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Dear Nother.	

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Arabah el Madfunah April 18^{<u>th</u>} 1930.

Dear Mother.

We had another adventure last night. there was a very big religious festival taking place in a Moslem cemetary^{sic} about 4 miles from here. people come from many miles round & they gather round a certain holy sheikhs^{sic} tombs & chant parts of the Kor'an & go through various fanatical exercises.

This festival takes place at night. so we had supper early & then the three of us mounted on camels & set out with a large retinue including our very holy cook. two of our party carried lamps. it was a glorious star light night. hot as a summers^{sic} day in England, what wind there was came in little warm puffs. it was lovely sitting perched up on our tall striding beasts, of course I had my Kharga camel, nice old Mahomed Abdu Rachman. would be dreadfully injured if I did not have his camel. (his name means – "Servant of the Compassionate, which is one of the names of God)

When we got near our destination we could see the glow of the lamps & the sound of hundreds of voices chanting in unison. we wended our way among the lesser tombs to the large mosque like buildings round which the great multitude were gathered. there were thousands. it was a sea of turbaned heads. from our camels we could see everything beautifully. it was rather a terrifying

sight rather like the atmosphere of the Zars on feels these people are swayed by constions a instincts with by by and our comprehension. We watched one converse group for some Time, then even squatting figures covering a space quel Twice the sage of our gorden, in them midst slood a tuby man, charteny the Koran, at the end of each vase the caline company world repeat the names of Sod, it was simply deefening. Round another tomb in the centre of another huge noved were a live of men standing on port of a holy man, he but time with his hands, I they all should Allet at each beat , with cash upchillion they boved then heads. then the pace quickened , they loved from the waist Tossen's a listing then bodys to the nythme that of the presh hands the name of allal was no longer distinguestable only a sharp hiss as they Took in heath, it was like the sound d'a huge saw upping though hard wood. I cannot allenge To describe the vendness of these Tell swaying figures in the Hickning lamplight with the back pround of the centores domed Tombs, it was like a scine from Dank's Infano. We did not stay long . need loss to say we wan the only timpicans. , or fell in ven intuidus , the timpe of a fanalical would is a very hittle thing, i it would have been unise to show too much anissity. so we just passed through paising for a few minutes here o there , then came away. An aparene such as this makes on relige how attuly definent them proph are, on can be friendly with them. but on can not get to the bottom of them minds, there actions

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sight, rather like the atmosphere at the Zars one feels these people are swayed by emotions and instincts utterly beyond our comprehension. we watched one immense group for some time. there were squatting figures covering a space quite twice the size of our garden. in their midsts/<st> stood a holy man, chanting the Kor'an, at the end of each vi/<e>rse the entire company would repeat the names of God, it was simply deafening. Round another tomb in the centre of another huge crowd were a line of men standing in front of a holy man, he beat time with his hands. & they all shouted Allah at each beat, & with each repetition they bowed their heads. then the pace quickened & they bowed from the waist, tossing & twisting their bodys^{sic} to the rythmic^{sic} beat of the priests^{sic} hands the name of Allah was no longer distinguishable, only a sharp hiss as they took in breath, it was like the sound of a huge saw ripping through hard wood. & I cannot attempt to describe the weirdness of these tall swaying figures in the flickering lamplight with the background of the curious domed tombs, it was like a scene from Dante's Inferno. We did not stay long – needless to say we were the only Europeans. & we felt we were intruders, & the temper of a fanatical crowd is a very brittle thing, & it would have been unwise to show too much curiosity. so we just passed through, pausing for a few minutes here & there & then came away.

An experience such as this makes one realize how utterly different these people are. one can be friendly with them, but one can not get to the bottom of their minds, their actions an controlled by a form of mesoning utfully different to ours. It was half past toeler when in anima home, we were diad Trued. so had an active horn de half in bed this morning. It has been a very that day, a south wind, it is then the head of a furnace. The Ton produce madday registered over 100 in the shade

I have bought still more amber. I have speed over 10% for the list. I wonder I you would like some of the micest prices polished for a nucktace. They are nother nough shaped tumps time the nucktaces one secons Libertys for theef they ask huge sums

The last lange glove you sont I have given to the man who had the boil between his fingers. This hand is noticely very tinde now it is heating. But I think the con use it if the has it protected. The is a very lig burky man with longe hands, so the huge gloves do very well; our transfil Hakomed has small delived hands. So the other pair do him splendidt; I think this is all my news for Today duts of four to you toth your affectionale daug the Hystic.

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are controlled by a form of reasoning utterly different to ours. It was half past twelve when we arrived home. we were dead tired. so had an extra hour & a half in bed this morning. It has been a very hot day. a south wind, it is like the breath of a furnace. the temperature midday registered over 100 in the shade

I have bought still more amber. I have spent over 10/– for the lot. I wonder if you would like some of the nicest pieces polished for a necklace. they are rather rough shaped lumps like the necklaces one sees in Libertys^{sic} for which they ask huge sums

The last large glove you sent I have given to the man who had the boil between his fingers. his hand is naturally very tender now it is healing. but I think he can use it if he has it protected. he is a very big burly man with large hands, so the huge gloves do very well; our beautiful Mahomed has small delicate hands. so the other pair do him splendidly

I think this is all my news for to-day

Lots of love to you both your affectionate daughter Myrtle.