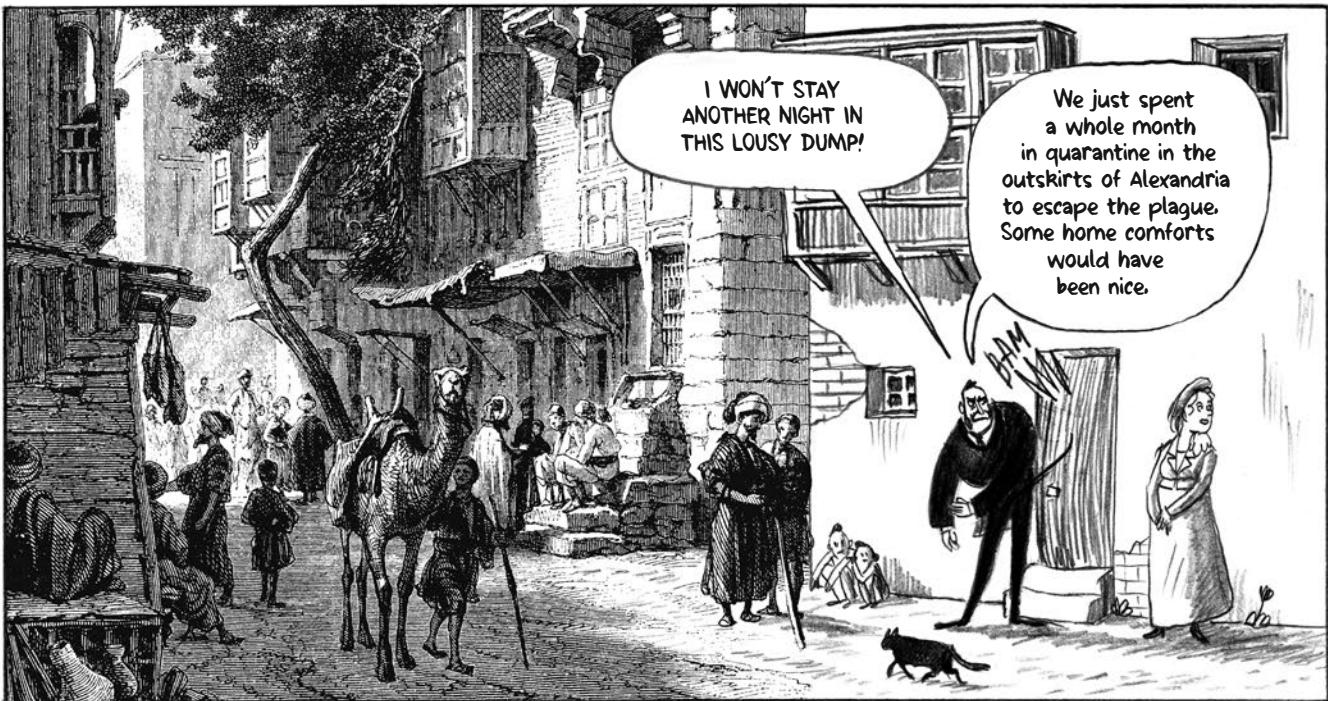


GRÉGORY JARRY · LUCIE CASTEL · NICOLE AUGEREAU

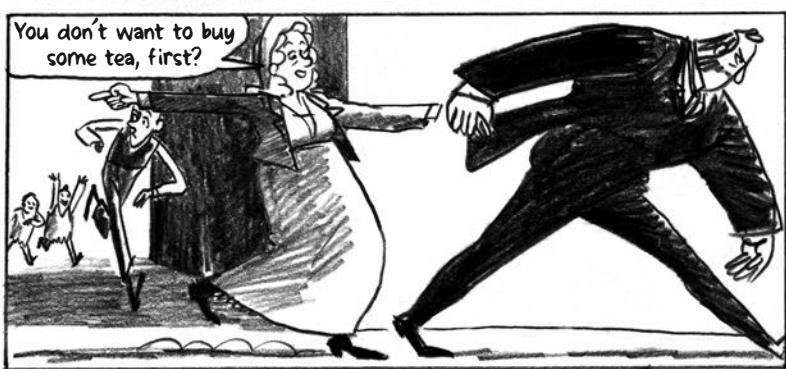
