Dual Identities / Masking*

By STEPHAN GUTH

Traditional roles and identities are being challenged, or threatened. Accordingly, much of the year's cultural production features protagonists who (have to) play several roles at one time, or live double lives, and/or are torn between conflicting identities.

This may be due to pure economic necessity which forces the poor into taking multiple jobs [↗**Dollar Crisis** (*azmah*)]. Many documentaries, as well as fictional representations, focus particularly on *women* who are struggling to earn a living for themselves and their families. In doing so, they take over many traditionally male responsibilities [↗**Male vs. Female**]. In the Tunisian documentary *Les commerçantes* and the Egyptian movie *Nawwāra*, such women are the wives of husbands who cannot find a job or earn too little for the family to survive; in the Egyptian documentary *Abadan lam nakun affālan* ("We Have Never Been Kids"), the woman portrayed (Nādiya) has separated from her former husband because he had always beaten her and spent all his money on drugs. Nawwāra and Nādiya both live in slum quarters [↗**Ashwā'iyyāt**], while the Tunisian women are lower middle class from the South [↗**Center vs. Periphery**]. All of them do their utmost to fulfil their double roles as mothers and housewives on the one hand and as working women, and sometimes family heads, on the other. While Nawwāra is so lucky to have found a job as a housemaid with a rich family in one of New Cairo's gated communities [↗**Gated Communities / Compounds**, ↗**Affluence vs. Destitution**], Nādiya toils as a knife and scissors grinder, a profession she learned from her father. But she does not earn enough to spare her children the duty of assisting her by taking odd jobs to make ends meet, a fact that forces also the children into double lives: they cannot be just children, but also have to contribute to the family's income by working as drummers in wedding bands, casual workers at construction sites, or parking attendants (*sāyīs*) (as Nādiya's eldest son, Khalīl), kitchen hands in *kosharī* restaurants or *tuk-tuk* drivers (as her other son, Nūr) [↗**Tuk-tuk**], or by having to marry at the early age of fifteen (as her daughter). However, although their jobs give Nādiya and Nawwāra roles and positions that resemble traditionally 'male' roles and positions, the women are neither particularly fond, nor proud, of their 'emancipation'—for them, working outside the house is simply an economic imperative. In contrast, the Tunisian tradeswomen we meet in *Les commerçantes* seem to experience their 'second lives' not only as dictated by necessity, but also as an opportunity and an enrichment. The success of their enterprises—a result of their inventiveness and creativity [↗**Normality = Heroism (Surviving)** / *ibtikār*—has given them courage and self-confidence and a more positive outlook on life, mirrored not only in their colourful dresses but also in the merry atmosphere on the little van that takes them to their working place. To have two jobs and lead two lives demands a lot of energy, yes; but it is also rewarding: you develop qualities and aspects of your self that otherwise would have remained hidden, and you gain the freedom to actually live this self [↗**Self-help**].

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In this, the lower middle class *commerçantes* from the Tunisian south are not much different from the *shabāb*, portrayed in *al-Ḥuḍra* (“The Pit”), who are theatre enthusiasts and dream of being able, one day, to create a play of their own. However, before this may become possible—if at all—they have to master the challenges of everyday life in a poor Tunisian village and to meet the expectations their families placed in them. Yet, what they *can* do already now is to try to combine, at least partly, business with self-fulfilment: dressing as clowns or jugglers and performing entertaining sketches on the street, or acting as Kitty dancers on children’s birthdays, or giving puppet plays, they can earn some money and at the same time ‘become themselves’, become actors.

