

**A Feminist Theatrical Archiving of the Egyptian Revolution
in Laila Soliman's Whims of Freedom and Blue Bra Day
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Abstract

During the eighteen days preceding the end of the Mubarak regime on February 11, 2011, Tahrir square was congested with performances, orations, and documentations in multifarious artistic forms. An ongoing trend of memorializing, celebrating and recording pervaded unleashing a whirlwind of mixed emotions and state violence on the one hand, and revolutionary artistic expression on the other. Documenting both, artists seek to create an inner reservoir to preserve and protect historical moments in the lives of many generations to come. Deploying memory and memorialization, summoning personal reflection and archival material, exploiting oral history, ethnography and random collections of biographies, Laila Soliman attempts to produce a collective memory wherein gaps of truth are filled and unanswered questions are underlined voicing a female cry against violence. *Blue Bra Day* commemorates a woman with a blue bra dragged by soldiers in the middle of Tahrir Square with her "*ibaya*" torn open and soldier's feet stamping on her body. In one image Soliman raises political consciousness and an awareness of violence against women, sexual disempowerment and spatial segregation. Soliman disrupts gender – determined spatial framings by resorting to eye-witness accounts and moment narrations whereby she recreates an alternative version of history. *Whims of Freedom* historicizes the present. Egypt's 1919 revolution is juxtaposed with the 2011 January uprising. A journey of jumping between past and present is maintained through strands of personal material, oral history and episodic narrative. Laila Soliman resorts to the techniques of postdramatic theatre, Jacques Derrida's critical theory of Archive Fever and feminist consciousness raising to portray a dissident theatrical archive of the 2011 Egyptian revolution.

الأرشفة المسرحية النسوية للثورة المصرية من خلال مسرحيتي "هوي الحرية"
و "يوم الصدرية الزرقاء" للكاتبة ليلى سليمان.

فاطمة المهيري

الملخص

يدحض مسرح ليلى سليمان النسوي فكرة المجتمع الذكوري السلطوي و ما يرتبط به من نظم هرمية البناء . يتبنى هذا المسرح سياسة إثارة وعي المشاهدين من النساء بصفة خاصة و الجمهور بصفه عامة. من خلال مسرحية "يوم الصدرية الزرقاء" ترسم ليلى سليمان صورة درامية لامرأة ترتدي صدرية زرقاء في ميدان التحرير تتعرض للإساءة والبطش من بعض الجنود بسبب انضمامها وهتافات مع الثوار الأمر الذي استفز الكثير من النشطاء والمواطنين والشباب والنساء لما تتعرض له النساء من التعصب والتحرش والعنف . وتستند هذه المسرحية إلي حادثة حقيقية وقعت في ميدان التحرير مما يعتبر أرشفة لأحداث الثورة المصرية في يناير 2011. وتعتمد الكاتبة علي الذاكرة الجمعية وشهود العيان والموسيقى والجرافيتي والتاريخ الشفوي إلي جانب المسرح السياسي البلاغي من أجل تسجيل رسالة نسوية تلغي الصور النمطية الأنثوية وتؤجج المشاعر الثورية والطموحات الإنسانية التي يتطلع إليها الشعب المصري في عالم عربي متغير عبر أوقات شديدة الاضطراب وعالم يسوده التحزب والانشقاق.

This paper aims at documenting Laila Soliman's (1982-) experimental postdramatic theatre as a feminist archive of the 2011 Egyptian revolution. Relying on collective memory, testimonials, eye witness specificity, music, digital and social media and oral history, Soliman's theatre is at once political and rhetorical. Her subversive feminist message disrupts female stereotypes and her revolutionary discourse addresses the human aspirations of an Egyptian audience, saving up, registering and testifying to the turbulent times of a changing Arab world.

The paper tackles Soliman's two unpublished plays *Blue Bra Day* and *Whims of Freedom* on three levels: The first level is the feminist approach whereby she articulates what Lebanese author Evelyn Accad calls "femi-humanism" (Zahnd 7). Embracing the personal as political concept, her rejection of hierarchical structures, and her dissident creativity adopting consciousness raising techniques bring forth a feminist culture wherein women refuse to accept the unacceptable dictates of patriarchal society, the marginalization of women and the moral, cultural and historical violations against Arab women intellectuals. The second level is Jacques Derrida's literary theory of 'Archive Fever' (1998) whereby the desire of archiving becomes not only a means of maintaining memory but also recreating memory. Soliman's cultural urge to document the 2011 Egyptian revolution is expressed by reframing the past in the present and by challenging conventional narratives seeking to create an alternative version of history by means of theatrical tools. The third level is an attempt to point out the power of theatrical performance to question, destabilize and reconstruct the spectator's ideology, politics and identity. Through the context of postdramatic theatre, the mediator (the dramatist) expands the range of conceivable outcomes. Whilst the dramatist offers one version of truth, other versions could evolve producing other translations allowing a variety of activities that could all be packaged in a compound sense of the past. This implies that Laila Soliman's version of alternative history is only one version of other versions that fall within a larger framework of collective memory.

Born in 1982 in Cairo, Laila Soliman attended a German school and graduated from the American University. She is now working on her MA in theatre in Germany. She describes herself

saying: "I speak German and English. I am a woman. I am unveiled. I look secular, I am sexy and I am an artist" (in Malzacher). Her work centres on how history is written and challenges conventional narratives. For her, documenting the revolution satisfies the desire to re-enact protest and to defy its disappearance. Responding and reacting to experience is her major goal. "It is about reactions more than anything else, and using your experience to create something, to react, and to act. Reacting to the story is about saying what you like or do not like about the story. Telling the story is just stating something. In this performance there is much more opinion." (in Stuhr-Rommereim)

Laila Soliman's play *Blue Bra Day* takes place at Downtown Cairo, on the 17th of December 2011 at 8 o'clock in the morning. This is a day remembered in the history of the Egyptian uprising as one of harassment, hegemony, patriarchal aggression, violence, prejudice and injustice.

Laila, a 30 year old artist, perhaps Laila Soliman herself, opens the door for Karima, her housemaid. They soon engage in conversation when Laila's cell phone rings and she rapidly opens her laptop and watches a military onslaught on the protestors in Tahrir Square. Laila watches the soldiers burning the tents of the protestors and notices how they beat the men and drag the women by the hair. With eyes glued to the laptop screen, the sound of the video of '*Blue Bra Day*' made audible to the audience on a large screen, and Laila waving at the audience with the newspaper showing the photo of the woman with blue bra, Karima exclaims: "They want to show us they are still the masters and that we are still their slaves. May they never see heaven" (*Blue Bra Day*), and later recapitulates how her son Fahmy cannot walk on his leg having been shot and injured at the demonstrations. The playwright records the political awareness instigated by the revolution amidst all classes of society. No one is exempted from injury, nor from protest nor from agency. Watching the video, Laila points out how the soldiers drag a woman on the street, undress her, kick her on her naked chest with their army boots and tear apart her veil and abaya revealing a colorful blue bra underneath.

Laila looks, Karima looks and the spectators are also made to look. Laila addresses the audience harshly: "Yes you look too". She pushes the newspaper in people's faces and comments: "Look, see

for yourself what the military council has done.” She assures the audience that it is no photoshop and that the victim is no “bad woman” but a doctor – a pious doctor, conservatively dressed, who has been harassed, dragged and violated. Sarcastically, Soliman mocks a regime which chastises women protestors but leaves the weapons, and punishes the sincerely religious “to avoid the global danger of Islamists’ (*Blue Bra Day*). Laila Soliman personified by Laila, the actress, poses the question “But it is cool to see the women’s marches the next day on the news, no? Egypt is now so democratic and women march in thousands now, but why? Did you think about that? ... Why do they take the risks? Maybe because they we are beyond afraid. Maybe when you feel the weakest, then you find your strength. The play ends with the bitterness of an offended, oppressed patriot, “Why should I explain anything to you? Cultural dialogue? Who cares? Does it really matter? Does it really change anything? Even more arms are being sold. Oh just let me be” (*Blue Bra Day*). Indeed a feminist theatrical archive of the Egyptian revolution has been created.

Soliman’s femi-humanism is best illustrated in this play. As a feminist, she is able to make the personal political. The blue bra woman is no longer a token of sex nor patriarchal gaze but rather a woman oppressed and violated. She is harassed and abused as a woman who dared to protest against hierarchy and violence. She is a woman who reacts to repression and voices a willingness to speak out, to deny and to struggle as a human being. As stated by Hamid Dabashi: ‘Women were not only at the forefront of the revolutionary uprisings. They were also its first and foremost victims-the first targets of the brutal repressions that those in power launched against the uprising (186).

Laila and Karima in *Blue Bra Day* form a typical all woman cast. However, they are not mere identities but rather become critical perspectives. They are themselves both archive and mouthpiece of the revolution. Soliman makes sure to include all women in the archive. While Laila, in the play, is 30 years old and Karima is 55, both share one and the same reaction and the same dissidence. Though Laila, typical of a multi-digital generation, has her eyes fixed on the screen of her laptop and Karima, the housemaid, is more preoccupied with the process of cooking zucchinis, the dramatist

succeeds in drawing them together around Tahrir Square- the site of action. Sondra Hale describes this as “participant-observation” in which the researcher is a character in the play. “The interviewer sets up the situation and then participates in it. Being and doing are important both to narrator and her feminist interpreter” (2104, 151). Soliman who was engaged at Tahrir during the 18 days of the revolution is personified in Laila who was, among others, “delivering blankets and plastic after the rain (*Blue Bra Day*)”. Karima who passed the square on her way to work, is drawn to the laptop screen to watch the video of ‘blue bra day’ with Laila, and is made to forget about the zucchini ritual that has been underlined several times. Both characters then assume one voice. Laila addresses the audience while Karima “starts taking off her clothes piece by piece until she reaches her skin colour body suit-that is not tight, has to look unnatural-and a lace blue bra on top of it that resembles the bra in the photo” (*Blue Bra Day*).

As shocking as Karima’s action is, it is a typically Brechtian alienating technique which Soliman masters in order to disrupt audience’s submission and acquiescence. While Karima bursts in anger and curses: “May God shame their mothers. May they burn in hell. Those dogs. Those slaves. May God-May they feel the pain our children felt in their bodies”, Laila attacks the audience with “Cultural Dialogue?” (*Blue Bra Day*). In a new feminist vanguard, “What matters is the form, the intention or agenda, the degree of agency, the presence and role of interlocutors, facilitators and mediators, the interactions of subject/author (or the destruction of that binary model), presentation and representation, and the subjective context of gender, race, ethnicity, sexuality and the like (Hale153).

