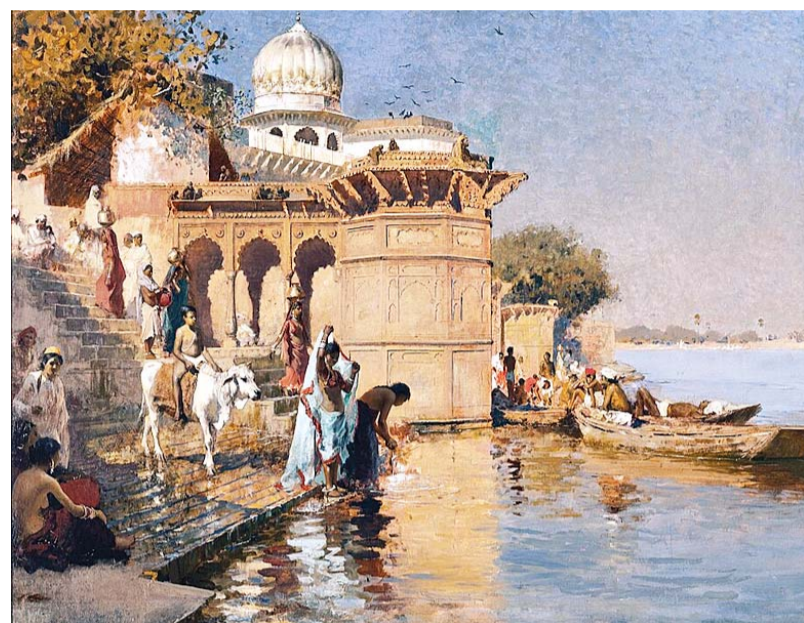
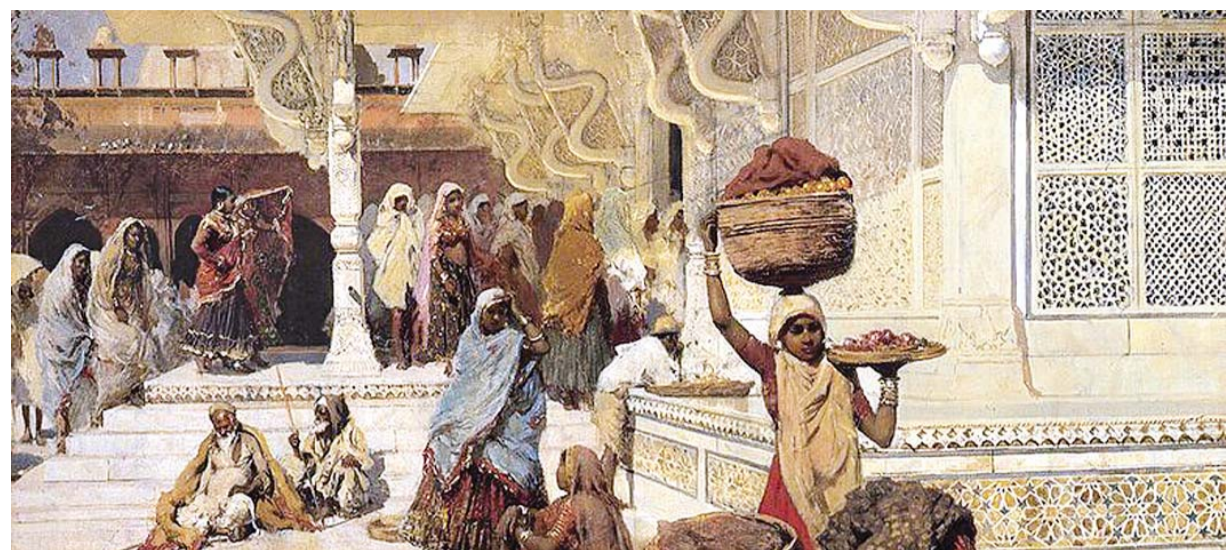




