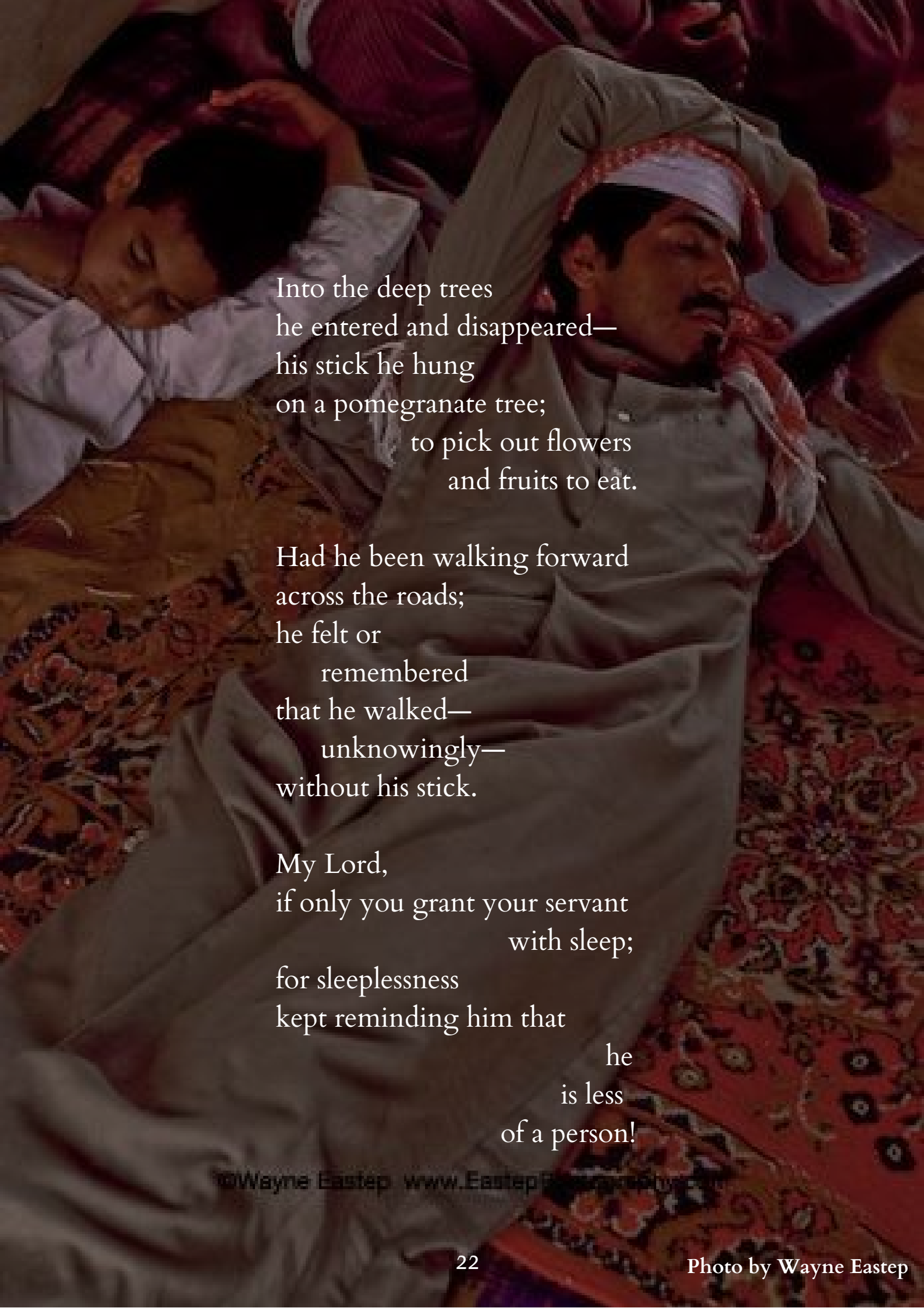
Less of a Person

Written by Badr Shakir Al-Sayyab

Translated by Reem A'aesh

My Lord,
if only you grant your servant
with sleep;
may he forget
of his days:
a yesterday,
may he dream
of walking without
a spine
or a stick,
of crossing the roads
at dawn.

Until the palm forest appears,
ripen with fruits—
peaches,
pomegranates, and
grapes—
squeezing their golden and
moon-shiny nectar.



Into the deep trees
he entered and disappeared—
his stick he hung
on a pomegranate tree;
to pick out flowers
and fruits to eat.

Had he been walking forward
across the roads;
he felt or
remembered
that he walked—
unknowingly—
without his stick.

My Lord,
if only you grant your servant
with sleep;
for sleeplessness
kept reminding him that
he
is less
of a person!

©Wayne Eastep www.Eastep.com

Rooted in The Sand

Maha Alqureqrei

Do these mountains know?

That I am the granddaughter of the little girls
who led sheep through mountains and hills?

Singing sweet poems, making up little tales
that is now my priceless heritage.

Do these wild roses, that bloom from dry roots
in the golden sand know? That I too am like them?

With my roots buried deep down in the heart of Arabia's sand
with each footstep of those who walked it before me?

Those who paved the way, who did not mind the heat,
who can tell every wild plant apart. Those who looked-
long enough to the stars that the spark that reflected in their
eyes-

still shines bright in mine.