Soliman’s theatre may thus be named a femi-humanistic theatre as it becomes a cultural production of feminist principles through a multidimensional theatrical experience which provides an alternative vision of history. There is nothing overwhelming about the performance. Yet the achievement lies in the reflective space created to raise questions and inspire change in the form of active resistance and functional collective action. Reflecting upon an incident in the collective memory of the 2011 Egyptian revolution, *Blue Bra Day* deploys “a circuitous route to maintain the audience, actors, director and the playwright herself in a state of constant

suspension. This strategy is an attempt to avoid intellectual complacency and artistic stagnation” (Mehta 223). Both victims and survivors of the uprising are represented in Soliman’s feminist theatre in a multidimensional human experience that blurs all boundaries between sexes, classes, religions, ethnicities and even between reality and performance.

Soliman's *Blue Bra Day* commemorates and memorializes a victim of dirty politics and power struggles. By so doing it archives actual events that have occurred tinged with the personal experience of the dramatist/ archiver. Jaques Derrida’s *Archive Fever* (1998) defines archiving as the following: “It is to have a compulsive, repetitive and nostalgic desire for the archive, an irrepressible desire to return to the origin, a homesickness, a nostalgia for return to the most archaic place of absolute commencement” (91). What is included in Derrida’s notion however is the relationship between the archive and what it archives. The structure of the archive, the identity of the archiver along with other external factors affecting and interfering at the time of archiving, are included and informed by the archive. Derrida asserts that the archive cannot remain outside what it memorializes. In the play *Laila*, the actress, merges with *Laila*, the activist, in an “they-we” equation to activate the audience's awareness as to the brutality of radicalized military and religious patriarchies in Egyptian society. An act of sexual violence perpetrated against a woman revolutionary is offered as an archive of the darker side of the 2011 revolution. The incident takes on a symbolic value and the play dramatizes, in creative dissidence and historical documentation the struggles and aspirations of the men, women and children who demonstrated in Tahrir Square during the Egyptian 2011 revolution. *Blue Bra Day* also unravels the distortion and manipulation of official media accounts. By memorializing the story of the blue bra woman, her presence will invest the collective memory of Egyptians forever.

Feminist sex-role stereotyping is crystallized in the male violence against women. Whether the violence is dictated by culture, militarization, patriarchal codes, or political conformity is left unanswered by Soliman. But her feminist statement is clear in her consciousness – raising interrogation at the end of the play to galvanize the audience into resistance and protest. The achievement

of Soliman's feminist political archive is best summed up in a comment by Sondra Hale:

Political actors, including some transnational feminists in the vanguard, are doing a whole new politics that does not mimic the characteristics of modernity. They are anti-statism, anti-authority and opposed to hierarchal structures. They are all searching for new and deeper forms of association that have already had and will continue to have profound effect on gender relations (156).

From a feminist viewpoint, Laila Soliman deconstructs and disrupts the female stereotype of the marginalized, submissive and woman as sexual object. Through her crystallization of the blue bra woman's story she is able to prove woman's presence amidst the struggle in the pivot of action. The fact has always been that revolutions, like wars, are unkind to women who are usually victims of upheavals. "Even when women take part in revolutionary movements that successfully lead to regime change, they are not invited to the negotiating table" (Esfandiari), but are rather marginalized, neglected and ignored when power and politics are recalculated. Soliman's feminist theatre gives evidence through collective memory to the status of women as equals with their male compatriots in their struggle for freedom, dignity, social justice and democracy. But it also substantiates the fact that women are downtrodden and persecuted eventually as a price for their transgression. Though women have been regarded as equals for the first time in modern history in this epic movement which promised civic boom, yet, "the process of constitution writing that ensued instigated unprecedented violence, and dealt a blow to women, who represent 50% of the population and who made the revolution possible" (Khattab 4).

Blue Bra Day is therefore a concrete enactment of a historical ritual of undermining women's vital participation and powerful dissidence in social upheavals. However, despite gender limitations, women playwrights of whom Soliman is one, continue to force their way onto the Egyptian stage. With titanic efforts they are able to secure a humongous place for their work amongst the literature of their time protecting memories and archiving history. Sondas Shabayek, another young Egyptian playwright, best expresses their dramaturgy of archiving the Egyptian uprisings: "I wanted to save

them up in a box, because they were stories of the best moments of the lives of entire generations (qtd. in ElKamel, 2012).

Laila Soliman's *Whims of Freedom* or *Hawa'l Horeya*, an Arabic play with English interlocations, is a very difficult play to describe. It is a musical performance that seeks to revive the past through the present, and the present through the past. Two actresses Zeinab Magdy and the Syrian, Nanda Mohamed, enact characters with their actual names deconstructing the complex relationship between performance and archive. One of the two girls is giving a lecture about the 1919 revolution that would lead to Egyptian independence, having failed to obtain enough documentation about World War I, her original research project. The other Syrian girl keeps interrupting the lecture by her records, old photos, famous poems, anecdotes, testimonials, and old documentations. The play moves backwards and forwards through time reading history through the Egyptian and Syrian present. The 1919 Egyptian revolution almost a hundred years ago stands in great resemblance to the 2011 revolution. Relating history through the songs of the two famous divas of the period, Mounira Al-Mahdiya and Naima Al-Masreya accentuates the play's experimentation with double time where the past is set in dialogue with the present. The play opens and ends on the same note: The Law of Illegal Assembly. The play offers a revisionist account of that moment in history of the British occupation and the people's struggle for independence in the 1919 revolution – a situation that reflects upon present revolutionary discourses and struggles for freedom and social justice during the 25th January, 2011 uprising. The juxtaposition of the two characters furnishes the play with its blend of documentation and personal reflection. The parallelism between Egypt and Syria provides the play with a transnational scope.

Jacques Derrida's *Archive Fever* (1998) is again a significant reference. The urge and desire for archive is best expressed in *Whims of Freedom* when Zeinab gives an account of her never ending search for documents about World War I: "So far the process has been about reading books, visits to *sur el azbakeyya* and antique collectors, going through old magazines and newspapers and listening to LPs – and of course watching YouTube videos like that of Mounira El Mahdiya as an old woman" (*Whims of Freedom*).

Failing to find accurate data, Zeinab turns to political songs and theatre from 1914 – 1920. The image of Naima Al Masreya breaking her records on her knees haunts the mind of the researcher who explains in English: “Not only do we not document history, we also break it”, and adds, “I can’t reach into the depths of the triumph of romance of one revolution, because of the disillusion of another” (*Whims of Freedom*).

Seeking information through the songs of the period, Nanda constantly interrupts by national Egyptian songs and popular history from Syria. Parallelism is drawn between the 1919 Egyptian revolution and the 2011 Egyptian revolution through sarcastic remarks and cynical comments as some old songs are still chanted in the present day like "أغنيه يا مصر حبك" (Egypt My Love)

Zeinab recapitulates in Arabic:

في لحظة مفيهاش اى رومانسية زى اللحظة اللي احنا عايشننا قرابة ثورة 1919

Bilingualism on the stage serves to perpetuate “a poetics of disorientation (Al-Nowaihi 73) which relies on “a back and forth movement, concurrences, juxtapositions and the opposition of spaces, languages, and characters between the private and public, the marginal and the central, the serious and ludicrous and linguistically between classical Arabic and colloquial Egyptian,” and in our case here also Syrian Arabic (Nasser, 2014). Nanda then refers to a poem by Hafez Ibrahim, the great Egyptian poet, entitled “خرج الغواني” (the women's demonstration)*. The poem gives a detailed analysis of women's demonstration against the government and the violence inflicted upon them by the soldiers due to their daring presumably outrageous and indecorous behavior. Brutal violence is suggested through images of female disempowerment and military abuse – the acts of which draw parallels with the darker side of the 2011 Egyptian revolution as previously mentioned in *Blue bra Day*. The intermittent remarks by Zeinab while Nanda reads the poem are typical of Derrida’s deduction that reiteration of the archive entails the fact that one memory will always direct and bury another. What haunts the spectators’ minds while Zeinab and Nanda interplay with the poems and songs archiving for 1919 and 2011 Egyptian revolutions are the insinuations, the sarcasms and the cynicism which continuously intersect the narration to highlight political interpretations and socio –cultural reactions in order to raise audience’s consciousness to react and protest.

N
"خرج الغوانى.."
أو عالأقل هي متعددة المراحل
Z
"يحتججن ورحت أرقب جمعهن"
بس اللحظة دى بالنسبالي فعلا مؤلمة
N
"... فإذا بهن اتخذن من سود الثياب شعارهن"
Z
في طبعا parallels كثير بينا وبينهم
N
"... فطلعن مثل كواكب يسطعن في وسط الدجنة"
Z
ويمكن عشان اللحظة دى فيها حقائق مريرة كثير فأنا بدعى الواقعية وبحاول أقرا ثورة 19 بالألوان
N
"واخذن يجتزن الطريق ودار "سعد قصدهن"
Z
عنى لما يتقرا فترة بالأبيض والأسود أو بالسببيا بتديها خصوصياتها ويبقى
لها سحرها
N
"يمشين في كنف الوقار وقد أبن شعورهن"
Z
بس ساعات لما تغوص أوى في اللحظة بيروح الأبيض والأسود
N
"وإذا بجيش مقبل والخيل مطلقة الأعنة"
Z
وبتقرا الجرائد والمنشورات والخطب والأغانى كأنك بتقرا حاجة من اللحظة
اللى انت عايشها
N
"وإذا المدافع والبنادق والصوارم والأسنة والخيل والفرسان قد ضربت
نطاقا حولهن"
Z
أنا التشابهات السلبية مسيطرة عليا دلوقتي
N
"والورد والريحان في ذاك النهار سلاحهن"
Z
ومسيطر عليا احساسى بالغضب تجاه الناس والأحداث المنسية لأسباب سياسية استراتيجية
N
"فتضعع النسوان"
Z
أو المحذوفة من تاريخ بس لقلة شياكتها

N
"والنساء ليس لهن منه"
Z
And make no mistake 1919 was very chic
N
"ثم انهزم من مشتتات الشمل نحو قصورهن"
Z
انا عارفة ان جزء كبير من ده اسقاطات ليها علاقة بصراعى مع نفسى
N
"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور"
Z
وفى فقدان الأمل والثقة فى النخبة السياسية
N
"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور"
Z
انا عمرى ما كان عندى يقين فيهم أصلا
N
"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور"
Z
ويمكن ده جوهر المشكلة
N
"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور"
Z
وفيه اشكالية بتحد خيالنا
N
"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور"
اشكالية اللى "بيحصل دايمًا واللى مش فاكر ان عمره حصل قبل كدة"
N
"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور بنصره وبكسرهن"
Z
ايوة المجهول صعب
N
"بنصره وبكسرهن"
Z
يعنى حنجيب صبر الثورة منين من غير مانعرف ان اللى قبلنا خاف وقلق
N
ما بيهم .. لا انتصار.. ولاهزيمة.. بس وجع.. يلى بيبقى الوجع

What is of major significance in this research is the fact that Laila Soliman's archive is not without prejudice. Typical of postdramatic theatre, Soliman Exploits Brechtian alienation techniques and epic theatrical devices to affect the dispositions and

conceptions of the audience. She resorts to a dramaturgy that creates historical tension. Soliman's archive echoes with individual biases and personal memories that re-shape and re-iterate the original incidents, poems, songs or even messages. Memory of the poem by Hafez Ibrahim which is indeed cynical of its times is reiterated by Soliman to fit a new memory. The poem acts as a mediator of relationships, connections and remembrances. "To say that objects mediate remembering is then to argue that objects provide the means for the past to be created anew in the present. This creation may produce a version of the past that was not and could not have been experienced as such at the time. It is time regained" (Middleton et al, 16).

