



good
will
happen

الأفضل سوف يحصل

Poems from Swarthmore College's
Friends, Peace, & Sanctuary project
edited by Maryan Nagy Captan



THE Head & *THE Hand*



الاصدقاء
السلام
الملاذ الآمن

Friends
Peace
Sanctuary





good will happen



الأفضل سوف يحصل

Poems from Swarthmore College's
Friends, Peace, & Sanctuary project

edited by Maryan Nagy Captan

2019







Contents

Found Poetry

Source Materials	1
Final Pieces	
Amaal Alnajjar آمال النجار	5
Fouad Sakhnini فؤاد سخنني	12
Layla Al Hussein ليلى الحسين	16
Osama Herkal أسامة هركل	20
Rajaa Hamadya رجاء حمديه	21
Ali Salman علي سلمان	22
Raghad Samir رغد سمير	24

House and Home

Prompts	28
Final Pieces	
Abdul Karim Awad عبد الكريم عواد	
Safety Inside the Home	32
The Childhood House	34
The Color Black	36





Ali Salman على سلمان

<i>Childhood</i>	38
<i>Colors</i>	39
<i>No Greetings for a Goodbye</i>	40
<i>The Senses</i>	45

Fadaa Ali فضاء علي

<i>Memory</i>	46
<i>Safety</i>	48
<i>The Color Turquoise</i>	49
<i>The Color Black</i>	50

Osama Herkal أسامي هركل

<i>The Beautiful Dawn Breeze</i>	51
<i>The Beautiful Past</i>	53
<i>The Color Red</i>	55
<i>The Color Black</i>	56









المقدمة

Introduction

My family immigrated to the US from Egypt in 1993. I was five and the only English word I knew was ‘no’ and that was because I had attended a French preschool in Cairo. By 1994, my mother, father, sister, and I had settled in York, Pennsylvania. We grew up in a household full of lingual musicality. My sister, Georgina, and I exclusively spoke English and our parents spoke Egyptian Arabic and sometimes French (but only to each other). Abdel Halim’s iconic music was always in the tape deck, my father singing along between sips of instant coffee.





As the years went by, Georgina and I continued to adapt and grow into Americans while my parents stayed in that murky in-between: a liminal space many immigrants and refugees exist in and can't quite explain.

My mother, who studied languages in college, quickly learned to navigate transactions and communicate tasks in English. My father, on the other hand, was never quite as confident. He preferred a coy smile and gentle head nod over an assertive and accented yes, please. Who could blame him? The chasm between the two languages is wide and deep.

When I first met the Friends, Peace, & Sanctuary (FPS) writers, an eclectic and vibrant group of Iraqi and Syrian refugees, I felt a warm wave of familiarity wash over me. One of the women looked like my Aunt Azaa; another had the same accent as my mom. There was a feeling of safety and of cultural kinship. In this space, it no longer mattered whether any of us were physically in Iraq or Syria, Egypt or Pennsylvania. We were connected through our overlapping cultures, dialects, and our shared curiosity of what the day would bring.





As an educator, my first task was simple: to activate the Friends Historical Library and the Peace Testimony Archives at Swarthmore College. Though FPS had some translations of the documents in the archives, the majority of our materials were written in English.

I immediately thought of the experimental practices of Blackout and Erasure poetry. We were working with materials written in early 20th-century English, which initially felt like an obstacle, but quickly grew into intrigue. Instead of focusing on comprehension and meaning, the workshop became rooted in visual play. Using examples from concrete poets and visual artists who experiment with text as a baseline, we dove into our materials. While some writers chose to experiment with the English to Arabic translations, others chose the English texts, circling words such as, “life,” “good-will,” “forgiveness,” and “God,” while building a visual world around the text.

For our second workshop, titled “House and Home,” we focused less on artmaking and play and more of our attention on generating original work. “House and Home” was a memory experiment using each of the five senses as an entry point to memories. The goal was to ac-





tivate our memory banks and share in the act of remembering. Writers generated short meditative vignettes, prose pieces, and poems that focused on the symbols, colors, smells, sounds, and textures of their past. Abdul Karim Awad, a workshop participant, wrote, "...the smell of that river which passes through the garden near us. A smell which I can never forget."

Working in coordination with Suzanne Seesman and Nora Elmarzouky of the FPS project at Swarthmore College, I've gathered selected works from both workshops in the form of images and original writings in Arabic. Translation of written work was done by Dana Beseiso, Swarthmore College Class 2021. Yaroub Al-Obaidi and Fouad Sakhnini provided interpretation during the workshops. Within these pages you'll find stories of sorrow and hope, woven with strength and solidarity, all told through the electrifying medium of creative writing.

*Maryan Nagy Captan
Workshop Facilitator
The Head & The Hand, 2019*

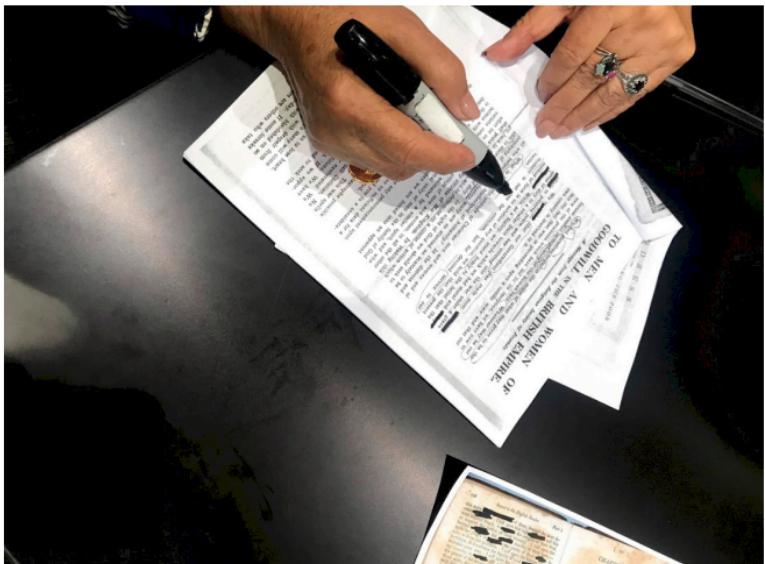






وَجَدَتِ الْشِعْرُ

Found Poetry



مَصْدَرُ الْمَوَادِ

Source Materials





TO MEN AND WOMEN OF GOODWILL IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

A Message from the Religious Society of Friends.

We find ourselves to-day in the midst of what may prove to be the fiercest conflict in the history of the human race. Whatever may be our view of the processes which have led to its inception, we have now to face the fact that war is proceeding upon a terrific scale and that our own country is involved in it.

We recognise that our Government has made most strenuous efforts to preserve peace, and has entered into the war under a grave sense of duty to a smaller State towards which we had moral and treaty obligations. While, as a Society, we stand firmly to the belief that the method of force is no solution of any question, we hold that the present moment is not one for criticism, but for devoted service to our nation.

What is to be the attitude of Christian men and women and of all who believe in the brotherhood of humanity? In the distress and perplexity of this new situation, many are so stunned as scarcely to be able to discern the path of duty. In the sight of God we should seek to get back to first principles, and to determine on a course of action which shall prove us to be worthy citizens of His Kingdom. In making this effort let us remember those groups of men and women, in all the other nations concerned, who will be animated by a similar spirit, and who believe with us that the fundamental unity of men in the family of God is the one enduring reality, even when we are forced into an apparent denial of it.

Although it would be premature to make any pronouncement upon many aspects of the situation on which we have no sufficient data for a reliable judgment, we can, and do, call ourselves and you to a consideration of certain principles which may safely be enunciated.

1.—The conditions which have made this catastrophe possible must be regarded by us as essentially unchristian. This war spells the bankruptcy of much that we too lightly call Christian. No nation, no Church, no individual can be wholly exonerated. We have all participated to some extent in these conditions. We have been content, or too little discontented, with them. If we apportion blame, let us not fail first to blame ourselves, and to seek the forgiveness of Almighty God.

2.—In the hour of darkest night it is not for us to lose heart. Never was there greater need for men of faith. To many will come the temptation to deny God, and to turn away with despair from the Christianity which seems to be identified with bloodshed on so gigantic a scale. Christ is crucified afresh to-day. If some forsake Him and flee, let it be more clear that there are others who take their stand with Him, come what may.

A D D R E S S
FROM THE
SOCIETY FOR SUPPLYING THE POOR
WITH GOOD AND NUTRITIOUS
M E A T S O U P .

