

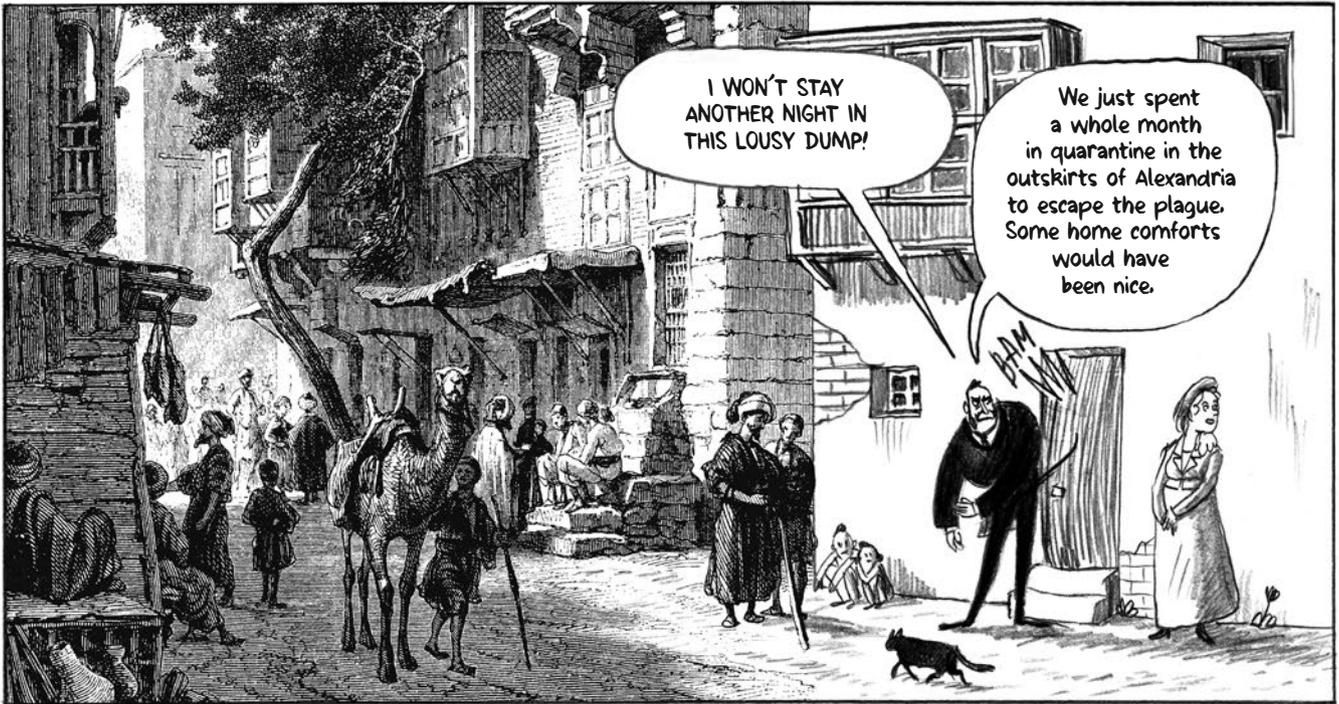
GRÉGORI JARRY · LUCIE CASTEL · NICOLE AUGEREAU

VOYAGES EN ÉGYPTTE ET EN NUBIE DE GIAMBATTISTA BELZONI

PREMIER VOYAGE



éditions
fleuve



I WON'T STAY ANOTHER NIGHT IN THIS LOUSY DUMP!

We just spent a whole month in quarantine in the outskirts of Alexandria to escape the plague. Some home comforts would have been nice.



But we're in Cairo now!



If Mr Baghos hadn't done us the favor of lending us his house, we'd be out on the street.

It can't be much worse than this.



The Pacha can't be too fond of his interpreter if he lets him live in a place like this.



He said it was his second home.

I'm sure he lives here and he just took his family to go stay with his brother or his cousin.



Look what I found!

Oh, a little tea set, that'll make us feel right at home!

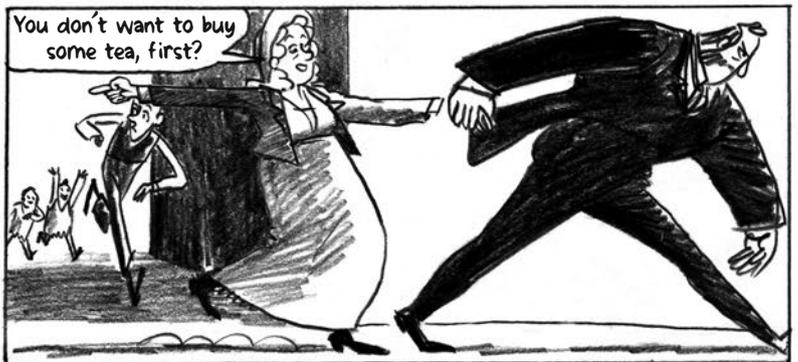


That must have cost you a fortune!