VOYAGES EN ÉGYPTE ET EN NUBIE DE GIAMBATTISTA BELZONI

PREMIER VOYAGE

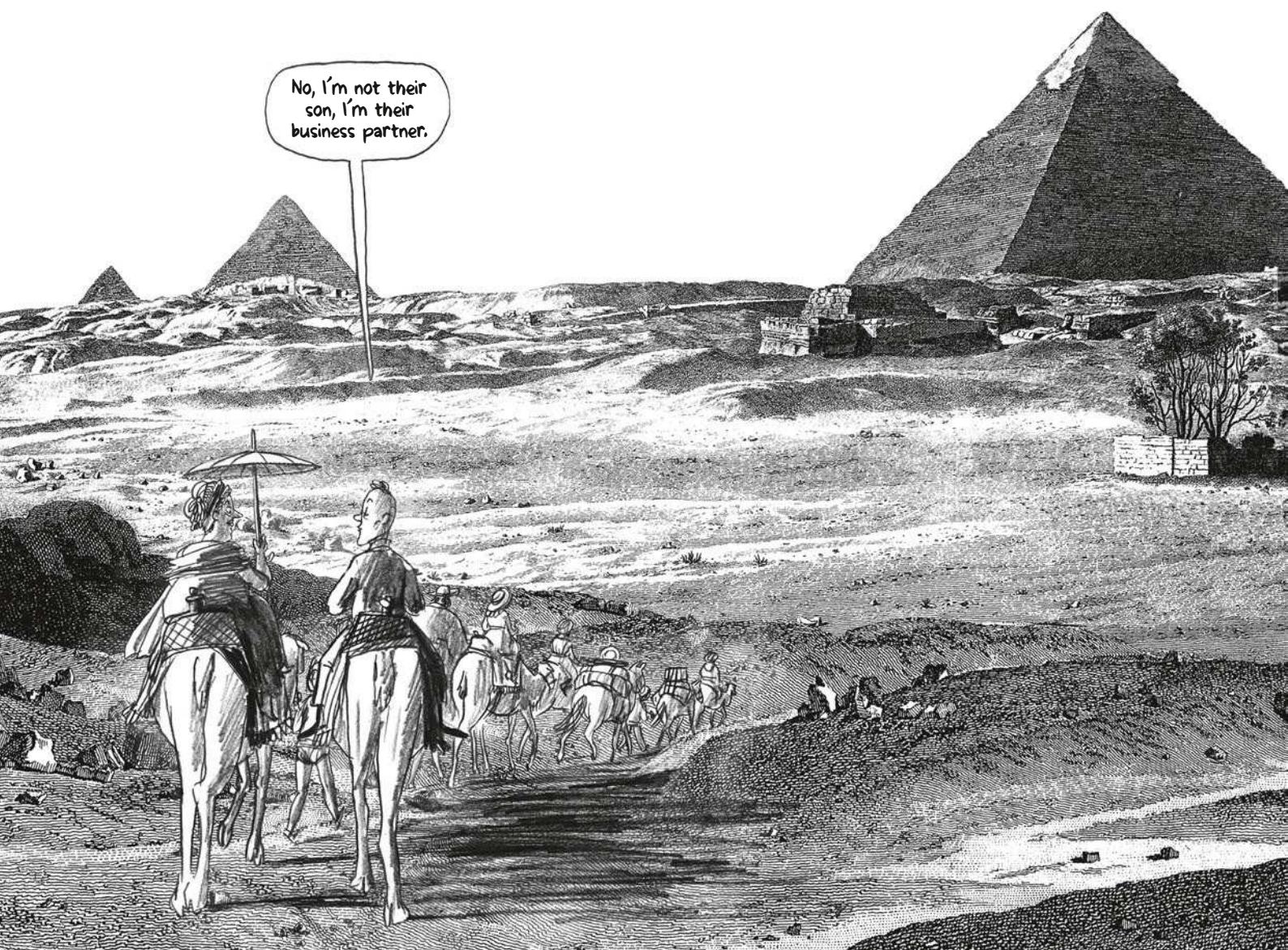