THE distresses of the Poor in the Metropolis and its Suburbs, especially during the Winter, have frequently excited the sympathy, and called forth the benevolence, of well-disposed individuals; and various have been the plans adopted to alleviate their sufferings. Large subscriptions have been sometimes raised to afford pecuniary relief; at other times the benevolence of individuals and of societies has been directed to the purchase and distribution of the articles of fuel, of clothing, or of food. To give due effect to these purposes, it is evident that large funds are necessary; and it is to be feared that there are many, who need assistance and are really deserving objects, that have not been relieved on such occasions. There is a spirit of independence to be found in the walks of humble life, which would rather submit to great difficulties than rely too much on the bounty of others. This is a disposition which it is the duty of every well regulated community to cherish and cultivate: since (referring to moral considerations only) there is not a more powerful stimulus to the exertion of honest industry, nor any better preservative from that despoothing state of mind, which aggravates the unavoidable ills of poverty, by indolence. With a view of affording this relief, as well as the more indigent part of the community, the practice has been sometimes resorted to, of purchasing fundry articles of the necessaries of life in large quantities, on the best terms, and retailing them to the poor under prime cost. By these means, the independent spirit of the lower orders of society has been preserved, their resources essentially afflided, and the requisite funds raised without trespassing too much on individual benevolence. The best concerted plans however may fail of producing their full effect, for want of the personal superintendence and control of the original promoters.

As, in some of the schemes alluded to, the provisions remained still to be cooked by the poor, it is to be feared that their want of economy in some instances, and of convenience in others, together with their inexperience of the best methods of cooking, have rendered them less productive of benefit than was expected. To obviate this evil, no other remedy occurs, than the distribution of the articles ready dressed; and it is a fact universally admitted, that an equal quantity of nutritious aliment cannot be afforded at so reasonable an expence, by any mode of preparation, as by that of a GOOD SOUP.

Inpressed with these ideas, a number of persons have formed themselves into a Society for the distribution of a GOOD and NUTRITIOUS MEAT-SOUP, which they propose to deliver to the Poor at One Penny per Quart, and have appointed a large Committee, who will give Tickets to such as shall be properly recommended by Subscribers, and some of whose members will personally attend both to the making and distribution of it. The mode of supplying by Tickets, is adopted in order to guard against many difficulties, which this Society anticipates from an indiscriminate distribution.

It may not be amiss just to notice the prejudices which are known to exist amongst many of the Poor against the kind of food which has been here recommended, and which the Society have no other hope of being able to overcome, than by supplying them, at an easy rate, with a much better article than they can possibly prepare for themselves at the same expence; which, it is hoped, may be the means of introducing this excellent and economical method of cooking, more generally into their families.

From the degree of personal attendance on the part of the members of the Committee, by which this institution is intended to be distinguished, it is scarcely necessary to add, that good and wholesome Meat will be purchased, as well as great attention paid to cleanliness during the whole process.

To the benevolent, the Society trusts this address will be sufficient to excite them to concur in an undertaking, the sole intention of which is to alleviate the distresses of those who are placed in less favourable situations, and to endeavour to increase their comforts.

Signed, by order of the Society,

W.M. PHILLIPS, SECRETARY.

Those who are desirous of encouraging the designs of this Institution are requested to pay their Subscriptions to W.M. FRY, of Mildred's Court, Poultry, Treasurer of the Institution.

N.B. A Subscription of 10s. *sd.* constitutes a Member of this Society: but the liberal contributions of the affluent will be very acceptable.

LONDON, 14th 12th Mo: (December) 1797.



SOME REMARKS
ON SILENT WORSHIP, OR DEVOTION,

SERIOUSLY RECOMMENDED TO MANKIND UNIVERSALLY, FOR THEIR MOST WEIGHTY CONSIDERATION.

[FROM THE LONDON REVIEW OF DECEMBER, 1791.]

DEVOITION, considered simply in itself, is an intercourse between God and us; between the supreme, self-existent, inconceivable Spirit, which formed and preserves the universe, and that particular spirit, with which, for awful reasons, he has animated a portion of matter upon earth, that we call man. It is a silent act, in which the soul divells itself of outward things, flies into heaven, and pours forth all its wants, wishes, hopes, fears, guilt or pleasure, into the bosom of an Almighty Friend. Though this devotion, in its first stages, may be a wearisome or infipid exercise, yet this arises merely from the depravity of nature, and of our passions. A little habit will overcome this reluctance. When you have fairly entered upon your journey, the ways of this wisdom will be ways of pleasantness, and all its paths peace. True devotion doubtless requires a considerable degree of abstraction from the world. Hence modern Christians treat it as a vice—hence many modern writers have little of itsunction—but it glows in the scriptures—it warms us in the fathers—it bursted in an Aulxin, and many others of the persecuted martyrs, who now are with God. That we hear little of it, is not wonderful. It makes no noise in the circle of the learned, or of the elegant. Under a heap of worldly care, we smother the lovely infant, and will not let it breathe: vanity, ambition, pleasure, avarice, quench the celestial fire, and these, alas! are too much the god of mortals! ever since the world began, writers have been amusing us only with shadows of this piety, instead of giving us its foul and substance. Superstition has placed it in opinions, ceremonies, affectations, pilgrimages, an august temple or splendid imagery, which have little connection with sentiment or spirit. Enthusiasm has swelled with unnatural conceptions, and obstructed a spurious offspring on the world, instead of this engaging child of reason and truth; whilst the lukewarm have reflected in a few outward duties, which have had no vigour; and, as they spring now from the heart, never entered the temple of the Most High.

Real piety is of a very different and of a much more animated nature—it looks up to God—feels, hears, feels him in every event—in every vicissitude—in all places—in all soasons—and upon all occasions. It is theory, verified by experience; it is faith, sublantited by mental enjoyment; it is heaven transplanted in the human bosom; it is the radiance of the divinity warming and encircling man; it is a spiritual sense, gratified by spiritual sensations; without this all ceremonies are ineffectual; books, prayers, sacraments and meditations, are but a body without a soul, or a statue without animation. That man

is capable of such an intercourse with his Maker, there are many living witnesses to prove, without having recourse to the visions of fanatics, or the dreams of enthusiasts; it may be proved to spring from natural and philosophical causes. God is a spirit, fo is the mind; bodies can have intercourse, fo can souls; when minds are in an annihilating state of purity, they have union with their Maker. This was the bliss of Paradise—in interrupted, and holiest mult relietion, it is a foul: Thus disposed, the Creator communicates himself in a manner which is as infinible to the natural eye, as the falling of dews, but not less referring to its secret powers, than that is to vegetation. The primitive saints are described thus when they speak of their transports: David felt it when he longed for God, as the hart panteth after the water brooks; St Paul, when he gloried in his tribulations; it was embodied in him, when he was carried up into the third heaven, and heard things impossible to be uttered. St Stephen was filled with it, when he saw the heavens open, and prayed for his murderers; by it martyrs were supported when they were bound and fawed afunder; and till we feel it in ourselves, we shall never fully know how glorious the Lord is. If you can acquire this spiritual abstraction, you will at once have made your fortune for eternity; it will be of little moment what is your lot on earth, or what the distinguishing vicissitudes of your life; prosperity or adversity—health or sickness—honour or disgrace—a cottage or a crown—will all be to many instruments of glory; the whole creation will become a temple, every want, and every object will lead your mind to God, and his greatness and perfection. You will infinably lose the littlenesses, the glory and tinsel of all human things. If I wish only to set off your person to the greatest advantage, I would recommend this true sublimity of religion; it gives a pleasing serenity to the countenance, and a cheerfulness to the spirit, beyond the reach of any other power of affection; it communicates a real transport to the mind, which diffusion mimics only for a moment; a sweetnes to the disposition, and a lustre to the manners, which all the airs of modern politeness budly in vain. Easy in yourself, it will make you in perfect good humour with the world, and when you are diffusing happiness around you, you will only be dealing out the broken fragments that remain after you have eaten. This devotion, however, though essential to a silent intercourse between the soul and God; yet to creatures confinled of matter as well as spirit, must be nourished by external forms; it must strike the sense, in order to awaken the imagination.

* The London Reviewers are a body of judicious and learned men, of different denominations, who constantly examine the publications in England, and publish their approbation monthly.



وجدت الشعر

Found Poetry



أعمالنا الفنية

Our Final Pieces

أمال النجار

Amaal Alnajjar

التاريخ: ٢٤ أغسطس / آب

المكان: جنيف

الجو بارد

هذا الكبير من الأعمال التي يجب أن أقوم بها مما لا يسمح لي بالنوم لوقت متأخر كما أريد، برئا [...] نام معاً و جاءت السيد
فقط في الساعة ١٠ من صباح [...] كل اختفت إلى قاعة المدينة لرؤية تمثال السلام ثم قضا بزيارة خصبة الأرض التي قاتلوا العشان
في المحيط و رثينا التذكرة وذهبنا في القطار من "عودة جينيف" [...] توقفت في - قديم [...] حيث في المنزل في الوقت
ماضي للدول المختارة [...] وطلبت بديلة أخرى الصعود على قطار لمaries الساعية ٩:٤٠ [...] أحسن الخدمة كان معه
معطف إضافي لأن المقصى كان بارداً في الليل.