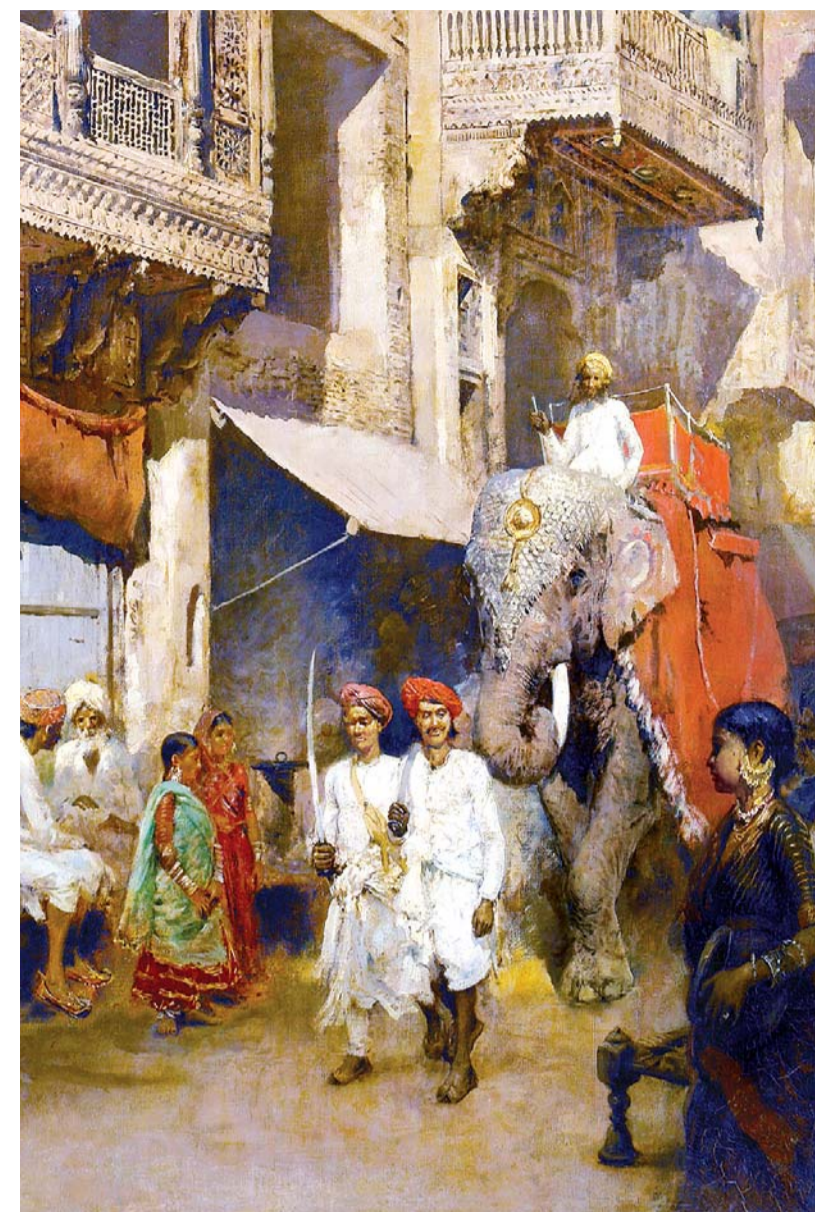
Celebrating National Peanut Butter Cookie Day

National Peanut Butter Cookie Day, observed on June 12, celebrates one of the world's most loved comfort treats. Known for their soft texture and signature crisscross fork marks, peanut butter cookies have been a household favorite for generations. The day encourages baking at home, sharing sweet moments with family, and revisiting classic recipes passed down over time. Peanut butter, packed with protein and rich flavour, adds both taste and nostalgia to every bite. Whether homemade or store-bought, these cookies bring simple joy and remind us how timeless, comforting desserts continue to connect people across kitchens and cultures.



