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ISRAEL

SUMMER SEMINAR

READER

AMERICAN JEWISH
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Mandel Archives Project
1944

Summer, 1984

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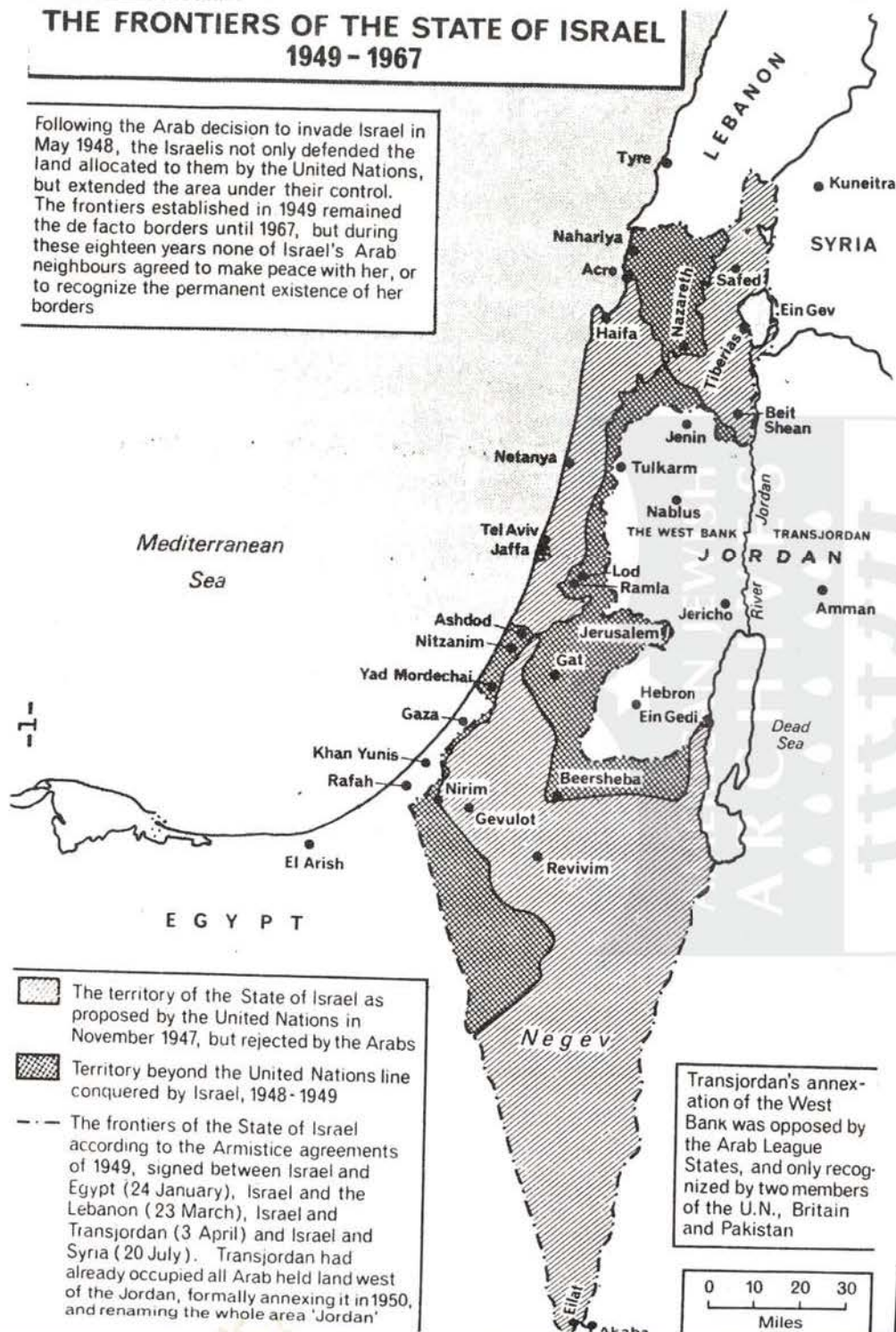
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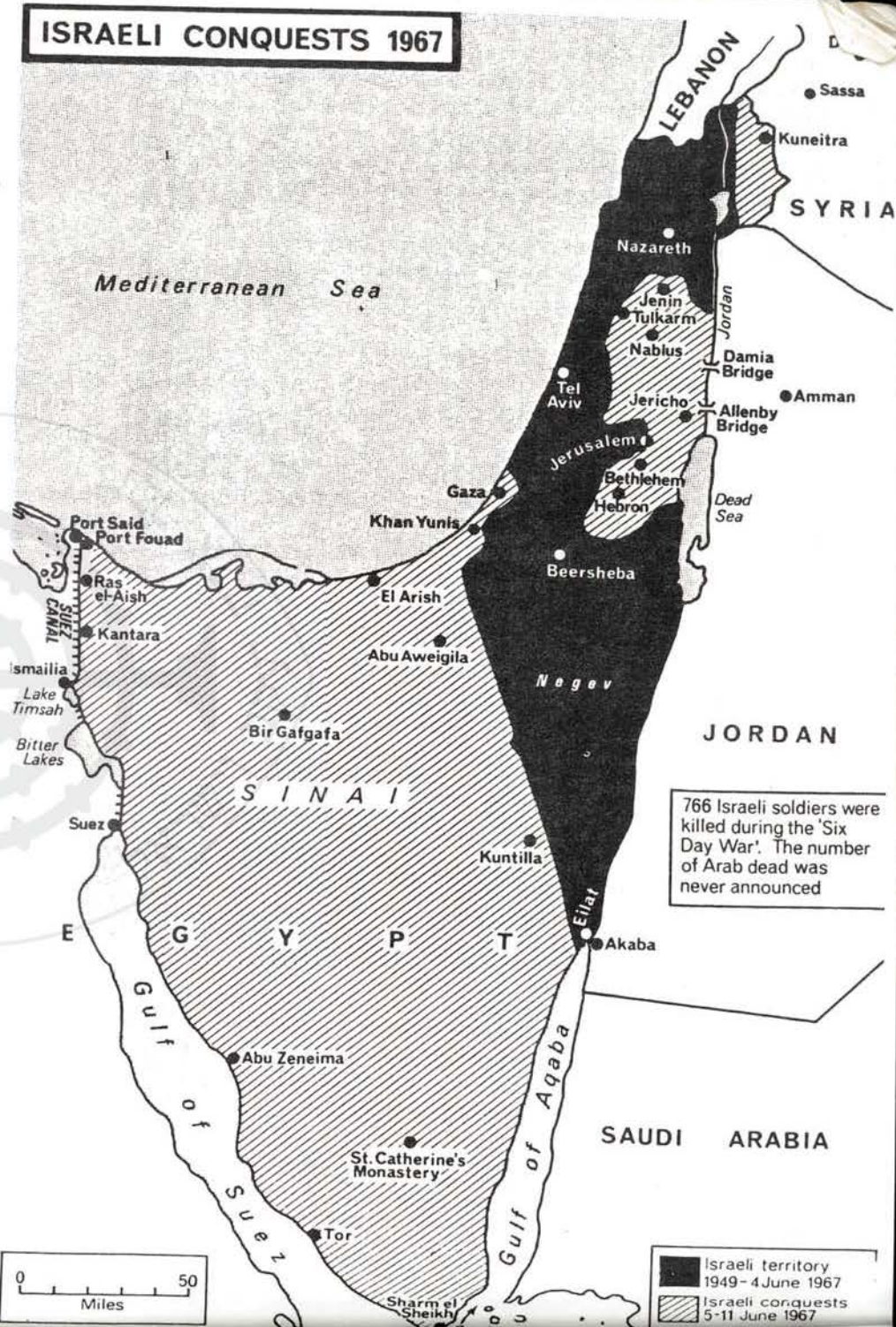


THE FRONTIERS OF THE STATE OF ISRAEL 1949 - 1967

Following the Arab decision to invade Israel in May 1948, the Israelis not only defended the land allocated to them by the United Nations, but extended the area under their control. The frontiers established in 1949 remained the de facto borders until 1967, but during these eighteen years none of Israel's Arab neighbours agreed to make peace with her, or to recognize the permanent existence of her borders



ISRAELI CONQUESTS 1967



766 Israeli soldiers were killed during the 'Six Day War'. The number of Arab dead was never announced

No human being is wealthy or powerful enough to transplant a people from one place of residence to another.⁴ Only an idea can achieve that. The State idea surely has that power. The Jews have dreamed this princely dream throughout the long night of their history. "Next year in Jerusalem" is our age-old motto. It is now a matter of showing that the vague dream can be transformed into a clear and glowing idea.

For this, our minds must first be thoroughly cleansed of many old, outworn, muddled, and shortsighted notions. The unthinking might, for example, imagine that this exodus would have to take its way from civilization into the desert. That is not so! It will be carried out entirely in the framework of civilization. We shall not revert to a lower stage; we shall rise to a higher one. We shall not dwell in mud huts; we shall build new, more beautiful, and more modern houses, and possess them in safety. We shall not lose our acquired possessions; we shall realize them. We shall surrender our well-earned rights for better ones. We shall relinquish none of our cherished customs; we shall find them again. We shall not leave our old home until the new one is available. Those only will depart who are sure thereby to improve their lot; those who are now desperate will go first, after them the poor, next the well to do, and last of all the wealthy. Those who go first will raise themselves to a higher grade, on a level with that whose representatives will shortly follow. The exodus will thus at the same time be an ascent in class.

The departure of the Jews will leave no wake of economic dis-

interests of departing Jews, and will organize trade and commerce in the new country.

We must not visualize the exodus of the Jews as a sudden one. It will be gradual, proceeding over a period of decades. The poorest will go first and cultivate the soil. They will construct roads, bridges, railways, and telegraph installations, regulate rivers, and provide themselves with homesteads, all according to predetermined plans. Their labor will create trade, trade will create markets, and markets will attract new settlers—for every man will go voluntarily, at his own expense and his own risk. The labor invested in the soil will enhance its value. The Jews will soon perceive that a new and permanent frontier has been opened up for that spirit of enterprise which has heretofore brought them only hatred and obloquy.

The founding of a State today is not to be accomplished in the manner that a thousand years ago would have been the only possible one. It is silly to revert to older levels of civilization, as many Zionists propose. Supposing, for example, we were obliged to clear a country of wild beasts, we should not set about it in the fashion of the fifth-century Europeans. We should not take spear and lance and go out individually in pursuit of bears; we would organize a grand and glorious hunting party, drive the animals together, and throw a melinite bomb into their midst.

If we planned to erect buildings, we should not drive a few shaky piles in a marsh like the lake dwellers, but should build as men build now. Indeed, we shall build in bolder and more stately style than has ever been done before; for we now possess means which heretofore did not exist.

The emigrants standing lowest in the economic scale will be gradually followed by those of the next grade. Those now in desperate straits will go first. They will be led by the intellectual mediocrities whom we produce so abundantly and who are oppressed everywhere.

Let this pamphlet serve as the beginning of a general discussion on the question of Jewish emigration. That does not mean to suggest, however, that the question should be called to a vote. Such an approach would ruin the cause from the outset. Whoever wishes may stay behind. The opposition of a few individuals is quite immaterial.

Who would go with us, let him fall in behind our banner and fight for the cause with word and pen and deed.

Those Jews who agree with our State idea will rally around the Society. Thereby they will give it the authority in the eyes of governments to confer and treat on behalf of our people. The Society will

The Plan

The whole plan is essentially quite simple, as it must necessarily be if it is to be comprehensible to all.

Let sovereignty be granted us over a portion of the globe adequate to meet our rightful national requirements; we will attend to the rest.

To create a new State is neither ridiculous nor impossible. Haven't we witnessed the process in our own day, among nations which were not largely middle class as we are, but poorer, less educated, and consequently weaker than ourselves? The governments of all countries scourged by anti-Semitism will be keenly interested in obtaining sovereignty for us.

The plan, simple in design but complicated in execution, will be executed by two agencies: the Society of Jews and the Jewish Company.

The scientific plan and political policies which the Society of Jews will establish will be carried out by the Jewish Company.

The Jewish Company will be the liquidating agent for the business

be recognized as, to put it in terminology of international law, a State-creating power. And this recognition will, in effect, mean the creation of the State.

Should the powers show themselves willing to grant us sovereignty over a neutral land, then the Society will enter into negotiations for the possession of this land. Here two regions come to mind: Palestine and Argentina. Significant experiments in colonization have been made in both countries, though on the mistaken principle of gradual infiltration of Jews. Infiltration is bound to end badly. For there comes the inevitable moment when the government in question, under pressure of the native populace—which feels itself threatened—puts a stop to further influx of Jews. Immigration, therefore, is futile unless it is based on our guaranteed autonomy.

The Society of Jews will treat with the present authorities in the land, under the sponsorship of the European powers, if they prove friendly to the plan. We could offer the present authorities enormous advantages, assume part of the public debt, build new thoroughfares, which we ourselves would also require, and do many other things. The very creation of the Jewish State would be beneficial to neighboring lands, since the cultivation of a strip of land increases the value of its surrounding districts.

Palestine or Argentina?

Is Palestine or Argentina preferable? The Society will take whatever it is given and whatever Jewish public opinion favors. The Society will determine both these points.

Argentina is one of the most fertile countries in the world, extends over a vast area, is sparsely populated, and has a temperate climate. It would be in its own highest interest for the Republic of Argentina to cede us a portion of its territory. The present infiltration of Jews has certainly produced some discontent, and it would be necessary to enlighten the Republic on the intrinsic difference of the new immigration of Jews.

Palestine is our unforgettable historic homeland. The very name would be a marvelously effective rallying cry. If His Majesty the Sultan were to give us Palestine, we could in return undertake the complete management of the finances of Turkey. We should there form a part of a wall of defense for Europe in Asia, an outpost of civilization against barbarism. We should as a neutral state remain in contact with all Europe, which would have to guarantee our existence.

The holy places of Christendom could be placed under some form of international extraterritoriality. We should form a guard of honor about these holy places, answering for the fulfillment of this duty with our existence. The guard of honor would be the great symbol of the solution of the Jewish question after what were for us eighteen centuries of affliction.

CONCLUSION

HOW MUCH REMAINS to be elaborated, how many defects, how many harmful superficialities, and how many useless repetitions in this pamphlet which I have so long considered and so frequently revised!

But a fair-minded reader, who has sufficient understanding to grasp the spirit of my words, will not be repelled by these defects. He will rather be roused thereby to enlist his intelligence and energy in a project which is not one man's alone and improve it.

Have I not explained obvious things and overlooked important objections?

I have tried to meet some objections; but I know that there are many more, high-minded and base.

It is one of the high-minded objections that the Jews are not the only people in the world who are in a state of distress. But I should think that we might well begin by removing a little of this misery, be it only our own for the time being.

It might further be said that we ought not to create new distinctions between people; we ought not to raise fresh barriers, we should rather make the old disappear. I say that those who think in this way are amiable visionaries; and the Homeland idea will go on flourishing long after the dust of their bones will have been scattered without trace by the winds. Universal brotherhood is not even a beautiful dream. Conflict is essential to man's highest efforts.

Well, then? The Jews, in their own State, will likely have no more enemies, and in their prosperity they will decline and dwindle, so that the Jewish people will soon disappear altogether? I imagine that the Jews will always have sufficient enemies, just as every other nation. But once settled in their own land, they can never again be scattered all over the world. The Diaspora cannot be revived, unless all of civilization collapses. Only a simpleton could fear this. The civilized world of today has sufficient power to defend itself.

represent here is based on what I should call the humanitarian aspect. By that I do not mean to say that we do not respect the other, the purely spiritual aspects of Jewish nationalism, such as the desire for self-expression, the rebuilding of a Hebrew culture, or creating some "model community of which the Jewish people could be proud." All that, of course, is most important; but as compared with our actual needs and our real position in the world today, all that has rather the character of luxury. The Commission have already heard a description of the situation of world-Jewry especially in eastern Europe, and I am not going to repeat any details, but you will allow me to quote a recent reference in the *New York Times* describing the position of Jewry in eastern Europe as "a disaster of historic magnitude." I only wish to add that it would be very naive, and although many Jews make this mistake I disapprove of it—it would be very naive to ascribe that state of disaster, permanent disaster, only to the guilt of men, whether it be crowds and multitudes, or whether it be Governments. The thing goes much deeper than that. I am very much afraid that what I am going to say will not be popular with many among my coreligionists, and I regret that, but the truth is the truth. We are facing an elemental calamity, a kind of social earthquake.

Three generations of Jewish thinkers and Zionists, among whom there were many great minds—I am not going to fatigue you by quoting them—three generations have given much thought to analyzing the Jewish position and have come to the conclusion that the cause of our suffering is the very fact of the Diaspora, the bedrock fact that we are everywhere a minority. It is not the anti-Semitism of men; it is, above all, the anti-Semitism of things, the inherent xenophobia of the body social or the body economic under which we suffer. Of course, there are ups and downs; but there are moments, there are whole periods in history when this "xenophobia of Life itself" takes dimensions which no people can stand, and that is what we are facing now.

I do not mean to suggest that I would recognize that all the Governments concerned have done all they ought to have done; I would be the last man to concede that. I think many Governments, East and West, ought to do much more to protect the Jews than they do; but the best of Governments could perhaps only soften the calamity to quite an insignificant extent, but the core of the calamity is an earthquake which stands and remains. I want to mention here that, since one of those Governments (the Polish Government) has recently tried what amounts to bringing to the notice of the League of Nations and the whole of humanity that it is humanity's duty to provide the Jews with an area where they could build up their own body social undisturbed by anyone, I think the sincerity of the Polish Government, and of any other Governments who, I hope, will follow, should not be suspected, but on the contrary it should be recognized and acknowledged with due gratitude.

Perhaps the greatest gap in all I am going to say and in all the Commission have heard up to now is the impossibility of really going to the root of the problem, really bringing before you a picture of what

may come when some Jewish representative may be allowed to appear at the Bar of one of these two Houses just to tell them what it really is, and to ask the English people: "What are you going to advise us? Where is the way out? Or, standing up and facing God, say that there is no way out and that we Jews have just to go under." But unfortunately I cannot do it, so I will simply assume that the Royal Commission are sufficiently informed of all this situation, and then I want you to realize this: The phenomenon called Zionism may include all kinds of dreams—a "model community," Hebrew culture, perhaps even a second edition of the Bible—but all this longing for wonderful toys of velvet and silver is nothing in comparison with that tangible momentum of irresistible distress and need by which we are propelled and borne.

We are not free agents. We cannot "concede" anything. Whenever I hear the Zionist, most often my own Party, accused of asking for too much—Gentlemen, I really cannot understand it. Yes, we do want a State; every nation on earth, every normal nation, beginning with the smallest and the humblest who do not claim any merit, any role in humanity's development, they all have States of their own. That is the normal condition for a people. Yet, when we, the most abnormal of peoples and therefore the most unfortunate, ask only for the same condition as the Albanians enjoy, to say nothing of the French and the English, then it is called too much. I should understand it if the answer were, "It is impossible," but when the answer is, "It is too much," I cannot understand it. I would remind you (excuse me for quoting an example known to every one of you) of the commotion which was produced in that famous institution when *Oliver Twist* came and asked for "more." He said "more" because he did not know how to express it; what *Oliver Twist* really meant was this: "Will you just give me that normal portion which is necessary for a boy of my age to be able to live." I assure you that you face here today, in the Jewish people with its demands, an *Oliver Twist* who has, unfortunately, no concessions to make. What can be the concessions? We have got to save millions, many millions. I do not know whether it is a question of rehousing one-third of the Jewish race, half of the Jewish race, or a quarter of the Jewish race; I do not know; but it is a question of millions. Certainly the way out is to evacuate those portions of the Diaspora which have become no good, which hold no promise of any possibility of a livelihood, and to concentrate all those refugees in some place which should not be Diaspora, not a repetition of the position where the Jews are an unabsorbed minority within a foreign social, or economic, or political organism. Naturally, if that process of evacuation is allowed to develop, as it ought to be allowed to develop, there will very soon be reached a moment when the Jews will become a majority in Palestine.

I am going to make a "terrible" confession. Our demand for a Jewish majority is not our maximum—it is our minimum: it is just an inevitable stage if only we are allowed to go on salvaging our people. The point when the Jews will reach a majority in that country will not

be the point of saturation yet—because with 1,000,000 more Jews in Palestine today you could already have a Jewish majority, but there are certainly 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 in the East who are virtually knocking at the door asking for admission, i.e., for salvation.

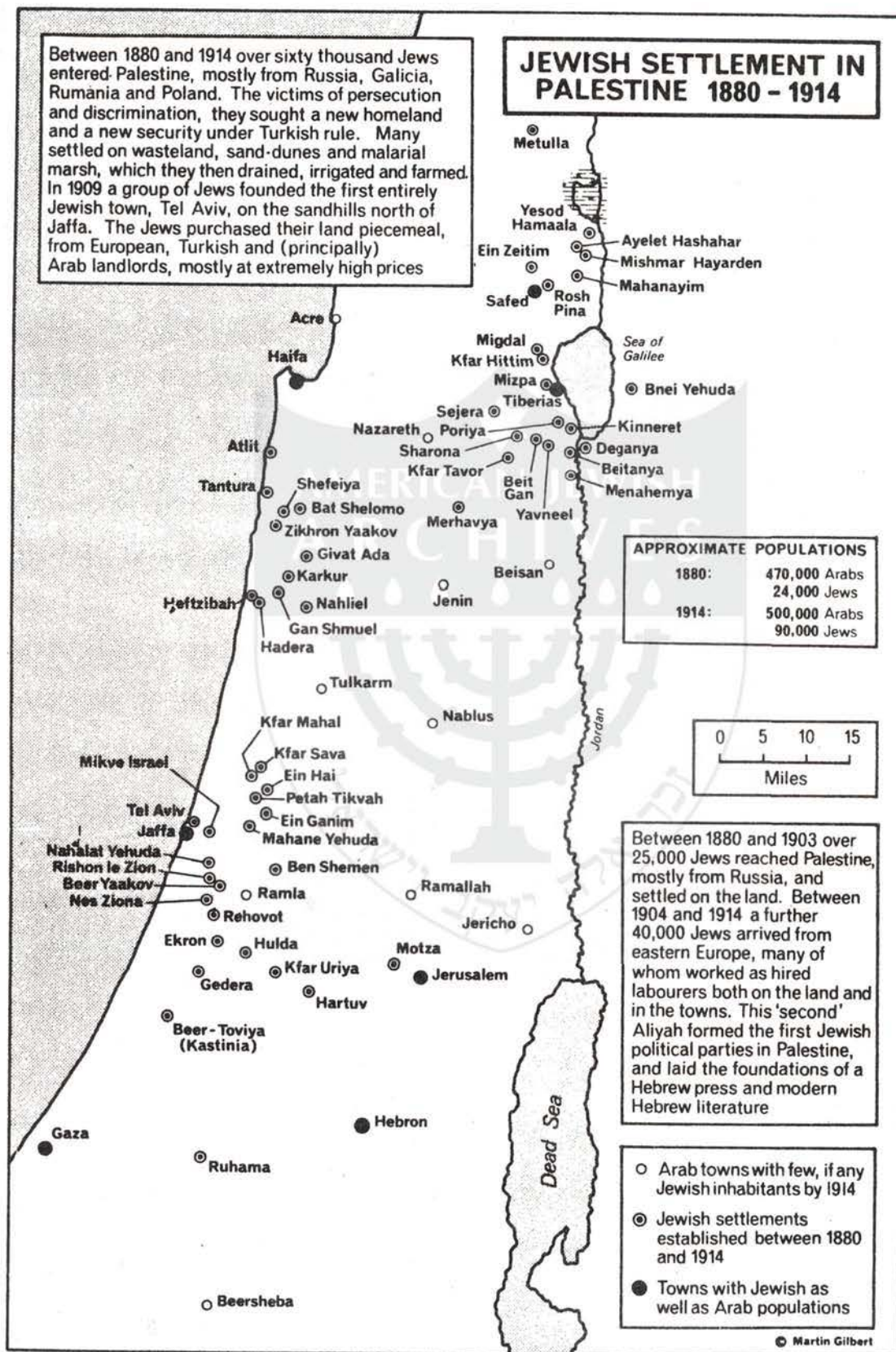
I have the profoundest feeling for the Arab case, in so far as that Arab case is not exaggerated. This Commission have already been able to make up their minds as to whether there is any individual hardship to the Arabs of Palestine as men, deriving from the Jewish colonization. We maintain unanimously that the economic position of the Palestinian Arabs, under the Jewish colonization and owing to the Jewish colonization, has become the object of envy in all the surrounding Arab countries, so that the Arabs from those countries show a clear tendency to immigrate into Palestine. I have also shown to you already that, in our submission, there is no question of ousting the Arabs. On the contrary, the idea is that Palestine on both sides of the Jordan should hold the Arabs, their progeny, and many millions of Jews. What I do not deny is that in that process the Arabs of Palestine will necessarily become a minority in the country of Palestine. What I do deny is that *that* is a hardship. It is not a hardship on any race, any nation, possessing so many National States now and so many more National States in the future. One fraction, one branch of that race, and not a big one, will have to live in someone else's State: Well, that is the case with all the mightiest nations of the world. I could hardly mention one of the big nations, having their States, mighty and powerful, who had not one branch living in someone else's State. That is only normal and there is no "hardship" attached to that. So when we hear the Arab claim confronted with the Jewish claim; I fully understand that any minority would prefer to be a majority, it is quite understandable that the Arabs of Palestine would also prefer Palestine to be the Arab State No. 4, No. 5, or No. 6—that I quite understand; but when the Arab claim is confronted with our Jewish demand to be saved, it is like the claims of appetite versus the claims of starvation. No tribunal has ever had the luck of trying a case where all the justice was on the side of one party and the other party had no case whatsoever. Usually in human affairs any tribunal, including this tribunal, in trying two cases, has to concede that both sides have a case on their side and, in order to do justice, they must take into consideration what should constitute the basic justification of all human demands, individual or mass demands—the decisive terrible balance of Need. I think it is clear.

I now want to establish that this condition was perfectly well known, perfectly realized, and perfectly acknowledged, by the legislators re-

sponsible for the act known as the Balfour Declaration and subsequently for the Mandate. The paramount question was Jewish distress. I was privileged myself to take part in our political negotiations with France, Italy, and England, from 1915 to 1917. I was also associated with others who conducted those negotiations. I can assure you that the main argument mentioned in every conversation with the Italian ministers, with M. Delcassé in France, with Lord Newton here, with Lord Balfour, with Mr. Lloyd George, and with everybody else, was the argument of the terrible Jewish distress, especially keen at that moment. England, France, and Italy, three Liberal countries, happened to be Allies of Tsarist Russia. I need not describe to gentlemen of your generation what it meant to any Englishman, whether Liberal or Conservative, when he read in the newspapers, especially in 1915 and 1916, certain information as to the fate of the Jews in the Russian sector of the war. It was the common talk everywhere—the feeling that something should be done to relieve that disaster, and the feeling that that disaster was only an acute expression of a deep-seated, chronic disease that was alive everywhere. And I claim that the spirit that created the Balfour Declaration was that spirit, the recognition that something should be done to save a people in that position.

My Lord and Gentlemen, here we come to the beginning of a very sad chapter. I will do my best to put it to you as moderately as I can. You will certainly use patience and perhaps more than patience with a man who has to tell you about a very great disappointment. I always thought before coming to England that if a civilized country, a civilized Government, assumed a trust, internationally, under *such* conditions, with *such* implications, dealing with a people who have so long suffered and who have so long hoped and whose hopes are, after all, sacred to every Englishman—I expected that Government to sit down and prepare a blueprint, a plan "how to do it." Under whatever interpretation of the "home" promise, there should have been a plan how to build it; what were to be the implications of "placing a country under such administrative, economic, and political conditions as might facilitate the establishment" of whatever you mean by the Jewish national home.

That was one condition—a Plan; and the second condition was letting it be clear to all that that was the trust they have accepted and "That is what we are going to do." That blueprint or planning should begin with a geological survey of both sides of the Jordan in order to ascertain what parts of the territory are really reclaimable, cultivable; a scheme for their amelioration and reclamation; a scheme of a loan



But this state of things did not endure. The Oral Law (which is

nounced the bill of divorce invalid, he may have been just as sorry for the victims as was the assembled congregation, who, in the poet's words,

THE RELATION BETWEEN a normal people and its literature is one of parallel development and mutual interaction. Literature responds to the demands of life, and life reacts to the guidance of literature. The function of literature is to plant the seed of new ideas and new desires; the seed once planted, life does the rest. The tender shoot is nurtured and brought to maturity by the spontaneous action of men's minds, and its growth is shaped by their needs. In time the new idea or desire becomes an organic part of consciousness, an independent dynamic force, no more related to its literary origin than is the work of a great writer to the primer from which he learned at school.

But a "people of the book," unlike a normal people, is a slave to the book. It has surrendered its whole soul to the written word. The book ceases to be what it should be, a source of ever-new inspiration and moral strength; on the contrary, its function in life is to weaken and finally to crush all spontaneity of action and emotion, till men become wholly dependent on the written word and incapable of responding to any stimulus in nature or in human life without its permission and approval. Nor, even when that sanction is found, is the response simple and natural; it has to follow a prearranged and artificial plan. Consequently both the people and its book stand still from age to age; little or nothing changes, because the vital impulse to change is lacking on both sides. The people stagnates because heart and mind do not react directly and immediately to external events; the book stagnates because, as a result of this absence of direct reaction, heart and mind do not rise in revolt against the written word where it has ceased to be in harmony with current needs.

We Jews have been a people of the book in this sense for nearly two thousand years; but we were not always so. It goes without saying that we were not a people of the book in the era of the Prophets, from which we have traveled so far that we can no longer even understand it. But even in the period of the Second Temple heart and mind had not lost their spontaneity of action and their self-reliance. In those days it was still possible to find the source of the Law and the arbiter of the written word in the human heart, as witness the famous dictum of Hillel: "Do not unto your neighbor what you would not have him do unto you; that is the whole Law."¹ If on occasion the spontaneity of thought and emotion brought them into conflict with the written word, they did not efface themselves in obedience to its dictates; they revolted against it where it no longer met their needs, and so forced upon it a development in consonance with their new requirements. For example: The Biblical law of "an eye for an eye" was felt by the more developed moral sense of a later age to be savage and unworthy of a civilized nation; and at that time the moral judgment of the people was still the highest tribunal. Consequently it was regarded as obvious that the written word, which was also authoritative, must have meant "the value of an eye for an eye," that is to say, a penalty in money and not in kind.

But this state of things did not endure. The Oral Law (which is

really the inner law, the law of the moral sense) was itself reduced to writing and fossilized; and the moral sense was left with only one clear and firm conviction—that of its own utter impotence and its eternal subservience to the written word. Conscience no longer had any authority in its own right; not conscience but the book became the arbiter in every human question. More than that: conscience had no longer the right even to approve of what the written word prescribed. So we are told that a Jew must not say he dislikes pork: to do so would be like the impudence of a slave who agrees with his master instead of unquestioningly doing his bidding. In such an atmosphere we need not be surprised that some commentators came to regard Hillel's moral interpretation of the Law as sacrilegious and found themselves compelled to explain away the finest saying in the Talmud. By "your neighbor," they said, Hillel really meant the Almighty: you are not to go against His will, because you would not like your neighbor to go against your will. And if the doctrine of "an eye for an eye" had been laid down in the Babylonian Talmud, not in the Mosaic Law, and its interpretation had consequently fallen not to the early Sages but to the Talmudic commentators, they would doubtless have accepted the doctrine in its literal meaning; Rabbis and common people alike would have forcibly silenced the protest of their own moral sense against an explicit injunction, and would have claimed credit for doing so.

The Haskalah writers of the last generation did not get down to the root cause of this tyranny of the written word. They put the blame primarily on the hardheartedness and hidebound conservatism of Rabbis who thought nothing of sacrificing the happiness of the individual on the altar of a meticulous legalism. Thus Gordon in *The Point of a Yod* depicts the Rabbi as

*A man who sought not peace and knew no pity,
For ever banning this, forbidding that,
Condemning here, and penalizing there.*

These writers appealed to the moral sense of the common man against the harshness of the Law. They thought that by painting the contrast in sufficiently lurid colors they could provoke a revolt which would lead to the triumph of the moral sense over the written word. But this was a complete mistake. There was in fact no difference between the attitude of the Rabbi and that of the ordinary man. When Vofsi² pronounced the bill of divorce invalid, he may have been just as sorry for the victims as was the assembled congregation, who, in the poet's words,

*Stood all atremble, as though the shadow of death
Had fallen upon them.*

It was only the Rabbi who never doubted for a moment where the victory must lie in a conflict between the moral sense and the written word: the congregation did not dream of questioning the Rabbi's decision, still less of questioning the Law itself. If they "stood all atremble," it was only as one might tremble at some catastrophe due to the unalterable course of nature. A normal people would react to a tragedy of this kind by determining that such a thing should never happen again; but a "people of the book" can react only by dumb sorrow, such as would have been occasioned by the heroine's falling dead at her wedding. To blame the written word, to revolt against the rigor of the Law—that is out of the question.