NEXT PAGE

التاريخ: ١ آذار / مارس ١٩٣٩

السيدة إيلا كولكا

١٢ نابليون

برنو، تشيكوسلوفاكيا

عزيزتي إيلا،

مرفق في هذه الرسالة نسخة من شهادتي و مستندات لدعويها، أمل أن تكون مقبولة عند تقديم الطلب للحصول على تأشيرة لنا
لست متأكدة إذا كانت سنتكمن الطلب في برنو أو براغ، وبالتالي العنوان على الورقة الزرقاء.

يرجى إيقافي على علم وثيق لخطلك و خاصة التقدم المحرز في الترتيبات الخاصة بك لمقداره تشيكوسلوفاكيا، أبلة عصري في
وسيت تشيستر، سسلفانيا، وتعمل على تحسين أوراق الأداء لآلة عمل، جوس جينبيهرين، وأمل أن أسمع عما قرب أنهم
سيوجهونهم إليها توink ان تسمعوا خطلكم معًا، وانتي اتطلع إلى استئصالكم في الصيف القادم حتى يتثنى لنا هذه الخطط
المستقبلية في السلام وراحة دعوه ذلك، لدينا أصدقاء في ويسن تشيستر أيضاً مهتمون بوجود واحدة منكم في ديارهم، سيكون
هذاك مزاجياً في كوكبها في بعض المنازل وبعد ذلك ربما من الأفضل إذا كنتما مقصوبيتين لتقدراً أن تلاقاً في بلد غريب،
على أية حال سوف تكون بعيدة عنك فقط حوالي ٣٠ ميلـاً - حوالي ساعة بالسيارة.

مع أطيب التمنيات لكم،

بصدق،
لين ستار بريتون

NEXT PAGE

Amaal



SOME REMARKS

ON SILENT WORSHIP, OR DEVOTION,

SERIOUSLY RECOMMENDED TO MANKIND UNIVERSALLY, FOR THEIR MOST WEIGHTY CONSIDERATION.

[From the London Review of December, 1791.]

DEVOTION, considered simply, in itself, is an intercourse between God and us; between the supreme, self-existent, inconceivable Spirit, which formed and preserves the universe, and that particular spirit, with which, for awful reasons, he has animated a portion of matter upon earth, that we call man. It is a silent act, in which the soul divells itself of outward things, flies into heaven, and pours forth all its wants, wills, hopes, fears, guilt or pleasure, into the bosom of an Almighty Friend. Though this devotion, in its first stages, may be a wearisome or impid exercise, yet this arises merely from the depravity of nature, and of our passions. A little habit will overcome this reluctance. When you have fairly entered upon your journey, the way of this wisdom will be ways of pleasantness, and all its paths peace. True devotion doubtless requires a considerable degree of abstraction from the world. Hence modern Christians treat it as a vice—hence many modern writers have little of itsunction—but it glows in the scripture—it warms us in the fathers, it burned in an Aulon, and many others of the persecuted martyrs, who now are with God. That we hear little of it, is not wonderful. It makes no noise in the circle of the learned, or of the vulgar. Under a reign of worldly care, we smother the lovely infant, and will not let it breathe: Vanity, ambition, pleasure, avarice, quench the celestial fire, and theft, alas! are too much the god of mortals! ever since the world began, writers have been amusing us only with shadows of this piety, instead of giving us its soul and substance. Superstition has placed it in opinions, ceremonies, affectations, pilgrimages, an august temple or splendid imagery, which have little connection with sentiment or spirit. Enthusiasm has swelled with unnatural conceptions, and obstructed a spurious offspring on the world, instead of this engaging child of reason and truth; whilst the lukewarm have refuted in a few outward duties, which had no vigour; and, as they sprang not from the heart, never entered the temple of the Most High.

Real piety is of a very different and of a much more animated nature— it looks up to God—feels, hears, feels him in every event—in every vicissitude—in all places—in all fusions—and upon all occasions. It is theory, verified by experience; it is faith, substantiated by mental enjoyment; it is heaven transplanted in the human bosom; it is the radiance of the divinity warming and encircling man; it is a spiritual sense, gratified by spiritual sensations; without this all ceremonies are ineffectual; books, prayers, sacraments and meditations, are but a body without a soul, or a Native without animation. That man

is capable of such an intercourse with his Maker, there are many living witnesses to prove, without having recourse to the visions of fanatics, or the dreams of enthusiasts; it may be proved to spring from natural and philosophical causes. God is a spirit, so is the mind; bodies can have intercourse, so can souls; when minds are in an assimilating state of purity, they have union with their Maker. This was the bliss of Paradise—in interrupted, and holyless null reflows it to a soul; Thus diphosed, the Creator communicates himself in a manner which is as infernal to the natural eye, as the falling of dew, but not less refreshing to its secret powers, than that is to vegetation. The primitive saints are described thus when they speak of their transports: David felt it when he lunged for God, as the hart panteth after the water brooks; St. Paul, when he gloried in his tribulations; it was embodied in him, when he was carried up to the third heaven, and heard things impossible to be uttered. St. Stephen was filled with it, when he saw the heavens open, and prayed for his murderers; by its martyrs were supported, when they were stoned and fawed blunder; and till we feel it ourselves, we shall never fully know how glorious the Lord is. If you can acquire this spiritual abstraction, you will at once have made your fortune for eternity; it will be of little moment what is your lot on earth, or what the distinguishing vicissitudes of your life; prosperity or adversity—health or sickness—honour or disgrace—a cottage or a crown—will all be so many instruments of glory: the whole creation will become a temple, every want and every object will lead your mind to God, and his greatness and perfection. You will infinitely love the littleness, the glory and grandeur of all human things. If I with only to set off your person to the greatest advantage, I would recommend this true sublimity of religion; it gives a pleasing serenity to the countenance, and a cheerfulness to the spirit, beyond the reach of art, or the power of affection; it communicates a real transport to the mind, which diffusion mimics only for a moment; a sweetnesse to the disposition, and a luster to the manners, which all the airs of modern politenesses study but in vain. Eazy in yourself, it will make you in perfect good humour with the world, and when you are diffusing happiness around you, you will only be dealing out the broken fragments that remain after you have eaten. This devotion, however, though essential to a silent intercourse between the soul and God; yet to creatures confining of matter as well as spirit, must be nourished by external forms; it must strike the senses, in order to awaken the imagination.

* The London Reviewers are a body of judicious and learned men, of different denominations, who constantly examine the publications in England, and publish their approbation monthly.



١٢، ناينانش، برونو
٧ آذار / مارس ١٩٣٩

عزيزي الأستاذ بريتون،

شكراً جزيلاً على رسالتك الرقيقة، وبعد مراجعتها أصلحت لكتابتها: سجّلتها وذهبت إلى براغ لرؤية القنصل العام للولايات المتحدة الأمريكية، وبهذا أقول أنه ليس من الممكن اللحدت إليه شخصيات دون دعوة خاصة من الكتبة، ولكن يمكنني أن أجدهم في مكتبهم في متحفهم، حيث يجلسون في مكتبهم، تكون لدى التفصيلى وفي حوزتها الشهادات الحقيقة، وكل ذلك [....] يفسر [....] أن تكون [....] تكوا [....] أطفل ٣ سنوات على الأقل، وليس سمعت أن بعض الشهادات الجديدة قد تكون مسبقة، إذ لم تتوجه بالسؤال إلى أحد، وإنما إلى الكتبة، وهذا يعني أنني أستطيع إثبات كل شيء، لأنني أعرف كل شيء، لأنني أعيش في برونو.

NEXT PAGE

لكن من المؤسف أن تقول إننا لا نكون قادرین على التعامل بالضيق التي عرضت من قبلك هذا الصيف [....]، لكن من الممكن أن تقدم [....] أن تطلب مني [....]

مع أطيب التحيات،
عزيزي الأستاذ بريتون

كل برونو
أليخاندرو

سيدي بين ستر برونو [....]

NEXT PAGE





famal



التاريخ: ٢٤ أغسطس / آب

المكان: جنيف

الجو بارد

هذا الكثير من الأعمال التي يجب أن أقوم بها مما لا يسمح لي بالنوم لوقت متأخر كما أريد. برئا [...] نام معنا. وجاءت السيد [] في المساء، وله من مسافة ٧٠ كيلو، أخذنا إلى قاعة المدينة لرؤية تمثال السلام ثم قمنا بزيارة متحف الأدب [].

في المساء ورثنا الناشر وذهنا في القطار من "عودة جانيف" [...] توقفت في - فيه [...] حيث إلى المنزل في الوقت [].