Another song entitled "بردون يا وينجيت" or (Pardon Wingate) narrates how the British exploited Egyptian economy, people and army during the British occupation of the country.

N
(تحاول القراءة) بردون يا وينجيت ..
وهي نص لأغنية مكتوب في الملف انها كانت بنتهتف في الشارع ساعتها بس للاسف مالفيتش
لحنها

N
ناندا تغنى (بردون يا وينجيت .. بلدنا غلبت ..)

Z
ويتجيت كان المندوب السامى البريطانى فى مصر وقتها

N
بردون يا وينجيت
بلدنا غلبت
خدتو الشعير
وجمال وحمير
والقمح الكثير
اعتقونا

طلبوا الاعانة
يا غلبى يانا
شوفوا المدير
ياما لم كثير
من غير تقدير
ارحمونا

انفار تسافر
وكمان عساكر

سابوا الغيطان
وراحوا الميدان
لجبل لبنان
فى الخنادق

قال بيلومونا
شوفم رزونا
لولا العمال
مامثلهم حال
وسط الرمال
بالبنادق

بردون يا وينجيت
بلدنا غلبت
قتلوا ولادنا
نهبوا بلدنا
اخذوا دريسنا
اعتقونا

Analogy with the Mubarak regime during his 30 year rule of Egypt cannot be missed. Comparing British colonization with its exploitative and totalitarian policies to a dictatorial regime that has stolen the country's wealth, drained it in debts, and sunken its population in ignorance and poverty is a skillful attempt on Soliman's part. She has successfully "artificially extracted or dissociated past events from their interconnected tissue of duration in order that they can be re-inserted into the demands of current circumstances' (Middleton et al, 5).

Another song entitled "الكثرة" or (Plethora) is mentioned as part of a theatrical performance which was subject to censorship at the time of the 1919 revolution as it conflicted with the colonizer's interests. A cynical reference is immediately drawn to the military grip on artistic production during the 2011 revolution. Cynicism is accentuated at the reference to a Muslim/Christian conflict aroused at the time of the 1919 revolution as a colonizer tactic to drain up people's resistance and absorb the nation's energy, an act that is immediately juxtaposed with the Maspero massacre on October 9, 2011 when Christians demonstrating against the burning of churches were crushed and killed by military trucks and shots.

الانجليز بعد كدة اتحججوا بالنزاعات الطائفية لتشديد السياسات الأمنية برا القاهرة وعشان ينفوا ان الحركة الثورية كانت فعلا ثورية. بس فكرة قد ايه صعب تلاقى توثيق لاحداث الفترة دى والمحو

الدائم والمستمر للحظات دى فى تاريخنا كل ده بيخلق قدرة على تجاهل احداث مهمة زى ماسبيرو ونمحيها من التاريخ، وبعد ما الانجليز اتنازلوا وادوا الوفد –

N

مايدك تحكيولون شو صار بماسبيرو؟

Z

اعتقد كلنا عارفين ايه اللي حصل فى ماسبيرو

N

لاء مو اكيد...

Z

ماسبيرو .. 9 أكتوبر 2011.. الاقباط كانوا عاملين مظاهرة سلميه قدام مبني الإذاعة و التلفزيون فى القاهرة لوقف حرق الكنائس ... و يومها الجيش ... الجيش ... الجيش ..

N

دعسون بالمرعات

Z

.....

و الإنجليز بعدها تنازلوا و منحو حزب الوفد دستورهم. الوفد طلبوا من الناس و أصرروا إن الكل يهدي بقي. ما فضلش من كل ده غير إن الوفد هو صوت الشعب و سعد زغلول هو ثورة 19 و عاش الهلال ويا الصليب، و كان الفترة دي كانت نموذج للوحده الوطنية.

This act of welding the 1919 and the 2011 Egyptian revolution, and implementing the Syrian situation as well into one dramatic whole points to the one major achievement of the Arab spring which, besides toppling dictatorial regimes, has proven to be mainly theatrical "dismantling whatever dividing line between the theatrical/hyperical and multi-layered cultural and political realities" (Azmy and Carlson 85).

Nanda regrets the fact that it seems she will never be back in her native land, Syria, and consequently sings "سالمة يا سالمة" or (safe Arrival), a song about return to one's homeland. She dreams of applying at home a theatrical project entitled "*Whims of Freedom*". The notion is not without cynicism as freedom throughout the play is delineated as a mere fancy or a sort of wishful thinking. The Syrian reality is implicated within the Egyptian political scenario and vice versa. A wider Arab public sphere is thus symbolized and incarnated becoming a discursive battleground for dissent and protest, "[T]heatre has a magical capacity to implicate 'Others'; it negotiates the differing relationships among its participants, and in the process it reformulates social legitimation and plays its part in the public sphere 'beyond state control and moral censure'(Amin 89).

Within the project of archiving the 1919 Egyptian revolution, Nanda realizes that the actual birth date of Mounira El Mahdeya is an extremely difficult task to accomplish due to gaps and holes in archives as well as memory. Different versions of information are given suggesting the inaccuracy of data and official historical archives. Zeinab, the researcher then comments, "Archives are collective, like collective memory, and just like memory has holes, archives also have holes" (*Whims of Freedom*).

Z
الأرشيفات جماعية زي الذاكره الجماعيه و زي ما الذاكرة فيها فجوات الأرشيفات فيها فجوات.

N
ولدت منيرة المهديّة في محافظة الأسكندرية عام 1000 و 800 و ...

Z
يعني مثلا الأرشيفات إللي بتوثق تواجد الأستراليين في مصر كلها بتنتهي في فبراير 1919 مع ان دورهم كان كبير في كبت المظاهرات في مارس 1919.

N
1888 الي 1885 ولدت زكية حسن منصور في الاسكندرية التابعة لمحافظة الشرقية في

Z
أرشيفات الدولة أكيد ناقصة المقالات و الجرايد إللي أنا لقيتها

N
عام 1884 ... 1888...1885...1886

Z
وزي ما الذاكرة بتنتقي الذكريات إللي إحنا عايزين نفتكرها أرشيفات الدولة بتكون عادة منتقية علي أساس الدولة عايزانا نقرأ التاريخ إزاي.

N
"بين يدي الآن مائة وواحد و أربعون رسالة وكل رسالة من هذه الرسائل تحوي تاريخا مستقيضا للسيدة منيرة المهديّة و كل صاحب رسالة من هذه الرسائل يدعي أنه هو العليم وحده بتاريخها، وأنه مأمّن أحد يعرف حقيقتها غيره، و تقرأ الرسائل المائة و الأربعين و الواحدة فلا تجد رسالة تتفق مع الأخرى من نواحي تاريخ السيدة منيرة و لا ادري لماذا يتكلف الناس الكذب، أم أن كل من سمع إشاعة من أفواه بعض الناس ظن أنه سقط علي حقيقة لم يعثر عليها غيره يفحمننا بها و يلزمننا السكوت؟"

Soliman's treatment of archives along these lines hints at the sustained engagement with archives as cultural agents of state authority. "What constitutes the archive, what form it takes, and what systems of classification and epistemology signal at specific times are (and reflect) critical feature of colonial politics and state power. The archive was the supreme technology of the late nineteenth century imperial state, a repository of codified beliefs that clustered (and bore witness to) connections between secrecy, the law, and power" (Stoler 108).

Soliman's preoccupation with history, how official history is being written and the relationship between reflection and time is a key tool in the analysis of her play. Soliman's archives are therefore an amalgam of creative disobedience and an ethical consciousness. For both Bergson (*Matter and Memory* 1896) and Proust (*In search of lost time* 1922/1992) the past exists outside of historical record. Both critics believe that the past can only be brought into the present through journeying into one's own experiences. The end result is that memory is colored by other associations. Deleuze concludes that our memory for events, therefore, involves reconstruction. So what we recollect is technically not exactly what we experienced at the time. Proust's "potency of the past" coincides with Bergson's notion of a leap into "pure memory" wherein what is actualized in recollection is not exactly what was experienced at the time (Middleton 1,2). Derrida's *Archive Fever* best sums up the problematic discourse by invoking "a dialectical oscillation between commencement and commandment" and by combining "the practice of storing and restoring" (Derrida 1). The point is that to reframe the past in the present is no easy task. Reception, reflection and repercussion are involved in the process. Along these lines, theatrical performances become ways of keeping memory alive, of reenacting and replaying past events within present experiences. For Schneider, this is "a critical mode of remaining, as well as a mode of remaining critical" (Schneider 30).

On a third level, Soliman's post dramatic techniques serve to accentuate her poignant archiving process. *Whims of Freedom* gives an excellent illustration of her incessant examination and investigation of official archives to provide an alternative vision of truth. Zeinab reads:

Foreign Office Archive Document No. 371/3722

Seventh witness: Aysha bint Metwalli, wife of Hussein Sayed El Mohr Cross Examined by Counsel for the Military

Q1. How many soldiers broke into the room?

A1. I do not know if there were many or few.

Q2. Was there more than one?

A2. Immediately I fell I swooned. I only noticed the one who lay on me.

Q3. Before you fell on the ground, did you notice any other soldier?

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A3. There were many and they were trying to open the doors and cupboards.

Q4. Were the men who were trying to open the drawers and cupboards carrying their rifles?

A4. Some had rifles and some had not.

Q5. Did you see any of the soldiers who had rifles put them down when they tried to break open the drawers and cupboards?

A5. Those that were disarmed were opening the drawers and cupboards.

Those that were armed were not.

Q6. Do you remember where the soldier stood who fired the shot?

A6. He was standing on the threshold of the door.

Q7. When he fired the shot was your brother in law inside the room or outside the room?

A7. He was inside the room trying to take away the man who was laying on me.

