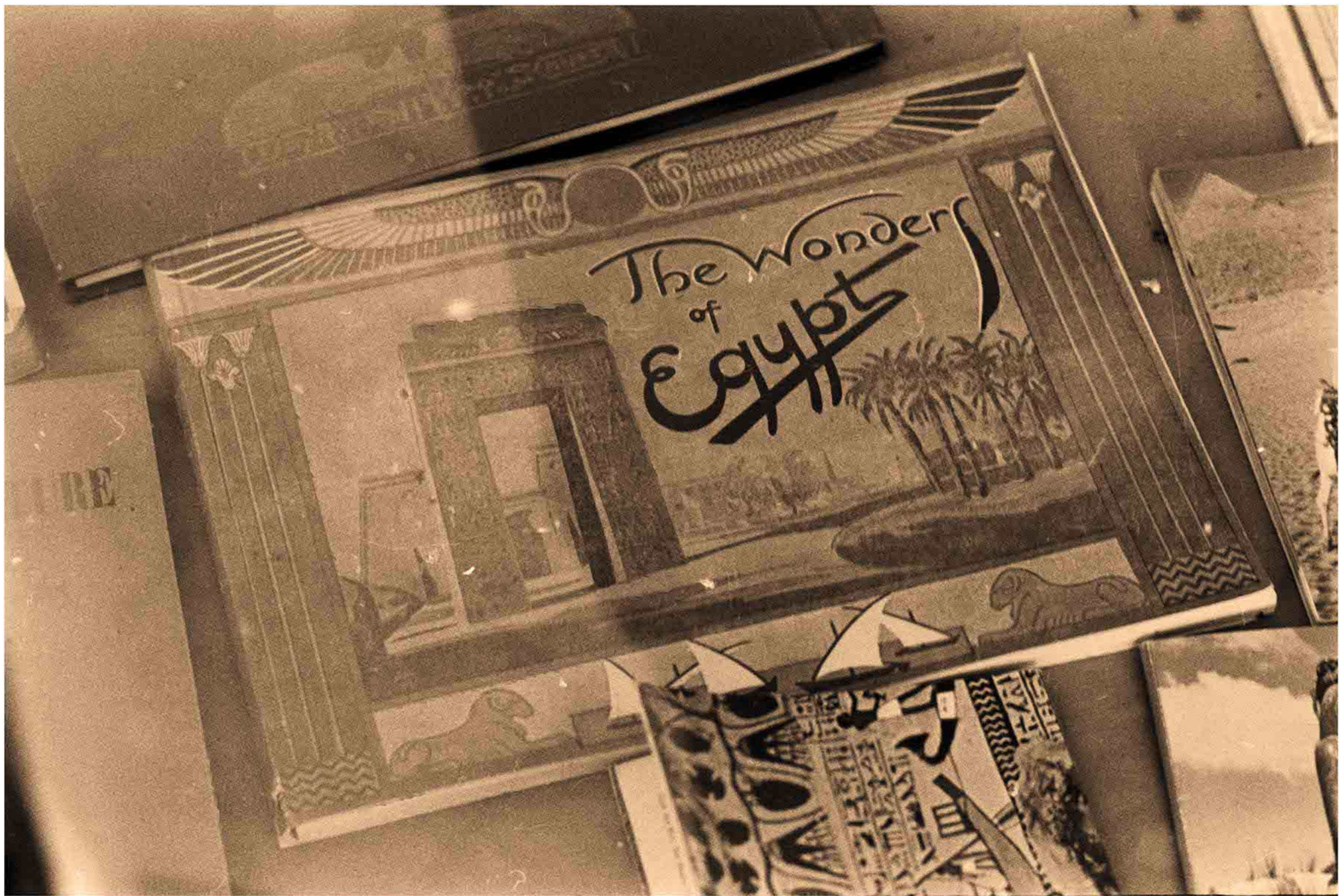


D. D. Michaels

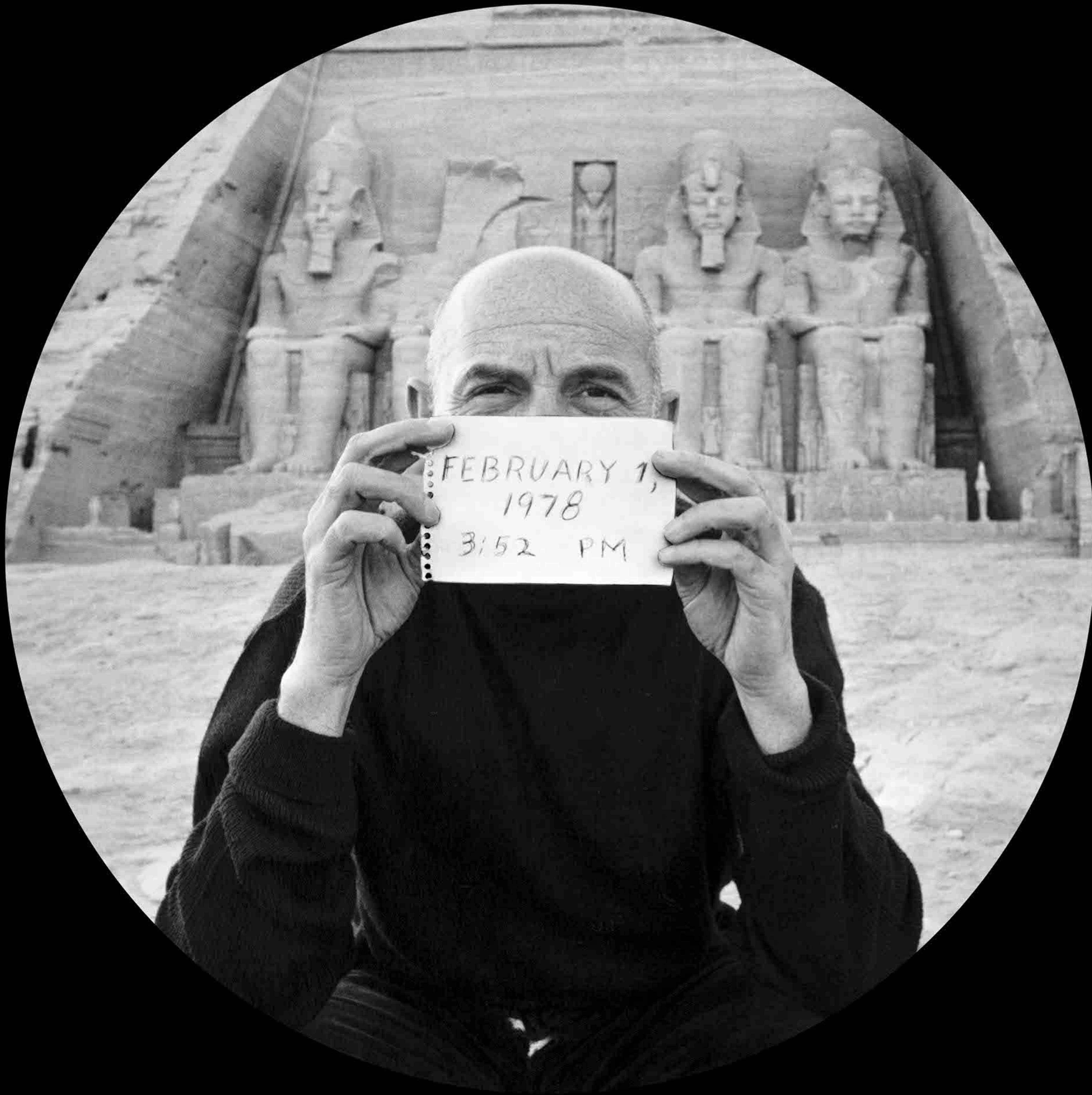
