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Journey Through the Labyrinth: A Photographic Essay on Israel/Palestine

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Kenneth Brown and Jean Mohr

Jerusalem:
The walls of the Old City

Kenneth Brown has been teaching social anthropology and sociology at the University of Manchester since 1972. In 1979 he was a Visiting Fellow at the Institute of Advanced Studies of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and at present he is a Visiting Professor of Anthropology at the University of California, Berkeley. His Ph.D. is in Islamic Studies (U.C.L.A., 1969), and he has carried out field research in Morocco, Tunisia, and Israel. His published work includes *People of Salé: Tradition and Change in a Moroccan City, 1830–1930* (Harvard University Press, 1976) and various articles on social and cultural change among Arabs, Berbers, and Jews in Morocco and Tunisia.

Jean Mohr was born in Geneva in 1925 and obtained a Diploma in Commercial Science at the University of Geneva. After a year in publicity, he worked for the International Red Cross in Palestine and Jordan, then went to Paris as a painter. Since 1954 he has worked professionally as a photographer in Geneva, contributing to many magazines, doing assignments for the World Health Organization and International Labour Office, and contributing to the *Recontre* series "Atlas des Voyages." He has collaborated with John Berger in *A Fortunate Man* (1967) and *A Seventh Man: A Book of Images and Words About the Experience of Migrant Workers in Europe* (1975) and has had major exhibitions throughout Europe.

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One reason I so deeply care for the camera is just this. So far as it goes (which is, in its own realm, as absolute anyhow as the traveling distance of words or sound), and handled cleanly and literally in its own terms, as an ice-cold, some ways limited, some ways more capable eye, it is, like the phonograph record and like scientific instruments and unlike any other leverage of art, incapable of recording anything but absolute, dry truth.

—James Agee, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*

Certain political theorists will now say: Yea, yea, the old tactic of Divide and Rule, the working class must answer: United we Stand! Divided we Fall! It is more subtle than that. We are in a labyrinth.

—John Berger, *A Seventh Man*

Jerusalem: Paratroopers Street in the Old City.

Introduction

On March 25, 1979, the eve of the Pax Americana—the signing of the Camp David peace treaty in Washington—Jean Mohr and I met and talked in Aix-en-Provence and decided that we would like to work together to construct in words and pictures an account of the lives of some unsung heroes in Israel and the territories it has occupied since 1967. Our heroes would come from the downtrodden people at the bottom of the political, social, and economic hierarchy of Israel/Palestine: Arabs of the West Bank, Gaza, and the Golan Heights; the Arabs of Israel; and the Jews of Israel's slums and development towns, most of them "Orientals" (that is, immigrants from North Africa and the Middle East and their descendants).

The next evening I sat in Jerusalem with Israeli friends and watched television as, on the White House lawn, President Sadat and Prime Minister Begin signed, and President Carter witnessed, the treaty. The spectacle saddened and shamed my friends, and the performance of Begin awakened their cynicism. Sixteen months of tortuous negotiations since Sadat's "historic journey" to Jerusalem had dissipated their hopes for a real reconciliation and comprehensive peace between Jews and Arabs and between Israelis and Palestinians. The next morning's newspapers also reported an absence of joy or celebration throughout the country. The inhabitants of the occupied territories had effectively manifested their disapproval of the treaty by a general strike; and in

many of the Arab communities of the Middle East there had been bomb explosions, demonstrations, and strikes. Yasser Arafat, the leader of the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO), had predicted to guerrilla trainees in southern Beirut that President Sadat would be assassinated for having signed the bilateral treaty with Israel.

More than 3 years have passed since then. President Sadat has indeed been assassinated and manifestly unmourned by most Egyptians and Arabs, partly, at least, because they believe that he capitulated to Israel. Meanwhile Prime Minister Begin and his Likud party have maintained power and pursued increasingly aggressive internal and foreign policies. Reelected after the most turbulent and violent electoral campaign in Israel's history, the Likud has extended its mandate to govern, broadened its base of support within Israel, and caused anxiety or hostility in most other countries. Meanwhile the world waits: Will Israel and Egypt complete the next step of the Camp David agreement so that the rest of Sinai returns to Egyptian sovereignty? What differences, if any, will that make in the Israeli/Palestinian/Arab states configuration? What will become of the "autonomy" that Palestinians in the occupied territories are supposed to receive? Finally, and in the light of the confrontations in the West Bank (March 1982), can the Palestinians persevere in their resistance to the "phony autonomy"? Will the Israeli government further intensify its repression in the territories? Will its new

Glossary

Ethnic groups:

Note: There is a growing tendency, in Israel especially, but in Europe and the Americas as well, to collapse the last two categories into one group, using either term.

Ashkenazi From the Hebrew word for "Germany." It designates both Jewish people who originated in Eastern and Central Europe and their culture, usually expressed in the past in the Yiddish language, a Judeo-German dialect.

Sephardi From the Hebrew word for "Spain." It designates Jewish people who originated in the Iberian Peninsula and who settled after the Expulsion (1492) in Mediterranean lands, especially in those under Ottoman Turkish rule. It also refers to their culture, usually expressed in the Ladino language, a Judeo-Castilian dialect.

Oriental Refers to Jewish people who originated in North Africa, the Middle East, Soviet Central Asia, and India and to their cultures, generally expressed in the languages of the peoples among whom they lived. Translates Hebrew term *adot hamizrah*, literally, "the Communities of the Orient."

General terms:

Histadrut General Federation of Jewish Workers in Israel, founded in 1920, and now including some Israeli Arab workers.

Jewish National Fund (Karen Kayemet) Created in 1901; entrusted with acquisition and afforestation of lands and involved in rural development.

kibbutz Rural collectivity in which property, production, and consumption are communally organized.

kibbutz galiyot Hebrew term for "ingathering of the exiles."

Knesset Hebrew word for "assembly"; refers to Israeli Parliament.

ma'abarah Hebrew term for "transition camp," in which many immigrants to Israel after 1948 lived.

moshav Cooperative smallholders' village, incorporating features of private and collective farming.

yishuv Hebrew word designating pre-statehood Jewish population and its institutions.

Main political parties:

Agudat Israel Ultrareligious party, member of present coalition.

Labor Alignment (Ma'arakh) Headed by S. Peres. Led all governments from 1948 until 1977. Includes Labor party (union of former Mapai and Ahdut Avodah parties) and left-of-center Mapam party.

Likud Bloc Alignment of parties to right of center in Israeli political spectrum. Its major component is the Herut party, led by Menachem Begin, Prime Minister since 1977; also includes Liberal and La'am parties.

Movement for Israeli Tradition (TAMI) Newly formed for 1981 elections, led by Minister of Religious Affairs A. Abahatzira, who left NRP; presented itself as a "Sephardi" party. Participates in present coalition.

National Front for Peace and Equality Alliance between Rakah (the New Communist party) and a wing of the Black Panthers. Only anti-Zionist party, includes Arab and Jewish members. Most of its support in Arab community.

National Religious Party (NRP) Led by Minister of Interior Y. Burg; a coalition member of every government since 1948.

Tehiya Right-wing party that broke from Likud to oppose Camp David agreements.

Israeli newspapers quoted in text:

'Al Hamishmar Daily morning paper owned and controlled by Mapam, the left-wing faction of the Labor Alignment.

al-Ittihad (Arabic) Daily of Rakah (New Communist party)

Davar Daily morning paper owned and controlled by Mapam, the left-wing faction of the Labor party.

Ha'aretz Most prestigious Israeli paper. Liberal conservative. Predominantly owned and editorial board controlled by Schocken family.

Ha'olam Haze Weekly magazine; belongs to U. Avineri, left-wing journalist and former member of the Knesset.

Jerusalem Post English daily, broadly identified with Labor Alignment, especially Mapai faction.

Kol Ha'ir Friday weekly published in and for Jerusalem by Ha'aretz.

Ma'ariv Afternoon daily with largest circulation in Israel. Owned by O. Ben-Ami, a financier with right-wing political allegiances. Editorial board dominated by veterans of right-wing parties and supporters of Herut.

Monitin New glossy, monthly magazine of liberal perspective, aimed at educated middle class.

Yed'iot Aharonot Afternoon daily with second largest circulation. Editorially controlled by H. Rosenblum, veteran right-wing politician. Its Friday supplement regularly includes contributions by some considered "doves" in the political spectrum.

"civil administration" go beyond the recent shootings, curfews, closures of educational institutions, and oustings of elected mayors in its attempt to crush that resistance? What will be the consequences for Palestinians, Israelis, and the rest of us of the growing brutalization of Israel's government policy?

These questions, along with the constant flow of news of the dramatic and at times tragic events concerning Palestinians and Israelis—murders, repression, guerrilla attacks, air force bombings, economic crises, election violence—and the discourses on racism, ethnocentricity, threats, and propaganda, are the stuff of most of the media, particularly in the United States. Not surprisingly, the battered observer often feels confused or indifferent and forms new prejudices or reconfirms old ones. Most of what is shown or written about Israel/Palestine, including the scholarly works, makes it impossible to imagine actual people—Israelis and Palestinians—and the particular historical circumstances of their lives.

This photographic essay attempts to redress that situation. The idiom of images and the words that give them meaning was chosen as a means to convey to readers the sights and sounds of living, breathing human beings and to awaken in those readers an empathy with those people's lives. The endeavor began from a moral and political position, and it seeks to stimulate moral sentiments and to raise political consciousness. Here I can only speak for myself.

I am an American Jew who went to spend a year abroad in Israel in 1956 as a visiting student at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Since then my mind has seldom left Jerusalem. I had no Zionist background and have never *felt* the emotional or intellectual appeal of Zionist ideology, although I think that I understand these. I did, however, emotionally respond to and empathize with the land and its peoples. Since then I have been possessed by, or at least extremely involved with, the "Orient." I remained in Israel for 5 years to study Middle Eastern history and culture and eventually went on to take a Ph.D. in Islamic Studies at U.C.L.A. Research has enabled me to spend extended periods in parts of the Arab world, particularly Morocco and Tunisia.

In Morocco, my sense of affinity with Middle Eastern culture deepened. I also discovered there the great closeness and familiarity that existed among Moroccan Jews and Muslims, and the basic similarities in their cultures. My interest in the contemporary world and in politics quickened at the expense of a preoccupation with the past. In my research I began to draw on oral sources to an increasing degree to complement the written record. And professionally I started to move from Orientalism and history to anthropology and sociology. During this period I developed a fascination with photographs—initially with old ones, eventually with contemporary ones—some of which were my own attempts to "capture" the beauty

and strangeness of what Morocco was revealing to me; and at the same time I wanted to document the growth of my two young children there.

I mention these personal souvenirs as an interpretive sketch of explanation; but I realize that my experience of "discovering photography" partly reflects that of a whole generation. The idea of transmitting what I thought I knew and saw onto film of any sort became increasingly attractive. I wanted to make a film about Berber workers in France and follow them back on their vacations to Morocco to those places where I had done fieldwork. It seemed to me the most effective means of portraying the instability in their lives and how they managed it and to condemn the policies and practices of governments and the circumstances that made them migrant workers. But for a variety of reasons the film was never made. Later, when I did fieldwork in a Tunisian town, I made a film on a Super 8 camera about weaving and how it affected women's lives and local economic life. I learned how it felt to approach people with a camera, and afterward what one could and had to do in an editing room. And all the while I took photographs of the Tunisians and the ways they live and collected others' photographs.

My mind seldom left Jerusalem. I have increasingly felt that I wanted to say some things about the conflict between Israelis and Palestinians, and that I should say them. The challenge of Brecht—that someone who is ignorant and speaks up is a fool, and that someone who has knowledge and remains silent is a coward—has long troubled me. When I had the opportunity in 1979 to go to Jerusalem for 6 months, I decided that I should use the time to search for the understandings I would need to frame what I believed I should say. I instinctively and immediately felt that photographs and text together would be the most effective means of conveying my knowledge and opinions and of making readers pay attention to them. In short, I wanted to persuade people—Israelis, Palestinians, and outsiders—that the moral and political position that we present is, or may be, "true."

The forcefulness of the argument of a photographic essay should make people react—in their feelings and in their thoughts. *A Seventh Man*, by John Berger and Jean Mohr, does just that: it takes a hold of you and makes you think. Mohr's photographs startled and persuaded me. I knew that his photography was accomplished and professional art, and experienced it that way. I wrote to him and explained that I would welcome his collaboration on an essay about those groups of people in Israel and the occupied territories who have been rejected by the dominant classes. We discussed the matter at some length, found a moral and political ground that we could share, and agreed to a partnership.

There are three distinct categories of people under the jurisdiction of the state of Israel who suffer from severe degrees of inequality vis-à-vis the state's dominant classes. These are, according to the designations that seem to me most prevalent (although they admit of ambiguity and are in flux), as follows: Palestinian Arabs, in those territories occupied since 1967; Israeli Arabs, resident or born in and citizens of the state since its establishment in 1948; Oriental Jews (*'aidot hamizrah*: "communities of the Orient"), immigrants to Palestine before 1948 or to Israel afterward from countries of North Africa and the Middle East and their descendants. In the literature on the area each of these categories is usually treated quite separately. We have combined them in one essay because all are subject to a single government and because their positions in the hierarchy of the overall social structure have been influenced by various stages of the same historical forces. Moreover, the basis of their subordination has important common strands, particularly the shared culture of the Orient which has been systematically and persistently rejected by the dominant ideology of Zionism and of the state of Israel.

The essay, however, does not focus on theoretical or ideological arguments. It is an experiment in using photographs and crafted interpretations to make a moral argument. It ought to be considered in the context of Susan Sontag's discussion of photography as part of the shady commerce between art and truth in *On Photography*. My words are intended to interpret and shape the uses of the photographs; but the images seem, as Sontag puts it, "pieces of the world" and in some ways they actually do "capture reality."

The images do something else that a self-conscious visual communication may be concerned with: they convey beauty in pathos where one might expect to define pathos as something distinctively unattractive. There is undoubtedly a powerful "aestheticizing tendency" (again Sontag's term) in photography, and particularly in Jean Mohr's photographs here. But the beauty of people which he captures need not encourage our emotional detachment: many of the photographs awaken concern and affection. We care about these people because the photographs attract us to them.

The problem nonetheless remains real: the images without text and framework may often lack the moral meaning that one assigns to them. I am not sure that I can honestly say how someone who looks only at the photographs will respond to them. The absence of explicit captions has purposely left open the possibility that the reader will interpret the images in ways contrary to the uses aimed at by the text. There is a gamble here. The real "magic" has got to be in the mix of images and words.

The uses of the camera, of course, have to be demystified in their own right. For 6 weeks Jean Mohr and I traveled the length and breadth of Israel and the occupied territories, and much of what we observed fed the insatiable appetite of the camera's eye. The selection of images, their order and presentation are, of course, a kind of manipulation of magic. What Jean Mohr looked for, what he saw, how he gave form and structure to what he and the camera created have become his own photographic account of Israeli and Palestinian people and places.

The text seeks to complement that account. Its sources are in my encounters and perceptions during that same journey, and during extensive travel throughout the country over a 6-month period in 1979. The text makes use of many quotations. These derive from selections from the Hebrew, Arabic, and foreign press over the past 3 years; from reading Hebrew and Arabic literature and scholarly writings on the subject; and from endless conversations with Israelis

Places visited or mentioned in the voyage.

Jerusalem: The New City.

Jerusalem: The Old City.

and Palestinians. Finally, an additional visit of 2 weeks in the summer of 1981 allowed me to observe the elections in Israel, to collect additional material, and to adjust my perspective to constantly changing realities.

Jean Mohr's visit was self-financed. My stay of 6 months was made possible by a fellowship from the Institute of Advanced Study in Jerusalem, and that of

1981 by a grant from the University of Manchester. We have tried to convey and elaborate a fresh, unvarnished, and disquieting view of Israel/Palestine; our commitment has been nurtured by a long familiarity and preoccupation with the land and peoples—in Jean Mohr's case, over 30 years, in my own case, 25—and by a journey that did not and could not be finished.

Jerusalem

A week before Prime Minister Begin left for Washington to sign the peace treaty, he addressed the Knesset, the Israeli Parliament in Jerusalem, and reiterated three "nevers": there would *never* be a return to the frontiers of 1967; *never* restitution of the eastern part of Jerusalem; *never* a Palestinian state. The treaty itself was not concluded until President Carter had agreed to annex to it a letter stating that for Israel the term "Palestinian people" means "the Arabs of Palestine," and the term "the West Bank" means "Judea and Samaria." In his speech during the ceremony in Washington, Begin again recalled, in between references to the Holocaust and Stalinist death camps, three great days in his life which he would *never* forget: the establishment of the state of Israel, the 1967 conquest of East Jerusalem by Israel's parachutists, and the signing of the treaty.

A few days later, on March 30, 1979, several busloads of Israelis and Palestinians (Jews and Arabs) traveled from Jerusalem, Tel-Aviv, and Haifa to some barren lands in the Negev Desert to remember a day they vowed *never* to forget: the Day of the Land. (On that day in 1976 Israeli soldiers had killed six young Arabs during a demonstration against the government expropriation of Arab lands in the Galilee.) The meeting was being held in the Negev in order to demonstrate solidarity with the Bedouin, who were now suffering the expropriation of some of their own land by the government. A number of people spoke in Hebrew and Arabic, among them M.P. Charlie Bitton (from the wing of the Black Panthers that had joined the National Front with the Rakah Communist party), the head of the Arab students' association at Beer-sheba University (himself a Bedouin), a high-school Arabic teacher (who was also a member of a kibbutz), and a well-known Arab poet. Later the poet's speech appeared in an Arabic literary monthly, *al-Jadid*; it included the following excerpt:

We agree with Menahem Begin that indeed these days will not be forgotten, not only by him, but by us as well . . .

How can we forget the day of the expulsion of our people and the loss of their rights?

How can we forget the conquest of our Arab sanctuary (Jerusalem), and the spreading of the wound and the aggravation of the disaster?

And how can we forget the day of treason? How forget the day on which the leader of the greatest Arab state gave his blessing to the crime of tearing apart our people and usurping its rights?

However there is a fourth day that Mr. Menahem Begin has tried to forget . . . but we can neither forget it nor allow Mr. Begin to forget it either . . . it is the distinguished "Day of the Land" . . . the day of martyrs and of firm determination which refuses to bend before the policies of plundering, Judaization and expulsion.

This poetry contained heady rhetoric. It meant to give vent to and to express the outrage, humiliation, and resolve that Arabs in Israel and the occupied territories had felt to an increasing extent since 1948; and at least some of the Israeli Jews there had understood, sympathized with, and even been moved by those feelings.

The busses returned to the cities, the Bedouin and the kibbutzniks to their homes in the Negev. In Jerusalem, the temporary gathering of Arabs and Jews dispersed, returning to the various quarters of the new and western city, to the old and eastern city, to Ramallah and Hebron, to the corridor of Jerusalem—back to their homes and families and the enclosed separateness of Arab and Jewish existence.

Israel had conquered East Jerusalem and the Old City; she had proclaimed the "reunification" of the "divided city"; she had built cordons of Jewish neighborhoods to the north and south and consolidated and expanded the Jewish quarter within the Old City; and in July 1980 she would formally annex the Arab areas and create "Greater Jerusalem." None of this, however, would change the reality of the division, between two peoples and two cities, the one triumphant, the other tragic. Amos Elon, a talented and blunt Israeli journalist and writer, described the celebration of the fall of Jerusalem and of Israeli independence in 1968 by precisely that contrast: "one man's triumph was another's tragedy" (1971:8). Since then the division and the contrast have deepened; the Israelis have become less sure of their triumph and the Palestinians less passive in the face of their tragedy.

The thirteenth anniversary of the Day of Jerusalem on May 14, 1980, again celebrated the "reunification" of the city. Tanks decked with flowers participated, but so did assault tanks; the army had organized the parade and wanted to recall its conquest of East Jerusalem during the Six-Day War of 1967. The celebration was unilateral: the exaltation of the city's Jewish population of 280,000 contrasted with the grief of the 110,000 Arabs. Foreign correspondents saw no unified city:

Whatever the Israeli leaders say, the "one and indivisible capital of Israel" remains divided. The walls and barbed wire have disappeared, the "no man's land" has been turned into a public garden, but the frontier stays. There are two Jerusalems.¹

Jerusalem: The Old City.

A month later one of Israel's best journalists, Amnon Kapeliouk of *'Al Hamishmar*, described Israeli soldiers' treatment of Arab shopkeepers in the Old City who persevered in their attempt to go on strike as a demonstration against occupation:

My daughter returned home one day this week shocked from a trip she had taken with a friend of hers to the Old City of Jerusalem. She had seen five soldiers beating an Arab merchant who had shut down his shop.

"They beat someone just because he doesn't want to open up his shop? Would they do that to Tuvia (our shopkeeper) if he occasionally closed down his shop?" . . . This fifteen-year-old girl discovered the stuff of the "united city" of Jerusalem.

There is in fact a formal decision by one party concerning unification; but in reality there are two cities here: one the Hebrew Jerusalem and the other the Arab al-Quds, and an invisible wall separates them. . . .

"We are occupied, my friend, we are occupied," a resident of the city told me on the day following the forced opening of the store. . . .

The problem of Jerusalem is complicated and delicate. It is a problem in which security considerations rank quite low, but it is at the same time loaded with sentiments, history and mysticism. It is a problem which the world views as justice versus justice and tries to search for a compromise which will allow mutual co-existence. . . .

We may soon possibly hear that the decision to hold 200 Jerusalem shopkeepers in custody for a whole night, in order that soldiers could escort them to their shops in the morning to make sure that they open them, was a barbaric one. . . .²

Jerusalem lies at the heart of the Israeli Palestine conflict. The map of unified Jerusalem shows the Old City and its surrounding neighborhoods as an integral part of one large sprawling urban area. But the population of East Jerusalem has never accepted that imposition of unification in political terms. On the

ground, East Jerusalem looks and feels like an Arab city occupied and surrounded by a foreign state.