Q8. Then your brother in law when he entered the room passed the soldier who was on threshold?

A8. Yes.

Q9. Did the soldier who stood on the threshold fire the shot after the other soldier lay upon you?

A9. Yes

Q10. For how long did the soldier lay upon you?

A10. I cannot say, it was sometime

Q11. Could the other two women see what was being done to you?

A11. They were hiding in the bedding and I do not know if they could see or not.

Q12. When did you first speak to your husband about this?

A12. After I recovered consciousness, not until after 15 days.

Q13. You say you looked for your jewels and could not find them. Did you ever find them?

A13. No.

Q14. What are you wearing now, is it new?

A14. It is imitation.

The Counsel for the Natives did not reexamine this witness.

After a long Arabic dialogue between Zeinab and Nanda, Zeinab gives an account of a rape that took place during the 1919 revolution in English. The shift in tone, the episodic structure of the whole

account, the shocking effect upon the spectators, the movement to and fro between Arabic and English, the music, the songs, the poems, the official accounts, the popular stories, the memories all serve to blur the distinction between the real and the aesthetic and to create a tragic conflict as befits the dramaturgy of postdramatic theatre. Hans-Thies Lehmann remarks: "The event is a very strong version of what we may call 'a dramaturgy of the spectator'. There is no performance, no theatre, no acting out of a dramatic story. But there is the audience-our voices in a public space, our silence, our listening, our common moment of 'Einedenken' (remembrance) (Lehmann 89).

Indeed, the archive of the rape account, the investigation and the cross examination of the victim are shocking to any spectator. The harassment and abuse of women, the brutality and violence of the soldiers, the final concealment and hushing of the event as indicated by the final remark "The Council for Natives did not reexamine this witness" point with doubt and suspicion at the validity of the whole investigation. Laila Soliman herself confesses how such reports were provocative: "Nobody is going deeper into the gaps. When you start looking, you find more and more things and make references. There is a lot of material for more plays. The rape reports for instance are something we could not have thought of initially"(Soliman qtd. In Lavent). As a result the audience is bound to make a decision. A doubledged phenomenon occurs: an aesthetic appreciation as well as an ethic of responsibility. What actually takes place is a new level of communication. Such communication will only result when reception and presentation become one, when the relation between performer and audience constitutes the theatrical event.

Soliman's revolutionary theatre abounds with Brecht's alienation techniques and epic theory, a predominance of presence over presentation, of process over product, of manifestation rather than signification and of impulse more than information. In her theatre, there is confusion and ambiguity rather than harmony and comprehensibility, an experience of simultaneity wherein narrative, song, music, different language sounds take place to produce "a parceling of perception" (Lehmann Postdramatic 88). An unexpected density of signs, a multitude of "rhizomatic" connections (Ibid 90), a

mass of unconnected elements, a sense of chaos, insufficiency and disorientation are fused together transforming the stage into "a playing field or rubbish tip", "a field of chaotically splintered associations" (Ibid 91). Transgressions of boundaries between national languages, "musical-architectonic construction" (92) and radical reduction to the greatest simplicity in settings also pervade Soliman's plays. The end result is a post-dramatic theatre par excellence, Soliman's theater is "no longer spectatorial but instead a social situation which eludes objective description, because for each individual participant it represents an experience that does not match the experience of others. A reversion of the artistic act towards the viewers takes place" (Lehmann 106). The spectators are no longer passive viewers, they become agents of process and the play becomes a trigger or catalyst. Towards the end of *Whims of Freedom*, Soliman refers to a poem by Robert Brook about nationality and identity. The refrain

If I should die think only this of me
There is a corner in some foreign field
That will be forever England.

is repeated amidst Arabic poems about love and devotion to one's country in Arabic like "يا عزيز عيني" or (my dearest eyesight)

N

(ناندا تغني يا عزيز عيني)
[يا عزيز عيني... أنا بدي أروح بلدي]
و ليه مفيش أي أغنية من أغاني الفترة دي بتأثر فيا زي يا عزيز عيني؟

[بلدي يا بلدي و السلطة خادت ولدي]
هي نعيمة المصرية كانت بتغني الأغنية دي للناس اللي راحت علي الحرب؟
(ناندا تواصل الأغنية)
[يا عزيز عيني يا حكيماشي]
أنا بدي أروح بلدي تعالي اكشف علي ولدي
جبت الطبيب و الحكيم يكشفوا علي قلبي
قالي الطبيب و الحكيم مالكش دوا عندي
عشر قرايز ورد ورا عين م القطيفة
للمحبيب بتسليني م الجمال بتكفيني]

Then again

If I should die think only this of me
There is a corner in some foreign field
That will be forever England (*Whims of Freedom*)

Closing with notes of patriotism and nostalgia for the homeland, Zeinab, at the end of her research, concludes that “Just like wars are important for European history, as a reminder of the nation, these revolutions for us have become icons of nationhood and nationalism”(Whims of Freedom). Though the poet reminisces about England, the actual reference is to Egypt: its love/our identity. For Zeinab or for Laila Soliman, the memory of 1919 is that of a revolution that has not erupted from the margins of economy, history and society but rather from people politicians and constitutions. Soliman combines history and memory to create an archive. Hers is a politically committed theatre that seeks to subvert the one-dimensional view of the past. Drawing upon both individual and collective memory, Soliman’s political postdramatic theatre involves the spectator in the creation of the theatrical event. Erika Fischer-Lichte introduces the notion of the “autopoetic feedback loop”(38-9), which denotes the audience’s participation in the theatrical event by repetitive strategies with reference to collective memory.

The play ends with a recital of the Law of Illegal Assembly or anti-demonstration law that was written in 1914 in anticipation of how the war would affect the Egyptian masses. “A100 years later it is still in effect” (*Whims of Freedom*). Zeinab recites the law once in English and another time in Arabic. Nanda interrupts by singing “زوروني” or “Visit Me” a famous nostalgic Arabic song. The Arabic song becomes an interlude between two recitals of one and the same thing. Both revolutions: the 1919 revolution and the 2011 revolution become one. Whatever happens in between are only slices of memory. Counting on that memory, Soliman selects particular instances, poems, situations, testimonials, investigations, official documents, individual impressions in a collective past to create her own archive of the revolution by means of theatre. An activist performance results, a political action which is located outside the political consensual realm of party politics as it is not institutionally affiliated with parties, unions, or other organizations” such an “activist performance can be conceived as the (temporary formation of a counter public which both aesthetically as well as ideologically defies prevailing, dominant political discourses” (Wiegink 2).

Finally Laila Soliman’s postdramatic feminist theatre is evidently an archive of the 2011 Egyptian revolution. Her two plays

Blue Bra Day and *Whims of Freedom* are excellent illustrations of her feminist affiliation and her activist performances. Soliman is interested in both history and theatre.

She uses theatre as a forum for social critique and political contestation. She uses a multidimensional theatrical experience to provide an alternative vision of history and to subvert the one dimensional view of the past. The paper tackles Soliman's post dramatic theatre on three levels: her feminist approach, her archiving process and her post dramatic techniques.

As a feminist, she presents plays with an all-female cast and delineates on stage the marginalization and victimization of women in the Arab world. As a dramatist, she writes political plays which attempt to resolve the tension between history social reality. As an Arab feminist playwright, she seeks to destabilize the essentialist framings of the Arab identity. As literature is the archive of culture, theatre, for Soliman, is her archive of socio-cultural political reality. However, Soliman's theatre seeks to deconstruct not only women's objectification and oppression in a patriarchal society but also to resist the normalization of human oppression. Her Femi-humanism embraces the personal as political where the political is part of the collective ethos. Her revolutionary theatre adopts the strategy of bringing to consciousness whatever is repressed, neglected or intentionally concealed from public disclosure. Through memory and memorialization, she attempts to heal wounds of injustice and to channel the audience's energies towards freedom and activism. In *Blue Bra Day*, she exposes the military violence towards women who dared transgress the social code of objectification and marginalization.

Jaques Derrida's Archive Fever best represents Soliman's archiving process. Soliman seeks to create the past anew in the present. Yet, what is created is a version of the past that was not and could not have been experienced as such at the time. Derrida asserts the fact that archives are thus colored by other associations and relationships. In *Whims of Freedom*, the 1919 Egyptian revolution is juxtaposed with the 2011 Egyptian revolution in an archive that collects memories, testimonies, songs, poems, investigations, cross examinations, letters and eye-witness specificity. An inspection of the different official historical archives has proved deficient and impoverished. Soliman seeks to look for holes or gaps of truth in

archives. She searches for lost memories and situates herself as a mediator and a narrator, reshaping and subverting to document the present and preserve the past as well as offer a glimpse into the future by her very own personal artistic touch. It is of special interest in this paper to prove that Laila Soliman's archive of the 2011 Egyptian revolution is, as proven by literary theory, a feminist activist archive not without personal socio-political and cultural implications. The reiteration of the various narrations, poems, songs, memories and testimonials is not without cynicism, sarcasm and political insinuation. Past events are dissociated from their otherwise interconnected duration and are presented in a manner to fit the requirements of a dramatic performance of current circumstances.

As a postdramatic theatre, Laila Soliman's theatre is at once political, rhetorical and subversive. The monumental socio-political and cultural changes that have swept over Egypt and other Arab countries could not be expressed or dramatized in conventional theatrical forms. The newly engaged multi-layered cyber-space, the ascendancy of online engagement, in addition to bilingualism on stage, the episodic structure, the open ending, the simultaneity of narration, music, song and poetry on stage, the scarcity of props, the ambiguity, the chaos, the disorientation and the splintered associations serve to perpetuate a performance that is no longer spectatorial. Rather the stage becomes a social situation wherein the viewer is an agent and the play, a catalyst. Using Hans-Thies Lehmann definition of postdramatic theatre, Laila Soliman's theatre becomes the place wherein the audience collaborate in the creation of the theatrical event based on a collective past and aiming at aesthetic appreciation as well as an ethico – political responsibility. In Laila Soliman's theatre reception and presentation are united.

Laila Soliman's theatrical archive is at once feminist, activist and dramatic. It is a feminist reaction against marginalization and discrimination against women. It is a political voice of protest and rejection of a status quo that has crippled the Arab world for decades. It is a call for activism and agency. It is also a documentation of particular historical events that have either fallen out of the prevailing narrative or have been intentionally wiped off collective memory for the sake of political contestations, hegemonic practices or power arrangements. As such her plays produce an

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alternative vision of history through the medium of theatrical re-enactment. Yet because the Arab Spring is not a single event but rather a continuing series of events, the uprisings and political upheavals that recur intermittently are bound to be fluid and uncertain. Both sides, the governments and their oppositions remain questionable in the many things they have done or left undone. Two achievements can however be acclaimed: that the fundamental accomplishment of the Arab Spring is theatrical and that Arab women have definitely forsaken their hushed voices forever. Laila Soliman is indeed one woman capable of changing the world.

***End note**

من لسان العرب. والغانية من النساء: التي غنيت بالزوج؛ وقال جميل: أحب الأيامي: إذ بُنيتُ أيم، وأحببتُ لماً أن غنيت العوانيا وغنيت المرأة بزوجه غنياً أي استغنت، قال قيس بن الخطيم: أجد بعمره غنياً، فتَهَجَّرَ أم شائنا شائها؟ والغانية من النساء: الشابة المتروجة، وجمعها غوان؛ وأنشد ابن بري لنصيب: فهل تعودن ليالينا بذي سلم، كما بدان، وأيامي بها الأول أيام ليلي كعاب غير غانية، وأنت أمرد معروف لك العزل والغانية: التي غنيت بحسنها وجمالها عن الحلي، وقيل: هي التي تطلب ولا تطلب، وقيل: هي التي غنيت ببيت أبيها ولم يقع عليها سباء. قال ابن سيده: وهذه أعزبها؛ وهي عن ابن جني، وقيل: هي الشابة العفيفة، كان لها زوج أو لم يكن .

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Appendix I
Blue Bra Day

(Unpublished Play by Laila Soliman)

Blue Bra Day, Downtown Cairo, 17.12.2011, 8 am

The bell rings. Laila (30 year old artist) opens the door in her pyjamas still half asleep. Karima (55 year old house helper, on the big side, dressed in galabeya and head scarf)

K: Good morning, Loula. (Karima hands Laila a newspaper)

L: Good morning. Karima could you please make me tea with milk?

K: OK, mashi, let me just change into my working clothes first. (Karima disappears behind a closed door)

L: (phone rings, she answers) No. I am at home. What? Now? Don't worry. Ok I will check. (While on her cell phone she opens her laptop, then hangs up and shouts to Karima) Karima, was there anything unusual on Tahrir square when you passed through there?

K: (shouts back) No, it was normal.

L: Are you sure? (Laila continues the conversation with her eyes glued to the laptop screen)

K: Yes, it was quiet, the usual.

L: What do you mean the usual? Were the tents still there?

K: Yes, I think so, but they are very few now.

L: Come look, come see this

K: (comes dressed in working clothes and puts the tea on the table beside the laptop) What?

L: They are burning the tents with the people inside.

K: May God burn them in hell, and may Tantawi be the first amongst them, this, this dog of Mubarak, this-

L: But how didn't you see them? It says here that it happened a few minutes before 8 am and you came at 8am?

K: I arrived early, at 7.30. I did not want to disturb you early so I waited at the building entrance-

L: Sorry-

K: You told me before not to come before 8. I live far you know-

L: I know I am sorry.

K: I can never be sure of the transportation, so I prefer to arrive early.

L: But that does not make sense! At what time did you come exactly?

K: Maybe 7.30.. What do I know?! Do you want the zucchinis cooked with béchamel or tomato sauce?

L: They probably attacked right after you passed through.

K: Now I remember, I heard the Nubian ladies talking about it on the servant stair when they were climbing up to their house on the roof.

L: And?

K: Nothing I heard them while changing my clothes in the kitchen and wondered what they were talking about.

L: And?

K: Nothing they were just describing an attack they saw and pitying the kids they saw getting beaten up there. So how do you want the zucchinis?

L: Whatever. I don't understand why couldn't they have just waited! They were becoming fewer every day and would have left on their own.

K: They want to show us they are still the masters and that we are still their slaves. May they never see heaven.

L: This does not make sense. Why today?

K: May their kids become orphans just like they did to others. And may they become handicapped by the power of God just like they did to our children. May they lose their eyes by God the-

L: You know I felt it. I was there until late last night. I was too coward to spend the night.

K: No don't, Lula don't. It is not safe.

L: My instinct told me that they would attack as usual after dawn.

K: No, Lula, by the prophet promise me you will not go down tonight.

L: We were delivering blankets and plastic after the rain, but it was so charged with a feeling of risk.

K: Yes God will reward you, but not today.

L: Look how many are beating up one man!

K: (comes very close to screen to see) What is this, they are kicking him with their boots? What is this? Protect us, you Protector of the weak. Are they from the Police or the Army?

L: It's not clear.

K: It doesn't matter anymore anyway..

L: They are both the same

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K: The same dogs. You know my oldest, Fahmy can't walk on his leg until now.

L: What happened?

K: He got injured at the demonstrations.

L: Which ones?

K: The first ones in January.

L: Look how they are pulling the women by the hair

K: Even the women, God forbid. What milk did they drink?

L: I don't know how they brainwash them. What do they tell those soldiers about us?

K: It's revenge, I tell you. They are avenging for their masters, Mubarak and his tails.

L: You are right.

K: Look how the infidels pulled her veil away. What a nightmare! (She starts leaving the room in bitter resignation and continues) We are in a nightmare.

L: Come see this video. (The sound of the video of the "blue bra day" is audible, maybe shown to the audience behind them.) How they drag her on the street by her veil and hair..

K: Oh my God, is she naked?/ Why?

L: /Yes. Pulling her, they undressed her-

K: Poor girl! So many soldiers beating her up. God protect our women, but what was she wearing?

L: A long dress like yours.

K: But why was she naked underneath?

L: She was not. Look her other clothes are torn from being dragged on the street. Look.

K: How they undressed her, may they never see a good day- Oh my god are they kicking her on her naked chest with their army boots!

L: Yes you too look. (Laila goes into the audience showing them the newspaper with the photo and both overlap in what they say.)

K: (Karima continues as if she can not stop herself at different paces and voice strengths and she starts taking off her clothes piece by piece until she reaches her skin colour body suit-that is not tight, has to look unnatural- and a lace blue bra on top of it that resembles the bra in the photo).

May they never see a good day, those Infidels. No shame? Don't they have sisters? Don't they have mothers and wives? God is strong he will revenge for us, the weak. No shame? May God shame their

mothers. May they burn in hell, those dogs. Those slaves. May God- May they feel the pain our children felt in their bodies for eternity. Those who gave the orders and those who followed them for the few pennies they get. Those stupid assholes killing their brothers. Those inhuman Infidels..

L: (Laila pushes newspaper in people's faces) Look, see for yourself what the military council has done. Strange! A blue bra, right? No, no it is not photo-shop. That is what THEY said! (laughs) The military council does not even comprehend that you cannot photo-shop video! Avatar makers couldn't fake that video. How could anyone be so naïve? Did you ever see hair armpit hair photo-shopped! Look. No, of course she was wearing other things, not only a bra waiting to get undressed like a "bad" woman. Maybe your head is bad. What would you be wearing if you got dragged on the floor smart ass. She is a doctor. Never seen a religious doctor! Or rather never seen a religious doctor wearing a bright coloured bra! You! You two, look here, look. You think you are on the right side because you are not like them. Noo! You do not judge her bra colour, noo! That is what counts! Not the weapons! Not where they come from! We are undressed and killed on this road to democracy by the internationally respected transitional leaders, those military dogs. Why, tell me why?! Just to avoid the global danger of islamists? No answer. I know you do not feel involved I guess. But it is cool to see the women's marches the next day on the news, no? Egypt is now so democratic and women march in thousands now, but why? Did you think about that? Why do you do the maximum? Why do they take the risks they take? Maybe because they, we are beyond afraid. Maybe when you feel the weakest then you find your strength. Or maybe- oh just let me be. Why should I explain anything to you? Cultural dialogue? Who cares? Does it really matter? Does it really change anything? Even more arms are being sold. Oh just let me be. I want to go home. (Laila goes out or goes to put her head in Karima's lap and Karima is still praying to God to punish them frantically)

Appendix II

هوى الحرية

(Unpublished Play by Laila Soliman)

Z

مساء الخير -

N

ممكن ابدأ - بلش أنا؟ صار لي زمان عم دور على هي اسطوانة. أخيرا لقيتها بس طلعت مكسورة.

(أغنية سالمة يا سلامة)

Z

أنا قررت أبدأ النهاردة بجواب كتبتة في أول البحث لصديق كان في السجن ساعتها بسبب قانون التجمهر. الجوابات اللي كتبتها لبعض كانت بالانجليزي لأننا كنا موهمين إن ده حيزود خصوصيتنا ... ده جزء من الجواب بتاعى :

"So far the process has been about reading books, visits to sur el azbakeyya and antique collectors', going through old magazines and newspapers and listening to LPs –and of course watching youtube videos like that of Mounira Elmahdeya as an old woman.

The driving point was political songs and theater from 1914 - 1920.

N

(أغنية يا مصر حبك)

Z

Until now I haven't found enough for the needs of the research, very little is documented.

I gather music and theater were among the first industries to be owned and managed by women.

I chose two women artists and entrepreneurs. Mounira Elmahdeya who documented herself the most in that period and Naima El Masreya who chose to do the opposite and so fell out of history books.

Every time I hit a hard wall, or something I find about the singer doesn't ring deeply enough, almost immediately the image of Naima al masriyya breaking her records on her knees comes to my mind.

Not only do we not document history, we also break it.

I can't reach into the depths of the triumph of romance of one revolution, because of the disillusion of another".

N

(تضحك)

Z

العمى قديش صرت بكره هالكلمات من قد ماكنا نصرخ فيهون الصبح نحنا وصغار
بالمدرسة

Z

في لحظة مفيهاش أي رومانسية زي اللحظة اللي إحنا عايشنها دي قرابة ثورة ١٩ ...

N

اتذكرت شغلة مهمة، أو ما بعرف قديش مهمة : إنو نحنا بمنهاج العربي تبعنا التاني عشر
العلمي - اللي هوي تانية ثانوي بمصر - كانت تدرّس قصيدة "خرج الغواني" لحافظ
إبراهيم اللي كتبها بفترة ١٩١٩ لما طلعت أول مظاهرة نسائي أنا كنت أدبي فمادرسنها.
رفيقي عمر هداك اليوم قلى المعلومة، وقلدلى الأستاذ لأنه أول شغلة قالها الأستاذ لما
شرحلن القصيدة : "لا تفكروا غواني يعني شراميط!" .

Z

(تندھش)

N

عندج ...

Z

في لحظة مفيهاش أي رومانسية زي اللحظة اللي إحنا عايشنها دي قرابة ثورة ١٩١٩
قرابة بئسة ومزعجة جدا

N

"خرج الغواني .."