Photo by Phillippe Rochot





"A guest is
a prince in his arrival,
a prisoner in his stay,
a poet in his departure."

Photo by Wayne Eastep



Photography



A New Star

Haneen Alammari

Amos fancied himself an artist.

He had taken up the hobby for a while now, and his brethren had the wisdom not to disturb him when they've made camp. He'd spend hours in isolation, letting his wanderlust drip out his fingers.

One of his favorite journeys was when he and his people went into the woods, passing through an undergrowth, dodging snakes, and gorging on wild, luscious fruits. Smells of cinnamon, of balsam, of deep, rich earth filled him with an energy he couldn't put into words. And the way sunlight broke apart as it shot through the branches, dappling shadows over them. The way trees shook their green hairs and waved their brown arms in the wind. Oh, he filled pages of the sightings, each one bursting with colors, with a dance of soft and hard strokes.

The stream after that cooled them down. It meandered through the thick foliage, tumbling over slick rocks, and filled with salmons that leaped in and out, light flashing down their scales. He tried fetching one for his wife, spending a good hour of tangling in his feet, and soaking himself from head to toe. His mother-in-law drearily questioned her daughter's interest in him. In the end, he captured the fish into a painting instead, and offered it to her.

Perhaps what truly inspired him, what lit a fire in his heart and twitching his hands in excitement, was when they passed through a vast pasture. Great beasts known as bison roamed through the rolling, green hills. Amos and his group watched at a distance, standing in silent awe. The animals traveled as a group of their own, enormous creatures with dark skin and twisted horns. He dedicated five pages to them, using blackberries for coloring.

All his life, he'd taken to moving from one land to another, a pebble skipping over a lake's surface. The world brimmed with treasure, with knowledge and gold. Through the lands and seas, to the highest point of a mountain, to the deepest ends of a swamp. Stories bounced against the walls of his soul, fighting for a release.

In this story, he pushed his people relentlessly across the map because they were getting closer now. Closer to their new home. A home where fruits grew as large as their heads, the ground so soft they can ditch their shoes, the water so clear you could see the ground beneath it. The people there were friendly too, welcoming all.

As his tribe settled into camp, Amos took himself out, relishing the night's taste. When he reached the top of a hill, he saw the night sky expanding before him. His throat closed up. Of all things he could paint, this was not one of them. How to say this? Whenever he painted something, he first needed to wrap his mind around it. Color, shape, the angle of the light.

But his mind often expanded over the sky until it was completely separated, pulled apart like the threads of an old shirt. Thousands upon thousands shimmered above him, twinkling like bits of broken diamonds.

"Hey," someone said, "figured I'd find you here."

Amos smiled, taking his wife's hand to kiss it. "As always."

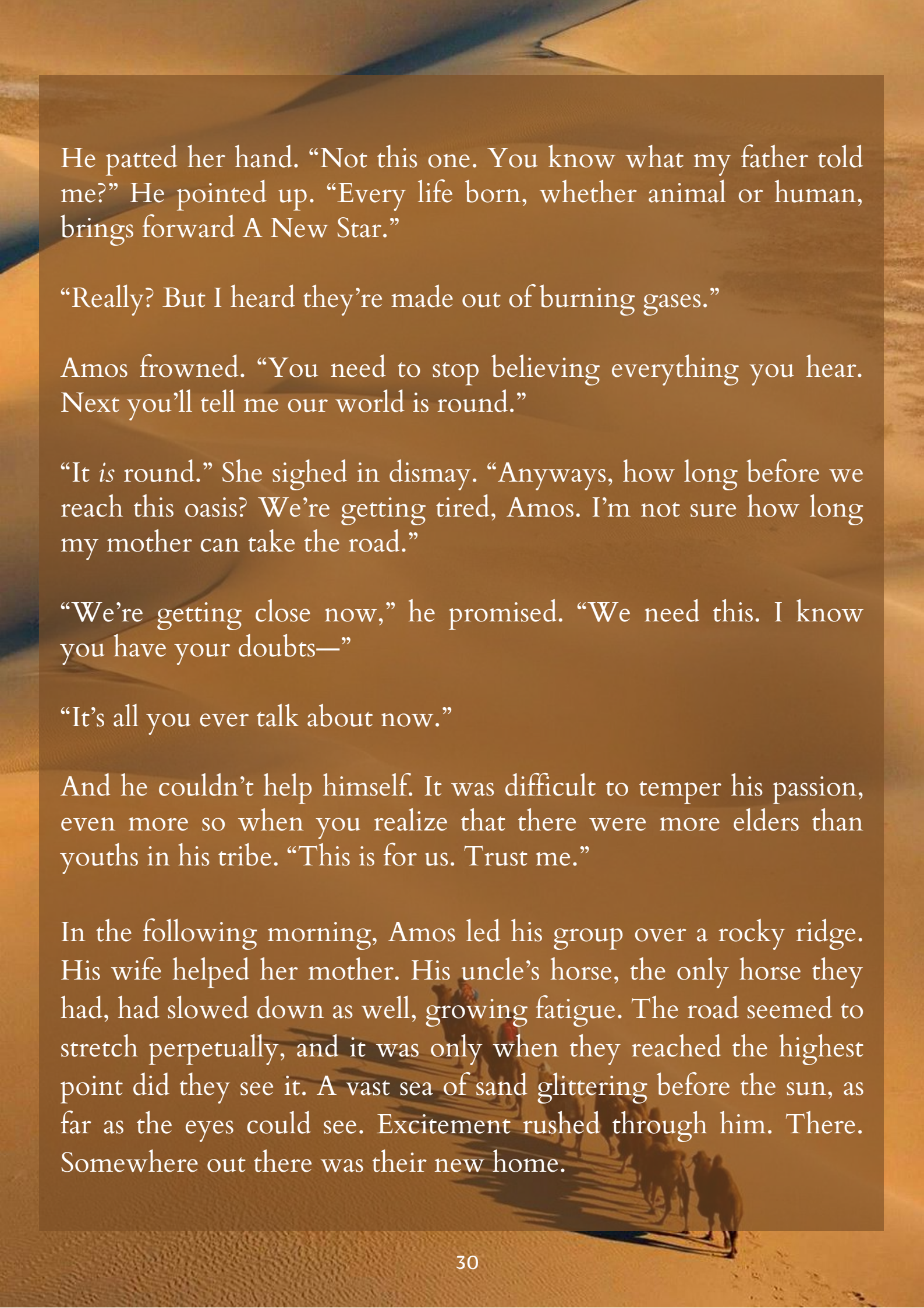
Iris sat down, gazing up with a sigh. "I can't get enough of that."