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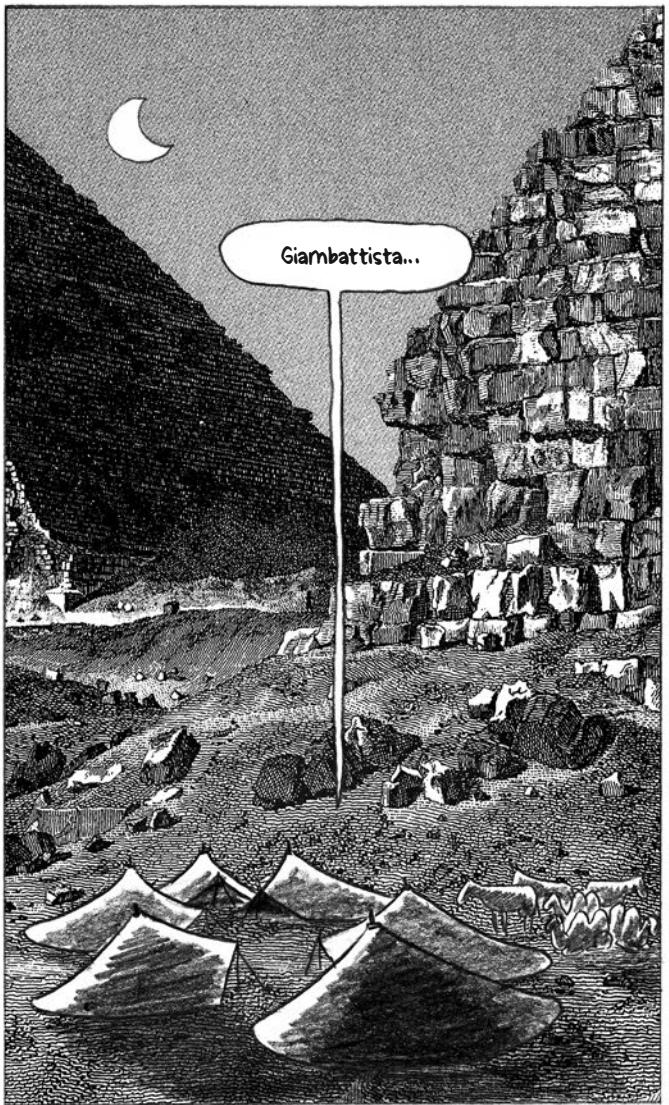