Interestingly enough, it is also only in disguise, behind the mask of such costumes, that they dare to express themselves freely and comprehensively: “In pantomime, we play [ultimately] what we are, our own experiences, our lives, our suffering.” The mask of a fictional identity provides also others with the precious protection they obviously need to dare to ‘be themselves’. The existential crisis experienced by Khālīd, the protagonist of *Ākhir ayyām al-madīna* (“The Last Days of the City”), is without doubt to a large extent the author’s, Tāmir al-Saʿīd’s, own crisis, a crisis that also paralyzes his creativity; but instead of assessing it with the help of an autobiographical documentary, al-Saʿīd creates “Khālīd,” an *alter ego*, an ‘avatar’. Feeling alienated and homeless, like “tramps,” *mutasharriḍīn*—so called in *Ṣawt al-shārīʿ* (“The Voice of the Street”) / *Cloch’Art* and *Nihāyāt saʿīda* (“Happily Ever After”)—, not knowing in which direction you should go [↗**Present = Past (Stuck)**, ↗**True = False (Life in Limbo)**], makes you feel weak and vulnerable; in contrast, the mask of fiction empowers and protects you, provides immunity: the alter ego is you, but it is also *not* you, it is somebody else. The whole genre of dystopian fiction that continues to flourish in 2016—a prominent representative, Muḥammad Rabīʿ’s *Uṭārīd* (“Mercury”), even gets shortlisted for the International Prize of Arabic Fiction—profits from this function of fiction: behind the mask of an imagined future, the present situation can be powerfully criticized [↗**Hope = Hell (Dystopia)**] while the authors cannot be accused of attacking the regime or portraying the current state of affairs directly or too shamelessly. In many satirical YouTube channels, too, the YouTubers put on a ‘mask’ when they choose to appear as serious news presenters, scientific consultants, or talk show masters, or when they let cartoon characters or muppets play ‘typical’ roles, from the policeman to the jealous fiancée, from the poor witty *shābb* to the President himself; in *ʿAlī Mīʿza wa-Ibrāhīm* (“Ali, the Goat, and Ibrahim”), a key role is played even by a goat! However, to take on another identity also allows you to imagine, if only for a short time, a happier reality: In *Hārr jāff ṣayfan* (“Dry Hot Summers”), the old gentleman Shawqī, suffering from incurable cancer, can pose for a few moments in the role of the bridegroom of young pretty Duʿāʾ, vibrant with life; we know that this is only ephemeral—Shawqī’s face will soon be replaced, thanks to Adobe Photoshop, by that of the true bridegroom, who just couldn’t make it in time to the photo session because of heavy traffic [↗**Zahma**]; yet, the pictures of Duʿāʾ and Shawqī, taken on this occasion, imagine the gaps of a fragmented society as bridgeable, all differences, even that of life and death, as reconcilable—a short moment of humanity and happiness in an otherwise all too hectic, inhumane present, full of constraints that force too many roles upon everybody and make it almost impossible to change one’s life and identity [↗**Freedom vs. Constraint**]. Another fantastic vision comes with the short movie *Qindīl al-baḥr* / *Kindil* (“The Jellyfish”) in which

a young woman, after being harassed and killed by a group of men, metamorphoses into a terrible medusa who takes revenge on a society that made it possible for such a crime to be committed against her. Although an Algerian production, it makes use of a technique that is very similar to forms of ‘masking’, described above, that also Egyptians and Tunisians often have recourse to, and it also applies it to a similarly sensitive topic that continues to be a hot issue in Egypt as well as Tunisia [↗**Male vs. Female**].

Not future visions but representations of a deplorable present reality are the hidden identities and/or double lives that we meet in a number of productions dealing with marginalized, oppressed, or threatened social groups, mostly minorities. Christians and LGBT are the most obvious cases in point. In *Ishtibāk* (“Clash”), a nurse hurries to cover the cross tattoo that identifies the man she treats as a Copt—the atmosphere in the packed police van into which they have been forced together with many others and which symbolizes society in a nutshell, is loaded with tension to such a degree that she fears that the situation might explode, and the Copt’s life be in danger, if the religious fanatics with whom they have to share this tight space would learn of their fellow citizen’s Christian identity [↗**Clash**]. In *Mawlānā* (“Our Master” / “The Preacher”), the unorthodox, free-minded imam Ḥātim is approached by a rich and influential contractor who is close to the inner circle around the President: his wife’s brother Ḥusayn has converted to Christianity, an incident that is classified as top “military secret.” Scandal is imminent, and a state affair may erupt if it should become known that Ḥusayn not only is an apostate but also has withdrawn considerable amounts of—public—money and donated it to the Coptic Church; Ḥusayn’s conversion and adoption of the Christian name “Buṭrus,” and thus his new identity, have to be concealed from the public [↗**Conversions**].