Wanting to avoid the northern ports frequented by tourists, he planned to visit Rabat on the Atlantic coast, and so, crossed the Straits of Gibraltar accompanied by his wife, landing at Tangiers, where his friend Robert Gavin was living. He joined them on their journey. It was five days over land and across the flooded rivers (a coaster could have made the journey in a day!) and, not expecting to find a hotel in Rabat, they took with them sufficient supplies for a three month stay. However, reaching Rabat, they found the region to be stricken with famine. Not deterred and, through the ingenuity of their servants from Tangiers and their foreign currency, they embarked upon the tactic of distributing bread to the needy, in return for which they would pose to be sketched and painted, something they might otherwise have been unwilling to do.

Paintings of India



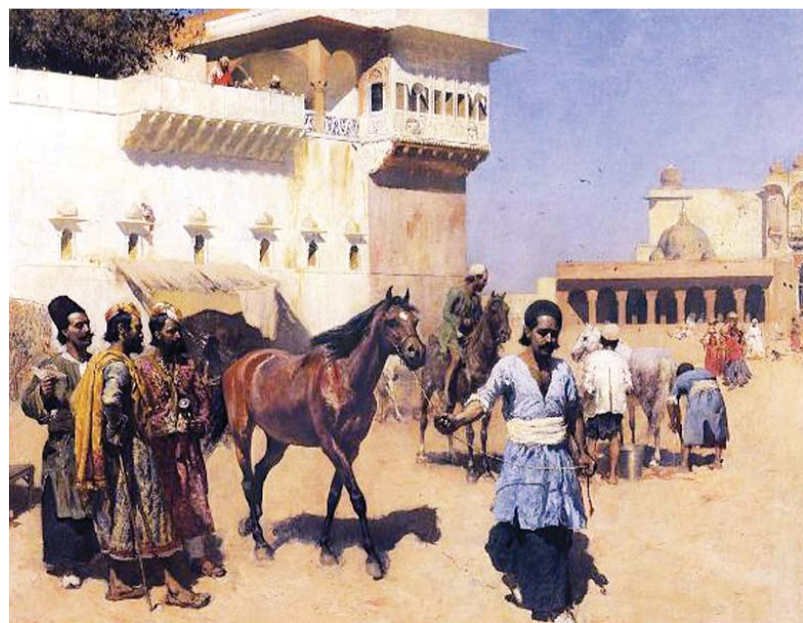
Anjali Sharma
Senior Journalist &
Wildlife Enthusiast

Edwin Lord Weeks was a famous American artist and traveler of the 19th century who became well known for his beautiful paintings of India and the East. Through his art, he introduced the landscapes, architecture, and everyday life of India to people in Europe and America. His paintings captured the richness of Indian culture, traditions, and historical monuments.

Early Life and Interest in Travel

Edwin Lord Weeks was born in 1849 in Boston, United States. His parents were spice and tea merchants from Newton, and as such, they were able to finance their son's youthful interest in painting and travelling.

Along with Frederic Arthur Bridgman, Edwin Lord Weeks is one of the most celebrated of the American Orientalists, this certainly being so during his lifetime.



and although, quite a lot is recorded concerning his professional career and travels, much of this from his own extensive travel writings, relatively little, is known about his private life.

Aged 21, he is known to have opened a studio in Newton, in the same year marrying Frances Rollins Hale from New Hampshire. The following year, accompanied by a friend, the illustrator A. P. Close, he traveled to Egypt, the Holy Land and Syria as far as Damascus. His sketchbooks from that visit overflow with North African scenes. However, at Beirut, Close died following a fever and was buried there. A painting depicting the port of Tangiers, dated 1872, survive from this period and appear to be one of the first of his works in the Orientalist style.

During a brief stay in Morocco around this time, it is likely that he encountered the Scottish Royal Academician Robert Gavin (1827-1883), who lived and worked in Tangiers during the 1870s.