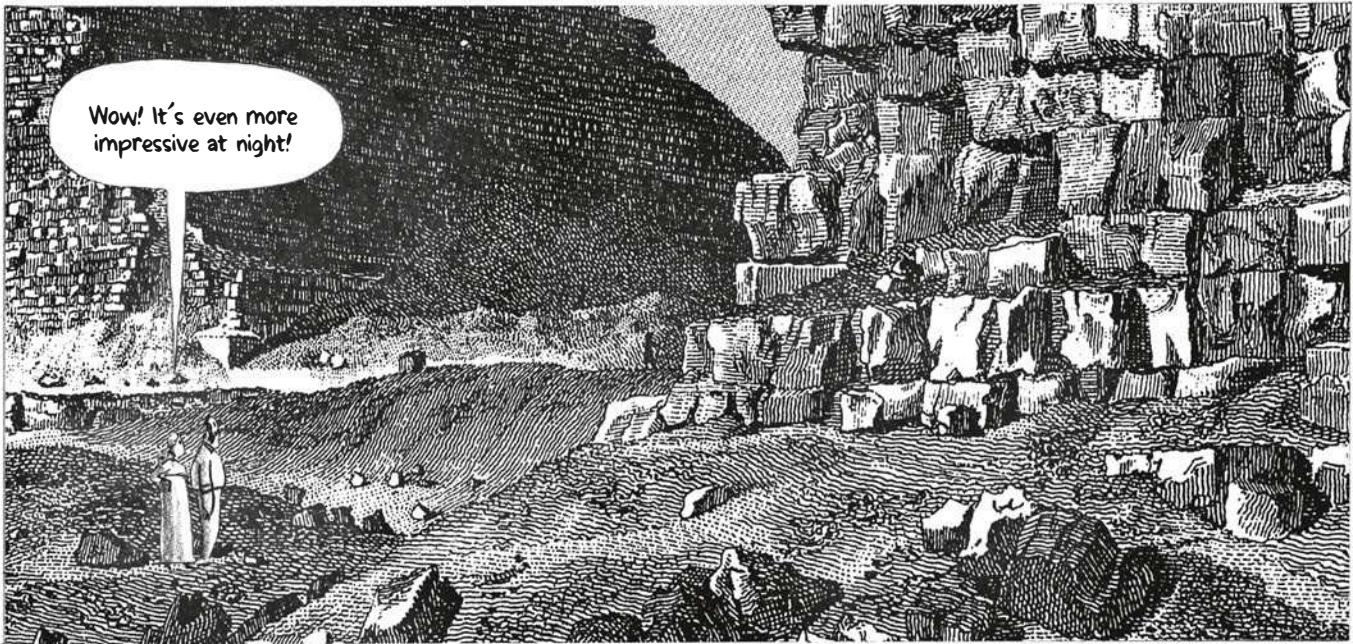




Mr. Turner, an English friend with whom we rented a boat to sail down the Nile from Alexandria, had been given an escort by the pasha to guide him around one of the Seven Wonders of the World: the pyramids. We decided to join him on this expedition and ended up meeting several other European characters along the way, all coming from the upper middle class.



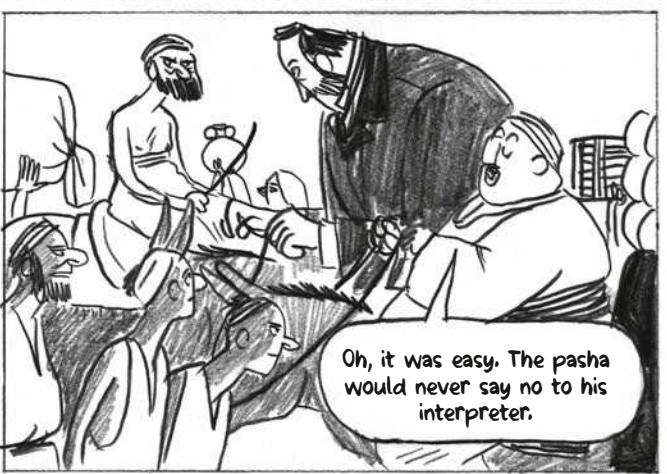




The mist clears. To the south, smaller pyramids mark the limits of the ancient city of Memphis, while to the west, the desert stretches out into the distance. The Nile snakes its way through the fertile plains all the way to the sea. To the east, the minarets of Cairo stand proud at the foot of mount Mokattam.

About time!







AAAAAH THAT HURT!
WHAT, IS HE CRAZY?





It was my first encounter with one of the pasha's soldiers. His cane, like a shepherd's crook, was so sharp it left me with a deep wound. I learned afterward that many soldiers were very angry at the fact that they were being forced into service like in Europe. They had to keep in line, train all day long and the first to complain would be thrown into a ditch. Seeing a well-dressed European was too tempting an opportunity for cowardly revenge...

Awaiting my recovery, I am currently cooped up in our Boulaq shack for a month. The pyramids haven't got anything on the daily spectacle I see out my window. These people constantly putting up and taking down tents, walking around with their families, sitting on the ground smoking, singing, praying while standing, kneeling, head to the ground, all in an indescribable cacophony of sound which never subsides, not even after nightfall.