"Of my face? Darling, I'm not going anywhere." He chuckled at her eyeroll. "How are you doing? How's *he* doing?" He laid a hand on her arched belly. "Awake in there?"

She slapped his hand playfully. "We don't know if it'll be a boy."

"If it is, we're naming him after me."

"One of you is enough." She saw his sketchbook. "Not painting anything?"

The background of the page is a photograph of a desert landscape. In the foreground, there are rolling sand dunes. In the distance, a caravan of camels and people is visible, moving across the desert. The sky is a clear, bright blue.

He patted her hand. “Not this one. You know what my father told me?” He pointed up. “Every life born, whether animal or human, brings forward A New Star.”

“Really? But I heard they’re made out of burning gases.”

Amos frowned. “You need to stop believing everything you hear. Next you’ll tell me our world is round.”

“It *is* round.” She sighed in dismay. “Anyways, how long before we reach this oasis? We’re getting tired, Amos. I’m not sure how long my mother can take the road.”

“We’re getting close now,” he promised. “We need this. I know you have your doubts—”

“It’s all you ever talk about now.”

And he couldn’t help himself. It was difficult to temper his passion, even more so when you realize that there were more elders than youths in his tribe. “This is for us. Trust me.”

In the following morning, Amos led his group over a rocky ridge. His wife helped her mother. His uncle’s horse, the only horse they had, had slowed down as well, growing fatigue. The road seemed to stretch perpetually, and it was only when they reached the highest point did they see it. A vast sea of sand glittering before the sun, as far as the eyes could see. Excitement rushed through him. There. Somewhere out there was their new home.

“It’s so...*empty*,” his cousin said. “Are you sure, Amos?”

“I am sure,” he insisted. “We can’t stop now.”

Doubt shadowed Iris’s face. “We should rest—”

“We need to keep going,” he said, harsher than he intended.

Iris glared at him. It was only when they made it down the ridge did she say her piece in private. “Amos, you’re pushing us too much!”

“We have to get there. You don’t have much time.” He looked at her now. Any day now. Any minute.

Iris rubbed her belly. “My mother, your uncle...we’re all so tired.” She closed her eyes. “I’m...I’m so tired. Are you sure about this oasis, Amos?”

“I have never been so sure of anything in my life,” he said seriously, taking her hand. “It’s out there somewhere, our beautiful home. Please, have faith in me.” This softened her. He saw it in her eyes. “We *will* make it there.”

The next few hours found them off to a new land and his mind struggled to comprehend its endlessness. So *empty*. Sun glared down at them, its heat squeezing the moisture out of him. And this *sand*. It was gritty in his mouth, grinding against his skin. Into the barren of dunes and hills, they continued on for what felt like miles. His imagination occupied itself by thinking of the sort of colors he’d use. Yellow, some red, and lots of orange too. Some green too, seeing as how plants found a way to survive here.

One hour passed. Then three. Eventually, they found a small outcrop of rock that gave them relief from the sun, and two of his cousins propped tents behind it. Amos glanced back and grinned at how far they've come. Shouldn't be long now. But looking back at his people diminished his ardor.

His uncle and aunt laid down in a state of miserable pain, as well as four of his older cousins. His mother-in-law even worse. His poor wife slept as soon as she sat. He wanted to join them, to get the sand out of his shoes, out of his hair.

Amos thought for a long moment before coming to a solution. "We shouldn't all go at once," he said. "I'll take any who's willing to come..." The sound of his unease did not help the mood. "This will be better. We'll head out, get its exact location and come back."

Two of his cousins raised their hands, ready and willing. No one complained or questioned him. Their faith in him was unshakable. Doubts began prying into Amos mind, crippling.

What if it's not out there and you've led them to their deaths?

Amos placed his sketchbook in his wife's lap before kissing her forehead. "I'll be back." He didn't look back. He didn't know how he'd take it if he saw the growing distance between him and his family. An hour of walking and already he wanted to cry from the pain twisting in his back, at the heat boiling him. Just when he thought it couldn't get any worse, his cousin shouted, pointing.