To be sure, the Old City represents a sanctuary for Jews, Muslims, and Christians. Much has been written on the spiritual and historical rights, or claims, of the three monotheistic religions to this holy city, and these sentiments were translated into the presence, coexistence, and division of space by the various religious groups. Since the end of the last century, when the Jewish inhabitants had become a majority of the city's population, the urban space had clear boundaries: most of East Jerusalem's residents were Muslim or Christian Arabs (with the important exception of 2,500 Jews in the Jewish quarter of the Old City); while most of those in West Jerusalem were Jews (again, with an important exception—5,000 Arabs living in modern quarters to the west and south of the Old City). This had not stopped conflicts, at times bloody ones, especially between Muslims and Jews over access to their holy places; for both Palestinian nationalism and Zionist nationalism mobilized their adherents by focusing on religious symbols. The history of these movements, however, would lead us astray, away from the contemporary hallowed, disputed ground.

Yet, some of the facts have to be repeated: the 1948 war made irrelevant the United Nations' resolution to partition Palestine into Arab and Jewish states and to internationalize Jerusalem and the area around it, as a separate enclave administered under U.N. authority. The Jewish Agency, the government of the Yishuv, agreed to partition and internationalization; the Arab states opposed it; and the British Mandate government in Palestine abandoned the country and left the adversaries to settle their differences by military means. The Jewish quarter in the Old City was taken by the Transjordanian Arab Legion, which also surrounded the Hebrew University and Hadassah Hospital on Mount Scopus in East Jerusalem. West Jerusalem was held by the Jewish forces, and most of its Arab inhabitants fled to the east.

With the armistice, people from the two sides were exchanged. The city had been divided more or less along lines that corresponded to the distribution of the Jewish and Arab population. That partition found *de facto* confirmation in the Israel-Transjordan Agreement of April 1949. East and West Jerusalem were physically divided by walls and barbed wire and they became separate cities—politically, economically, socially, and psychologically. Unilaterally, Israel's Parliament (Knesset) proclaimed Jerusalem as the country's capital, and Jordan annexed the Palestinian territories it controlled, including East Jerusalem. Mount Scopus was designated a demilitarized zone under Israeli control, but was only accessible to convoys of trucks which supplied its guards once every two weeks. The armistice also provided for Israeli

rights of visitation to their holy places, a provision never honored by the Jordanians. And on both sides of the new frontier, desecrations of cemeteries and places of worship took place.

In the 1967 war, Israeli troops conquered and occupied East Jerusalem along with the rest of those areas of Palestine held by Jordan since 1948. The Jewish population of West Jerusalem had meanwhile more than doubled to over 200,000; that of East Jerusalem had remained almost constant at around 67,000, of whom 6,000 left during and after the 1967 war.

More than 14 years have passed since the beginning of the occupation. Jerusalem, formally unified by the Israelis, now includes almost 400,000 inhabitants—280,000 Jews and 110,000 Arabs. The Israeli

census draws no distinction and, counting the combined population, makes Jerusalem the largest city in all of Israel, and larger than any city in the occupied territories, with the possible exception of Gaza.

The unification of Jerusalem has been regarded by Israel's governments since 1967, and by most of its Jewish inhabitants, as an irreversible and nonnegotiable "fact." The Arab population of the city and the rest of the occupied territories (and probably most of the more than half-million Arabs in Israel proper, as well) do not accept that "fact": East Jerusalem was the capital of the West Bank, and it has come to represent the potential capital of a hoped-for Palestinian state. Jerusalem weighs heavily on many minds, of Jews and Arabs:

Jerusalem: The Old City.

I find it difficult to sleep in Jerusalem. The night is the most oppressive time, when one feels one's solitariness to an extreme degree. The heavens hang lower in Jerusalem than anywhere else. [Be'er 1980]

Jerusalem is actually nothing and everything. It is a city of contradictions . . . a city of monuments . . . a city of artificiality . . . a city of clanishness . . . a city of enchantment and fantasy. . . .

Inescapably there are factors which cause the Jerusalem born to tend towards gloominess and pessimism in his life, rather than towards happiness and optimism. . . .

There is a colloquial proverb concerning Jerusalem: its water comes from many sources, its way of life is gloomy and its inhabitants cannot live in it for more than a year. . . . [al-'Arif 1961]

"Don't you want to go back and live there?" she asks me. "No," I answer quickly, "not yet . . . perhaps in a few years . . . We'll see . . . not yet. . . . To die there, certainly . . . I mean, our last years . . . Even before . . . But, for the time being, no. . . . I feel relieved every time I leave the place."

It is one of those cities whose physical being is detached from and oppressed by their spiritual and national significance. Jerusalem is one of the most complex cultural, religious, national and human admixtures, and in a period of violent religious renaissance it is a dangerous political explosive which could give rise to an uncontrollable conflagration.

. . . a thoughtful visitor will feel the weight of an enormous tension. A hard city. . . . [Yehoshua 1981]

My memory returned to July 11, 1967, the day on which I crossed the Jordan River . . . carrying on my back the humiliation of the Arab peoples and their defeat.

As it happened, on June 5, when the war broke out, I was living in Jerusalem. . . .

I felt like all the others present at this tragi-comedy; I felt "ground down," depressed and humiliated. . . .

Israel opened its doors to the Arabs after three weeks of defeat, and they swarmed in by the thousands.

One came to visit an old house, another to relive old memories, and I remember that in Jaffa Street, the main street of Jerusalem, the Jewish language disappeared on June 29, the day that the Arabs were allowed to visit.

On that day, along the entire length of the street full of passers-by, you could only hear the Arabic language, and all of its Palestinian dialects! . . . [Khury n.d.]

On Sunday, 11 June 1967, I went to see the Jerusalem that lay beyond the border . . . and lo and behold—people lived there—houses, shops, stalls, signposts.

And I was thunderstruck, as if my whole inner world had collapsed. The dreams were a deception. The world of terrible tales became a mockery. The perpetual threat was nothing but a cruel, twisted joke. . . .

In my childhood dreams it was the Arabs who wore uniforms and carried machine guns. Arabs who came to my street in Jerusalem to kill me. Twenty-two years ago, a

slogan painted in red appeared on a courtyard wall not far from our house: "Judah fell in blood and fire; by blood and fire will Judah rise again." One of the underground had written these words at night in burning red. . . . With all my soul, I desired to feel in Jerusalem as a man who had dispossessed his enemies and returned to the patrimony of his ancestors. The Bible came to life for me. . . . I wanted to be part of it all. I wanted to belong.

Were it not for the people. I saw enmity and rebelliousness, sycophancy, amazement, fear, insult and trickery. I passed through the streets of East Jerusalem like a man breaking into some forbidden place. . . .

City of my birth. City of my dreams. City of my ancestors' and my people's yearnings. And I was condemned to walk through its streets armed with a sub-machine gun like one of the characters from my childhood nightmares. To be a stranger in a very strange city. [Oz 1971]

Jerusalem: The Old City.

Sketches of Memories

I remember wandering around and gazing at the harsh beauties of both Jerusalems as a student in the late 1950s, admiring what Melville aptly called the "diabolical landscape" of the Judean hills, and running into frontiers at Abu Tor to the south of the Old City, on Mamilla Street to its west, and in Musrara by Mandlebaum Gate to the north. No doubt about it, the closed border, what the Israelis called the "bottle-neck," frustrated people on both sides.

In April 1973, I visited East Jerusalem for the first time. Israelis were about to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the state with a huge military parade in Jerusalem. All sorts of possible precautions against terrorism were being taken; but these did not diminish the exaltation expressed by Jews in conversations and in the Hebrew press about the "James Bond" activities of Israeli intelligence and army on April 10 in Beirut and Sidon, where they had assassinated Kamal 'Adwan, Muhammad Yusuf Najjar, and Kamal Nasser, three leaders of the PLO, among twenty-five others. I had just arrived from Beirut and still felt sickened by what had happened there, and by the sight at the American University Hospital of hundreds of Palestinians and Lebanese visiting relatives and friends who had been wounded during the attack.

For Israel's Prime Minister, Golda Meir, the operation "was very marvellous because we killed the murderers who were planning to murder again. Shining pages will be written about this." Reserve General Herzog told a meeting of the Labor party that the Palestinian hunters had now become the hunted. It was clear that the government policy was no longer one of retaliation and punishment: it now aimed at forestalling and preventing any activities against the state by the Palestinian resistance. The Beirut raid, said Herzog, "was not a spontaneous strike but the result of long-term planning, the gathering of precise intelligence, and a shining performance." But vengeance also played a role: Israeli public opinion had been expecting a military response to the horrible and sickening killings of civilians at Lod airport and at the Olympics at Munich.

In Jerusalem, as in Beirut, I was appalled by the vicious circle of violence. The Israelis felt satisfied and self-assured that righteousness and justice were on their side on this occasion. But one journal, at least, *Haolam Hazeh*, reminded its readers that two young Israelis, parachutists for whom the 1967 war was nothing but history, had also lost their lives. They, too, had been buried and mourned by relatives and friends.

Wherever I went and to whomever I spoke, in Israel and in the occupied territories, I heard about those who had been killed or maimed by the unending violence; and Palestinian exiles outside, and many of their neighbors, had experienced similar losses. Death and human suffering have touched almost every Israeli and Palestinian. I continually find that realization painful and sobering. Nonetheless, one side perpetrates violence and terrorism as an organized state; as U. Avneri editorialized in *Haolam Hazeh*, "the Beirut action was a return to the activities of Etzel [the Jewish terrorist group of Mandate Palestine in the 1940s], but with the perfected means of a modern state."

In 1973 and until today, the Israeli government and many of its citizens talk of "Arabs" rather than "Palestinians," of "administered" or "liberated" rather than "occupied" territories and, harkening back to biblical names, of "Judea and Samaria" rather than the West Bank. After the Beirut raid, Prime Minister Meir declared that "the murder and terror organizations' claims of representing the Arabs of Judea and Samaria, and the Arabs of Palestinian origin in other countries, lack all foundations." Already at that time (long before the Arabs of the territories had openly and repeatedly proclaimed that their only representatives were the PLO), Arab local councils, women's organizations, schools, and private individuals placed notices of mourning in the Jerusalem Arabic newspapers about "the Palestinian leaders, the pure fighting sons of Palestine who gave their lives in the service of the Homeland"; and editorials spoke of "the line of fighters which will not be cut off," "the Palestinian people which refuses to die," and "the national heroes who died as martyrs for the sake of Palestine." The daily *al-Sha'b* compared the Beirut raid to the massacre of Deir Yasin (the attack by Jewish forces during the 1948 war on a Palestinian Arab village near Jerusalem in which nearly 250 men, women, and children were killed) and reminded its readers that it had taken place exactly 25 years earlier.

Such was the mood in Jerusalem, as Israel prepared to celebrate its 25 years of independence and 6-year unification of the city of sanctuary. During the ensuing weeks, Israeli security forces carried out large-scale swoops and arrests in Arab towns and villages, linking them to the capture of documents in Beirut, or the impending celebrations. According to some of the Israeli press, the arrests "appeared to have been conducted among circles which emphasized their sympathies with Fatah in the aftermath of the Beirut raid," and were "pre-emptive attempts to counter potential sabotage acts as Israel nears the twenty-fifth Independence Day celebrations." But a senior police officer admitted that "it was like buying lottery tickets—you hope that you hit the jackpot." Meanwhile, the military authorities who had control

Jerusalem: The Old City.

Jerusalem: The Old City.

over the territories had recommended "a reassessment of the Government's attitude towards local Arab newspapers and writers who had been emphasizing their sympathy with the Palestinian terrorist movement."

Much has happened in the 9 years since 1973: the October War; the growing strength of the PLO and its recognition by the international community; the election of the Likud government in 1977, and again in 1981; the aggressiveness and destructiveness of the Israeli army, especially in Lebanon; the peace initiative and process that has followed; the continuous settlement of Israeli colonies in the territories; the construction of Israeli suburbs around East Jerusalem; unrest among and intensifying repression of Palestinians; almost daily tension and conflict between the opposing peoples; a series of social and economic crises within Israeli society. . . . The list is long and partial. Few Israelis or Palestinians, not to speak of people outside, manage to concentrate on any of these dimensions of "the permanent problem," or to interrelate them. In simple terms, however, one more and more hears and reads that it is a conflict about land: two peoples fighting over one land. At the center of that land lies Jerusalem. The determination of Israelis to hold on to East Jerusalem (and to all of the occupied territories) and the Palestinians' refusal to relinquish it have hardened. East Jerusalem is at once the heart and a microcosm of the problem.

Jerusalem, East and West. Source: *Jerusalem Post International Edition*, March 23-29, 1980.

The Annexation of East Jerusalem

Israel, in invading the Old City, appropriated a space that was part of the Orient. To unify the Eastern city with that of West Jerusalem literally has meant an attempt to westernize the whole; to impose a technology and values alien to the essentially pretechnological form and setting of a city relatively uncorrupted by contemporary urban ills. The Old City's built-up structure reflects principles and priorities totally at variance with those of modern Western civilization.³

The transformations that have taken place in Jerusalem's visual space and manufactured landscape since 1967 have clear political and economic ends in mind: to create a modern Israeli metropolis in which commerce and tourism—the unquestioned Good of economic growth—will flourish. This has meant the construction of a cordon of Jewish suburbs around the Old City, the reconstruction of the Jewish Quarter so that it includes a huge esplanade in front of the Western ("Wailing") Wall of the Ancient Temple, and hundreds of expensive, kitsch houses and apartments and monumental religious institutions. In the process Arab houses have been destroyed and Arab lands expropriated. Skyline hilltops which had been limited to monasteries or public institutions, and to dense pine groves for shelter and shade, and intermediate slopes planted with olive trees, have been covered with luxury tower blocks, apartment buildings, and tourist hotels. The physical character and strength of the Old City and of East Jerusalem, which depend on the harmony between natural and organic built landscapes, is gradually disappearing under the onslaught of Israeli construction.

The 1968 master plan for Jerusalem, according to Kutcher, had some positive features; but many of its goals were incompatible with the existing form, character, and social heritage of the city:

A simplistic physical and social unity were to be imposed upon a city whose essence had been the variety and separateness of its communities. . . . The intention which lay behind the proposal of a unified city, focused upon a single commercial center and bound together by a grid-iron of new roads, was a political one. Its goal was to physically express and thereby help to bring about a united Israeli Jerusalem.

The fundamentally, commonly-shared awareness that Jerusalem's spiritual essence is inextricably bound up with her visual, tangible qualities, an awareness evidenced by four thousand years of building in the city, is not simply ignored, it is not even recognized. Instead a new way of thinking about Jerusalem has sprung up: the city is a resource to be exploited, its spiritual and visual qualities are commodities to be bought and sold. [Kutcher 1973:54-55]

In the struggle for Jerusalem, the Israeli authorities have followed Baron Haussmann's principle—manipulate the city to achieve certain political and economic ends. When President Sadat, as recently as May 1981, affirmed that "the Palestinian people had an eternal, national and religious right over Jerusalem," the Israeli government replied with the same terms used in the Law of Annexation of 1980: "Jerusalem is the eternal capital of Israel, one and indivisible." In the meantime, Israel was continuing to translate its pronouncements into facts, and Prime Minister Begin had made electoral capital for himself and his Likud party by renewing his interrupted dialogue with the Egyptian President, at the latter's initiative.

The de facto annexation of East Jerusalem in 1967 tripled the area of the city overnight. The lines of the new map of Greater Jerusalem aimed at surrounding the city and strategically dominating its main approaches, while excluding from it as many Arabs as possible. The incorporated Arab population has refused to recognize the annexation, to accept Israeli citizenship, or to serve on the municipal council. And the international community has never given recognition to Israel's claim of sovereignty.

Israel, however, has created facts. The Likud, like the Labor Alignment party that preceded it, have acted on the principle that "it is not territory that will make Israel a Jewish state, but Jews who will make the territory Jewish." Thus, Shim'on Peres, the leader of the Labor Alignment party, in an interview in the London *Sunday Times Magazine* in 1981, urged Soviet immigrant Jews to settle in Jerusalem and to make it a wholly Jewish city, in order to "automatically put an end to all discussions about dividing it again."

Some 70,000 people have settled in East Jerusalem since 1967. When the estates presently under construction or proposed are completed, there will be housing for over 100,000. The land for this construction boom comes from large-scale expropriations of property belonging to Jerusalem Arabs who were unwilling to sell to Israelis.

Expropriations began tentatively in 1968: 840 acres, including the Hadassah Hospital and the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus (an enclave within Jordan since the 1948 war) and a wide strip linking them to West Jerusalem on which Ramat Eshkol and other estates were to be built; 4 acres in the Old City which included the Jewish Quarter and the Western Wall area; 191 acres on the route to Ramallah where a Jewish village, Neve Yaakov, had stood before the 1948 war. These expropriations exceeded the areas of land of the previous Jewish settlements. Within the next 3 years, about 30 percent of East Jerusalem had been similarly seized.

The largest expropriation order of land in Jerusalem was issued in 1970: 3,070 acres in 7 locations. These included areas to the south where large estates—Ra-

East Jerusalem: The new suburbs.

mot, Gilo, and East Talpiot—were to be built. From then until 1980, no further land was taken over. But expropriation was renewed by a government announcement in March 1980: 1,115 acres, on a tract known as South Neve Yaakov. Designated for a housing estate, it "would be the last major link in the chain of estates built on the periphery of East Jerusalem since 1967 . . . [and] establish the Israeli presence in East Jerusalem so firmly that the reunited city could never be divided again."⁴

According to Housing Minister David Levy, the new area, along the road to Ramallah, eventually will comprise 10,000–20,000 apartments, hotels, some commerce, and industry; and it will become the biggest neighborhood beyond the old Green Line that had divided Israel and Jordan on the pre-1967 map. The Minister also alluded to the pressing problem of housing for young couples by noting that the expanding pace of construction in Jerusalem had brought the prices of apartments below those of Tel-Aviv; he further explained that the pace will increase in order to maintain the present demographic balance of 72.3 percent Jews to 27.7 percent non-Jews. Moreover, half the Ministry's national budget for schools and other institutions would go into the four major new neighborhoods in East Jerusalem (Rabinovich 1981).

It was expected that Jerusalem's population would increase from about 400,000 to 650,000 by the beginning of the next century. The authorities were concerned about maintaining the Jewish majority of about 72 percent, despite the greater natural increase among the Arab population and a steady influx of workers and small businesses from the West Bank.

East Jerusalem: French Hill

East Jerusalem: French Hill

This could only result from encouraging large-scale Jewish immigration to the city and providing them with housing which inevitably, according to the logic of expansion and encirclement, would add to the rampart of Jewish suburbs in East Jerusalem on Arab-owned land.

In the reconstructed Jewish quarter of the Old City, the municipality, in late 1980, counted 1,113 families, some 5,000 persons. The last of some 2,000 Arab families who had lived in the quarter had finally been evicted and its property irrevocably expropriated on March 4, 1980, after refusing compensation and a long battle in the courts. The house of the family—its style and view of the Western Wall and the presence of its members—had “disturbed” the neighbors. The family head, Ayub Tutunji, stated that he had not wanted to move from a house that had belonged to his great-grandparents since the last century. The law of 1968 that had reclaimed the Jewish quarter and part of a neighboring quarter was, in his view, absurd and racially discriminatory. As for his Jewish neighbors, he characterized them as “multi-millionaires, but charming.”⁵

Arab inhabitants of the Old City and the rest of East Jerusalem understandably felt that Israeli actions aimed at making their lives intolerable and eventually forcing them to leave the city. The laws passed by the government furthered the interests of the Jewish population alone, and the taxes imposed on everyone, Arab and Jew alike, supported the military and administrative regime which carried out these actions by means of occupation. If there was “coexistence,” as the Israelis claimed, only the presence of armed soldiers made it possible. M. Benvenisti, the former deputy mayor of Jerusalem, admitted that polarization had become inevitable and that “in the end the forces of divisiveness, sectarianism, exclusive possession and extremism won the day.” But the Arabs had repudiated an imposed Israeli regime from the start of the occupation. And the increasing intolerance and

extremism of the state and most of its Jewish population toward the Arabs was part and parcel of that occupation.

An Israeli joke recounts that the late General Dayan took the U.S. Secretary of State, William Rogers, on a visit to the Western Wall and explained to him that if he had any wish he had but to write it on a piece of paper and place it in one of the wall's crevices. Rogers said that his wish was that Israel should return Jerusalem to the Arabs. Dayan immediately replied (in Yiddish) that if that was Rogers' wish, he might just as well knock his head against the wall.

The joke suggests Israel's intransigence. Many of the “facts” created in East Jerusalem were aimed at denying to United States policy, particularly the “Rogers plan,” any possibility of realizing its goal: the return of Jerusalem (and the rest of the occupied territory) to Arab rule. The wall, and by extension the Old City, symbolized that determination not to compromise for the Americans, or anyone else.

The 1967 war brought to the surface in Israel a moral fervor connected with religious beliefs and emotions—the feeling that the Bible had sprung to life and that the Promised Land had been delivered. That emotion reached its height with the conquest of the Old City, and particularly the Western Wall. These symbols of ancient Jewish statehood and of Zionism moved the religious (who pray three times a day for their return to the Holy City) and the secular alike. For Israelis these symbols seemed to unite them with generations of Diaspora Jewry in a new and dynamic manner. Joy and relief were expressed in the singing of what had become the most popular song in Israel—“Jerusalem, the Golden.”

Immediately after the capture of the Old City, General Dayan vowed before the Western Wall that Israelis had returned to their sacred city forever. Rabbi Goren, the chief army chaplain (now one of the country's two chief rabbis), prayed at the Wall, sounded the Shofar (the ritual ram's horn blown on the Jewish

New Year), had a bench installed for worshippers, and read from a scroll of the Law. These acts, forbidden under both the Ottomans and the British, symbolized Israel's return to and domination of the Old City. Moreover, they marked a revival, for during the Mandate the Wall had been a focus of Zionist nationalism, just as the Muslim holy places had served as a focus for Palestinian nationalism. A few days later, the transformation of the area in front of the Wall into an enormous open-air synagogue began; to do that meant demolishing the Arab houses that stood there.