Zangwill³ is nearer the truth in his *Children of the Ghetto*. In this novel there is an incident similar to that of Gordon's poem, but the treatment is very different. The Rabbi, Reb Shmuel, is himself the girl's father, and a very affectionate father. His daughter's happiness in her love for David is his happiness too. But when he discovers by accident that David is of the priestly family, and therefore cannot marry Hannah, who is technically a divorced woman because of a young man's stupid joke, his first words, in spite of his anguish, are "Thank God I knew it in time." All David's appeals to justice and mercy are in vain. It is God's law, and must be obeyed. "Do you think," says Reb Shmuel at the end of a long and painful scene, "I would not die to make Hannah happy? But God has laid this burden upon her—and I can only help her to bear it."

No: Vofsi and all his kind are not monsters of cruelty. They are tenderhearted enough; but their natural feelings have not free scope. Every sentiment, every impulse, every desire gives in without a struggle to "the point of a yod."

Where the natural play of heart and mind is thus stifled, we cannot expect to find self-assertion or strength of purpose in any business outside the field of the written word. Logic, experience, common sense, and moral feeling are alike powerless to lead men into new paths toward a goal of their own choice. Inevitably, as our experience has shown, this general condition puts obstacles in the way of the solution of any and every one of our problems. It has long been obvious to thinking men that there is no hope for any particular measure of improvement unless the general condition is put right first of all.

The paramount question is, then, whether there is any possibility of

curing this long-standing disease; whether the Jewish people can still shake off its inertia, regain direct contact with the actualities of life, and yet remain the Jewish people.

It is this last requirement that makes the question so very difficult. A generation ago the Haskalah movement showed how the process of awakening could be brought about. Leaving the older people alone, it caught hold of the young and normalized their attitude to life by introducing them to European culture through education and literature. But it could not make good its promise to bring humanism into Jewish life without disturbing the Jewish continuity: to that its products bear ample witness. Coming into Jewish life from outside, Haskalah found it easier to create an entirely new mold for its followers than to repair the defects of the Jewish mold while preserving its essential characteristics. Hence there can be no complete answer to our question until a new and compelling urge toward normalization springs up among us from within, from our own Jewish life, and is communicated to the younger generation through education and literature, so that it may fuse with the humanism of Haskalah and prevent the latter from overwhelming and obliterating the Jewish mold.

A native-born urge of this kind has recently come into play in the form of the idea which we call Hibbat Zion,⁴ though that name is inadequate to express the full meaning of the idea. True Hibbat Zion is not merely a part of Judaism, nor is it something added on to Judaism; it is the whole of Judaism, but with a different focal point. Hibbat Zion neither excludes the written word nor seeks to modify it artificially by addition or subtraction. It stands for a Judaism which shall have as its focal point the ideal of our nation's unity, its renaissance, and its free development through the expression of universal human values in the terms of its own distinctive spirit.

This is the conception of Judaism on which our education and our literature must be based. We must revitalize the idea of the national renaissance, and use every possible means to strengthen its hold and deepen its roots, until it becomes an organic element in the Jewish consciousness and an independent dynamic force. Only in that way, as it seems to me, can the Jewish soul be freed from its shackles and regain contact with the broad stream of human life without having to pay for its freedom by the sacrifice of its individuality.

THE BEGINNINGS OF TEL AVIV

TODAY the city of Tel Aviv, together with Jaffa, which has recently been included within its municipal jurisdiction, has a population of well over 300,000. In addition, it has around it a ring of towns and suburbs which bring the total for the Greater Tel Aviv area to half a million or more. Tel Aviv, a bustling, modern city, is the hub of Israel's commercial life, and there are some important industries in its vicinity. Culturally, too, it plays a major rôle in the life of the country: it is the home of the main theatrical companies and of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, and it is there that all Hebrew daily newspapers, as well as many other periodicals and also books, are published. The city's phenomenal growth began under the Mandatory régime and has continued since Israel attained independence. During the period of Mandatory administration, it played a special part in developing the Yishuv and preparing it to assume political independence; for it alone, of all the Jewish urban centres, had its daily affairs managed almost exclusively by Jews. The Municipality was staffed entirely by Jews; the local Government offices had mainly Jewish personnel; and there was even a special section of the Palestine Police Force in Tel Aviv consisting of Jews and wearing distinctive uniforms. Over a third of Israel's Jewish inhabitants live in Tel Aviv and its environs; yet the city is less than fifty years old, and its main growth took place during the past thirty years.

The first steps towards the establishment of Tel

Aviv were taken in 1906, and the aim was the modest one of building a residential suburb in the neighbourhood of Jaffa. Although, at the time, Jerusalem had the largest Jewish population, the mainly non-Jewish city of Jaffa had some 5,000 Jewish inhabitants who constituted a vital community and who formed the modern, progressive element in Jewish urban life. But they lived in overcrowded conditions which became aggravated as more Jews went to live there. The following account of the beginnings of Tel Aviv is by the late David Smilansky, a brother of Moshe Smilansky, whose reminiscences appear elsewhere in this book.

Smilansky, who had been abroad, returned to Palestine in March, 1906. Landing, as did nearly all travellers, at Jaffa, he records how appalled he was by the narrow, dirty lanes of the city and their offensive stench, which had not improved in any respect since he had last seen them fifteen years earlier. The Salant Hotel, where he and his family secured temporary lodging, stood in the noisy market-place, and its yard was full of camels, horses, donkeys and other beasts. After vainly searching for proper living quarters for several months, Smilansky eventually found, through an Arab agent, a room in a 'boarding house' kept by a Jewish woman. For this room—without any amenities—he paid what was then the very considerable sum of 25 gold francs a month. He and his family suffered not a little from the mosquitoes, fleas, bedbugs, mice and other creatures with which the room was infested.

A few months later, he accepted the offer of an Arab landlord to build him a dwelling for an advance payment of 500 gold francs on account of rent. The

dwelling consisted of three rooms, one of them windowless (being designed for the women of a Muslim household). This seemed truly a deliverance, and Smilansky thought himself exceptionally fortunate. But, he writes,

I later found I was no exception. There were many such 'deliverers' amongst our Ishmaelite brethren, who welcomed us cordially and with our money built whole streets of houses containing hundreds of dwellings, through the expedient of taking two or three years' rent in advance... The prices of dwellings increased very considerably, and the Arabs exploited the new immigrants at will.

Bitter thoughts assailed me. Was this the way to build an urban Jewish population? Instead of establishing a firm economic position for ourselves, here we were emptying our pockets and handing over our wealth to strangers. It was clear to me that our new Yishuv must be founded upon the soil, and that it must follow the path of agriculture and establish a new generation of farmers. But at the same time I felt that, although the towns need Jewish villages and settlements, the Jewish rural population equally needs a Jewish town, where commerce and industry should be centred, so as to render us independent of the good graces of others.

In the close vicinity of Smilansky's apartment lived several men who played leading parts in the life of the Yishuv, and especially in the annals of Tel Aviv. They included Z. D. Levontin, manager of the Anglo-Palestine Co., Dr. Hillel Yaffe, Yehuda Grazovsky, Dr. Metman, founder of the Herzlia 'Gymnasia' (Secondary School), S. Ben-Zion Guttman (the Hebrew writer), M. Sheinkin and others. In the evenings, after work, they would often meet and discuss affairs.

-10-

'The time,' Smilansky writes, 'was the beginning of the Second *Aliya*, and each ship brought hundreds of newcomers, most of whom settled in the Old City of Jaffa.' The newcomers included a man named Akiva Weiss and his family, who secured quarters near Smilansky.

It was on an evening in July, 1906, while Smilansky sat outside his house plunged in gloomy meditation, that Weiss came up to him and told him of an idea that had come into his head. This was to organise a group of Jewish residents of Jaffa to establish a suburb near by. Smilansky welcomed the idea, and the two began to try and win over some of their immediate circle of friends. A few of them warmly supported it, but many others—especially those who claimed to be experts—ridiculed it, prophesying that it would lead to the creation of just another congested Jewish quarter. And, writes Smilansky,

anyone who did not at the time see the dirt of those quarters, which were inhabited exclusively by our fellow-Jews; anyone who did not smell the evil odours of those dark and narrow alleys; can have no idea of the meaning of dirt, filth and squalor.

Nevertheless, Weiss and Smilansky proceeded undaunted, and within a few days they called a meeting which formed a society and elected a committee. New members were eagerly canvassed, and before long their number had grown to twenty. They were particularly glad when Meir Dizengoff (who later became the first Mayor of Tel Aviv) joined them and declared his readiness to take an active part in the project.

By January, 1907, the number of members had grown to 46, each paying in a sum in token of his

serious intention to build a home of his own. The society, which took the name of *Achuzat Bayit*, opened an account with the Anglo-Palestine Co., though not before some legal difficulties, due to its (the society's) not having been registered with central Turkish authorities, had been overcome. The next step was to finance the venture. Several foreign firms and banks were prepared to help, but the desirability of accepting their offers gave rise to discussion among the members. Some felt it was wrong to encourage foreign firms to gain a foothold in Palestine and thus weaken the precarious Jewish economic position. Others thought that international capital ought to be attracted to the country. It was the first view, however, which prevailed, and recourse was had to Jewish sources only. As the Anglo-Palestine Co. did not transact business of that nature, and as the supreme body of the Zionist Organisation was unable to come to any decision in the matter, application was made to the Jewish National Fund, which at that time had its headquarters in Cologne. A loan of 300,000 francs was requested to enable 60 single-family houses to be built. Thanks to the strong advocacy of Dr. Ruppin, who had been nominated Director of the Palestine Office which was to be set up in Jaffa, the Eighth Zionist Congress, which met at The Hague in August, 1907, approved the loan (a sixth of it was later earmarked for the new Herzlia quarter in Haifa).

The next step was to acquire land; but, although it had been decided to keep the matter secret at that stage, word of the society's intentions soon leaked out. The result was that dozens of middlemen sprang up as if from nowhere—Jews, Muslims and Christian Arabs—with a variety of offers. The site of the pro-

posed suburb gave rise to considerable discussion. Finally, it was decided to take the bold step of acquiring a tract of land known as Karm Jabali,—a stretch of sandy ground, bearing vestiges of a former orchard and vineyard, some distance to the north of Jaffa. But, despite all attempts to keep it secret, this decision became known as well, and the middlemen got wind of it. Indeed, so great was the fuss they made, that the price of land in the neighbourhood rose to four times its original value.

Discussion also centred around the amount of land to be acquired. The more farsighted members of the society wanted to buy an area sufficient to allow of further expansion, to admit of planning a sizable modern town, and to prevent speculation. They were, however, opposed by 'realists', who advised the acquisition of enough for immediate needs only. In the end, it was decided to buy an area sufficient for 60 houses, leaving a small margin for further development, with an option on an additional area of slightly lesser extent.

Negotiations with the Arab owners were concluded, and it was agreed that they would hand over the land free of all encumbrances within nine months, together with the requisite title deeds and building permits. But, once the purchase price had been paid, a series of delays ensued in fulfilling the conditions, added to which numbers of middlemen put in claims for payment of alleged services; months passed before the various difficulties were straightened out. A further obstacle was presented by the Turkish authorities' ban on the acquisition of land by East European Jews. Eventually the land was transferred, but it had to be registered in the name of several Jews of standing in

the community who were Ottoman subjects, and later in that of the late Dr. Jacobus Kahn, of Holland (who met his death in a Nazi extermination camp during the second World War). The announcement that the transaction was completed was made at a general meeting of the *Achuzat Bayit* Society, in September, 1908. At the same meeting it was announced that the Herzlia Gymnasia (the first Hebrew secondary school, which had been established in Jaffa in 1905) had decided to buy a large plot of land from the society for the construction of a new building with funds provided by an English Jew, Jacob Moser, of Bradford.

How daring the whole venture seemed at the time can be seen from David Smilansky's account of the debate concerning the advisability of transferring the school to the proposed site.

The older people... argued that it was wrong to erect the building in the midst of a sandy waste far from town, as it would endanger the lives of the children who would have to go there daily... But the dreamers countered by saying that the new Yishuv would soon quit the old town [Jaffa] and transfer the centre of its life to a cleaner environment, which would be altogether Jewish. They therefore insisted that the Gymnasia should be built in the Jewish suburb. The decisive voice in the controversy was that of Jacob Moser...

The regulations in force at the time made it necessary to apply to the central Government in Constantinople in order to obtain a building permit. This caused further delay, as well as considerable expenditure, which the society could ill afford. Meanwhile, the impatience of the members was growing. A few demanded their money back and returned to the Diaspora. Others began to charge the committee with incompetence

and to express their dissatisfaction in the form of constant protests and petitions. In the end, resort was had to the usual remedy in the Orient—baksheesh—and the committee succeeded in obtaining a permit to build a number of houses. Further application of the same remedy secured permits to build the full complement of houses.

At last preparations were put in hand to begin the actual work of construction. But a new and unforeseen obstacle arose: the authorities began to erect a police barracks in the middle of the projected main street. Not only did this interfere with the plan, but under Turkish law private building in the vicinity of such an establishment was forbidden. Representations to the various authorities were of no avail: the work of building was prosecuted with a vigour quite uncharacteristic of official Ottoman undertakings. When the structure was completed, Smilansky writes,

a festive procession was arranged by the Muslim and Christian Arabs under the patronage of Government officials. It included sheikhs, *imams* and Christian priests, and also a band. The drums beat, the cymbals clashed, and the trumpets blared forth triumphantly. The Arab youths were overjoyed. They sang and danced... and hurled abuse at the Jews.

It took more than the usual efforts and involved more than the customary sums in baksheesh before the society was able to buy the barracks,—which it then proceeded to demolish completely. That done, the members breathed with relief and resumed their preparations to build. The interruptions, however, were not yet at an end. This time the trouble was caused by a group of bedouin, who pitched their tents

on the society's land, choosing for the purpose the tallest eminence, which had been set aside for the school.

The heroes had occupied the sand hill one evening without encountering any opposition, since we all lived in Jaffa. They had hung Ottoman flags above their tents and taken possession of the land. The men were armed from top to toe with rifles, pistols, swords, daggers and knives. Their women-folk raised a great outcry and screamed with all their might if anyone ventured near their tents, and their hungry dogs snarled at us... The din was deafening.

The trespassers tried to establish a title to the land, but as they could produce no proofs in support of their claim, they relied on the principle of might is right. The members of *Achuzat Bayit*, in turn, sought the help of their respective consuls, whose energetic intervention with the authorities quickly secured action designed to remove the offending Arabs.

The Turkish Administration sent daily a detachment of horse and foot soldiers to drive off the 'enemy'. But the latter persistently returned. Weeks passed without positive results, and in the meantime rumours got about that new trespassers intended to encroach upon the remaining lots... The position was grave: the large amount of 150,000 francs was in danger of being lost. After three long years of waiting, and after surmounting all kinds of obstacles in order to start building, we had suddenly run against a blank wall. The new claimants to ownership... shouted and screamed that the land had been theirs of old, and threatened that unless they were paid in good hard cash they would not leave without a fight. The consuls

made continual representations to the district gendarmerie, but all to no avail. We finally realised that it was no use relying upon the local authorities, and that the matter would not be concluded without payment of compensation and gratuities. Eventually, after we had paid them close on 35,000 gold francs, the self-styled owners vacated the land.

Meanwhile, the fame of *Achuzat Bayit* had spread, both in Palestine and in the Diaspora, and requests for plots poured in. In March, 1909, an application was received from a new society that had been formed in Jaffa, called *Nachlat Binyamin*, for the purchase of a sizable tract from *Achuzat Bayit* at the same price as it had paid. The application was granted, and thus another 40 prospective householders were added to the initial 60. A month later, a letter was received from the Hebrew poet, Chayim Nachman Bialik, who lived in Odessa at the time, asking to become a member of *Achuzat Bayit* and to be allocated a plot.

The building plots were distributed by means of a lottery, held on the 1st April, 1909, and measures were taken to go ahead with the actual work of building. A small motor and pump were ordered from a Jewish factory in Jaffa, and also a filter and tanks. The firm in question, that of L. Stein and Co., employed as many as 120 workers, all Jewish, and it was given the work of laying down the water pipes along the six streets that were planned for the suburb. A Jewish contractor was entrusted with digging a well and building a water tower. It was stipulated that he should use Jewish labour only, and he was paid the extra sum involved in employing Jews.

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water was yielded to support a population of thousands. The levelling of the sand dunes was entrusted to a group of Jewish workers, and the society acquired some trolleys and rails for them to run on, to enable the sand to be removed more easily and quickly. This device intrigued the Arab onlookers, to whom the only method familiar was to carry the sand in baskets on their heads or, at best, on the backs of donkeys or camels.

The society saw to it that all public works were carried out by Jewish labour, but it was not so easy to insist upon the maintenance of this principle when it came to the members' building their own houses. The private contractors, in particular, were for various reasons disinclined to use Jewish labour exclusively. This incensed the Jewish skilled workers, who strongly urged that no non-Jewish labour should be used. The building of the Gymnasia, in particular, occasioned some trouble. The Jewish contractor, to whom the work had been assigned, had an Arab partner, and they employed Arab as well as Jewish labour. Friction ensued between the Arab and Jewish workers, culminating in a pitched battle, in which, incidentally, it was the Arabs who were more aggressive. Several Jewish workers were injured in the fight, but their wounds were not very serious, as the weapons employed were not lethal. Work was interrupted for a time following the clash and was later resumed with Jewish labour only.

In another few weeks, about the beginning of June, the foundations were laid of the first 17 houses, and hundreds of workers set out from Jaffa every day for the site of the new suburb. After work was begun on

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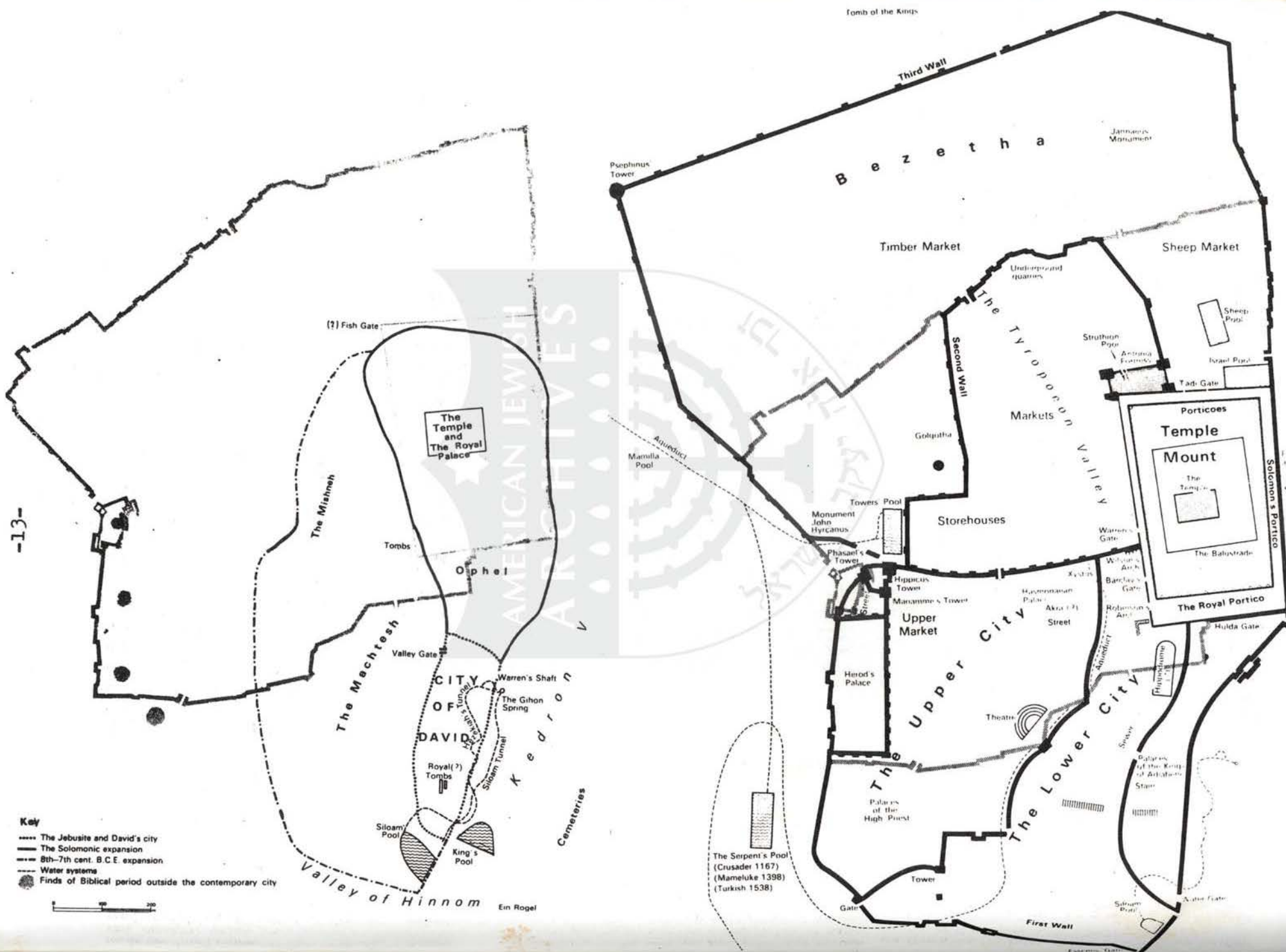
ed, for, in David Smilansky's words,

it was understood that the school would eventually attract wealthy people from the Diaspora, who would come here to settle, build houses and place their children in the first and only Hebrew secondary school in the world.

The laying of the foundation stone of the Gymnasia, in what is today known as Herzl Street, was a memorable occasion and was attended by a crowd of several hundred, including teachers, parents, pupils and workers. Immediately afterwards, work was begun on another 27 houses, and the laying of the foundation stone of each house was marked by a ceremony attended by the future occupiers, their relatives and friends, and the workers engaged in building the particular house. The Arabs passing by the spot used to wonder at the feverish activity that was in progress in the midst of the sand dunes. They had difficulty in understanding why the Jews should leave the inhabited city of Jaffa to go and live in so desolate a place.

By the end of summer, the first houses were ready, and about the beginning of November several dozen families moved in. Since the sand lay deep in places, carts could not make their way to the suburb. For weeks, therefore, long strings of camels and donkeys could be seen transporting the settlers' furniture and other household goods to their new homes. Within a very short time, the new community numbered no fewer than 550 souls. Now that the suburb had actually come into being, the question of a name for it could no longer be deferred. Various suggestions were put forward, but in the end the name of Tel Aviv was selected. Apart from its euphonious character, and the fact that it is mentioned in the Book of Ezekiel, it had the virtue of being the name given by Nachum Sokolow to his Hebrew translation of the novel *Altneuland*,—a description of the Jewish Homeland as Herzl conceived it in the future.

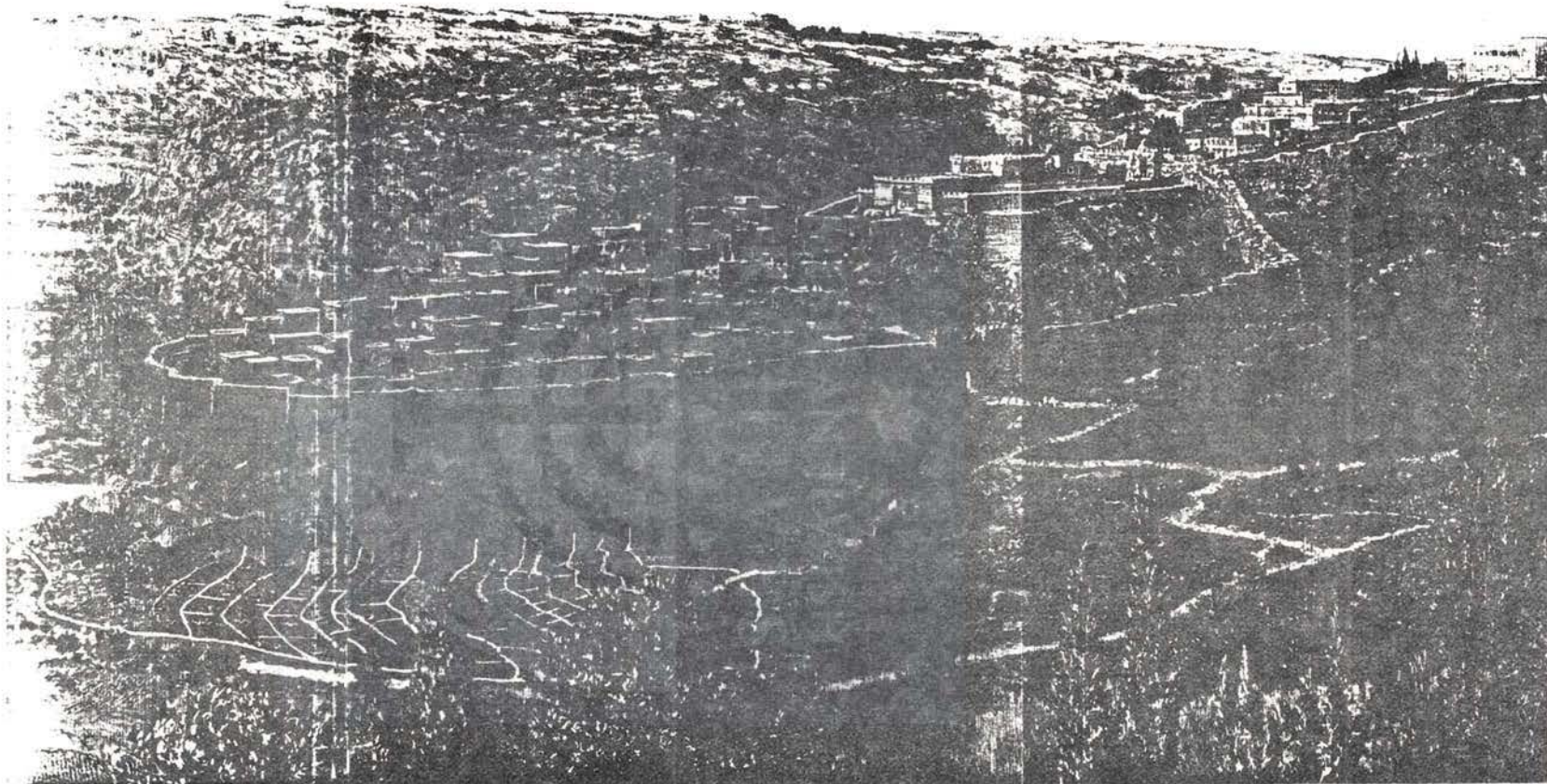
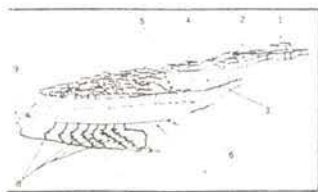
And so Tel Aviv was born as a modest garden suburb, the main object of which was to relieve the congestion in Jaffa and provide Jewish town-dwellers with healthier and more congenial surroundings. It is probably safe to assume that, although they may have envisaged further development, none of its founders anticipated the phenomenal growth that was to be achieved within so short a time. But before that phase set in, Tel Aviv was to undergo a period of difficulties and sufferings, an account of which is given below in Chapter XXVI.

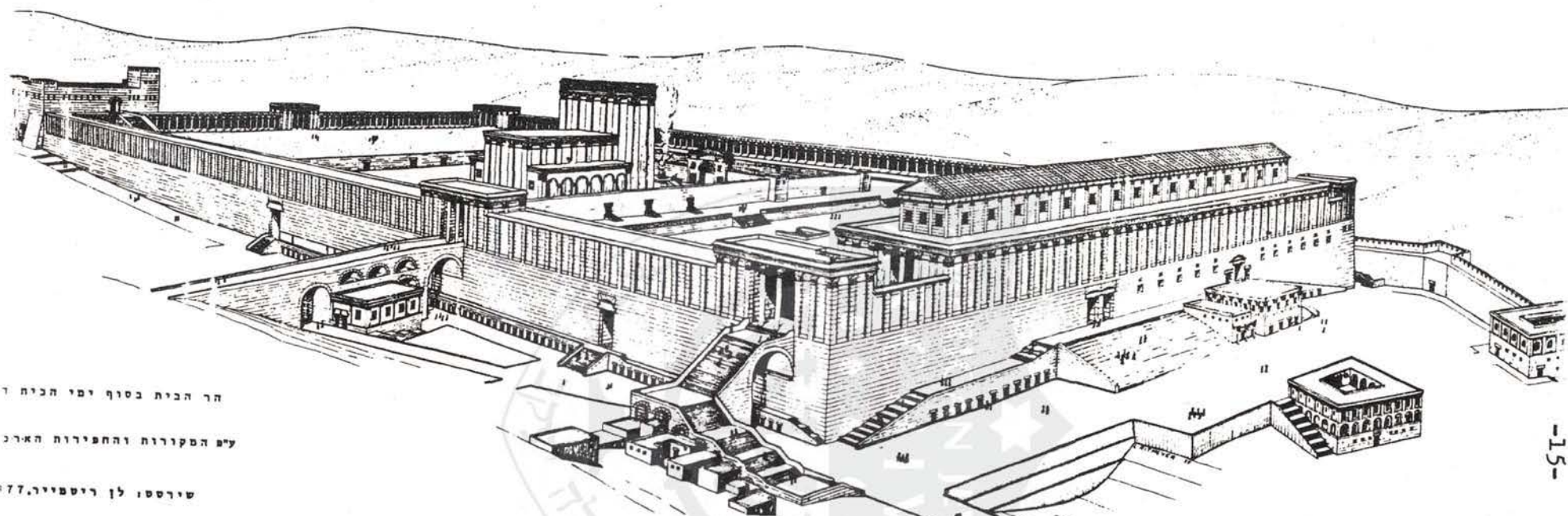


Jerusalem of the Bible

When King David, chosen ruler of the United Kingdom of Israel about 1000 B.C., was found for a capital to rule over the little Jewish tribe of Jerusalem. It was ideally situated on neutral ground between the tribes of northern Israel and the tribe of Judah to the south, so he stormed in and took it, making it the religious as well as political capital by erecting a tabernacle to house the sacred ark of the Covenant. David's son Solomon, who succeeded him in 961, was a sophisticated and cultured man grown wealthy through trade and commerce. He had Phoenician artists work building a splendid temple of stone, rare woods and cedar on top of Mount Zion and endowed it with carved ivory, enormous woven cherubim inlaid with gold, two massive golden menorahs and other rich furnishings. He reformed the city and added a royal palace complex (2) almost as impressive as the temple. When the Queen of Sheba heard of all this she came calling, with a very great train, with camels laden with rare spices, and very much gold, and precious stones. . . . And she said to the king, . . . until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and behold, the half was not told me. . . . (I Kings 10:2-7)

The painstaking, backbreaking four-year search by Dr. Shiloh and his assistants has turned up no trace of the royal magnificence. However, David K. Townsend's gouache and pencil rendering of how the ancient city may have looked points out other ingenious features which helped it function and thrive. The massive stepped-stone structure (3) probably buttressed a large building, perhaps a citadel. A cleverly devised water system was Warren's shaft (4), a vertical descent safe behind the city wall, which allowed water to be drawn up from Gihon spring (5). Another was the Silwan tunnel (7), channeling water to a storage pool (6) while allowing spillover to irrigate fields in the Kidron Valley.





הר הבית בסוף ימי הכהן ד
 ע"פ המקורות והחפירות הארכ
 שרשטון לן רשמי, 177

⁶ The king and his men set out for Jerusalem against the Jebusites who inhabited the region. David was told, "You will never get in here! 'Even the blind and the lame will turn you back.'" (They meant: David will never enter here.)⁷ But David captured the stronghold of Zion; it is now the City of David.⁸ On that occasion David said, "Those who attack the Jebusites 'shall reach the water channel and [strike down] the lame and the blind, who are hateful to David.' That is why they say: 'No one who is blind or lame may enter the House.'"⁹

⁹ David occupied the stronghold and renamed it the City of David; David also fortified the surrounding area, from the Millo^d inward

¹⁸ Gad came to David the same day and said to him, "Go and set up an altar to the LORD on the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite."¹⁹ David went up, following Gad's instructions, as the LORD had commanded.²⁰ Araunah looked out and saw the king and his courtiers approaching him.⁴ So Araunah went out and bowed low to the king, with his face to the ground.²¹ And Araunah asked, "Why has my lord the king come to his servant?" David replied, "To buy the threshing floor from you, that I may build an altar to the LORD and that the plague against the people may be checked."²² And Araunah said to David, "Let my lord the king take it and offer up whatever he sees fit. Here are oxen for a burnt offering; and the threshing boards and the gear of the oxen for wood."²³ All this, "O king," Araunah gives to Your Majesty. And may the LORD your God," Araunah added, "respond to you with favor!"

²⁴ But the king replied to Araunah, "No, I will buy them from you at a price. I cannot sacrifice to the LORD my God burnt offerings that have cost me nothing." So David bought the threshing floor and the oxen for fifty shekels of silver.

¹⁶ Solomon sent this message to Hiram: ¹⁷ "You know that my father David could not build a house for the name of the LORD his God because of the enemies^c that encompassed him, until the LORD had placed them under the soles of his feet.¹⁸ But now the LORD my God has given me respite all around; there is no adversary and no mischance.¹⁹ And so I propose to build a house for the name of the LORD my God, as the LORD promised my father David, saying, 'Your son, whom I will set on your throne in your place, shall build the house for My name.'