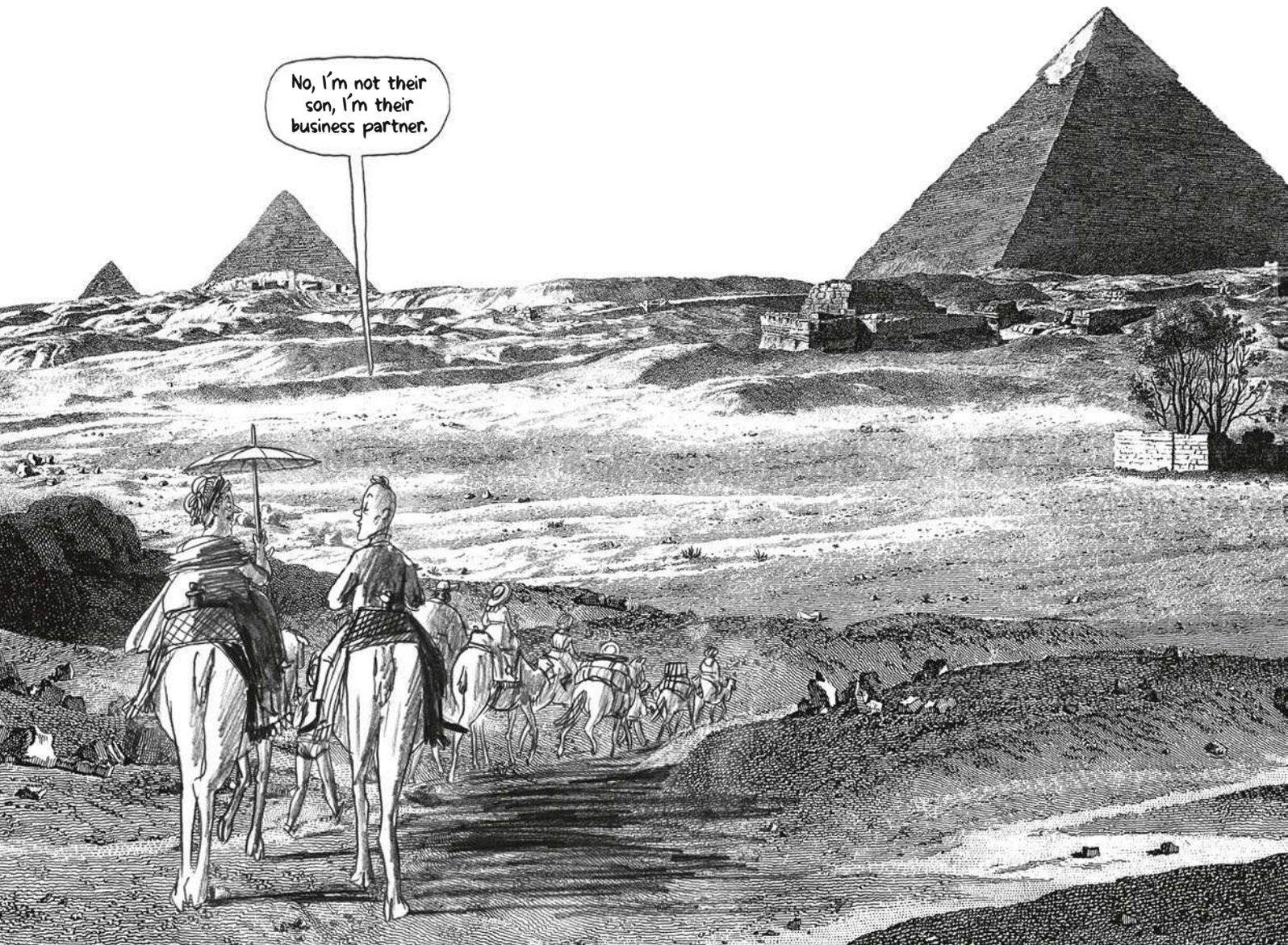


Not at all, boss. I managed to haggle the price right down.





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.



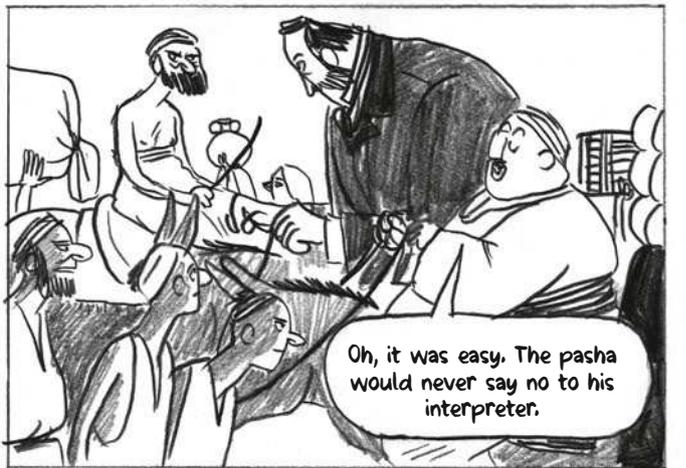
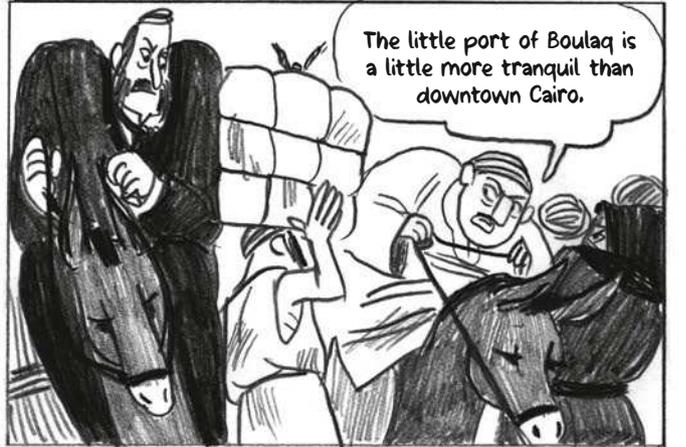




The mist clears. To the south, smaller pyramids mark the limits of the ancient city of Memphis, while to the west, the desert stretches out into the distance. The Nile snakes its way through the fertile plains all the way to the sea. To the east, the minarets of Cairo stand proud at the foot of mount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

About time!







AAAAH 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.