The fact that gay and lesbian people still have to conceal their sexual orientation and are unable to live their true identities in the open but have to resort to a parallel, secret, hidden second life as the only way to ‘be themselves’, is shown, and in most cases also implicitly criticized, in not a few productions, both documentary and fictional. In the documentary *Travesties*, Tunisian transvestites from Gabès travel to Sousse, and it is only there, masked not only in their cross-dresses but also protected by the ‘mask’ of anonymity as foreigners, that they can really begin to live. No wonder that after longer periods of suppression, their true identity virtually explodes: their dancing in a club takes on almost ecstatic traits [↗**Dancing**, ↗**Pop Music**]. Yet, compared to little Nūr whom we meet in *Abadan lam nakun atfālān*, they still appear almost privileged. Growing up in a slum as the second son of single mother Nādiya (whom we met above), Nūr never gets the chance to be just a kid; from an early age, he has to earn money to contribute to the family’s income, and he ends up doing this as a child prostitute. In this way he becomes a homosexual himself—which makes life even more difficult for him, given the persistence of society’s discrimination of homosexuality as ‘abnormal’ (*shādhdh*). The psychological pressure upon him becomes all the more difficult to bear as Nādiya and his elder brother, Khalīl, condemn his leanings, Khalīl being beside himself with rage because he thinks Nūr is dragging his and the family’s honour through the mud. At the end of the documentary, the boy has disappeared, with nobody knowing anything about his whereabouts [↗**Disappearances**]. As for Khalīl, he tells the film director on the phone that he, too, is leaving now—to join the IS forces—because he has come to a point where “I either have to die myself or kill others.”

Like Khalīl, many adolescent men take this step, deciding to become another and leave their old identities behind to start new lives—as true Muslims. Very often, their motivation is similar to Khalīl's, even if their families' situation is less precarious. 17-year-old Murād in *Zahrat Ḥalab* ("The Flower of Aleppo"), for instance, is the son of a middle-class couple who have separated; he despises, and is ashamed of, his "lousy father" who is a "lazy artist," a loser, an intellectual, and a drinker, unable, like his mother, to give the boy/young man the orientation he needs; therefore Murād is easily attracted by salafist ideology and ends up as a jihadist fighter in Syria [↗**Disappearances**]¹—as thousands of others like him. (The issue has already been dealt with for some years now, for example in the documentary *Comdamné à l'espoir* of 2014, but has lost nothing of its relevance, which is why it is chosen as one of the top five Tunisian documentary shorts to be shown on Arabic film festivals in 2016). Not the parents' separation or divorce, but the experience of having been raped by a brutal policeman during the Revolution [↗**The Policeman Criminal**]² is the traumatic experience that turns Ḥusayn in *Ghadwa ḥayy / Demain dès l'aube* ("Burning Hope"), about the same age as Khalīl and Murād, into a terrorist. Far away from the Tunisian capital, he tries to forget the humiliation he has suffered, but he cannot. Thus, his mother—like so many other mothers, fathers, friends, in other productions—notes that the boy withdraws from this world, observes him changing, becoming calm and shy, not relating to his familiar surroundings any longer. In all these films, the mutation of the disoriented youth from sensitive boys to desperate killers or suicide bombers is shown as a slow process of transition from one identity to another, with the characters for some time leading two parallel lives. Trauma treatment would perhaps have helped them to come to terms with what they have gone through [↗**Psychiatrists**]³. But they are too ashamed of their weakness in a society that expects them to be strong, not "like women" [↗**Inferiority vs. Superiority** (Emasculation), ↗**Male vs. Female**]⁴.

In many respects, however, the reasons why also other youth are living double lives are quite similar to those of the Christians, LGBT, and the traumatized. Most of these others are rebels—against a patriarchal social and political order that they experience as repressive. At a certain point in their lives, they become dropouts, though very often continuing to keep appearances. In *Ṣawt al-shārī' / Cloch'Art*, only the mother of one of the rappers portrayed knows that her son has a second identity as a singer of politically critical street music; they have to fear the police, so it is better that the father does not know [↗**Father Figures**]⁵. Old men in a café to whom the group gives a demonstration of their music find it "un-Arabic"—as if the youth were betraying Arab identity (which, according to the old men, is epitomized only by Umm Kulthūm or 'Abd al-Wahhāb) [↗**Past vs. Present**, ↗**Young vs. Settled**]⁶. The wish to avoid conflict with the family and/or the political regime has been the reason also for the protagonists of *Yallah! Underground* and *Alà hallat 'aynī / À peine j'ouvre les yeux* ("As I Open My Eyes"), both produced already in 2015 but shown on film festivals in 2016 as still 'valid' representations of current realities. In her first life, 18-year-old Farah, the heroine of *Alà hallat 'aynī*, is a high school student whose application for medical school has just been accepted. In her second life, she is a highly gifted interpreter of daring, politically and socially critical lyrics—out of a desire, as the young director puts it in an interview, "to live life to the full," a desire that is opposed to "family pressure and an omnipresent police state" (*VeniceDays*). Farah's wishes, her desires and passions, the whole of her personality clashes

with what is presented as an essentially anti-human system of norms, taboos, and authoritarian claims to power that prevents her from unfolding her personality, her identity [↗**Freedom vs. Constraint** (Individual vs. Collectivity)]. She can live her self only in secret, in her second life, behind the mask of her first life.