Dark clouds shrouded the sky. Ahead of him, he saw sand shifting towards them, driven by the wind. It curled and foiled like a great, snarling beast charging at them. For a brief moment, he wondered how he'd ever paint something like that, a blast of aimless sand.

Amos grounded his teeth. "I can't turn back now."

"Are you *insane*?"

"Go."

"*What?*"

"Go back! I'll meet you there!"

Amos ran forward, straight into the beast. He heard his cousins shouting after him before the storm trapped him on all sides, pelting him with hard grains. He held his scarf up to his mouth, pushing forward, ankle-deep in sand. A part of him cried helplessly against the noise, tugging his shirt back. He used to thrive on challenges, on braving through the world without care. In this long hour of battling against the wind, it felt like he stumbled into a different world entirely. Perhaps if he'd been younger, without a wife or an expecting child, he wouldn't have cared. He wouldn't feel this fear tearing his mind to shreds.

He tripped and rolled down a dune. Sand crawled into his mouth, his nose, his eyes. He coughed and spat it out before getting up. His scarf had gotten untangled from the fall, snatched away by the wind. Raising his hands in front of him, he marched on forward, searching helplessly.

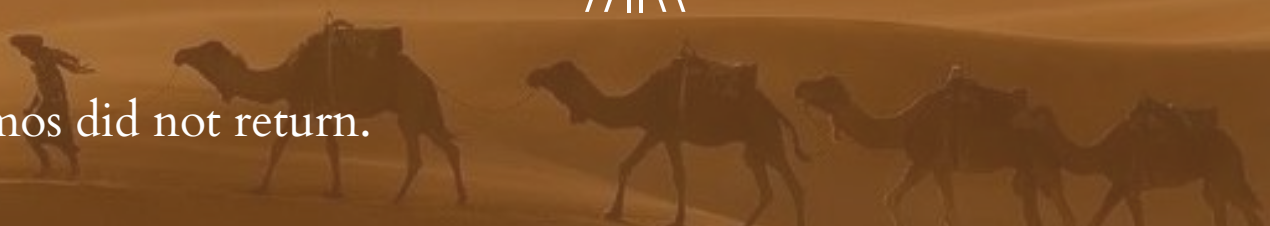
But another long moment and his strength started dwindling. He couldn't even feel his terror anymore, couldn't get it to drive him forward. Bit by bit, the storm chipped his resolve until he collapsed. Coughing weakly, he glanced up to see his wife's face projecting in front of him. He reached out to touch her, to apologize, but the image withered away in the storm. His hand fell as a sob shook through him. He tried. He tried, didn't he?

Shapes formed around him. He crawled slowly, sand sweeping over him, burying him. He kept going and could see something now.

Light.

//||\

Amos did not return.

A silhouette of a man walking away from a caravan of camels in a desert landscape. The man is on the left, walking away from the viewer. The camels are in the center and right, moving towards the right. The background is a hazy, golden-brown desert landscape.

They've waited for him for three days, cramped in two tents with their water and food diminishing. In those days, Iris had her child and held her as she stood out, staring forward, ignoring her mother's persistence to rest. Iris refused to speak with Amos's cousins and they themselves had nothing to say, locked up with shame for leaving one of their own behind.

When another day passed, Iris had it her way, guilting them all into heading out to find Amos. In her satchel, she carried his sketchbook. Still weakened from delivery, she rode their only horse and led them south, as was Amos's plan. Everything seemed the same for a time. Eternal. Lifeless.

Until they found it.

A lake sparkled like a large blue gem, and shading it were green trees, bearing full fruits. Old tents stood beneath them with dark-skinned locals. Iris urged the horse forward, leaving her mother and the others behind. The locals made way for her, surprised. She nearly tripped over her own feet getting off, asking around in a hysterical state. None of them seemed to understand her. It was then that despair gripped her mind, screaming into it.

Gone. He's gone. He's gone—

“Iris?”

Her mind went mute at once. There, he sat by the lake, looking horrid with ragged eyes and cracked lips. But that smile. That beautiful, white smile captured her heart again. She threw her arms over him, weeping in his shoulder. Then, after this considerable, heartfelt moment, she pulled away and punched him in the ribs.

“Ow,” he whined. “Why?”

“*Why?* For worrying me, that's why!” she snapped, giving him another one. “Do you know what you've put us through?”

“I’m sorry! Really!” He explained how the locals had found him and had difficulty in understanding him. He’d been too weak to even move out from his cot but honestly he meant to come for them tomorrow. “Please, stop crying, my love.”

“I should drown you,” she whispered. “How could you drive yourself to death like this?”

“I just...” Amos struggled to speak, then his shoulders slumped. “I wanted to give you a home.”

“You are my home. Never forget that.” Iris wiped her eyes. “There is someone here for you.” She waited for her mother to arrive and took the child from her. The look of pure awe on Amos’s face was enough to make her laugh. “A New Star has come.”

“I...I missed it?” he uttered, blinking hard. “I’m sorry. I-I didn’t—”

She hushed him. He was alive. They were all alive. That was what mattered. Looking at the oasis now left her face flushed in awe. The fruits weren’t the size of their heads, the lake seemed a bit cloudy and there was still gritty sand here. Well, her husband had the tendency to let his imagination go loose.

