



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, I'd tell my parents about my colorfully exotic-garbed 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, I confined my visitors to my secret room, where I'd spend the night with them.—My most vivid recurring dream was of 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 soaked 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 a 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 of electric 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, lauds his achievements. All confirm his establishing the first Arabic journals, military and women's hospitals, educational institutions, and developing Egyptian cotton. His personal speeches and letters are recorded. It's noted he fathered 95 offspring, but the only one to mention a *Bedouin princess* was Louise Muhlbach's last 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 about Europe's royal families. Her novel retells the legendary tale 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 went as second in command with 300 Albanians to oust the rest of the French. His cousin couldn't take the hardships, leaving Ali in charge. In 1805, backed by Cairo's nobles, Ali became 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 young Bedouin princess whose sheik father guards Cairo from his compound behind the Pyramids and the Sphinx. Dressed as an Arab boy, she kidnaps Ali for a meeting with Mameluke Bey al-Bardissi. Butheita then becomes his guide in the desert. 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*.'

Mohammed Ali and His House - Chapter XII: 'The Abduction'

Bedouin Sheik Arnhyn guards Cairo from his compound behind the Sphinx, and gives Mameluke Bey Osman al-Bardissi the latest intelligence of the Turkish troops in Cairo. Bardissi asks the Sheik to arrange a meeting with Mohammed Ali, who is an Ottoman captain in Cairo at the time:

“You, Sheik Arnhyn, are brave and daring,” says Bardissi. “I have work for you, for which you shall be richly rewarded. If we are victorious you shall collect all the spoils you may desire from the field of battle, and no one shall hinder you. The steeds and saddles, and all the arms and equipment of the captured Turks, shall be yours. Other Sheiks have applied to assist, however, you shall have all the spoils if you perform the service that I require of you.”

“Give me your commands, master,” said the Bedouin Sheik, his eyes sparkling with delight. “If you do not require me to pluck the sun from heaven, or lay the moon and stars at your feet, Sheik Arnhyn will execute your commands for so rich a reward. Aah! How delighted my daughter Butheita will be when I bring her all the beautiful horses, and glittering swords and daggers! The child loves such things. She is not like other women, she is more like a man. How Butheita will rejoice over the arms.”

“Then make her rejoice,” says Bardissi. “You have informed me that Youssef’s forces are in advance of the others, and Mohammed Ali is not far behind.” Arnhyn adds, “Everyone says that Mohammed Ali is a daring and untiring soldier, and he might unite with Youssef!”.... “You are right, Arnhyn,” says Bardissi. “And this is what I wish to prevent.”

They withdraw a distance from the tents and speak in whispers:

“A splendid scheme, master. It will be done as you direct. We’ll make Mohammed Ali harmless.... I will meet my daughter Butheita, and she will arrange the rest.”

With his tent pitched, Mohammed Ali is encamped with 5,000 soldiers at the edge of the desert. He lies on his mat mulling over the next day’s battle and drifts off to sleep....A black figure enters the tent noiselessly, with thin ropes binding his hands and feet, suddenly enveloping his head with a cloth. Now aroused, Ali raises his head to hear the words:

“Fear not, your life will be spared!” murmured in his ears...“How heavy you are” murmurs Sheik Arnyhn smiling. “And how light the Viceroy’s army will be with Mohammed Ali wanting. Now Butheita, ride onto to our tent with him and keep him securely, until our master Osman Bey Bardissi, comes to speak with him. Guard him well my daughter, for you know, that dearly as your father loves you, you must die if he escapes. This I swear by Allah!”

“You can rely on me, Father Arnhyn,” replied the soft voice of a woman. “I shall guard him as though he were my dearest treasure here on earth; he shall not escape Butheita.”

“Then farewell my child, I must hasten back as tomorrow will be a day of battle. He is bound and gagged, so you have nothing to fear from him.”

Ali is tied to a palanquin on a camel, as they ride through the night. Then the dromedary halts and the sweet voice whispers to him.

“I am sorry for you; it is horrible to be bound and gagged, your face covered. I should like to relieve you by removing the cloth. But if you are cruel you might tear my arm with your teeth.” Mohammed shakes his head. *“You shake your head and promise not to do so stranger, so I will trust you.”*She unties the knot and the cloth falls. Looking down on his face, a smile illuminates her features.

“Handsome is the stranger. Already a Sarchesme, and still so young! I supposed my father had brought me an old grey beard, and it distressed me to torment you so. And now I see a strong young hero, and feel doubly distressed at your being the prisoner of a poor girl!”