السيد [] طلب مطرداً آخر لاصعود على قطار لباريس الساعة ٩:٤٠ [...] ليس العظيم معنى مطرد إضافي لأن المقصود كان بارداً في الليل.

NEXT PAGE

التاريخ: ١٨ ذي القعده ١٩٣٩

الرسالة أيا لا كوكا

١٢ نافالنس

بدون شيكوكو لـ []

عززيتي أيا،

مرفق في هذه الرسالة نسخة من شهادتي ومستندات دعمها أملأها تكون متقدمة عند تقديم الطلب للحصول على تأشيرة إذا

لست متأكدة إذا كنت ستقدين الطالب في برلين أو براغ، وبالتالي العنوان على الورقة الزرقاء.

يرجى إيقافي على علم وثيق لخطلك وخاصة التقدم المحرز في الترتيبات الخاصة بك لمغادرة تشيكوسلوفاكيا. أينه عتمش في ويست شيسنر، بشقلانيا، وعمل على تحضير أوراق الإقامة لابنة عمه، جوس جيببيهين، وأمل أن اسمع صاع قريب أنهم سيوجهونهم إليها. نوكم أن تصعموا خطلكم بما، وإنني أتعلّم إلى استصانكم في الصيف القادم حتى يتمكّنوا وشهادة الخطط المستقبلية في أيام وراحة. في ذلك، لدينا اتصاداته في ويست شيسنر أيضاً موثقون لوجود وسلامة والآن في سرقة. هناك مزاجاً في كوكاكولا في بعض المنزل. وبعد ذلك ر بما من الأفضل لا تكتفينا مفهومين نقدرنا أن نلتقطنا في بلد غريب.

على أي حال، سوف تكون بعيدة عنك قليلاً حوالى ٣٠ ميلاً - حوالي ساعة بالسيارة.

مع أطيب التمنيات لكم،

بصدق،

إلين ستار برلينون

NEXT PAGE

A D D R E S S
FROM THE
SOCIETY FOR SUPPLYING THE POOR
WITH GOOD AND NUTRITIOUS
M E A T S O U P

THE distresses of the Poor in the Metropolis and its Suburbs, especially during the Winter, have frequently excited the sympathy, and called forth the benevolence, of well-disposed individuals; and various have been the plans adopted to alleviate their sufferings. Large subscriptions have sometimes raised to afford pecuniary relief; at other times the benevolence of individuals and of societies has been directed to the purchase and distribution of the articles of fuel, of clothing, or of food. To give due effect to these purposes, it is evident that large funds are necessary; and it is to be feared that there are many, who need assistance, and are really deserving objects, that have not been relieved on such occasions. There is a spirit of independence to be found in the ~~poor~~ humble life, which would rather submit to great difficulties than rely too much on the bounty of others. This is a disposition which it is the duty of every well regulated community to cherish and cultivate: since (referring to moral considerations only) there is not a more powerful stimulus to the exertion of honest industry, nor any better preservative from that deposing state of mind, which aggravates the unavoidable ills of poverty, by indolence. With a view of affording this class, as well as the more indigent part of the community, the practice has been sometimes resorted to, of purchasing frugal articles of the necessities of life in large quantities, on the best terms, and retaining them ~~to~~ the poor under prime cost. By these means, the independent spirit of the lower orders of society has been preserved, their resources efficiently applied, and the requisite funds raised without trespassing too much on individual benevolence. The best concerted plans however may fail of producing their full effect, for want of the personal superintendence and controul of the original promoters.

As in some of the schemes alluded to, the provisions remained still to be cooked by the poor, it is to be feared that their want of economy in some instances, and of confidence in others, together with their inexperience of the best methods of cooking, have rendered them less productive of benefit than was expected. To obviate this evil, no other remedy occurs, than the distribution of the articles ready dressed; and it is a fact universally admitted, that an equal quantity of nutritious aliment cannot be afforded at so reasonable an expence, by any mode of preparation, as by that of **GOOD SOUP**.

Impressed with these ideas, a number of persons have formed themselves into a Society for the distribution of a Good and Nutritious Meat-Soup, which they propose to deliver to the Poor at One Penny per Quart, and have appointed a large Committee, who will give Tickets to such as shall be properly recommended by Subscribers, and foms of whose members will personally attend both to the making and distribution of it. The mode of supplying by Tickets, is adopted in order to guard against many difficulties, which this Society anticipates from an indiscriminate distribution.

It may not be amiss just to notice the prejudices which are known to exist amongst many of the Poor against the kind of Food which has been here recommended, and which the Society have no other hope of being able to overcome, than by supplying them, at an easy rate, with a much better article than they can possibly prepare for themselves at the same expence; which, it is hoped, may be the means of introducing this excellent and economical method of cooking, more generally into their families.

From the degree of personal attendance on the part of the members of the Committee, by which this institution is intended to be distinguished, it is scarcely necessary to add, that good and wholesome Meat will be purchased, as well as great attention paid to cleanliness during the whole process.

To the benevolent, the Society trusts this address will be sufficient to excite them to concur in an undertaking, the sole intention of which is to alleviate the distresses of those who are placed in less favourable situations, and to endeavour to increase their comforts.

Signed, by order of the Society,

W^m. PHILLIPS, SECRETARY.

Those who are desirous of encouraging the designs of this Institution are requested to pay their Subscriptions to W^m. FRY, of *Mildred's Court, Poultry*, Treasures of the Institution.

N. B. A Subscription of 10s. 6d. constitutes a Member of this Society: but the liberal contributions of the affluent are acceptable.

London, 14th 12th Mo: (December) 1797.

TO MEN AND WOMEN OF GOODWILL IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

A Message from the Religious Society of Friends.

We find ourselves to-day in the midst of what may prove to be the fiercest conflict in the history of the human race. Whatever may be our view of the processes which have led to its inception, we have now to face the fact that war is proceeding upon a terrific scale and that our own country is involved in it.

We recognise that our Government has made most strenuous efforts to preserve peace and has entered into the war under a grave sense of duty to a smaller State towards which we had moral and treaty obligations. While, as a Society, we stand firmly to the belief that the method of force is no solution of any question, we hold that the present moment is not one for criticism, but for devoted service to our nation.

What is to be the attitude of Christian men and women, and of all who believe in the brotherhood of humanity? In the distress and perplexity of this new situation, many are so stunned as scarcely to be able to discern the path of duty. In the sight of God we should seek to get back to first principles, and to determine on a course of action which shall prove us to be worthy citizens of His Kingdom. In making this effort let us remember those groups of men and women, in all the other nations concerned, who will be animated by a similar spirit, and who believe with us that the fundamental unity of men in the family of God is the one enduring reality, even when we are forced into an apparent denial of it.

Although it would be premature to make any pronouncement upon many aspects of the situation on which we have no sufficient data for a reliable judgment, we can, and do, call ourselves and you to a consideration of certain principles which may safely be enunciated.

1.—The conditions which have made this catastrophe possible must be regarded by us as essentially unchristian. This war spells the bankruptcy of much that we too lightly call Christian. No nation, no Church, no individual can be wholly exonerated. We have all participated to some extent in these conditions. We have been content, or too little discontented, with them. If we apportion blame, let us not fail first to blame ourselves, and to seek the forgiveness of Almighty God.

2.—In the hour of darkest night it is not for us to lose heart. Never was there greater need for men of faith. To many will come the temptation to deny God, and to turn away with despair from the Christianity which seems to be identified with destruction on so gigantic a scale. Christ is crucified afresh to-day. If some forsake Him and flee, let it be more clear that there are others who take their stand with Him, come what may.

Aamal





Fouad Sakhnini

فؤاد سخنینی





CHAPTER VIII.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

The voyage of Life; an allegory.

becomes

"LIFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes. We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age." The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the constant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the transient scenes with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a reverie almost my sensations, and on a sudden found myself filled with the consciousness of labour, the sense of mortality, the sense of alarm, the whistle of the wind, the roar of waters. My thoughts for a time revolved in my memory's宝庫, recovering myself so far as to inquire whether we were still sailing, and what was the cause of such dismal and foreboding. I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of life; that we had already passed the straits of Infancy, in which we had had, some by the weakness and frailty of their vessels, and more by the folly of, negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose, among great numbers that offered us and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eyes; and, first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowered islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched them, than the current, which, though not noisy or loud, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first arrived.

Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters



violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicuous eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools; for many sunk unexpectedly, while they were couring the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So ~~dangerous~~ indeed were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many who, by false intelligence betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage; since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique motion.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal fatiguation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he ~~should~~ ~~comport~~ every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misfortune were forgotten; the ~~current~~ was pursued with the same jaded confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course. If he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot theudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him: and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the ~~sorrows~~ of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by fa-

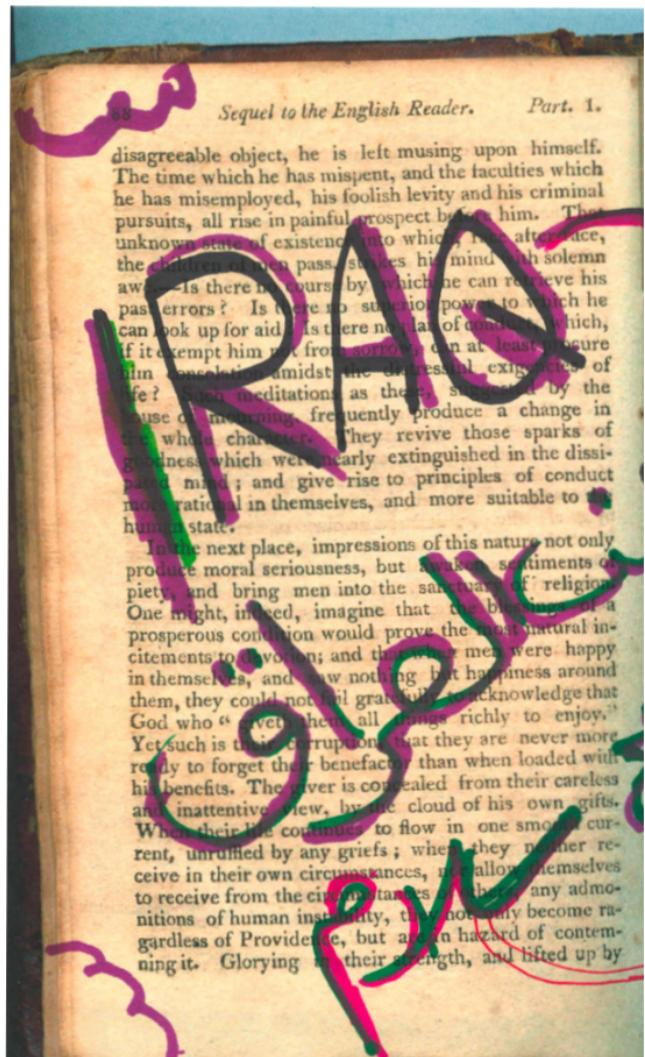
vouable account, or by incessant vigilance, he might find no fault.

This necessary of punishing might have been expected to sadden the gayest minds of the day; but it failed to stir the melancholy and impotent impatience of infamy, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the vanities and gratifications which more often than in the course of their labour - yet in effect more seldom - expect destruction than those whom it was most dreadfully they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their infinite folly in the sight of the world, that emboldened them to think every now and then to look forward, but found some momentary of the present torment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with hope, who was the constant attendant of the world of men.

Yet still that Hope ventured to promise even to those whom she in every post saw not that they should escape, but that they should indeed, and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions for, in proportion as their fears grew leaky, she rekindled her assurance of safety; and paid more busy in making provision for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable disaster.

In the midst of the current time, was the ship of Anttemperance, a dreadful vessel, interpreted with reason, of which the pointed ricks were situated under water, and the tops covered with broken iron, which also spread scatter'd overposed, and with shreds of rags, like a pebble on some of invitation. Within she bore a crew, who sailed on the ocean of Life, contending earnestly for their true indeed, - was always at hand, to steer them safe through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could be here, either to remonstrate, or be desirous to put the rudder into her hand, without sufficient reason that she should approach so near the rocks of the world, and might solace themselves with a small respite in this delicious region after which they always determined to pursue their course without any deviation.

Reason was too often prevail'd upon, far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eye of the sulphur of Anttemperance, where that in the circumference of life was weak, but yet interrupted the course of reason.





the pride of life into supposed independence; that impious sentiment, if not uttered by the mouth, yet too often lurks in the hearts of many during their boastful period, "What is the Almighty that we should serve him? and what profit should we have if we delay about him?"

To notice the tendency of the house of fancies, how necessary is it that, by some change in their situation, men should be obliged to enter into the house of mourning, in order to recover a proper sense of their dependent state! It is there, when smitten by the maladies of the world, and left alone with the Almighty, that we are most to perceive how awful his government is; how easily human greatness bends before him, and how quickly all our designs and measures, at his interposal, vanish into nothing. There, when the countenance is sad, and the affections are softened by grief; when we sit apart, involved in serious thought, looking down as from some eminence on those dark clouds that hang over the life of man, the arrogance of prosperity is humbled, and the vainglory under the impressions of religion. Formerly we were taught, but now we see, we feel, how much we stand in need of an Almighty Protector, amidst the changes of this vain world. Our soul cleaves to him who "despises not, nor abhors the affliction of the afflicted." Prayer flows forth of its own accord from the relenting heart, that he may be our God and the God of our friends in distress; that he may never forsake us while we are sojourning in this earthly pilgrimage; may strengthen us under its calamities, and bring us hereafter to those habitations of rest, where we, and they whom we love, may be delivered from the trials which all are注定 to endure. The discoveries of his mercy, which he has made in the gospel of Christ, are viewed with joy, as so many rays of light cast down from above to dispel, in some degree, the surrounding gloom. A Mediator and Intercessor with the Sovereign of the





90

Sequel to the English Reader.

Part 1.

universe, appear comfortable names, and the resurrection of the just becomes the powerful cordial of grief. In such moments as these, which we may justly call happy moments, the soul participates of all the pleasures of devotion. It feels the power of religion to support and relieve. It is sound without being broken. It is full, and it pours itself forth; pour itself forth, if we may be allowed to use the expression, into the bosom of its merciful Creator.

Enough has been said to show that, on various occasions, "sorrow may be better than laughter."—Wouldst thou acquire the habit of recollection, and fix the principles of thy conduct; wouldst thou be led up to thy Creator and Redeemer, and be formed to sentiments of piety and devotion; wouldst thou be acquainted with those mild and tender affections which delight the compassionate and humane; wouldst thou have the power of sensual appetites tamed and corrected, and thy soul raised above the ignoble love of life, and fear of death; go, my brother, go—not to scenes of pleasure and riot, not to the house of feasting and mirth—but to the silent house of mourning; and adventure to dwell for a while among objects that will soften thy heart. Contemplate the lifeless remains of what once was fair and flourishing. Bring home to thyself the vicissitudes of life. Recall thy remembrance of the friend, the parent, or the child, whom thou tenderly lovedst. Look back on the days of former years; and think on the companions of thy youth, who now sleep in the dust. Let the vanity the mutability, and the sorrows of the human state, rise in full prospect before thee; and though thy "countenance may be made sad, thy heart shall be made better." This sadness, though for the present it dejects, yet shall in the end fortify thy spirit; inspiring thee with such sentiments, and prompting such resolutions as shall enable thee to enjoy, with most real advantage, the rest of life. Dispositions of this nature form one part of the cha-



racter of those mourners whom our Saviour hath pronounced blessed ; and of those to whom it is promised, that " sowing in tears, they shall reap in joy." A great difference there is between being serious and melancholy ; and a melancholy too there is of that kind which deserves to be sometimes indulged.

Religion hath, on the whole, provided for every good man abundant materials of consolation and relief. How dark soever the present face of nature may appear, it dispels the darkness, when it brings into view the entire system of things, and extends our survey to the whole kingdom of God. It represents what we now behold as only a part, and a small part, of the general order. It assures us, that though here, for wise ends, misery and sorrow are permitted to have place, these temporary evils shall, in the end, advance the happiness of all who love God, and are faithful to their duty. It shows them this mixed and confused scene vanishing by degrees away, and preparing the introduction of that state, where the house of mourning shall be shut up for ever ; where no tears are seen, and no groans heard ; where no hopes are frustrated, and no virtuous connexions dissolved ; but where, under the light of the Divine Providence, goodness shall flourish in perpetual felicity. Thus, though religion may occasionally chasten our mirth with sadness of countenance, yet under that sadness it allows not the heart of good men to sink. It calls upon them to rejoice "because the Lord reigneth who is their Rock, and the most high God who is their Redeemer." Reason likewise joins her voice with that of religion, forbidding us to make peevish and unreasonable complaints of human life, or injuriously to ascribe to it more evil than it contains. Mixed as the present state is, she pronounces, that generally, if not always, there is more happiness than misery, more pleasure than pain, in the condition of man.

BLAIR.