But this was beautiful. This was *perfect*.

Amos pressed his forehead against their child’s, crying, laughing. “Welcome home.”



The Guests

Malak Souama

Wheat like,
it curls around their feat
the quicksand,
the curse of attachment,
the cluster of chairs,
bed frames,
And generational tea cups with fading roses on the side.
"The I'm here",
an artefact with an emotional baggage,
the coffee stained blanket my mother loved,
the black dress my father urged her to never throw
while drinking off a barely standing cup,
my father was afraid to become free,
and my grandfather was the same.
So when we brought up stories about the Tuareg,
He dared to claim that they were abandoned by God.

Blue men,
or free men,
to him,
they were wanderers of land,
a threat to a stable belief.
Yet I cannot help but think,
they were the only ones that survived the quicksand.
Under many names, I tell my sisters, they disguise,
bathed in the wisdom of time,
where the skin imbibes the cloth,
blue men,
or free men,
unlike us,
they have never taken tokens,
or left traces of shame behind,
they do not have broken chairs around,
the blessing of detachment,
learning to hug a woman without thinking about her in an
old black dress,
learning to drink tea in random cups,
and learning that home is ever-changing,
learning that the desert cannot all be quicksand,
that no one can be lost forever
or remain forever.
Blue men,
or free men,
they have always known they are much more,
the guests of life.

The Refugee's Tale

Written By Sargon Boulus

Translated by Reem A'aesh

The refugee's so deep in
telling his tale;
on the tip of his fingers,
the cigarette's flame goes unfelt.

The refugee's so deep in
awe of being in one place
after all the places he'd been:

ports,
rest stops,
forged papers, and
search patrols.

The refugee's so caged in
an intricate series of details;
his fate hangs by a thread
and the land filled with nightmares
is taking but a tight grip of him.

If you asked me, I would tell you:
The eternal waiting in the immigration office,
and meeting the faces with smiles
only to be met with no smiles in return—
Who would say it's a gift?

If you asked me, I would tell you:
There are people everywhere.
I would tell you:
There are stones everywhere.

The refugee's so deep in
telling his tale—nonstop;
for when he arrived,
 arrival
 had
 no meaning.

And the cigarette's flame goes unfelt
on the tip of his fingers.

Mafias and human traffickers,
along with the hungry seagulls
soaring,
and flying
over a broken ship in the middle of nowhere—
if you asked me—are much more endurable.





"Desert Heat"

Faeq Hassan painting

"Desert Heat"

Maha Alqureqrei

Faeq Hassan (also spelt Faik Hassan) is arguably one of the most influential Arabian artists of all time, and often referred to as the father of modern Iraqi art. He is credited with founding the art of painting in Iraq. His works are applauded for their representation of Iraq's diverse culture and environment, as well as the Bedouin lifestyle.

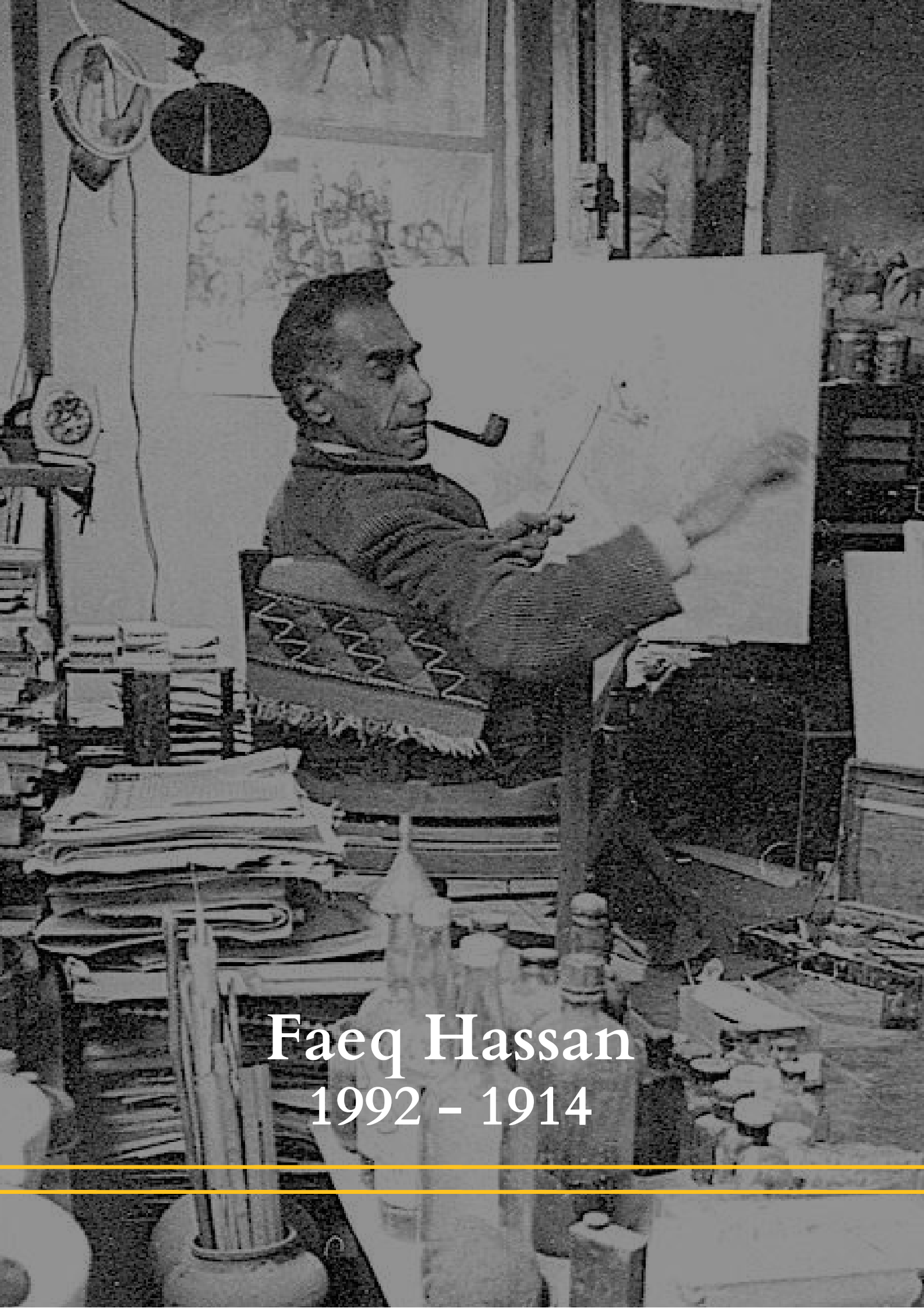
Furthermore, Hassan's constantly changing style and his experimenting with various methods are reflected in his works including Desert Heat, which belongs to Cubism; Cubism is an art movement mostly found in artworks from early to mid 20th century. It is also considered a very influential movement, popularized by the works of its creators, Georges Barque and Pablo Picasso. Cubism focuses on the abstract nature of objects and characters, and aims to present all of the possible viewpoints at the same time. The name itself is sprung from the way the art style uses squares and rectangles, among other geometrical shapes.

This painting combines the modernity of Cubism with the everlasting pride of Arabian and Iraqi culture and their connection to the desert. And the strength of those who live in it and endure its hardships; one of the hardships with living in such an environment is enduring the harsh climate. The painting contains many colours associated with heat, such as Orange, Yellow and their variants. The falling shadow of the house on the right side of the painting indicates that this scene is during noon when the heat is at its peak. The woman is moving with the sun shining on her face, which explains her body language and facial expression as her face is that of a warrior standing in a battleground.

The only character in the painting appears to be a middle-aged woman who slightly lifts her head with her eyes closed (perhaps to avoid the sun). The woman is made more alive with the use of Cubism, which adds more dimension. She is a personification of the power one needs to possess in order to survive in this harsh atmosphere. And the need to go with nature, not against it, and to adapt and learn from our surroundings.

While the space the woman is in isn't the typical image of the desert, we can still see the sand on the ground, which might make this a village or a smaller town in a desert environment. This modern outlook on an ancient lifestyle is also represented in the colours of the houses in the background which are similar to those of the tents of the Bedouins. From a different perspective, the woman putting up with the heat could also be a mirror of the people trying to put up with their societies and origins. It may not be easy to belong to a place such as this, but on the other hand, what other home do we have but this one?

The painting is found under the title Desert Heat in various English sources on the internet; however, on the Bonhams auction website, a photo on the back of the painting shows a different title: "The Woman with the veil" (ذات الخمار), along with Hassan's name in Arabic. No information on this title or its change can be found online. This painting is a representation of the hardships many had to endure in order to survive, and it is also a great reflection of the relationship that bonds Arabs and the desert.