“Pity me not, Butheita,” murmurs Ali. *“To be the prisoner of a man would put the Sarchasme to shame; but to be the prisoner of a houri of paradise, who holds him in sweet captivity, it seems to me, an enviable lot.”*

“You speak prettily, O stranger,” she said, beaming with delight. *“Your words come like music from your lips, such sweet words I have not heard before.”*

“If my words are songs, yours are the tones of a harp,” he said. *“Oh tell me Butheita, where are we going? Who has commanded you to bear me away thus?”*

“I obey the commands of my father, who is in Osman Bey’s service. I do not know what they want of you, but I believe they fear you and wish to keep you from the great battle tomorrow.”

So that’s it then! Now he knows what he has to do. Fate has pointed out the way to his goal through Butheita. She will lead him on until he reaches the throne seen by his mother in her dreams...and avenge the death of his now reincarnated first love!

They approach the Sphinx, as the moon throws a shadow of the head of the dromedary to the mouth of the Sphinx, and two human heads.

“Look at the heads, they are our shadows kissing each other Butheita!”
A burst of laughter resounds from her lips. “They are kissing each other in the sand! And why should only our shadows kiss Butheita?... Why not our lips too?”

“Oh, do not say such things!” she said blushing. *“I have promised my father never to allow a stranger to kiss me until he shall come who will lead me to his tent*

as his wife. And this is why I am permitted to ride freely in the desert and not cooped up in the second part of the tent, and not compelled to cover my face with a veil. However, when I ride with my father to Tantah, O stranger, I dress myself up as the women of the city do. Then I wear a long silk dress and a splendid veil, and color my lips and hands with henna."

"But I should not like to see you when you look like other women. You are the Queen of the Desert."

"How do you know that? That is what the Bedouins call me, who are my father's subjects?"

She dismounts the dromedary and prostrates herself in prayer to the Sphinx, and they continue on to reach her father's compound on the hill just behind..

"Enviably is the man who shall lead you to his tent," said he.

"Do not envy him," she said quickly. There will be no such man. No man will lead me to his tent as his wife."

"Butheita will say that until she loves some man," Ali said looking into her eyes.

"Would Butheita one day follow me to my tent?"

She blushed like a city girl, not like a child of the desert... "You Mohammed Ali shall never kiss me, for you shall never take me to be your wife. I see it plainly. You want to take me from my father's tent to make me a slave."

"Yes," said Mohammed. "I want to make you a slave, a slave of your love, because I know you love me Butheita."

Butheita drew aside the curtain dividing the tent. "I am only going to prepare your breakfast!"

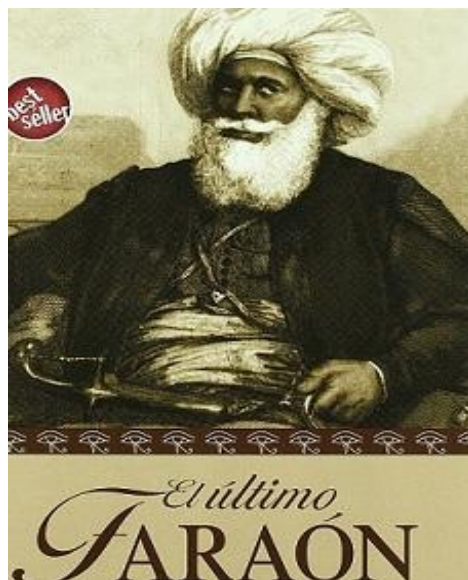
In ***Kismat***, by **Nevine Yousry**, Ali's descendant, she tells a similar tale albeit less Victorian-age-romantic. When Emina arrives, confronted by her husband's powerful position and his harem of beautiful women, she says, *"I will do my duty as First Lady of the land, but from this day on, let us forget we have ever been man and wife."*

... A man like Ali, who fathered 95 children alone for nine years? Quite 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 bougainvilleas 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. At some 500 pages in Spanish, more historical than novel, I knew 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 longtime 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'd 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 tried to press, it was stuck!.... What happened next, I can call '*Sphinx-links*' or '*Auto-search-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 at 74 in 1868, the *Avenue Clot-Bey* was named after him.

It was time to discover what disturbed me so much during my first past-life regression. ... Under the skylit cupola once again, Eduardo Blanco began guiding 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. Encircling the tent is 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 my head and his own because of an infestation of fleas. He’s obsessed with cleanliness. My hair has grown back, but my belly is heavy. I’m pregnant! This time with a son. And therefore 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 is dead, and I have no place left to go. ...I’ve asked 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, **gasping for air—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. 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. It's 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*, but nowhere in those 500 pages is there any mention of the Bedouin princess.