



CHAPTER THREE



Cairo's Citadel After the Massacre



Mohammed Ali



Bedouin Princess

Chapter 3

I suppose I've been a TOCSIN of sorts all my life. When I was just three or so, I'd tell my parents about my exotic nightly visitors. They warned me not to speak to them, or else the doctor would have to come and give me *the needle!* From then on, my visitors were confined to my secret room, where I'd spend the night with them. My most vivid recurring dream was being weighed down by heavy clothes in a cold black sea, crying out, ***"Save the baby! Save the baby!"***...and I'd wake up in a very wet bed.

I was probably about three feet tall when my parents took me with my older sister to a festival at the temple where I got to pick the paper chit from a glass bowl. High upon the stage, the rabbi, master of ceremonies, held up the prizes. One was a brass repousse tray. Uncontrollably, I yelled out, ***"That's mine!"***...The rabbi turned the tray over, revealing the number. All eyes were glaring at me. ***"See—I told you it was mine!"***

As a baby boomer, a flower child of the 60s, in 1972 I was in Rosebud, South Dakota, on the *Lakota Sioux Reservation* with *Chief Leonard Crowdog* and his medicine man father *Henry*, bearing witness to the power of *The Gods*. High in the Sacred Black Hills, Leonard chanted....Four times to the North, and *The Gods* replied four times with an explosive rumbling thunder. Then four times to the East, the South, and the West, and with each chant, the Universe responded in kind. There was a Japanese video of his *Wakan-Tanka (Creative force of the Universe)* demonstration online, but it's always taken down.



After 35 years of globetrotting for material pursuits, I was taking a deep dive into the mysteries of my soul. A stack of books on Mohammed Ali, written by diplomats, travelers, and historians, lauding his achievements. All confirm his establishing the first Arabic journals, military and women's hospitals, educational institutions, and developing Egyptian cotton. Much is written of his personal interactions, speeches, and letters, of his fathering 95 offspring, but the only one to mention a *Bedouin princess* was Louise Muhlbach's final best-selling 1871 novel: ***Mohammed Ali and His House***. <https://archive.org/details/mohammedali00muhliala/page/n11/mode/1up>

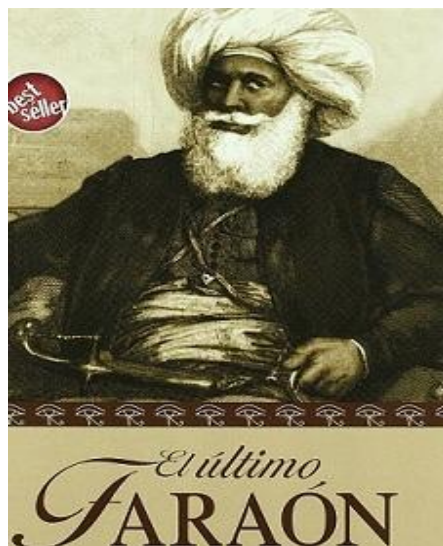
Muhlbach was the daughter of a diplomat who wrote 19 romance novels on Europe's royal families. Her novel retells the legendary tales of Ali's orphaned youth in Kavala, raised by his uncle, the local mayor. He gained fame by craftily trapping the town's prominent men in a mosque to collect their unpaid taxes. Ali married Emina, a wealthy relative of his uncle, with whom he sired three sons and two daughters. On the heels of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, the Sultan ordered all provinces to defend the Empire. So in 1801, Ali was sent as second in command with 300 Albanians to oust the balance of the French. His cousin couldn't take the hardships, leaving Ali in charge. In 1805, backed by Cairo's nobles, Ali was made Egypt's Pasha (Gov.) in a populace revolution, ousting the Sultan's appointed men. Then in 1809 two of his teenage sons came with his wife Emina. The novel tells how Ali meets Butheita, a teenage Bedouin princess whose sheik father guards Cairo from his compound behind the Pyramids and the Sphinx. She becomes his guide in the desert, and Ali believes her to be the reincarnation of his first love, who in a macho Eastern drama is bagged and drowned in the sea. Ali moves Butheita into his palace, and when Emina arrives, he makes it clear that he will *'always respect her as his first wife.'*

In ***Kismat***, by Nevine Yousry, Ali's descendant, she tells a similar tale. When Emina arrives, confronted with her husband's powerful position and his harem of beautiful women, she says, *"I will do my duty as First Lady of the land, but from this day on, let us forget we have ever been man and wife."* ... A man like Ali, who fathered 95 children alone for nine years? *Impossible!*

Besides, it's customary in the East for daughters to be given in marriage to secure loyalty, and guarding Cairo from the Giza Pyramids was critical.