Osama Herkal

أسامي هركل



NEXT PAGE

حصلت على خريطة برلين، نظرت إليها في المحطة. تعلمت أن [...] الأوراق لفازل موجودة، لم يتم القيام بأى شيء فيها، ولكن ليس لديها السلطة لإذنها برساجهم. هذا الأمر متروك لسلطات برلين. [...] عدا إلى القصبة يجدونها، ولكن المحامي M.A شجع ذاتي إلى برلين وأعطياني رسالة. كان هذا الساعة الخامسة بعدظهر، كان لدي موقف الكاميل [...] - الحصول على مقعد في الدرجة الثالثة [...] إلى برلين (٤٥ - ٦٥، ٥ - ٢٣ [...] - قبل إغلاق مكتبه [...] وصلت في الرابعة [...]، حصلت على وجه الإقرار في مطعم محطة - وضعت السبيل الذي في "التدبياج" وتوجهت إلى السفارة الأمريكية أثينا وطالبي من موئلي اهتمام من المفوضية المسروقة - ومن السيدة جاكوب بين - والأمنية - وبعد أن استمعت، ذهبت إلى مركز صديق سيارة أميرة، فقط [...]، نمت لمدة ساعتين واستيقظت للحصول على [...]]

NEXT PAGE

التاريخ: الاثنين 23 آب / أغسطس
المكان: جنيف
الطقس: بارد - ضبابي

حصلت على الطبور في السرير، وثم جاء الدكتور لودفيج دوبل في الصباح وتحدى عن [...] رسالة إلى "جيستاب" من برلين، كان جزئين بسبب امرأة محكوم عليها بالإعدام من قبليه والذي سيتم تنفيذه في اليوم التالي! تناولت الغداء في المركز ثم ذهبت إلى الموئم مع باش [...] ثم تسوقت في بييم، بعد الشاي، [...] ذهبت لتناول الطعام في الحديثة مع مس هرت وبيرنا [...]، ودعا السيد فاتيو في المساء عن الجينز الصباح، ووجدها الكثير من البريد المفقود آخر في جميع أنحاء!



Rajaa Hamadya

رجاء حمديه

١٤، نا بيلناس، برنو
٧ آذار / مارس ١٩٤٩

عزيزي الأنسة بريتنون،

شكراً جزيلاً على رسالتك الرقيقة وجميع مساعديك من أهلنا، لقد تبعثت نعماحك وذهبت إلى براز لروية القنصل العام للولايات المتحدة الأمريكية. وبوسفي أن أقول إنه ليس من الممكن التحدث إليه شخصياً بغير دعوة خاصة من القنصلية، ولكن تحدثت إلى [...]، وعلمت منه أن عدد مدد لا يصدر إلا عندما يكون لدى القنصلية وفي حوزتها الشهادات الخطية. وقال [...] أحن أيضاً أن [...] إن يكون قبل ٣ سنوات على الأقل، ولكنني سمعت أن بعض الشهادات الخطية قد تكون مسوقة، إذا ثبتت التوصية بها إلى القنصل العام مباشرةً من قبل عضو في الكونغرس أو شخصية مرموقة أخرى.

لم نغير لا أنا ولا روزا رأينا حول الهجرة إلى الولايات المتحدة،

NEXT PAGE

ولكن من المؤسف أن نقول أننا لن تكون قادرین على التمتع بالضيافة التي عرضت من قبلك هذا الصيف، فلتأمل أن يكون ذلك ممكناً في العام القادم، أنا [...] إن منزلك ساحر.

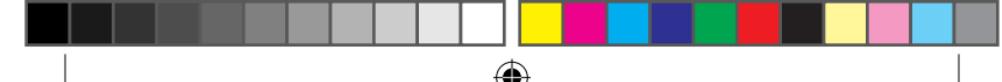
مع أطيب التحيات، عزيزتي الأنسة بريتنون،

بكل سرور،
إيلا

السيدة إلين ستار - بريتنون

NEXT PAGE

Rajaa



Ali Salman

علی سلمان

2609

A short Manifestation of the Main End of Outward Government

The beginning of the 7th month, 1664.

B. S.



A. I. Salmon

Already those, who think otherwise, must begin to think and plan for such a future if the supreme opportunity of the final peace is not to be lost, and if we are to be saved from being again sucked down into the whirlpool of military aggrandisement and rivalry. In time of peace all the nations have been preparing for war. In the time of war let all men of goodwill prepare for peace. The Christian conscience must be awakened to the magnitude of the issues. (The great friendly democracies in each country must be ready to make their influence felt. Now is the time to speak of this thing, to work for it, to pray for it.

5.—If this is to happen it seems to us of vital importance that the war should not be carried on in any vindictive spirit, and that it should be brought to a close at the earliest possible moment. We should have it clearly before our minds from the beginning that we are not going into it in order to crush and humiliate any nation. The conduct of negotiations has taught us the necessity of prompt action in international affairs. Should the opportunity offer, we, in this nation, should be ready to act with promptitude in demanding that the terms suggested are of a kind which it will be possible for all parties to accept, and that the negotiations be entered upon in the right spirit.

We believe in God. Human freewill gives us power to hinder the fulfilment of His loving purposes. It also means that we may actively co-operate with Him. If it is given to us to see something of a glorious possible future, after all the desolation and sorrow that lie before us, let us be sure that sight has been given us by Him. No day should close without our putting up our prayer to Him that He will lead His family into a new and better day. At a time when so severe a blow is being struck at the great causes of moral, social, and religious reform for which so many have struggled, we need to look with expectation and confidence to Him, whose cause they are, and find a fresh inspiration in the certainty of His victory.

7. viii. 1914.

Copies for free distribution may be obtained from—

ISAAC SHARP,
136, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.

good will happen

Already those, who think otherwise, must begin to think and plan for such a future. If the supreme opportunity of the final peace is not to be lost, and if we are to be saved from being again sucked down into the whirlpool of military aggrandizement and rivalry. In time of peace all the nations have been preparing for war. In the time of war let all men of goodwill prepare for peace. The Christian conscience must be awakened to the magnitude of the issues. The great friendly democracies in each country must be ready to make their influence felt. Now is the time to speak of this thing, to work for it, to pray for it.

5.—If this is to happen it seems to us of vital importance that the war should not be carried on in any vindictive spirit, and that it should be brought to a close at the earliest possible moment. We should have it clearly before our minds from the beginning that we are not going into it in order to crush and humiliate any nation. The conduct of negotiations has taught us the necessity of prompt action in international affairs. Should the opportunity offer, we, in this nation, should be ready to act with promptitude in demanding that the terms suggested are of a kind which it will be possible for all parties to accept, and that the negotiations be entered upon in the right spirit.

6.—We believe in God. Human freewill gives us power to hinder the fulfilment of His loving purposes. It also means that we may actively co-operate with Him. If it is given to us to see something of a glorious possible future, after all the desolation and sorrow that lie before us, let us be sure that sight has been given us by Him. No day should close without our putting up our prayer to Him that He will lead His family into a new and better day. At a time when so many a blow is being struck at the great causes of moral, social, and religious reform for which so many have struggled, we need to look with expectation and confidence to Him, whose cause they are, and find a fresh inspiration in the certainty of His victory.

- good will happen.
- Should believe in God,
- Future power
- Religious confidence
- Fresh inspiration.

Copies for free distribution may be obtained from—

ISAAC SHARP,
136, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.



A short Manifestation of the Main End of Outward Government

100% ~~synthetic~~ polyethylene, 2000

Raghda W. S.





المنزل والمنزل

House and Home



المطالبات

The Prompts





Question:

هل من المهم أن نتذكر طفولتنا؟ هل من المهم أن نتذكرة ونكر دور طفولتنا؟ لماذا؟

Is it important that we remember our childhood? Is it important that we remember and honor our childhood homes? Why?



thought experiment / تجربة فكرية

ما هو الشعور الذي تشعر به أكثر للاتصال؟ أنا على اتصال أكثر بالسمع واللمس. على سبيل المثال ، في بعض الأحيان عندما أسمع صوت المياه الجارية ، أصور الحوض في منزل والدي أو عندما أمشي عبر الغابات ، سألمس الأوراق وأتذكر تجارب الذهاب في جولات طويلة أخرى.

Which sense do you feel most connect to? I am most connected to hearing and touch. For example, sometimes when I hear the sound of running water, I picture the sink at my parents' house or when I walk through the woods, I'll touch the leaves and remember the experiences of going on other long walks.





اختيار اللون / choose a color

هذه لوحة واكتب كل شيء تربط به. يمكنك البدء بالكلمات العامة والتحول إلى المزيد من التفاصيل الشخصية. عندما أفك في اللون الأحمر ، أفك في زوج من الأخوية الحمراء اعكست على إرادة الكثير في الطفولة. تذكرني تلك الأخطبوط بمدى قلة الثقة الذي حصلت عليه وكيف ارتديتها للدرجة أن قاع العذراء كان مهترنا ب بحيث أتزق حول الحصول الدراسية. أفك أيضًا في الجدران في غرفة نومي ، والتي هي باللون الأحمر. اللون الأحمر أيضًا يذكرني بجحش اللقالل التي يضمها أبي على كل شيء ، بالطبع، هناك العديد من الطرق للتفكير في اللون. ابدأ بالكلمات العامة وانظر كيف ترتبط بتجربتك وذكريات المرتبطة بذلك الألوان.