Z

أو عالأقل هي متعددة المراحل -

N

"..يحتججن ورحت أرقب جمعهن"

Z

بس اللحظة دي بالنسبالي فعلاً مؤلمة

N

".. فإذا بهن اتخذن من سود الثياب شعارهن"

Z

في طبعا parallels كثير بينا وبينهم

N

".. فطلعن مثل كواكب يسطعن في وسط الدجنة "

Z

ويمكن عشان اللحظة دي فيها حقائق مريرة كثير فأنا بدعي الواقعية وبحاول أقرأ ثورة ١٩
بالألوان

N

"وأخذن يجتزن الطريق ودار "سعد"قصدهن"

Z

يعني لما بتقرا فترة بالأبيض والأسود أو بالسبب بتديها خصوصياتها وبيبقى لها سحرها.

N

"يمشيين في كنف الوقار وقد أبين شعورهن"

Z

بس ساعات لما تغوص أوي في اللحظة بيروح الأبيض والأسود

N

"وإذا بجيش مقبل والخيل مطلقة الأعنة"

Z

ويتقرا الجرائد والمنشورات والخطب والأغاني كأنك بتقرا حاجة من اللحظة اللي إنت عايشها

N

"وإذا المدافع والبنادق

والصوارم والأسنة

والخيل والفرسان قد

ضربت نطاقا حولهن"

Z

أنا التشابهات السلبية مسيطرة عليا دلوقتني

N

"والورد والريحان في ذاك النهار سلاحهن"

Z

ومسيطر عليا أحاسيسي بالغضب تجاه الناس والأحداث المنسية لأسباب سياسية ستراتيجية

N

"فتضع النسوان "

Z

أو المحذوفة من التاريخ بس لفة شياكتها

N

"والنسوان ليس لهن منة"

Z

and make no mistake 1919 was very chic

N

"ثم انهزم من مشتتات الشمل نحو قصورهن"

Z

أنا عارفة ان جزئ كبير من ده اسقاطات ليها علاقة بصراعي مع نفسي

N

"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور"

Z

و في فقدان الأمل والثقة في النخبة السياسية

N

"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور"

Z
أنا عمري ما كان عندي يقين فيهم أصلا
N
"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور"
Z
ويمكن ده جوهر المشكلة
N
"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور"
Z
وفيه اشكالية بتحد خيالنا
N
"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور"
Z
اشكالية اللي "بيحصل دايمًا واللي مش فاكرين ان عمره حصل قبل كده"
N
"فليهنأ الجيش الفخور بنصره وبكسرهن"
Z
أيوة المجهول صعب
N
"بنصره وبكسرهن"
Z
يعني حنجيب صير الثورة منين من غير ما نعرف ان اللي قبلنا خاف وقلق
N
ما بيهم.. لا انتصار.. ولا هزيمة... بس وجع .. يلي بيبقى الوجع
Z
أنا حاولت ألقى منشورات من اللي كانت بتتوزع في الشوارع في ثورة ١٩ أو أعرف إيه
اللي كان فعلا بيتهتف في الشارع ساعاتها بس ما لقيتس نسخ من المنشورات ولا لقيت لها
تسجيلات. الحاجة الوحيدة اللي لقيتها هي الورقة دي في ملف من أرشيف المخابرات
البريطانية
N
(تحاول القراءة) بردون يا وينجيت..
Z
وهي نص لأغنية مكتوب في الملف إنها كانت بنتهتف في الشارع ساعاتها بس للأسف ما
لقيتس لحنها.
N
(ناندا تغني) بردون يا وينجيت .. بلدنا غلبت ...
Z
وينجيت كان المندوب السامي البريطاني في مصر وقتها.
N

بردون يا ونجت
بلدنا غلبت
خدتو الشعير
وجمال وحمير
والقمح كثير
اعتقونا

طلبوا الإعانة
يا غلبى يانا
شوفوا المدير
يا ما لم كثير
من غير تقدير
ارحمونا

أنفار تسافر
وكمان عساكر
سابوا الغيطان
وراحوا الميدان
لجبل لبنان
في الخنادق

قال بيلومونا
شوفم رزونا
لولا العمال
ما مثلهم حال
وسط الرمال
بالبنادق

بردون يا ونجت
بلدنا غلبت
قتلوا ولادنا
نهبوا بلدنا
اخذوا دريسنا
اعتقونا

Z

في حاجات كثير في ثورة ١٩ بتحسسنا كأن الزمن بيعيد نفسه - زي قطع السكك الحديدية والاضرابات وقطع الاتصالات وعلان محافظات عن استقلالها و-

N

والتوكيلات والتفويضات

Z

والتوكيلات والتفويضات وكده.. بس المشكلة..

N

"نحن الموقعون على هذا قد أنبنا حضرات نقط نقط نقط في أن يسعوا بالطرق السلمية المشروعة، حينما وجدوا السعي سبيلاً في استقلال مصر استقلالاً تاماً "

Z

بس المشكلة ان قراءة الثورة دلوقتي من نقطة ١٩١٩ بيسبب في خيالنا عناوين زي -

N

تقاطع : (تهمس)

"نحن الموقعون على هذا قد أنبنا حضرات نقط نقط نقط في أن يسعوا بالطرق السلمية المشروعة، حينما وجدوا السعي سبيلاً في استقلال مصر استقلالاً تاماً "

Z

قائد الثورة - التفويضات - الاحزاب - التنظيم - الفقراء - البسطاء، بكل صفاتهم من السداجة وقلة الحيلة وطبعاً الوطنية

N

(بصوت واضح وسرعة) "نحن الموقعون على هذا قد أنبنا حضرات نقط نقط نقط في أن يسعوا بالطرق السلمية المشروعة، حينما وجدوا السعي سبيلاً في استقلال مصر استقلالاً تاماً "

Z

والأهم من كده ان الثورة ليها أول وآخر وتنظيمها وتمويلها مهم وإن اللي أوله سياسة آخره دستور

N

(تكرار) : نحن الموقعون على هذا قد أنبنا حضرات نقط نقط نقط....

Z

ماشى- يمكن في واقعية في كل ده، بس اللي مسيطر عليا هو التقليل من رادكيلية الشخص العادي اللي ممكن أحواله وظروفه تجننه لدرجة إنه يولع في نفسه أو يقطع طريق أو يضرب عن العمل وفي الآخر كل دي مظاهر احتجاج سياسية. ده طبعا غير الكلام طول الوقت عن الرجل البسيط الغير مسيس - اللي إما بيقوم فدى الوطن - لأن مصر فوق الجميع - إيما ورا القائد الملهم، وبس كده.

N

ضيعانوا القائد الملهم. سعد زغلول قائد ثورة ١٩. بين بيتو وبيتى ٤ بنايات.. صار لى سنتين ساكنة بشارع سعد زغلول يلي فيو بيتو وكمان مبنى ضريحو يلي مدفون فيه، وكل يوم بمر من جنبه وجنب الضريح تبعو بالليل ويبكون في قطيع كلاب جعارية والزبالة كوام كوام والقطط عم تسرح وتمرح ...

حبيبي يا قأد يا ملهم..

هاد الفونوغراف والأسطوانة لفتيتون/اشتريتهم من عند عم زين تاجر الأنثيكات بالقاهرة... رح سمعكن غنية من هاديك الفترة اسمها الكترة..

Z

الكترة

N

الغنية كانت من عرض اسمه : قولولو ... كان من اوائل العروض لما المسارح رجعت تشتغل -

Z

لأن المسارح كانت قفلت في ١٩١٩ من ٩ مارس لـ ٩ أبريل بسبب المظاهرات

N

تماماً/برافو .. هاد العرض كان انمنع رقابياً قبل ٩ مارس ورجعو سمحولو انه ينعرض مرة ثانية بعد ٩ أبريل.

[أغنية الكترة :

ما قتللكش ان الكترة

لا بد يوم تغلب الشجاعة

واديك رأيت كلام الأمرأ

طلع تمام ولا فيهشى لواعة

غيرشى اللي كان هالك أبداننا

ومطلع النجيل على عيننا

إن فهمى يكره حنا

وايش دخل دول يا نا بس ف ديننا]

Z

في أغاني زي دي وفي هتافات واللافتات المظاهرات كان في تركيز دائماً على شعارات الوحدة الوطنية. فهل ده يخلينا نفكر إن كان في صراع طائفي في مصر ساعتها؟ لأن مثلاً اللافتات كانت بتبقى مش بس مكتوبة بالعربي وكمان بالانجليزي والفرنساوي كأنه كان مهم ان العالم يعرف اننا مش متعصبين ولا حاجة، و غير كل ده كان في طبعنا نفس الهوس بموضوع إن دي احتجاجات سلمية واننا شعب مهذب ومحترم ونريد السلام وكده وبنرد عالرصااص بالحجارة أو بنكتب تلغرافات أو -

N

مثلاً

CABLE GRAM RECEIVED AT

6 CO NF

CAIRO 18

MOHAMMED MAHMUD PACHA

WASHINGTON

Fatma El-Mehairy

INDIGNANTLY PROTEST BRITISH SOLDIERS BRUTALLY
REPRESSING OUR PACIFIC MANIFESTATION AGAINST
MILNER COMMISSION EGYPTIAN LADIES
403A DEC 22 1919

Z

وغير كده نحاول نثبت إن الانجليز عندهم قناصة وإنهم كانوا بيولعوا في القرى إالى كان
فيها إحتجاجات بل و ضربوها بالقنابل من الطيارات مع إنهم جم بعد كده ونفوا إن ده
حصل ده

المهم ان كان واحد من الهتافات المروجة في مظاهرات ١٩١٩

N & Z :

يحيا الهدوء والسكينة

Z

وكانت الناس بتهتف بالهدوء والسكينة فعلا

N

يحيا الهدوء والسكينة

Z

وهما بيولعوا في العربيات

N

يحيا الهدوء والسكينة

Z

ويكسروا في ازاز محلات وسط البلد اللي أصحابها - أو عالأقل معظمهم كانوا اجانب.

N

يحيا الهدوء والسكينة

Z

الانجليز بعد كده إتججوا بالنزاعات الطائفية لتشديد السياسات الأمنية برا القاهرة وعشان
ينفوا إن الحركة الثورية كانت فعلا ثورية. بس فكرة قد إيه صعب تلاقى توثيق لأحداث
القترة دي والمحو الدائم والمستمر للحظات دي في تاريخنا كل ده بيخلق قدرة على تجاهل
أحداث مهمة زي ماسبيرو ونمحيها من التاريخ، وبعد ما الإنجليز اتنازلوا وادوا الوفد -

N

ما بدك تحكيلون شو صار بماسبيرو ؟

Z

أعتقد كلنا عارفين إيه اللي حصل في ماسبيرو

N

لاء مو اكيد..