The Wall has since then remained a central national and religious symbol. In the summer of 1981 British television showed a powerful and frightening film called "The Purity of the Gun"; it concerned elite commando units of the Israeli army whose task is to make regular raids into Lebanon, kill members of the PLO, and blow up houses of anyone sheltering them. The film explored the relationship between the men's religious beliefs and their activities as professional soldiers, and their existence on the metaphorical borders between legitimate killing and murder. Among

East Jerusalem: The new Jewish Quarter in the Old City.

the film's most striking and unnerving scenes was the swearing in of new recruits into the Israeli army at a ceremony by the Western Wall. The recruits are given a rifle in one hand and a Bible in the other, while the army chaplain delivers a sermon and explains that the gun can be pure if it is used for defense and a just cause.

One of the most brilliant scientists and religious thinkers in Israel today is Professor I. Leibovitch. An observant Jew, he nonetheless relentlessly criticizes the Israeli rabbinical establishment for its corruption of historical Judaism and opposes the government policy of conquest and expansion. In a long interview in a local Jerusalem weekly, he had some caustic remarks on the shrines of the Old City:

Q: In the past have you not expressed strong objection to Israeli rule over the Temple Mount [the site of the Ancient Temple and presently of the Muslim holy shrines, the Dome of the Rock and the Aqsa Mosque]?

A: The Temple Mount is a catastrophe. It brings us into conflict with the whole Muslim world of 600 million people. Holding onto the Temple Mount turns Judaism into paganism. Judaism doesn't need the Temple Mount, and it doesn't matter that according to Religious Law it is a holy place.

Q: You don't accept the term "holy place"?

A: A holy place is a paganist term. The Wailing Wall is an abomination. It's a religious discotheque. It isn't one bit holy. It's nothing. It's several stones left over from the wall of the Temple Mount. It can raise real emotional feelings, and this is what it did in the past when it was located in a narrow alleyway. As it stands today with a football field partition, it's a square to show off to tourists and for military ceremonies. And there are nonetheless people who think it's God's post office. . . . This is really the Golden Calf all over again. . . . [Zdaka 1980]

The Jewish quarter of the Old City is known as the Rova—"The Quarter"—and has become a very fashionable and expensive neighborhood. An advertisement in the *Jerusalem Post International Edition* (July 6–12, 1980) offered one of its rebuilt premises:

An elegant spacious Town House in the charming, renovated Jewish quarter of Jerusalem's Old City, facing the Western Wall, Mt. Scopus and the Mount of Olives. New semi-detached 2-storey dwelling, built of Jerusalem stone, was designed by world-renowned "Habitat" architect Moshe Safdie. Huge wall-to-wall arched windows provide a magnificent view of the Western Wall and the exciting plaza fronting it, and the Dome of the Rock. Features a luxuriously proportioned 600 sq. ft. arched living-dining room for elegant living and entertaining, 3 bedrooms, plus family room study/library, plus guest/maid's room.

Offered by owner at \$275,000.

Political facts join economic ones in Jerusalem. It has become, as Kutcher points out, a resource to be exploited in which spiritual and visual qualities are commodities bought and sold. This has happened inside the Old City, while outside of it Jerusalem is built up "as if she were the moon" (Kutcher 1973:55).

Jerusalem and Its Oriental Jews

In addition to being the city with the largest population in Israel and the occupied territories, Jerusalem also has among its Jewish population some of the most serious social and economic problems in the country. These are especially severe among the Oriental Jews who constitute the majority of the city's inhabitants. In West Jerusalem another division exists, an ethnic division between Jews of Oriental origin or descent and those of European-American background.

The Zionist ideal of the "ingathering of the exiles" and the dream of their fusion into one people on its own land has yet to be achieved within Israeli Jewish society. In Jerusalem, more than anywhere else in the country, ethnic stratification among Jews—differences between Orientals and Europeans—is expressed spatially, culturally, socially, economically, and politically. Most of the hundred-odd neighborhoods have a dominant ethnic composition and flavor. A high percentage of Oriental Jews live in slums; they are underprivileged in their living conditions, educational facilities, and economic opportunities. They have the largest families, the lowest incomes, the highest rates of delinquency and criminality. In a city with little industry, with a low tax base and high welfare costs, the Orientals, on the whole, have remained at the bottom of the social hierarchy and the Europeans at the top. Social tensions between these two groups often rise to the surface and become severe.

The pressing need to improve employment opportunities, to raise city revenues, and to provide educational and social services undoubtedly have concerned the municipal authorities. But the renewal and expansion of Jerusalem, and the quest for financial gain by developers and speculators, have exacerbated many of its social problems. Thus, the municipality and the speculators (including the Israel Lands Authority, which acts in effect as a governmental land speculator) have been advocates of a compact city with high-rise luxury residential clusters and a dense, concentrated commercial core. High density is seen as a means of pushing up land prices and furthering financial interests. At the same time the Ministry of Housing has constructed middle- and upper-income blocks of apartments in the surrounding hills, marring

the landscape and putting tremendous pressure on the city center. These buildings, the hotels for tourism and the luxury tower blocks for wealthy immigrants, act as harsh reminders of governmental favoritism and social inequalities.

Another example of how the authorities act to raise Jerusalem's economic base and change its population composition at the expense of the Orientals is the quarter of Yemin Moshe. Situated across the Valley of Gehenna and facing the ramparts of the Old City, it was until 1967 inhabited by the poor and by eccentric artists. After the war, the authorities recognized that Yemin Moshe was a potential goldmine. Properly renovated, its village charm and prime location would attract the rich and cultured. The people actually residing there, mostly underprivileged Orientals, were simply evicted with token compensation. Except for the houses of the few who stubbornly remain, Yemin Moshe was converted into an "artists' colony" for the wealthy and shown off by the authorities as an example of their preservation of Jerusalem's heritage.

Such policies had the effect of intensifying social polarization in the city, "encouraging the powerful and the privileged to exercise their power and privilege at the expense of the general public and particularly at the expense of the poor and the weak."⁶

Shortly after I arrived in Jerusalem in the spring of 1979, I met a young Israeli of Moroccan origin who had achieved some renown as one of the leaders of the Black Panthers, a movement of social protest that emerged out of the slums in the early 1970s. Saadia Marciano had been born in 1949 in a transit camp in Marseilles where Jewish immigrants waited to go to Israel. Among the 225,000 Moroccan Jews who made their way to the new state after 1948 were his parents from Ujda. Many of these immigrants, as well as some 430,000 from other Oriental countries, initially were placed in *ma'abaras*—temporary shanty towns—because of the lack of adequate housing in the country. Others went directly to *moshavs* (communal farms) and development towns. Eventually some moved to the cities, often to the slums.

Saadia's family settled in Jerusalem, in Musrara, a turn-of-the-century-built wealthy Arab Christian neighborhood that had become a battleground during the 1948 war and ended up within Israeli lines. It stretched along the border and no-man's-land, between Mandlebaum Gate and the Old City's New Gate, that separated East and West Jerusalem. Some people claimed that they had been "dumped" into Musrara by the Jewish Agency in the dead of night and awakened in the morning to find themselves faced by Jordanian gun emplacements. (This did actually happen in some border communities.) But most of the inhabitants of Musrara probably gravitated there because they wanted to live in the city and could not afford housing elsewhere.

By the early 1950s, the neighborhood had become an overcrowded slum, with five to ten families squatting in what had been single family houses, some of them in the no-man's-land. After the 1967 war did away with the border, Musrara's residents—almost all Orientals and the majority from Morocco—found themselves on some prime real estate property at the heart of the city. The authorities, intolerant of the slum character of the neighborhood, drew up an urban renewal plan that would bulldoze much of it. But the residents, bitter and proud, refused to move and to see Musrara become another Yemin Moshe; and the municipality decided to oppose the plan.

The Black Panthers emerged out of the back streets of Musrara in the early 1970s and brought some of the deep discontent of Oriental Jews against discrimination and inequalities into the forefront of the Israeli scene. When their demonstrations for improved housing, education, and employment opportunities turned into pitched battles in the center of Jerusalem against the police, they received the notoriety that they sought: some of the leaders were beaten and imprisoned; Prime Minister Golda Meir publicly declared: "They are not nice boys"; and the Panthers began trying to transform their social protest into a political movement. Their successes and failures provide a long and fascinating chapter in the rise to political consciousness of Israel's Oriental Jews; although these will not be discussed here, it is important to note that Musrara has the same problems now as it had then, and that it remains home ground for many of the individuals who played central roles in the Panther movement (cf. Soussan 1980).

Saadia was our guide and protector in Musrara; with him we looked into faces and became aware of the warmth of people and the difficult conditions of their lives. Although he has spent all his life in Israel and speaks Hebrew as his mother tongue, he still manages to converse with ease in Moroccan Judeo-Arabic, which among the older residents remains the dominant language of the neighborhood. The smells and sounds, the food and the music, the people here, are unabashedly Oriental.

On a Saturday afternoon stroll, an old man, so fair in complexion that he could only have come from Fez, stands in his doorway and jokes with us; can we find him some *mahiya* (a Jewish Moroccan alcohol made from figs)? A middle-aged man, thin and sick, without work, living in a damp cellar, tells us he is from El Jadida and vividly recounts his voyages through Morocco. Can Saadia help him to find a decent place to live? Young kids are all over the place, hanging about the steps in the alleyways, playing football and cards in the open spaces.

Jerusalem: Musrara.

We go to the house of Reuben, Saadia's friend and business partner (they had the café-bar concession then in the Artists' House in central Jerusalem). Reuben's wife is of Iraqi origin; his mother, from Colomb Bechar in Algeria, tells us that she gave birth to Reuben in Marseilles in a special barrack set up as a hospital, two months after she arrived there, and at the same time that Saadia was born; her deceased husband came from Boudnib in Southeast Morocco; they lived in a *ma'abara* in Pardess Hanna for 2 years—"it was hell"—before coming to Musrara; she has eleven children and twenty-seven grandchildren; most of them seem to be packed into the two rooms she lives in; spic-and-span and packed; there are only sleeping places there for a dozen or so; the rest no doubt have only come to visit for Sabbath lunch; we're showered with food and drinks—semitic, but especially Oriental, hospitality.

Along the street again. Three old women sit in front of a house, gossiping away in a mixture of Arabic dialects, Hebrew, and French. They are from Fez, Algiers, and Tunis, and each of them retains something of their distinctive dress from those places. Saadia prefers not to stop, does not like to listen to their inanities about his family history. We pop into the house of a couple from Salé. They are small and humorous; their house is clean and nicely arranged. Their son wants to visit Morocco; his father argues against it: for his part, he does not miss the city and country of his birth because they are ever-present in his head. (Later, I visited him one day during the week; he's asleep on the sofa, depressed, admits to me that he has not worked for 10 years.)

An old man walking down the street—the one long street that crosses Musrara, just like a village; among other activities, he takes charge of local funerals, organizes and leads the services. He looks like someone from the Atlas Mountains; and he is—from near Ouarzazat, "the area of Qa'id al-Glawi"; not a day younger than 80; he has a knowing look, lots of dignity, and treats us with a politeness and deference that goes with speaking Arabic.

Another household of people from Salé; a group of men are sitting in a little garden off the street; the head of the household is reading to the others from a book of folktales and adventure stories written in Judeo-Arabic; what he reads to them is amusing and religiously enlightening, and they sit there together every Sabbath afternoon, drinking mint tea, eating sweetmeats, bantering with one another and listening to those texts.

We go into an old, decrepit-looking house; at the end of the entrance corridor there are several renovated rooms in which some young men are living. The house, like most property here, belongs to the state—to Amidar; it is scheduled for demolition, but meanwhile it can be rented. The fellows look tough and

have names like Pedro and Coco; one of them has big muscles and close-cropped hair and wears a tight yellow undershirt; he tells me that the state has imprisoned him and his friends, effectively muzzled them by placing them on probation for 3 years (for what unaccountable crime, he does not inform me); he complains and excuses himself for his inability to speak properly. (Many Oriental Jews brought up in Israel seem to have an inferiority complex about the way they speak Hebrew; at the same time, they have a certain pride in their prominent influence in the creation of Hebrew slang.) Despite his sense of linguistic inadequacy, he strikes me as quite articulate, but he does not know that and would not believe it; the decor of the room is bizarre: a snake in a jar, a knife on the wall, and the ubiquitous stereo set.

On the way to another house, we pass three well-dressed teenagers who greet us and offer us American cigarettes; they obviously have money in their pockets; Saadia guesses that they burglarize houses, knows that they have been in jail, and imagines that they will be back there before long.

The entrance to the next place we visit is through a wild, unkempt garden at the rear of what no doubt once had been a lovely villa; we climb rear stairs to the second floor to visit another family crowded into a small, neatly kept room. Again, an older, now widowed woman who had come from Morocco to Musrara in 1950 sits with her children and grandchildren; but this woman's face is engraved in resignation and despair; her son, a carpenter with thick, strong hands, was one of the first people in the neighborhood to join the Panther demonstrations against discrimination; he talks about the past, present, and future all at once and with great anguish, anger, and animation: he has fought in all the wars; all five of his brothers have died in battle; he earns about 15,000 I.L. (Israeli pounds) a month—equivalent to around \$150—which allows him to support his family in the survival conditions we see; discrimination against Orientals in Israel is increasing, and so is their resentment; he hates the Arabs; when the next war comes, he is ready to capture Hussein or Asad, and "to bring them back alive with my very own hands." His emotions have risen to a high pitch and the gestures of his thick, strong hands show us what he has done and will do. I think that he must be a deeply disturbed man and can understand why.

The scene has etched itself into my memory, and it haunts and frightens me. Jean Mohr's eye and finger freeze and frame it in the camera's eye. Jean tells me that he is not haunted by the memories of what we witness; the shutter releases him; the film absorbs the scene. I am not sure whether the photograph retains and conveys the man's emotional state; or if it has the strength to awaken in those who view it the feelings that I experienced. I think that it does, that it haunts the memory and burns in the imagination and comes

closer to re-creating reality in one's consciousness than any other art form: but I am not absolutely certain. Still, the photo needs interpretation. Another ex-Panther:

We are in fact the natural bridge which will allow a dialogue with the Arab world, and that is why, as long as the Israeli authorities cannot understand the problem of Oriental Jews, they also cannot understand the problem of the Palestinians.⁷

Thirty-eight percent of Musrara's residents live in rooms that house three persons or more; 58 percent of the living quarters have problems of humidity; in 53 percent the toilet facilities are shared, substandard, or nonexistent; in almost a third, there is no hot water; among 25 pupils who completed the eighth grade in 1979, 3 received places in technical high schools, and none was admitted to an academic high school; 19 percent of boys 16 or 17 neither study nor work; 25 percent of those drafted into the army are rejected; 39 percent of men between the ages of 22 and 30 are unemployed, and many of them are involved in criminal activities; 65 percent of primary school pupils have one or two parents unable to read or write, and half the adult population lacks minimal schooling; the percentage of families with 6 or more members is twice that of the city's average (31 percent compared to 16 percent) (Eldar 1979).

It's difficult to understand how Arab societies neighboring Israel have succeeded in producing supersonic pilots while in Israel, considered more advanced in regard to education and technology, there are practically no pilots who come from Arab countries.

Arik Sharon, present Minister of Defense

It is reassuring that Mr. Sharon recognizes the capacities of Arab pilots, and by implication the potential capacities of Jews from Arab countries to be turned into pilots. At the same time, it is puzzling that he does not reveal an understanding of the reasons for the apparent paradox. The Oriental Jews fail to become pilots for the same reasons that they do not advance in other sectors of Israeli society in which advancement depends on training and education. Political, economic, and social forces in Israel keep the Orientals at the bottom; their residential segregation in Musrara, and throughout most of the rest of the country, is an expression in space of the inequalities they suffer in just about every way.

When the leaders of a new party for the 1977 elections, the Democratic Party for Change, negotiated with the Black Panthers regarding their entry into the party and possible inclusion in the list of candidates, they insisted that the order of candidates be determined by personal qualifications. Shalom Cohen, spokesman for the Panthers, knew what that meant:

Jerusalem: Musrara.

"We have neither professors, nor generals, nor heads of enterprises," he responded, ending the negotiations. The Panther leadership split: Charlie Bitton joined with the Rakah Communist party in an alliance—the National Front for Peace and Equality—and was high enough on the list to become elected a member of the Knesset; Saadia Marciano joined Sheli, a loose coalition of leftist groups, and by rotation eventually in 1980 had a stint in the Knesset (during which he broke with the party); the only list that went into the elections under the Panther banner, that led by Shalom Cohen and Yehoshua Peretz of Ashdod, did not receive enough votes to win a seat.

Musrara lies cheek by jowl with East Jerusalem and along the way from the orthodox Ashkenazi Jewish quarter of Mea She'arim to the Old City. On Saturdays, the religious Jews in their traditional Eastern European Sabbath finery stream back and forth to the Western Wall; the people of Musrara observe them with impatient semitolerance, thinly veiled dislike, or indifference; if Musrara people pray, it is in small local synagogues where they can hear their Oriental chants. The Arab shops—large tentlike spaces where melons are sold in the summer, and their cafés and taxi stands—do a brisk trade on the Sabbath; Jewish Jerusalem is closed down, and many Jews need cigarettes, food, and rides, Sabbath or not.

After sundown Prophets' Street, where it runs between Musrara and East Jerusalem before reaching Damascus Gate of the Old City, is filled with strollers, most of them Israelis from the Oriental communities. The cafés fill up, and people seated at small tables in

the tents eat melons and have Turkish coffee and mint tea sent over to them. It is one of those marginal areas where Jews and Arabs, however fleetingly, seem to meet on a level of equality.

In the early morning, the blatant inequality reappears along the same street: from about 5 a.m., hundreds of Arab day laborers—boys and men—begin to congregate there (as they do in various labor markets throughout the country); soon pickup trucks and vans begin to arrive, most of them driven by Jewish construction bosses; the laborers crowd around the trucks, hoping to be chosen for a day's job on some building site, or anywhere else; the bosses select bodies that look strong and negotiate the day rate of pay. The smaller and weaker must wait until later in the morning when, if they are lucky, someone will pick them up for a menial job at a ridiculous rate of pay.

Not all Arab workers have to expose themselves to this sort of humiliation to work in the Jewish sector. Most of them working in that sector have more or less fixed employ: in Jerusalem, as well as most of the rest of Israel, Arabs from both sides of the Green Line are probably now the majority of construction workers, road builders, gardeners, kitchen helpers, gas station attendants, street cleaners, night watchmen, and unskilled assistants of tradesmen. And in 1979, they made up one-third of 7,500 factory workers in Jerusalem. According to official statistics of the Central Bureau of Statistics, an average of 78,000 Arabs came from the West Bank and Gaza to work in Israel during the first quarter of 1981.⁸

At the edge of Musrara, we climb onto the roof of a house that overlooks no-man's-land and part of the Old City. The sun is going down; I am reminded that Jerusalem is a quite extraordinarily beautiful city. On the roof sit a Moroccan Jew and his wife visiting from France; his cousin, an Israeli-born wheeler-dealer restaurateur peeling off bills from a wad of money in his hand to lend to someone; a midget, passing out Marlboros; one of the tougher-looking fellows from the neighborhood, dressed elegantly and wearing a large Star of David around his neck (one of the ways in which Oriental Jews make sure that they will not be mistaken for Arabs); a man in his forties, eating watermelon seeds. They are drinking whiskey and smoking (except for one fellow who has announced that he doesn't smoke on the Sabbath). Someone has appeared with a tray carrying a pot of mint tea and some glasses. The conversation ebbs and flows on a great variety of subjects.

The man with the watermelon seeds is telling the others how he was brought to Israel from Morocco at the age of 13 in 1946. An emissary from the Jewish Agency had convinced his parents that they should send their son to Palestine to join in the fight to establish a Jewish state. They had four other children and signed an agreement to allow their oldest son to go. After managing to evade French and British troops (including escaping from a prison in Cyprus), he reached Israel. He was then sent to a kibbutz so that he should be made a man, a real Israeli. He concludes by saying that, thankfully, he only became a house painter and has remained a Moroccan. His account reflects a mixture of bitterness and humor.

The restaurateur speaks with his cousins a mixture of Moroccan Judeo-Arabic and Palestinian Arabic, spiced with bits of French and Hebrew. He says that he knows and gets along with the Palestinians very well, because they work for him. He has strong political views: the Palestinians should take over Jordan if they want a state of their own; meanwhile he is ready to slaughter them himself to punish them for the murders recently committed in Nahariya. Saadia listens patiently. Then he quietly and lucidly tries to explain: that the situation of the Palestinians is much like that of the North Africans in Israel; that they are both victimized by the same state and for the same reasons; and that they should be allies, not enemies. Saadia is very articulate and persuasive in one-to-one conversations like this. The fellow seems confused, if not totally convinced. He puts his money back into his pocket. As we leave, Saadia explains: "With all his money, that fellow nonetheless feels deep resentment and bitterness towards the government and its denigration and mistreatment of Oriental Jews, and yet he continues to exploit and hate the Arabs. He can't understand that we're being tricked. That's our problem."

Settlements in the West Bank. Source: The "Drobles Plan" (World Zionist Organization)—*Master Plan for the Development of Settlement in Judea and Samaria, 1979–1983* (Jerusalem, 1978). Appeared in *Ha'aretz* and *The Christian Science Monitor*.

To the North

We leave Jerusalem by driving from the bastion of French Hill, through that of the new University campus on Mount Scopus, both built with great haste and at enormous cost following the declaration of the U.S. Secretary of State in the early 1970s, William Rogers; they were Israel's response to the pressures put on her to retreat from the occupied territories and East Jerusalem. The University complex is literally monumental. The political decision to build it has so far cost \$130 million: \$40 million from Israeli taxes; the rest from contributions from abroad.⁹ I think of the Arab workers who constructed those deluxe buildings up there on the hills over the Old City, and of the Oriental Jewish guardians who sit at the entrances, and remember the living conditions of their homes and the statistics about how few of their children have a chance to go to a university. Of course, the same sort of situation exists just about everywhere: but here it seems worse, more incongruent, aberrant, and shameful; the buildings humiliate the landscape and the people.