Select a color and write everything you can related to that color. You can start with general ideas and move into more personal accounts. When I think of the red, I think of a pair of red shoes I used to wear a lot in college. Those shoes remind me of how little sleep I got and how I wore them so much that the bottoms of the shoes were so worn out that I would slide around the classrooms. I also think of the walls in my bedroom, which are painted red. The color red also reminds me of the peppercorns my dad puts on everything he eats. There are many ways to think about color. Start of with general concepts and see how they relate to your own experience and memories associated with those colors.



مسألة السلامة / The Question of Safety

ماذا يعني الشعور بالأمان في المنزل؟ هل الأمان والحماية ما الذي يجعل المنزل يبدو وكأنه ملائمًا؟ ماذا عن بلد؟

What does it mean to feel safe in a house? Is safety and protection what makes a house feel like a sanctuary? What about a country?







المنزل والمنزل

House and Home



أعمالنا الفنية

Our Final Pieces

Translated by Dana Beseiso



Safety Inside the Home

by Abdul Karim Awad

Safety: is feeling comfortable and at peace while living a good life with the ones you want and love.

When all of the above are available, feeling safe becomes possible anywhere. Since our houses are smaller versions of cities, what we need inside the house (to feel safe) becomes what we need in our cities to survive. Everyone needs two main things out of this world so that they can feel safe in where they're living (be it a house, a village, a city, or a country). The first thing is the food which one buys with their hard-earned money. The second is the security which allows one to achieve their dream of living well with their parents, family, friends, and people.

These two things form the main frame for living safely.

When that becomes unavailable, you become forced to seek a sanctuary for you, your family, and those you love. Because we couldn't find these two things, we were forced to seek shelter





and sanctuary in a number of places, inside and outside our countries.

How we're currently living in this country is the best example of comparison between living in an unsafe country and living in a place that provides you and your family with safety and peace.

This is why, I always say that “safety is the homeland,” because wherever you find safety, you find a home.





The Childhood House

by Abdul Karim Awad

***Sight**

When we were young we lived in the family house in a lower class [شعبية] area. We lived surrounded by our neighbors whom we considered family. We would share their joys, and their sadness. We would think of them as we think of our own parents. We saw mercy, peace, and help in them.

***Hearing**

I remember how the candy man used to pass by our door humming and singing, “Asabe’ Al ‘aroos أصابع العروس ” as if they were songs which bring the children around to buy from him. I also remember the fuel seller and how he would knock on a piece or iron letting us know that he is selling fuel or gas.

***Tasting**

I can never forget the taste of Iraqi sweets. These sweets take me back in time, to my past which I dearly miss.





*Smell

The smell of that river which passes by the garden near us. That smell which I can never forget.

*Touching

Touching my mom's traditional dress as I went shopping with her felt soft, and was full of love and joy.





The Color Black

by Abdul Karim Awad

The black color is one of the most important colors used in art. Black is considered the soul father of all other colors. It has a soft glow when used well. If all colors were properly mixed together, the result will be black.

Moreover, black has many meanings in our Arabic, Islamic history. The first letter we ever wrote was in black. And as civilizations flourished over time, we saw the black hatred and envy attack our landmarks, burning it and destroying it as the Persians did in the city of Babylon. They wiped away all its beauty, sophistication, and culture. And also as the Mongols did to Baghdad (in its golden age) where they burned down all the libraries and turned the Tigris River blue from all the books thrown in it. Until today, we still suffer from the hatred of Persians on our Arabic Islamic countries.

This is why our ancient and modern history is darkened with the color black, and we find that even in our dark arts like poetry, acting and singing. Our art is sad, sadness now lives among us in





all aspects of life whether it's political, social, or historical. And I write about black not because I love it, but because it has many meanings which have influenced our lives in obvious and non-obvious ways. This is what I'm thinking of, and this is why I want to talk about it here [and share] so that others can be informed about our cultures and ancient and modern history.





Childhood

by Ali Salman

Childhood is connected to the father, the mother, and the house. There needs to be positive connections between these things as that has a huge influence on a child's life. All children carry the same feeling, that their parents are the center of their world, the source for their strengths, and the 'generator' for their energy. Parents are the ones who provide protection for their children. The house is the safe place which shields them from any surrounding danger.

I carry a large amount of information and ideas that I have learned from my parents and the people around me. But it must be noted, that those ideas changed with time, with education and culture, and with the change of place [that I'm in].





Colors

by Ali Salman

The relationship between people and colors is very old. We notice that through searching and digging in archaeological sites. Ancestors of the world used all sort of different colors in the creation of clothes, pottery, buildings fronts, statues, and all kinds of different artistic works. We can easily notice the blue, green, and white colors in the ancient ruins of the East. Whereas with the ruins of Europe [west], we notice the richness of the purple, green, and light brown colors.

This suggests that the geographical environments and the customs and traditions of a land have a significant effect on the choice of colors [in that land].

On the other hand, psychological factors and age play a significant role in determining one's favorite colors. For example, children prefer shiny and bright colors and calm people choose soft and light colors.





لا تحيَة للوداع

لا تلقِ على التحيَة ساعة الوداع
فالوقت لا يكفي للرد وليس هناك متسع للعناد
سأرحل والحزن يملأ جسدي ويغطى ثيابي
ثيابي التي ستكون يوماً اكفاني
اي نخلة واي نهر تركت؟
اي ارض واي دار فارقت؟
تحفي ومقتنياتي تبعثرت
أقلامي تكسرت
كتبي ودفاتري حُرقتْ
حتى آثاري وذكريات طفولتي دُثرت
واسمي واسم عائلتي ولقبِي من سجل النفوس
مُحيت
ربما حتى هويتي وأنا لا ادرِي ألغيت





لكن موقد امي لا يزال دافئ
وقدرها تفوح منه رائحة الطبيخ الزكية
ونساء الحي يجتمعن كل مساء
يحتسين القهوة ويتسامرن عند الموقد
أخذت إحداهن سنة النوم
هبت فزعة ... صاحت بوجهها النسوة يرددن
المعوذات
قالت رأيت في منامي انهار الدماء واوراق الشجر
حمراء
وهناك اطفال يتامى بلا مأوى جياع يفتشون عن
كسرة خبز
قالت لها السيدة الوقورة يا ابنتي أضبغاث احلام
سيننقشع الظلام ويأتي الصباح
أعدك اننا بخير والنعماء ستائي سيلا





وَمَا زَالْتُ فِي أَرْضِنَا تَصْهَلُ الْخِيلَا
قَدْ نَفِدَ ابْنَائِنَا ... اهْلَنَا وَالْجِيرَانِ
لَكِنَّ الْجُذُورَ ثَابِتَةً فِي هَذَا الْمَكَانِ
لَا رَحِيلٌ مِّنْ هَذِهِ الْأَرْضِ إِلَّا لِلْمُحْسِرِ
عَنْهَا رَأَتِ عَيْنِي شَعَاعُ الْأَمْلِ
وَأَيْقَنْتُ بِأَنَّ الْحَقُولَ سَتَصْبِحُ خَضْرَاءِ
وَسْتَرَنَ فِي اذْنِي ضَحْكَاتُ الْأَطْفَالِ الْغَرِيرَةِ
وَتَعُودُ رَائِحَةُ الْأَرْضِ الطَّيِّبَةُ وَتَنْجَلِي الْعَاصِفَةُ
وَنَنْسِيَ الْمَاضِي وَلَا نُظَامٌ
وَنَعُودُ كَمَا كُنَا نَعِيشُ بِسَلَامٍ

عَلَيْ مُحَمَّدٍ
الْعَبَيْدِي





No Greetings for a Goodbye

Ali Salman

Translated from Arabic

Don't say hello to me when it's time to say
goodbye

There is no time to talk and no space to hug
I will leave as sadness fills my body and covers
my clothes

The clothes which will be wrapped around me
when I'm buried

What palm trees and what rivers have I left?

What land and what house have I parted with?

My belongings and artifacts are scattered

My pencils are broken

My books and notebooks are burned

My childhood memories are wiped out

My name and my family name are deleted from
the population registry

Maybe, without my knowledge, my identity has
too been deleted

But my mother's fireplace remains warm

And her oven smells like delicious food

The women of the neighbourhood still gather
every night

They drink coffee and reminisce by the fireplace





One of them fell asleep...

With a sudden panic, the women yelled at her,
reciting Quranic verses for protection

She said, in my dream I saw rivers of blood, and
red tree leaves

There are hungry orphaned children, wandering
around with no shelter looking for a piece of
bread

The revered lady said to her, my child, think of
hopeful dreams

The darkness will vanish and morning will come
I promise you we're okay, and blessings will
come in a stream

In our land the horses still neigh

We might lose our children, our family, our
neighbours

But our roots are fixed in this place

We are not leaving this land until the day of
judgment

It was only then that my eyes saw a ray of hope

The fields will be green again

The children will laugh again

The earth will smell familiar again, the storm
will pass

We will forget the past, and forget the systems
We will return as we were, peaceful and alive.





