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Was this man's picture taken today? Is there a highway behind the fence? Or is there a plain? Is this the sea in the horizon? Or is it the outskirts of a city or a plain? What country is this? Is he a resident? A civilian? A tourist?

What's behind the camera? More of the garden? A house probably?

Is this his own house?

You could stumble on this picture anywhere...on the floor, in the street...you could look carefully at it and try to tell its story. The story of the man in the picture, his story at that very moment, or his life story. Obviously, we have few clues and it is hard to tell.

Judging on the black and white display or probably the picture's quality, you might say it's old. You might examine its size, its frame, or its printing in order to come up with a conclusion.

As a matter of fact, the picture's content is confusing. The man could be any man; the man of today or the man who died 30 years ago.

Moreover, the man's clothing does not suggest a certain era.

It is obviously close to noon, since the shade is not overextended; it is close to the bodies with a little twist eastwards.

I would say he is a musician standing near the house where he practices with his fellow band mates. I would even say he is the percussionist or the lead singer, judging by his long and disheveled hair, his scruffy beard, and his size. The band is taking a break, and behind the camera, the rest of the band members are sitting at a table and having tea. If he was the percussionist, the band's main influence would probably be jazz music, whereas if he was the lead singer, the influence would be rock music. I also think he's a citizen or a resident since he does not have that silly or bewildered look that tourists usually have.

Speculating is both a time consuming and fun thing to do. Imagination has its own methods as well, for it helps me write the geography, the history, and the story of the man in the picture.

Through my speculations, I am erasing his original story and its discretion. I am removing him from existence and replacing his story with a hypothetic existence that was thought through according to my culture, my references, and my mood.

When I was born, there was a picture of my father in the living room. Pictures were all black and white back then, and colors weren't as widespread as they are now

When I started going to school, my father's picture disappeared as my mother started carrying it around. And then, my mother's picture was in the newspaper and the content of my father's picture entered the world of illusions.

Years went by but our time was frozen. My mother kept on carrying my father's picture and we entered the digital era.

The story of the kidnapped man became the story of the man who was missing, and later on, the story of the missing man became the story of the inexistent body.

The newspaper maintained the black and white display although the picture was taken in colored film that has become much more widespread than before.

Death of the President

The TIME has stopped while our time kept passing by normally

His pictures were all over the walls

But his existence didn't become limited to a picture

he was always referred to as: the martyr...

The square was his new location, his new geography

And he kept on existing

Today with digital photography, the content of my mother's picture has become digital → hypothetical. The use of conventional photography is now limited to amateurs or people who still live in the past, such as those who are still haunted by the tragedies of the war.

In the future, people might stop using conventional photography once and for all;
my mother might go away,

and everything that will be left of my father will be a picture, taken with a technique that is no longer in use.

While everything that will be left of my mother will be the story of a relation with a picture.

When the parents of the missing ones will leave

What will be left of the missing people's stories?

Just a picture of a missing person?

Without any story? Without existence?

Have the parents of the missing ones' became the other side of the picture?

Will my generation ensure the persistence of this writing on the back of the photo?

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Dear Adnan, salutations

This is a picture of me standing in the garden. As for the heat and summertime, well, god help us. Summer isn't here yet and the heat is already sweltering. Please tell dear Wadad and the Mrads I say hello, and give my love to everybody. I am alright and so is the car; I already sent pictures of it to Lina, and I hope you like it.