It is dangerous to be yourself. When the authorities become aware of Farah's oppositional activities she is detained and tortured. This is also what the rappers of *Cloch'Art* are afraid of, while Christians and LGBT mainly (though not only, cf. ↗**Conversions**) fear Islamist aggression and the influence of self-appointed guardians of public morals on the people [↗**In Islam, ...**, ↗**The Honourable Citizen**]. Shame and fear of society's contempt or ridicule keep the traumatized and weak from coming out with their traumata and their weakness, while at least some of those who suffer from existential crises or creative 'impotence' seek protection under the mask of fiction.

Yet others seek refuge in emigration and try to build a new second life for themselves abroad, often in the West [↗**Migration**]. But there they either face the problem of how to remain themselves while having to adapt to a foreign culture and integrate into a foreign society (*Zaynab takrah al-thalj* / "Zeineb Hates the Snow"). Or the past they wished to get rid of, or at least forget, catches up and powerfully returns on them. Thus, although Sāmiya in *Corps étranger*, after an adventurous flight, has somehow 'made it' to France and begun to find out how to survive in Lyon as a "sans papiers," a refugee without papers, she receives mysterious phone calls, meets a young man who knew her brother, re-establishes contact with her mother in Tunisia, etc.—and whatever she does, she still feels as if living in a foreign body (as the title has it): the 'mask' of her new (non-)identity can hardly prevent the specters of her former life from reappearing and breaking through.

Even though knowledge about problems of this kind is quite common—it was already in 2009 that Khālid al-Khamīsī organized his novel *Safīnat Nūḥ* ("Noah's Ark") as a survey of migrant trajectories—emigration is nevertheless, and in spite of all odds, still often imagined as a viable solution not only by the many political and economic refugees who keep trying to reach the West, but also by those who probably might survive, somehow, at home without emigrating but who are unwilling to sacrifice their best years to a society they no longer can relate to. But the decision to leave one's former life behind also needs courage and the readiness to make a big effort—qualities none of which the protagonist of *Nḥibbik, Hādī / Hédi* ("I Love You, Hedi") possesses. Deep inside himself, the 25-year-old Tunisian has already dropped out: neither his job nor the traditions, ideals and values held up by his parents provide him any longer with a feeling of belonging or a meaning in life. But although he is well aware of this, and even though he actually gets a concrete chance to begin a new life—together with beautiful, self-confident, independent Rīm (the name means 'gazelle', associated with freedom in the Arabic tradition), whom he has fallen in love with and with whom he has experienced freedom and his true self—in the end, he does not show up at the airport where the two had agreed to meet to leave the country for good. He decides to stay behind, and with this gives preference to what seems to be safer and easier, less risky, notwithstanding that this means that he will fall back into his former double life: he will follow tradition and marry Khadīja, the girl his parents have selected for him (and who is as conservative as her name—Khadīja was one of the Prophet Mohammed's wives—and whom he neither loves nor has kissed even once), and keep working in a boring job, while he will

without doubt still dream of Rīm (who truly loved him and with whom he had fulfilling sex). Behind the mask of the established, average, ‘arrived’ married middle-class employee, Hādī will probably go on to live a second life, allowing him to “be himself” only in secret, perhaps for some days in the year at a remote place where nobody knows him, like the tourist resort where he met Rīm. – Re-enacting the old plot of a young man torn between two women, one representing tradition, the other freedom, naturalness and authenticity, the movie presents the powerful parable of a nation at the crossroads, tending to persist in dated patterns while it would with all likelihood benefit from a more courageous approach that dares to take the risk of making steps beyond the paved ways of well-tried Tradition.