Faeg Hassan
1992 - 1914

Untitled

Written by Abu Alatahiya
Translated by Rnad Alharbi

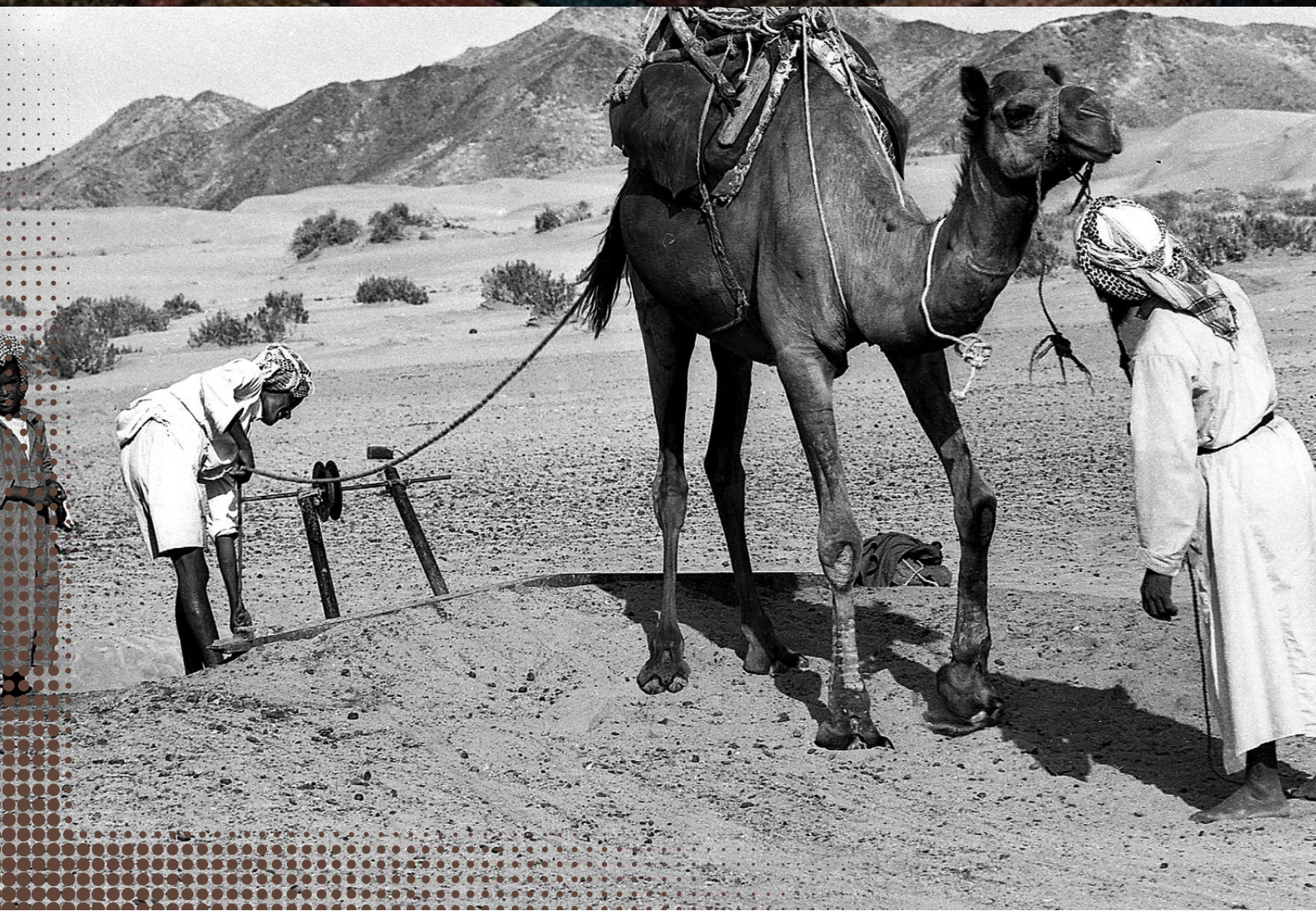
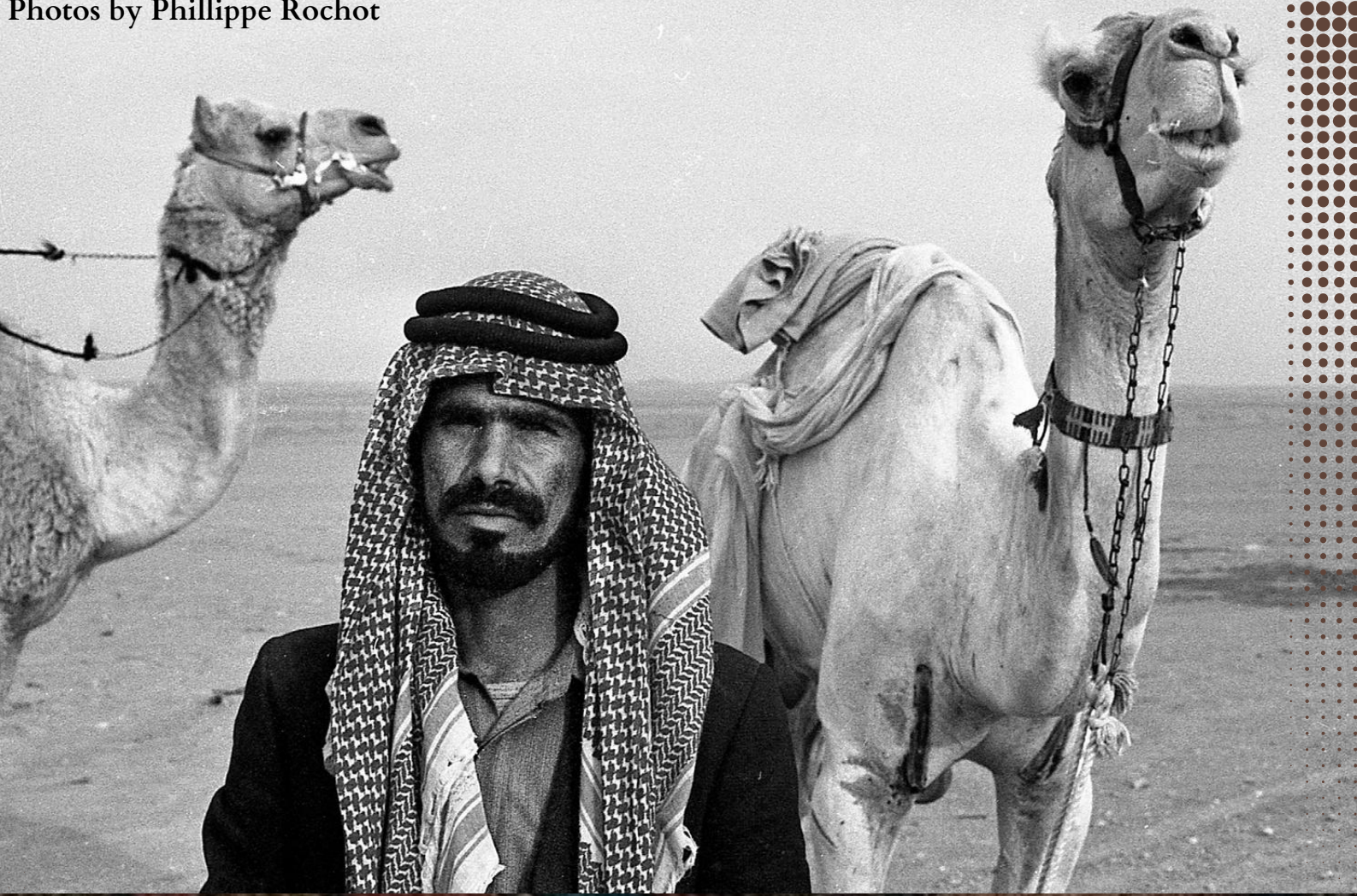
For how long will I be on the move,
On the endless strive, back and forth?