The Senses

by Ali Salman

I don't know how I started using my five senses early in life, keeping in mind that the use of senses is not related to intelligence.

From eighteen months old, or so I've been told, I was able to listen and see and understand what goes on around me.

There are many pieces of evidence to this, incidents and memories that I can still recall. When I share with my father some of the things I still remember he gets surprised and asks me how do you even remember this?

This, is what I can't explain until today.





Memory

by Fadaa Ali

There are many memories that come to mind when I hear an old song or smell the scent of a familiar flower.

For example

1. The sense of hearing: When I hear Fairuz's songs, I remember when I was an engineering student in Baghdad. Back then I used to wake up to the voice of Fairuz as my dad played her songs on the radio. It's a feeling that I can never forget.
2. The sense of smelling: The scents of some flowers reminds me of the family house when I was in Baghdad.

Memory, is perhaps one of the most beautiful and personal things inside a person. Old songs... old scenes...the smell of certain foods from the past.

All these things can make someone nostalgic to a different, old period of time. For example,





listening to some old foreign or Arabic songs that one used to listen to in a certain period of time could take them back to that period, could make them incredibly happy.

Moreover, looking at old family pictures/photographs can bring someone joy, and remind them of the beautiful old days.

There is also food. Many people were used to eating certain meals prepared by their mother or grandmother, but haven't tried or smelled that food in a while due to changes in life patterns and the methods of cooking by the introduction of supplements and canned food.

This is how we know that the human memory stores the five senses within itself and uses them when seeing, hearing, or smelling some of what the person experiences in the present time.





Safety

by Fadaa Ali

The issue of safety and of feeling safe is the exact same whether in the homeland or the country we moved to: the US.

The issue of the house, and of feeling safe in the house, is also no different back home than it is here.

Feeling safe is divided into two parts:

- 1. Emotionally/Spiritually
- 2. Financially

Emotionally/Spiritually: When you're not threatened from the likes of groups

Financially: When you have a job with a steady/fixed income that you can live by. When you have life insurance for you and your family.





The Color Turquoise

by Fadaa Ali

From a very young age, I've felt the attraction of this color without knowing why.

I adore gemstones which are a turquoise-blue color.

This also affected the way I dress.

And after I participated with FPS and after I started working with some Iraqi archeology, I started choosing the same turquoise-blue color for it.

I also love the color black, especially in my clothes as it is the master of all colors.





The Color Black

by Fadaa Ali

The color black has many shades that eventually reach white. It's considered as the main of all colors. When drawing in black and its shades, the painting acquires clearness and accuracy within its details. On the contrary, you can't get a fully detailed picture with the color red (and its shade) for example, or with the color blue or green and their shades.

The color black (and its shades) also give a sharp edge in color, and thus a third dimension to paintings.

The beauty of shading in drawing can't occur without using the black color, as shade (ظل) is always a shade of black.





The Beautiful Dawn Breeze

by Osama Herkal

One of the most beautiful moments...one that I adore and love, is the moment when the morning sun rises and sends its golden rays to shine light on a new sunny day. I love dawn, and its hours, and its many unforgettable memories (in my life).

I had a beautiful, delicate mother. She used to wake me up at dawn to pray with her. Her soft cheeks were always caressed by the morning breeze. I loved her kind, amazing soul, she was an angel in my eyes. I used to wake up with her gentle voice, I would thank her for being in my life, I would welcome my morning with an honest, genuine prayer from her: "May God bless you my son." Her words were the light to my every day.

I used to live in a beautiful rural house, filled with flowers, pomegranate trees in the middle, and ivy. My mom used to love the beautiful scents that the flowers spread, she used to take very good care of them.





I used to have coffee with her every morning in front of the beautiful natural scenery, the green, the blue lake, and the **دَالِّيَة**. Those were the beautiful days of the past, but now, I miss my mother dearly. I miss my house...my siblings, my coffee with them, our talks, our laughter, everything that is now gone, everything that is now the past.

Today, I sit in front of my house here in a country that is not mine. I sip on a cup of coffee alone, and with it I taste the bitterness of being away from home and I feel it by myself. I sit alone, and I remember my country, my home, its current state of destruction, and I thank God for everything. For I have a beautiful family and friends [here]...but my heart remains in pain. I feel nostalgic to the beautiful past with family and friends. Nostalgic to the beautiful dawn breeze with my mother, may her soul rest in peace, and my father, who is also not with me.





The Beautiful Past

by Osama Herkal

When the sun rises in the morning, and when the birds are chirping at 6 a.m., I watch the most incredible view. My mom and dad sitting under the lemon tree at our house, sipping the coffee which my mother has made so wonderfully.

My father, may he rest in peace, and my mother were like new lovers. I used to listen to their interesting conversation from the window in my room (which overlooked our garden outside). I used to listen to their laughter and when it got louder, I used to get up, look at them through the window and say, “good morning, lovers.”

My mother would always ask me to go drink coffee with them, “your coffee is ready my son”. I would run, filled with happiness, a bright morning, and a smile just like my father’s.

I look at my father and I kiss his forehead. Oh the gone, past memories. My eyes water as I remember this past. I miss the lemon tree, my mother’s coffee, morning talks with my father, and the long-gone years of my life, years and a





past so beautiful that I can never forget.
But I thank God for the present.

May God have mercy on my father's soul, and
may he keep and protect my mother.





The Color Red

by Osama Herkal

The ghost of this color is now covering the sky
and land of my country...

Blood is very visible and clear in my country...
The cheeks of the children are painted in a dark
blood red color

The hands of the mothers are covered with the
blood of their children...

When I see this color, I remember the faces of
my friends who lost their lives, whose skin was
covered in blood.

The trees, the lands which drank this color
This color which now symbolizes sadness for
thousands of people in my country, symbolizes
the loss of life, the bloodshed. The color which
now symbolizes death.





The Color Black

by Osama Herkal

This color has a special place in my heart. Despite the fact that it symbolizes separation and sadness, I love it because it's the only color that shows the truth about our tragedies.

Black is the master of all colors, it is also the master of sadness.

It's a symbol for everything, for separation, for sadness, for tears, pain and...

When the night falls, darkness comes with it, it's black. It's then when we feel nostalgic, when we remember the beautiful past. Black turns everything into sadness, into a tragedy. And then we remember the house, the family members who filled the sky with laughter and happiness. Until the night comes, and wipes away those smiles, separates loved ones but the black remains, filled with sadness, pain, and nostalgia.







References

Sharp, Issac. "To men and women of goodwill in the British Empire : a message from the Religious Society of Friends London Yearly Meeting (Society of Friends)." 1914. Quaker Broadsides Collection. Friends Historical Library of Swarthmore College.

"Address from the Society for Supplying the Poor with Good and Nutritious Meat Soup." London, Society for Supplying the Poor with Good and Nutritious Meat Soup, 1797. Quaker Broadsides Collection. Friends Historical Library of Swarthmore College.

"Some Remarks on Silent Worship, or Some remarks on silent worship, or devotion, seriously recommended to mankind universally, for their most weighty consideration." *London Review of December*, 1791. Quaker Broadsides Collection. Friends Historical Library of Swarthmore College.







Good Will Happen is a collaboration between:

The Head & The Hand, a nonprofit, independent book publisher located in Philadelphia. Our goal is to create innovative relationships between authors and the work they produce. We look for writing that shows a connection from the head to the hand and publish stories that have the power to spark change and entertain.

Swarthmore College's Friends, Peace, & Sanctuary project, supported by **The Pew Center for Arts & Heritage**, which brings renowned book artists into conversation with Syrian and Iraqi individuals who have resettled to Philadelphia. Driven by questions about displacement and refuge, history and experience, the project explores art's capacity to build empathy and create a deeper sense of belonging.

&

Maryan Nagy Captan, an experimental writer, educator, and performance poet based in Austin, Texas. She is a Poetry Fellow at The Michener Center for Writers and serves as the Marketing Director for *Bat City Review*. Maryan is the





author of *copy/body* (Empty Set Press, 2017) and an alumna of the Disquiet International Literary Program. Her work has appeared in or is forthcoming in *The Egyptian Writers Folio* (Anomaly Press), *Foundry*, *ProLit*, *AJAR*, *Apiary Magazine*, *Mantra Review*, *Boneless/Skinless*, *Sundog Lit*, and elsewhere.





good
will
happen
is a
collaboration
between:

The Head & The Hand, a nonprofit,
independent book publisher located
in Philadelphia

&
Swarthmore College's
Friends, Peace, &
Sanctuary project

Supported by
The Pew Center for
Arts & Heritage



\$10