As the example of Hādī makes clear, the ‘mask’ of a double identity not only protects those who wear it, it also can do wrong or harm others, and it may also cover a feeling of guilt. The conditions Hādī lives in certainly *are* difficult, so he actually *is* a victim. However, out of weakness and love of comfort and security, he betrays not only himself but also Rīm, and he is dishonest against his parents and his fiancée. *Corps étranger* and *Ghadwa hayy* explore the same ambiguity: the protagonists are not only innocent victims there, but also offenders who have done wrong. In *Corps étranger*, it turns out that Sāmiya had a good reason to flee to France: her brother, who had become an Islamist, had started to impose on her his vision of how girls should behave according to the sharia [↗[In Islam, ...](#)]. But did she have the right to reveal his whereabouts to the police? Her treachery may have been the reason for his sudden disappearance and incarceration, and later, torture and death. The three protagonists of *Ghadwa hayy*, too, have become guilty in the past: During the days of the Revolution, they had suffered violence and injustice from the police; however, when Zaynab saved Husayn from the clutches of a policeman who was raping him she used an iron bar and beat the man extremely heavily; Husayn, infuriated, kicked him half-dead; and neither he nor Zaynab nor Elyssa tried to help the wounded man but fled in panic. The policeman survived, but only with severe physical and mental handicaps: he will be a cripple, dependent on aid for the rest of his life. Here, as in *Corps étranger*, the whole story is revealed only gradually, in pieces, after the three revolutionary youth had put on their ‘masks’ and begun to build new ‘post-event’ identities for themselves. Five years after the revolution, however, the past returns on them, ‘unmasking’ them and forcing them to come to terms with the tragic truth: violence had created counter-violence and turned innocent victims into guilty offenders.

However, time seems ripe not only for such re-assessments. In many cases, the use of masks and hiding in new identities is less ambiguous, the fact of their actual abuse uncontroversial. Thus, *al-Ṣalāt wa’l-ma’raka / La Vallée du Sel* (“Prayer and Battle” / “The Valley of Salt”), a documentary that portrays the life of a Coptic couple who receive death threats from religious fanatics—apparently some *shabāb* from the neighbourhood who call with suppressed caller IDs—leaves little doubt that it is the anonymous callers who commit a crime; the Christians themselves are completely innocent. Football hooligans, too, wearing the notorious Guy Fawkes masks, are mostly seen as mere offenders, and so are the police who put on cruel-looking, terrifying masks not only as a weapon to threaten the people, but also to be able, behind the mask of anonymity, to commit crimes against them [↗[The Policeman Criminal](#)]. It is this masking that inspired Muḥammad Rabīʿ to make it a characteristic feature of life in Egypt in his dystopian vision of the near future. It is quite significant that his novel *Uṭārid* (“Mercury”), in which horrible crimes are committed by

snipers wearing masks and where, moreover, masks have begun to replace the human face in general, is shortlisted for the International Prize of Arabic Fiction in 2016 as a powerful comment on the present. In many respects, ‘masking’ also seems to be an apt metaphor for what those in power are doing all the time: they disguise their true, criminal identities with the help of an official discourse of benign benefaction and working for the benefit of the nation [↗**True vs. False**; ↗**Father Figures**; ↗**The Voice from Above**]. But there are myriad initiatives that make it their task to reveal the ‘truth behind’ [↗**Social Media**, ↗**Inferiority = Superiority (Satire)**]. Moreover, a number of movies stage the mechanisms of hiding as well as the processes of revealing. In both *Mawlānā* and the *Nile Hilton Incident*, for example, the circles close to the Egyptian President are shown to commit crimes, systematically suppress the truth and fabricate fake versions, while those who investigate and disclose and in this way play the roles of detectives are the films’ indisputable heroes.

Related Entries

ARRAYS – ‘*Ashwā’iyyāt* ♦ Clash ♦ Conversions ♦ Dancing ♦ Disappearances ♦ Dollar Crisis ♦ Father Figures ♦ Gated Communities / Compounds ♦ In Islam, ... ♦ Migration ♦ The Policeman Criminal ♦ Pop Music ♦ Psychiatrists ♦ Self-help ♦ Social Media ♦ Tuk-tuk ♦ The Voice from Above ♦ *Zahma*

CODES – Affluence vs. Destitution ♦ Center vs. Periphery ♦ Freedom vs. Constraint (Individual vs. Collectivity) ♦ Male vs. Female ♦ Past vs. Present ♦ Inferiority vs. Superiority (Emasculation) ♦ True vs. False

CODES COLLAPSED – Hope = Hell (Dystopia) ♦ Inferiority = Superiority (Satire) ♦ Normality = Heroism (Surviving) ♦ Present = Past (Stuck)

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