

Synchronicities

Baghdad/Delhi

ANAND VIVEK TANEJA

Salam Pax lives. I hope.

He listens to Portishead and Leonard Cohen...

Doesn't think driving with Bjork on the stereo is a good idea, because it does strange things to brain cells.

But he's been doing a lot of driving with his father and cousin in recent days.

Tanks stocked up with gas, they go out to see their city. Burning. Full of smoke and debris. And sudden death, and the possibilities of death.

Salam Pax lives in Baghdad. I hope.

He hasn't written in on since March 24. The phone exchanges in Baghdad have been destroyed by American missiles.

He turned twenty-nine last year. Or was it thirty. On September 18.

He has a friend called Raed who lives in Amman.

in some ways its very sickening how 'exciting' news has become...exciting bcoz ppl are being killed...its horrible...was regularly reading this blog kept up by a guy in baghdad...and all of a sudden he has stopped writing...and while this could be bcoz his internet connxn has been cut off it could also be bcoz he doesnt exist any more...anand, why is life like this? why cant the world be a happier place?

Atishi

Atishi lives. In Oxford.

She listens to Leonard Cohen and the Beatles. Giggles a lot when she does hash.

Studies history. Very hard. She freaks out on Harry Potter and Roald Dahl. Also works for women's welfare. She has many friends. One of them died in a car crash last week ...

Atishi is one of the most active anti-war protestors in Oxford. She was part of the millions of people who thronged the streets

of the world on the fifteenth of February to protest the war. She was part of the crowd that invaded the Fairford Air Force Base, the only one in England from which B-52 bombers fly.

She has a friend called Anand who lives in Delhi.

The most disturbing news today has come from Al-Jazeera. They said that nine B-52 bombers have left the airfield in Britain and flying "presumably" towards Iraq, as if they would be doing a spin around the block. Anyway they have 6 hours to get here. Salam Pax

Anand writes about B-52s. And A-10s. And F-15s. And all those other numbers which can blitz cities out of the sky. He is obsessed with military hardware and what it can do to urban landscapes.

He writes about Delhi getting ripped open by bombs in 2007. ..He also makes movies about people who survive holocausts. ...He listens to The Police.

On weekends, sometimes, he shows rich white people around Delhi and makes money, while beggars pull at his arms. He takes them to the Jama Masjid.

The pigeons rose upwards from the corn-scattered courtyard with a collective explosion which made me turn from Hussain's Quran to look at their suddenly startled flight. I remembered a story of Hussain, on his way to the Karbala, who had to leave his daughter behind in Medina for she was ill. She kept sending letters by carrier pigeon to tell him to come home soon.

I wondered about the pigeon she sent, with a letter for her father and almost all her family, as they travelled. I wondered what the pigeon felt as he came in over the slaughter of Karbala, where Hussain and his family and followers had been killed for their faith, surrounded and much outnumbered by Yazid's troops. After flying over miles and miles of barren earth, expecting food and water and loving stroking for bringing a message from a loved one - then to come in over a blood-soaked stinking battlefield. I thought of all the pigeons on all the crowded rooftops in the lanes and mohallas surrounding the Jama Masjid, in Chawri Bazaar, Ballimaran, Lal Kuan, Matya Mahal, Hauz Qazi, and I hoped that this would never happen to them. Again. How was I to know I was a frigging prophet, that

when those pigeons came back from their whirling soaring air-races, one day, this day, it would.

Anand

The Americans and Brits have fought at Najaf and Karbala, and have moved on to Baghdad.

...Metaphors have tumbled. Died wordless deaths inside heads.

And as Anand sat in Café Coffee Day today, richer by two thousand, feeling like he'd sold his soul to the devil, while beggar children pressed their noses against the plate glass, he read about Salam Pax, and he cried.

Anand

Do not meddle in the affairs of dragons, because you are crunchy and taste good with ketchup.

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url's of Blogs from Baghdad

Salam Pax's Blog

http://dear_raed.blogspot.com/

Riverbend's Blog

<http://riverbendblog.blogspot.com/>