After Weeks' return to Newton, Boston journals published their description of his new subject matter and also enthusiastically critiqued an exhibition of his works held at the Boston Art Club, early evidence of his increasing stature as an artist, at least in his hometown. The Boston Daily Evening Transcript of 23rd June 1874 announced that he would soon be



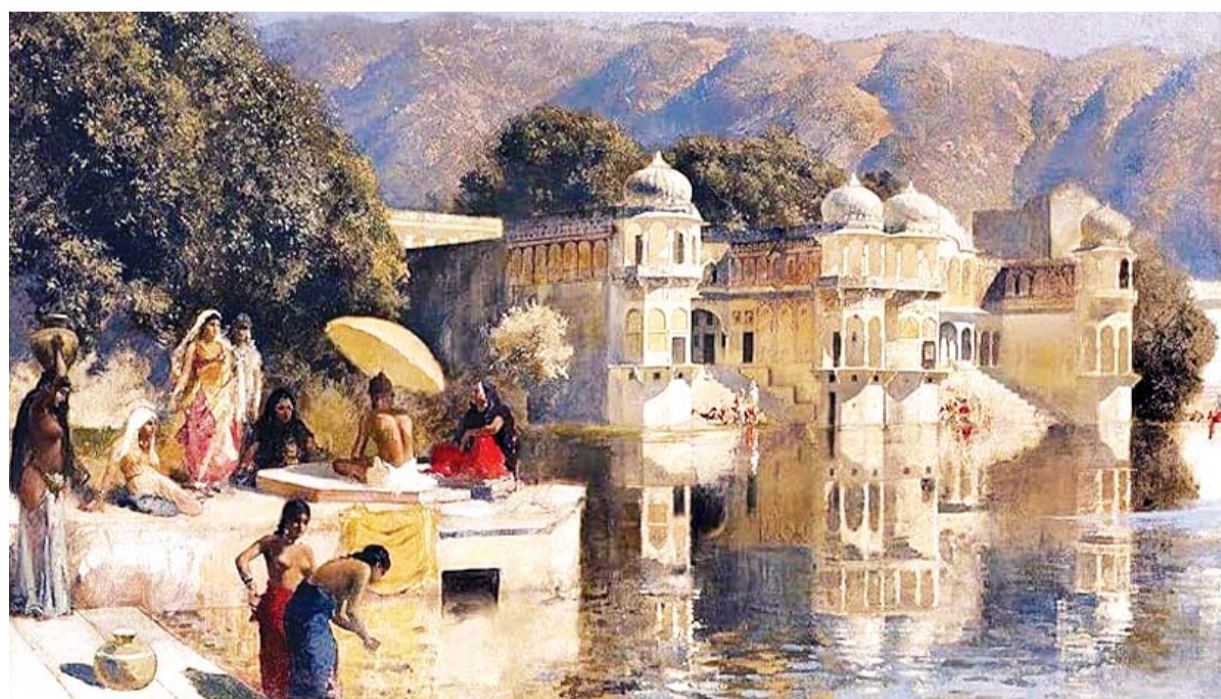
embarking for Europe and a season in Paris before returning to the Orient to study the magnificent colors found there.

Having arrived in Paris together with his wife, Weeks attempted to enroll at the atelier of Gérôme in the École des Beaux-Arts. However, while waiting for his application to be accepted, he started to work in a private atelier, that of Léon Bonnat, a close friend of Gérôme who had also traveled with him in North Africa. Indeed, when he was finally granted admission to Gérôme's atelier in September 1874, he was so satisfied with his studies with Bonnat that he decided to stay there and not accept the place offered. Although the Boston journals from then on started to call him "a student of Gérôme," in fact, he never was and he always referred to himself as a "student of Bonnat." However, it is likely that he knew Gérôme socially.

The precise details of Weeks' travels over the next few years are not well documented, however, he returned to Cairo in the spring of 1875, the following autumn going to Morocco in all likelihood, having spent the summer in Paris. Upon his return to America, in February 1877, he held an exhibition at the Noyes and Blakeslee Gallery in Boston. It was very well received and, according to the Boston journals, the resultant sales were sufficient to finance a voyage of several

years to India. But this was not yet to be and he returned to Paris where he commenced a work, A Moroccan Camel Driver, destined for the 1878 Salon, his first Salon exhibit. He then got ready to spend a long winter in Morocco, the details of which were published in Scribner's Magazine in 1901.