The road leads around by Augusta Victoria Hospital, down to the northeastern corner of the Old City, and then onto the Jericho Road. What a relief to leave Jerusalem behind. The scenery and colors are spectacular. For a while it's possible to forget that an occupation army rules over this territory. Indeed, you can drive the 20 miles to Jericho without spotting hardly any of the Israeli colonies that have taken root on the landscape in growing numbers during the years since 1967. (The existing and proposed settlements in the West Bank are shown on the accompanying map.) The mountains are rocky and barren and the slopes precipitous and broken by valleys of great depth, as one descends from Jerusalem at 2,500 feet to the Jordan and the Dead Sea at 1,250 feet below sea level.

This idyllic ride along a magnificently paved highway and through a biblical wilderness was a fantasy and a deception. Only a few miles outside of Greater Jerusalem's municipal boundaries and less than a mile off the road, a whole new Israeli settler industrial site and town were in the process of construction. We had entered into what Israel calls Judea and Samaria, the West Bank proper, where more than 700,000 Palestinian Arabs live under the direct occupation of military rule and where, by late 1981, close to 20,000 Israeli Jewish settlers had established over 70 colonies on some 30,000 acres of land—property of private Arab owners, or the public domain of the Jordanian state.

Israelis and the Palestinians who have experienced the reality of the situation in the territories since 1967, as daily witnesses and actors, will not have been deceived by the view. Dani Rubenstein, a reporter from

the occupied territories for *Davar* (morning newspaper of the Labor party), is one of a handful of outstanding journalists who regularly have reported with honesty and courage what they have observed. Excerpts from his article—"A dunam here, a dunam there" (from an old Zionist slogan, "a dunam here, a dunam there, and we will get it all . . .")—will be quoted at some length here, because it succeeds so well in summarizing crucial features of the process of occupation and colonization in the territories:

The State of Israel in the period since 1967 has tied itself to the territories captured in the Six Day War, thereby eliminating nearly all options of concession or withdrawal. Most of the ties have been established deliberately, but some have been brought about unintentionally. A whole series of interests and of interested persons will struggle with all their might to prevent Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, and the motivations for that struggle against withdrawal are diverse.

. . . Take for example, the affair concerning the damages paid to the persons evacuated from the Rafiah Enclave [in northern Sinai]. This affair, one of the most shameful in the history of the State, has strengthened the Israeli hold over the West Bank. . . . The huge and astounding sums paid to the Jewish settlers in the Rafiah Enclave have inspired a sense of security in the hearts of the settlers of Ariel and Kiriyat Arba' in the West Bank. Imagine a young Jewish couple faced with housing difficulties in the area of Tel-Aviv. They are offered almost free housing in one of the settlements in the West Bank, 20 minutes' drive from Kfar Saba or Netanya. The young couple hesitate: should they tie their future to a settlement built on a territory which officially is not part of the State of Israel? . . . And then the sums paid as compensation to the settlers of Yamit and the moshavs of the Rafiah Enclave are published, and their worries are over. . . .

The Rabin government was the first to give in—in 1975—to demands by *Gush Emunim* to establish a "workers' camp" in order to house the workers in the industrial zone planned next to the Jericho Road near Ma'aleh Adumim. The industrial zone was nonexistent at the time and the government, having given in to *Gush Emunim*, established the small settlement. After the settlement's official endorsement, the industrial zone of *Meshor Adumim* came into existence. . . .

[text deleted by censor]

The settlements, in general, and those in the Jerusalem area, in particular, constitute the tightest knot by which the State of Israel has bound itself to the West Bank, the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights. The standard argument for this is in terms of military defense. Clearly Israel has a stake in security in the administered territories: what is debatable is the way in which this interest may best be served. By civilian settlements? Can civilian settlements satisfy the security needs of Israel? . . .

Since 1974, and particularly since 1977, a great effort has been made to settle more Israeli citizens in the settlements and to impart to this operation of settlement the image of being interrelated with military security arrangements. . . .

The Israeli Defense Force has been tying itself to the West Bank, together with these "security settlements," in a seemingly deliberate manner so that any future Israeli government will have to reconsider even the most superficial concession. The military and settlement links of Israel with the West Bank nowadays are such that no option of autonomy, even the most minute, and no Jordanian option of dividing the area is, in fact, a realistic one. . . .

A slow, but steady and quickening, binding of the Israeli economy with that of the West Bank has been going on now for 14 years. Today the ties of dependence between Israel and the West Bank are such that any break may cause immense damage. . . . The first fact is the volume of Israeli exports to the West Bank and Gaza. Hundreds, maybe thousands, of Israeli industries export goods to the million and a quarter Arabs living in the territories. If tax on tariff frontiers were established, these industries would likely suffer. The most severe form of dependence on the West Bank is the need for cheap labor from the territories. . . .

And here? In 1967, the government decided that workers in Israel would receive equal wages for equal work. To all appearances, this meant equality of wages for Arab workers from the territories with those of Israeli workers. In reality, the situation is very different. Various sums are deducted from the wages of Israeli workers for social services. The employer, for his part, also pays for workers' services. Now, in order for the wages of an Arab worker to be equal to those of an Israeli, a certain percentage has to be deducted and his employer must also contribute a certain sum (but then it would not be worth it to the employer to hire workers from the territories). Thus, an Israeli worker receives all the social benefits deducted from his wages together with the payments of his employer, while the Arab worker from the territories does not receive them.

This is most visible when it comes to children's allowances: the Arab worker does not receive these allowances even though he pays for them, and even though his employer pays for him to the Israeli National Insurance. There are many other Israeli social benefits with the same fate: birth allowance, allowances for dependent relatives, etc. . . .; employing workers from the territories directs gigantic sums of money, every month, to the government agency responsible for Arab labor in Israel . . .; this capital, worth billions, has ended up in the hands of the Israeli treasury.

The State of Israel, therefore, has a cheap labor force that disappears after work hours, and there is no need to be concerned about its welfare. From an economic point of view, this is a highly efficient use of the territories which the Israeli economy has become dependent upon. But there are moral flaws: these workers are not organized; they do not strike; they have no special demands and no organized labor struggle. The Israeli economy has become enslaved to this luxury which smells of colonialism, but which for the present proves profitable. . . .

The links cultivated and tightened with the territories beyond the Green Line extend the borders of Israel, but at the same time they enslave and strangle future solutions. [Rubenstein 1981]

Jean and I don't stop to visit any of the Jewish settlements or Arab villages on the way down to or in the Jordan Valley. Later, on my own, I will visit some villages and hear about the acute problems of agriculture, of gaining a livelihood from the land, and of having access to water, the resource upon which that livelihood depends. And thanks to those who know what has been happening in this regard and are courageous enough to speak out and write about it, ideas and pictures take shape in my mind. On water: that Israel controls and claims sovereignty over all of the waters between the Jordan River and the Mediterranean; that she takes 85 percent of the available water for 70 percent of the region's population; that one-third of the water reaching Israeli homes and farms originates in the West Bank; that the water pumped for all Arab farmers in the Jordan Valley is limited, and the drilling of wells frozen since 1967, by the Military Governor's Water Department on instructions from the Water Commissioner for the government of Israel; that the settlements, which probably now pump more water from their own wells than do the Arab farmers from theirs, flourish from water denied to Arabs and often on lands that Arabs used to cultivate; that West Bank Palestinians are convinced that Israeli talk of autonomy is a sham, and that Israel will continue to maintain control of their security, their land, and their water.¹⁰

Jericho

On the road to Jericho we pick up an old man and woman waiting for a ride alongside the road. They have come from Jerusalem, where they live throughout most of the year, and are on their way to a small house they use in Jericho during the winter. We take them to the house, two small rooms in an old neighborhood on the far side of the sleepy-looking town, and they invite us in for coffee. Jericho used to be an important winter resort for Arabs from both banks of the Jordan. Now it's mostly a stopover point for Israelis or foreign tourists to have a meal, or a drive, or to load up with tropical fruits. Our host and his wife, however, still use it as a winter retreat, and they have come here now to take some of their furniture and belongings back to Jerusalem for the summer. They have maintained the rhythm of their lives despite the ravages of history.

The old man tells me that he is 88 years old and that he fought in the Turkish army during the World War; as his white turban indicates, he has accomplished the Hajj. He has a married daughter in Jerusalem and a son with 14 children in Amman. He and his wife have an air of calmness and peace about them that is attractive, relaxing, and somewhat impenetrable. I would like to sit and talk with him at length in order to discover the pattern of his biography. I take his address with the intention of visiting him in Jerusalem, but never manage to do so.

Sometimes I *stare back* at the photographs of this man's face and expression, try to read them for what they will reveal of his personality: I see patience, pride, watchfulness, and a degree of openness. But in mentioning the last trait, I am already being influenced by the conversation we had: the exchange of words and tones of voice that had allowed him to begin to open up. I can imagine that others might see in his stare something forbidding, a mixture of fear and readiness to defend. (A colleague thought that he looked like someone watching a cobra.) I am reminded that visitors to the Middle East sometimes feel threatened by the way that Arabs seem to stare at them, that they see in their eyes an expression of hostility. Silence in such situations—the inability or unwillingness to exchange words—can encourage such negative stereotypes. Thus, paradoxically, a face becomes a mask projected by the observer.

Leaving Jericho, toward the north, there is a huge abandoned refugee camp. In 1974, when I passed by it as part of an organized tour, an Israeli army officer pointed out the camp and explained that when the June 1967 war broke out, the refugees fled across the Jordan *en masse*, "out of fear from the slaughter that they had planned against Israel." That statement, which in disbelief I jotted into my notebook, was truly a projection and a reversal of fantastic proportions.

Jericho.

The refugees from Jericho, already once exiled by the 1948 war, undoubtedly fled for a second time for the same basic reason that they had done so the first time: they distrusted the Israelis and feared for their safety. As a result of the 1967 war, over 300,000 Palestinian refugees in the West Bank, Gaza, and the Golan Heights crossed over into east Jordan and Syria to become displaced persons for the second time in 20 years. (The exoduses of the refugees are shown on the accompanying map.) How quaintly reassuring to believe that they ran from their own shadows!

The Israelis, to be sure, have felt threatened by hatred toward them, especially in 1967. Contrary to the popular stereotype, the Israelis suffer a good deal from fear and a sense of their own vulnerability. No doubt many of the Palestinians hate them with a vengeance; both are caught in a vicious circle. Israelis, however, can translate their fear into a hatred that finds expression in the organized violence and aggressiveness of a state and regular army. They become the "slaughterers"; the Palestinians become the "victims"; and "self-defense" and "security" become the rationalization for aggrandizement and exploitation. Here in the Jordan Rift Valley there is a strip of some twenty settlements with about 5,000 settlers on thousands of acres of confiscated land.¹¹

Further to the north of Jericho lies the Allenby Bridge, one of the two passageways that have been left open to allow for the movement of people and goods between the territories and Jordan. Israelis who defend the occupation point to the "open bridge policy" as an indication of the benevolence of their rule. Produce and manufactured goods from the territories are transported thereby to Jordan, and in 1979 the majority of the approximately 280,000 West Bank Palestinians who traveled abroad did so over the

Jericho.

Source: United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestinian Refugees in the Near East (UNRWA).

Jericho: An empty refugee camp.

bridges. For Palestinians, the experience of crossing a bridge back into Israeli-held territory has become one of the most painful humiliations of occupation. The Israeli military authorities at the borders blatantly treat the Arabs who arrive there as suspects and as inferiors. I have myself seen this, and many times heard accounts of harassment by insults and wanton destruction of goods being brought in from abroad.

A recent novel by a talented young woman writer from Nablus (Khalifa 1976) begins by depicting the crossing of a border by a group of people returning to the West Bank (including Usama, one of the protagonists, who has returned to organize internal resistance). The Jordanian taxi driver bringing them to the bridge moves the radio dial from the Voice of the Arabs to the French Middle East program; to BBC; to the Voice of the PLO; to the Israeli program from Jerusalem, *al Quds*—all delivering their versions of the latest news in Arabic. The driver utters an obscene curse, and looking into the rearview mirror catches the glance of Usama:

"May God help you! How can you look into their faces? The bastards speak Arabic as if they were native speakers."

"They were native speakers," Usama answers. [p. 8]

Afterward the passengers begin to speak to one another, then become silent, preoccupied with what awaits them at the border:

searches, verifications, customs . . . interrogations perhaps. And electronic devices that give out continuous whistles. And in a wooden enclosure everyone will take off each piece of clothes, and shoes and suitcases will be gone over by the electronic detectors. [p. 10]

The ordeal begins. Its description must be a caricature. A soldier calls out Usama's name several times, then insults him for not responding immediately:

"Were you in the lavatory? And how was it? Filthy as usual! *'aravim!* [the Hebrew word for "Arabs"]. We build marvellous lavatories, and they fill them with shit! Shit, here and there, and everywhere. And you lady. Give me that necklace and don't hide it in your bosom. Gold is forbidden. And you mister, what's that? A watch? For whom? For your mother? Let your mother pay for it. To the customs. And what's this—cloth for your mother? Oh, what luck she has, with the riches of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia in her hands. You reach the wells of oil and yet return here? What is it that you like here? You don't appreciate riches, but we appreciate them. In a few years we'll be there and you will need a visa to visit the Ka'ba [Islam's most holy shrine, in Mecca]. Clothes and chocolate are forbidden, forbidden my dear, forbidden sweetheart, forbidden! It's the law *adon* (Hebrew word for sir). Do *'aravim* understand what law is? Go over there for the interrogation. . . ." [p. 13]

The interrogation goes on at length and becomes a nightmare. Israeli soldiers of Iraqi origin are distinguished from those of Polish origin, but the description denies to any of them the least quality of human decency. Undoubtedly, this is an exaggerated account; but such encounters under the prevailing conditions are bound to be perceived and felt by the Palestinians as humiliations by inhuman enemies. My memory of the scene at the bridge in 1974 is of a depressing-looking place which resembled an immigrants' camp. The flow of trucks and passengers seemed well-organized, but very slow; every vehicle, every person, and every piece of luggage was minutely examined. I spoke with a man in his sixties; he was returning to East Jerusalem from Amman, where he went regularly to receive his pension from the Jordanian government for many years' work in the administration. The man was obviously straining to maintain his dignity in circumstances meant to undermine it. I was embarrassed because he thanked me with emotion in his voice and eyes for having spoken to him. As he boarded a bus, an Israeli officer walked up to me and asked what the fellow had said. I mumbled something, and he told me, "See how free they are, and well-off." I caught a glimpse of the man on the bus: he was watching us with an expression of sadness and irony. I felt the shame that haunts a reflective soldier in an occupying army.

Beyt She'an

Jean and I drove up the Jordan Valley, often along the fence that had been constructed to prevent infiltration from the east. Border guards patrol this road night and day, and we passed many command cars filled with them. To attempt to infiltrate into the territories or Israel along this border would seem a suicidal affair. Yet not many years ago, a group of Palestinians had made its way into Beyt She'an, the small town for which we were headed, and tragically killed a number of people before they were themselves killed by some of the local population.

Beyt She'an was captured by Israeli troops during the 1948 war; its Arab population of some 5,000 fled to Nazareth, the West Bank, and Transjordan. (Fairuz, one of the most famous singers in the Arab world, includes a popular song called, "Take me to Beisan" in her repertoire.) After the war it became a *ma'abara*, a transit camp for new immigrants, and it has since then grown into a development town with a population of about 14,000 (1979).¹² Most of its inhabitants are Oriental Jews: 65 percent North Africans, 10 percent Iranians, 10 percent Iraqis, 10 percent from Rumanian or other European backgrounds, and 5 percent from various other origins. One of its claims to fame is that the Minister of Housing and one of the leading personalities in the Likud party, David Levy, has lived there since the early 1950s when he came to Israel from Morocco. Levy was in the early years a construction worker; he still lives in a modest house and people are proud of that and of his success in politics.

About half of the 3,000-odd families in Beyt She'an have five or more children, and more than half of the population is less than 21 years of age (it has the seventh highest dependency ratio in the country). It ranks high among the cities and towns in the country that have serious social problems (crime, delinquency, children in institutions, welfare cases).

The mayor estimated that the labor force from the town numbered around 4,000. Two thousand—many of them women—worked in industry (including 700 in kibbutzes, 400 in textiles, and 300 in construction), the rest in services (e.g., education, health, welfare, small business). The town had some thirty small factories and seven or eight larger ones. Basically there were three residential neighborhoods: one of villas, privately owned by the better-off; another of small apartments rented by the poor (who tended to have the largest families) from Amidar, the government company; and finally a middle-class area with a mixture of rented and privately owned accommodations. The children were provided for in forty nursery schools, eight elementary schools, two schools for problem children, two occupational schools, and two secondary schools (one religious, the other secular).

Beyt She'an's mayor, it turned out, came from Morocco. He told us that he had been sent to Israel by his family as a boy and was brought up in a commune with others who had come without their parents in the Aliyat Hano'ar—"immigration of youth"—program. He seemed totally "Israelized" in his name, appearance, and manner; but people in the town were quick to tell me that his "real" family name had been typically Moroccan—Waknin.

When we stood outside the municipality later, talking with and photographing three cheerful old people from North Africa, the mayor came out and greeted them with warmth and respect. He had not forgotten, so it seemed, how to interact with people in another cultural idiom—that of North Africa. I couldn't distinguish the extent to which his behavior was spontaneous or political in this situation; no doubt it was a mixture of both. This ability of a new generation of Oriental politicians in Israel to move between two cultures—the Israeli and the Oriental—was characteristic of the development towns where a growing number of mayors were from Oriental communities, especially Moroccan; but, so far, with the significant exception of David Levy, it had not given the Oriental Jews influential positions among the national political elite.

The people we met in the poor neighborhood of Beyt She'an had difficult lives and were at least as representative of the development towns as were the mayor and others like him in the administration and schools. One fellow, also from Morocco and at one time active in the Black Panthers, lived in a small, clean apartment; he was 39 years old and had 14 children, 2 of them already married and with children of their own; half of the children were at home when we visited; like most of the Israeli and Palestinian children we saw and photographed during our journey, they were beautiful; the beauty of children here (is there anywhere where children are not beautiful?) was especially troubling: they had everyone's hopes for the better future and yet the land seemed permanently filled with enmity and violence.

The man whom we were visiting had been unwell, physically and emotionally, since he arrived from Morocco at the age of 14. He had been unable to keep a job of any sort since then. He lived from welfare payments of about \$110 a month and had a feeling of despair about Israel and his own life. But he believed that the lives of his children would make up for his own: they represented his challenge to and defiance of the state. Another fellow, a Tunisian married to a woman from Egypt, had similar circumstances and more articulate anger. "We haven't any strength any longer," he told me; "we've been screwed and we're finished; it's only for the kids now."

Beyt She'an.

Beyt She'an.

Father and son.

People like this, and we met many of them, constantly expressed feelings that combined resignation, bitterness, frustration, and anger. Time after time we heard the refrain: "Everyone for himself and God for everybody." The children would make it, get ahead through education (the Third World, postcolonial dream). The Promised Land had been denied to them, because it didn't exist. Their attitude was the other face of the cynical view of the Israeli establishment, that the Oriental immigrants were the "generation of the desert"; that they had to be sacrificed and that their children alone would have places in Israeli society.

The schools we visited in Beyt She'an were packed with kids. The classes looked mostly overcrowded, and the children seemed to have the run of the place. They looked happy and brimming with self-confidence. The teachers appeared to have control over the children, without exercising apparent authority or maintaining strict discipline. The Gilboa primary school, like most of the other schools we saw here and elsewhere, had a pleasant feeling about it. The principal who had emigrated from Morocco in 1949 had studied in the same school he now headed. Besides the relaxed atmosphere of the school, only one other thing was noteworthy: the principal wore a pistol, and a uniformed soldier, doing his reserve duty in the army, sat on a bench in the schoolyard with a rifle on his knees. The Israeli-Palestinian conflict had a presence just about everywhere.

The soldier was quite integrated into the scene. We talked. He had come to Israel from Iraq in 1952.¹³ He had worked for the Histadrut construction company of Solei Boneh for the past 25 years, and was earning about \$160 a month. He had 10 children, 3 of them in the army, and lived in one of the small apartments rented by Amidar. Next to him on the bench, a young fellow in his early twenties was sadly complaining about his lot: both of his parents had been killed in the terrorist attack some years before; he had been taught in various schools and trained to work as a carpenter, but he could not find work at a decent wage and bitterly demanded that the state provide him with a living. The man replied and gave him the patient advice of a father: to have dignity and honor one had to work and to learn to speak like a human being. These notions of dignity and honor and of work and proud speech were, in fact, the touchstones of traditional Oriental values among Jews and Arabs.

One of the largest textile complexes in Israel, Kitan, has factories in Beyt She'an, Dimona, Nazareth, and Ra'anana. It employs some 3,000 workers and exported \$29 million worth of goods in 1980, most of them to Western Europe. We visited the Beyt She'an factory and were shown around by a man in his late forties who gave us a running commentary in fluent Hebrew: "The factory had 750 workers on three shifts;

Beyt She'an.

these included men and women, 75 percent of them from Beyt She'an and the rest from surrounding Arab villages; the woman on the right with the red scarf was a "parsî" (from Iran); the tall, handsome girl with braids, from the Arab village of Tuba; and that fellow over there from Marrakesh. . . ." The great majority of the workers were Oriental Jews and Arabs; on the basis of appearance, it was almost impossible to draw a distinction between them. After the tour, we sat down with our guide for a cup of coffee. It soon transpired that our inability to distinguish Arab and Jew in the factory extended to the guide himself: he was a Druze Arab from a nearby mountain village and invited us to his home for the night.