I, quarrelling with time, am estranged and far
From loved ones, that don't know how I am.

Moving across the land, from east to west
Making ends meet, until death is out of mind.

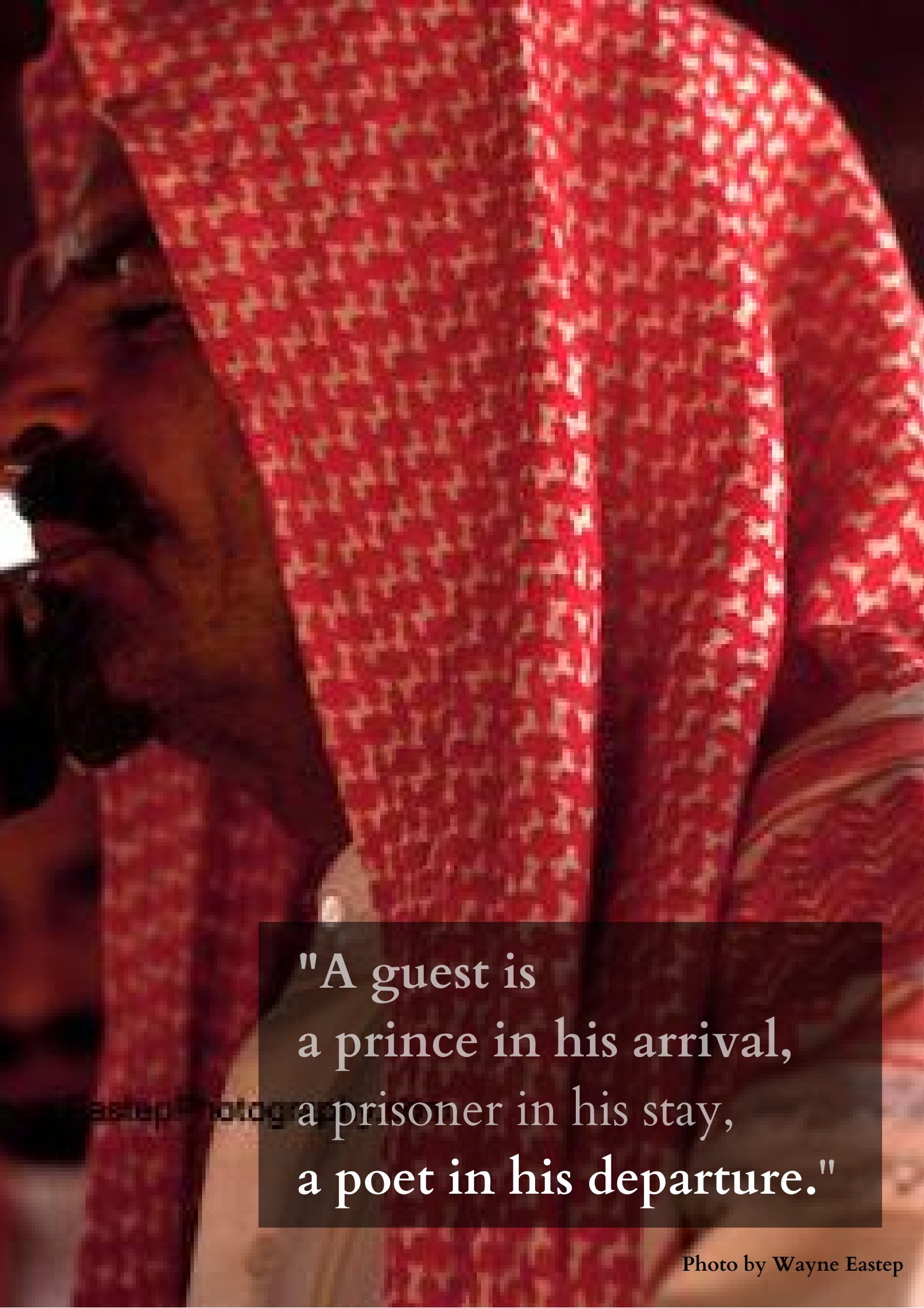
Leisurely I would've been endowed
If I weren't contented;

For treasure is not a large sum of money,
Treasure is contentment.





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"A guest is
a prince in his arrival,
a prisoner in his stay,
a poet in his departure."

Photo by Wayne Eastep


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