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planned to visit Rabat on the Atlantic coast, and so, crossed the Straits of Gibraltar accompanied by his wife, landing at Tangiers, where his friend Robert Gavin was living. He joined them on their journey. It was five days over land and across the flooded rivers (a coaster could have made the journey in a day!) and, not expecting to find a hotel in Rabat, they took with them sufficient supplies for a three month stay. However, reaching Rabat, they found the region to be stricken with famine. Not deterred and, through the ingenuity of their servants from Tangiers and their foreign currency, they embarked upon the tactic of distributing bread to the needy, in return for which they would pose to be sketched and painted, something they might otherwise have been unwilling to do.

They decided to return to Paris in February, intending to arrive in time for the Salon. However, a sand barrier prevented them boarding the coastal steamer, so, they planned to travel overland by camel. But the day of their intended departure, both Weeks and his



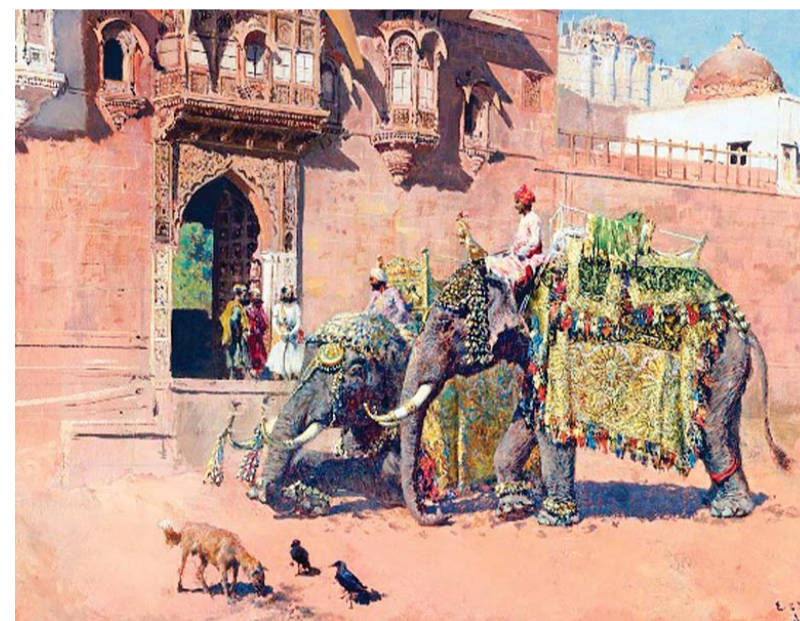
wife succumbed to typhoid fever and Gavin, who was apparently immunized, nursed them until the danger was over. It was not before spring that they boarded a ship carrying the British flag, and even then, they were subjected to a violent storm on their return journey.

Weeks didn't exhibit again either in America or at the Paris

Salon until 1880, and then, all his compositions were of Moroccan subjects and the prices asked were those of the best French painters of the time.

In 1883, he traveled to India and, according to his own letters, spent every day painting and every night developing his photographs, which he probably used in recording the architectural details and backgrounds for his compositions. He was to return again in 1892, commissioned by Harper's Magazine, this time accompanied by the journalist Theodore Child, who was to write a series of articles on their travels with illustrations by Weeks.

Foreseeing a daunting overland journey, they planned to set off from St. Petersburg and take the Trans-Caspian railway to Samarkand, then descending via Herat to Afghanistan, a comfortable journey for the greater part, becoming more adventurous after Samarkand. However, an outbreak of cholera in the Russian provinces to the north prevented this and, instead, they decided to follow the ancient caravan route from Trebizond on the Black Sea as far



as Tabriz, and from there across Kurdistan.

They arrived in Trebizond in July 1892 and organized a caravan. They were advised by their guide to buy an araba (a large covered wagon, probably like those used by the pioneers of the American west). So, drawn by four horses, they set off in a south-westerly direction accompanied by two other arabas

heading for Persia. However barely had they set off when their horses became bogged down in a marsh, one almost going under completely. Fortunately, the animal was rescued by the team from one of the other wagons.