The Wonders
of the Earth





The Wonders
of
Egypt

THE



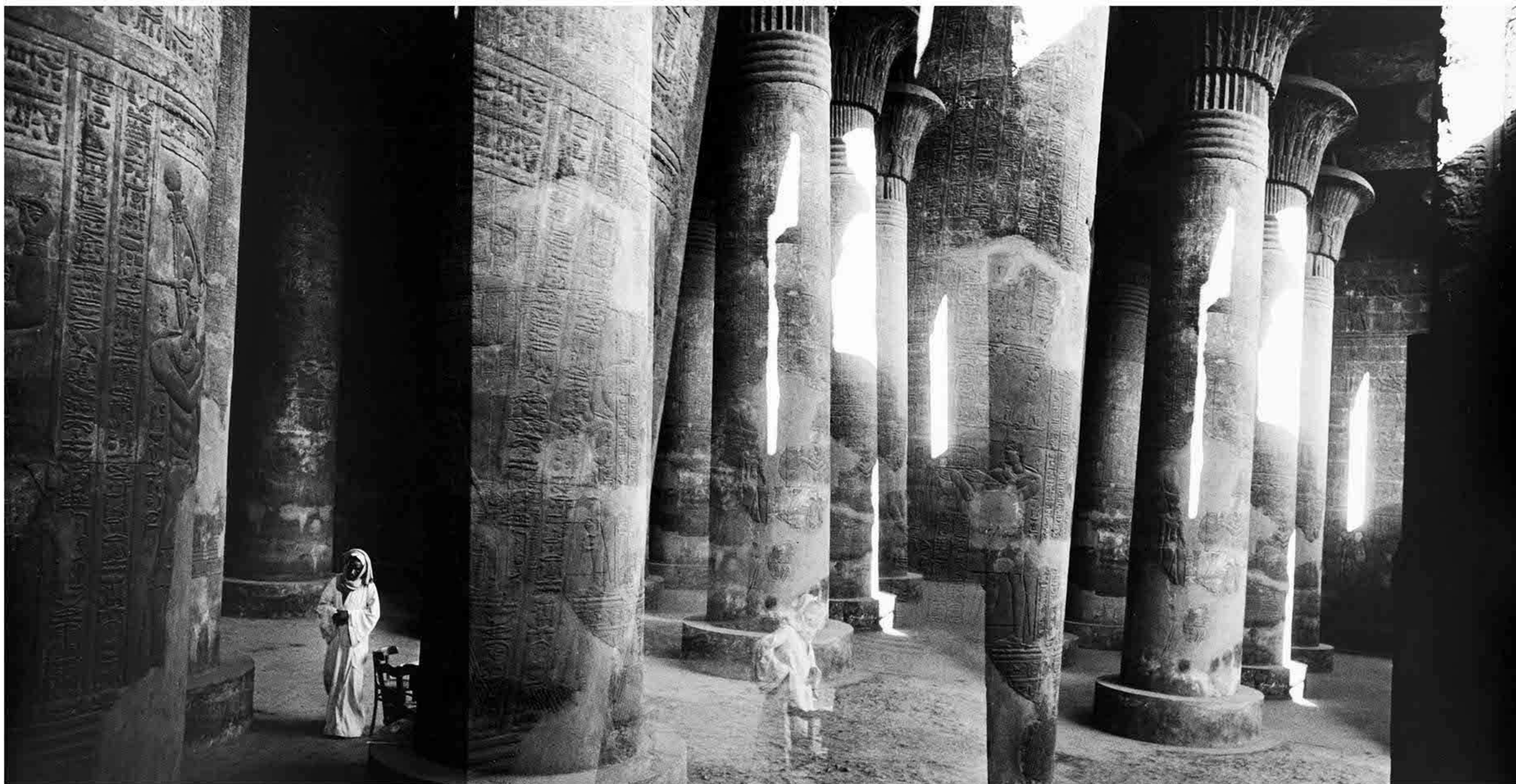
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