⁹ In the fourth year of King Hezekiah, which was the seventh year of King Hoshea son of Elah of Israel, King Shalmaneser of Assyria marched against Samaria and besieged it,¹⁰ and he^b captured it at the end of three years. In the sixth year of Hezekiah, which was the ninth year of King Hoshea of Israel, Samaria was captured;¹¹

the Rabshakeh^e from Lachish with a large force to King Hezekiah in Jerusalem. They marched up to Jerusalem; and when they arrived, they took up a position near the conduit of the Upper Pool, by the road of the Fuller's Field.

When Hezekiah saw that Sennacherib had come. . . he consulted with his officers and warriors about stopping the flow of the springs outside the city. . . A large force was assembled to stop up all the springs and the wadi that flowed through the land.

A little way south of these towers and sheltered by them was the king's palace, which no tongue could describe. Its magnificence and equipment was unsurpassable, surrounded as it was on every side by a wall 45 feet high, with ornamental towers evenly spaced along it, and containing huge banquetting halls and guestrooms with 100 beds. Words cannot express the varied beauty of the stones, for kinds rare everywhere else were here brought together in quantity. There were ceilings remarkable for the length of the beams and the splendour of the ornamentation, and rooms without number, no two designed alike, and all luxuriously furnished, most of their contents being of gold or silver. On every side were numbers of intersecting colonnades, each differing in the design of its pillars. The open spaces between them were all green lawns, with coppices of different trees traversed by long walks, which were edged with deep canals and cisterns everywhere plentifully adorned with bronze statues through which the water poured out.

The Temple, as stated earlier, was built on a strong hill.¹ At first the level ground at the top was hardly spacious enough for Sanctuary and Altar, as it was surrounded by steep cliffs.² King Solomon, who originally founded the Sanctuary, walled up the eastern side and erected a single colonnade on the platform thus created: on the remaining sides the Sanctuary was bare. In successive generations the people kept extending the platform, and the flat hilltop grew wider. Then they cut through the south wall and took in all the ground later included within the periphery of the whole Temple. Having walled in the hill from its base on three sides and completed a task to stagger the imagination - a task on which they spent long ages and all their sacred treasures, replenished as they were by tribute sent from every corner of the world as a gift to God - they built round the Sanctuary both the upper enclosures and the lower Temple courts.

Of such foundations the works above were entirely worthy. The colonnades were all double, the supporting pillars were 37½ feet high, cut from single blocks of the whitest marble, and the ceiling was panelled with cedar. The natural magnificence of it all, the perfect polish, the accurate jointing, afforded a remarkable spectacle, without any superficial ornament either painted or carved. The colonnades were 45 feet wide and the complete circuit of them measures ¾ mile, Antonia being enclosed within them. The whole area open to the sky was paved with stones of every kind and colour. Anyone passing through this towards the second court found it enclosed within a stone balustrade 4½ feet high, a perfect specimen of craftsmanship. In this at equal intervals stood slabs announcing the law of purification, some in Greek, some in Roman characters. No foreigner was to enter the Sacred Precincts - this was the name given to the second court.

Viewed from without the Sanctuary had everything that could amaze either mind or eyes. Overlaid all round with stout plates of gold, in the first rays of the sun it reflected so fierce a blaze of fire that those who endeavoured to look at it were forced to turn away as if they had looked straight at the sun. To strangers as they approached it seemed in the distance like a mountain covered with snow; for any part not covered with gold was dazzling white. From the very top rose sharp gold spikes to prevent birds from perching on the roof and soiling it. Of the

Antonia, situated at the junction of two colonnades of the first Temple court, the western and northern, was built on a rock 75 feet high and precipitous on every side. It was the work of King Herod and revealed in the highest degree the grandeur of his conceptions. In the

The City was dominated by the Temple, the Temple of Antonia, so that Antonia housed the guards of all three. The Upper City had a stronghold of its own - Herod's Palace. Bezetha Hill was cut off, as I mentioned, from Antonia. This hill, on which part of the New City was built, was the highest of them all, and on the north it alone obscured the view of the Temple. I intend in later work to describe the City and its walls in much greater detail, for the present this must suffice.

The gold is dulled,^a
Debased the finest gold!
The sacred^b gems are spilled
At every street corner.

2 ²The precious children of Zion;
Once valued as gold—
Alas, they are accounted as earthen pots,
Work of a potter's hands!

3 ³Even jackals offer the breast
And suckle their young;
But my poor people has turned cruel,
Like ostriches of the desert.

4 ⁴The tongue of the suckling cleaves
To its palate for thirst.
Little children beg for bread;
None gives them a morsel.

5 ⁵Those who feasted on dainties
Lie famished in the streets;
Those who were reared in purple
Have embraced refuse heaps.

6 ⁶The guilt^c of my poor^d people
Exceeded the iniquity^c of Sodom,
Which was overthrown in a moment,
Without a hand striking it.

7 ⁷Her elect were purer than snow,
Whiter than milk;
Their limbs were ruddier than coral,
Their bodies^a were like sapphire.

8 ⁸Now their faces are blacker than soot,
They are not recognized in the streets;
Their skin has shriveled on their bones,
It has become dry as wood.

9 ⁹Better off were the slain of the sword
Than those slain by famine,
^aWho pined away, [as though] wounded,
For lack of^a the fruits of the field.

10 ¹⁰With their own hands, tenderhearted women
Have cooked their children;
Such became their fare,
In the disaster of my poor^d people.

11 ¹¹The LORD vented all His fury,
Poured out His blazing wrath;
He kindled a fire in Zion
Which consumed its foundations.

12 ¹²The kings of the earth did not believe,
Nor any of the inhabitants of the world,
That foe or adversary could enter
The gates of Jerusalem.

13 ¹³It was for the sins of her prophets,
The iniquities of her priests,
Who had shed in her midst
The blood of the just.

14 ¹⁴They wandered blindly through the streets,
Defiled with blood,
So that no one was able
To touch their garments.

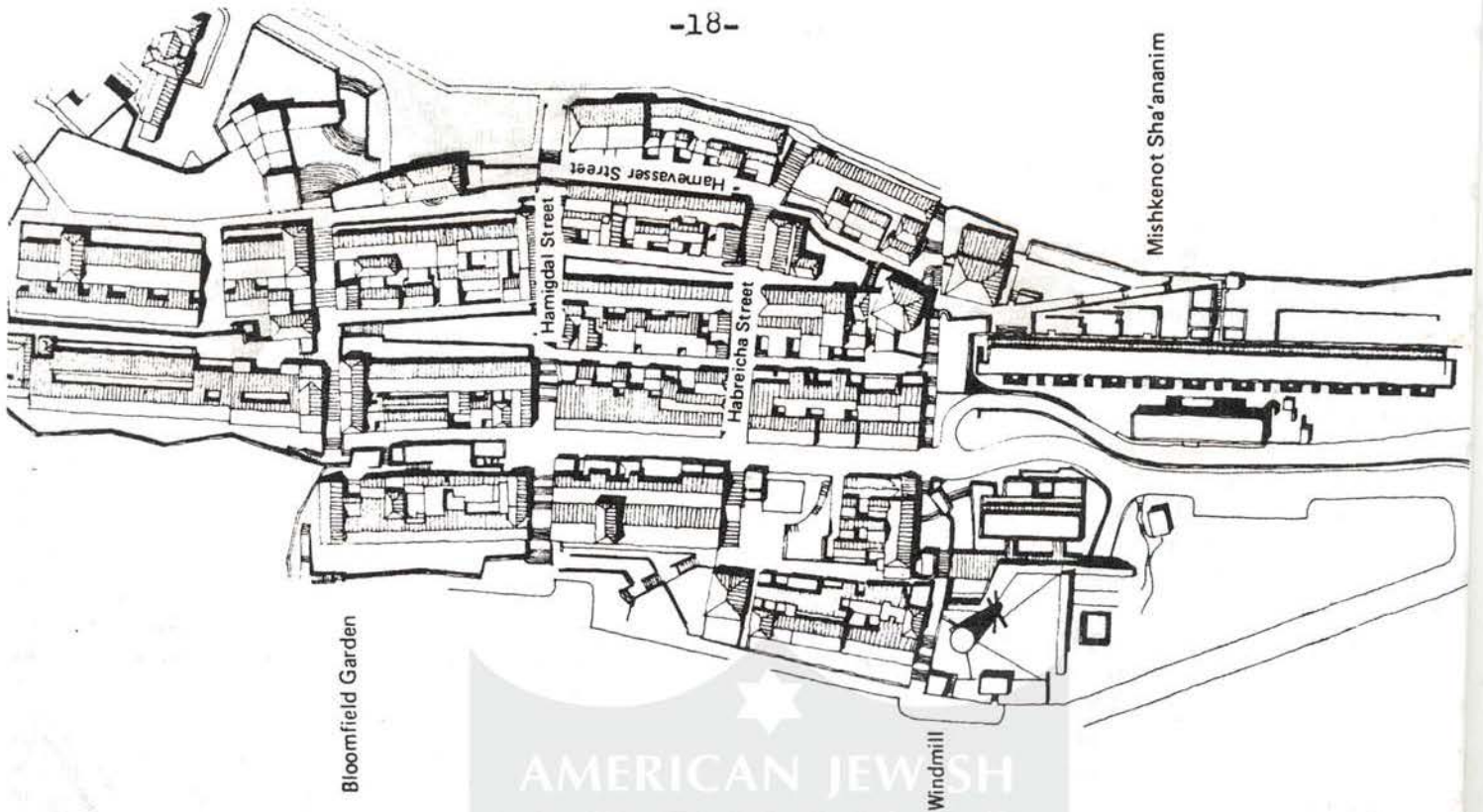
15 ¹⁵"Away! Unclean!" people shouted at them,
"Away! Away! Touch not!"
So they wandered and wandered again;

Masters now of the walls, the Romans set up their standards on the towers and with clapping and singing celebrated their victory, having found the end of the war much easier than the beginning. They had surmounted the last wall without losing a man – it seemed too good to be true – and when they found no one to oppose them they could make nothing of it. They poured into the streets sword in hand, cut down without mercy all who came within reach, and burnt the houses of any who took refuge indoors, occupants and all. Many they raided, and as they entered in search of plunder they found whole families dead and the rooms full of the victims of starvation: horrified by the sight, they emerged empty-handed. Pity for those who had died in this way was matched by no such feeling for the living: they ran every man through whom they met and blocked the narrow streets with corpses, deluging the whole City with gore so that many of the fires were quenched by the blood of the slain. At dusk the slaughter ceased, but in the night the fire gained the mastery, and on the 8th of Gorpaios the sun rose over Jerusalem in flames – a city that during the siege had suffered such disasters that if from her foundation she had enjoyed as many blessings she would have been the envy of the world; a city that deserved these terrible misfortunes on no other account than that she produced a generation such as brought about her ruin.

When Titus entered he was astounded by the strength of the city, and especially by the towers which the party chiefs in their mad folly had abandoned. Observing how solid they were all the way up, how huge each block of stone and how accurately fitted, how great their breadth and how immense their height, he exclaimed aloud: 'God has been on our side; it is God who brought the Jews down from these strongholds; for what could human hands or instruments do against such towers?' At that time he made many such remarks to his friends, and he set free all persons imprisoned by the party chiefs and found in the forts. Later, when he destroyed the rest of the City and pulled down the walls, he left the towers as a monument to his own luck, which had proved his ally and enabled him to overcome impregnable defences.

As the soldiers were now growing weary of bloodshed and survivors were still appearing in large numbers, Caesar gave orders that only men who offered armed resistance were to be killed, and everyone else taken alive. But as well as those covered by the orders the aged and infirm were slaughtered: men in their prime who might be useful were herded into the Temple and shut up in the Court of the Women. To guard them Caesar appointed one of his freedmen, and his friend Fronto to decide each man's fate according to his deserts. Those who had taken part in sedition and terrorism informed against each other, and Fronto executed the lot. Of the youngsters he picked out the tallest and handsomest to be kept for the triumphal procession; of the rest, those over seventeen were put in irons and sent to hard labour in Egypt, while great numbers were presented by Titus to the provinces to perish in the theatres by the sword or by wild beasts; those under seventeen were sold. During the days in which Fronto was sorting them out starvation killed 11,000 of the prisoners, some because the guards hated them too bitterly to allow them any food, others because they would not accept it when offered; in any case to fill so many mouths there was not even enough corn.

All the prisoners taken from beginning to end of the war totalled 97,000; those who perished in the long siege 1,100,000. Of these the majority were Jews by race but not Jerusalem citizens: they had come together from the whole country for the Feast of Unleavened Bread and had suddenly been caught up in the war, so that first the overcrowding meant death by pestilence, and later hunger took a heavier toll. That so many could crowd into the City was shown by the census held in Cestius' time. He, wishing to bring home the strength of the city to Nero, who despised the nation, instructed the chief priests to hold a census of the population if it was possible to do so. They chose the time of the Passover Feast, at which sacrifice is offered from three to five in the afternoon, and as it is not permissible to feast alone a sort of fraternal group is formed round each victim, consisting of at least ten adult males, while many groups have twenty members. The count showed that there were 255,600 victims; the men, reckoning ten diners to each victim, totalled 2,700,000, all ceremonially clean; for persons suffering from leprosy, venereal disease, monthly periods, or



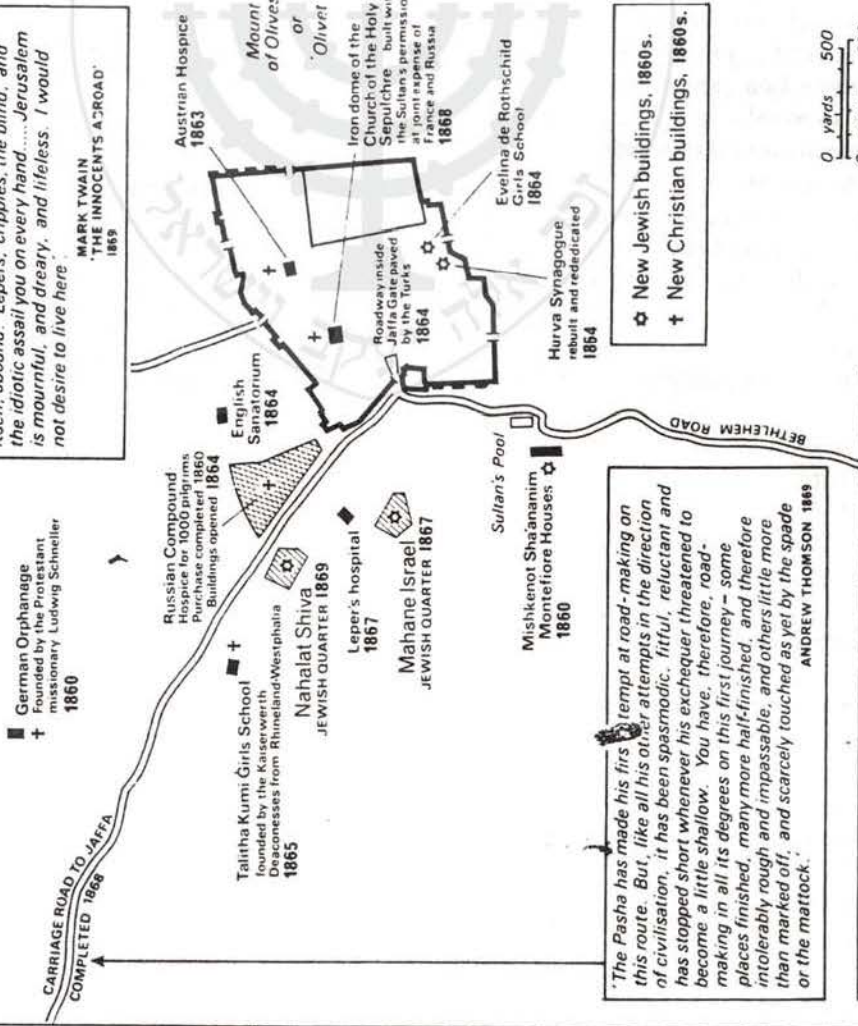
RUSSIAN HOSPICE
 "This immense establishment is furnished with dormitories, refectories, chapel, reading-rooms, hospitals etc., and for cleanliness and good management would compare favourably with any institution of the kind in Europe." BESANT & PALMER 'JERUSALEM' 1871

"The traveller will be vexed to see a mass of ugly buildings erected by the Russians, principally for the benefit of pilgrims".
 COOK'S HANDBOOK, 1876

THE OLD CITY
 "Rags, wretchedness, poverty, and dirt, those signs and symbols that indicate the presence of Moslem rule more surely than the crescent-flag itself, abound. Lepers, cripples, the blind, and the idiotic assail you on every hand. Jerusalem is mournful, and dreary, and lifeless. I would not desire to live here".
 MARK TWAIN 'THE INNOCENTS A'ROAD' 1869

JERUSALEM IN THE 1860 S
 "No gas, no oil, no torch, no wax lights up the streets and archways of Jerusalem by night. Half an hour after gunfire the bazaar is cleared, the shops and baths are closed, the camels stalled, the narrow ways deserted".
 WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON 1866

"when a European is walking through Jerusalem by night, he is always followed by a number of canine attendants, and greeted at every step with growls and howls".
 ERMEDE PIEROTTI 'CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS OF PALESTINE' 1864



"The Pasha has made his first attempt at road-making on this route. But, like all his other attempts in the direction of civilisation, it has been spasmodic, fitful, reluctant and has stopped short whenever his exchequer threatened to become a little shallow. You have, therefore, road-making in all its degrees on this first journey - some places finished, many more half-finished, and therefore intolerably rough and impassable, and others little more than marked off, and scarcely touched as yet by the spade or the mattock".
 ANDREW THOMSON 1869

"while the Mohammedans are the masters, the Jews form the decided majority, being, it is likely, not far short of 8000. They come in a constant stream from every part of the world, many of them on pilgrimages, by which they hope to acquire a large fund of merit, and then return again to their native country, the greater number that they may die in the city of their fathers, and obtain the most cherished wish of their heart by being buried on Mount Olivet, and it is remarkable that they cling with a strange preference to that part of the city which is nearest the site of their ancient Temple, as if they still took pleasure in its stones, and its very dust were dear to them".

POPULATION ESTIMATE OF 1868 IN 'THE JERUSALEM ALMANACK'

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| Jews | 9,000 |
| Muslims | 5,000 |
| Christians | 4,000 |
| TOTAL POPULATION | 18,000 |

21 synagogues listed in the

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By-Laws of Mishkenot Shaananim

1. The gate keeper shall not open the of tenants' homes without permission of the beadles or without written permission which shall be given to the gate keeper.
2. The gate keeper shall close the gates of Mishkenot Shaananim at evening and shall not open them until the morning at sunrise except when necessary.
3. All guests coming to visit Mishkenot Shaananim shall register their names in the Book.
4. No stranger is to spend the night in the homes, including the relatives of residents of Mishkenot Shaananim except when necessary.
5. All residents of Mishkenot Shaananim shall clear their homes of refuse every day and shall sprinkle clean water on the floors of the rooms at least once a day.
6. Every homeowner shall see to it that members of the household do not throw refuse from the house to the outside, and that the area around the house is maintained, that refuse is put in its assigned place, and that it be properly covered.
7. All cisterns and pools containing water shall remain closed until the residents come to draw water. The keys shall be under the authority of the beadles. No stranger may come to draw water from the cisterns and pools.
8. Every day after studying a chapter of Mishnah, Kaddish is to be recited in memory of the departed gentleman Mr. Judah Touro. On his yearly memorial day Mishnah is to be studied, he is to be remembered in the "Adon HaOlamim" prayer, and Kaddish is to be recited.
9. The synagogue and study hall are to be cleaned twice a day. Water is to be sprayed on the floors at least once a day, prior to the arrival of worshippers.
10. All donations given to the beadles shall be transmitted to maintain the synagogue, study hall and homes.
11. A cabinet with a narrow slit shall be placed to the right of the entrance to the synagogue for the purpose of charity. As the amount of money increases the beadles shall empty the cabinet for the aforementioned purposes.
12. The wash-house and Mikveh are to be clean of filth and no refuse is to be strewn about.
13. The residents of Mishkenot Shaananim shall have no rights of possession of the homes of Mishkenot.

When you consider the amount of foreign money which is annually expended in Jerusalem by these hosts of pilgrims—those of the Latin Church, however, do not equal in number those of the Greek—by the tourists and general influx of sightseers who flock here during Easter week, and by the churches and societies in building operations, you cannot wonder that many persons have of late years become wealthy, and that many natives of Syria and the Levant are attracted to the town in the hope of becoming so. The tide having thus set in, it goes on increasing, and the rivalry of the Latin and Greek churches imparts, as it were, a stimulus to the whole jumble of creeds and nationalities which cluster round the sacred shrines.

Among the latest and most interesting arrivals are a number of Jews from Yemen. Hitherto these little-known people had only been heard of, or at most seen, by one or two enterprising travellers who have penetrated from Aden into the southern deserts of Arabia Felix. I was told that they consider themselves as belonging to the tribe of Dan. They have lately arrived as refugees in Jerusalem from Yemen, where they have suffered great misery during the recent wars between the Arab tribes which inhabit that province and the Turkish troops. Finding themselves ultimately reduced to starvation by the plunder of which they were the victims from both sides, they determined to seek shelter in the Holy City, where they arrived in rags in a starving and destitute condition. They have since been provided for by subscriptions among their co-religionists raised in Europe. I met some of them one afternoon, down at the Place of Weeping, and was much struck by the mild and gentle expression of their countenances. They are reputed to be well versed in their own religious lore, and to be devout without being hypocritical, which is more than can be said for Palestinian Jews generally. Although they were themselves engaged in sedentary and commercial pursuits in Sana and other towns in the fertile oases of southern Arabia, they report that among the nomads of these deserts are wandering tribes in no wise, so far as their external appearance goes, to be

distinguished from Arabs, but who are nevertheless purely Jewish.

I also met while in Jerusalem a black Jew from Cochin in India, where Jews have been established from time immemorial, but he seemed somewhat vague as to his ancestry.

Among all these different nationalities and sects, which as a rule hold each other in holy abhorrence, it is singular that they all have one view in common, or rather, perhaps, it should be said that they all seem to labour under one impression, or presentiment, and that is that before very long the Holy City will undergo a change of some sort. The nature of this change naturally takes the form peculiar to the national or religious tendency of thought. With the Russians and French it is reduced to a very simple political expression, which may be summed up in the word annexation. This idea is more firmly fixed among the Russians than the French. Indeed, the Holy City plays a greater part in the Greek religion than it does in the Latin, and the affections of the orthodox are centred on these shrines to a degree unknown among Christians of any other denomination. There is hardly a village in Russia in which there is not to be found a bottle of Jordan water, and the devotional instincts of the peasantry, which are very strong, are directed by the Church, which is in Russia synonymous with the government, upon the holy places in Palestine, as shrines which have a spiritual value not recognized by other churches to the same extent, and which, therefore, when the day comes, should entitle it to their temporal and territorial proprietorship. In other words, there is not a Russian pilgrim who visits Jerusalem who does not hope that he may live to see the day when it will become a Russian city, and who does not long for the call to a holy war, the object of which should be the exclusive possession by Russia of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and of the city in which it stands.*

The third source of supply was derived from several springs in a valley, Wady Arúb, to the left of the road from Jerusalem to Hebron. One of the springs is estimated to yield as much as one hundred thousand gallons a day.

It will thus be seen that Jerusalem was during the brighter period of its history well supplied with water; and it may be inferred, from the numerous cisterns and conduits that have been found, that the supply was distributed throughout all quarters of the city. An English lady known throughout the world for her many kind actions, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, has on more than one occasion expressed a wish to construct at her own cost works which would give to every one in Jerusalem the most priceless of all gifts in the East, good water; but hitherto all efforts to overcome the difficulties thrown in the way by the local government have been unavailing.

The population of Jerusalem may be estimated at about twenty-one thousand, of which seven thousand are Moslems, nine thousand Jews, and five thousand Christians. The Moslems belong for the most part to the same race as the peasantry of Palestine, representatives it may be, though with a large intermixture of foreign blood, of the Jebusite that dwelt in the land. The higher classes, as a rule, pass most of their time in the bath, the mosque, or the bazaar, smoking, praying, or gossiping. The Turks, who for the most part belong to the official class, are very inferior to the Arabs in education and capacity; whilst the fellahin are chiefly remarkable for their fine physique, and that keenness in barter which seems to distinguish the descendants of the ancient races that peopled the eastern shores of the Mediterranean.

The Jews are divided into three principal divisions, the Sephardim, the Ashkenazim, and the Karaim. Nothing can be more striking than the marked difference in appearance and costume between the Sephardim and Ashkenazim. The former are far superior in culture and manners; they have generally dark complexions, black hair, and regular features; they are fairly industrious and honest; they dress in Oriental costume, and are not wanting in a certain dignity. The Ashkenazim, on the other hand, have pale complexions and flaxen hair, from which two long love-locks hang down, one on either side of the face; and they always wear the long Eastern robe (caftan), with a hat of felt or fur (see pages 40 and 82). The Sephardim speak Spanish, and trace their descent from the Jews who were driven from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella at the end of the fifteenth century; hence their name from Sepharad, the Spain of the Rabbins. They are Ottoman subjects, and their chief rabbi, who bears the title of Hakim Bashi, is a recognised official and has a certain degree of civil authority. The Sephardim have a curious tradition that their ancestors were settled in Spain before the date of the Crucifixion, and they thus claim to be exempt from the consequences of the outcry of the Jews, "His blood be upon us and our children." The Ashkenazim are chiefly of Polish origin, they or their immediate ancestors having come from German, Austrian, or Russian Poland. They are subdivided into Peroshim (Pharisees) and Khasidim (Cabalists). The former accept the Talmud, whilst the latter believe also in oral tradition and the transmigration of souls, study the Cabala, and in their religious worship

JERUSALEM.

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sometimes run into wild excess. The Karaim or Karaites, who do not acknowledge the authority of the Talmud, form a small community apart from the other sects.

Much has been done during the last twenty years to ameliorate the condition of the Jews at Jerusalem by Sir Moses Montefiore, Baron Rothschild, and other wealthy European Jews, and every year sums of money are sent for distribution amongst the poor.

The Christians are divided into a number of sects, of which the Orthodox Greek Church is the most influential. The Greek community consists of monks, nuns, shopkeepers, &c., very few of whom are natives of the country. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, who has several sees in Palestine subject to him, resides in the great monastery of St. Helena and Constantine.

The Armenians are few in number, but they form a thriving community, and occupy one of the pleasantest quarters of Jerusalem (see page 102). The Armenian Monastery, with its church dedicated to St. James, is the largest and richest in the city. The spiritual head of the Armenians is the Patriarch of Jerusalem, a well-educated man, who resides in the monastery.

The Georgians are now an insignificant body, but they had at one time eleven churches and monasteries in the Holy City, and even as late as the commencement of the sixteenth century had many rights and privileges not accorded to other Christians. All that now remains to them is the Convent of the Cross, about half an hour's ride from Jerusalem.

The Syrians or Jacobites, so called from Jacobus Baradæus, a heretical monk who lived in the sixth century, are few in number, and have as their sole possession in Jerusalem the little monastery known as the House of St. Mark.

The Copts have a large monastery close to the eastern end of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which was repaired a few years ago with funds provided by wealthy Copts in Egypt; they have also a monastery near the Pool of Hezekiah.

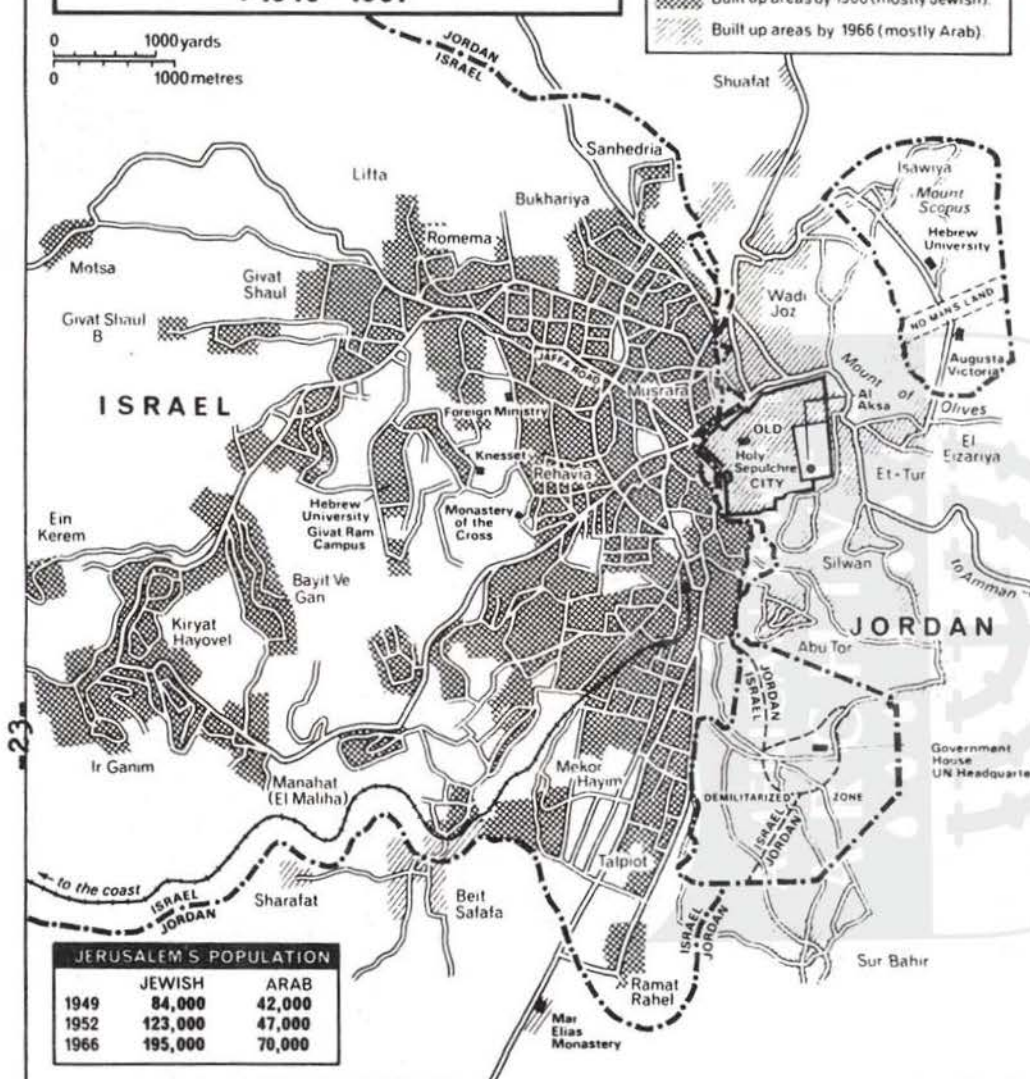
The Abyssinians occupy a few cells in the ruins of a monastery above the Chapel of Helena. They are extremely poor, and are said to have had much of their revenue and some of their buildings taken from them by their powerful neighbours the Copts.

The Latins or Roman Catholics are the most numerous of the Western Christians. They possess the well-known Monastery of St. Salvator, the Church of the Scourging in the Via Dolorosa, the Convent of the Sisters of Sion, the Garden of Gethsemane, and other places. There is an excellent printing-press attached to the monastery, schools for both sexes, an industrial school, and a hospital. The monastery and other establishments are in the hands of the Franciscan monks, most of whom are Spaniards or Italians. Some of the monks are men of education and culture and the printing-press has produced useful works in different languages. In 1847 the Latin patriarchate, which had been in abeyance since the latter part of the thirteenth century, was revived, and Monsignor Valerga, who died in 1873, was appointed Patriarch. The Greek Catholic and Armenian Catholic Churches are affiliated to the Latin.

The Protestant community, though small, is active in good works, and there are several excellent Protestant establishments in the city and its vicinity. The schools especially have had a marked effect, not only in supplying a good education themselves, but in inciting other

JERUSALEM: THE DIVIDED CITY 1949 - 1967

- Armistice lines of 1949 to 1967
- ▨ Built up areas by 1966 (mostly Jewish)
- ▨ Built up areas by 1966 (mostly Arab)



JERUSALEM'S POPULATION

| | JEWISH | ARAB |
|------|---------|--------|
| 1949 | 84,000 | 42,000 |
| 1952 | 123,000 | 47,000 |
| 1966 | 195,000 | 70,000 |

On 5 December 1949 the State of Israel declared west Jerusalem its capital. On 23 January 1950 the Israeli Parliament, meeting in the City, proclaimed that "Jerusalem was and had always been the capital of Israel". On 12 July 1953 the Israeli Foreign Ministry transferred from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, despite earlier protests from the United States, Britain, France, Italy, Turkey and Australia, each of whom refused to move their Embassies to Jerusalem. By 1967 however, 40% of all diplomatic missions (but not the USA, USSR or Britain) were located in the city.

On 17 March 1950, a Jordanian civil administration was set up in east Jerusalem, and on 24 April 1950, the Jordanian Parliament in Amman ratified the annexation of east Jerusalem, with Amman as capital of the enlarged state. Only two States recognised this annexation—Britain and Pakistan. On 27 July 1953 King Hussein declared east Jerusalem to be "the alternative capital of the Hashemite Kingdom" and an "integral and inseparable part" of Jordan, but his Government discouraged economic development in east Jerusalem, and refused to set up an Arab University there.

"I left the meeting and went back to the Arab lines for the second time that day, not knowing what the outcome would be. It was almost four o'clock when Weingarten joined me and said the headquarters staff had now decided to surrender. Together we went toward Zion Gate, where the surrender terms were signed by Rusnak and Major Tel. Also present were Mousa el Husseini, a nephew of the Grand Mufti, and the United Nations representative, Dr. Pablo de Azcarate.

"When we went into Batei Mahse to implement the surrender terms, Major Tel said to me, 'Where are the weapons you have to turn over?' After he saw that we had so few of them—some Sten guns, automatic weapons, rifles, revolvers and a two-inch mortar—he got very angry. 'If I'd known this was your situation, I swear I would have conquered you with sticks,' he said. Then, when he saw we had only thirty-five soldiers, he got even angrier. 'Sixteen days of fighting for thirty-five POWs! That's impossible!' he shouted. This is the reason he took away about four hundred prisoners.

"Some tried to escape. One of my platoon commanders, a fellow named Abraham Yefit, went to the hospital, took bandages, and wrapped them around his hands and neck. When Major Tel and I were checking over the prisoners, Yefit stood there sighing and crying. 'What have we here?' Tel asked as he took the bandages off Yefit, who was playing the part of a seriously wounded man. When Tel saw he was not wounded at all, he kicked him. This incident gave Tel the impression there were other such actors among us. As a result he took away many who were really wounded.

"After Tel left, an Iraqi officer led me to the Armenian Quarter to question me about the Old City, the people, the weapons. He interrogated me till midnight, then took me to the *kishleh* to join the other prisoners. According to international law, those who negotiate a surrender are not made prisoner. But somebody else took advantage of this privilege while I was being questioned and went free instead."

myself . . .

"On that fateful morning of May 28 I was at my headquarters at Sha'ar Hashamyin when Moshe Rusnak (page 116), in command of the Jewish Quarter, asked to see me at Batei Mahse. There I learned that Rabbi Hazan and Rabbi Mintzberg had gone to see Major Tel, who had told them, 'I'm not prepared to talk to you because you're civilians. You have nothing to do with this. Go back to your headquarters and report that I want to see a representative of the Haganah.' Then he sent Rabbi Hazan with the message, but kept Rabbi Mintzberg as a hostage. "Rusnak said to me, 'We've decided to send you as the Haganah representative.' My instructions were to play for time, to hold out till nightfall in the hope that help was on the way. Rabbi Mordechai Weingarten, president of the Jewish community, was to come with me.

"We went straight from Rusnak's headquarters in Batei Mahse to Sha'ar Hashamyin, through Beit El to Rehov Ha Yehudim, and across no-man's-land to the Armenian Quarter. There Major Tel was waiting for us at Zion Gate, near the old Turkish wall.

"Are you here to surrender?" he asked.

"As my instructions were to play for time by offering to negotiate a cease fire, I said to him, 'You have wounded. We have wounded. So I suggest a cease fire for half an hour or an hour . . .'

"Major Tel smiled. 'We don't need a cease fire,' he said. 'If you want to surrender, that's a different matter.'

"I told him that I didn't have any instructions to surrender, but if he wanted to give me his terms I'd transmit them to my headquarters, adding, 'If you want to talk about surrendering, Major Tel, we have to sit down and discuss the matter. We can't talk about it in the street.'

"Major Tel thought it over and said, 'Good.' We went to his advance headquarters in the Armenian monastery. According to King Abdullah's terms, we were to surrender and turn over our weapons. Those physically fit and of military age were to be taken prisoner. Three representatives—Major Tel, Rabbi Weingarten and myself—would decide who was a fighter, who would go to POW camp and who would be set free. Women, children and the aged would be allowed to cross over to the Israeli side in the New City. Anyone who wanted to stay in the Old City under the sovereignty of Abdullah was free to do so.

"He then gave me half an hour to get an answer. 'In half an hour I can't do anything,' I told him. 'We have to assemble the commanders. It takes time to negotiate a surrender.'

"By now it was around ten o'clock. Major Tel gave me till one. If we hadn't met his terms by then fighting would resume.

"On our way back, Weingarten and I crossed no-man's-land and were in the Street of the Jews when Arab soldiers started shooting. I ducked into a store and got separated from Weingarten. The soldiers

ordered me to come out with my hands up and my back to them. Two legionnaires jumped me and took me prisoner. I was the first prisoner of war in all of Jerusalem. The two legionnaires felt they'd achieved something magnificent as they marched me along the Via Dolorosa to Major Tel's headquarters at the *randu*, unaware he was in the Armenian Quarter at the time.

"Those two kilometers were my own Via Dolorosa. Threatening Arab crowds filled the streets. As it was close to prayer time, there were thousands of worshippers on their way to the mosque chanting 'The first prisoner! The first prisoner!' It was a very tense situation. Since the crowd looked as if it might get out of hand, the two legionnaires kept shouting, 'Anyone who touches him will get killed.'

"This was a very dangerous moment for me, and I'll tell you why. Before the war started I was the Haganah intelligence officer in the Old City. There were a number of people—Arabs and Armenians—I had made contact with and bought Sten guns from. As they had worked for me, they knew me well. Any one of them might have been in that crowd and killed me to protect himself.

"I had been in Major Tel's headquarters at the *randu* for about fifteen minutes when Rabbi Weingarten arrived. He too had been captured by legion soldiers and brought there. Rabbi Weingarten was very agitated 'You see what's going on?' he shouted. 'We have to surrender!'

"Please, Mr. Weingarten,' I said to him, 'a little calm, please. Neither you nor I will decide whether we surrender. That will be decided after we return—if we return. So, please, Mr. Weingarten, remain calm.' "Soon after, Ahmed Hilmi Pasha, prime minister of the short-lived Palestine government, came in and said to me, 'What are *you* doing here?'

"I explained what had happened, adding, 'One of your soldiers took my watch. If the Arab Legion is a disciplined army, I want it back.' I think this impressed him—a POW talking about his watch. I may have looked calm, but actually I was nervous. I got my watch back on the spot. Then Ahmed Hilmi Pasha phoned Abdullah Tel at the Armenian Quarter. Tel said, 'Send him back.'

"I was driven to where the major was waiting for me. He was very angry. 'I know you're a spy,' he said. 'You wanted to spy on our headquarters. Go back to your people and tell them my terms. You have one hour.'

"I had managed to gain two hours through all of this business. Now I pressed for more time. 'Major Tel,' I said, 'you know how armies operate. I must have time to explain all the details you've given me.'

"Tel thought it over and said, 'I give you till four o'clock.'

"By 1:00 P.M. I was back at my headquarters and all the commanders were reassembled. Not all of them agreed to surrender, although most did. 'We have no option,' was the consensus. The Arab Legion had

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Micha: Look, I don't want to destroy any legends, but it wasn't as earth-shaking as it looked from the evening papers that day. It's true that some people were very moved; that for some of them it was something special. Lots of the boys who hadn't had much to do with Judaism and weren't at all religious said that this war had made them feel that the Jewish people really is something special. They appreciated the meaning of the verse: 'Thou hast chosen us.' I heard a lot of people say that. But I also heard lots of them say that it didn't mean anything to them. To them it was merely the climax of a specific assignment, without any Jewish significance. Historical significance, yes; but not something specifically Jewish.

I remember that one of the things I thought about later on, something that really affected me, was the business of Giora, our company commander. He was killed right next to me, near the Wall. One evening, we'd had a big 'do' in the amphitheatre on Mount Scopus. We sang 'Jerusalem of Iron', and there were some professional artists. It was all very impressive, the moment itself, the background, the place and all that – and that was when I thought about Giora. Why wasn't he here with us? It's what one generally thinks at these moments. I really was very moved then. But in the middle of the fighting – when it happened, I remember that my only thought was that now I had to carry on and continue to advance, without saying a word to any of the men. Just not tell any of them – only tell them when

it's all over. Some of them were completely broken up by the news.

Danny: If you were to ask me what day the Old City was taken on, I wouldn't be able to tell you. We'd crossed the border without a single radio, so we didn't hear about it immediately. But when we did find out, there was a truly spontaneous reaction. Most of the men began dancing around, jumping on and off the vehicles, under them, over them, hugging one another. It was like being in exile and suddenly hearing that Jerusalem was ours. I had very mixed feelings about it. On the one hand, it didn't mean anything to me; on the other hand, it showed we'd given them a beating. I knew that one was supposed to feel pleased about it. But I wasn't specially happy about taking Port Tawafik. I wasn't even specially happy that Jerusalem had been taken in this fantastic way. I didn't feel particularly excited. ... They asked me, 'Is it true about the Wall?' And I said, 'Okay, so what? We've taken Port Tawafik too!' I'll tell you something: holy or not, it left me cold.

Micha: Morning prayers at the Wall were very awe-inspiring. All the time I kept thinking that the Wall symbolized the Jewish people's yearning for unity, its deep roots in the country; that we represented a whole people, a whole history. It meant a lot to me. I can't say that I felt any deep spiritual link with the stones themselves. It isn't like that. People don't realize that Judaism doesn't attach any sanctity to places as such. For example, the Bible says about Moses' burial place, 'And no one knew where he was buried.' For the same reason, there's nothing holy about the Wall. But for us, the Wall's really – what I saw before me was the realization of our people's unity, of their longing, of the whole Jewish people. Not that particular place, but what it means to the whole Jewish people ...

Dear Ora,

My wife Etty gave me permission to read your letter, which gave me great pleasure. I'm sorry that I've never met you personally and have had only a fleeting glimpse of you, but your letter expresses your feelings about social problems so well that I felt that I had to write to you. I don't want to take up your remarks about the dust that's collected around accepted principles, partly because I'd like to talk to you about this personally and partly because, despite everything, a whole generation of kibbutzniks and moshavniks has been brought up on these principles, and it's from these same people that the army – including my brigade – has drawn the great majority of its officers. I was lucky that I served with the paratroop brigade

that liberated Jerusalem. I believe that the hand of God was in my participation in the battle for the liberation and reunion of Jerusalem. I see in it the hand of God, for ever since I reached maturity, and especially since I joined the army thirteen years ago, I've had a constant desire to take part in a war for the liberation of Jerusalem. On the other hand, this contradicted my social and political belief in the need for a dialogue with the Arabs as a basis for peace. But my yearnings to fight for the liberation of Jerusalem were above and beyond my political ideas.

Fears, natural in the face of possible death, were replaced by a great pride. I felt jubilant, here I was about to fight – and perhaps to die – for Jerusalem. Do you know the significance of Jerusalem for a religious man who prays three times a day (in the Eighteen Benedictions): 'And return speedily to Jerusalem, Thy city, in mercy, and dwell within it as Thou hast spoken?' Of course, as you said in your letter, the Western Wall was never an archaeological site as far as I was concerned, not even a 'holy place' as it's officially called. My education, my prayers and my longings transform Jerusalem in its entirety into an organic part of my very being, of my whole life.

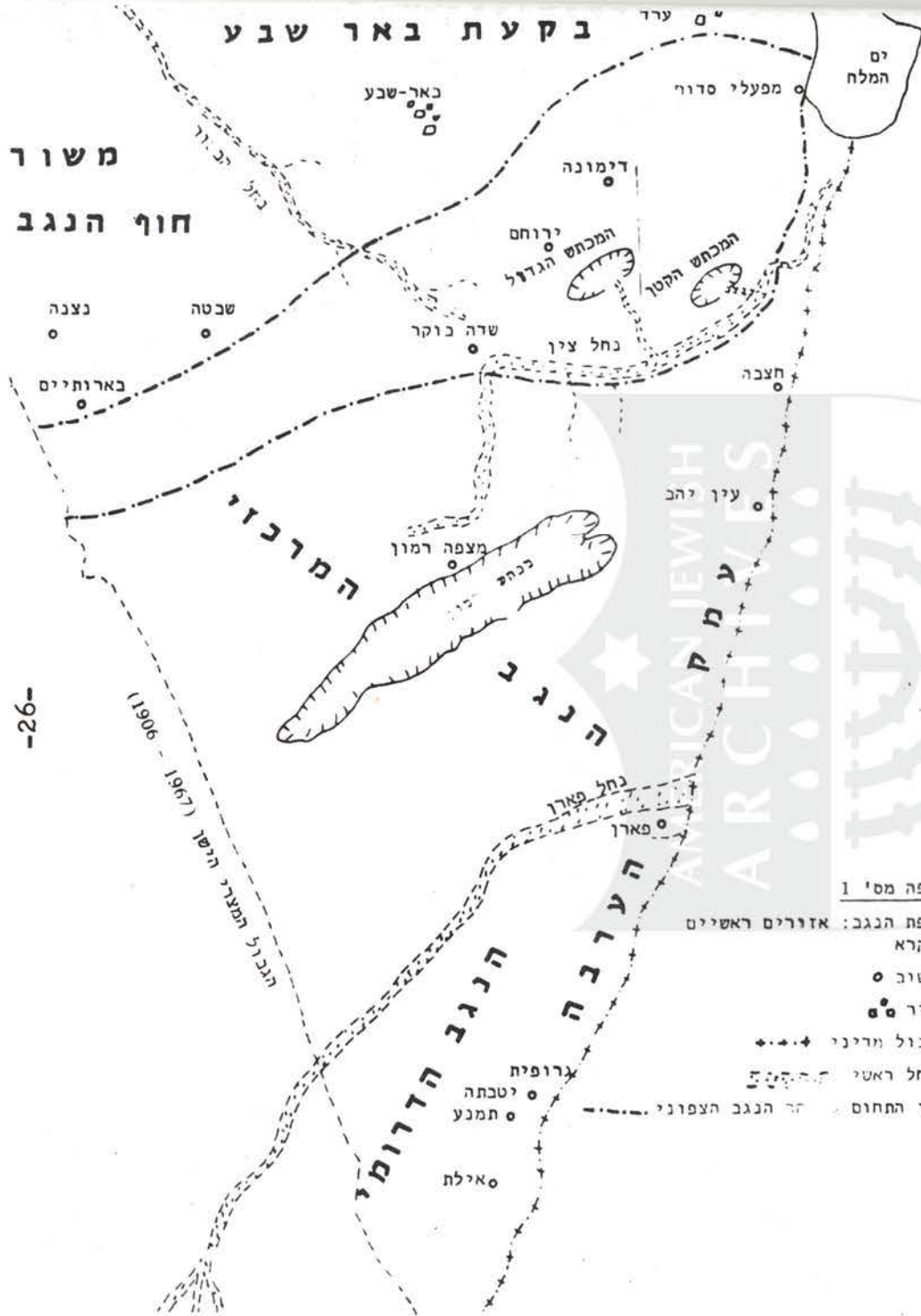
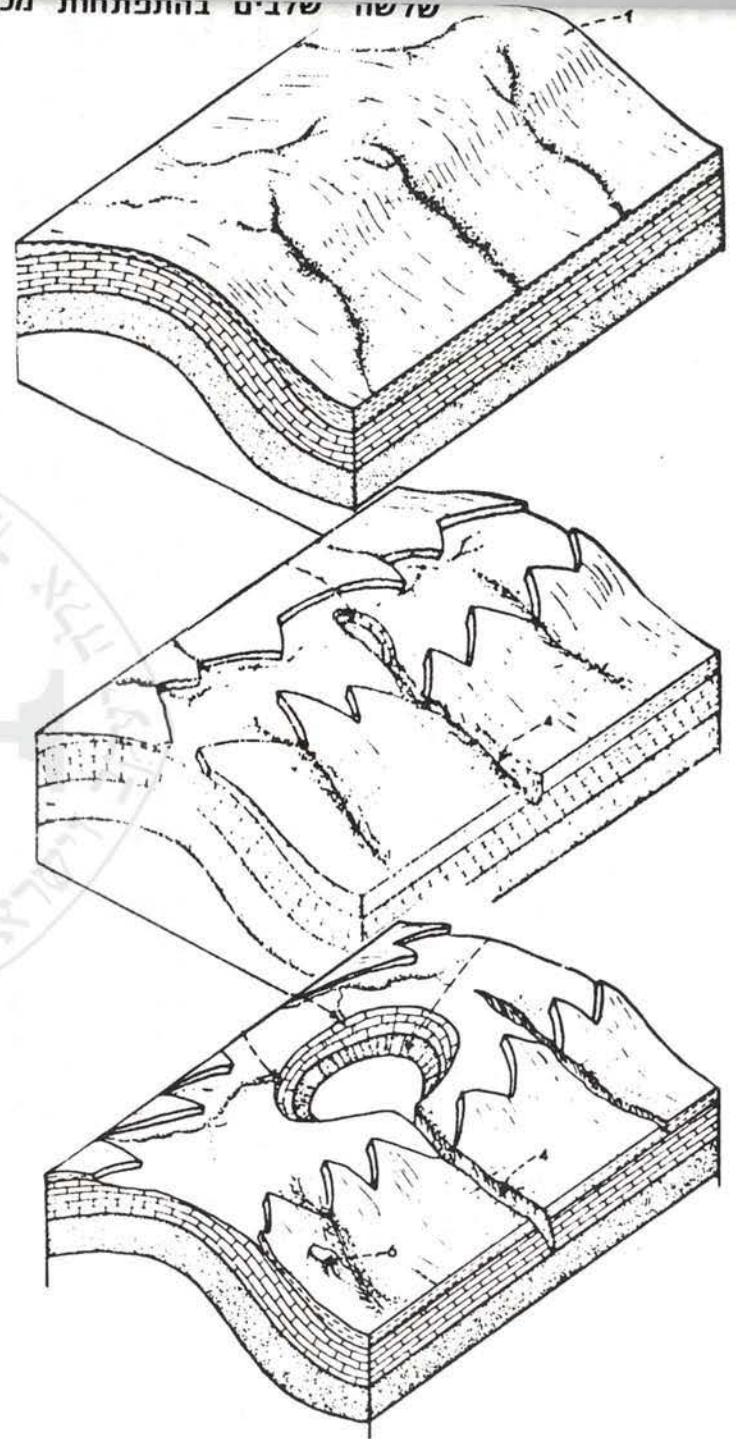
Please understand, Ora, that it was against the background of these sentiments that I went to fight for the liberation of Jerusalem. I felt as if I had been granted the great privilege of acting as an agent of God, of Jewish history. Because of all the great tension and turmoil of the war, I didn't at first have the time to think about the experiences and feelings of the other soldiers. But the atmosphere was full of a sense of greatness and holiness. We were in the Rockefeller Museum, just before we took the Temple Mount, and I asked a fellow soldier, a man born in Kibbutz Sha'ar Ha'amakim, what he thought of it all. He answered with a verse from the Bible: 'I was glad when they said unto me, let us go unto the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within Thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.' He smiled as he spoke, perhaps because it's not 'fitting' for a member of Hashomer Hatzair to talk this way. But I saw his eyes, and I knew that that was how he really felt.

When we broke into the Old City and I went up to the Temple Mount and later to the Western Wall, I looked searchingly at the officers and the other soldiers. I saw their tears, their wordless prayers, and I knew they felt as I did: a deep feeling for the Temple Mount where the Temple once stood, and a love for the Wall on whose stones so many generations have wept. I understood that it wasn't only I and my religious friends who sensed its greatness and sanctity; the others felt it too, no less deeply and strongly. It was easier for me to define my feelings, because I had my tefillin in my pack (perhaps King Solomon wore ones just like these when he built the Temple) and in my pocket there was the book of psalms written by David, the King of Jerusalem.

As I stood weeping by the Wall, there wept with me my father, my grandfather and my great-grandfather, all of them born in a Land of Israel where they needed Abdullah's permission to pray at the Wall. As I caressed its stones, I felt the warmth of those Jewish hearts which had warmed them with a warmth that will for ever endure.

I saw my friends, kibbutz-educated towards an attitude of scorn for traditional religious values, now overwhelmed by a feeling of holiness, and as elated and moved as I was. Then I saw the proof of what I had previously assumed, that there is in all of us, religious and non-religious alike, in the entire Jewish people, an intense quality of Jewishness that is neither destroyed by education nor blurred by foreign ideologies and values. The morning after the battle I said my morning prayers on the Temple Mount, and as the sun rose over liberated Jerusalem I lingered over the verse, 'And may a new light dawn over Zion and may we speedily merit its radiance.'

Forgive me, Ora, if I've digressed. But when people talk about the Six-Day War and especially about the liberation of Jerusalem, it all seems to me like a psalm of praise.



IN Hebrew, 'Negev' is the word for south. The Jewish attraction to the southland wastes, which extend down to the tip of that Red Sea inlet known in our time as the Gulf of Eilath, is an old story beginning with the original

Hebrew, Abraham himself. This land of the Negev is the true cradle of Judaism. In its present isolation, it constitutes a national weak point and danger zone. But here also lies Israel's greatest hope for the future.

What we call Negev is an arid waste where high hills coloured dun, red and purple cast their shadows on narrow crater valleys and canyons. This desert stretches northwards to the edge of the fertile coastal plain along the Mediterranean where the Canaanite kings built their major settlements, impenetrable to the Israelites until Joshua's day. Eastwards, the Negev climbs gradually upward towards the cliffs and crags overlooking the Dead Sea. And in the West it merges without change of landscape into the Sinai Peninsula between the Eilath Gulf and that of Suez. The Negev's rainfall is less than an inch a year and the minimum temperature rarely goes below fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Yet today, between Beersheba – the area's largest city located at its northern end – and the seaport of Eilath, southern terminus of an Israeli built road linking Red Sea to Mediterranean, a number of modern communities have implanted themselves and are gradually extending the wasteland's arable portion.

One of these is kibbutz Sde Boker where I came to live in 1953. That I happened to choose this particular kibbutz is an accident. But that I decided to live in the Negev represents a continuation of the ideas I have followed throughout my life and namely the concept that the principal way the Jews can re-claim their ancient land is not by argument or invoking historical precedent but by their labour, that is, by creating an enduring, fruitful home for themselves where previously there was nothing.

I have always realized that if we are to be economically independent and viable under all circumstances, we must develop the Negev. That is why I held out with some tenacity in 1947 for assignment of the area to the Jewish State. Some of my colleagues thought me ill-advised. What did we want with a sand-dune disconnected to the rest of our designated

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territory and totally lacking in cultivation? The argument that we might eventually need a seaport on the Red Sea which, along with Mediterranean frontage, would make our shores independent of Egypt, or that we could lay pipelines, mine the desert and eventually irrigate it too, seemed very remote at the time. Nevertheless, during the War of Independence, I was particularly concerned with this part of Israel which early in hostilities was invaded by Egyptian heavy armour.

To me, it seemed more important to re-establish our authority over the Negev than even to attempt the rescue of Jerusalem's Old City. As soon as we had the War under control and were in no immediate danger of being overrun in our central plain and main cities, I entrusted the newly organized Army with regaining this occupied territory.

The resolve to take on the cream of Egyptian armour was no light affair. We were still under-equipped and, most important of all, we could absolutely not afford defeat since disorganization of our forces would have left us open to conquest by all the Arab armies. I remember telling the Cabinet at the time: 'We have just made the gravest decision since the proclamation of the State.' Yet the Negev was worth it since Israel's capacity to become self-supporting lay in this land.

So, after an Egyptian aggression on one of our supply columns, we opened Operation Ten Sore, a name reflecting our desire to visit a thousand plagues upon those who occupied our territory.

The key to the whole advance, political as well as strategic, was speed. The General Staff must have loathed me as much as they did the enemy during those days as I was always pressuring them to go faster, ever faster. By 21 October 1948, Beersheba of the Seven Wells, where Abraham watered his sheep and Moses in exile had found a bride, became once again part of Israel. And on 24 October, thanks to the brilliant work of our combat engineers who traced our routes across the desert and cleared emergency roads to transport armour

through the area, we encircled the Egyptians by a pincer movement and forced their surrender.

Following the 1949 Armistice I immediately sent the military engineers back to the desert where they constructed roads through this difficult terrain to provide vital transport links with the rest of the country. The most famous of these is the Arava or 'pioneering' highway from Beersheba to Eilat.

In those early days we had much to do just to start functioning as a country and the Negev couldn't come as high on the list of priorities as I would have liked. All the same, it was a constant concern to me. I deplored the fact that for one reason and another – mainly political – the south had known no Jewish pioneers as had the Galilee. Our country's development was such that the main population crowded together in the narrow strip between Tel Aviv and Haifa with only a relatively few settlements straggling north into the Galilee and almost none southward to the wilderness. Obviously, a fertile strip at that time but nine miles wide in some places, would never be able to survive autonomously for very long. We needed a large and firmly based population in our south. The situation today is slowly improving but this is still a basic need for Israel.

In 1949, the first thing to do was to make the Negev into a 'paying proposition' in immediate terms so that it could contribute quickly to the national economy. We began almost at once to prospect for mineral deposits and to mine in the region of King Solomon's famous copper mines. We also began dredging and constructing the port of Eilat, although access to and from the Red Sea was obstructed by Egyptian occupation of the Tiran Straits. Most important of all, we made use of the Negev's proximity to the Middle East's great oil producing regions by laying a pipeline from Eilat up to the Mediterranean. We reasoned that a good highway plus an oil pipeline could in tandem form an 'overland Suez' that the European oil importers might come to appreciate some day given Arab, and especially Egyptian, political

instability as contrasted with our own internal dependability.

The 1956 Sinai Campaign achieved one incalculably great advantage for Israel. It cleared the southern gateway to the sea by liberating the Tiran area. Thus it gave our country access to shipping on a worldwide basis and independent of Suez.

Sinai was the strategic work of General Moshe Dayan who is a gifted member of that generation which today is coming into its own politically. Afterwards, he resigned from the General Staff and came to me saying he was anxious to join the political battle. I had discerned in him a very fine analytical mind. But I wasn't convinced then of his political maturity. I told him so quite frankly. 'Dayan, don't be in such a hurry,' I said. 'Wait a while. Bide your time and learn. Then you won't make mistakes.'

He understood and he has held himself back with what I know is an effort of self-discipline. He has served a very fruitful political apprenticeship and today I believe he would make a Prime Minister of stature.

Our Sabras like General Dayan – they are named Sabras after the Negev's desert cactus – are the most precious resource we have. We must call on them to help guide the destiny of this country. They have first-hand understanding of Israel in its contemporary setting and in its juxtaposition to the Arab situation that constitutes a valuable asset for our political future.

I was telling of my association with the desert. Whereas I had always realized its importance to the nation, my personal experience here came quite by chance. I knew the Negev well and had made a point of travelling through it, reading up on its history and geography. Then one day, when I had occasion to drive to Eilat on official business as Prime Minister, I told the driver to cut off the main road onto a track we had come to out in the wasteland. I wanted to get away from my busy schedule and take a few minutes to feel the vastness of the desert, to renew myself by experiencing the awesome effect.

which for me never diminishes, of these open spaces with their message of hope and also of the smallness of men in the infinite universe.

We drove along the track for a bit and suddenly we saw a gathering of people up ahead and a few wooden shacks. We stopped and I scrambled down the embankment to ask these young men and women: 'What are you doing out here?' They told me they were fighting the battle for Israel's independence by taming the wilderness. Since this is what I had been exhorting the Jews to do ever since I entered politics, I was certainly delighted to hear it.

These people also told me they had heard of Tibian settlements in this place some two thousand years ago. The Tibians were a Semitic tribe who communicated in a mixture of Hebrew and Arabic. Said these youngsters: 'If the Tibians could be here so long ago, we can be here now.'

I don't know much about the Tibians and I don't think any people in history settled out here for long. But I do know that making the desert flower as the rose was no mere poetic concept in Biblical times. Where exactly Abraham came from is disputed by scholars. Although Torah mentions Ur of the Chaldees, it is more likely he came directly from the more northern area of Haran in Mesopotamia. In any event, the vast delta between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers was in Abraham's day the cradle of civilization and a blooming garden which archaeology has proved was criss-crossed by a network of artificial irrigation ditches feeding farms and plantations of corn, vegetables, orchards as huge as modern American concerns of this type. These plantations existed for two millennia before the origin of the Hebrews! So the concept of fertilizing the Negev is hardly far-fetched, as it might appear at first sight. And certainly irrigation of vast wasteland areas is not only a modern idea. Let me add that today this once abundant area of Mesopotamia is now an enormous stretch of sand, testimony to man's capacity to destroy his own works and render himself miserable!

I had always regretted leaving the pioneer life and indeed had only done so to represent pioneering interests in the Jewish political movement of the day. I always knew that eventually I would try to get back to a way of existence which to me represents the most satisfying activity open to a Jew. These youngsters had understood instinctively what I had been attempting to drive home to our people: that the Negev was our lifeline, that the struggle for true independence had hardly begun and that it would be won in the desert. So I asked them: 'May I join you?' They were startled but made no objection. At the end of 1953 I took a leave of absence from government and came down here.

The first days at Sde Boker were very hard for me. I was out of physical condition. But the one thing I determined to avoid was any special consideration from my fellow kibbutzniks. So I had to set myself to keeping pace with the best of them. How tired I was during those early weeks and how I had to struggle not to show it!

The Sde Boker kibbutz followed the normal pattern of assigning work in rotation. Lists of duties and those scheduled to do them were chalked on a blackboard every evening. When I first arrived I checked this board and found that while everyone else was listed by his or her first name it was set down that Mr Ben-Gurion would tend the sheep. Well, I told the others that it wasn't Mr Ben-Gurion who had come to the kibbutz but David, just David. So from then on every day I looked to see what David would do.

My attitude prompted the field foreman to test me out. He gave me some back-breaking chores to handle. I didn't let him know that I knew what he was doing. I worked as hard as I could. How hot it was! Like labouring in an oven. And yet, to tell the truth, I felt a deeper satisfaction with myself and my surroundings than I had in many a year. For me, pioneering is happiness. To be at peace with oneself and to struggle to accomplish work that one believes in and that bears on Nature, what else can one ask of life? In a few weeks

I hardened up and felt ready to take on whatever came my way. By this time I was really part of the group and that, too, was very gratifying. Working with young people keeps one young and keeps one's ideas young. I took great pleasure in sounding their opinions and exchanging ideas with them.

One day at Sde Boker I discovered that the fellow working next to me in the field was the grandchild of a pioneer farmer I had laboured with in the Galilee all those years ago in 1908. What a wonderful continuity! It certainly helped renew my faith in this country and its people to realize that the pioneering spirit could be handed down three generations and bring this boy to the desert. And, of course, I took pride in being fit enough myself to match my work with his own.

I have been asked whether I came to the desert to brood in solitude or in bitterness over the scars of political battle. Let me say first that I have no time for bitterness. Such feelings are beside the point of my existence. I have had close friends and associates some of whose paths have diverged from my own. I have criticized them, not for personal reasons, but because everyone here in Israel, and every Jew in the world for that matter, is part of a vast and vital undertaking, the building of this land. Mistakes are costly both of time and of lives. We can afford to lose neither. So I feel very passionately about the various problems confronting us. My colleagues feel that way too. At times, therefore, our divergences tend to be dramatic. But bitterness has nothing to do with it. I came here first to work, later to think and write. One needs solitude for such occupations. On the one hand, the Negev affords me the pleasure of watching a wasteland develop into the most fruitful portion of Israel by a totally Jewish act of creation. On the other, here I have the peace, the space, the awareness of Nature that I need to give my thoughts and my writings the dimension I want to put into them.

There is much to say on man's need for solitude. I think that one of the greatest assets of our kibbutz system is that although it constitutes a collective, it also has an innate sense of indi-

vidual privacy. We work together but each man has the time and the occasion to face himself alone. That is most important. I personally have been much on my own and I do not regret it. Quite the contrary. Every human being must reach into himself to find his reason for existing. Now that I am older, I must face the prospect of death. A young man asked me not long ago whether I was afraid of dying. I answered by the Talmudic trick of replying to a question with a question: 'Will it help me if I'm afraid?' I asked him. 'I know I have to die some day. So why should I fear it?' Questions on death deserve to be answered with more questions.

However, I still have much to live for and it is what I always have lived for: my work. The Negev has given me time and perspective to look back on Israel's modern redemption. Nobody else has told the whole story. The younger generation needs to know the background to the present. This will enable them to understand the future with greater perspective. The book I am writing, which I foresee will take another seven years to complete – if I survive to do so – will present Israel as a continuum. In truth, the nation as a viable institution is not really established yet. We've made a beginning, a good one. But beginnings are not enough. That is what we need to tell our youth, and just as with the founders of Sde Boker they will learn from our message of the need for them here in the desert.

My solitude today is of course much deeper through the death of Paula, my wife. During the years we spent together we were truly one, a union of the spirit as it says of man and wife in Torah. Now only half of that which formed my life remains. Her death was a blow not only in its suddenness but also because I always expected to die first. Fate decided otherwise and to that all must submit. Paula was a remarkable woman. She started life with little Zionist or even Jewish feeling. Her background was American. When we decided to marry, I told her she would have to live in Israel. I want only two things: Eretz Israel and you. And I believe I shall

have both,' I wrote to her in those early years. Because she loved me, she came.

When I enlisted in the Jewish Legion we had been married only a few months and she was already pregnant. When she heard that I was leaving for Canada and there was a chance we wouldn't see each other again, she cried bitterly. She thought that what I was doing was madness. Yet she knew I had to follow my path and she made no attempt to hold me back. I left her with exact instructions as to what to name our child and how to dispose of my few effects were I not to survive.

After the war we met again in Israel and through the years she shared my work, my life, my hopes. Then, in 1953, I suddenly told her we were going to the desert. Again, she thought I was crazy to resign from government and to come out here to live. But she followed me all the same and bravely set about making our home here. I admired her deeply for this. Not many women could have taken such an uprooting so much in their stride. Throughout our relationship, Paula's affection moved me and sustained my life. She had the ability to make my goals her own and now that she is gone life is very lonely. But there is work to do. Even in grief one must strive to accomplish the tasks at hand.

Paula, in her way, understood the call the Negev exercised upon me and must exercise on us all. She would have preferred Jerusalem but she knew in her heart that our presence here was necessary and that this was the setting for the next act in Israel's redemption.

Another point about the Negev. Nowhere, not even in Jerusalem, is the continuity with the past so meaningful as it is here. Abraham's understanding of the Negev and its significance in the life of his people as a part of their Promised Land has great affinity with our view of its importance to modern Israel. He crossed the Euphrates, penetrated into Canaan and moved ever southward. After hunger compelled him to go to Egypt, he again returned to this same area. 'And Abraham

planted a tamarisk tree in Beersheba, and called there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God,' says Genesis (XXI, 33). The simple words combine the supreme concept of God underlying Judaism with the very act of cultivating this barren soil. In sum, Abraham accomplished a consecration of this land to his people and our work follows in his footsteps.

Throughout Israel's tenure, the desert has had its spiritual and economic importance. 'And King Solomon built a navy of ships in Ezion-Geber which is beside Eilat on the shore of the Red Sea in the land of Edom' (I Kings 9-26). And so also King Ahab and his successors had political interests here. Not to mention Moses and the forty years' wandering in this area by the Children of Israel.

Today, it has become vital for Israel to think south, as it were. As I have indicated, we must even out the country demographically. We should seek actively to uproot numerous industries that are far too concentrated in the Mediterranean plain and bring them here. Scientifically, of course, the Negev's very barrenness is a blessing in disguise. What treasures do the sands conceal? We must focus attention on the systematic investigation of forces, known or latent, that can make the Negev thrive. For without the settlement of this region, we simply don't have the 'elbow room' - a term used by the American pioneer Daniel Boone to describe his own need to push ever westward into that continent's unexplored wilderness - to make Israel economically independent and militarily secure. We lack defensive depth. But we can attain it, at least to the point that such concepts still have meaning in these days of aeroplanes, nuclear bombs and missiles, by moving a good segment of the population here and cultivating the land.

Such a move won't be easy. But it will bring the satisfaction of creation. An example from my own experience. When I first came here, we had to pay five dollars for less than a hundred gallons of water because we had to truck it in from Beersheba which is thirty miles away. Now we have a water

pipeline coming not from Beersheba but straight from Yarkon which is near Tel Aviv. Today, we have enough water to cover the plateau upon which Sde Boker is located with grass and trees, to sustain livestock and all their produce. In a sense we have created this green spot in accordance with the Biblical injunction that man must comport himself in the spirit of his maker who created the earth.

The desert is a reproach to mankind. It is criminal waste in a world that cannot feed its population. Even for Israel, this barrenness is a reproach. The majority of Jews who come to this country go to Tel Aviv or Jerusalem. I am against big cities. They bring out the worst in men.

It is my belief that every human being is a compendium of good and bad qualities. I think man's capacity to wreak evil, to harm himself, is far greater than his ability to do good. Cities by their anonymity and their impersonality are a nefarious influence on the individual. They remove him from a sense of direct responsibility towards his fellow man. How can you remember to be your 'brother's keeper' in the Biblical sense if you live in an apartment house where nobody knows anyone else? I remember going to New York once with the intention, among other things, of looking up a fellow Israeli who was there at the time. I asked everyone I met about this man but couldn't trace his whereabouts. Then one day in the skyscraper I was living in I bumped right into him. 'I've been searching everywhere for you,' I told him. And he said 'I've been looking for you too.' It turned out we were living in the same building and had been doing so for weeks without either of us knowing it! That is city life for you.

Conglomerations like Tel Aviv are unnatural. They are destructive of the spirit Israel requires to remain true to itself. This country isn't just a Jewish hotel. It's a very special place with special demands on everyone who dwells on its soil. And what Israel has to teach us is far more graspable out on the land and in small communities where each knows his neighbour, where there is community solidarity born of long asso-

ciation and common experience, than it is in a huge beehive of a building jammed up against a hundred other beehives on a long, impersonal boulevard.

Again, the Negev can come into its own as a veritable laboratory for urbanists. We can easily accommodate five million people here. Yes, five million! And in spaciousness, comfort, calm, beauty. We can house them in small enough settlements to allow for survival of the neighbourly spirit. We don't need living areas for more than ten or fifteen thousand in a given spot. And even so, as I say, there's room for no less than five million more. When they have come, when all the people have escaped from Tel Aviv and made their place here, then we won't have to worry about the Egyptians or anyone else shooting missiles at a single location and killing off half our populace.

We need Jews from America, Rhodesia, Iraq, Russia, anywhere they are. We want them to come here and live as free men in a plenitude they cannot enjoy anywhere else both as Jews and as human beings. But here they must work hard to create a new civilization. Not what we have today but something entirely new. We want them to come to the desert and make it different from anything known on earth to this date, fitted to the environment and an inspiration to men everywhere. The more who come, the more will be attracted. In the beginning will arrive the best, the true pioneers, those with the requisite moral character to suffer the hardships out here. This, of course, is already happening.

Israel, I know, will survive on the basis of quality. It is a small state and already it exists because of the quality and fortitude its inhabitants have shown under hardship. Now we require quality in every sphere of activity to carry out the mission of enlightenment worthy of our ancient people. But to get quality, we must have quantity. The more Jews who come, the more scope we shall have to improve our aptitudes and proficiency in diverse domains.

In relation to the desert, I want to see Israel lead the world in

taking up such problems as the purification of sea water into sweet water usable for irrigation. The processes must supply the land in large amounts yet be cheap and practical to run. Sounds like a dream. Should Israel be afraid of dreams that can transform the natural order by science, imagination and pioneering? Of course not, for that is our vocation. And the purification of sea water here is not only vital for ourselves but for hundreds of millions in the world who suffer from starvation diets while only a small portion of their available land surface is tilled.

Science depends on the imagination of the human mind and the needs of society. Jewish society needs the Negev and it must bring its people here. This is where a specifically Jewish effort to open the frontiers of the mind and develop the natural capacities of the Promised Land can make its contribution. The supreme test of Israel at this time in its history lies not in the struggle with hostile forces outside its frontiers but in its success in wresting fertility from the wasteland that constitutes sixty per cent of its territory.

Since its expanses were redeemed by the Defence Forces in 1948, the desert has been explored and investigated. Research, however, hasn't gone far enough and latent resources still far outbalance those that have been revealed. Nevertheless, we have already discovered numerous phosphate deposits as well as uranium, gypsum, granite, marble, first quality sand for glass (Israel, by the way, was a glass-making centre of the ancient world), bituminous stone, kaolin and natural gas. Detailed investigation is still required of the flora and fauna, the climate and the dew deposits, the quality of the desert soil and its geological structure.

Then, too, I consider the Negev's great inland lake, the Dead Sea, of tremendous importance though it has been given scant consideration by land developers up to now. It is a unique body of water and lies in the earth's deepest cleft, 1,400 feet below sea level. It is richer in salts and minerals than any other area in the world. It contains about two thousand

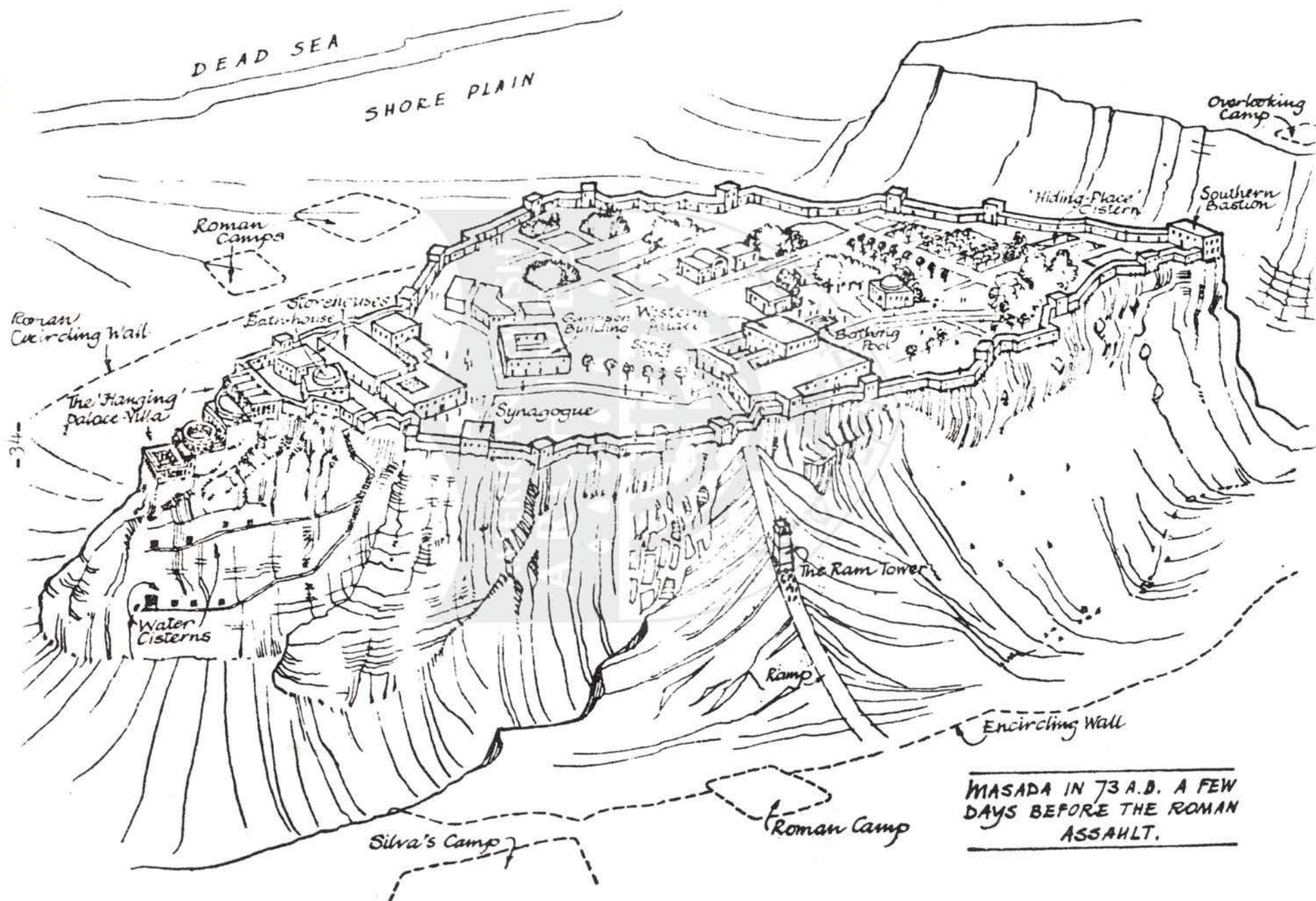
million tons of potash, over twenty thousand million tons of magnesium chloride, about ten thousand million of calcium chloride, almost a thousand million of magnesium bromide and other minerals. There are probably other resources in the Dead Sea we haven't even thought about. I hear, too, that it is rich in medicinal springs of benefit to health.

To further knowledge of the entire area I have been active in promoting an institution that we have now established at Sde Boker, the College of the Negev. For the moment, it is mainly a teacher's college to train primary and secondary school personnel for the ever growing number of desert settlements. But it is also developing as a research centre where people of every discipline come to investigate this very special region. In time, we hope the College of the Negev will be a prestigious international centre of learning and study on topics connected with the development of desert-like land in general and of the Negev in particular. I hope personally that this College will continue its present policy of being extremely eclectic in its disciplines, where everything from architecture to ecology, from social research to agronomy can be taken up with reference to the surroundings.

The Negev offers the Jews their greatest opportunity to accomplish everything for themselves from the very beginning. This is a vital part of our redemption in Israel. For in the end, as man gains mastery over Nature he gains it also over himself. That is the sense, and not a mystical but a practical one, in which I define our redemption here.

Israel must continue to earn its nationhood and to represent the Jewish people with their awesome past. It must be worthy of itself, which is no small achievement. It is one to be attained in the desert.

When I look out of my window today and see a tree standing there, that tree gives me a greater sense of beauty and personal delight than all the vast forests I have seen in Switzerland or Scandinavia. Because every tree here was planted by us. It was nursed to life by the water we brought to it at such cost and effort. Why does a mother love her children? Because they are of her creation. Why does the Jew have affinity for Israel? Because here again everything remains to be accomplished. It is his privilege and his place to share in this creative act. The trees at Sde Boker speak to me in a special way, in another language than any other trees anywhere. Not only



MASADA IN 73 A.D. A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE ROMAN ASSAULT.

Chapter 5

¶ 1 All the members of the house of Israel are commanded to sanctify the great name of God, as it is said, "But I will be hallowed among the children of Israel" (Lev. 22:32). They are furthermore cautioned not to profane it, as it is said, "Neither shall you profane My holy name" (Lev. 22:32). How are these precepts to be applied? Should an idolater arise and coerce an Israelite to violate any one of the commandments mentioned in the Torah under the threat that otherwise he would put him to death, the Israelite is to commit the transgression rather than suffer death; for concerning the commandments it is said, "which, if a man do them, he shall live by them" (Lev. 18:5): "Live by them, and not die by them." And if he suffered death rather than commit a transgression, he himself is to blame for his death.

¶ 2 This rule applies to all the commandments, except the prohibitions of idolatry, in chastity and murder. With regard to these: if an Israelite should be told: "Transgress one of them or else you will be put to death," he should suffer death rather than transgress. The above distinction only holds good if the idolater's motive is personal advantage; for example, if he forces an Israelite to build him a house or cook for him on the Sabbath, or forces a Jewess to cohabit with him, and so on; but if his purpose is to compel the Israelite to violate the ordinances of his religion, then if this took place privately and ten fellow-Israelites were not present, he should commit the transgression rather than suffer death. But if the attempt to coerce the Israelite to transgress was made in the presence of ten Israelites, he should suffer death and not transgress, even if it was only one of the remaining commandments that the idolater wished him to violate.

¶ 3 All the foregoing applies to a time free from religious persecution. But at a period when there is such persecution, such as when a wicked king arises, like Nebuchadnezzar and his confederates; and issues decrees against Israel, with the purpose of abolishing their religion or one of the precepts, then it is the Israelite's duty to suffer death and not violate any one, even of the remaining commandments, whether the coercion takes place in the presence of ten Israelites or in the presence of idolaters.

¶ 4 When one is enjoined to transgress rather than be slain, and suffers death rather than transgress he is to blame for his death. Where one is enjoined to die rather than transgress, and suffers death so as not to transgress, he sanctifies the name of God. If he does so in the presence of ten Israelites, he sanctifies the name of God publicly, like Daniel, Hananyah, Mishael, and Azariah, Rabbi Akiva and his colleagues. These are the martyrs, whom none ranks higher. Concerning them it is said, "But for Your sake are we killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter" (Ps. 44:23). And to them also, the text refers, "Gather my saints together to Me, those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice" (Ps. 50:5). Where one is enjoined to suffer death rather than transgress, and commits a transgression and so escapes death, he has profaned the name of God. If the transgression was committed in the presence of ten Israelites, he has profaned the name of God in public, failed to observe an affirmative precept—to sanctify the name of God—and violated a negative precept—not to profane His Name. Still, as the transgression was committed under duress, he is not punished with flogging, and, needless to add, he is not sentenced by a court to be put to death, even if, under duress, he committed murder. For the penalty of death or flogging is only inflicted on one who transgresses of his own free will, in the presence of witnesses and after due warning.

† 'My loyal followers, long ago we resolved to serve neither the Romans nor anyone else but only God, who alone is the true and righteous Lord of men: now the time has come that bids us prove our determination by our deeds. At such a time we must not disgrace ourselves: hitherto we have never submitted to slavery, even when it brought no danger with it: we must not choose slavery now, and with it penalties that will mean the end of everything if we fall alive into the hands of the Romans. For we were the first of all to revolt, and shall be the last to break off the struggle. And I think it is God who has given us this privilege, that we can die nobly and as free men, unlike others who were unexpectedly defeated. In our case it is evident that day-break will end our resistance, but we are free to choose an honourable death with our loved ones. This our enemies cannot prevent, however earnestly they may pray to take us alive; nor can we defeat them in battle.』

'For those wrongs let us pay the penalty not to our bitterest enemies, the Romans, but to God - by our own hands. It will be easier to bear. Let our wives die unabused, our children without knowledge of slavery: after that, let us do each other an ungrudging kindness, preserving our freedom as a glorious winding-sheet. But first let our possessions and the whole fortress go up in flames: it will be a bitter blow to the Romans, that I know, to find our persons beyond their reach and nothing left for them to loot. One thing only let us spare - our store of food: it will bear witness when we are dead to the fact that we perished, not through want but because, as we resolved at the beginning, we chose death rather than slavery.'』

'I made a sad mistake in thinking I had the support of loyal followers in the struggle for freedom, men resolved to live honourably or die. You are not a bit different from all and sundry in courage and boldness, you who fear death even when it means the end of utter misery, a course in which you ought not to hesitate or wait for someone to advise you. Ever since primitive man began to think, the words of our ancestors and of the gods, supported by the actions and spirit of our forefathers, have constantly impressed on us that life is the calamity for man, not death. Death gives freedom to our souls and lets them depart to their own pure home where they will know nothing of any calamity; but while they are confined within a mortal body and share its miseries, in strict truth they are dead. For association of the divine with the mortal is most improper. Certainly the soul can do a great deal even when imprisoned in the body: it makes the body its own organ of sense, moving it invisibly and impelling it in its actions further than mortal nature can reach. But when, freed from the weight that drags it down to earth and is hung about it, the soul returns to its own place, then in truth it partakes of a blessed power and an utterly unfettered strength, remaining as invisible to human eyes as God Himself. Not even while it is in the body can it be viewed; it enters undetected and departs unseen, having itself one imperishable nature, but causing a change in the body; for whatever the soul touches lives and blossoms, whatever it deserts withers and dies: such a superabundance it has of immortality.

'Sleep will provide you with the clearest proof of what I say. In sleep souls left to themselves and free from bodily distractions enjoy the most blissful repose, and consorting with God whose kin they are they go wherever they will and foretell many of the things to come. Why, pray, should we fear death if we love to repose in sleep? And isn't it absurd to run after the freedom of this life and grudge ourselves the freedom of eternity?

'It might be expected that we, so carefully taught at home, would be an example to others of readiness to die. But if we do need the testimony of foreigners, let us look to those Indians who profess to practise philosophy. They are men of true courage who, regarding this life as a kind of service we must render to nature, undergo it with reluctance and hasten to release their souls from their bodies; and though no misfortune presses or drives them away, desire for immortal life impels them to inform their friends that they are going to depart. No one tries to stop them, but everyone congratulates them and gives them messages for his dear ones: so confidently and so truly do they believe that the souls share a common life. Then after receiving these commissions they consign their bodies to the flames, that the soul may be as

pure as possible when it is separated from the body, and hymns are sung to them as they die. In fact they are sent off more happily by their dearest ones to death than other men are sent by their fellow-citizens on a long journey: the bereaved may weep for themselves, but the departed they deem happy, ranked now among the immortals. Well then! Are we not ashamed to show a poorer spirit than Indians, and by our want of courage to bring the Law of our fathers, the envy of all the world, into utter contempt?

'Even if from the very first we had been taught the contrary belief, that life is indeed the greatest good of mankind and death a disaster, the situation is such, that we should still be called upon to bear it with a stout heart, for God's will and sheer necessity doom us to death. Long ago, it seems, God issued this warning to the whole Jewish race together, that life would be taken from us if we misused it. Do not fasten the blame on yourselves or give the Romans the credit for the fact that we are all ruined by the war against them: it is not through their power that these things have happened - a mightier hand has intervened to give them the outward shape of victory. What Roman weapons slew the Jews who lived in Caesarea? Why, they had no thought of rebelling against Rome, but were in the middle of their seventh-day ceremonies when the Caesarean mob rushed at them, and though they offered no resistance butchered them with their wives and children, paying no heed to the Romans who were treating none as enemies except ourselves, who had in fact rebelled. No doubt I shall be told that the Caesareans had a permanent quarrel with the Jews in their midst and simply seized their chance to vent their old hatred. Then what are we to say of the Jews in Scythopolis? They had the effrontery to make war on us to please the Greeks, and would not join with us, their own kith and kin, to drive out the Romans. Much good they got from their faithful support of the Greeks! They were brutally massacred by them, they and their entire households - such was the reward their alliance brought them! What they saved the Greeks

'They, perhaps, died in this way because in a foreign land they could find no answer to their enemies; but all those who in their own took up arms against Rome had everything, hadn't they, that could

give them hope of certain victory? Weapons, walls, impregnable fortresses, and a spirit that in the cause of liberty no danger could shake, encouraged all to rebel. But these things were effective for a very short time: they raised our hopes only to prove the beginning of worse misfortunes. All were captured; all came into the enemy's hands as if provided specially, to make their victory more splendid, not to save the lives of those who fashioned them! Those who died in battle we may well congratulate: they died defending their freedom, not betraying it. But the masses who are now under the thumb of Rome who would not pity? Who would not hasten to die rather than share their fate? Some of them have been broken on the rack or tortured to death at the stake or by the lash; some have been half-eaten by savage beasts and then kept alive to be their food a second time, after providing amusement and sport for their enemies. Of them all we have most cause to pity those who are still alive; for they pray and pray for the death that never comes.

'Which of us, realizing these facts, could bear to see the light of day, even if he could live free from danger? Who is such an enemy to his country, who so unmanly and so wedded to life as not to be sorry he is alive today? If only we had all died before seeing the Sacred City utterly destroyed by enemy hands, the Holy Sanctuary so impiously uprooted! But since an honourable ambition deluded us into thinking that perhaps we should succeed in avenging her of her enemies, and now all hope has fled, abandoning us to our fate, let us at once choose

death with honour and do the kindest thing we can for ourselves, our wives and children, while it is still possible to show ourselves any kindness. After all we were born to die, we and those we brought into the world: this even the luckiest must face. But outrage, slavery, and the sight of our wives led away to shame with our children - these are not evils to which man is subject by the laws of nature: men undergo them through their own cowardice if they have a chance to forestall them by death and will not take it. We were very proud of our courage, so we revolted from Rome: now in the final stages they have offered to spare our lives and we have turned the offer down. Is anyone too blind to see how furious they will be if they take us alive? Pity the young whose bodies are strong enough to survive prolonged torture; pity the not-so-young whose old frames would break under such ill-usage. A man will see his wife violently carried off; he will hear the voice of his child crying "Daddy!" when his own hands are fettered. Come! while our hands are free and can hold a sword, let them do a noble service! Let us die unenslaved by our enemies, and leave this world as free men in company with our wives and children. That is what the Law ordains, that is what our wives and children demand of us, the necessity God has laid on us, the opposite of what the Romans wish - they are anxious none of us should die before the town is captured. So let us deny the enemy their hoped-for pleasure at our expense, and without more ado leave them to be dumbfounded by our death and awed by our courage.』

Now, when Vespasian came to destroy Jerusalem he said to the inhabitants: "Fools, why do you seek to destroy this city and why do you seek to burn the Temple? For what do I ask of you but that you send me one bow or one arrow,²³ and I shall go off from you?"

They said to him: "Even as we went forth against the first two who were here before thee and slew them,²⁴ so shall we go forth against thee and slay thee."

When Rabban Johanan ben Zakkai heard this, he sent for the men of Jerusalem and said to them: "My children, why do you destroy this city and why do you seek to burn the Temple? For what is it that he asks of you? Verily he asks naught of you save one bow or one arrow, and he will go off from you."

They said to him: "Even as we went forth against the two before him and slew them, so shall we go forth against him and slay him."

Vespasian had men stationed inside the walls of Jerusalem. Every word which they overheard they would write down, attach (the message) to an arrow, and shoot it over the wall, saying that Rabban Johanan ben Zakkai was one of the Emperor's friends.

Now, after Rabban Johanan ben Zakkai had spoken to them one day, two and three days, and they still would not attend to him, he sent for his disciples, for Rabbi Eliezer and Rabbi Joshua.

"My sons," he said to them, "arise and take me out of here. Make a coffin for me that I might lie in it."²⁵

Rabbi Eliezer took hold of the head end of it, Rabbi Joshua took hold of the foot; and they began carrying him as²⁶ the sun set, until they reached the gates of Jerusalem.

"Who is this?" the gatekeepers demanded.

"It's a dead man," they replied. "Do you not know that the dead may not be held overnight in Jerusalem?"²⁷

"If it's a dead man," the gatekeepers said to them, "take him out."

So they took him out and continued carrying him²⁸ until they reached Vespasian. They opened the coffin and Rabban Johanan stood up before him.

"Art thou Rabban Johanan ben Zakkai?" Vespasian inquired; "tell me, what may I give thee?"

"I ask naught of thee," Rabban Johanan replied, "save Jamnia, where I might go and teach my disciples and there establish a prayer [house]²⁹ and perform all the commandments."

"Go," Vespasian said to him, "and whatever thou wishest to do, do."

Said Rabban Johanan to him: "By thy leave, may I say something to thee?"

"Speak," Vespasian said to him.

Said Rabban Johanan to him: "Lo, thou art about to be appointed king."

"How dost thou know this?" Vespasian asked.

Rabban Johanan replied: "This has been handed down to us, that the Temple will not be surrendered to a commoner, but to a king; as it is said, *And he shall cut down the thickets of the forest with iron, and Lebanon³⁰ shall fall by a mighty one*" (Isa. 10: 34).

It was said: No more than a day, or two or three days, passed before messengers reached him from his city³¹ (announcing) that the emperor was dead and that he had been elected to succeed as king.³²

A catapult³³ was brought to him, drawn up³⁴ against the wall of Jerusalem. Boards of cedar were brought to him which he set into the catapult, and with these he struck against the wall until he made a breach in it. A swine's head was brought and set into the catapult, and this he hurled toward the (sacrificial) limbs which were on the altar.³⁵

It was then that Jerusalem was captured.

Meanwhile Rabban Johanan ben Zakkai sat and waited trembling, the way Eli had sat and waited; as it is said, *Lo, Eli sat upon his seat by the wayside watching; for his heart trembled for the ark of God* (I Sam. 4: 13). When Rabban Johanan ben Zakkai heard that Jerusalem was destroyed and the Temple was up in flames, he tore his clothing, and his disciples tore their clothing, and they wept, crying aloud and mourning.

-38- Yohanan ben Zakkai died probably a decade or so after the destruction of Jerusalem, not a martyr, but more appropriately, in bed, surrounded by his loyal disciples. Having chosen to concern himself with day-to-day affairs, he offered the promise contained in the moral conduct of commonplace life as Israel's true consolation. A martyr's death would have been incongruent to such a teaching. His death was reported as follows:

In his last hours, Rabban Yohanan ben Zakkai kept weeping out loud.

"O master," his disciples exclaimed, "O tall pillar, light of the world, mighty hammer, why art thou weeping?"

He said to them, "Do I then go to appear before a king of flesh and blood, whose anger, if he should be angry with me, is but of this world? and whose chastising, if he should chastise me, is but of this world? Whom I can, moreover, appease with words or bribe with money? Verily, I go rather to appear before the King of Kings of Kings, the Holy One, blessed be he, whose anger, if he should be angry with me, is of this world, and the world to come, and whom I cannot appease with words or bribe with money! Moreover I have before me two roads, one to Paradise and one to Gehenna, and I know not whether he will sentence me to Gehenna or admit me into Paradise. And of this a verse says, *Before him shall be sentenced all those that go down to the dust, even he that cannot keep his soul alive*" (Ps. 22:30)—and should I not weep?"

They said to him, "Master, bless us!"

He said to them, "May it be God's will that the fear of Heaven be upon you as much as the fear of flesh and blood."

They said to him, "Just so much?"

He answered, "Would that it were so. Know ye that when a man sins a sin, he says, 'I hope no man sees me.'"

And as he breathed his last, he said, "Clear the house of vessels which can receive corpse uncleanness, and prepare a throne for Hezekiah, king of Judah, who cometh."

Yohanan thus blessed his students with a blessing based on his earlier teaching to them, that the robber who steals in broad daylight is a better man than the thief who steals by night, for the one regards God and man as equals, and the other fears not God, but only man. He ended his life with a characteristic reminder of the humble necessities imposed by the laws of ritual purity on those who kept them. In a moment, the house would be unclean by reason of corpse uncleanness; therefore, clear out objects which will receive it. He expressed the disquiet he felt with the prospect close at hand of going to appear before God.

We know little about Yohanan's spiritual biography, but it seems clear that on the long road from Jerusalem, through 'Arav and Yavneh to Beror Heil, he had passed through a valley of deep shadows and dark uncertainties. Finally he told his students with his dying breath to prepare a throne for Hezekiah king of Judah, who, it was held, would herald a better day. Yohanan had earlier opposed despairing trust in God's immediate intervention into human affairs, and yet, he died with the messianic hope on his lips. Yohanan here gave expression to his view of his own achievement. He did not regard his program of Torah, commandments, and acts of loving-kindness, or his institution at Yavneh, as the final stages in man's salvation, but only as interim measures. He looked forward, as did other Jews, to the Messiah's coming. Accordingly, he had offered this paradigm for Judaism: "If you have a sapling in your hand, and one comes to say that the Messiah is here, plant the sapling, and then go forth to receive him." At Yavneh, Yohanan had planted his sapling. In the moment of death, he looked to receive him who must come.

This much is known about Yohanan ben Zakkai at Yavneh. He began to build a new center of autonomous government. He decided certain ritual and religious questions. He taught his disciples. He debated on occasion with gentiles in the town. If Yohanan had never gone to Yavneh, he would probably be almost forgotten in Jewish history. The detailed record of his activity there, however, has barely managed to reach posterity. The course of his last few years of life is not much clearer. He retired to Beror Heil, a village in the foothills of Judea, and remained until his death. There he handed down decisions in cases that came before him. By renouncing power in Yavneh, he saved what he had founded, for he dissolved opposition to the academy based on enmity toward himself and his ambiguous record. Yohanan cleared the way for Gamaliel II to assume the leadership of the broader part of the nation.

So ended the brief period of Yohanan's worldly power. A man of contention, he withdrew when he saw others better able to carry forward what he had begun. His life was drawing

to a close. What had he to show for the effective years?—a court for whose sake he again had to go into exile, a few students, a few laws about the rites and worship of Israel. He had changed some trivial details of the law, established a few principles, and in the face of opposition, retired to live out his final months, perhaps a year or two, again in isolation from the great center of activity.

One morning, accompanied by his faithful students Joshua and Eliezer, he turned his face toward the sun. Together they walked into the hills. Resigned that his task, whether done or not, had best be continued by others, he exiled himself from Yavneh. His son had died long ago, and so, I imagine, had his wife. Lonely, tired, carried by the will of others, much as Jeremiah had been brought to the border of Egypt, he went off to build another court and to die.

What had Yavneh meant to him? We see it as the lasting link between one age and the next. We see him as the man who forged that link. But could he have seen it so? Perhaps Yavneh was his sapling, and now, he thought, was the time to go forth.

He had left Hillel's academy for Galilee. Others stayed on in the center of Jerusalem. He lived, lonely and ignored, and left a bitter curse. To be sure, he did not curse Yavneh, nor would he have wanted to. But were matters otherwise so very different? In Galilee, he had been ignored. In Yavneh, he faced deep hostility. Which was preferable? In Galilee, his student possessed skills more important to people than his own. In Yavneh only his disciples could complete what he started.

His mind must have turned to still another leave-taking—this one more vivid in his memory—the day he had been carried out of Jerusalem in a coffin, like his son in earlier years. In the eyes of many, he was a traitor who went to enter into negotiations with the enemy. Then, at least, he had sought to save what could be saved. Now his life was behind him. Then, he might have conceived a great mission ahead. Now what remained for him to do? Only one cryptic account tells what he actually did in Beror Heil: "If you are looking for a good court of justice, then go to Yohanan ben Zakkai in Beror Heil." At the brink of death, he steadfastly founded yet another schoolhouse, that and his disciples his only legacy to the world.

THE ARAB REFUGEES 1949-1967

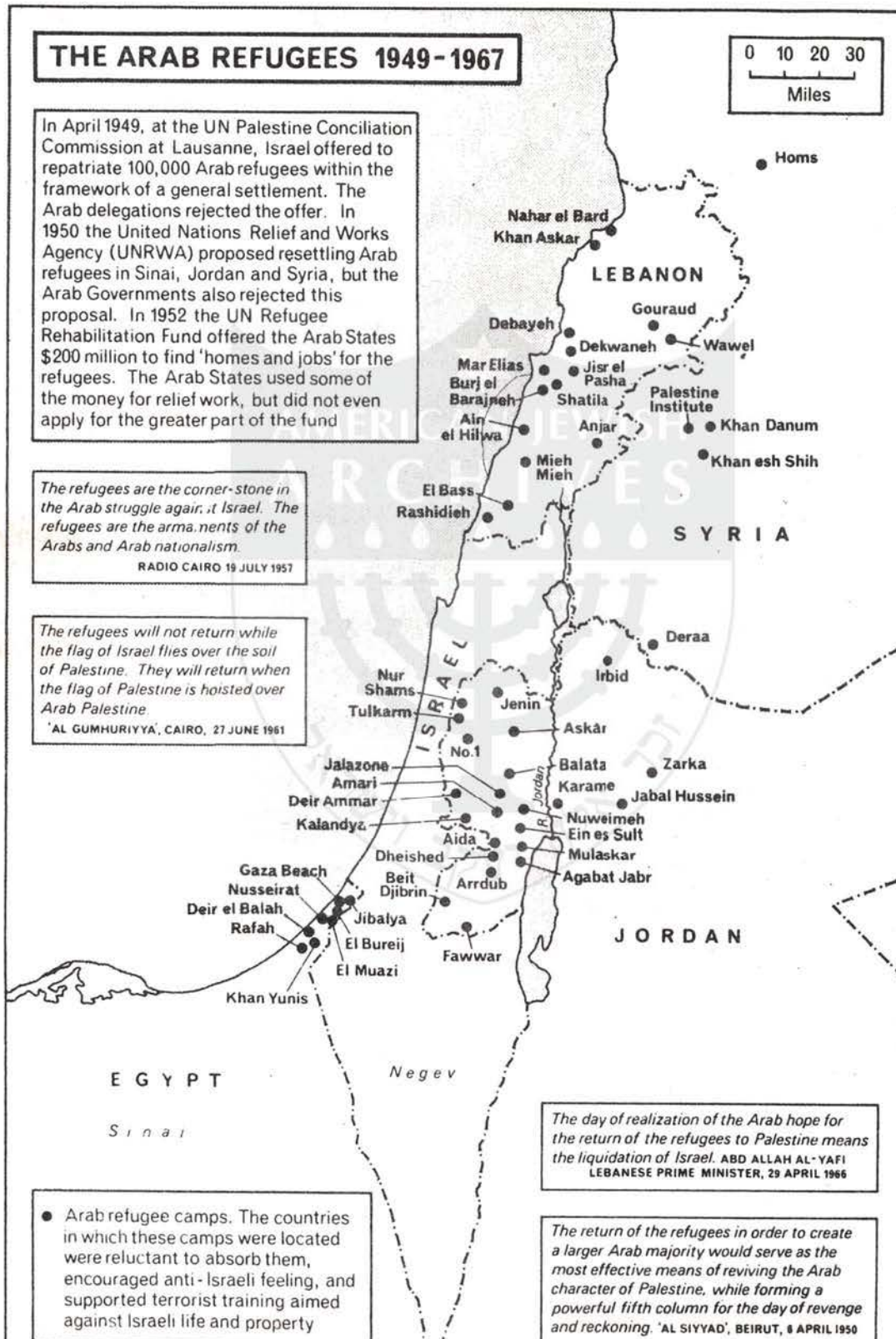
In April 1949, at the UN Palestine Conciliation Commission at Lausanne, Israel offered to repatriate 100,000 Arab refugees within the framework of a general settlement. The Arab delegations rejected the offer. In 1950 the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA) proposed resettling Arab refugees in Sinai, Jordan and Syria, but the Arab Governments also rejected this proposal. In 1952 the UN Refugee Rehabilitation Fund offered the Arab States \$200 million to find 'homes and jobs' for the refugees. The Arab States used some of the money for relief work, but did not even apply for the greater part of the fund

The refugees are the corner-stone in the Arab struggle against Israel. The refugees are the armaments of the Arabs and Arab nationalism.

RADIO CAIRO 19 JULY 1957

The refugees will not return while the flag of Israel flies over the soil of Palestine. They will return when the flag of Palestine is hoisted over Arab Palestine.

'AL GUMHURIYYA', CAIRO, 27 JUNE 1961



The day of realization of the Arab hope for the return of the refugees to Palestine means the liquidation of Israel. ABD ALLAH AL-YAFI LEBANESE PRIME MINISTER, 29 APRIL 1966

The return of the refugees in order to create a larger Arab majority would serve as the most effective means of reviving the Arab character of Palestine, while forming a powerful fifth column for the day of revenge and reckoning. 'AL SIYYAD', BEIRUT, 8 APRIL 1950

● Arab refugee camps. The countries in which these camps were located were reluctant to absorb them, encouraged anti-Israeli feeling, and supported terrorist training aimed against Israeli life and property

FROM PETACH TIKVA TO DAGANIA

TODAY the workers are the strongest and most highly organised sector of Israel's population, and they occupy an important position in the country's economic life, whether it be through the *kibbutzim* or other forms of workers' villages, or through the manifold industrial, contracting, and marketing undertakings of the *Histadrut* (General Federation of Jewish Labour). This seems a far cry indeed from the times, described in this Chapter, when Jewish workers had but a precarious foothold in the *Yishuv*. In a sense, the progress upheld by this contrast is reflected in the person of Shmuel Dayan, author of the reminiscences quoted here. Beginning as a simple agricultural labourer in Petach Tikva, he was among the early settlers of Dagania. As, however, he found collective existence not altogether to his liking, he helped to found the first *moshav* (smallholders' co-operative village) at Nahalal. Today, he is a leading figure in the *moshav* movement, which embraces scores of villages, and a member of the Knesset (Israel's Parliament). He has also written extensively on agricultural matters. His son, Moshe Dayan, is Chief of the General Staff in the Israel Army.

Dayan came to the country in 1908, at the age of sixteen. He had been fired by a call to the young Jews of the Diaspora to come and build the homeland, which he had seen in a copy of *Hapoel Hatzair*, the organ of one of the two groups of Jewish workers in Palestine. The first place he went to on arrival was Petach Tikva. This he describes as a pleasant village; but there was much in it that was distasteful to a young Jewish worker whose ideals were to fill the soil and create a new form of Jewish life based on the Hebrew language. The prevailing medium of speech was Yiddish, mingled with Arabic expressions, and occasionally French was heard spoken by the local intelligentsia. The liveliest spot was the market; but the sellers were invariably Arabs, and the buyers Jews. Jewish wealth, Dayan records, flowed into the Arab villages:

The Arabs are chief among those engaged in creating the assets of our national regeneration... They are also the educators: Jewish babes are carried in the arms of Arab women-servants, in the farmers' homes. The sons of the Biluites are saturated from birth with the songs and speech of the Arabs.

Hebrew was scarcely heard among the farmers; but the Jewish workers all did their best to speak it. At the ceremonial inauguration of Ein Gannim¹, a play was presented in Hebrew; but in Petach Tikva only Yiddish plays were given, while the schoolchildren sometimes acted plays in French.

¹ Near Petach Tikva. Ein Gannim was established in 1908 as a village for 30 agricultural labourers and their families. They were normally employed in Petach Tikva, but had farms of 15 dunams (approximately three and three-quarter acres) each to supplement their income and to provide a means of livelihood in the event of unemployment.

In the empty space in front of the workers' hotel, hundreds of Arabs assemble before dawn. They are casual labourers. The permanent labourers, who live in the farmers' yards, go straight to the orange groves. They, too, number many hundreds: there are nearly 1,500 in all... We are only a few score Jewish workers, and we are often unemployed. We stand about in the market hoping for a day's work.

The Jewish workers felt estranged,—a feeling which was heightened when the farmer by whom they hoped to be employed passed by on donkey-back wearing a white suit and holding a whip in his hand, and contemptuously flung a harsh word at them. If unsuccessful, they would return to the dirty hotel and lie down on their beds, made of boards placed upon kerosene tins, and grit their teeth, hoping for better luck next day.

Dayan's first day's work was in the fields. He was the only Jew among the whole group of Arab workers, who made fun of him. But his satisfaction was great when he got his first day's wages,—a note drawn on the Petach Tikva Council for four piastres (the equivalent of less than 10d). After that he worked as a builder's assistant, and then he found employment in a citrus grove, digging irrigation pits around the trees with a large hoe,—a back-breaking task. It was while he was thus employed that he fell ill with malaria. Nevertheless, he would somehow contrive to perform his day's quota of work before he succumbed to the fever. One day he fainted in the street and woke up to find himself in hospital in Jaffa. As soon as he realised where he was, he took his clothes and left: he did not want to be the recipient of charity!

Dayan derived pleasure from the feeling that he was achieving the 'Conquest of Labour', while many of his Jewish fellow-workers gave up and went to the towns, or even back to Europe. Meanwhile the fever clung to him, and the physician in Jaffa strongly urged him to leave the country—a piece of advice which he ignored. Instead, he joined a group which found employment laying out almond plantations at the near-by village of Kfar Saba. They would spend the week at Kfar Saba, working under the most strenuous conditions and in a far from pleasant atmosphere, and return for the Sabbath to Petach Tikva, which now seemed to them to wear a most welcoming aspect. As the village came in sight, they would break into song.

Petach Tikva was the centre. It already had several scores of Jewish workers, most of whom slept at the dirty hotel for working-men. It was they who trained and guided new arrivals in the country. They served as a labour exchange and information bureau, and concerned themselves with all the needs of the local workers. Every week a few newcomers joined them. Now and then some of their number would leave and steal away from the village to go to their consuls and arrange for their departure from the country...

But those workers who resolved to stay on became welded firmly together, largely by hardships shared in common. They helped and encouraged one another and sought joint ways out of their difficulties. Sometimes, at night, a group of them would make the three-hour tramp over the sandy hills to Jaffa, where, at Chayim Becker's hotel, they were sure to find a discussion of the problems of Zionism and Eretz Yisrael in full swing. A particularly pleasant corner of Jaffa was the editorial office of *Hapoel Hatzair*, the

workers' paper, which was edited by Yosef Aharonowitz, one of the leading figures in the early days of the Jewish Labour movement.

It was during his first year in the country that Dayan went north, to Galilee.

There was a feeling that we were only now arriving in Eretz Yisrael for the first time... Galilee! How we had dreamed of it... To plough, to sleep in a stable, to bear arms, to fight the bedouin, to reap and to gather in the harvest...

Dayan found himself work on a farm in one of the Galilean villages, and he actually did sleep in a stable, —to prevent the animals from being stolen. Within a short time he learned to plough as straight a furrow as any seasoned farmer. It was a very different life from the semi-urban experience of Petach Tikva, and much more satisfying. But once again he was struck down by the fever, and when he recovered, he found that an Arab labourer had taken his place.

Most of the Jewish workers in Petach Tikva and the other Judean villages left for other parts of the country or even went abroad: only a tiny minority, reinforced by a few newcomers, stayed on with a fixed resolve to accomplish the 'Conquest of Labour'. But now the workers decided to achieve their aim by a new means: they would undertake the cultivation of a grove for a year on a contracting basis. A group operating on such a basis would be able to do the work as cheaply as Arab labourers and at the same time make a reasonable livelihood, provided the entire cost of maintenance was included in the estimate. But it was not easy to persuade a Jewish citrus grower to entrust his grove to the group formed by Dayan and his comrades. Eventually they were allowed to cultivate a grove at Chadera, which happened to be owned by the community. The experiment succeeded, and the workers earned adequately; but as no one could be found who was willing to repeat the experiment, the group broke up.

In the meantime, no improvement could be discerned in the attitude of the Jewish grove owners towards the Jewish workers. They did not believe in their capacity, and in particular they resented any criticism directed against themselves which appeared in *Hapoel Hatzair*. With difficulty, Jewish workers obtained a day's employment for a bare subsistence wage; and, if there happened to be a novice among them, he would find himself isolated among scores of Arab workers who did everything possible to make him feel uncomfortable. He would be placed among the Arabs with the most powerful physique, so as to show him to a disadvantage, and he would invariably be given the worst tools. He could not understand

the remarks that were being made about him in Arabic, and the harsh, cynical behaviour of the overseer—a Jew—would oppress him. Yet, despite the disadvantage at which they were placed, the Jewish workers excelled, and they tried to subsist on the wages paid to Arabs. What galled them more than anything was the attitude of the overseers and the fawning of the Arab labourers towards their employers,—a practice they were not capable of imitating. Nevertheless, though the individual workers felt despondent to the point of tears, they forgot their troubles when they met together, and sang and danced instead.

The agricultural workers used to hold an annual conference:

They came from all over the country; the Judean

workers barefoot and in rags; the few from Galilee wearing the *kufiya* and *aqal* on their heads, and red high boots like the bedouin, or hobnailed boots like the Arab labourers regularly employed by Jewish farmers. They would assemble for a few days, engage in discussion and debate, and go their several ways again, reinvigorated and with renewed determination to strive for a solution to the main problem of our existence,—the 'Conquest of Labour'.

At the fourth conference, held in 1910, the bitterness of the Galilean workers found vehement expression. They were tired of their lonely existence, without any kind of intellectual recreation,—not even the opportunity to read a book. What was to be their future?

But the conference was also attended by some of the group at Kinneret, which had undertaken to cultivate the near-by land of Umm Junieh, as well as by members of the group which had cultivated the grove at Chadera on a contracting basis (they were known as the 'Chadera Commune'). Both groups were about to go to Umm Junieh to live as their own masters, and they introduced a note of hope and optimism into the proceedings. Yosef Chayim Brenner, the writer and one of the thinkers of the Zionist Labour movement, was also at the conference. He had entertained doubts concerning the ability of Jewish workers to build the country by their own efforts; but when he heard the enthusiastic and resolute words with which the conference ended, he too was imbued with enthusiasm and faith.

Dayan records his favourable impressions of the land at Umm Junieh, with its rich soil watered by the

Jordan. The original group of seven workers had proved that a collective body, administering its own affairs, could successfully engage in farming. But they did not want to stay on after the expiration of the year for which they had contracted. Their place, consequently, was taken by the 'Chadera Commune', whose delight upon first tasting an independent existence is expressed by Dayan:

To work in freedom! The words seemed to convey a deep breath, in contrast to the servitude in the *moshavot*. There is a feeling of creativeness in the work performed by the worker himself, even in the services, in administration, and in the very thought of work... We are free of employers and overseers... We are responsible to ourselves. We are working people who have been given the possibility of understanding, thinking, and directing their work as they desire.

The question they asked themselves was, whether they were physically capable of doing agricultural work proper, and whether they were able to lay out and plan a farm. But despite their inexperience, they had faith in themselves and were confident of overcoming the difficulties that lay in their path.

There was, however, a third factor they had overlooked: the behaviour of their neighbours. Of this, they were made fully aware a fortnight after they went on the land (November, 1910). One of their members, Zvi Yehuda, accompanied by Sarah Malkin, set out for Tiberias to buy some timber, mounted on a mule and donkey. It was getting on for nightfall when they began the return journey, and on the way they were set upon by three Arabs armed with Martini rifles. Zvi, who had a revolver with him, returned their fire, and he and Sarah got back safely. The mule, however, was hit and died a few days later. This was a loss the young group could ill afford.

The settlers took their work seriously, read handbooks on farming, and discussed various agricultural problems among themselves. They also prepared to lay out plantations and vegetable gardens. Meanwhile, too, new buildings were under construction, a hundred yards or so from the point where the Jordan flows into the Sea of Galilee. The buildings included a two-storey house as living quarters, and another of one storey to contain the kitchen and shower room.

A common love for the new settlement drew the members of the group into intimate companionship. In the course of innumerable conversations, they uttered their innermost thoughts. If, as was inevitable, there was sometimes cause for criticism, they sought to overcome the defects by educating themselves to their new way of life—at meetings, which were

permeated by deep understanding and a delicate feeling for the suffering, joy and sorrow of one's companion... The affairs of the individual were subordinated to those of the group, to the new life. All one's happiness was in building and working, and members vied with one another in volunteering for the performance of difficult tasks.

Relations with the neighbouring Arabs were on the whole satisfactory. Two families, in particular, were on friendly terms with the settlers, and their womenfolk would visit the Jewish women and teach them how to perform their domestic tasks. Some of the neighbouring Arabs worked as tenants for the owner of the near-by estate, of which the land of Umm Junieh had formed a part.

Nothing occurred to cast a shadow upon our friendship. Nothing came between us. They worked on the *effendi's* estate, and we on our farm. We had taken nothing from them: the land had not been theirs. Indeed, they regarded us as ordinary workers like themselves: they saw in us the simplicity of labourers living by their toil. We, on our part, helped them in a number of small matters, such as giving them medical aid...

The settlers were also on cordial terms with the local landowners, with whom they exchanged visits and courtesies. An unusual relationship was that with Sheikh Isa (an old man of impressive appearance, who had once owned the land in that vicinity, but had had to sell it to pay his debts. He settled in a nearby village and sought a living as best he might. At first he hoped to place his five stalwart sons as watchmen of the Jewish settlement, but he quickly learned that the Jews intended to guard their own property. He therefore sent his sons to persuade them to the contrary. The sheikh's sons did indeed prove themselves a source of much trouble. They roamed the Jewish fields as far as Messcha and Sejera, and in the course of their forays murdered more than one Jewish settler. One of Sheikh Isa's sons was a notorious bandit, of whom all the Arabs in the vicinity stood in awe, and whom even the Government troopers were afraid to face. He would visit the settlers from time to time and partake eagerly of their hospitality. Then he would casually bring up the question of guarding the *kvutza* and, on meeting with a refusal, would challenge the settlers to meet him in their own fields at night. That night, accordingly, he and his followers would appear and cut as much of the ripening wheat as they could

take away in the sacks they had brought with them before disturbed in their occupation by the Jewish watchmen. Dayan records one such encounter in which the Jews hardly showed to advantage,—indeed, they had to beat a retreat. But the reason was not unconnected with the fact that, while the Arab raiders all had good rifles and ample ammunition, the Jews had only two rifles and 13 rounds—most of them rusty,—apart from a few revolvers. Moreover, during the course of the action one of the rusty cartridges failed to discharge and lodged in the breech, reducing the effective rifle strength by half. Only one watchman resolutely held his ground, until the defenders came back reinforced by a contingent from Kinneret. But by then the raiders had gone. Such encounters were not infrequent, but still the settlers did not entrust the protection of their property to the Arabs. The last time Sheikh Isa appeared, it was after the new houses had been built.

He was scarcely recognisable. He had aged greatly, his face was sunken, and his lustre had become dimmed. Of the first person he met on the porch, he asked for food. His was a truly pitiful tragedy. I think it was our last meeting with him.

Two of the old man's sons died in the Tiberias jail, and a third was killed in the settlement farmyard.

It was at this time, when the new buildings began to give the settlement the appearance of a proper village, that it was decided to give it a Hebrew name. There were two schools of thought: one was in favour of a name embodying the Jordan, which flowed through its fields; the other preferred one associated with the cereal crops which grew so profusely there. Eventually the latter prevailed, and the village was

named *Dagania*, from the Hebrew word *dagan*, meaning 'corn, grain' (also 'cornflower', found in abundance in the district).

The future course to be pursued also divided the settlers into two bodies of opinion, one in favour of going to occupy new land, the other, of remaining at Dagania permanently. Those who advocated the former course looked enviously at the group which had gone to occupy Merchavia with the object of going elsewhere when their work was done.

To settle! How much mockery and bourgeois smugness that expression seemed to contain in those days! Our task was to conquer, and to go on conquering. We were fighters, the vanguard,—lone men whose duty it was to be brave, to prepare the land for those who were to follow... How the very idea of the Hauran cast a spell over us!... To be beyond the Jordan, distant from towns and from civilised man; to be alone amidst thousands of Arabs and bedouin... to lay there the foundations, our corner-stone!

But those who thought otherwise looked askance upon such romanticising. It was easy enough to occupy a piece of land and face the Arabs' fire, or even to be killed. It was far harder to stand up against the difficulties of life, to engage in a constant, daily struggle to create a self-supporting farm and to turn a Jewish shopkeeper into a peasant. That was true heroism; and that was their task. And, indeed, though discussion on this issue was keen, it was the latter view which prevailed. The work conquered the pioneers. They became hungry for work, and they worked eagerly.

And we saw blessing in our labours. We sowed, and the sowing yielded ears of wheat, and we harvested

them and gathered them in... We planted, and the trees grew before our eyes. Every morning we saw with our eyes and felt with our hands the growth, the flourishing, and the development.

The work was hard indeed—from before dawn till after dusk—but the settlers threw themselves into it to the exclusion of all else. Books, which had meant so much to them, they resolutely put aside in their effort to adapt themselves to their new way of life.

The question troubled us: was it at all necessary to try and adapt ourselves that way? Did our path to emancipation, both as human beings and as members of the Jewish nation, lie in confining ourselves to that framework of existence and keeping away from the sources of culture and of things of

the spirit generally? Yet it was clear that otherwise we would not overcome ourselves and become tillers of the soil, which required that we should think only of work... Nevertheless, the comfortable, glittering city overseas, the theatre, art—all the easy life of the past with its luxury and spiritual content—drew our secret yearnings, as if they wanted to tear us out of the soil into which we had succeeded in striking only tender roots...

The conflict within the settlers' minds was a difficult one; but, by dint of faith and hard work, they resolved it. A few of them, however, refused to do entirely without books and took to reading over breakfast or the mid-day meal. Some even forwent their siesta—their only respite during the long, hot summer days—to indulge their craving. The best opportunity to read was in time of sickness, and some members of the group actually used to hope that they might fall ill. Others, again, entirely foreswore reading and, in the words of Dayan,

spent their evenings talking about the work, the farmyard animals and their characteristics, and the cleverness and cunning of the mules. They looked down contemptuously upon the 'intellectuals' who stuck to their books.

This extract from Shmuel Dayan's memoirs ends with a description of Aaron David Gordon at Dagania. Gordon (1856–1922) came to Palestine at the age of fifty to live the life of a farmer, though he had never done farm work before. In addition to working, he wrote a great deal for the Labour press, expounding in his articles the creed of manual labour in conjunction with a life lived close to nature, and the redemption of the individual as a prerequisite to the redemption of the people—ideas which have exercised a profound influence upon the workers' movement in Eretz Yisrael.

After working in various parts of the country, Gordon went in 1912 to live in Dagania for a short time. He found the work there difficult, but he was loathe to give it up. If he were assigned an easy task, he would contemptuously regard it as 'women's work'. He therefore persisted, and suffered, since he would not agree to any differentiation in status between himself and the other workers.

For a time he acted as watchman in the farmyard and barn. He was armed with only a whistle, since he did not want to touch firearms (all weapons of destruction were an abomination to him). But a watch had to be kept, so he promised to let us know if he saw any thieves. We slept in the barn, our rifles at our heads, while he paced with firm tread among the stacks of clean wheat.

Gordon went from one settlement in Galilee to

another; but Daganian remained nearest to his heart, and he returned to it constantly. Wherever he went, he was the spiritual father of the Galilean workers. On Saturdays people used to flock to him, singly and in groups, to converse with him. The old man would climb the hills and take walks with them, encouraging, explaining, reproving; and every word he spoke was absorbed with gratitude . . . There was a time when suicides were frequent in our young community . . . In Gordon's company many young men took heart again; for he understood the conflicts which take place within the soul of man, and he knew how to remove doubt from people's minds. He, the symbol of self-assurance, was himself an example to others.

Although Gordon interested himself in all aspects of life at Daganian, and often made useful practical suggestions, he did not take part in the routine discussions on detail. Often he acted in a lighthearted manner; but suddenly he would sink into thought, and then he would slip into a different world. Despite the communal way of living in the *kvutza*, Gordon insisted on privacy for himself, so that he could write. His demands were modest enough,—a room, a lamp and writing materials. But there were times when he could not even have a room to himself. When there was no other available place, therefore, he would ensconce himself in the shower room (in winter, when it was not in use) or in the hay-loft.

Gordon could not suffer gloom. If he saw a shadow on any one of the settlers' faces, he would upbraid him and remind him that young people have no business to be downcast. Then he would call for a dance and join in the circle himself, until his spirit of calm confidence prevailed over the others as well.

The clothes that Gordon wore had to be of subdued colours and of a particular pattern. His hat and boots, too, were of a distinctive style. He refused to bathe indoors and made fun of the young people who were too lazy to go down to the Jordan or to the Sea of Galilee. He himself bathed either in the river or the lake several times a day: it was more in accordance with his concept of living close to nature. 'His powerful spiritual resources,' Dayan writes, 'enabled his body to stand the test, and by virtue of them he was able to perform back-breaking work in that difficult climate.'

At noon we took a swim in the Sea of Galilee . . . a lake six miles wide and neutral in color; with steep green banks, unrelieved by shrubbery . . . its prominent feature, one tree. No ingenuity could make such a picture beautiful. . . .

Magdala is not a beautiful place. It is thoroughly Syrian, and that is to say that it is thoroughly ugly, and cramped, squalid, uncomfortable, and filthy. . . . The streets of Magdala

are anywhere from three to six feet wide, and reeking with uncleanness. The houses are from five to seven feet high, and all built upon one arbitrary plan—the ungraceful form of a drygoods box. The sides are daubed with a smooth white plaster, and tastefully frescoed aloft and alow with disks of camel-dung placed there to dry. This gives the edifice the romantic appearance of having been riddled with cannon-balls, and imparts to it a very warlike aspect. . . .

As we rode into Magdala * not a soul was visible. But the ring of the horses' hoofs roused the stupid population, and they all came trooping out—old men and old women, boys and girls, the blind, the crazy, and the crippled, all in ragged, soiled, and scanty raiment, and all abject beggars by nature, instinct, and education. How the vermin-tortured vagabonds did swarm! How they showed their scars and sores, and piteously pointed to their maimed and crooked limbs, and begged with their pleading eyes for charity! We had invoked a spirit we could not lay. They hung to the horses' tails, clung to their manes and the stirrups, closed in on every side in scorn of dangerous hoofs—and out of their infidel throats, with one accord, burst an agonizing and most infernal chorus: "Howajji, bucksheesh! howajji, bucksheesh! howajji, bucksheesh! bucksheesh! bucksheesh!" I never was in a storm like that before. . . .

We reached Tabor safely, and considerably in advance of that old iron-clad swindle of a guard. We never saw a human being on the whole

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route, much less lawless hordes of Bedouins. Tabor stands solitary and alone, a giant sentinel above the Plain of Esdraelon. It rises some fourteen hundred feet above the surrounding level, a green, wooded cone, symmetrical and full of grace—a prominent landmark, and one that is exceedingly pleasant to eyes surfeited with the repulsive monotony of desert Syria. . . .

Arriving at the furthest verge of the Plain, we rode a little way up a hill and found ourselves at Endor, famous for its witch. Her descendants are there yet. They were the wildest horde of half-naked savages we have found thus far. They swarmed out of mud beehives; out of hovels of the drygoods box pattern; out of gaping caves under shelving rocks; out of crevices in the earth. In five minutes the dead solitude and silence of the place were no more, and a begging, screeching, shouting mob were struggling about the horses' feet and blocking the way. "Bucksheesh! bucksheesh! bucksheesh! howajji, bucksheesh!" It was Magdala over again, only here the glare from the infidel eyes was fierce and full of hate. The population numbers two hundred and fifty, and more than half the citizens live in caves in the rock. Dirt, degradation, and savagery are Endor's specialty. . . . The hill is barren, rocky, and forbidding. No sprig of grass is visible, and only one tree. . . .

Of all the lands there are for dismal scenery, I think Palestine must be the prince. The hills are barren, they are dull of color, they are unpicturesque in shape. The valleys are unsightly deserts fringed with a feeble vegetation that has an expression about it of being sorrowful and de-

* A town on the shore of the Sea of Galilee.

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spondent. The Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee sleep in the midst of a vast stretch of hill and plain wherein the eye rests upon no pleasant tint, no striking object, no soft picture dreaming in a purple haze or mottled with the shadows of the clouds. Every outline is harsh, every feature is distinct, there is no perspective—distance works no enchantment here. It is a hopeless, dreary, heart-broken land.

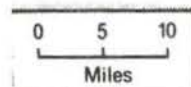
Small shreds and patches of it must be very beautiful in the full flush of spring, however, and all the more beautiful by contrast with the far-reaching desolation that surrounds them on every side. I would like much to see the fringes of the Jordan in spring time, and Shechem, Esdraclon, Ajalon, and the borders of Galilee—but even then these spots would seem mere toy gardens set at wide intervals in the waste of a limitless desolation.

Palestine sits in sackcloth and ashes. Over it broods the spell of a curse that has withered its fields and fettered its energies. Where Sodom and Gomorrah reared their domes and towers, that solemn sea now floods the plain, in whose bitter waters no living thing exists—over whose waveless surface the blistering air hangs motionless and dead—about whose borders nothing grows but weeds, and scattering tufts of cane, and that treacherous fruit that promises refreshment to parching lips, but turns to ashes at the touch. Nazareth is forlorn; about that ford of Jordan where the hosts of Israel entered the Promised Land with songs of rejoicing, one finds only a squalid camp of fantastic Bedouins of the desert. . . . Renowned Jerusalem itself, the

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stateliest name in history, has lost all its ancient grandeur, and is become a pauper village; the riches of Solomon are no longer there to compel the admiration of visiting Oriental queens; the wonderful temple which was the pride and the glory of Israel is gone. . . .



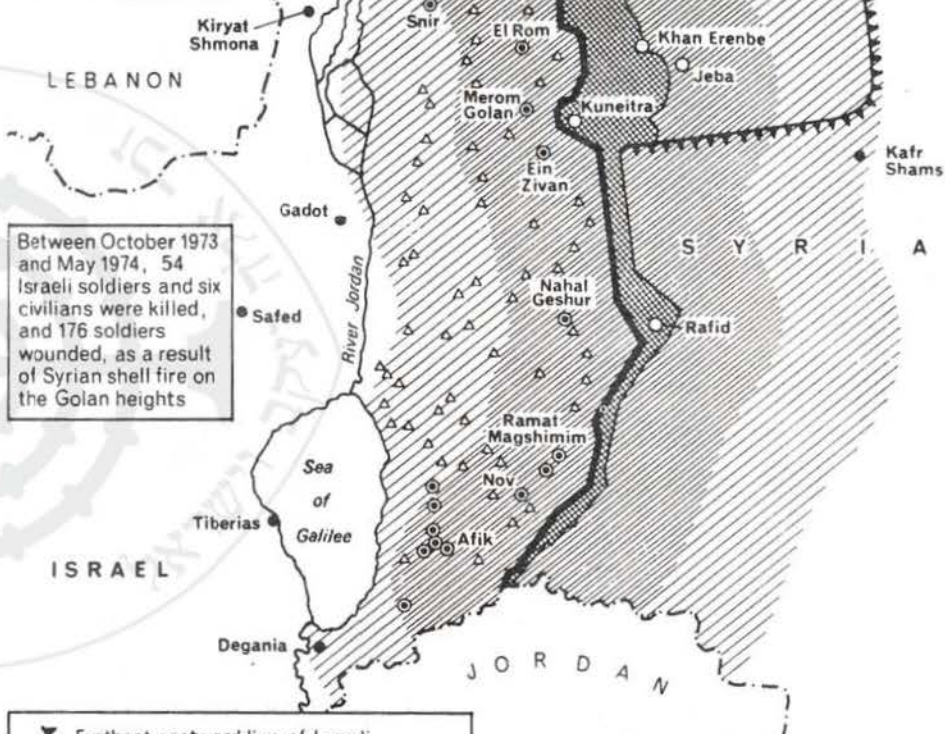
THE SYRIAN FRONT AT THE CEASE FIRE OF 24 OCTOBER 1973



THE ISRAEL-SYRIA DISENGAGEMENT AGREEMENT 31 MAY 1974

On 31 May 1974, after a month of intense negotiations conducted through Henry Kissinger, Syria and Israel signed a disengagement agreement whereby Israeli troops withdrew to the west of Kuneitra, the United Nations agreed to patrol a demilitarized zone between the two front lines, and both sides agreed to establish areas of limited forces

Between October 1973 and May 1974, 54 Israeli soldiers and six civilians were killed, and 176 soldiers wounded, as a result of Syrian shell fire on the Golan heights



--- Furthest eastward line of Israeli advance by 24 October 1973. All the territory west of this line remained under Israeli control until May 1974

— Western limit of Syria control under the Israeli-Syrian Disengagement Agreement of 31 May 1974

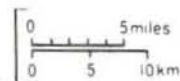
■ Demilitarized buffer zone ('area of separation') within the territory returned to Syria. This zone to be patrolled by a United Nations Disengagement Observer Force (UNDOF). Syrian civilians to return to it, and be under Syrian administration

■ Zones of limited armaments and forces: 600 men, 75 tanks, 35 artillery pieces in the 10-kilometre zone (dense shading)

● Principal Israeli civilian settlements on the Golan heights, established since 1967

○ Principal Syrian towns and villages returned to Syria as a result of the 31 May 1974 agreement

△ Syrian villages abandoned in June 1967, and subsequently in ruins (their 70,000 inhabitants fled to Syria in 1967)



One night before the war

One night just before the Six-Day War, I was sitting on guard duty by the kibbutz fence, with nothing special to do. I cast a bored glance at the mountains round about. From time to time I would see if I could spot a sputnik or pick out some particularly bright star. The man on duty with me was considerably older than I, and preferred to sit in silence, perhaps because he still found Hebrew difficult. Suddenly he began to hum a Mozart aria. He's known as a lover of Viennese opera, an enthusiast for classical music, a European through and through. There he was, sitting by my side at the gate of Ein Gev, and yet the whole of his being was still steeped in the culture of the Austro-Hungarian empire. A delivery van belonging to a well-known biscuit factory drew up at the gate: it carried barbed wire for the kibbutz defences. How strange it looked, this van which normally, in peacetime, bore the sweet dreams of young children, and which now wore such a serious aspect. It was war it brought now to dispel our boredom. The other watchman began to speak – in a tired, emotionless tone of voice, as if he were throwing up his hands in despair: 'Wherever I go – war follows me. I went through the First World War; later I even served as an officer in the Hungarian army, and that earned me "special treatment" in a Nazi labour camp. In the end I was sent to a concentration camp.' Then he began to tell me his life story, how after a peaceful childhood and a spell in a foreign army as a young Jew he had walked straight into the arms of death, and how he had later left the other-world of the concentration camps. I remembered the Mozart aria he had whistled, his European courtesy; but now I saw them differently – through the eyes of the wandering Jew, forever and everywhere seeking a home, and finding only Mozart, courtesy and the threat to his existence.