Rather than camp in the open air, they preferred to spend the nights either in khans (modest boarding houses) or in caravanserais, although there was little comfort and, along the roads, one accident followed another as the wagon was repeatedly damaged and the horses injured. They were also hindered by the assiduous attention of the Turkish functionaries checking their papers and passports in every town they arrived at. A week later, they arrived at the border with Georgia and crossed the perilous pass of Taya, made even more dangerous since storms had transformed the dirt road into mud. Then, ever onwards past Mount Ararat in Turkey, along Lake Urmia and over the border into Kurdistan, they traveled.

Weeks found traveling through the Persian villages just as exciting as crossing the mountain passes. However, approaching Tabriz, they began to encounter one funeral procession after another, and then, on arrival in the town, deserted streets, they had walked right into a cholera epidemic! However, they stayed there almost a month, his

companion Theodore Child and their guide had been taken ill and needed to recover. But with winter approaching, they needed to move on, choosing their route carefully so as not to be cut off by the snow. They decided to set out for Tehran, then to head south towards Isfahan and Shiraz, cutting across to Bushehr, a port in the Persian Gulf, where they could catch a steam ship to India.

Having sold their araba, they traveled in Persian style, on horseback, a total of ten horses in their company, two for themselves and the other eight for their team and baggage. Weeks found the whole concept of traveling in this fashion highly satisfying and even romantic, pitching tent each night and recording their progress and the day's events then, after dinner, sitting under the awning of their tent to smoke as the sun set over the distant horizon.

They finally arrived at Tehran, a large cosmopolitan city endowed with a tramway and a sizeable foreign population. In contrast, Isfahan seemed to them very spread out and it took them an hour to pass through the surrounding villages and bazaars before reaching the central area. But the architecture was stunning and the air fragrant with the scent of ripe fruit.

When Weeks resumed his journey to Shiraz, he was equipped with a list of "contaminated villages,"

with cholera which the local consul had given him. At the gates of the city, notified by letter sent in advance, he was welcomed by two men and immediately transported into another universe, that of a foreign colony where one dined at a table and where "men dressed in white flannel played on tennis courts."

To get back to the Persian Gulf, Weeks had to cross the Kotal mountains and a peak 2250 metres (7382 ft) high on horseback. However, on 28th November 1892 on the marshy coast of Bushehr, he boarded the steam ship Occidental and took leave of his Persian companions. He was headed for India.

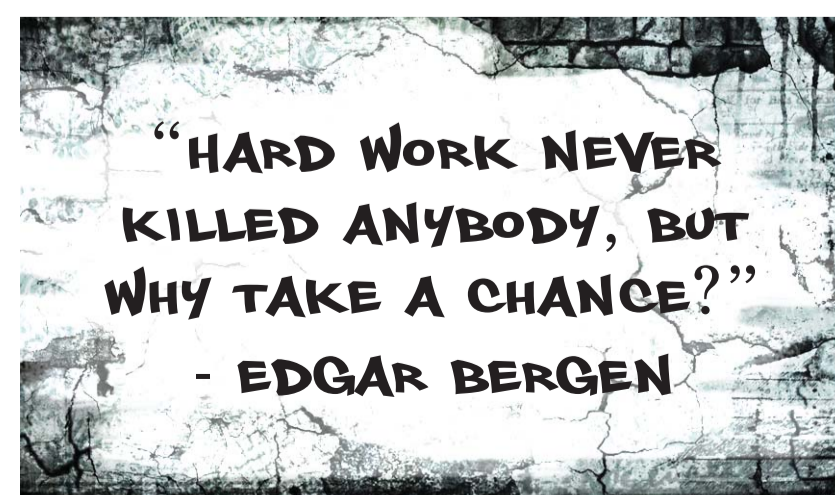
He spent two years in India before returning home to Paris. His paintings of Indian life gave him celebrity both in France and America and they became his specialty. He was able to spend the next thirteen years in a splendid residence with a huge atelier on the Avenue de Wagram before moving nearer to the Bois de Boulogne.

In 1896, he was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour and he continued to paint right up to his death in 1903, which is thought to have been due to an illness contracted in India. An obituary notice described him as "a reserved man with a quiet voice and of rather small stature, but virile, kindly and affable."

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THE WALL



BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman