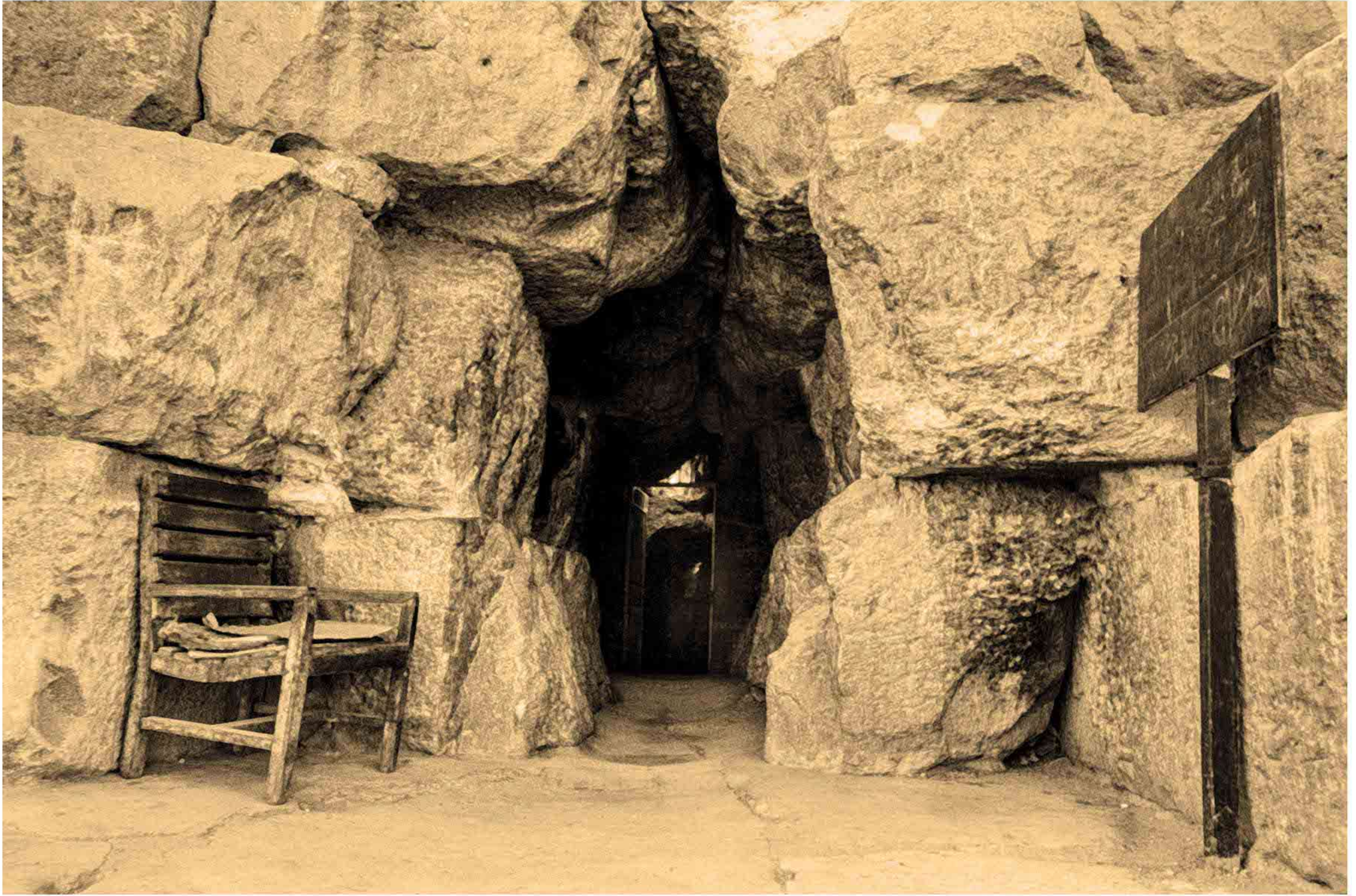
It Snows Stars in Cairo