Not likely to find myself in a book outside myself, I was returning to San Miguel to help with the renovation of my daughter Noren's house and take another journey to *19th-century Egypt*, co-piloted by Eduardo Blanco. From a website, I selected a full-service vacation house in the center on *Callejón del Pueblito*, a cloistered little lane with cascading purple, red, and orange bougainvillea, draped over their facades. Just three blocks from the Centro's Jardin, near the Artisan Market, it was within walking distance to everything, except for foodstuffs. For this I called a taxi to go to the new *Mega* supermarket, an evolutionary leap in San Miguel living... Impressively large, with gorgeous fresh produce at the entrance, it houses a cafe, a pizzeria, a pharmacy, housewares, and books! ...*Seriously! What are the chances?* ...As if awaiting my arrival, displayed on a table before me was ***El Último Faraon—Egypt's Last Pharaoh*** by Egyptian / French historic



novelist *Gilbert Sinoué*. Some 500 pages in Spanish, more historical than novel, I had no doubt this was meant to be. I most earnestly needed to send *The Mexican Healer* an explanation for my strange behavior at our last meeting. ... ***So with the Universe winking at me—obviously—I bought the book!***

But there was one small problem: I had no contact for *The Mexican Healer*. Still living in the house next door to the Bistro was Jaime, his long-time friend. Over wine and Chinese food, I recounted my past life journey to Jaime, who offered to send the book. He said he was always fascinated with Egypt. The only time he traveled outside of Mexico was with a priest to *France and Egypt*. He'd see if he still had any photos.

...Hmmm, France & Egypt? Just another coincidence?



Antoine Clot-Bey

Jaime

Clot-Bey

As soon as Jaime left, I opened my laptop, not exactly sure what to search for. I placed the cursor in *Search*, but, no matter what key I pressed, it was stuck! ...What happened next, I can call *Auto-Search* or *Sphinx-Intelligence*, but it's truly beyond my ability to explain. Totally frustrated, I hit *Enter*, and ***BINGO***—I was through the *looking glass*! The search engine delivered me to: *Antoine Clot-Bey, Surgeon in Chief for Egypt's Armies for Mohammed Ali Pasha!* The Viceroy of Egypt sent emissaries to recruit doctors to keep his army and people healthy, and in 1825 Clot sailed to Cairo with 20 doctors to assist him. Clot-Bey shaped all branches of medical instruction, including a women's medical school.

When Ali died in 1849, and *francophobe* Abbas became Wali, Clot-Bey returned to Marseille, where, after his death in 1868 at 74, the *Avenue Clot-Bey* was named for him.

It was time to discover what disturbed me so much at my first past-life regression. Under the skylit cupola once again, Eduardo Blanco guided me beyond the veil. *“Deeper and deeper, where are you now? How are you feeling?”...“I’m in the palace, dreaming of Ali, remembering our last nights in my tent in the desert. Outside, the tent is encircled in a sage wreath ring of fire to keep the rodents away. I’m crying, he’s laughing, and kissing my bald head. He shaved all the hair off of my head and also his own because of an infestation of fleas. He’s obsessed with cleanliness. My hair has grown back now, but my belly is heavy. I’m pregnant! This time with a son. And this is why I can’t be with Ali in the desert, who’s quashing the last of the Beys. Since the Massacre, even my Auntie Fatima, Queen of the Mamelukes hasn’t come to see me.—I’m so sad and alone.”*



Cairo Citadel looking West to Pyramids by David Roberts

... *“What do you want to do now, and where can you go?”* Eduardo asked. *“I’m totally trapped! Outside the harem bath, the eunuchs are holding the body bags, and inside the Turkish women taunt and threaten to throw me in the Nile. They hate me because I’m an Egyptian and will have Ali’s first Egyptian son! Cursing at me with words I can’t understand, now they’re saying it’s my fault that Ali has been killed, and I have no place left to go. I ask to see my daughter, who was in the harem with all the children, but*

*they say she's been taken away to safety. Forcefully holding my arms, **I can't see—they've bagged my head!** Their servants escort me to my apartment and place a brass tray on the table, with a ball of opium and a dagger. I'm smoking the pipe now. I will find Ali—I will join him in paradise."*

—Eduardo brought me back. For some time, we were both engulfed in silence, totally void of oxygen. Butheita was like the Quetzal bird that dies if it's caged. Then Eduardo, taking a breath, broke our silence. "*I can't begin to imagine Ali's pain when he returns.*" Now I understand the *Message of the Sphinx*, "**Heal his heart, ease his pain.**" **But how?**



Mohammed Ali Pasha



The Mexican Healer

... Two weeks later, a package arrived from *The Mexican Healer*. I unwrapped a *pyramid-shaped crystal*, took out bags of *Asian sweets*, and at the very bottom of the box, engraved with crossed daggers over a palm tree was—**a brass tray!** How *The Mexican Healer* found an **Arabian brass tray**, no less in Mexico, the brass tray Ali undoubtedly found beside my lifeless body in Cairo's Citadel in 1812, is proof perfect of our shared memories of our unconscious, yet deeply shared traumas. AND—The *brass tray* is proof of *Divine Synchronicity's* intervention in this *true-to-life* fairytale. Although his receiving *El Ultimo Faraon* surely pierced his *veil of forgetfulness*, nowhere in those 500 pages is there any mention of the Bedouin princess.