Sakhneh and Some Digressions on Terminology, Demography, and Identities

Not far from Beyt She'an, along the road to Afula, is a beautiful park with several connected lakes fed by underground sources. In the summer heat of the Jezreel Valley, it makes a marvellous spot for a rest, a swim, and a picnic. Although the site has a Hebrew name, Gan Hashelosha (Garden of the Three, in memory of three young Jews killed here by Arabs in 1938), everyone still seems to call it by its original Arabic name: Sakhneh. The crowd here includes Arabs and Jews. An Arab joke says that the only way to distinguish the two peoples at a beach is by dress: Arabs will inevitably wear smart clothes on such an occasion, while Jews will not care about their attire at all. We talked to a group of "moshavniks" on a day trip from the Ashkelon area in the south, some soldiers on leave, and two young couples, one of them on their honeymoon. The last, better dressed, turned out to be Arabs, villagers from both sides of the Green Line. The fellow from the West Bank worked as a blacksmith in "Beisan" (we had moved from Hebrew to Arabic); the other, who lived in Israel proper, earned his livelihood as a taxi driver in Acre; both their wives worked as well.

The two couples were close friends, possibly relatives. By what ethnic, national, or religious labels should we define them? By which would they define themselves? And how would the Israelis label them? So far, I purposefully have been using inconsistent labels not in order to confuse the reader, but because usage by the peoples concerned is usually inconsistent: it is relative and contextual, and at times seems arbitrary. I can identify the couple from the West Bank as "Palestinian Arabs," the other couple as "Israeli Arabs." The distinction, based on a notion of geography and citizenship, is a formal one and charged with connotations and recognitions. But in the situation, such a distinction is mostly didactic; in common-sense everyday terms they will refer to themselves as Arabs, or Palestinians, or Palestinian Arabs, or by reference to their religious community, or locale, depending on circumstances and interlocutors. On this occasion, they chose to say they were Arabs and villagers.

Emil Habibi, a talented "Israeli Arab" writer, sees all this as an absurd paradox: those areas of Palestine not occupied by the Jewish state in 1948 were carved up by the Arab states; the occupation of those territories by Israel in 1967 reestablished the physical entity of a Palestinian state. In the complex process, Sa'id, the hero of Habibi's brilliant novel (1974), understandably loses both his identity and his mind. The discourse of Sa'id is about all of the protagonists—Jews and Arabs in all of their guises—at one and the same time; and it attacks all sorts of ethnic and national mythologies and impostures.

Another "Israeli Arab" writer (and a leading Hebrew journalist for *Ha'aretz*) begins his English autobiography with a similar paradox:

Ruskin College, Oxford, September 1971. Like other new students I am invited to stand up and introduce myself, I begin: "Atallah Mansour from Jerusalem, Christian, Catholic, Greek Catholic, Israeli, Arab . . ." Everyone bursts into laughter. [Mansour 1975]

In 1974, on a guided tour, I visited a new Israeli kibbutz on the Golan Heights. Our group was shown around by one of the members of the kibbutz, a tough-looking, tough-talking fellow with a thick New York accent. I drifted away from the group and began to chat with some construction workers on a building site. When I asked one of them where he was from, he answered "from Palestine!" When I pressed further, he answered, "from Nazareth." Later I rejoined the group. An army officer was asking the kibbutznik where the construction workers came from. He answered: "What do I care, they're Arabs, what's the difference?" Two political statements. Perceptions of oneself, or of others, in this land often reduce categories to the most simplified of types—Arab, Jew, Palestine, Israel. . . .

In 1945, the combined population of British Mandate Palestine was about 1.85 million: of these some 1.3 million (69.4 percent) were Arabs and approximately 560,000 (30.6 percent) Jews. Immediately after the 1948 war, the Arab population in the area controlled by the state of Israel had declined from roughly 750,000–900,000 to about 156,000 (19 percent), of whom some 30,000 were internal refugees. Approximately 600,000–850,000 Arabs had fled or been expelled from their homes in the territory now under Israeli sovereignty: about one-quarter to Gaza, somewhat more than one-third to the West Bank, and most of the rest to Transjordan, Lebanon, and Syria.¹⁴ With the massive immigration of Jews after the establishment of the state, the Arab minority within Israel in 1955 was only 11 percent of the population, despite a rate of natural increase that doubled that of the Jews.

Since 1948 the Jewish population has increased more than fivefold to reach about 3.3 million. At the same time, and without significant immigration, Israel's Arab minority has grown in numbers at an even faster rate, and in early 1981 totalled some 525,000 persons (14 percent of Israel's population; this figure excludes the more than 100,000 Arabs living in East Jerusalem; the total population of the occupied territories is about 1.3 million; the Palestinians outside of the former Mandate area now number some 2.3 million) (Kapeliouk 1981; Abu Lughod 1980). Israeli Arabs (and Palestinian Arabs, in general) have maintained a rate of natural increase in excess of 4 percent since 1948; it is one of the highest rates of growth in the world. That process, taken to-

gether with the occupation of territories in which over one million Palestinian Arabs now live, has profound demographic implications for the future. One Israeli view of these—an antiannexationist view—appeared in a review of Friedlander and Goldscheider's *The Population of Israel* (1979):

Implicit in this scholarly volume lies a grim and serious warning of the dangerous implications of annexationist tendencies, based not on politics or morality but on purely demographic considerations. . . .

If the democratic nature of the State of Israel is accepted, and a regime of repression and the establishment of Bantustans are rejected, the facts speak for themselves. Taking medium figures for fertility and immigration, the projected population of the country, including the administered areas, will be 6.7 million in 1990, and some 10 million in 2010. Already by the latter date, the Jewish population could well be only 45% of the total. . . .

With the possibility that fertility trends are not likely to be reversed, that immigration will in all likelihood not much exceed its present level, and allowing for *yerida* [Hebrew "descent,"] i.e. emigration (which, for some reason, is largely ignored by the authors in this book), the Jews would be a minority in less than 30 years from now.

. . . if we exclude the administered areas, the projected population . . . , under medium assumptions, is for a total population of 4.8 million in 1990, of whom 3.9 million will be Jews, and of 6.9 million in 2010, of whom 5.4 million will be Jews—a reasonable proportion to ensure the continuing Jewishness of the State. . . .

In the Arab sector, the authors foresee an increasing numerical domination by the Moslem elements of the Christians and Druze. Already the proportion of Moslems has risen from 70 to 75, and by 2010 is likely to be over 80% with the Christians under 10% of Israel's Arabs. . . .

. . . the statistics of natural increase speak for themselves: 40 per 1,000 for Arabs, 17 per 1,000 for Jews. We are no more going to turn this tide than King Canute.¹⁵

Israelis worry about the demographic pattern and the projected population figures, and some Palestinians find them encouraging. This has not, however, led to a readiness on Israel's part to leave the territories or to recognize the equal citizenship of Arabs living within Israel. The government's policy consistently has aimed at controlling the Arab population on both sides of the Green Line and at dividing in order to rule. Policies at times also sought or acted to encourage Arabs to emigrate and to lower their rate of natural increase. And the concentration of Arab population in certain areas, especially in the Galilee but now in the territories as well, has been dispersed by the implanting of Jewish settlements on expropriated Arab land. Such policies have been legitimized in terms of national security, Judaization of Arab-populated areas, and regional development. The result has been to reduce as much as possible the extent of

Sakhneh.

Ramallah youths.

Nazareth: Schoolchildren.

Bedouin schoolchildren in the Negev.

Children in a refugee camp near Hebron. Dimona: High-school graduating class.

land owned or claimed by Arabs. Since the election of the Likud government in 1977, the discriminatory measures toward the Arab community in Israel, as well as repression in the occupied territories, have increased significantly.

The Arabs of Israel exist as an entity, legally and extralegally distinctive from the Jews. At the same time, the Arab community is internally differentiated in a variety of ways, and the state reinforces some of these differences to further fragment the Arabs. Thus, it recognizes three separate religious communities—Muslims, Christians, and Druze—but accords them different rights and obligations as well.

The Druze, an offshoot sect of Shi'ite Islam, are mostly villagers in the Galilee and on the Carmel. They comprise about 8 percent of the Arab population. (In Israeli terminology, they are a separate, non-Arab, minority people, regardless of the fact that their language and culture are Arabic.) The Druze are conscripted into the army and form the most important part of the border guard, a group especially fearsome in the territories; they also have been used to clean up crime in Tel-Aviv and as bodyguards for the Prime Minister. Because they serve in the army, they enjoy the preferential rights of veterans for loans, housing, etc. Although the state apparently had succeeded in coopting the Druze and creating among them a national consciousness, in recent years some of their young people have become identified with the Arab or Palestinian cause and have refused to serve in the military. This has led to arrests and uncertainties within the Druze community.

Christians comprise about 17 percent of the Arab population and are internally divided into a number of denominations. Most of them live in urban areas or large villages. They may volunteer to serve in the military, but few of them do so. Many Christians have long been active in political movements that place a high emphasis on Arab or Palestinian identity.

Muslims, the majority of the Arab population, live mostly in villages and small towns. They include about 40,000 Bedouin at various stages of sedentarization. Two-thirds of the Bedouin live in the Negev, and the rest have their homes in the Galilee. Muslims, except for a small number of Bedouin, may not serve in the military.

To conclude the statistical profile of the Arabs in Israel: about half live in cities or towns (as compared to 90 percent among the Jewish population). These include two wholly Arab cities—Nazareth (40,000) and Shafaram (more than 15,000)—and cities in which they form a minority—Acre, Haifa, Jaffa, Maalot-Tarshiha, Lydda (Lod), Ramleh, and West Jerusalem. About 60 percent live in the Galilee, 20 percent in the Little Triangle, and 9 percent in the Negev. Geographical isolation or separation from the Jewish population in regard to residence is almost everywhere

the rule—in the two Arab cities, in the 103 Arab towns (about a dozen of which now have populations in excess of 10,000) and villages, and in the 40 Bedouin encampments. The 10 percent of the Arab population living in mixed cities are on the whole in residentially segregated neighborhoods. Although at least 65 percent of Arab employees and workers come into daily contact at work with Jewish coworkers and employers, segregation—in most institutions and organizations and in special departments for Arab affairs in government ministries and in the Histadrut trade unions—is the rule in regard to most noneconomic aspects of people's lives.

Perhaps most important is the fact that people who in the past generally derived their livelihood from working the land now do so to an ever-lessening extent. Most Arabs in Israel today have been completely absorbed in the wage economy. They have become proletarianized and earn a living as unskilled or semi-skilled workers in those sectors of the economy that are managed and owned by Jewish employers. They are the first to be laid off in a recession and the last to be rehired when the economy begins to expand. This economic dependence, like political dependence, has kept the Arabs of Israel weak and fragmented. Nonetheless, they have demonstrated, at times violently, against Israeli expropriation of their land.

Israeli government policy toward the Arabs has succeeded, on the whole, in its primary objective of control: the Arabs have been neither integrated nor absorbed; they have remained socially segregated; important resources have been extracted from them; their behavior has been regulated and directed to serve the interests of the Jewish majority. At the same time, the dynamic of change within the Arab community has not been absent: traditional beliefs and patterns of social interaction have eroded, slowly but steadily; the Rakah party has provided a framework for the organization and expression of discontent and opposition to government policy; and the wider context of the territories and the Arab-Israeli conflict has contributed to a growing sense of identity as Palestinians among most Arabs in Israel. These broad lines are meant to provide a background to description. On the voyage taken by Jean and me, we collected images and words to evoke scenes and situations. The scholarly arguments and interpretations are to be found elsewhere.¹⁶

Maghar

Jean and I found our way to the Druze village of Maghar where we had been invited to spend the night by the man who had guided us around the Kitan factory in Beyt She'an. It is a beautiful spot, high up in the mountains overlooking the Sea of Galilee. The village nestles into the mountainous landscape, and the road leading through it is badly paved, steep, and winding. Our host lives near the top in a large, new, ornate, and still incomplete house. He has a large family and proudly introduces us to his children and wife, and to a half-dozen male visitors, most of them close relatives. We enjoy the hospitality and generosity for which Arab culture is justly famed.

After the evening meal we begin to talk. Clearly our host is doing very well for himself; he earns a good income and lives well; it becomes obvious in the course of conversation that he also identifies his interests and well-being with those of the state of Israel in its present circumstances. In the situation, I am hesitant to ask questions about economics and politics, to appear impolite. But, no matter, the subjects arise on their own. The Druze in Maghar, and in other Druze villages, no longer have a consensus in their attitudes toward the state and toward Israelis. In the local council, a candidate standing in the name of Rakah has won the elections and become head of the council for the first time since the establishment of the state. Young men are beginning to refuse to serve in the military. Some of those who have received a higher education are openly and aggressively identifying with the Arab and/or Palestinian cause in Israel and the territories.

In Maghar these dissensions and conflicts were, on this occasion and in our presence, muted and only alluded to in passing. But there was an unmistakable tension and uneasiness among the men when they talked about Druze attitudes to and relations with the state and its Jewish citizens. Visits to other Druze communities and accounts in the press helped to explain the tension and unease.

In a series of articles in *Zu Haderekh* in August–September 1979, Joseph Galili described the situation of Arabs in the Galilee. Three years earlier a secret memorandum prepared by Israel Koenig, the Ministry of Interior official responsible for the Northern District, had been leaked to the press. The “Koenig Report” included a number of recommendations aimed at maintaining control over the Arab population, especially the younger and more troublesome generation. It also criticized those who had responsibility for the Arab sector in the various government ministries—who, it so happened, were Oriental, Arabic-speaking Jews—because their “mentality” resembled that of the Arabs (i.e., they lacked the capacity for “objective” and “rational” thinking).¹⁷

Koenig made the following recommendations: a widening and deepening of Jewish settlement in those areas where the Arab population was concentrated in large numbers; an examination of the possibilities of thinning out the existing concentrations of Arab population; a policy of reward and punishment (according to law) toward leaders and communities who expressed in any way enmity to the state; the encouragement of a new Arab leadership and an Arab party; the appointment of a special group to investigate the personal habits of the leaders of Rakah and other “negative” personalities and make those known to the public; a decrease in the number of students in higher education, and encouragement to take up technical professions and the natural sciences; facilitation in travel abroad for study, and greater difficulties in returning and in finding work—a policy to encourage students’ emigration; intensification of the presence of police and security forces in the Arab streets.

Although this report was criticized in Israel and abroad as a racist document against the Arab population (and by implication against Oriental Jews as well) and despite demands made to remove Koenig, he has continued to hold his post until the time of this writing. Moreover, since the Likud came to power in 1977, Koenig has received increased government support and some of his recommendations have begun to be followed. Thus, for example, the establishment of “lookout posts,” as part of a policy of Judaization of the Galilee and on lands expropriated from the Arab population, has become commonplace. This policy does not exclude Druze villages.

Rameh. An Arab town in Galilee.

A word of apology to the reader: the photographic essay does not do the same things as photojournalism. The photographs do not show "expropriation of Arab land" or "Judaization of the Galilee" in any direct way. Rather, they show children, young and old generations, workplaces, homes, schools, the layout of the land. Each set of these photographs is associated in my mind with a chain of thoughts, memories, and experiences, and is related to reams of notes and documents. The Druze village recalls an interaction with people; then the whole problem associated with Druze identity in Israel wants to be heard; then selections from the literature and press clippings that eloquently, in facts and descriptions, portray that problem stand ready to appear.

When I look at the photographs, they awaken a consciousness formed by what has lodged itself in my memory and understanding. Yet that consciousness is given expression in a flow of ideas and words that extends far beyond the photographs themselves. I can at best try to suggest, as briefly as I know how, the direction of the flow. I exercise immense self-control in writing no more about the ambiguous Druze, at this time, just as I have tried to do in regard to Beyt She'an and the submerged violence that exists there between the Oriental inhabitants of the town and the Ashkenazi kibbutzniks for whom they work.

Sometimes I mistrust the photographs. I wonder if they show what I now want to tell; paradoxically, nonetheless, I am confident that they imply and include my tale and, of course, much more. The difference is that the writer's frame is expandable, while the photographer's is fixed. Implications in the photograph cannot be explicated, except by looking harder and longer.

Meiron

About 5 miles west of Safed, and along the road to Acre, lies a small orthodox Jewish settlement called Meiron. Before 1949 it was the site of an Arab village. Not far from the settlement a road branches off to the right and leads to the shrine of Meiron. Rabbi Shim'on Bar Yohai (RASHBI), the author of the Zohar, and his son, Eleazer, are thought to be buried there. They lived in the second century at the time of Roman rule.

Every year a pilgrimage festival, known as Lag Be'Omer, is celebrated there. "Lag" are letters of the Hebrew alphabet (*lamed gimmel*) whose numerical value equals thirty-three. 'Omer, literally a sheaf of grain, refers to the period between the festivals of Passover and Shavu'ot.

The 'Omer period, since the time of Talmudic Judaism, took on a character of semimourning: marriages were prohibited, the cutting of hair not allowed, the playing of musical instruments banned. The mourning was apparently associated with a plague that decimated the disciples of Rabbi Akiba. On the thirty-third day of 'Omer, all the restrictions otherwise in force during the month are suspended, and in some Jewish communities the restrictions permanently cease on this day. The date receives mention for the first time in a fourteenth-century rabbinic commentary, and in the seventeenth century it becomes associated with a pilgrimage to Meiron. Explanations for the significance of Lag Be'Omer vary, but most refer to Rabbi Shim'on Bar Yohai. According to the tradition of the Kabbalists, at his death Bar Yohai revealed to his disciples many of the secrets that were subsequently incorporated into the Zohar, the principal text of Jewish mysticism.

In the Zohar, Lag Be'Omer is called the *hillula* of Rabbi Shim'on Bar Yohai. *Hillula* is a Hebrew word which literally means a "wedding between heaven and earth." It is used to refer to a festivity, especially a wedding, to the anniversary of the death of a famous rabbi and to the rejoicing and pilgrimage associated with it. Indeed, the death of a saintly man is considered a mystical marriage of his soul with God. Such *hillulas* for saintly men were and, to some extent, still are widely practiced in North Africa. For example, a *hillula* for Bar Yohai—a procession of ornamented candlesticks followed by feasting and music—takes place each year in Djerba. And in Morocco (and now in Israel) a *hillula* called *mimuna* is celebrated on the first day after Passover.

In May 1979, on Lag Be'Omer, Jean and I were among the 80,000 pilgrims who came to Meiron. The area around the shrine was filled with people who had camped there during the night. Most of them had set up tents and tables and chairs. They were eating, drinking, playing music, dancing, sleeping, or wandering around observing one another and the goods

for sale that had been set up by hawkers. The crowd was decidedly Oriental, and so was the atmosphere—the sounds of music and voices (a mixture of Arabic and Hebrew as pronounced by Oriental Jews) and the smells of food. The scene bore a striking resemblance to the pilgrimage fairs celebrated in Morocco by Muslims and Jews alike.

As we approached the building of the shrine that housed the tombs of Bar Yohai and his son, the composition of the crowd changed. Inside the courtyard most of the men were dressed in the typical clothing of orthodox Eastern European Jews—long black coats and black or fur hats. And they were dancing to and singing Hasidic melodies, all the while carrying their small male children on their shoulders. On the roof of the building were two enormous illuminations of burning oil. The religious custom for Lag Be'Omer consisted of prayer at the tombs of the saintly men and around the fires, singing and ecstatic dancing, throwing costly garments and money into the burning oil, and the ceremony of *halaqa* (an Arabic term for "haircut") when the hair of small boys was cut for the first time and the locks thrown into the fire.

The contrast between the two crowds—the one European, the other Oriental—and the way in which they had divided the space of the shrine and its surrounding area was quite striking. The event had taken on the character of an Oriental pilgrimage-fair in its overall effect, but at the center European Jews controlled and orchestrated the religious ritual. They held the keys to the temple.

Some practices associated with Lag Be'Omer, it should be noted, displeased European rabbis and provoked their criticism; for example, the burning of clothes was considered a transgression against the prohibition of purposeless waste. New theories reflecting religious Zionism were also advanced to explain the significance of the celebration: that it marked the anniversary of some great but brief triumph by Judeans in their war against the Romans, possibly the recapture of Jerusalem; or the victory of Bar Kochba in the revolt he led against the Romans; or that Bar Yohai had been a leading figure in the revolt and had lost his life in battle.¹⁸

In one of the tents we visit there is a beautiful copper tray; a craftsman has engraved into it a bust of Moshe Dayan and a Hebrew inscription dedicated to him. The tray is about ten years old, and Dayan still has then the title of Minister of Defense. In Morocco the Jews, and some of the Muslims, used to claim Dayan as one of theirs (his name was a common Moroccan Jewish name). In Israel, at the same time (between the wars of 1967 and 1973), the Oriental Jews called Dayan "the Messiah King." By 1979, he had lost most of that charisma and there were new charismatic heroes.

The tray, like the posters of Bar Yohai sold at Meiron, demonstrated that at least some of the Oriental Jews associated Lag Be'Omer with military heroism. In the homes of many Jews from Morocco the poster portraying Bar Yohai hung on the wall alongside photographs or portrayals of famous Moroccan rabbis. In the iconography of these holy men, Bar Yohai may be a kind of warrior-saint. This type of hero fits a pattern of charismatic leadership that has been characteristic of Morocco at different times in its history—a readiness to fight and to die for one's faith. Nonetheless, my overall impression from observing and talking with the pilgrims to Meiron was that they had come on a spring outing to enjoy themselves and to receive whatever blessing they might by visiting the tombs of the saintly men buried there. For the North African Jews such an attitude was very much in the spirit of the *hillulas* they had celebrated in their countries of origin.

The pilgrimage-fair at Meiron brought together Oriental and European Jews, but it did not integrate them. The separation existed here, as it did in most sectors of life in Israel. The inequalities and imbalances should be noted: the ultra-orthodox European Jews, a minority but nonetheless at the center, dominated the ritual aspect of the pilgrimage; the Oriental Jews, although a majority, remained on the periphery. This pattern of acculturation partly fits that described by the Israeli writer Nissim Rejwan; but at Meiron less

Meiron.

malleability and stronger cultural roots are manifest among Orientals than Rejwan's analysis suggests:

... the acculturation process undergone by the Oriental newcomer and his children in the religious field has been as fast and as wideranging as that they have undergone in other spheres of culture. Many specifically East European religious customs and mores which with the passage of time became completely identified with Jewish religious precepts have been adopted by the Orientals and their rabbis with no objections voiced. Among these: the universal use of skullcaps, in and outside the houses of prayer, at the dining table and away from it; burial rites, gravestones and visitations of the dead; the religious—as against the State's—ban on bigamy; and many points of differences in the liturgy, minor manners of *Kashrut*, etc.