We tend to forget those days before the war, and perhaps rightly so – yet those were the days in which we came closest to that Jewish fate from which we have run like haunted beings all

these years. Suddenly everyone was talking about Munich, about the holocaust, about the Jewish people being left to its fate. A new holocaust did not seem as real a possibility to us as it did to the people of Europe; for us it was a concrete picture of an enemy victory, and we had decided that, come what might, we would prevent it. We know the meaning of genocide, both those of us who saw the holocaust and those who were born later. Perhaps this is why the world will never understand us, will never understand our courage, or comprehend the doubts and the qualms of conscience we knew during and after the war. Those who survived the holocaust, those who see pictures of a father and a mother, who hear the cries that disturb the dreams of those close to them, those who have listened to stories – know that no other people carries with it such haunting visions. And it is these visions which compel us to fight and yet make us ashamed of our fighting. The saying 'Pardon us for winning' is no irony – it is the truth. Of course, one may say that our doubts are only hypocrisy and nothing more; that we deck ourselves out in morality, perhaps even that our behaviour is contradictory. But who says that war can be anything but contradictory?

When the fighting began, and the mountains around Ein Gev began to spit fire, a group of our reconnaissance troops on one of the hills next to the Syrian border was busy – putting out a fire in a little field belonging to an Arab peasant. 'A field is a field,' said one of the boys. Could anything be more paradoxical? And yet it seems to me that behaviour like this really symbolizes the situation we are caught up in. Our feelings are mixed. We carry in our hearts an oath which binds us never to return to the Europe of the holocaust; but at the same time we

do not wish to lose that Jewish sense of identity with the victims.

We, perhaps, are in a position exactly opposite to that of the ghetto Jew who saw the murder and felt his utter helplessness, heard the cries and yet could do nothing but rebel in his heart and dream of a time when he would have the strength to react, to hit back, to fight. We, it is true, do fight and do hit back, for we have no choice – but we dream of a time when we will be able to stop, when we will be able to live in peace.

This changed position perhaps explains the great difference between the reaction of the native-born *sabras*, and the reaction of those for whom the Diaspora was their formative experience. For the latter, the very fact of a Jewish victory is a miracle, a dream – for the *sabra*, it is a fact, and sometimes a distressing fact. The picture of an utterly helpless people living in a world indifferent to its suffering, a people that had no chance to rebel and react, is still before the eyes of those who came from the Diaspora; while the Israel-born sometimes raise their eyes to an abstract justice that will permit them to evade the destiny of war, the sacrifices it demands, and the refugees it leaves behind.

Muki Tzur (Kibbutz Ein Gev)

(To Tutti)

My beloved,

That's it. A battle is ended. I'm well and all in one piece. We left the expanses of sand strewn with the bodies of the dead, filled with fire and smoke, and now we are once again in our own country. I am eaten up with worry for you. Perhaps in a few days, when it's all over and we're together again, perhaps then we'll smile. Right now it's a bit hard. When you smile, something inside hurts. Tonight, and maybe tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, we'll be shooting again, and again there'll be dead and wounded. I'll be all right, but I'm sorry for the others.

Toots, I long and I love. Try to find Bibi and tell him everything's okay.

Your
Yoni

June 7, 1967

Safed

June 12, 1967

Beloved Mother, Father and Iddo,

The war is over! So much joy mingled with sadness overwhelms us all. How good that it's quiet now. It's no fun to run among whizzing bullets and exploding shells, fighting again and again and again. Now I'm listening to soft music with Tutti beside me. I have a bullet wound in my elbow, but don't be frightened. The diagnosis is that it's only an open fracture. They operated on me and the doctor assures me that I'll be a hundred percent okay. The bone was damaged but not the nerve, and I can move my fingers. It's almost like falling from a high rock and breaking a hand. Tutti was notified and she and Bibi arrived the very next day. Tutti is staying here all day—she'll remain in Safed until I go home.

Even Dafu appeared. She was the first of the relatives to arrive. I've finally succeeded in accomplishing what I couldn't do in the three years I've been in the country. I've brought about a "family reunion." Uncle Elisha and Nati came, and today probably all the others will be here. I've received so many "Soldier's Gift" packages that I think I can open a candy store when I leave here.

You mustn't worry about my condition. The main thing is that I came out of the war alive and that I won't be disabled in any way.

And now to another matter. The way things are, after all that's happened, I don't think I'll be able to leave the country in two months. Nor will my hand be healed by then. If you wrote to Harvard for me, Father, and asked them to put off the start of my studies by one semester, I'm sure they'd agree.

What else? This was a "good" war, and it's good that it's over. Had it gone on for a few more days, I'm sure we could have gotten to Cairo and Damascus, but we got what we wanted. You should have seen our men fighting! There's no army like ours! None! It's an army that only wants peace and doesn't look for war, yet when it has to fight, there's no power that can stop it.

On the battles and the circumstances in which I was wounded I'll write some other time. The experiences of war aren't very pleasant.

When I'm recovered, I am planning a trip to Old Jerusalem and the Western Wall, to the Cave of the Machpelah, to Rachel's Tomb, to Jericho, Shechem, Hebron, and many other places.

I'm feeling fine and all smiles.

(To Benjamin and Micki)

Hello Folks!

April 24, 1974

How are you? It's ages since I wrote to my family in the Diaspora.

Not a bad war is going on here. The tanks are well, thank God. On the desk in my tent (in the middle of nowhere) a ten-inch splinter is lying. It hit the wood full blast and got stuck fast there (an inch from where I always lean when I'm working). Lucky thing I got up from my chair a minute before. Shellings are common and one gets used to them (that is, as long as nobody's hit, and here everything's still all right, thank God). Two weeks ago a shell dropped right in the middle of my company mess, scattering it in twenty directions. I'm writing this to give you an idea of the kind of war we have here. There's no telling when the next shell will come, and you ought to expect one any moment. As a result, it's a dog's life. My boys live in the tanks—work, sleep and eat in them.

I'm sitting near one of the tels at the southeastern end of the enclave* and breathing the smell of cordite. Now and then our tanks fire, and to good effect as a rule.

Mount Hermon is in our hands—and that's very important.

Don't get the idea that all this is depressing. All in all, it's a minor war, and the Syrians will not change a thing by it. It calls for a lot of patience, perseverance and steady nerves—and nothing else.

May 4, 1974

(To Benjamin)

Hi!

This will be a hasty letter. I'm in a great hurry—writing from the Old City on my way up north (Saturday!).

Two weeks ago my Brigade C.O. offered me the command of a battalion in his brigade at the next change of command (in about five months), which rather pleased me. I told him that if a battalion in some other brigade became available before that and was offered to me, I'd probably take it. I talked to D. as well, and he said that even if I do get a battalion in October, the command of the unit will still be kept for me.

In short, yesterday I was called to the Division C.O. and was given the appointed battalion C.O. as of today at 12:00 (that's why I'm in a rush to get up north). The battalion is stationed in the enclave.

May 27, 1974

Dear Bibi and Micki,

I've been battalion commander for nearly a month now. I've carried out a real palace revolution here. When I got the battalion it was falling apart and pretty decrepit (you had to be on the inside to know how bad it was). Anyhow, there are three battalions in this brigade, and mine was fourth in place, slipping into fifth.

To be brief, all of a sudden people got down to it and started working at a normal pace (that is, my pace), and things are looking up. I'm certain they are going to become an excellent battalion, and I don't expect any particular difficulties. In any case, it's an interesting job and, for a change, I'm entirely independent. I'm working hard—with a long-term plan, intermediate aims and immediate objectives. It's the only way to make progress—knowing precisely what you want to achieve. Otherwise you

get bogged down in routine and forget what you're really after.

Meanwhile the wars go on here nonstop. (Kirschner, a paratroop battalion C.O., was killed a few days ago in a shelling. Know him? A really nice and decent guy.)

I have no information about Maalot.* I should meet the guys and find out the precise plan of execution and the pre-briefings. But I'm too busy to do it.

November 17, 1973

Dear Mother and Father,

This is my first letter after the fighting has ended. Nobody here talks of the end of this war yet, or even of the next one, only of the continuation of this one (if it starts up again, of course). The mood here is still of a nation at war. All our reserves are still mobilized, and the effect on the economy is very apparent. It's easy to notice this in the streets of the towns in which you see many women, children and old people, but very few men. What now? I have a definite idea on what ought to be done, but I'm not sure the present government is quite clear about where we're going. The war has finally brought a change of mind to a large section of the public, and this shift in thinking is all to the good. How far it has spread to the nation at large is hard to say, but we'll soon know—elections at

the end of December. In any case, I see with sorrow and great anger how a part of the people still clings to hopes of reaching a peaceful settlement with the Arabs. Common sense tells them, too, that the Arabs haven't abandoned their basic aim of destroying the State; but the self-delusion and self-deception that have always plagued the Jews are at work again. It's our great misfortune. They want to believe, so they believe. They want not to see, so they shut their eyes. They want not to learn from thousands of years of history, so they distort it. They want to bring about a sacrifice, and they do indeed. It would be comic, if it wasn't so tragic. What a saddening and irritating lot this Jewish people is!

And yet, how strong and how great is the nation at moments of crisis. You can't imagine how the fingers tighten into an iron fist when the threat of violent days approaches. The entire people—young soldiers, lawyers, doctors, clerks, laborers—all turn into tankmen and infantrymen, pilots and sailors. They aren't reserves who've come from "another world," but an integral part of a strong and united army. Amazing how we succeeded in establishing this fact, of the whole people being an army.

This, no doubt, has been the hardest war we've known. At least, it was more intense, more frightening (not for me personally, but for those who are less "experienced"), more costly in dead and wounded, more marked with failures and successes, than any of the wars and battles I have known. But it's precisely because of those initial blunders (which I won't go into now—I mean the failures in military judgment, in interpreting intelligence data, in military doctrine, in political assessments and, of course, in the whole nation's complacency) that the victory achieved was so great. The army is strong and sound and has proved its ability beyond all doubt. And again when I say "the army," I don't mean just the regular forces, but the whole people. The regulars managed, at heavy cost, to hold the enemy. But it was the people who won the war.

What a pity they're now starting "The Wars of the Jews" (among ourselves) even before the fighting at the fronts is over, while the whole nation is still on the borders. "The Wars of the Jews" are always the ugliest and hardest of all. These are wars of apologetics and futile bickering, suppression or distortion of facts, and procrastination in making decisions. There is no doubt that what's called for is a new leadership, a more correct perception of the realities, a sound recognition of the enemy's aims, and clear, definitive strategic-political planning. There must be no fumbling in the dark and no mere tactical expedients, for these will get us nowhere. If we don't have a well-defined, realistic objective, we won't have to fight the Arabs for our survival. The Arabs won't need to fight. The Jews, as usual, will destroy themselves.

I said before that I feel our people are sobering up—and I only hope I'm not wrong. Maybe, maybe this time! Actually I'm a little pessimistic. I don't doubt that we have the ability, the power and the will to stick it out here long enough to turn ourselves into an accomplished fact. Nor do I doubt that the Arabs do not and will not have the ability to move us even an inch. But I do doubt the nation's readiness to go on making sacrifices over the long run; not its readiness to fight minor battles from time to time, but its will to enter upon yet another long and drawn-out war with heavy casualties, which requires perseverance. In the main, the people, as a body, lacks perseverance while it abounds in political and military blindness. But I repeat, maybe this time we'll sober up.

Give my love to Micki and Bibi, and don't worry too much. Things will work out. Don't forget: *strength, justice and staunch resolution are on our side, and that's a great deal.*

November 1973

(From a eulogy to Shai Shaham of Kibbutz Kabri, who froze to death on Mount Hermon after the Yom Kippur War)

The war has demanded of us heavy sacrifices. There is hardly a family in Israel that does not mourn, hardly a home without its dead. And just as we thought we had gained a respite, when we hoped that the end might come—more tragedy struck.

Shai fell. Perhaps I should say, *our* Shai fell.

On Thursday night the group to which you belonged attempted to scale new heights.

A detachment of our soldiers had stayed behind at the

top of Mount Hermon under difficult conditions, with no possibility of extricating themselves. The bad weather made us fear gravely for their safety, and we decided to send a detachment of our men to show them the way down, to rescue them.

Bad conditions, unfamiliar heights and freezing temperatures took their toll. It was only much later—when you began to stumble—that your comrades found out how hard it was for you. Maybe you had already been in trouble long before, but you preferred to keep silent and struggle on. That's the way you always were. And so, until the last moment, you didn't let us notice your struggle and share in your suffering. And when we found out—it was too late. You died shortly before the arrival of the force that was moving to reach you.

I remember you as a young recruit. A thin, slightly built boy, tousled, your shirt always hanging out and something always unbuttoned. Something about you made one smile.

And I remember you a few weeks later—my first meeting with you in the field. We marched in the same squad on a long, twelve-hour navigational maneuver. I remember I was surprised by your physical stamina and moral strength. You were marching in torn boots, and yet you kept forcing the pace, pulling the others with you, demanding the utmost of yourself and them. I was impressed by your pertinacity, your readiness to carry on without a word, and your endless vitality. That night you won my heart.

But there was much more than that in you.

You were a unifying and guiding force in bad as well as good times. You were liked and loved by all, always wise and clearheaded—

How terrible it is to say, you were.

Rachel and Shaul, and all the house of Kabri—how can we comfort you when we cannot even comfort ourselves?

EPILOGUE

WE have come to the end of our examination of the *M.M.* Our survey was, perhaps, more of a preliminary reconnaissance than a definitive study of the subject. We have found a personal, kabbalistic document concerned with all the problems that agitated sixteenth-century mystical speculation and that found their 'solutions' in the great kabbalistic systems of Safed. The diary permitted a fuller view of the kabbalistic life of the circles of pious scholars that had begun to form in Salonica and Adrianople even before the trek to the Holy Land made Safed into the great centre of the devout brotherhoods. We have learned that kabbalistic life was not restricted to mystical speculations but also involved regular paranormal experiences and celestial revelations of diverse kinds. Karo's case, though distinguished, was not unique or unheard-of. Automatic writing, automatic speech, induced intuitions, various methods of mystical and magical contemplation were practised in this remarkable mystical circle, which, it should be stressed again, consisted not of hysterical or high-strung revivalist enthusiasts but almost exclusively of talmudic scholars of distinction.

This, perhaps, is one of the most remarkable features of the mystical life of Joseph Karo and other learned rabbis. Mystics to whom heavenly secrets are imparted during their ecstasies are known by the hundreds to all historians of religion. Many of them actually initiated new forms of devotion under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. We need only think, in addition to Alkabets¹ and the Lurianists,² of Orsola Benincasa and the blue scapular, or of Marie Alacoque and the devotion of the Sacred Heart. Automatism too are frequent phenomena and many literary productions owe their existence to this kind of inspiration—from Maria Coronel de Agreda's *Mystica Ciudad de Dios*³ and Mme Guyon's

¹ Cf. above, pp. 52 and 110.

² Cf. Scholem's article (referred to above, p. 245, n. 1) in *Eranos-Jahrbuch*, vol. xix, 1950.

³ Cf. H. Thurston, *op. cit.*, p. 122 ff., and particularly his remarks on pp. 129–30.

commentaries on Scripture,⁴ to the automatic writings so assiduously studied in the pages of the *Journal of the Society for Psychological Research*.

We know, in fact, that all sorts of people, whether saints (e.g. Hildegard of Bingen, Katharina Emmerich), poets (e.g. Coleridge),⁵ or psychic individuals³ can pass into states in which their unconscious psychic activity produces results that are quite beyond the normal range of their ideas, knowledge, and capacities. In many of these cases William James's verdict of intellectual deficiency seems remarkably near to the truth. The intriguing feature of similar phenomena among kabbalists is the obvious inapplicability of James's verdict. Their revelations are neither startling nor original, but they certainly betray intellectual effort and capacities. Like the angel appearing in the dreams of R. Jacob the Pious of Marvège,⁴ Karo's Maggid reveals mysteries that their recipient had heard, read, explained, or written himself before. The Maggid was an undoubted case of motor (speech) automatism, but everything he said was well within the normal range of Karo's knowledge and intellect, which, needless to repeat, were of a rare calibre. *Mutatis mutandis*, the kabbalistic material tends to bear out Pratt's statement⁵ that 'the visions of mystics are determined in content by their belief, and are due to the dream imagination working upon the mass of theological material which fills the mind'. The minds of Karo and his fellow kabbalists were certainly filled with 'theological material'. Had they consciously applied their intellectual powers to kabbalistic problems there would have been no need to reveal the mysteries of *Torah*. These mysteries would have been elucidated just as the 'mysteries' of the *halakhah*, and the mystical urge might have expressed itself in different, less intellectualistic forms. As it happened, the revelation of knowledge counted for more than pure experience, and hence the experience

¹ Cf. Mme Guyon's own testimony in her *Vie*, pt. ii, particularly chs. 2 and 19.

² Cf. J. L. Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu* (edn. 2, 1951).

³ e.g. Dr. Haddock's maidservant Emma, Miss G. Cummins (the 'Cleophas Scripts'), Hélène Smith, &c.

⁴ Cf. above, p. 42, n. 7.

⁵ J. B. Pratt, *The Religious Consciousness*, 1921, pp. 402 f.

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had to take the form of the communication of predigested discursive kabbalistico-theological material.

We have seen that as a scholar and canonist Karo ranked among the greatest. His achievement, though clearly nourished by messianic hopes and personal ambitions, was essentially rational. Nowhere do we find his celestial mentor revealing anything that was beyond his normal intellectual capacities. In halakhic matters the Maggid limited himself to confirming Karo's arguments and rulings. In *kabbalistic* he revealed mysteries at which Karo would have arrived—and in most cases probably already had arrived—himself by a study of the relevant texts and problems. The problem of the maggidic messages thus became one not of their contents but of their form, i.e. the problem of the dynamics of Karo's unconscious choosing to express itself in a chronic hallucinosis shaped by kabbalistic patterns. Our conclusion was that Karo's mystical states were a means to an end. The means were visible testimonies of divine election and favour in the form of celestial messages according to the conventional kabbalistic pattern of 'mighty promises' and 'revelations of the mysteries of *Torah*'. The end was the maintenance of a psychological equilibrium throughout a life dominated by a tremendous intellectual and spiritual ambition, calling for extraordinary energy and discipline of abnegation in addition to the 'normal' rigours of ascetic piety as imposed by kabbalistic theology. In the kabbalistically transformed mother-image of his celestial mentor Karo found the divine, inspiring, reproving, chiding, encouraging, but above all loving, spiritual agency that on the one hand confirmed his heart's most cherished desires and ambitions, and on the other hand acted as the personified pressure of conscience, urging him to persevere in his ascetic life and in the pursuit of his high aims. Considering Karo's colossal intellectual and social achievement, we are certainly entitled to speak of a psychological equilibrium rather than of a disturbance, and to understand the Maggid's influence as the compensatory function of a complex mother-symbol.

But the tensions that rendered this compensation necessary lie deeper than the surface of the *M.M.* It has been said before that the existence of this strange and disconcerting book in the shadow

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of the *Shulhan 'Arukh* is, in a way, symbolic of the hidden complexities of rabbinic Judaism. Perhaps Karo's life may be said to exhibit, on an individual level, what holds true in a larger way of rabbinic Judaism as a whole at a certain stage of its development. For too many years a tendentious and one-sided picture of Judaism as a religion of pure reason and sweet reasonableness has been assiduously fostered and spread. The lack of irrational paradoxes, the absence of manifest absurdities (or so it seemed), and a soberness which knew of no dizzy raptures at the brink of mystical abysses were brandished by apologists as marks of the incontestable superiority of Judaism. To the lovers of paradoxical profundities these vaunted virtues were, of course, only proof conclusive of spiritual poverty. Meanwhile the study of Kabbalah and earlier mystical movements has sufficiently progressed to compel a radical revision of some favourite axioms of the history of Judaism. Still, a good many writers, while grudgingly admitting the new insights, hope to take their sting out of them by declaring the bizarre and bewildering manifestations of myth, mystery, and magic to be secondary, marginal phenomena only. The legal and moral traditions which are central to Judaism, so this revised version goes, are situated in the broad daylight of lucid reason, though at their periphery they may fade into the twilight of dubious emotionalism, obscure theosophy, and apocalyptic messianism. There is a measure of truth in this account, if only for the one decisive fact that mysticism was rarely the undisputed, matter-of-course centre of Jewish self-interpretation. The relation between *halakhah* and mysticism was always one of complementarity or rather of polarity, and it was characterized by all the dialectical tensions which the term implies. Mysticism, whether practised or suppressed, was always viewed with a reserve and caution that bespoke a strong and sure sense of its inherent dangers. This holds true of the *merkabah*-gnosis, of early kabbalism, and again of eighteenth-century Hasidism. In fact, sometimes it appears as if the great mystical upsurges were inspired or abetted by non-Jewish influences; their 'Jewishness' consisted in the intensity and eagerness with which certain Jewish circles responded to them, transforming them and making them integral parts of a specifically and

characteristically Jewish spiritual life. The precariousness of the transformation was demonstrated more than once by the inherent capacity of these mystical ideas to explode the frame of Judaism into which they had been fitted and to lead straight into antinomianism and heresy. Mysticism could pretend to supplement or illuminate the *halakhah*, perhaps even to offer the ultimate, esoteric understanding of its profounder meaning. It could even revolt against the dominance of *halakhah* and express, in dialectical antithesis, a greater or lesser, implicit and explicit, degree of opposition. But either way it was related to *halakhah* as the central and dominant feature of the religious and social reality of Judaism. Halakhism, on the other hand, could very well exist without taking note of mysticism at all. Even the most enthusiastic evaluation of Jewish mysticism has to take note of the fact that its historical role is, to a large extent, that of an underground current. This underground current could, at times, erupt and flood Judaism as a whole; on such occasions it could even throw up all sorts of things that usually remain hidden beneath the surface. Occasionally it even swept Judaism off its feet, though never for long.

The phenomenology of rabbinic Judaism will have to explain its mysticism as an essential part of its religious life, but precisely as part of its 'shadow' life. The term shadow is used advisedly in this context, for kabbalism clearly represents more than one marginal current in Judaism: it is the complementary, though repressed, side of the other, the better-known and 'conscious' function of Judaism. But the more rigid and dominant the conscious function, the more defective and often negative is the inferior, underdeveloped, and unconscious side. Jewish mysticism seems to bear the distinctive marks of the 'inferior function' in the strict technical sense of Jung's terminology. As such it was never far away from the 'shadow' of Judaism. But even if mysticism is an essential half of Judaism, no useful purpose is served by exaggerating in the other direction and claiming the underground life to be the one real and authentic manifestation of Jewish spirituality.¹

The sixteenth century was, perhaps, the period of closest union of the two trends. Kabbalah had ceased to be the spiritual discipline

¹ As Martin Buber seems to have done in his earlier writings.

of a religious aristocracy or élite; it penetrated wider circles and finished by dominating Jewish piety everywhere. In Lurianic kabbalism *Halakhah* and *Kabbalah* achieved a maximum symbiosis which remained typical of Jewish piety until the Sabbatean heresy realized the implicit dangers of this 'synthesis'. Karo's circle represents the final development of sixteenth-century non-Lurianic or rather pre-Lurianic kabbalism. *Kabbalah* had already conquered the hearts and the minds of the leading talmudic scholars. In terms of an *unio personalis* in the lives of the rabbis, the mutual permeation and interpenetration of *Halakhah* and mystical theology were well-nigh complete. And yet, from a formal point of view, the two were kept strictly apart until the victory of Lurianism. The formal dissociation of *Halakhah* and *Kabbalah* was maintained not only by Karo but also by men like Taytazak and Berab. *Kabbalah* might inspire the mind and provide it with motive power and enthusiasm, but no mystical inroads were allowed on the absolute autonomy of the exoteric, halakhic universe of discourse. This two-track theology, as it may perhaps be called, was a remarkable achievement in that it made the highest demands on the intellectual, reasoning faculties of the rabbinic mind and never permitted mystical enthusiasm to ease the yoke of strict and uncompromising scholarly discipline. The duality of the 'official', halakhic Judaism and its mystical 'shadow' side seems to have reached its most exemplary expression in the period and circle of which Joseph Karo is the most distinguished representative.

It would be an odd accident, fraught with almost symbolic significance, if Joseph Karo, that epitome of talmudic rationality and disciplined thinking, exhibited in his own life the shadow side of rabbinic Judaism: an intense mystical yearning handicapped by a serious emotional immaturity. It found vent in psychical manifestations that welled up from the unconscious and overpowered that part of his personality that was not kept under the strict control of conscious reason. This, as we have seen, was his kabbalistic or 'nocturnal' personality, for the daylight scholar and canonist was kept strictly out of bounds to all mystical messengers. But it is a long way from the desire of mystical life to its genuine fullness. Where mystical phenomena form part of the life of the

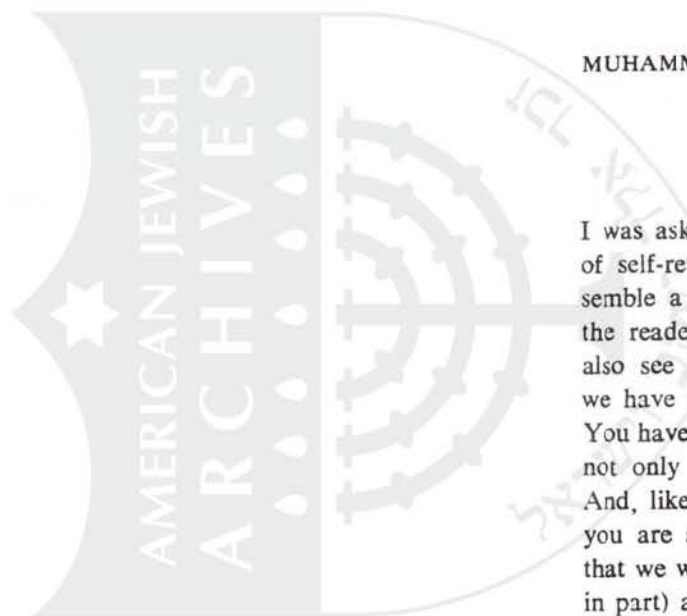
'shadow', they are likely to contain more than their share of personal, repressed, and inferior material, and to show more traces of the influence of consciousness than would full-fledged mystics who systematically make mystical life their main business. If Joseph Karo is, perhaps, not the type of the ideal mystic, his life may still be typical of the place of mysticism in the general pattern of rabbinic Judaism.

TESTIMONY OF A JOURNALIST AND EDUCATOR FROM THE VILLAGE JATT

MUHAMMAD WATTAD

I was asked to give testimony. Testimony contains a good deal of self-revelation, and self-revelation in public is liable to resemble a session on the psychiatrist's couch. I hope that you, the reader, will regard my remarks as a mirror in which you also see yourself and not only us, the Arabs of Israel—for we have been living together, and apart, for some thirty years. You have undoubtedly influenced the way we have been shaped—not only in terms of national conception but also as persons. And, like it or not, we have influenced and will influence how you are shaped, both as a nation and as individuals. The fact that we will continue to have an influence in large part (but only in part) answers the question—"Where is this generation headed?" For the coming generation will certainly not be cut off from what the previous generation has done. The previous generation does not only provide background scenery—it creates, shapes and points the way. The subsequent generation will proceed—to a large or to a small extent—along the way of its predecessor.

One day I walked into the "government" of my village, the local council, and overheard a telephone conversation between the secretary of the council and, I suppose, the secretary of another council, or perhaps the head of another council, asking



him, what are you supposed to do in Jatt, now that the Ministry of Health has announced that the maternity department in the Baqa Health Center is going to be closed? Upon hearing the question I smiled to myself. It was a very private smile, for a private reason. From this moment on it will no longer be private. I was born in a field, in the open air, without a midwife, without a bed and without white sheets, but my seven children were born in the very same maternity hospital, in the same department that is about to be closed. The generation that came before me did not prepare maternity hospitals for us, and yet, we are alive. Perhaps not all of my brothers born in the field survived, and for sure, many died because there was no maternity hospital. But for our children, we built, together with you, a maternity ward, and children are born in beds, with white sheets, with the help of a midwife and with proper medical care. The department may be closed, or public pressure may keep it from closing. But what is certain — that will not determine our fate. Children, like adults, will remain the same. It is our assumption that when a mother changes diapers she knows that it was her son who wet them; that when she changes his sheet she knows that it was her son who wet it. But when I went to visit my son in a Jewish school, I discovered that others wet his sheets and mattress, intentionally, for no reason other than that he is an Arab. The boy is no longer the same boy, and the assumption is no longer the same assumption.

That, then, is the generation we are preparing. It is part of the coming generation. I'm not relating these things in order to arouse pity. All of us have to take pity on ourselves. The victim is not the one whose bed was wetted. The victim is, above all, the boy who did the deed, the educators responsible for his education, and the parents responsible for his upbringing. They are the primary victims. That is part of your image as it appears in the mirror. Neither can we, the Arab citizens, be cleared of all blame. We were educated on the lap of a national movement that took the path of total rejection — rejection of everything

associated with you, the Jews-Zionists, and of everything that belongs to you, both ideology and implementation. Unfortunately, not enough people among us arose and said: Stop! Let us learn something from history. A national movement cannot totally negate another national movement, blindly, and seek its destruction, because by so doing it will in the first place destroy itself, that is to say — us. As a result of this conception we are, above all, the victims of ourselves. Until there be enough people who get up and say: Whoever negates Zionism *in toto*, without any distinction between its various shades, is a fascist, is mistaken and misleads, and is destructive first of all to his own people — it is doubtful that we will be able to set out on the right road. That is our image as it appears in your mirror, and it is our obligation, first of all, to find the people among us who will negate the negators. This conception ought to be mutual, but not conditional; mutual but not symmetrical, because symmetry between two communities, two movements, is inconceivable. That, in essence, is the broad framework, within which it is possible for us to breathe and live. I'd like to pause for a while over the words "unconditioned mutuality." The word "mutuality" stems from my Israeli connection, not necessarily from my national-Arab one.

I am a Palestinian Arab in terms of my national movement that takes initiative rather than one that is dragged along, a movement whose leaders are able to act not according to conditioned reflexes but on the basis of reasoned consideration based on the facts. I would like to see leaders who declare: "If Begin wants to recognize us or not, we, for our part, recognize the Jewish national movement, the right of the Jewish people's state to exist, its right to a life of its own." Such a conception would advance our people scores of years forward. It would make us better, make us right even more. I'm prepared to forego the advantages. For me it is enough that we'll be better and more right. In this sense, I have no need for any conditioning.

But beyond the broad framework, there is the narrower frame-

work of persons, of the individuals who make up groups. A group is a very dangerous thing. I've seen and experienced that, both among my people and among Jews. A group tends very easily to adopt the mentality of a herd, becoming apathetic, demonstrating an inability to make independent, constructive human judgements. It is unable to see the individual behind the definition. We have forgotten, and tend frequently to forget, that behind the definition "Arab," there is a person. And behind the definition "Jew" there is—I will not say also—a person with his desires, joys and even hates. That is perfectly human and legitimate, and we don't give enough thought to it. When we turn a person into a number in a group, it is very easy to trample him together with the group. And when another group, differing in color, nationality, religion, is trampled, it is easy to trample those on the margins, the weak, within the trampling group itself. The day will yet come when the discussion panel will be "two out of every three"—members of the Jewish Oriental communities—who will relate their personal experiences and present their personal testimonies. The audience will share their pain and sorrow, and in those minutes may perhaps even ask themselves: "What has happened to us?" and the next day it will all be forgotten. As it has been said: the convoy will continue on its way. And I add: but it will not know where it is headed.