In Cairo, despite the eris of the street, the concerts of horns and invective, I have this same feeling a bit. But arrive at the hotel, I open the window my room and, Landis my eyes gradually getting used to the safety, I soon distinguish the giant mass of the pyramid of Cheops. Qgelle wonder I What splendor I This moment was really worth the trip, and all this beauty made me forget my loneliness.

I don't even feel fatigue anymore.
I go out immediately to walk
around in the middle of the
pyramids. I asked at reception if
we can go nearer directly the desert
behind! 'the hotel and I hear myself
reply that at night it is really
too dangerous .



.Q! Matter to you, after all I used to live in New York. I'm going out, and chht a again an extraordinary spectacle awaits me. The pyramids are bigger than I imagined, and of such a velvety black against the starry sky



The Entrance to Cheops





... It's the full moon and! sounds of the city in the distance drown in silence. I run on the sand towards the enormous newly unearthed blocks, corridors lit by the moon, dark entries. Everything is amazing I

! I invoke the names of my friends are called IN a loud voice: "Fred, Chris, Shef there,! Timothy, George, Margaret, Amy, Seamus, Polsky!"
"We are all together here.

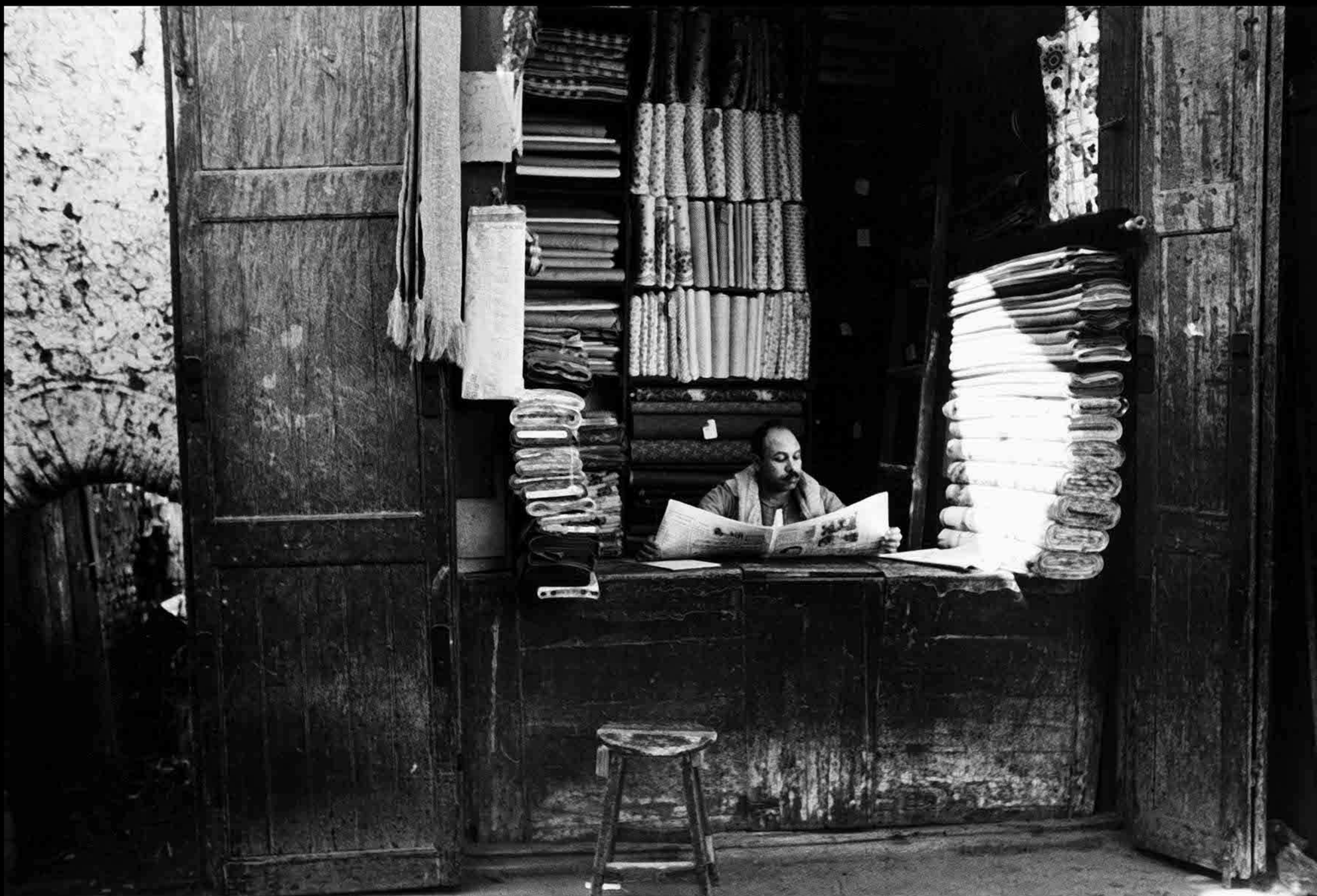


The Tomb of Cheops

These stones are my common dominator with the pass. These same stones who blessed Cleopatra and Napoleon, thousands and thousands of anonymous people, just as they imitate me in turn today ...

In manhood, if there is somewhere in the world a spiritual mecca, well this one in moonlight.

be dead or alive. Three dark figures call out to me in Arabic. We looks like ghosts and normally I should be scared but I'm not onfo at lelv eevni.l .[Flse healsv eli kgeu nwsa itcnhi hnagn ad mbouvt ile f.e Nelo itnh ian gs eccaonn gde itt atot, mhea csau sshee ltered feel like protigi and blessed by the gods at this moment. I finish by photographing them phier. It will probably do nothing, but Lant and worse I It was so beautiful and so good to to be able to stroll among the pyramids in the moonlight with my friends.



Street Life











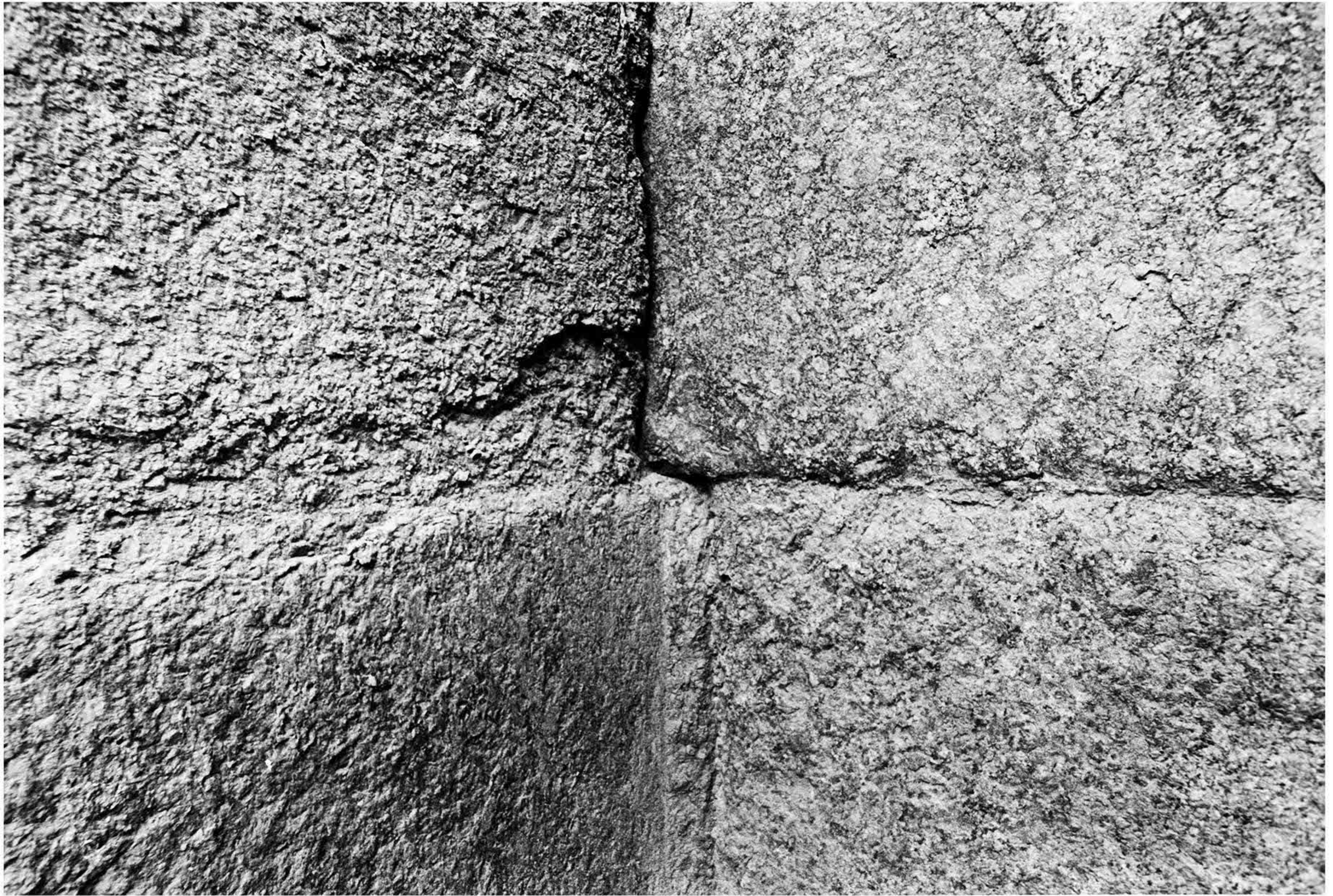








Anubis





Illuminations



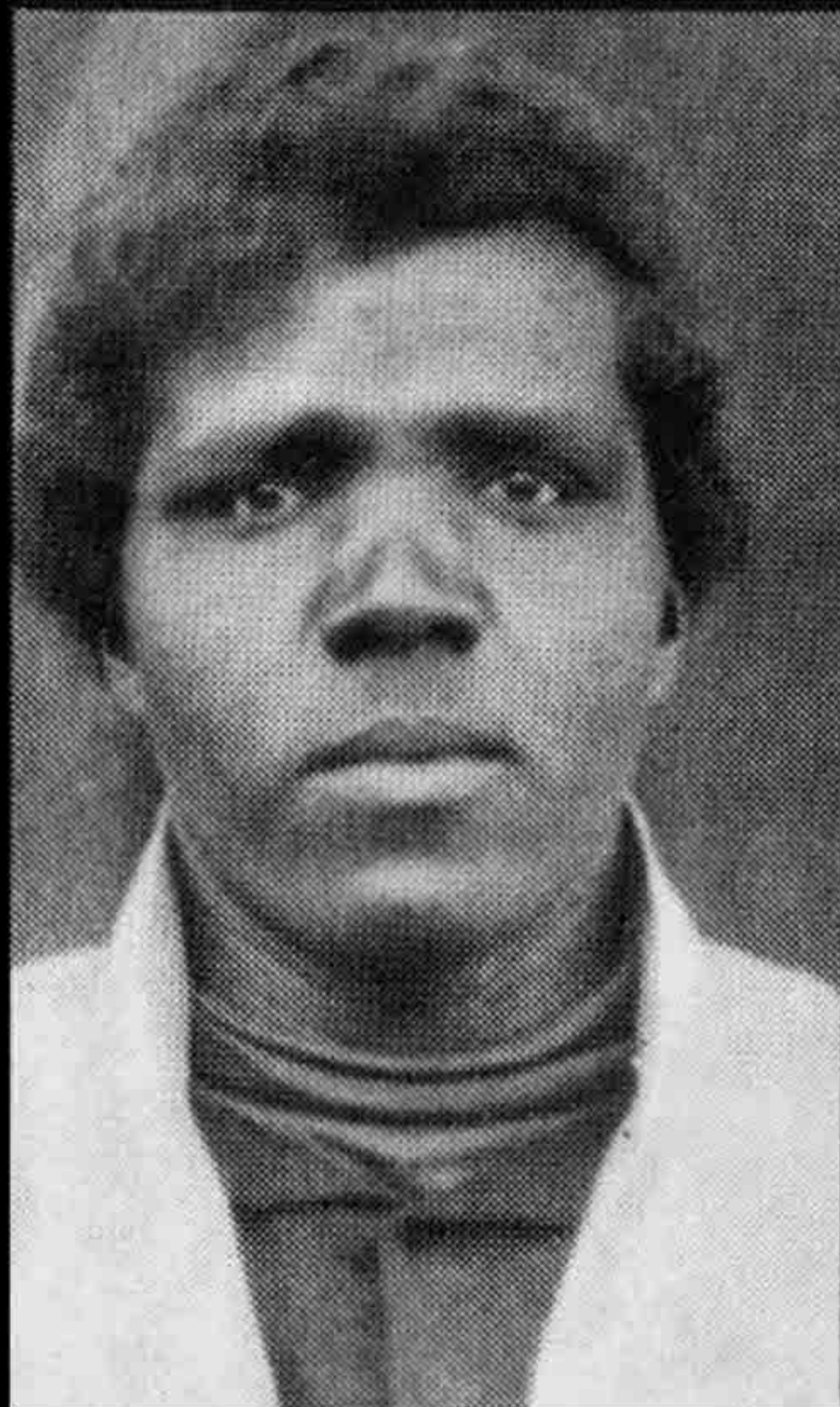








Street Photographer







TAXI REFLECTION



Prayer



I Build a Pyramid

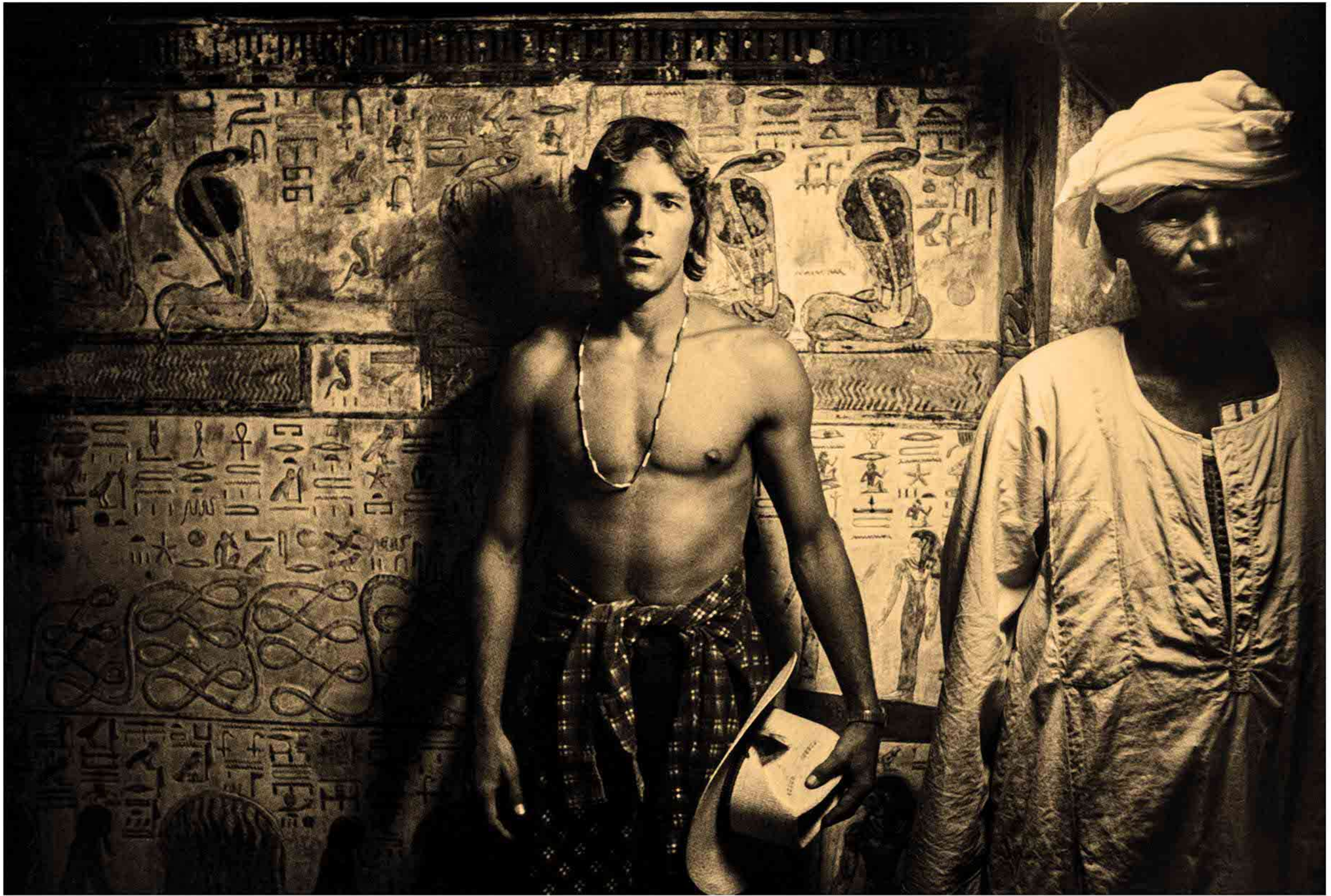












Or a misstep takes you to China

As surprising as it may seem,
what is remarkable here is
not so much light as shadows.
They are between them like the
Yin and the rank. One begets the
other; each being responsible for
the other and opposed to it by
nature. One could not imagine
the shadow without the light.
The sun creeps in everywhere and
the sky remains implacable.

At the beginning, we start by noticing his personal shadow which follows silently over the walls, the rocks, the sand.

THEN! The doorways your become black holes. If I inadvertently fell into one of them, maybe he would disappear I have ever. We always have a moment of hesitation before quitting take out the dazzling light to spill in a dark hallway. A misstep you shade protected.

The sounds are found to be absorbed by its obscurity. Does an object fall in the shadows, we hear no more by / er, never again. And WHEN someone is found in the shadow, invisible, he too becomes a shadow. it is only obscurity and silence, frightening like a tense and dangerous trap. We don't even hear his breathing.

Soon the sun retreats, the shadow
grew bolder, ripand its long s
fingers black on the landscape and
the moon becomes the last refuge
of light. We all know the sun will
come back.

But one} or he won't come back,
and the SHADOW will have won.

In the line in the tomb of Seti R
in Val lie des Rois ;; I returned
and saw a young 19 years old, AMecian
calif omien surfer, the shirt wrapped
around the waist, necklace of seeds
around the neck and a hat of cor.1J
-b o y . He couldn't be more dip /
ad au I IMAGJNAIS the same Young
E g y p yours, shirtless, a necklace
around the neck, came to this tomb
to bring paint or water to the artists
who were putting the last hand in
these works on an afternoon as hot
as this.



**Self-Portrait Asleep in the
Tomb of Mereruka Sakkara**



Man with Gun in Luxor









Salute Egypt