Z

ماسبيرو.. ٩ أكتوبر ٢٠١١.. الأقباط كانوا عاملين مظاهرة سلمية قدام مبنى الإذاعة
والتليفزيون في القاهرة لوقف حرق الكنائس... ويومها الجيش .. الجيش .. الجيش....

N

دعسون بالمدركات

Z

.....
و الإنجليز بعدها تنازلوا ومنحو حزب الوفد دستورهم. الوفد طلبوا من الناس وأصروا إن الكل يهدى بقى. ما فضلش من كل ده غير إن الوفد هو صوت الشعب وسعد زغول هو ثورة ١٩ وعاش الهلال ويا الصليب، وكان الفترة دي كانت نموذج للوحدة الوطنية.

N

بمناسبة سعد زغول وحزب الوفد رح سمعكن واحدة من الأغاني اللي كانت تتغنى لزغول والوفد من تحت لتحت. أنا لما بسمعها بتذكر القصة لما منيرة المهدي غنتها بحفلة من الحفلات ووصلت لجملة "من مصر السعيدة للسودان" قام العالم في المسرح هاجت وماجت وطلب منها الجمهور تعيدها شي عشرين مرة .. أنه شو السر ؟
[أغنية شال الحمام]

Z

بس أنا ما بحسش إن الأغنية دي لسعد

N

الزغول هو اسم علم مذكر عربي. معناه : الطفل، والعامية أسمت فرخ الحمام زغولاً كالطفل، والجمع : زغاليل، والزغولُ ضربٌ من البلح في مصرٍ أحمر حلو ضخم.

Z

لما ابتديت أفرا عن منيرة ابتديت أحس إن هي -

N

"ولدت سلطنة الطرب منيرة المهدي عام ١٨٨٨ في الاسكندرية واسمها الحقيقي زكية حسن منصور."

Z

منيرة المهدي-

N

"ولدت منيرة المهدي في بيت متواضع في قرية مهدي التابعة للابراهيمية بمحافظة الشرقية حوالى ١٨٨٥."

أكد الموسيقى مصطفى سعيد أنه من رابع المستحيلات أن يكون تأريخ ميلاد منيرة المهدي بعد ١٨٨٤ لأنها سجلت اسطوانتها الأولى عام ١٩٠٤.

"ولدت زكية حسن في قرية مهدي التابعة للابراهيمية مركز هيها بالزقازيق محافظة الشرقية كما يؤكد المؤرخان عبد الحميد توفيق زكى ومنير ابراهيم مع أنها في أثناء تسجيل مذكراتها أكدت أنها من مواليد الاسكندرية إلا أن تطور الأحداث والمواقع الجغرافية يؤكد مقولة المؤرخين."

Z

الأرشيفات جماعية زي الذاكرة الجماعية و زي ما الذاكرة فيها فجوات الأرشيفات فيها فجوات.

N

ولدت منيرة المهدي في محافظة الاسكندرية عام ١٠٠٠ و ٨٠٠ و ...

٢

Z

يعنى مثلا الأرشيفات إالى بتوثق تواجد العساكر الأستراليين فى مصر كلها بتنتهي فى فبراير 1919. مع إن دورهم كان كبير فى كبت المظاهرات فى مارس 1919.

N

عام ١٨٨٨ ... حوالى عام ١٨٨٥ ولدت زكية حسن منصور فى الاسكندرية التابعة لمحافظة الشرقية فى مركز هياها وكان اسم منيرة المهديّة الحقيقي سلطانة الطرب منيرة المهديّة

Z

أرشيفات الدولة أكيد ناقصة المقالات والجرايد إالى أنا لقيتها

N

عام ١٨٨٤ ... ١٨٨٨ .. ١٨٨٥ .. ١٨٨٦

Z

وزي ما الذاكرة بتنتقى الذكريات إالى إحنا عايزين نفكرها أرشيفات الدولة بتكون عادةً متنقية على أساس الدولة عايزانا نقرأ التاريخ إزاي.

N

"بين يديّ الآن مائة وواحد وأربعون رسالة وكل رسالة من هذه الرسائل تحوي تاريخاً مستفيضاً للسيدة منيرة المهديّة وكل صاحب رسالة من هذه الرسائل يدعى أنه هو العليم وحده بتاريخها، وأنه مأمّن أحد يعرف حقيقتها غيره ، وتقرأ الرسائل المائة والأربعين والواحدة فلا تجد رسالة تتفق مع الأخرى من نواحي تاريخ السيدة منيرة ولا ادري لماذا يتكلف الناس الكذب ، أم أن كل من سمع إشاعة من أفواه بعض الناس ظن أنه سقط على حقيقة لم يعثر عليها غيره يفحمنها بها ويلزمنا السكوت ؟ "

Z

زي الإشاعة إن سعد زغول كان بيروح عوامة منيرة عشان يقابل فيها باقي أعضاء الوفد.

N

"ولا تزال المذكرات ناقصة وغير متماسكة ببعضها والناس فى كل يوم يستحثوني على نشرها وأنا لا أستطيع الآن "

Z

دايما الإشاعات وحكايات الناس بيكون فيها حقيقة ما عمرك ما هتلاقيها فى الأرشيف.

N

"لا يوجد أحد فى الدنيا يفهمنى على حقيقتى وأنا نفسى تمر بى ساعات يأخذني فيها الشك فى حقيقتي وأتساءل : هل أنا فاهمة حقيقة عواطفى وشعوري "

Z

الذاكرة بتلخبط الحاجات زي الأرشيف، و بتعيد توضيها فبيطلع حدث معين على حساب أحداث تانية.

إناندا تغنى مع تسجيل الأغنية :

"شال الحمام حظ الحمام"

....

Z

(باستهزاء) يحيا سعد باشا

N

شو كانوا يقولوا وقتها؟ هوى الحرية.....

Z

هوا الحرية عند منيرة المهديّة..

N

هوا الحرية عند منيرة المهديّة..

أنا إذا شئ يوم صار عندي مسرح ممكن سميّه هوى الحرية.. من زمان عندي حلم إنى
إبنى مسرح، ويعرف كثير منيح تفاصيل المشروع، أو هالحلم بالأحرى. كان المكان طبعا
دمشق. هلق صرت عم حس إنو مو مهم وبين اعملوا. المهم إنى إقدر اعملو له المشروع.
ممكن سميّه هوى الحرية.. ممكن.

(همهمة سالمة يا سلامة)

فدوى بنت خالتي قالتلى انو نحنا ما رح نرجع على سوريا..... (همهمة) إنه اللي بيروح ما
عاد يرجع..... (همهمة) أنا ما بعرف إذا كان هيك عنجد.

Z

ما بين خمسمية ألف لمليون مصري اتجرجروا فى الحرب العالمية الأولى. شوية رحلوهم
فرنسا وشوية سينا وشوية كانوا مع الجيش البريطانى فى دخلته الشهيرة على فلسطين.
ساهموا فى حرب مالهمش أى علاقة بيها وفي كرب أمة بتدفع ثمنه أجيال.

N

(تغنى)

[سالمة يا سلامة

أه يا سالمة يا سلامة

صفر يا وابور واربط عندك

نزلنى فى البلد دي

بلا اميركا بلا اوربا

ما فيشى أحسن من البلد دي

دي المركب اللي بتجيب

أحسن من اللى بتودي

يا اسطى بشندي]

Z

أنا عمري ما كنت سمعت سيد درويش بيغنى الأغنية دي من قبل ما أبدا البحث ده. دايماً
كنت بسمعها من مامتي بس هي ويتغنيها من غير الجزء بتاع الحرب.

N

(تغنى)

[سلطة ما سلطة كله مكسب

حوشنا مال وجينا

شفنا الحرب وشفنا الضرب

شفنا الديناميت بعيننا
ربك واحد عمرك واحد
اد احنا رحنا وجينا
ايه خسا علينا
سالمة يا سالمة
آه يا سالمة يا سالمة]

Z

يعنى لما بفكر إن الأغنية اتغنت للناس اللي راحت عال حرب ورجعو.. وبيغنى ويقول
"حوشنا مال وجينا" بحس إن هم راحوا بإرادتهم... أنا عارفة إنهم أجبروا يروحو، بس ما
بشوفش المأساة دي في الأغنية.

N

فى شى بيتغير جواتك لما تروحي على بلد فيها حرب... خاصة لما بترجعي بسلام وأمان.
فيه امتنان للحياة و بنفس الوقت فيه شرخ كبير بيصير جواتك.

Z

توثيق السنين اللي قبل ١٩١٩ ضعيف جداً ودي حاجة تعصب وتثير الشك أحياناً خاصةً
لما تقرا تناثيف من هنا وهنا عن أحداث ١٩١٧ وتفهم أهميتها..

N

أنا هاد الغموض بحبو. بحس بنوع من التحدي **بين** المادة التاريخية المبهمة أحياناً وبين
الغنى الكبير للتفاصيل الموجود فيها..

Z

بس أنا مشكلتى فى طريقة كتابتها - طريقة كتابة ١٩١٩ بالمقارنة بطريقة كتابة ١٩١٧ -
إن حتى مظاهرات المحافظات فى ١٩١٩ كانوا منظمينها طلبة، واضرابات العمال كانت
متنظمة وكده. عكس الفوران فى ١٩١٧ اللي بدأ بغضب وانتشر بعشوائية والسيطرة عليه
كانت صعبة جداً. مع الوقت بدأت أحس إن المقارنة بين ١٩١٧ و ١٩١٩ تكاد تشير للفرق
بين -

N

المقارنات بتحد الخيال وبتبسط الأمور

Z

بس برضو - بحس إن المقارنة تكاد تشير للفرق بين ٢٠١١ و ٢٠١٣

N

إي... (يقاطعان بعضهما بعضاً)

Z

فده بيخليني أكتب دلوقتي

N

الزمن ...

Z

عشان أنافس

N

التكرار...

Z
تأريخ الفترة دي
N
العبيثة ..
Z
وصياغتها
N
طيب انتي بتعرفي هاي؟
Z
لأ
N
اقريها

Z

Foreign Office Archive Document No. 371/3722

Seventh witness: Aysha bint Metwalli, wife of Hussein Sayed El Mohr

Cross Examined by Counsel for the Military

Q1. How many soldiers broke into the room?

A1. I do not know if there were many or few.

Q2. Was there more than one?

A2. Immediately I fell I swooned. I only noticed the one who lay on me.

Q3. Before you fell on the ground, did you notice any other soldier?

A3. There were many and they were trying to open the doors and cupboards.

Q4. Were the men who were trying to open the drawers and cupboards carrying their rifles?

A4. Some had rifles and some had not.

Q5. Did you see any of the soldiers who had rifles put them down when they tried to break open the drawers and cupboards?

A5. Those that were disarmed were opening the drawers and cupboards. Those that were armed were not.

Q6. Do you remember where the soldier stood who fired the shot?

A6. He was standing on the threshold of the door.

Q7. When he fired the shot was your brother in law inside the room or outside the room?

A7. He was inside the room trying to take away the man who was laying on me.

Q8. Then your brother in law when he entered the room passed the soldier who was on the threshold?

A8. Yes.

Q9. Did the soldier who stood on the threshold fire the shot after the other soldier lay upon you?

A9. Yes.

Q10. For how long did the soldier lay upon you?

A10. I cannot say, it was sometime.

Q11. Could the other two women see what was being done to you?

A11. They were hiding in the bedding and I do not know if they could see or not.

Q12. When did you first speak to your husband about this?

A12. After I recovered consciousness, not until after 15 days.

Q13. You say you looked for your jewels and could not find them. Did you ever find them?

A13. No.

Q14. What are you wearing now, is it new?

A14. It is imitation.

The Counsel for the Natives did not reexamine this witness.

Z

ظروف الحرب العالمية الأولى.. كان ليها وقع... كان وقعها الـ - كان وقعها الاقتصادي سيء جداً عالفلاحين أكثر من اللي في المدن.... يعني على عكس اللي بيتقال في مقال زي ده، التجنيد للعمالة في الجيش قلب سخرة، وده كان من دوافع الهوجة الفظيعة في الدلتا بالأساس وبعض مدن الصعيد في ١٩١٧ - سلسلة من الاحتجاجات والمقاومة للتجنيد وحرق الاقسام وقتل العمدة اللي كانوا بيشتغلوا مع الانجليز، وقطع السكك الحديدية. في أقاويل إن الستات هي اللي كانت بتقطع السكك الحديدية عشان يوقفوا استنزاف للجيش البريطاني لحيواناتهم وأكلهم ورجالتهم.

N

اسمعي هالغنية ع الأغلب إنتِ ما بتعرفيها بس أكيد بتهمك.
[أغنية الشرق والغرب]

Z

هو بيقول إيه؟!

N

الشرق والغرب باتم تحت حكم التاج
واللي حكم ع الأراضي يحكم الأمواج
والطيارات في السما عملوا لها معراج
ناقص على لندرة يرحل لها الحجاج

اللى سكن فى باريس قلم عليه إنسان
واين العرب، اللي فى المستعمرات حيوان
اشمعى انتم باريزيان وإحنا أفريكان
طب اظهروا لنا شطارتكم مع الألمان

Z

أنا بحب الحرب جداً. أنا عارفة إن دي ممكن تكون حاجة مرضية بس أنا من زمان عندي
هوس بالحرب العالمية الأولى والثانية. مش عشان أنا مريضة بس أنا فعلاً كنت مهووسة.
لما جينا ندرس الـ war poets شعرا الحرب فى الجامعة كنت عارفاهم كويس جداً من
الكتب اللي ماما و تيتا كانوا جايبين لهم لنا. كنت طول الوقت بقرا كتب كانت بتقول إن
الحرب كان ليها وجود فى مصر. واحد من شعرا الحرب دول كان ويلفريد أوين وكان
كاتب قصيدة بتكسر كل رومانسية الحرب بمنتهى البشاعة، وكان فى قصيدة تانية بتاعت
روبيرت بروك اللي كانت فى منتهى رومانسية ..

"If I should die think only this of me
There is a corner in some foreign field
that will be forever England"

بروك مات فى 1915 و أوين مات قبل نهاية الحرب بأربع تيام فى 1918
كل الكتب الأمريكانى والإنجليزى دي عمرى ما عرفت منها أي حاجة حقيقية عن مصر..
عمرى ما سألت نفسى هما كانوا بيعملوا إيه فى مصر؟
كانوا موجودين إمتى؟
كانوا موجودين فين؟
وجودهم أثر على المصريين إزاي؟
كام واحد مصري مات بره بلده؟
كام واحد إندفن هناك وكام واحد رجع واتدفن فى بلده؟
كام واحد من اللي راحوا كان بيعرف بقرا و يكتب؟
كام واحد كتب قصيدة وهو هناك؟
فين الوثائق اللي بتقول عدد اللي راحوا الحرب؟
طيب.. اللي كان يبسافر كانوا بيعرفوا عنه أي حاجة إزاي؟

N

(ناندا تغنى يا عزيز عيني)
[يا عزيز عيني.. أنا بدي أروح بلدي]
وليه مفيش أي أغنية من أغاني الفترة دي بتأثر فيا زي يا عزيز عيني؟
[بلدي يا بلدي والسلطة خادت ولدي]
هى نعيمة المصرية كانت بتغنى الأغنية دي للناس اللي راحت علي الحرب؟
(ناندا تواصل الأغنية)
[يا عزيز عيني يا حكيمباشى
أنا بدي أروح بلدي تعالى اكشف على ولدي
جبت الطبيب والحكيم يكشفوا على قلبي]

قالى الطيبى والحكيم مالکش دوا عندي
عشر قزايز ورد ورا عين م القطيفة
للمحوب بتسليني م الجمال بتكفيني]

Z

"If I should die think only this of me
There is a corner in some foreign field
that will be forever England"

N

كل ما بسمع انكلترا، بريطانيا، بتجى قدامى صورة وش سعيد المبتسم...
لما بسمع انكلترا، بريطانيا، بتجى قدامى صورة وش سعيد المبتسم... سعيد...
سعيد هو ابن خالتي يلي مثل أخی. كان عم يدرس تأليف موسيقي بلندن
ب ١٣/٤/٢٠١٤ فجأة انفجر الشريان الأبهر ومات
من وقتها كل ما بسمع انكلترا، بريطانيا، لندن بتجى قدامى صورة وش سعيد المبتسم...
سعيد ما مات بالحرب ...
سعيد مات بالمستشفى بلندن ...
أهله قدموا وقتها عالفيزا مشان يروحوا يدفنوه. بس الفيزا انرفضت.
لندن.. وش سعيد المبتسم
كان عندي شغل بلندن من فترة، رحنت زرت سعيد بكنسل غرين انا وناصر اخوه ... لقينا
القبر بس مو بسهولة ... قعدنا شوي مع سعيد .. حطينالو وردات وشغلات بحبها ..
ورجعنا.

Z

الرقابة وقتها ..
أنا قررت أنهى)
أنا زي ما بدأت بجزء من جوابي عايزة أنهى برد صديقي على جوابي اللي كتبهولي من
السجن، لأن فى الحقيقة اللي هو كتبهولي من طره أحلى من أي خلاصة أنا ممكن اكتبها :
"Just like the wars are important for European history, as a reminder
of the nation, what the nation is, who it is about.
So these revolutions for us have become icons of nationhood and
nationalism.."

N

شاغلتنى..كنت عم فكر أنا وعم بغسل الصحون بالبيت إنو قديش صعب الواحد يقدر يعبر
بالكلام بهالمرحلة ولقيت حالى عم فكر بالثورات وهيك، وسألت حالى قديش فعلاً بتهمنى
ثورة ١٩ ؟ على فكرة بلحظة بحس كلو يلي عم بعملو أو بقولو فزلكة. بعدين بنفس اللحظة
بحس بعكس هالشي...

Z

"Like the world war for Europe, the memory of 1919 is not one that
is conducive of a revolution that erupts from the margins. The
margins of the economy, the margins of history, and the margins of
society..."

N

شاغلتنى كثير فكرة إنو ما عم لاقى توثيق وإحصاء مؤكد لعدد القتلى بسوريا وخاصة إنو مثلاً ما فى كثير أشياء موجودة عن الفترة ما قبل ثورة ١٩ وبعد مية سنة يمكن ما رح يلاقوا شي عن هلق.. أو ما بعرف شورح يلاقو.. يعني الحقيقة.. ما رح نقدر نعرفها يمكن...

الثورة السورية صرلها **اكثر من ٣** سنين، ومع هيك لهلق فى ناس بتسألني هون : هو فعلا بشار بيقتل الناس؟؟؟ الناس بالعموم مايبدها تسمع ... عشرات آلاف الشهداء، مئات آلاف المعتقلين .. ملايين المصابين واللاجئين والنازحين .. أغانى.. مسرحيات.. أفلام.. صور.. الخ، انعمت كلها من وعن الثورة السورية ومع هيك...

Z

"1919 is conducive only to revolutions run by politicians, to revolutions that bring constitutions. And constitutions that push revolutions back to the margins. That produce elected parliaments, that push their constituents deeper into the margins, and their dreams back in when enough is enough."

N

النشي يلي متأكدة منو إني مايفهم بالسياسة ولا بحبها.. ولا بدي أحكى عنها.. بدي أحكى عن ستي.. رفقاتي.. أهلي.. ناس ما بعرفون بس بعرفون.. مو حكايها.. بس لحظات.

Z

"Regarding World War I, did you know that qanun el tagamhur [the anti-demonstration law] was written in 1914 in anticipation of how the war would affect the Egyptian masses? A 100 years later it is still in effect, musical theatre is (much) more fun though".
(ناندا تغني زوروني)

Z

(١) يعاقب بالحبس أو بالغرامة التي لاتقل عن خمسين ألف جنيه ولا تجاوز مائة ألف جنيه أو بإحدى هاتين العقوبتين كل من قام أثناء سريان حالة الطوارئ بوقفة احتجاجية أو اعتصام أو تجمع أو شارك فى ذلك بحيث ترتب على تلك الوقفة أو الاعتصام أو التجمع منع أو تعطيل أو إعاقة إحدى مؤسسات الدولة أو إحدى السلطات العامة أو إحدى جهات العمل العامة أو الخاصة عن أداء أعمالها.

(٢) تكون العقوبة الحبس مدة لا تقل عن سنة وبالغرامة التي لا تقل عن مائة ألف جنيه ولا تجاوز خمسمائة ألف جنيه أو بإحدى هاتين العقوبتين إذا استخدم الجاني القوة أو العنف أثناء الوقفة أو الاعتصام أو التجمع أو إذا ترتب على الجريمة تخريب إحدى وسائل الإنتاج أو الإضرار بالوحدة الوطنية والسلام الاجتماعى أو الإخلال بالنظام العام أو إلحاق الضرر بالأموال أو المباني أو بالأماكن العامة أو الخاصة أو احتلالها أو الاستيلاء عليها.

Fatma El-Mehairy

٣) ويعاقب بالحبس والغرامة التي لا تقل عن ثلاثين ألف جنيه ولا تجاوز خمسين ألف جنيه كل من حرض أو دعا أو روج بالقول أو بالكتابة أو بأية طريقة أخرى من طرق العلانية لأي من الأفعال السابقة.

النهاية