I see the Hativva quarter in southern Tel-Aviv and other places, just as I see the Arab village Umm al-Fahm. And when I see that a Jew is a wolf to a Jew, it is hard for me to believe that he will be something else to an Arab. And when I examine the roots of our existence, I find that the state does not have a constitution, and in one or another constellation of forces the regime will be able to draw up various devious legalistic devices to match its needs. It is very possible that the day is near when laws against weak groups within the majority population will be adopted with the same ease that today legislation and regulations are enacted which are detrimental to the

Arabs. That is perhaps only a matter of time, and if any of the readers have deluded themselves that the expropriation of the property of an Arab in Umm al-Fahm or Nablus, or the disregard for the life of an Arab—as a prisoner or demonstrator, in Nablus or Umm al-Fahm—will stop at the Green Line,* he must awaken and open his eyes to what is happening today in Jewish Israeli society. In the end, corruption and injustice will attack the heart of the Jewish community itself.

What happened in Baqa in 1952 is happening today in Tel-Aviv. And what happened twelve years ago in Nablus can happen anywhere. Whoever hastens to draw a gun in Nablus and points it at a demonstrator, can do the same in Tel-Aviv. It's only a matter of time. And you, then, are the victim. We are all in the same boat, and the one up in the bow is not far from the one in the stern. That is my feeling. I am not philosophizing. I've brought you some of my innermost reflections, in order to try to show you my mirror, in order that you see and know and come to recognize yourselves, just as I try to see and recognize myself in the mirror you are for me. Look around you. What is today's motto? We know Israeli society since the fifties. Hashomer Hatzair is a truly wonderful experience, but that movement is apparently only a way station, a place to rest for a while, to enjoy the shade and the water before moving on. The naive, as it were, remain there, those who know how to "get by" continue onward.

Our youth, yours and ours, has contempt for values. That's our work, done with our own hands. We laid down patterns and norms of life, whose motto was: "get by," and at any price. To "get by" in life, to get hold of a good job, perhaps a good place in the center, maybe, to "get by" in school, to "get by" in the army, not to be hassled. "Get by!" That is the motto, the supreme value. And that is what we are about to impart to the coming generation. Where did we set the bounds? Has any-

* Israel's 1948 boundaries.

body seen fit to set any bounds, recently, when for everything done an excuse is found, and every crime has an explanation and the times' "leading lights" are ready to justify and defend all instances of corruption? There are signs of increasing chauvinism in Israeli society—both Arab and Jewish. It is called "radicalization." It is also seen from time to time in the tables of academics, whose work I value highly. There is chauvinism that approaches fascism. It wasn't born today. We can take the Druze as an example. In the materialistic atmosphere we are creating, that of an increasing remoteness from values, the atmosphere of "getting by" and of a crude pragmatism—the son of Fadl Mansour, the Druze, is prepared to give his life for the State of Israel, which says to him each morning: "You are not wanted, even though you serve in the army." Why should my son have to see himself as obligated to defend this country, if every morning and every evening we tell him that there is one division in the State of Israel—between Jews and non-Jews.

After thirty years—including twenty years of compulsory military service by the Druze in the Israeli army, among other things to let [the northern border town of] Kiryat Shmona sleep peacefully, partly thanks to the Druze soldiers guarding the border against their Druze brethren on the other side—the problems of the Druze villages in Israel are no less acute than those of all other minority villages. Show me one Druze moshav that has been established in the State of Israel. According to the motto, the land is "national land," and not the land of those who guard it, and, of course, the Druze are not Jews. They do not belong to that certain nationality. Take the village of Peqi'in, for example: it is so tightly closed in that it is not even possible to widen the road leading into it. And that is a Druze village with a lot of IDF officers and veteran soldiers. Someone will no doubt get up and say: The problem of building also exists among us, among the Jews. True, but let's keep the differences in proportion.

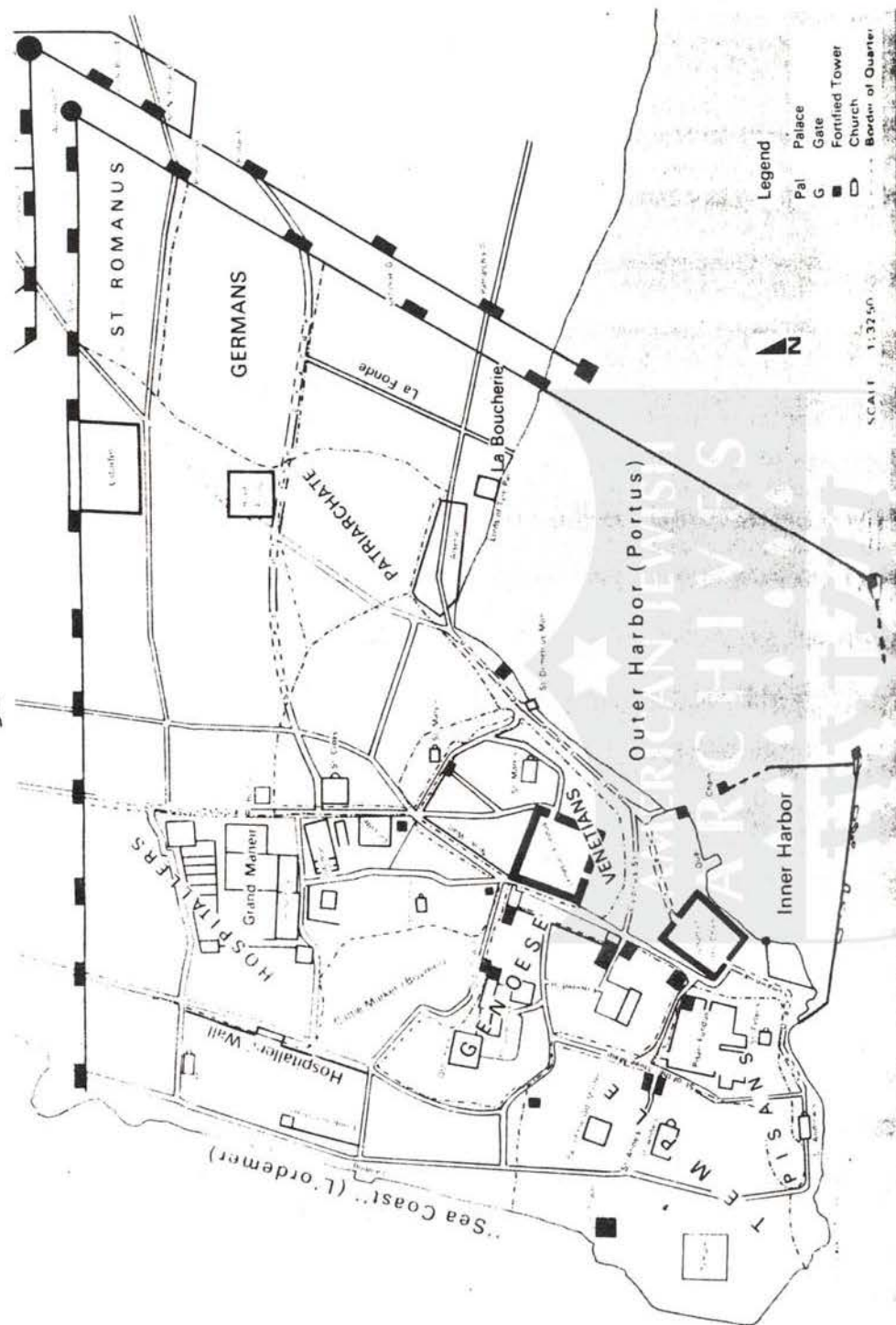
I will tell you a story that began with a dispute. Two kilo-

meters west of my village there was a small village called Jalma, next to which Kibbutz Lahavot-Haviva was established. My father had ties with an old man from that village. His name was Mahmoud Nadf. That same Nadf went to Israel's High Court of Justice, pleading against the State of Israel, because of land seizures, and I accompanied him as translator. The problem was solved and all the families of his village were able to rehabilitate themselves. But the world is also familiar with a problem called Bir'am. Kefar Bir'am is a similar case about which a "high conscientized" and "very credible" opposition figure often promised that as soon as he became prime minister, he would return its inhabitants. He is now in the prime minister's chair and where are the inhabitants of Bir'am and where is his promise? Another example of the "credibility" that can be ascribed to the shapers of Zionist implementation these days.

In 1954 I met a very dear Jew from Lahavot-Haviva. He was called Zeevshik. He has since passed away. He would come on foot to our village and what caught my attention, as a child, was the tattoo on his arm. I asked him: What? They give you a number in the kibbutz? That was the beginning of my acquaintance with the Jewish Holocaust.

I developed expectations from the Jews, not because they are the "chosen people," but because they themselves knew and know what it means to be a minority. Those expectations, unfortunately, are on the decline. Those expectations are also waning with regard to the relations between Jews and Jews. At the beginning of my remarks I said that, like it or not, we influence the shaping of each other's character. My expectations have not come totally to grief, but I also have expectations and demands from the public to which I belong, the Arab public. First of all, that they do not wait for miracles and wonders from anyone, and not for tidings from anyone. Not from Damascus and not from Beirut. If we do not help ourselves by taking the initiative so as to arrive at the greatest possible auto-emancipation, we will be ground down—we will not be like every man,

but like the dust of man. It is most definitely possible to produce a constructive Arab national consciousness that is not dependent on others. It is no exaggeration to say that we can show the way for a constructive Arab national conception, especially now that Sadat, finally, has caught on to the right wave and has mounted it.



CHAPTER II

The King in Acre

MAY 1250—MARCH 1251

ON his arrival on board his ship the king had found that his people had got nothing ready for him, neither bedding nor clothing. So until we reached Acre he had to lie on the mattresses given him by the sultan, and wear the clothes the sultan had had made for him. These were of black satin, lined with miniver and grey squirrel's fur and adorned with a vast quantity of buttons, all of pure gold.

Because of my weak state of health I spent the whole of the six days we were on the water sitting beside the king. During that time he told me how he had been captured, and how, by God's help, he had negotiated his own ransom and ours. He made me tell him in my turn how I had been taken prisoner on the water, and after listening to my story he told me I owed great thanks to our Lord for having delivered me from such serious peril. He grieved very much over the death of his brother, the Comte d'Artois, and said that, had he been alive, he would not have avoided his company as the Comte de Poitiers had done, but would certainly have come to see him on board his galley.

The king also complained to me of his other brother, the Comte d'Anjou, because, although they were both on board the same ship, the latter gave him little of his company. One day, having asked what the Comte d'Anjou was doing, the king was told that he was playing a game of chance with Gautier de Nemours. Weak as he was through illness, his Majesty tottered towards the players. He snatched up dice and boards, flung the whole lot into the sea, and scolded his brother very soundly for taking to gambling so soon. My lord Gautier, however, came off best, for he tipped all the money on the table—and there was plenty of it—into his lap and took it away with him.

I now propose to tell you something about the trials and troubles I experienced during my stay in Acre, and from which God, in Whom I trusted and still do trust, in the end delivered me. I am having these things written down so that those who hear of them

may put their trust in God in their own time of trouble, and find Him ready to help them as He helped me.

Let me first relate how, when the king arrived at Acre, all the clergy and the people of that city came down to the sea-shore in procession, to meet him and welcome him with very great rejoicing. Someone brought me a palfrey, but as soon as I was mounted I felt faint, and asked the man who had brought it to hold me up, for fear I might fall. With great difficulty I was taken up the steps to the king's hall, where I went and sat by a window. A little boy about ten years old stood near me. He was Barthélemy, the bastard son of Ami de Montbéliard, Lord of Montfaucon.

I was sitting there, unnoticed by anyone, when a servant wearing a red tunic with two yellow stripes approached me. He bowed to me and asked me whether I knew him. I said I did not. Then he told me that he came from my uncle's castle at Oiselay. I asked him whose servant he was, and he said he was attached to no one, but would remain with me if I wished. So I told him I should be very glad to engage him. Thereupon he went and fetched me some white caps to cover my head, and combed my hair for me very neatly.

Shortly after this the king sent for me to dine with him. I went to him in the short tunic that had been made for me out of scraps from my coverlet while I was a prisoner. I had given the rest of the coverlet to little Barthélemy, together with four ells of mohair that had been given me, for the love of God, before the Saracens released me. My new man, Guillemín, came and carved my meat for me, and procured some food for the boy while we were eating.

Guillemín came to tell me that he had got rooms for me near the baths, where I might wash off the filth and the sweat I had brought with me from prison. When night came, and I was in my bath, I suddenly felt giddy and fainted. My man had great difficulty in taking me out of the bath and carrying me to my bed. The next day an old knight called Pierre de Bourbonne came to see me, and I kept him in my service. He stood surety for me in the city with regard to what I needed in the way of clothes and equipment.

As soon as I was suitably dressed, which was some four days after we reached Acre, I went to see the king. He reproached me and said I had not done well in delaying so long to come and see him. He commanded me, as I valued his love, to come and have meals with him every day, both morning and evening, until such time as he had

decided what we ought to do - whether to go back to France or remain oversea.

I told the king that Pierre de Courtenay owed me four hundred *livres* of my pay, which he refused to give me. His Majesty replied that he himself would reimburse me out of the money he owed Pierre de Courtenay; and so he did. On Pierre de Bourbonne's advice we kept back forty *livres* for current expenses, and gave the rest into the keeping of the commander of the palace of the Templars. When I had spent all these forty *livres* I sent the father of Jean Caym of Sainte-Menehould, whom I had engaged in my service oversea, to fetch me a similar amount. The commander told him that he had no money of mine, and did not know me.

I therefore went to see Brother Renaud de Vichiers, whom the king, on account of the consideration the Templar had shown him when he was a prisoner, had helped to make Master of the Temple. I complained to him of his commander, who would not give me back the money I had entrusted to him. On hearing this the Master was much upset and said to me: 'My lord of Joinville, I have a great liking for you; but I must assure you that unless you cease to urge this claim I shall no longer look on you as a friend. For what you are trying to do is to make people believe that the members of our Order are thieves.' I told him, please God, I should not withdraw my claim.

For four whole days I suffered such anxiety as a man must feel when he has no money to meet expenses. At the end of that time the Master of the Temple came to me and told me with a smiling face that he had recovered my money. As to the way in which it was recovered, I can only say that he had transferred the commander of the palace to the village of Sephouri, and the man who was put in his place gave me back my money.

The Bishop of Acre, who was by the way a native of Provins, let me have the use of a house belonging to the priest of Saint Michael's. Jean Caym of Sainte-Menehould, who had served me well in the past two years, was one of those I retained in my service, together with several others.

There happened to be at the head of my bed a little ante-room through which one could go to enter the church. Now it chanced that a prolonged attack of fever took hold of me and my men, so that we were all confined to our beds. During the whole of this time there

was not a day on which I had anyone to help me or lift me up. Moreover I looked forward to nothing but death, on account of an ominous sound that constantly reached my ear, as not a day passed without their bringing twenty or more dead men into the church, and from my bed I could hear the chant: '*Libera me, Domine.*' Every time this happened I burst into tears, and gave thanks to God, as I addressed Him thus: 'Lord, I adore and praise Thee for this suffering Thou hast sent me; for I have given way to too much pride as I lay down to sleep or rose from my bed in the morning. And I pray Thee, Lord, to deliver me from this sickness.'

Soon after my recovery, I required Guillemín, my newly-made squire, to give me an account of the money he had spent. When he showed it to me I found he had cheated me to the extent of more than ten *livres tournois*. On my demanding restoration of this sum, he said he would refund the money as soon as he could. I dismissed him from my service, but told him I forgave him what he owed me, since he well deserved to keep it. I afterwards learnt from certain Burgundian knights recently released, who had brought the fellow with them to the land oversea, that he was the most well-mannered thief that ever existed; for whenever a knight was in need of a knife, a strap, gloves or spurs, or anything else, he would go and steal it, and then give it to his master.

While the king was in Acre his brothers indulged in playing at dice. The Comte de Poitiers was such a good-mannered player that on occasions when he won he would have the doors of his room thrown open and invite any gentlemen or ladies, if any, who were outside to come in. Then he would distribute money to them in handfuls, from his own pocket as well as what he had won in play. When he lost, he would buy, at a valuation, the money of those with whom he had been playing, whether it was his brother the Comte d'Anjou or anyone else, and would then give everything away, both his own money and what he had obtained from others.

One Sunday, during our stay in Acre, the king sent for both his brothers, together with the Comte de Flandre and other men of rank who were there. 'My lords,' he said to them, 'Her Royal Highness the Queen Mother has sent me a message begging me most urgently to return to France, because my kingdom is in great peril, since neither peace nor truce has been established between myself and the King of England. However, the people of these parts whom I have consulted

tell me that if I go away this land will be lost, since all the men now in Acre will follow me, none daring to remain where the people are so few. I therefore beg you to give serious thought to the matter. Since it is so important I will allow you time to consider it, and you shall give me your answer, according as you think right, exactly a week from today.'

In the course of that week the legate came to me and said that he did not see how the king could possibly remain oversea. He begged me very earnestly to return to France with him in his ship. I told him I could not do this, for I had no money at all, having, as he knew well, lost everything I possessed when I was taken prisoner on the water. If I answered thus it was not because I would not have been very glad to go with him, but on account of something my cousin the Lord of Boulaincourt - God grant him mercy! - had said to me when I was about to go on crusade. 'You are going oversea,' said he, 'but take care how you come back; for no knight, whether rich or poor, can return without dishonour if he leaves our Lord's humbler servants, in whose company he set out, at the mercy of the Saracens.' The legate was much annoyed with me, and told me I ought not to have rejected his offer.

On the following Sunday we appeared again before the king. He asked his brothers, the Comte de Flandre, and the other barons whether they advised him to go or to stay. They all replied that they had charged Guy Mauvoisin to tell his Majesty what they wished to advise. So the king commanded him to carry out his commission, and he spoke as follows: 'Your Majesty,' he said, 'your brothers and the other nobles here present have considered your position, and have come to the conclusion that you cannot remain in this land without prejudice to your own honour and that of your realm. Out of all the knights that came in your company - two thousand eight hundred of whom you brought with you to Cyprus - there are now in this city hardly a hundred remaining. We therefore advise your Majesty to go back to France, and there procure men and money, and thus provided return with all speed to this land to take vengeance on the enemies of God who have held you in captivity.'

The king, however, was not content to go by what Guy Mauvoisin had said, but questioned the Comte d'Anjou, the Comte de Poitiers, the Comte de Flandre and several others of high rank who were sitting near them. They all agreed with Guy Mauvoisin. The legate

asked the Comte de Jaffa, who was just behind him, what he thought. The count begged the company to excuse him from replying to this question. 'For,' said he, 'my castle lies on the frontier, and if I advised his Majesty to remain, people would think I did so for my own advantage.' The king pressed him as hard as he could to give his opinion. So the count replied that if his Majesty could manage to carry on the campaign for another year, he would do himself great honour by remaining. Thereupon the legate questioned those who were sitting beside the Comte de Jaffa, and they all agreed with Guy Mauvoisin.

I was in the row in front of the legate, about fourteen seats away. He asked me what I thought, so I replied that I agreed with the Comte de Jaffa. Then he asked me very angrily how I imagined the king could carry on a campaign with so few men as he had. Feeling very angry myself, because I thought he said this just to annoy me, I answered: 'I will tell you, sir, since you want to know. People say, though I don't know if it's true, that so far the king has not spent any of his own money, but only money from the revenues of the church. So let the king spend some of his own resources in getting knights from Morea and other parts oversea. When they hear that he is paying well and generously, knights will come flocking in from everywhere, so that, please God, he will be able to hold the field for a year. In the meantime, by remaining, he will be able to deliver those poor prisoners who have been taken captive in the service of God and of himself, and who will never be set free if he goes away.' There was no one in that place who had not some close friends in captivity; so no one reproved me, and all began to weep.

After I had answered the legate, he turned to the good knight Guillaume de Beaumont, who was then Marshal of France, and asked him for his opinion. He replied that he thought I had spoken very sensibly, 'and,' he added, 'I will tell you why I think so.' However, at that moment his uncle the worthy knight Jean de Beaumont, who was very anxious to return to France, started to address him in most insulting terms. 'You filthy rascal!' he cried, 'whatever d'you mean? Sit down and hold your tongue.' Thereupon the king said to Jean de Beaumont: 'Sir, that was very wrong of you. Let him say what he has to say.' 'Indeed, sir, I will not,' replied the knight. The marshal, however, felt obliged to keep silent, nor did anyone afterwards agree with me, except the lord of Chatenay. Finally the king said: 'My

lords, I have taken due account of what you have said, and will tell you in a week's time what I intend to do.'

As soon as we had left the meeting people began to jeer at me from all sides. 'The king must indeed be crazy, my Lord of Joinville, if he doesn't listen to you in preference to the council of the whole realm of France!' After the tables had been laid the king made me sit beside him during dinner, as he always did when his brothers were not present. He said nothing to me during the whole of the meal, which was contrary to his usual custom, for he had always paid some attention to me while we were eating. I thought in fact that he must be annoyed with me, because I had said he had not as yet spent any of his own money, and ought to be spending it freely.

While the king was hearing grace I went over to a barred window in an embrasure at the head of his bed. I passed my arms through the bars of the window, and stood there thinking that if the king went back to France, I would go to the Prince of Antioch, who was a relative of mine, and had already asked me to come and join him. There I would remain until such time as another expedition came out to the land oversea, by means of which the prisoners might be delivered, as the Lord of Boulaincourt had advised.

While I was standing there the king came up to me, and leaning on my shoulders put both his hands on my head. I thought it was Philippe de Nemours, who had already plagued me too much that day because of the advice I had given. So I exclaimed: 'Stop bothering me, my good Philippe!' By chance, as I was turning my head, the king's hand slid down over my face, and I recognized who it was by the emerald ring on his finger. 'Keep quite quiet,' he said, 'for I want to ask you how a young man like yourself could be so bold as to advise me to stay here, against the advice of all the great and wise men of France who have advised me to go?'

'Your Majesty,' said I, 'even if such a bad idea had ever entered my mind, I'd never have advised you to go.' 'Do you mean to say,' he asked, 'that I'd be doing wrong if I went away?' 'Yes, sir, so God help me,' said I. Then he said: 'If I stay here, will you stay too?' 'Certainly, if I can,' I answered, 'either at my own expense or someone else's.' 'You may rest easy on that score,' said he, 'for I'm very well pleased with you for the advice you've given me. But don't speak of this to anyone till the week is up.'

I felt much more at ease after hearing this, and defended myself all

the more boldly against those who attacked me. Now it happens that the peasants of that region are known as 'colts'. Maître Pierre d'Avallon, who lived in Tyre, heard reports that I was being called a 'colt', because I had advised the king to remain in their country. So he sent to tell me this, and urged me to defend myself against those who so described me by saying that I would rather be a colt than an old broken-down nag like one of them.

The following Sunday we all came back again to see the king. As soon as he saw we were all assembled he made the sign of the cross on his mouth before addressing us. (This I imagine was by way of invoking the Holy Spirit; for as my dear mother once told me, every time I wished to say anything I should invoke the aid of the Holy Spirit, and cross my mouth.)

'My lords,' said the king, 'I sincerely thank all those who have advised me to return to France, as also those who have advised me to remain here. But I have come to the opinion that if I stay there will be no danger of losing my realm, since the Queen Mother has people enough to defend it. I have also considered that the barons resident in this country tell me that if I leave here the kingdom of Jerusalem will be lost, for no one will dare to remain after I have left. I have therefore decided that I will not on any account abandon the kingdom of Jerusalem, which I came here to re-conquer and defend. So I have finally determined to remain here for the present. Now I say to all of you, both to you, my nobles, who are here at this moment, and to all other knights who may wish to remain with me, to come and speak to me as boldly and frankly as you will; and I will offer you such generous terms that the fault will not be mine, but yours, if you do not choose to stay.' Many of those who heard these words were filled with amazement, and many there were who wept.

The king, it is said, ordered his brothers to return to France; but whether this was at their own request or by his wish I cannot really say. His Majesty's announcement of his intention to remain overseas was made on Saint John's Day. A month later, on Saint James's Day - I had gone on pilgrimage to his shrine and he had conferred great benefits on me - the king returned to his room after mass and summoned those of his council who had remained with him. These were his chamberlain Pierre, the most loyal and upright man I ever met in the royal household, the good and worthy knight Geoffroy de Sargines, and the equally estimable Gilles le Brun, whom the king

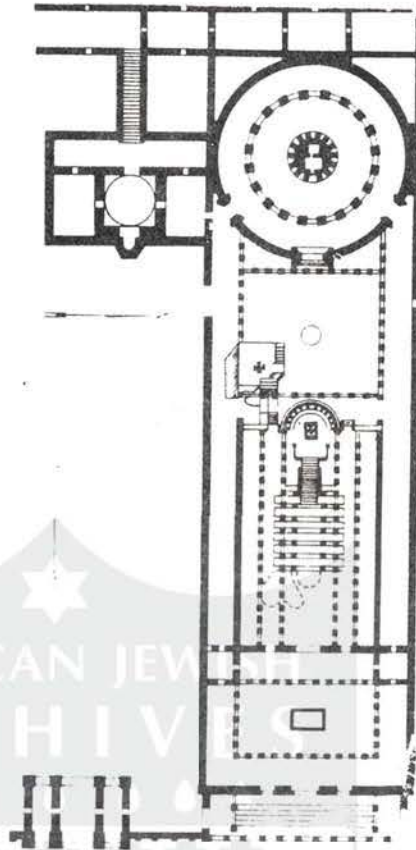
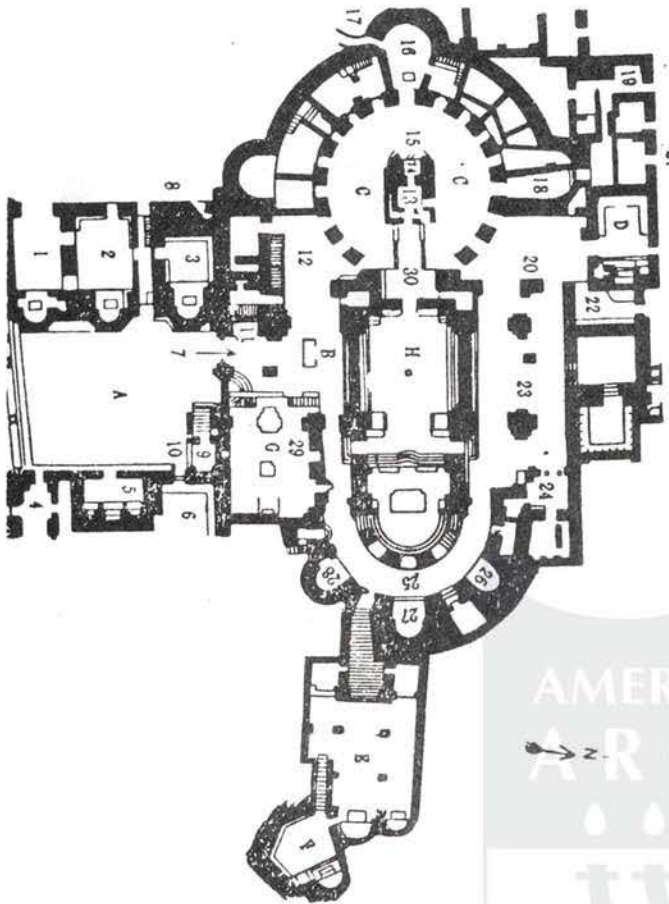
had made Constable of France after the death of Beaujeu.

The king spoke to them in a loud tone of voice showed his displeasure. 'My lords,' he said, 'al-
passed since it was known that I was staying here
heard that you have retained any knights in
Majesty,' they replied, 'we have done all we can
of them, since they really wish to go back to the
such a high price on their services that we dare
they ask.' 'And which of them,' said the king, 'c-
cheaply?' 'Indeed, your Majesty,' they replied,
Seneschal of Champagne; but we dare not give
demands.'

I happened to be in the king's room at the tin
they were saying. 'Call the seneschal over here,'
went up to him and knelt before him. He made m
to me: 'You know, seneschal, I've always been ver
my people tell me they find you hard to deal w
'Your Majesty,' I replied, 'I cannot help it. As y
was taken prisoner on the water, not one of m
left to me; I lost all I had.' He asked what I deman
I wanted two hundred thousand *livres* to last me
would be two thirds of the year.

'Now tell me,' said he, 'have you tried to strike
of the knights?' 'Yes,' said I, 'with Pierre de Po
three knights-banneret, who would each cost me f
till Easter.' The king reckoned on his fingers. 'Then'
said he, 'will cost you twelve hundred *livres*.' 'Bu
consider if it will not cost me a good eight hundre
a horse and armour for myself, as well as getting for
for you wouldn't, I suppose, wish us to eat with you
to his councillors: 'I see nothing excessive in this.
me he added: 'I retain you in my service.'

Shortly after this the king's brothers and the oth
got their ships ready. Just as they were about to lea
Poitiers borrowed some jewels from those who v
France and distributed them freely and liberally to
were staying behind. Both the king's brothers l
earnestly to take good care of him, and told me t



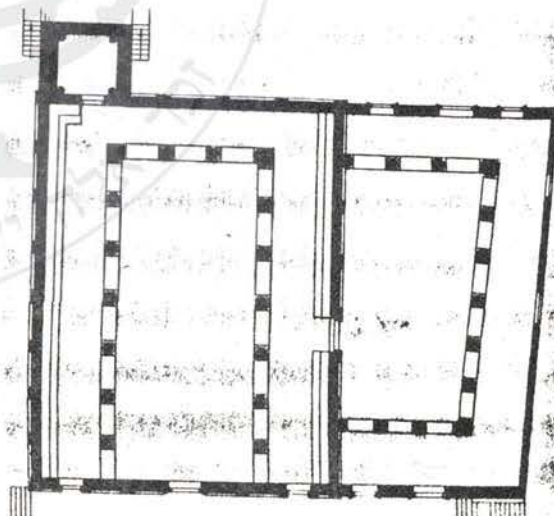
Plan of the Basilica of the H. Sepulchre.

a.

b.



c.



d.

- a. Plan of Holy Sepulchre
- b. Byzantine plan of Holy Sepulchre
- c. Artist's conception of Synagogue at Kfar Nahum
- d. Floor plan of Synagogue at Kfar Nahum
- e. Translation of Siloam Inscription

This is the story of the boring through. While [the tunnelers lifted] the pick-axe each toward his fellow and while 3 cubits [remained yet] to be bored [through, there was heard] the voice of a man calling his fellow — for there was a split [or overlap]¹⁶ in the rock on the right hand and on [the left hand]. When the tunnel was driven through, the tunnelers hewed the rock, each man toward his fellow, pick-axe against pick-axe. And the water flowed from the spring toward the reservoir for 1200 cubits. The height of the rock above the head of the tunnelers was a hundred cubits (Fig. 12).

e.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

| | |
|---------------------|--|
| c. 17th century BCE | The Patriarchs |
| c. 1250 | Conquest of Canaan |
| c. 1004-965 | David |
| c. 965-928 | Solomon |
| 722 | Samaria captured by Assyria |
| 701 | Expedition of Sennacherib against Hezekiah |
| 586 | Destruction of Jerusalem by Babylonia |
| 538 | First Return |
| 332 | Alexander the Great conquers Eretz Israel |
| 165-164 | Rededication of Temple by Maccabees |
| 63 | Rome conquers Jerusalem |
| 37-4 | Rule of Herod |
| c. 30 | C.E. Crucifixion of Jesus |
| 66 | Beginning of Great Revolt |
| 70 | Destruction of Jerusalem by Romans |
| 73 | Fall of Masada |
| 135 | End of Second Revolt |
| c. 200 | Redaction of Mishnah |
| 614 | Persian invasion-Destruction of Churches |
| 638 | Jerusalem conquered by Moslems |
| 1099 | Jerusalem captured by Crusaders |
| 1187 | Saladin captures Jerusalem |
| 1267 | Visit of Nahmanides to Eretz Israel |
| 1517 | Ottoman conquest |
| 1537 | Walls of Jerusalem |
| 1564 | Shulhan Arukh published by R. Joseph Karo |
| 1569-72 | Isaac Luria in Safed |
| 1700 | Arrival of R. Judah Hasid |
| 1799 | Campaign of Napoleon |
| 1808-10 | Disciples of R. Elijah Gaon settle in Eretz Israel |
| 1830 | Conquest of Muhammad Ali |
| 1837 | Earthquake of Safed |
| 1860 | Mishkenot Shaananim neighborhood |
| 1882 | First Aliya |
| 1904 | Second Aliya |
| 1909 | Tel Aviv and Deganiah founded; HaShomer organized |
| 1917 | Balfour Declaration; Capture of Jerusalem-British |
| 1929 | Riots; Massacre in Hebron |
| 1936 | Riots |
| 1941 | Palmah organized |
| 1946 | King David Hotel Explosion |
| 1947 | U.N. Partition Plan |
| 1948 | Proclamation of State of Israel |
| 1956 | Sinai Campaign |
| 1960 | Eichmann brought to Israel |
| 1967 | Six Day War |
| 1969 | Beginning of War of Attrition |
| 1973 | Yom Kippur War |
| 1982 | War in Lebanon |