In all these fields, the Sephardi rabbinate and population embraced the norms of the dominant group unquestionably. (Note: this, it is to be remarked, despite the fact that in Israel differences between the two large ethnic divisions—the Ashkenazi and the Sephardi—are practically the only cultural differences tolerated and indeed institutionalized by the society. Hence, perhaps, the relatively slow pace of acculturation in this field.) ... this readiness seems to this writer to be a measure of the frailty of the Oriental newcomer's cultural power of resistance confronting a dynamic and aggressive dominant culture. As such, it can be seen as merely part of the general pattern of the Oriental's attempt to make the best of a difficult and trying situation. [Rejwan 1979:109–110]

Many examples could be given to sustain the above argument about the dominance in Israel of Ashkenazi culture and religious style. Yet for a variety of reasons, which include nonacceptance by the Ashkenazis and resistance by the Orientals, acculturation has been at most partial or apparent. Explanations for the lack of integration and acculturation must refer to Israel's political economy and the historical process of its formation from the prestate period until the present, and to fundamental, perpetuated differences in culture among the various communities that compose Israeli Jewish society.

Many journalists and social scientists have written about and studied the conditions of life among the Oriental Jews in Israel over the past decades. They have emphasized and explained, in one way or another, the social inequalities and bitterness experienced and felt by the immigrants from Africa and Asia and their children. Israelis' awareness of their "ethnic problem" has existed since at least 1948; but only since the election of the Likud party in 1977, and especially its reelection in 1981, has that awareness become widespread, openly admitted, and a basis for deep concern.

The dominant attitude of the Israeli establishment until the late 1970s was based on Zionist ideology—"the ingathering of the exiles"—and American theories of assimilation, especially the notions of modernization and "the melting pot." Oriental Jews were portrayed, for internal and external consumption, as

"refugees" who had "fled" their (largely Arab) countries of origin and become "absorbed" into Israel by their fellow Jews,¹⁹ a gross and often blatantly false generalization that encouraged anti-Arab sentiments.

The Israeli press during the first large wave of immigration from North Africa at times took a blatantly colonial stance, racist or romantic:

A serious and threatening problem has been posed by the immigration of a race which we have never known in this country. . . . It is a people whose primitiveness reaches the absolute. Their level of education is that of total ignorance. More serious is their inability to absorb anything intellectual. They are completely dominated by primitive and savage passions.²⁰

It is precisely the "race" we need. We have suffered from an overdose of intellect. We have need, like air to breathe, of large injections of simplicity, of the natural, of ignorance, of brutality. These simpletons, these infantile Jews with their simplicity and natural intelligence are an elixir of life for our overly intellectual anxiety.²¹

The Israeli public and Jewish publics abroad have learned little, if anything, of the complexity of North African or Near Eastern Jewish communities, of the elaborate cultures that they had developed in their countries of origin, of their social and economic structures, or of the varied reasons that led them to decide to emigrate to Israel. An awareness of those aspects only has begun in the past few years, and on the whole they remain clouded by prejudice and confusions.

Meanwhile, social scientists were discovering the difficulties of and the obstacles to absorption and integration. Moshe Shokeid, studying Moroccan immigrants, described how when each village of immigrants was allocated to one of the political parties in Israel, the "messianic joy" of its members gave way to bitterness and frustration. Already in the mid-1960s, Alex Weingrod presented a clear view of Israel's emergent social stratification:

The basis of ethnic stratification should by now be clear. As might be expected, the major prestige criterion is the similarity between the immigrants and the veteran European settlers. The closer the conformity, the higher the rank. Ashkenazim are ranked higher than Middle Easterners, or Sephardim. . . . This rift is fundamental and it runs throughout the society.²²

A further source of information and a reflection of the intercommunal tensions and conflicts among Israeli Jews appeared in the activities and publications of protest groups that formed among the Orientals themselves. Thus in the Black Panther newspaper printed in its sixth year, one found in an article entitled "You are not alone, the Panthers are with you" the following:

Meiron.

Tell me where you live, and I will tell you the future of your children. If you live in Hatikva [a slum of Tel-Aviv] or the Katamons [Jerusalem slums], or Kfar Shalem [a moshav] or Beyt She'an, one thing is certain: the chances of your child's being a pilot, or an engineer, or a lecturer in the University, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or a general in the Israel Defense Forces are nil. These professions belong to the children of Rehavia and Savion [rich neighborhoods in Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv] and Kibbutz Mishmar Haemek. If you live in one of the "white" and rich neighborhoods the chances of your son becoming an unskilled worker in a textile factory or a municipal garbage collector, or a "graduate" of Tel Mond, Dimon and Ramleh prisons are almost nil. These professions belong to the children of the "black" neighborhoods.²³

The anger and bitterness of many Oriental Jews in Israel, their separation from and lack of socioeconomic equality with European Jews, the ethnic stratification of the country and its relations to politics, fundamental differences of culture, and elements of political consciousness and ambitions could and did come together in specific instances. Lag Be'Omer in Meiron presented an opportunity for some of these processes to emerge. A more dramatic example of their emergence found expression in another *hillula*, that of *mimuna*, celebrated in Jerusalem on the first day after the end of the Passover week.

The *mimuna* was (and is) traditionally celebrated by Jews in Morocco as a spring festival to mark vernal renewal and to praise God for his blessings. Usually it took the form of a huge picnic outside a city.

In Israel, the celebration of the *mimuna* came through the initiative of a Moroccan immigrant, Shaul Ben Simhon, who had become a member of the Central Committee of the Histadrut, Israel's major labor union. He played an active role in the Labor party in which his major function was to mobilize the North African vote in support of Labor. He also had been a central figure in the attempts by the government and the party to coopt leaders of the Black Panthers after they began to achieve notoriety in the early 1970s. The *mimuna* organized in Jerusalem was a spring outing, but it also became a mass rally of North Africans, most of them Moroccans; a podium was set up in the middle of the Valley of the Cross and in the midst of the picnics, party leaders and government officials appeared and gave speeches. The occasion had been seized for political manifestations.

In May 1981 at the *mimuna*, Shimon Peres, the leader of the Labor Alignment opposition party, mounted the speaker's platform in order to greet the celebrants. He was received by a barrage of oranges and tomatoes. Neither Peres nor the Secretary General of the Histadrut, also on the platform, was able to speak. The jeers and shouting of the hostile crowd eventually forced them to descend and to beat a hasty retreat. Later Prime Minister Begin and Minister of Housing David Levy appeared and the crowd ecstatically welcomed them and applauded their speeches.²⁴ The Labor party spokesman talked of a "Likud plot," and it is quite possible that Likud supporters had actively provoked the hostility of the crowd. This event, in retrospect, was seen by commentators as the beginning of the violence that marked the 1981 election campaign.

The violence that rose to the surface in 1981 and the hostility of Moroccans and many other Oriental Jews toward the Labor party—which had dominated the country uninterruptedly from 1948 to 1977—were deeply rooted. By transforming the *mimuna* from a religious to a political manifestation, the Labor party had helped unleash energies that eventually it could no longer control. As we shall see later, in the minds of most Oriental Jews the Labor party has become identified with Ashkenazi interests.

There are really two levels of separation here: on the one hand, separation in religious styles between Orientals and religious Europeans—the example of Lag Be'Omer; on the other, a separation in political identifications between the Oriental supporters of Begin's Likud party, and the Europeans identified with Labor—the example of *mimuna*. In short, both manifestations demonstrate ethnic separation, but they do so in different ways.

Another element must be added here: the assumption that the Oriental Jews form and act as a cohesive group can be misleading. That is the case only toward outsiders, non-Oriental Jews in Israel, and even there the sense of unity is at best precarious. Identities of separate ethnic groups—of Moroccans, Iraqis, Tunisians, Syrians, Egyptians, Iranians, Yemenites, Georgians, etc.—remain very strong; and jealousies and enmities among these groups and the differences in their cultures—whatever the similarities in their objective conditions of life—can be and often are exceedingly sharp. The weaknesses and vulnerabilities of Orientals partly derive from these divisions.

From Safed to Peki'in

In Safed, we observe another vivid and saddening example of the tendency of Jews and Arabs to behave according to tribal solidarities. In one of the old and venerated synagogues of the city there is a group of well-dressed tourists. They are speaking a mixture of French and Arabic among themselves, and passing around drinks from a bottle of fig brandy—Bokha—the Jewish national drink of Tunisia. These people originate from Tunisia and now live in France. They seem very proud of their distinctive Tunisian Jewish culture and identity.

They tell us that normally they go to the island of Djerba to celebrate the *hillula* of Lag Be'Omer at the holy site of the Ghariba, traditionally considered to be the oldest standing synagogue in the world. But this year news reached them shortly before their departure that "Arabs" had broken into one of Djerba's synagogues and burned its scrolls. Immediately, they had decided to change their destination to Israel (and symbolically to transfer their attachment from Tunisian Jewish saints to Israeli ones).

Later, in Jerusalem, I asked some people recently arrived from Djerba about this. They told me that the story of arson was a false rumor; there had been a small and accidental fire with little damage; the instinctive, "tribal" reaction of the Tunisian Jewish community in Paris was to fear the worst and to identify with Israel.

Outdoor market in the Galilee.

We go to Peki'in (Arabic, al-Buqi'a, "the little place"). One Jewish family lives there. Its members claim to be the unique descendants of the population of the Galilee from biblical times, who had maintained permanent residence in the Holy Land and never known exodus. They act as caretakers of an ancient restored synagogue there. Near the center of the village is another cave in which Rabbi Shim'on Bar Yohai is said to have found shelter from the Romans and composed the Zohar.

Most of the people in Peki'in are Druze; I have known some of them for over 20 years. The friend I inquire after is away. I talk with his son, Fadil Jamal 'Ali, a big fellow in his mid-twenties. He fetches some photographs, including one of me standing beside him when he was a very little boy, and a clipping from *Newsweek* which mentions him as one of a new generation of Palestinian poets. He has refused to serve in the Israeli army and instead has been obliged to work for several years as a teacher in the Golan Heights. He now attends the University in Haifa, studying for a degree in literature. Later I find a small book of Arabic poetry that he has published in Acre called *Lover of the Land and the Rain* ('*Ashiq al-'ard wa-l-matar*). I open it to a section titled "Another Face to My Town."

I

People in my town do not love;
I see no happiness;
When I passed by in the morning
I saw a thousand stacked bouquets
Remaining with the flower seller!

II

When the soldiers passed by
Silence descended over the face of the town
And turned into revolt
The jasmine hangs low . . .
July 9, 1976

Fadil also writes poetry in Hebrew, and recites for me a composition inspired by his reading of a poem by Brecht. Then we translate it into English:

In a world of people
Who plant
Minefields,
I cannot place myself
Under trees
Which provide shade and love.

The Galilee: Descending from Pek'in to Rameh.

I think: here is this young Druze fellow, filled with physical and emotional energy, studying in Hebrew, writing poetry in Arabic and Hebrew, and refusing the role of the Druze which circumstances in Israel impose on him. He wants other things and looks to an Arab-Palestinian identity, to the Haifa University, and to Brecht to find them. The poetry is central to the culture (both cultures, actually: Arabic and Hebrew). Later I find an old folksong of al-Buqi'a published by a Finnish scholar, and think that it expresses the sentiment of attachment among people that Fadil misses:

One by one my dear ones went to Hauran, and for years
For their sake I will stain my arms, and for years I am
forbidden to laugh, and to let my teeth appear. Separation—while my friends are absent. [Saarisalo 1932]

The most tragic aspect of the conflict between Israeli Jews and Palestinian Arabs has been the loss of lives through military and civilian violence. The Israelis have some published statistics on their losses, which are heavy; in the wars since 1948, some 14,000 Israelis have died and 37,000 others have become permanently disabled. In the 1973 war alone, 2,412 Israeli soldiers were killed: in terms of percentage of population their number would equal 150,000 Americans. Thus, Israeli deaths during 20 days of fighting were proportionately greater than American losses throughout the whole of the Vietnam war. Another statistic reckoned that the wars had left well beyond 20,000 bereaved parents of whom some 11,000 were still alive in 1980.²⁵ There are also Israeli civilians, including women and children, who have been killed by "terrorists" or "Palestinian freedom fighters" (depending on who has described the events).

H. Schor, the editor of the Hebrew daily *'Al Hamishmar* and a member of kibbutz Shuval, is a bereaved parent (his son died in the attack on Beirut in 1973 discussed above). In the article by *Monitin*,²⁶ Schor is interviewed, and he explains how he tries to make sense of the loss of his son:

We belong to a generation called on to sacrifice its sons, and we do it with a clear conscience. . . . We're all conscious Zionists and educate our sons to be good Jews, good Zionists, and good soldiers, and when they're good, they're sent to serve at the front. . . . We sacrifice them on the shrine of our belief which becomes their belief.

The statement rings with fervent patriotism. No doubt some Israeli idealists adhere to and find strength in such an ideology. But what of those with less belief and less readiness to sacrifice on the shrine? What justifications can they bring? Anyone who spends some time in Israel or in the territories, or among Palestinians wherever they may live, will meet many people scarred by the loss of loved ones in the conflict. From my experience few will explain their losses in ideological terms. The notion of sacrifice for a greater good is not yet widespread. The prevalent reactions are still the personal ones of anger, grief, and helplessness.

I do not know the statistics on Palestinian deaths and injuries from the wars. I think that they are far in excess of Israeli Jewish losses. First, there are Arabs who fell fighting for Israel—Druzes, Christians, Bedouin. Then those who died in the wars, most of them civilians who never raised arms. Others have died on guerrilla missions into Israel. Civilians, including women and children, in Israel and in the territories have been killed purposefully and accidentally by Israeli troops in the name of security. Military personnel and civilians in the surrounding Arab countries have been killed, at times indiscriminately, by Israeli mili-

tary from the land and the air in the name of retaliation and preventive action. Moreover Palestinians in Jordan and Lebanon have died in large numbers at the hands of Jordanian, Lebanese, and Syrian troops and militia. Israeli "terrorists" or "patriots" (depending on who has described the events) have assassinated Palestinians in Arab lands and in Europe; and Palestinians have assassinated Palestinians in the same places. The list, no doubt incomplete, suggests the extent of bloodshed and grief that the Palestinians have suffered since 1948 (and the loss of life among Egyptians, Jordanians, Syrians, Lebanese, and other Arabs in the wars and attacks have also been numerous).

This is not an attempt to balance a ledger of human destruction and suffering. It simply aims to emphasize the enormity of the tragedy that all parties have endured: an immeasurable and unending tragedy in which bloodshed is "only" the most obvious and dramatic element.

The uprooting of several million people and the separation of families are other elements of that tragedy. These ruptures and the emotional wounds they leave have been experienced by Jews who emigrated to Israel from Europe, as well as from Africa and Asia. The causes are complex, but they do not originate from actions by the Palestinians, nor—except, perhaps, to a limited extent—from actions by other Arab or Muslim peoples, or their governments. The suffering experienced by Palestinians—the ruptures in their lives, the homelessness and separation of families—does, however, mostly result from Israeli actions and policies. The Palestinians' claim that they have been made to suffer the consequence of crimes of inhumanity against the Jews, particularly those perpetrated by the Nazi regime and their antisemitic supporters in Europe, has a basis in the historical facts.

These are painful digressions, inescapable references to a point of view bound to invite argument and bitter polemic. Without mention of that wider context, however, the plight of Palestinians and the vulnerability of Israeli Jews seems difficult to grasp. And that context helps to explain the bitterness of present relations in Israel and the occupied territories between Jews and Arabs.

Rameh

Descending from Peki'in to the Arab village of Rameh in the Western Galilee, we have a splendid view. In the foreground is Rameh, with a population of some 7,000—two-thirds of them Christians (the majority Greek Orthodox), most of the rest Druze, except for about 700 refugees (Greek Catholics and Muslims). Beyond Rameh, on top of a hill, is an encampment of Bedouin. On the other side of the main Safed-Acre road, the lush, irrigated lands belong to Moshav Shezor. One can clearly see their crops—olives, peaches, avocados—and their numerous chicken coops. Beyond the Moshav to the west, the factories of the city of Carmiel are clearly visible. To the northwest lies the Arab village of Sajur and beyond it those of Nahf and Deir Asad, all of which have little agricultural land and almost no irrigation.

In Rameh we visit a man I have known for many years. He has done well for himself, works as an architect, has married an educated woman, and they have several lovely daughters, a comfortable house, a car. His brothers are also successful: one has a very good job in a government office, the other manages the family lands and keeps up the family house in which their aged mother still flourishes and reigns. A sister who lives in Amman and several of her children are presently visiting the family. The garden of the family house puts one in a mood of total relaxation.

My friend seems at peace with himself and his surroundings. He knows Israel, speaks fluent Hebrew, sometimes works with and generally gets along easily with Israelis. He has adapted to a political reality over which he feels he has no control. Cynical and realistically suspicious, he sees in the state of Israel toughness, skill, and resourcefulness, as well as corruption, inefficiency, and stupidity. He admires and forgives these strengths and weaknesses. Basically apolitical in behavior if not in ideas, he dispassionately and acutely observes and accepts most of what goes on around him. He passionately rejects only one fundamental phenomenon: the disdain of Israelis for Arabs. It is real, he knows, but nonetheless intolerable and unforgivable. When the 1948 war broke out he was studying in Beirut. After the war, he turned up at the Lebanese border and asked permission to return home. The Israelis refused. He continued to ask and to be refused. He tried to infiltrate across the border and was caught, imprisoned, then released. His determination and luck held out, and he eventually managed to get home. He still quietly, amusingly, and rhetorically imagines a dialogue with Israelis and stands on his rights: "Leave my village? Why? The weather here isn't bad. It's my home. I was born here. I live here." His older brother puts it another way—"without [one's own] land, there is no homeland" [*bila 'ard la watan*]; that is a variation of the theme heard among Palestinians just about everywhere: land and dignity are inseparable.

Rameh is relatively well off and favored by present circumstances. Nonetheless its inhabitants owned 8,310 dunams of cultivable land in 1945 (about 2,075 acres) and 5,102 dunams in 1952 (a loss of 38.6 percent). The decrease mainly resulted from expropriation. It is difficult to know what percentage of the population in Rameh gained its livelihood from agriculture before the establishment of the state. From a 1944 survey in the Ramleh-Lod area, it appears that about two-thirds of the village labor force was agriculturally based, and this seems a fair estimate for most of the Arab rural areas in Palestine. Fifteen years later fieldwork in a village in the same area showed that category to have decreased to about 20 percent. In the early 1970s, only 3 percent of Rameh's labor force subsisted on agriculture: 30 percent were in construction and other unskilled jobs in government-related and/or urban-centered occupations. Rameh may be an extreme case, but the trend away from agriculture to wage-labor is typical in the Arab sector. In Rameh between 1951 and 1971, the increase in laborers reached 184 percent. The reason for the increase is twofold: the expropriation of land, and changes in the value system of Arab villagers in regard to agricultural work and education (cf. Nakleh 1975:500–501).

The high school in Rameh is probably one of the best—in the Arab sector—in the country. In 1979, it had 856 students, 115 of them in the graduating class. The school was run by the local council and salaries paid from students' fees and some grants from the government for the poor. The head of the school, the teachers, the atmosphere of the classrooms, and the look of the students made one think that this school's generation of Israeli/Palestinian Arabs will become a formidable group of people. If the Israelis maintain their disdain for Arabs—and all the attitudes, practices, and policies determined by that disdain—they and these youngsters will certainly collide.

On the edge of Rameh we visit and talk with some refugees from Kufr 'Anan. They tell us that on the eve of the 1948 war, 450 people lived in their village and owned 5,000 dunams of land. That land had been owned by a lord but he had left in 1942, and the land had been distributed to the peasants. During the war, nine of the villagers lost their lives. The rest left "for a few days," planning to wait until the fighting ended. Then the Israelis destroyed the village. A kibbutz now stands on the site. Some of the refugees have accepted compensation and moved onto land leased to them by the government.

In the shack we are visiting live three generations of people. The old man we talk to supports most of them on a monthly income of I.L. 3,000 (about \$75, in 1979) which he receives from the Department of Social Welfare. A son, or a grandson, who is there also contributes to the support of the household. He has been working as a blacksmith in Carmiel since he left school at the age of 13.

Rameh.

In 1979, the findings of a Ford Foundation-financed survey among Israeli Arabs (conducted by the Institute for Research and Development of Arab Education and directed by Dr. Sami Smooha of Haifa University) showed that: 87 percent of Israel's Arabs support a return to the pre-June 1967 borders; 59 percent favor the borders proposed under the 1947 U.N. partition scheme; 64 percent back abolition of the Law of Return (which gives the automatic right of Israeli citizenship to any Jew who immigrates to Israel); 50 percent reject Israel's right to exist; 64 percent consider Zionism to be racist; 75 percent support the establishment of a Palestinian state; 48 percent define themselves as "Palestinians." The survey's aim was to examine the implications of the Camp David treaty for relations between Arab and Jewish Israelis. Smooha concluded that the survey indicated a polarization of attitudes among the Arabs and that sooner or later the government would be compelled to include the problems of Israel's Arabs in the peace process.²⁷

Such a survey, for whatever might be its scientific worth and however well intentioned, easily becomes grist for the mill of the Arab-haters in Israel. Within a few months, the Commander of the Northern Area of the Israel Defense Forces, General Ben Gal ("Yanosh"), told a group of 36 Knesset members during a tour of the Golan Heights settlements that the Heights were now just about sufficiently populated by Jewish settlers. He went on to declare that dangers lay elsewhere:

The main efforts towards settlement have to be carried out in the Galilee where there are a half million Arabs who are a cancer in the heart of the State. These Arabs identify with the PLO and receive support from it, as well as from the Arab states, and they consider themselves the forerunners of the Arab nationalist groups, and they await the opportunity "to screw us."²⁸

Responses to this rather provocative statement came immediately: the heads of the Arab local councils called an emergency meeting; their spokesman announced that Ben Gal's expressions and opinions

were "a cancer that endangered the State," and that the Arab population in Israel certainly felt sympathy toward the Palestinian Arab nation but that it "had proved on many occasions during the last 30 years its loyalty to the State." The spokesman of the Ministry of Defense also announced in the name of the Minister, Ezer Weizman, that he criticized General Ben Gal for his declaration and had made clear to him that "the Arabs of the Galilee are citizens of Israel and that no-one has the right to insult them. . . ."²⁹

Various newspaper accounts followed. One reporter, sympathetic to the general's point of view, quoted members of the Society for Developing the Western Galilee (a group formed by the Labor Alignment government and composed of all the Jewish kibbutzes, moshavs, towns, etc., in Western Galilee) to demonstrate that Ben Gal had described the situation as it actually was, despite his "regrettable" choice of language. In another article the same journalist writes of the beauty of the Galilee, and of the Arab menace there because they outnumber the Jews. He especially warns against the "extremists acting under the cover of Rakah [the Israeli Communist party]":

The incitement among the Arab minority falls on open hearts—especially after the borders were opened in 1967 and the contacts between the Israeli Arabs and their brothers in Judea, Samaria, Gaza and beyond the borders were renewed. The slogan that can be heard more and more, and that was first heard on the Day of the Land, is: "We'll liberate the Galilee with our bodies and our blood." [Arie 1979]

The anger among Arabs in the Galilee does, in effect, run deep, but the reasons appear to originate neither from incitement nor contacts across borders. Their conditions of life as second-class Arab citizens in a Jewish state are cause enough for abiding anger. Yet from reports from within the Arab community, the accounts of extremism seem greatly exaggerated and aimed at justifying further repression.

Another *Ha'aretz* journalist, A. Mansur (himself a Galilee Arab), sees in the General's remarks a confirmation of the spirit of the Koenig Report—the yelling

Rameh: Internal refugees.

of "wolf" in order to pressure the government to allocate large sums of money for the Jewish settlements. Meanwhile the Arab population, without government help, tries to resolve its increasing problems as best it can. For example, the population growth has created a great demand for additional housing. As a result, and because of rampant inflation, people spend their time and money on construction. Many Arab workers in Israel work in the construction industry, and they play a decisive role in the speed with which houses are built in the Galilee. The patriarchal structure of the family helps too. A man receives loans from his family, and relatives participate in the construction during weekends and holidays. These exchanges among family and friends are a part of mutual solidarity. And there are also payments in cash which need not come to the notice of the tax authorities. All this activity in construction awakens the suspicions of outsiders who, as Mansur puts it, "are not known as great lovers of the Arab population."

Then there are simple problems: that the average Arab citizen pays in excess of three times as much for bread for his more numerous children because there is no longer a subsidy on flour for Arab-style bread, only for European-style bread; that the child allowance for Arabs is half that of Jews, because the former have not served in the army.

The rumors about Arabs who do not pay taxes, who serve foreign elements and who plot to take over the Galilee, Mansur tells his readers, somehow never reach the courts. Even the dozen or so young Arabs—most of them students and suspected members of "Sons of the Village," an illegal organization—who were detained before Sadat's visit to Beersheba in 1979 were released without charges. Indeed, one of the judges demanded that the police investigate the claim that the detainees were tortured and humiliated.

The Arab heads of local government did not press the issue of General Ben Gal's insult once the Minister of Defense criticized the general, and he then apologized. Of course, they would like to see him removed to another post where he could do less harm to the Arab population. But the Arabs of the Galilee were preoccupied with other, less dramatic, matters: the approaching end of the fast month of Ramadan and the preparations for the 'id feast, the opening of schools and the problems of finding space, teachers, etc. Mansur's realignment of perspectives helps to explain why little time remains available for political activity.³⁰ The explanation, however, does not question the existence of deep wells of resentment against Israeli Jews for real grievances, in the past and present.

Carmiel

Carmiel stands on the horizon of most of the Arab towns and villages in the valley between the Upper and Lower Galilee. It is an impressive-looking modern town, with many of the best amenities and facilities of modern town planning—consolidated neighborhoods, parks, footpaths, attractive shopping center, etc. Still, the view of Carmiel from outside or from within makes it seem an anomaly in its setting—too monumental and lifeless. It was planned by the Housing Ministry in 1963 in order to create a major Jewish center in the Galilee, a model development town, and to counterbalance the Arab population. This goal has been declared publicly from the start: a population center of 50,000 Jews by the year 2,000, in the heart of a densely populated Arab area.

In 1979, Carmiel had about 12,000 inhabitants—45 percent oldtimers born in Israel, 40 percent immigrants from Europe and other Western countries, 15 percent from Eastern Europe, Asia, and Africa. The half-dozen Arab villages across the Safed-Acre road had a population of more than 25,000 and within a radius of 10 miles lived another 25,000 Arab villagers. Most of the construction of Carmiel, the actual labor, was provided by Arabs. Of the town's workforce, about half work locally, mostly at blue-collar semi-skilled jobs. Those with skills work outside. Arabs come in to do the unskilled jobs. As Amos Elon reported in a series of articles on the Galilee, the people of Carmiel spoke of the demographic facts—the proportion of five to one—with anxiety.³¹

Elon tells the story of Carmiel's history: in the early 1960s, demonstrations against the building of the town on 1,375 acres of confiscated Arab lands (first "closed" for "military purposes," then "seized" for "public benefit"); then protests by Jews from Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem in solidarity with those expelled; and a second wave of protest in 1967 when 1,500 more acres were confiscated to enlarge the town, which still had only 6,000 inhabitants. Elon reports that in 1979 the tension and mutual hostility between Jews and Arabs in the Galilee had become greater than at any time since 1948:

Jews regard themselves as "providers of bread" and complain of the impudence of the Arab population, of their daring to walk with heads held high. The Arabs talk of "oppression."

The image chosen by General Ben Gal to describe the Arabs of the Galilee—a "cancer" in the state's body—expressed the views of many Jews in the area. The implication seems clear: the Arabs must be removed from the state. It is certainly as shocking and humiliating an image (and a similarly racist one) as the one used by Nasser which so infuriated the Israelis—that Israel was a thorn in the side of the Arabs.

Carmiel.

Elon ascribes the increased tension and hostility in the Galilee to the changing political situation since 1967, especially the unprecedented radicalism and irredentism among the Arabs since 1973, and to the onesided development policies of the state. He lists these: the villages received electricity 15 years after Carmiel did; educational facilities, housing, public buildings, water, and drainage were abundant for Carmiel and lacking among her Arab neighbors—all this because Carmiel is "only for Jews." What Carmiel did provide for the Arabs was a district police station, manufactured products, and several hundred jobs that "no Jew is willing to do."

The Arab villages in the area have developed in the last 30 years. There is no doubt about that. But, as Elon points out, that development cannot be compared to what has taken place in the Jewish sector:

No wonder the Arab villagers regard themselves as second and third class citizens. The sight from Dado's

Square in Carmiel [the town center] raises feelings of claustrophobia and fear. The sight from the opposite direction raises feelings of envy and bitterness. The bitterness becomes hostility. Hostility becomes irredentism.

Of course, the bitterness arises from more than the sight of a prosperous Jewish town on the horizon, and Elon recognizes that: the villages suffer a severe lack of land for construction; local sources of livelihood are nonexistent; the Arabs are not offered the possibilities of financing and buying apartments that the state makes available to Jewish Israelis. Elon's account of each village shows the same process: e.g., some 1,600 acres of land confiscated from Majd al-Kurum for Jewish settlements; a population growth from 1,500 in 1948 to 6,000 in 1979; only 175 acres available for housing, few plots empty, most constructions illegal; an incomplete plan for the village; no drainage network; electricity only since 1974.

Elon takes for granted, and he may be correct, that the Arabs secretly dream that Carmiel, and the whole state of Israel with it, will one day disappear from the map. But he has the decency to ask himself and his readers if such "extremism" (assumingly, in fantasies and rhetoric) does not result from the destruction of Arab social structure caused by land confiscation and proletarianization, from the lack of decent housing and local jobs, from the construction of Carmiel on Arab land as a foreign and hostile place. . . ? The style of rhetorical questions lacks directness, but the implied answers leave little to the imagination. Elon concludes that "for the Arabs," Carmiel is an unofficial area of "apartheid." But, in fact, enforced segregation is the dominant practice and policy of the Jewish population: "Carmiel is supposed to be a Jewish town," says the head of the local council, "that is its character."

Segregation between Arabs and Jews in Carmiel is not quite absolute. An Arab has rented a small shop in the town square and opened a restaurant there. The town planner interviewed by Elon—a young, pleasant native-born Israeli, a graduate of the Technion and not one of the political extremists—finds this disturbing: the presence of an Arab running a restaurant awakens in him an inexplicable feeling that the whole square is being aesthetically and culturally spoiled by an outsider. Elon tries to identify the source of the town planner's uneasiness, but the best he can manage to elicit is "maybe it's the Arab music." Together they visit the industrial area. It is efficiently separated from the rest of the town, well-planned and organized, orderly, almost sterile. Several dozen factories and workshops for textiles, metal work, carpentry, chemistry and food products, etc., employ some 4,000 workers, many of them Arabs. The Delta textile factory in 1979 exports cloth of a value of some \$13 million. It is Carmiel's biggest factory with over 300 workers. The town planner complains to Elon: "This is one factory that shouldn't be

here." Why? "Because most of the workers at Delta are Arabs." The factory disturbs him almost as much as the Arab restaurant and he talks about them as if they menaced the ecology.

The head of the local council is worried about some illegal Arab buildings that have begun to grow around the town, and recognizes that the Arabs, many of whom work in Carmiel, have nowhere else to live. Elon asks why they cannot live legally in the town. The council head believes that Jews and Arabs cannot and should not live together: differences of "mentality" and language are unbridgeable. He is the chairman of the not yet legalized Galilee Council, a pressure group for the development of the Galilee and the annexation of the Golan Heights. Elon describes him as one of "the famous sort of Zionists who see and do not see Arabs." In the Foreword to the booklet *Carmiel* put out by the council in 1976, he had written the following astonishing sentence:

This Galilee is the best proof that two thousand years of a people without a country are also the years of a *country without a people*.

The sentence is "astonishing" for Elon, and one would have thought, by now, for most Israelis because it so absolutely and totally refuses to acknowledge the existence and presence of another people. It seems that even today in the midst of the Galilee the old amnesia and blindness of the Zionist movement in regard to the Arab population of Palestine can be maintained: the Arab remains invisible. Of course, the Arabs do threaten to appear. One man in Carmiel explains to Elon that in the surrounding villages he feels "the quiet before the storm," notices "these looks" wherever he goes, finds that the villagers have begun "to hold up their heads," which means that they are saying "you have expelled us." He fears that the Galilee will be cut off, that "they will try to get us out of here," and that the state and the army may or may not be strong enough to protect the town's inhabitants.

Elon describes the mood of the heated discussion skillfully. There is "something sensual and dark" in the air that goes beyond the demographic imbalance, something complicated: "prejudice, provinciality and personal demoralization mixed with unease, fear and maybe guilt . . . hostility . . . not always rational, at times . . . blind." He finds that such a mix of emotions is widespread and suggests that maybe Tacitus was right: men tend to hate those whom they have hurt.

When Elon asks the head of the local council how the Jews can expect to live with the Arabs, maintain relations with them, under such conditions of segregation, he is reminded that Carmiel is neither Haifa nor Acre. In effect, these two cities are the only places in Israel where a semblance of coexistence, of mutual tolerance, and of social interaction between the two communities takes place.

Acre and Haifa

Acre has as much charm, or more, than most of the port cities that surround the Mediterranean. Totally populated by Arabs on the eve of the 1948 war, it fell to the Israeli army almost overnight. A driver on a bus between Acre and his village of Sha'b, interviewed in a refugee camp in Lebanon years later, still spoke of its fall with incredulity: "I could not believe that Acre had fallen to the Jews. I was there two days before it was captured. How could a city surrounded by a wall and with so many Arabs in it fall so easily." Of the total of almost 250,000 acres of land in the Galilee classified by the Israeli Development Authority as "abandoned" and thus taken over by the state, some 35,000 acres were in the subdistrict of Acre.³²

A significant number of Acre's inhabitants did not leave; they continue to form the majority of the population of the walled city (although pressure has been exerted upon them to move outside, so that the speculators and the Ministry of Tourism may "save" the architectural treasures of the city). Meanwhile, Acre has a sort of *modus vivendi*: the shops in town are owned by Arabs and Jews; the restaurants are owned mostly by Arabs and frequented by everyone who can afford the prices; apartments in the newer part of the town have Jews and some Arabs living as neighbors and getting along—when the overall situation has not become tense because of another confrontation in Israel, the territories, or neighboring states.

The relative tolerance does not imply equality. A Jewish shopkeeper cynically admits that any work demanding physical labor is done by the Arabs. An Arab carpenter confides that Israel resembles Rhodesia, only here the blacks are Arabs. Many of Acre's Jewish population are also "black." They come from North Africa and the Middle East; their skins are darker than those of their European coreligionists; they look and sound more like their Arab neighbors than their Jewish ones. Here the sounds of voices and music and the smells of perfumes and food belong to the Orientals, however they classify themselves or get pigeonholed by others.

The card players and other gamblers in the cafés are mixed, too, and dialects of Arabic and Hebrew seem to have equal currency. The fishermen here are numerous—500, I am told: they are Arabs and hold their heads up high; no one seems to mind, or to want—or perhaps to be able—to do anything about it. The fishermen at some times of the year go out to deep sea to fish for tuna by trolling. Emil Habibi, in his already mentioned bizarre and moving novel, describes tuna as a "strange fish which Arab women do not cook well." I am reminded that the Jews of North Africa are very fond of eating fish and have a great variety of recipes for preparing all sorts. A Tunisian metaphor for wealth states that someone was "rich

enough to have a Jewish cook." The idea of such a relationship in Israel—of an Arab having a Jewish cook (even if she knew best how to prepare fish)—seems quite ridiculous.

Habibi's novel has its core in the Haifa region. It comprises 44 letters written by the protagonist Sa'id to an Israeli professor, letters which move back and forth from the serious to the humorous and blend memories of the past and events of the present. When an Israeli soldier takes Sa'id to Haifa in 1948, he tells him (in Hebrew): "welcome to the State of Israel!" (The Hebrew word for "state"—*mdina*—is the same word used in Arabic to signify "city.") Sa'id thinks to himself: "They have changed the name of my beloved city of Haifa to Israel." Later Haifa is described as two cities: "One resting on Mount Carmel, and one bathing in the sea without its earrings, necklaces and rings."

The lower part of the city, the Arab part, has lost its adornment, but not his admiration. A verse from a poet of Nazareth, Salim Jubran, is quoted and expresses a sentiment that permeates Habibi's novel:

As a mother loves
Her deformed child
I love
My beloved country.

The particular conditions and circumstances of Arabs in Israel inform almost every page, as Habibi delineates what has become a specific history and consciousness:

Who in Israel constructed the buildings, and cut the routes and plowed the soil and planted it, if not the Arabs who remained in Israel? And the Arabs who remained and were patient on those lands conquered by our government were not even mentioned in the collections of vibrant speeches by Ahmed Shuqairi [the first leader of the Palestinian resistance].

His lover, Baqiya (the "one who remained"), tells him what all Israelis, Arabs and Jews, are expected to know and to accept when she relates what happened in her village:

The Mayor told us that they said to him: "You have fought and you have lost. Therefore you and your property have become our booty." And by what law does the defeated demand his rights?

Sa'id's answer to that question comes later, in a very ironic, funny, and sad passage, when he explains to the professor that thanks to Oriental imagination the Arabs have survived:

Were it not for this Oriental imagination, could the Arabs, oh teacher, live even one day in this land? Listen, every year on the celebration of Independence, the Arabs raise

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the flag of the State as a sign of joy—for a week before the celebration and a week after it. Nazareth is more decorated with waving flags than Tel-Aviv. In Wadi Nisnas in Haifa where poor Jews and Arabs have fraternized, you can distinguish an Arab house from its Jewish neighbor by the waving flags over the Arab house, and that is all. Whereas for the Jewish house, it is enough that it is Jewish. And the same is true with regard to cars on the celebration of Independence: you can distinguish the nationality of its driver by its flag waving. When I asked one of my people about the mystery of this matter, he answered, "imagination, my brother! The imagination of these Europeans is dim; we raise flags so that they can see with their own eyes." And you ask: "Why do they not also raise flags?" The answer—imagination, again, my brother: they know that our Oriental imagination is sharp, that we see what is unseeable, and that we see flags even though they are folded in their hearts. Did not the deceased Prime Minister Eshkol try to render the military administration invisible; but we saw it, in spite of that, in the orders of enforced residence and in the lines in our cheeks from resentment. Imagination, my brother, always imagination.

Jean and I stay in a small hotel on the Carmel in Haifa. The waitress in the dining room comes from Iraq and lives in a poor quarter of Haifa, which used to be a settlement camp for new immigrants. The woman washing dishes in the kitchen has the same Iraqi settlement camp background. The man who has the concession for the restaurant and his brother, who works as cook, are Arabs from Kafr Kanna, a Galilee village sacred to Christians. The situation in which Jews work for Arabs reverses the normal pattern, and the rare cases where the reversal takes place can only be imagined in Haifa and Acre. Nonetheless, a degree of coexistence between Arabs and Jews does exist in Haifa. In some middle-class neighborhoods and in the poorer ones, they live side by side. There are a few Arab professors at Haifa University and many Arab students, although in recent years and to an increasing extent, the latter have experienced serious difficulties in their relations with Jewish students and with the authorities.

In the streets of Haifa both Arabs and Jews seem to feel at home. In the crowds of young people one cannot distinguish between them. The Oriental Jews in the town also look more relaxed and more at peace with themselves. We visit a fellow who came from Casablanca 30 years ago; he lives in one of the poorer neighborhoods where Jews and Arabs mix. I ask him if he misses Morocco; he replies that he has never left Morocco, that he has brought it to Israel with him, but that he looks forward to the day when he can go there to visit. Friends, also originally from Casablanca, come to visit him, and soon they begin to play Moroccan music and to sing. That atmosphere is special to Haifa. They maintain their Moroccan culture and feel profoundly attached to Haifa. The two

identities imply no contradiction. The city has a conservative and in part oriental character which makes it more tolerant of differences.

At the same time, the resentment and bitterness between Oriental and European Jews in Israel first surfaced in Haifa in the riots of the slum quarter of Wadi Salib in 1959. And Haifa has remained a city in which communal tensions within the Jewish community do at times reemerge. As the country's main port and, with Tel-Aviv, its main center of industry, Haifa has a large subproletariat of Oriental Jews and of Arabs, and they continue to live in the slums of the city.

Emil Habibi alludes to the "collusion" between Arabs and Oriental Jews in recounting a story told to him by his friend, Ya'akov:

One day the founding fathers of Zichron Ya'acov quarrelled: "is it permissible according to religious law for a man to have intimate relations with his wife on the Sabbath, or is that to be considered a task similar to other tasks forbidden on the Sabbath?" They went to the rabbi

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Acre.

to resolve the quarrel: "is it work or pleasure?" After much reflection, the rabbi decided that it was pleasure. "What was his proof," they asked. He answered: "had it been work, you would have had it done by the Arabs of Faradis village." (One of the few villages along the coast between Haifa and Tel-Aviv whose population remained during the 1948 war, for whatever reasons, and who had been employed for a long time in the vineyards of Zichron's land-owners.) And we laughed—Ya'akov, because he detested the Ashkenazis, and me, because he laughed.

Haifa remains a place where the Arabs do most of the unskilled work. At Paris Square in the early morning, men from all over the Galilee and the northern parts of the occupied territories gather and wait for contractors who will give them a day's work. Many of them are young and angry secondary school boys who say that they cannot afford to finish their studies and who leave their villages at 4:30 in the morning in the hope of work. We talk with them, photograph them, intrude into their space with some embarrassment. Later I find a passage in Habibi's novel about the same scene and feel that his voice is the authentic one to describe the setting and what it means:

I have seen in Paris Square in Lower Haifa (formerly Square of the Carriages and before that the Square of Wine) youngsters . . . the age of almonds, apricots and red-cheeked apples, waiting for the cars of contractors who will feel their arms and look over their slender builds and then load those with the strongest arms and the hardest bodies. I recalled our situation of 20 years ago and felt assured that this people would not disappear.

I have seen them at sundown, packed together in old transport vehicles, like the potatoes that they had packed in boxes during the day . . . returning to their cities and villages—except for those to whom the contractor boss had turned a blind eye so that they might spend the night in buildings not yet fully constructed, protecting themselves with bricks against the two nocturnal visitors: the cold and the descent of the police that come before sunrise.

And when the sleeves of sunrise opened, they rolled up their sleeves and were opened up to life like jasmine.

Some Israeli Hebrew literature is concerned with the same realities that preoccupy Habibi—the identities of the two peoples in the one land and the relations between them; but the moods and themes of Hebrew writers convey more anxiety and pessimism. A. B. Yehoshu'a, in his novel *The Lover* (1977), depicts a garage owner in Haifa who has lost his capacity to partake in or to enjoy a normal life; Arabs work for him, other men fight for him, he needs someone else to love his wife for him, and others to dream and hope for him. Only in the present does the country belong to the Jews. Its past and even its future seem to belong to the Arabs.³³

Through the eyes of Adam, the garage-owner protagonist of *The Lover*, we listen to his middle-class Israeli friends talk about the Arabs, and hear Adam's reactions and reflections:

"One of those Friday night debates . . . when they start on that political crap about the Arabs, the Arab character, the Arab mentality, and all the rest of it, I get irritable, start grumbling." . . . "What do you really know about them? I employ perhaps 30 Arabs in my garage and believe me, every day I become less of an expert on Arabs."

"But those Arabs are different."

"Different from whom?" . . .

"They depend on you . . . they're afraid of you." [p. 124]

Later Adam wonders about Na'im, a young Arab boy whom he has hired. Eventually, Na'im will become important in Adam's life and that of his family and will make love to Adam's daughter; but at the beginning he has neither name nor identity:

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This little Arab, my employee, what's he thinking about? What's his business. Where's he from? What's happening to him here? I'll never know. He told me his name a few minutes ago and already I've forgotten it. [p. 127]

Adam sends Na'im on an errand to his apartment and gives him a key to the front door. Na'im has a copy of the key made for no particular reason; but it gives him the opportunity to sneak into Adam's world, to return to "his own" house—the one lost to the Jews by the wars.

Na'im's older brother wants to study medicine at Haifa University, but only receives an offer to study Arabic, Bible, or Hebrew literature—to become a teacher. Out of stubbornness and pride, he refuses to accept that and crosses over the border to join the Palestinian resistance. Later he comes back to Israel as a member of a terrorist group and is killed in an attack against the University. These events present occasions for the characters in the book to define (and partly justify) attitudes toward the Arabs; thus Adam, as he watches Na'im, thinks to himself:

Today he's a worker in my garage, humble and patient, smiling and reliable. And tomorrow—a savage beast, and it's the same man, or his brother, or his cousin, the same education, the same village, the same parents. [p. 150]

And after the news of the attack at the University, Adam looks at his workers and asks himself:

What are they thinking? Does anything matter to them? Do they have any idea what's happening? They know. The news spreads fast. [p. 151]

Through the eyes of Israeli Jewish characters in the novel, the Arabs are unfathomable and potentially dangerous; and yet Na'im awakens, besides fear, paternalism, and affection, emotions of curiosity and attachment. Yehoshu'a also tries to imagine and to show the world through Na'im's eyes. Thus, a conversation between Na'im and Dafi, Adam's daughter:

"Do you hate us very much?"

"Not so much now. Since the war [1973], after they beat you a bit, we don't hate you so much now."

"But that cousin of yours . . . that terrorist?"

"But he was a little crazy . . ." (Na'im interrupts her, so she wouldn't talk about [his brother] 'Adnan.)

"And do you hate us?"

"Me? No . . . never." (Na'im to himself: "It was a lie because sometimes the Jews do get on my nerves, they never pick you up when you're hitchhiking, they pass you by even in the rain when you're alone on the roadside.") [pp. 185–186]

Another conversation in which contrasting perceptions come out clearly takes place between Na'im and Veducha, an old lady whom Adam has put under his care: Na'im is reading to Veducha an editorial from the Hebrew afternoon paper *Ma'ariv*. The basic message of the editorial is that Arabs have no thought other than to destroy all Jews:

Na'im: "Do you think I want to destroy you?"

Veducha: "Of course," I wanted to say, "but you can't, thank God." [p. 209]

When Na'im sits at Veducha's table with a knife and fork (she is teaching him table manners), she thinks to herself: "God, here I am raising a young terrorist who will slaughter me in the end" (p. 247).

Yehoshu'a's novel, though at its best in expressing the anxiety and pessimism of the Jewish population, sketches an Arab with human qualities who observes those around him with some detachment and clarity; Na'im's comments on what he sees bear witness to an observable reality:

Anyone who thinks they hate me is completely wrong.
We're beyond hatred, for them we're like shadows.
[p. 121]

His description of Arab workers in Haifa complements that of Habibi:

At four o'clock in the afternoon we're already standing at the bus stop . . . and from all over the city the people of our village and villages nearby are assembling, construction workers, gardeners, garbage men, kitchen workers, manual laborers, domestic help and garage hands. All of them with plastic bags and identity cards ready at hand in shirt pockets. [p. 123]

Yehoshu'a, by creating the personage of Na'im, has gone far beyond the short story he published some years before (1970) in which the same problem of relations to the country and its Arab inhabitants was central. In that story the Arab is mute (his tongue cut out during the war), old and often unseen. He and his daughter live in the forest to which the student protagonist comes to work as a fire watcher. The student terrifies the Arabs. His father comes to visit him and tries to be friendly with the old man and his daughter; but he cannot communicate through his unintelligible pronunciation of the few words of Arabic that he remembers. The father wonders: who is the man, where is he from? Who cut his tongue out and why? He sees hatred in the old man's eyes and thinks that one day the Arab will set the forest on fire.

Later hikers turn up, looking for an abandoned Arab village marked on their map. The village lies buried beneath the trees, and the fire watcher comes to understand that the Arab lived in that village in the very house where they are now staying. He begins to watch the Arab out of fear that one day he will be murdered by him, while at the same time ignoring him and his "heavy eyes wild with terror and hope." The Arab begins to communicate by pantomime: that his wives have been murdered here before the village was destroyed and hidden by the forest.

Then, the fire leaps out: the Arab, rushing through the trees "like an evil spirit," has set it alight. The next morning the forest has disappeared, as if it "had suddenly pulled up its roots and gone off on a journey." In the emptiness of the lost forest the fire watcher feels a sadness: "the sadness of wars lost, blood shed in vain." He looks out over the hills and "out of the smoke and haze, the ruined village appears before his eyes."

The Arab is caught by tough-looking policemen and cross-examined in a kind of interrogation cell improvised among the rocks. The fire watcher carefully avoids the glance of the Arab's burning eyes, so that he will be able to sleep in peace in nights to come.

Yehoshu'a's story makes at least one issue clear: the Israeli Jews occupy the land at the expense of the Arabs, and they fear the revenge of the Arabs. There is a sense of power, accompanied by guilt, anxiety, and fear. Those emotions seem to be deeply rooted among some Israelis—the sense of belonging to a hunted people who live in fear, even though they are stronger than all their enemies. The strong arm that punishes the Arabs and acts to keep them quiet and in their place belongs to someone who fears his own weakness. The interpretation is no doubt too simplistic, but it accounts for the symbols in Yehoshu'a's story and fits what many Israelis write and say about their own society. That fear remains a significant influence in the ways that Israelis react to events and the world around them and in how they define their attitudes toward Arabs. The state of mind explains a good deal; it justifies nothing.

A Kibbutz: Dalia

From Haifa, we follow the internal road of the Carmel to Dalia, one of the veteran kibbutzes. We want to see its factories because some of the Arabs and Oriental Jews we have met work there. The kibbutz members in Israel today are an elite group, politically and economically. Their flourishing industries now provide the main source of their income and wealth, and give them a standard of living superior to most other Israelis. Today only 3.5 percent of the country's population—about 120,000 people—live in the 260 kibbutzes; although less than one-fourth are involved in agriculture, they still produce 40 percent of the produce and lead the country in exporting avocados and cotton. In industry they are major producers involved in export and international business affairs concerned with vast sums of money. For example, the general director of the Granot industrial complex near Hadera, which belongs to 40 kibbutzes and has almost 1,000 employees (only 200 of them from the kibbutzes), handles a million dollars' worth of business affairs daily on the international and local levels and including stock exchanges.³⁴

The kibbutzes today are, on the whole, wealthy communities and isolated from the rest of the country. But they are open to society in several key ways; they still provide a large number of combat soldiers, officers, and pilots for the armed services, out of all proportion to their percentage of the population; many of the high-ranking politicians in the Labor Alignment come from kibbutzes; and their industries depend on extensive wage labor from outside.

In the past few years, and especially since the beginning of the 1981 electoral campaign, the issue of the relations between the kibbutzes and the labor force from outside has become central. For example, in Beyt She'an many of the inhabitants have worked for years in the surrounding kibbutzes; their attitudes toward the kibbutzes and their members vary from criticism to hatred. In the kibbutzes, the reactions also vary; should they counter hostility and alienation by increased involvement with the development town of Oriental Jews, on the basis of full cooperation; or initiate no relations with the town unless asked by the inhabitants themselves? The enmity between the two segments of the Israeli Jewish population goes back many years and is rooted in the increasing wealth of the kibbutzes and the relative poverty of the development towns, the latter providing cheap labor for the former (cf. Ginat 1981).

Kibbutz Dalia is an attractive place. The site, the living quarters for families and children, the classrooms, the dining room, the clinic, the rooms for the aged, the facilities of all sorts, the gardens, and the people themselves give an impression of confidence and well-being.

An older man, a veteran of the first generation of settlers, takes us on a guided tour and politely and

A factory in Kibbutz Dalia.

Kibbutz Dalia.

informatively tells us about the place and answers our questions. We learn about the establishment of the kibbutz in 1939 on a site that had only a thin layer of topsoil over rock, and a shortage of water; the advice to go elsewhere and the determination to stay; the development, nonetheless, of sound agriculture and, eventually, the construction of industries—detergents and water meters for irrigation.

At present, about 70 percent of the active labor force in the kibbutz work in industry which contributes more than 80 percent of kibbutz income. Both agriculture and industry need hired labor from outside. Thus, in the water meter factory, which is cooperatively owned with another kibbutz, as many as one-third of the 150 workers came from a nearby village of Jewish settlers originally from Yemen, or from the Arab town of Nazareth.

The atmosphere in the factory and its dining room, where workers eat together whether they belong to the kibbutz or not, seems congenial and relaxed. I imagine that the kibbutz members must feel glad that they have succeeded in creating that congeniality, that they have provided decent jobs and working conditions for people who come to work in the factory. I am wrong, it turns out. The provision of work and the congeniality do not interest them. They regret the need to employ outsiders and aim through mechanization to make the factories as independent as possible of wage laborers. I realize that the ideal of the kibbutz had been self-sufficiency, but also know that reality had made that an impossibility long ago. I assume, wrongly, that a kibbutz which does not blatantly exploit its workers (and this one seems not to) has come to terms with and accepts that reality of interdependence.

The guide tells us that his generation had wings, while those of the present generation have feet. He means that his generation had dreamed and not been very practical, while the young may lack imagination, but they are solid and know what they want, and how to go about achieving it. In the kibbutz office we talk with both generations and find they agree on one matter, at least: for ideological and practical reasons the kibbutz needs to find a way to rid itself of the outsiders it has come to depend on for labor and for wealth.

Later the newspapers report that the kibbutzes have begun to succeed in their aim: they are firing workers. One understands the hostility toward them from the Oriental Jews and the Arabs. Together with the ideology of self-sufficiency the kibbutz people have an explanation for the hostility of those in the development towns (and it differs only in detail from the explanations for Arab hostility): their envy of the established "white" Israelis whose standards they cannot reach because of their social structure, culture, education, backwardness, etc., for which they alone bear responsibility.³⁵

Faradis

The Arabs of Israel, most of them still living in village communities that in the recent past derived their livelihoods from agriculture, have come to depend on employment in the Jewish sector to an ever-increasing extent. An example is the village of Faradis mentioned in Habibi's novel.³⁶ Its inhabitants have remained loyal to the state since its establishment. Yet, according to the head of the local council, they face problems now that cause deep bitterness toward the state and contribute to a growing disillusionment and anger among the young and educated. The village, a few miles north of Zichron Ya'akov and along the road to Haifa, was built about 160 years ago by Bedouin on the site of an old settlement. It had a population of 4,700 in 1980, having doubled twice since 1948. The main problem of the village reverts to land. The 4,000 dunams of land belonging to Faradis in 1948 have since been reduced by half, the remainder going to Zichron Ya'akov by means of expropriation. The settlements have about the same number of people; Zichron has more than fifteen times as much land.

Until the 1950s the villagers of Faradis supported themselves mainly from agriculture. Now no more than 20 percent work on the land, most of them employees in the vineyards of Zichron and in the kibbutzes and moshavs of the area. Most villagers (including 300 women) work outside in construction and industry. Many young people have housing problems, because of the lack of land: some 400 couples remain with their parents as a result. Law limits householders to two-story residences. The average family size of 6 to 8 people means that if a man wants room for his adult children, he breaks the law and builds higher. Demolition orders have been given to tear down houses without permits, but so far here—in distinction to many other villages—the orders have not been implemented.

Although there is no unemployment in the village and some fine, expensive houses are getting built, the leaders of the village sound bitter and feel deprived: the development budget of the local council, allocated by the Ministry of the Interior, will not suffice for the construction of even one public building, and the village lacks 22 elementary classrooms, has no secondary school, playground, youth club, drainage, drinking water, roads, etc. It has no organized clinic, and only one doctor and a nurse. Their budget is one-fifth that of Givat Ada, a Jewish settlement of about the same size; and a farmer's water allowance is a third of that allotted to the Jewish farmers in the area.

The leaders of Faradis believe that frustration and feelings of discrimination led a group of youngsters to set fire to nearby Jewish farms and to paint Palestinian slogans in the village for the first time in its history. Faradis represents one of the less dramatic examples of the state's mistreatment of its Arab citizens; the problems and the reactions to them by the population are modest in comparison to other Arab communities in the country.

Arab village of Shefaram.

Shefaram

Jean and I spent some time in what the guidebooks call the picturesque little town of Shefaram, directly west of Haifa. Its problems and the anger of young people are more pressing than in most Arab villages and towns. The population surpasses 18,000. (It is much larger than that of Carmiel or Beyt She'an.) Between 70 and 80 percent of those who work are employed in the nearby textile center of Kfar Ata. It has one secondary school with a graduating class in 1979 of about 70. There are 2.25 permanent social workers in the town (in the Jewish development town of Beyt She'an, with a population of 13,000, the number of permanent social workers is 25). Shefaram had nothing in the way of amenities or services that was visible to the eye, and just about everyone we talked to complained bitterly about the total neglect of their town by the state.

What Shefaram did have, just like every other village and town populated by Arabs (and the case held for places populated by Oriental Jews as well) was an enormous number of youngsters. The impact on us of seeing so many young and energetic people at once was quite powerful. They seemed to be on an edge between optimistic enthusiasm and pessimistic hostility. In discussions they openly expressed their hopes and fears about the future. They responded to interest and sympathy with enthusiasm and good will, and we were impressed by their energy, ambitions, and creative potentialities. Later, as we were leaving, we lost our way in the dark and asked some youngsters along the way to indicate directions. They took us for Israelis, assumed that we harbored ill feelings toward them, and responded aggressively. To feel that hostility and become its object was unpleasant and threatening, however much we understood it. We had an inkling, perhaps, of experiencing the conflict—the guilt and the anxiety—from the Israeli Jewish side.

In September 1980 several hundred delegates and representatives of the Arab population in Israel met in Shefaram. Their intention was to draft a "national charter" in preparation for a national congress which would take place in Nazareth in December. The patron of the meeting was the Rakah Communist party, which represented in the Knesset and the municipal councils a large part of the Arab community. The draft of the charter declared that Arab citizens in Israel were an indissoluble part of the Palestinian population and that their fate depended on a just solution of the Palestinian problem. Moreover, it stated that the PLO was the only representative of the Palestinian people, demanded self-determination, and rejected the idea of autonomy. Israeli Arabs had never before taken such positions openly.

The editorials of the Hebrew press reacted to these positions with great hostility; *Ma'ariv* saw them as new

evidence of the radicalization which had developed in the public opinion of the Arab community during the past few years. It demanded sanctions and declared that the project of the charter contravened Israeli law and constituted incitement to violence. *Ha'aretz* agreed that the Arabs must understand that such a document was totally unacceptable for the citizens of the Jewish state. *Yedi'ot* insinuated that the Rakah party should be made illegal.

The 1967 occupation of the Golan Heights, the West Bank, and Gaza has brought about a gradual rapprochement between Arabs of Israel and Arabs of the territories, separated since 1948, and with it has come a growing Palestinian consciousness. The two groups have influenced and strengthened one another. The Arabs within Israel generally have enjoyed a higher standard of living than those within the territories; but in contrast to the latter they have suffered from the denigration of Arabic culture in Israel and from the sense of inferiority and frustrated anger that accompanied their treatment by the state as second-class citizens. The occupation of the territories and the existence of other trends—demographic, cultural, political, and economic—have increased the bitterness and self-confidence of the Israeli Arabs and thereby their demands for greater recognition and rights.

Among the Israeli Arab young, in particular, sentiments and manifestations of solidarity with the Palestinians have increased. These have been paralleled by overt demonstrations of anti-Arab sentiments by Israeli Jews, especially the young and including those in the universities. To be sure, the general political complexion of Israel, in its move to the "right wing" since 1977, has encouraged and exacerbated the tensions and conflicts between Arabs and Jews in Israel.

In the universities Arabs, who constitute only 3.7 percent of 54,000 students, have been repeatedly attacked by Jewish student groups (the leadership of student organizations has gradually been taken over by the extreme right) and punished by the authorities, including expulsion from Beersheba University and house arrest by order of the military. At Haifa University, a tract distributed by *Yesh*, a group of fascist students, declared that "the Arabs cannot live in a democratic society. They do not accept the law, except under a military regime. Thus, it is necessary to impose martial law for all of the Arabs of the Land of Israel." The Jewish students of the extreme right have been encouraged by a series of laws voted into effect by the Parliament; one of these authorizes the Minister of the Interior to deprive of Israeli citizenship any individual who does not show loyalty to the state; another law forbids any expression of solidarity or sympathy with every "terrorist organization" (and the PLO was defined as such by the law) (cf. Kapeliouk 1981).

Nazareth

The National Congress of Israeli Arabs planned for Nazareth did not take place. The government forbade it by invoking the Emergency Regulations established by the British Mandate in 1945 and still in force.

Prime Minister Begin, in a decree issued in his capacity as acting Minister of Defense, declared that participants at the Congress would be considered and treated as an "illegal group" because the proposed Charter of the Congress expressed support for the PLO. Rakah, which had promoted the initiative, reacted to the ban by denouncing it as "a racist measure" which "demonstrates a total policy of discrimination and repression." Tawfiq Zayyad, a Rakah member of Parliament and the mayor of Nazareth, protested that "not only are we treated as second-class citizens, but we are even forbidden to express our grievances in public and to discuss them legally."

Tawfiq Zayyad—the man, the politician, the "poet of the Galilee"—justifiably feels frustrated at the denial to Israeli Arabs of freedom to meet and to speak publicly. But his own voice rings out loud and clear in conversation, in gatherings, and in his poetry, and he is a very articulate man. Habibi in his novel quotes one of Zayyad's poems, and perhaps even in translation its force can be retained:

I will engrave the number of every bit
Of our plundered land
And the place of my village, and its borders
And its people's dynamited houses
And my uprooted trees
And every trampled wild flower.
In order to remember.
I will continue always to engrave
All the chapters of my tragedy
And all the phases of the disaster
From the grain
To the top
Of the olive tree
In the courtyard of the house.

In early 1981 David Halevi, an Israeli journalist, wrote an extended article about Tawfiq Zayyad after having spent several weeks following him in his daily activities and interviewing him at length (Halevi 1981). Halevi's account appeared in the February issue of *Monitin*, a new Hebrew monthly. He describes Zayyad as a man with "charisma." After Zayyad's "more formal declaration" condemning the government's cancellation of the congress in Nazareth (it was anti-Arab, antidemocratic, and racist; the Arabs are part of Israel and part of the Arab Palestinian people, yet prepared to live as a national minority; still, as part of the reality of the Middle East, they have something to

Nazareth.

say) he seemed pleased: "the government entered the net like a shark . . . people heard what we had to say."

The description of Zayyad is vivid:

A simple man, medium height, a small belly pushing down his trousers. A sad, bitter look in his eyes. A hearty smile, as if naive, even a bit shy. A low voice, husky when he tries to speak up. . . . He uses many metaphors and juicy images. He quotes Marx, Lenin and Engels all the time. Speaks four languages: Arabic, Hebrew, English and Russian. Reading: "hardly any Hebrew literature . . . only Alexander Pen, Haya Kadmon, Yebi and a bit of Shalom Aleichem." Hebrew press: almost all of it. . . . World literature: Hikmat . . . Gorki, Tolstoy and Baudelaire.

When Halevi asks a specific question, he finds it difficult to arrest the flow of the answer that seems to him a mixture of truth and political slogans:

Zayyad: "We breathe oppression in every aspect of life, just as one breathes air. We have no freedom of expression. 75% of our lands have been confiscated. We suffer from a great paucity of land. We lack 2,000 school rooms in the Arab sector. We constitute 17% of the population but only 2.5% in the universities. Within the whole Arab sector there isn't one factory worthy of the name. . . . They say 'your economic situation has improved.' Yes. But what share of the national product do we receive? Most of us leave home every morning to work as construction workers and agricultural laborers, as kitchen help and waiters for the Jews."

Zayyad, born in 1929 into a poor family of nine children, finished high school and like his father became a construction worker, first in Haifa at British army bases and then, after the 1948 war, in Ramleh. He had joined the Communist party by the time he was 18 and in 1962 was sent to Moscow for 2 years to study economics and politics. When he returned he

published a book full of praise for the U.S.S.R. In the interviews with Halevi, Zayyad's failure to say anything negative about the Soviet system reinforces the Israeli view that Rakah slavishly follows Soviet policies and uncritically accepts its doctrines. Such an interview, of course, is unlikely to disclose the extent to which Zayyad and his comrades approve or disapprove of the Moscow party line on general or particular issues.

Assistants to Zayyad ascribe his political strength to his popularity and warmth. Halevi observes how Galilee Arabs respond to these attributes and is himself attracted by the man. Most of the power and reputation that Zayyad holds have come to him since he was elected mayor of Nazareth in 1975. Until then the communists, although representing the largest faction in the town council, had been in opposition. In 1975, Zayyad, already a member of the Parliament, succeeded in uniting the Communist party into one front, with organizations of academics, merchants, and students.

The victory of the Front was unprecedented. Halevi is convinced that this happened despite the use by the establishment of "all its power in the system of promises and threats." The losing Labor candidate explained to the reporter how the system worked: "Several friends, like Koenig and Toledano [longtime Arab affairs advisor of Labor], sit down and decide which lists shall run and who shall stand at the head. The secret services also help those they want. They threaten people with losing their jobs, distribute licenses for taxis, permissions for family reunion. . . ."

The 1975 election campaign in Nazareth was violent, with dozens of complaints about fights, disruptions of meetings, shootings; the anonymous leaflets of the opposing groups lacked neither bluntness nor imagination: "Give them an enema Oh mighty Galilites. . . ." The slogan of Zayyad and the Front—"a municipality of honor and services"—worked, specially the element of "honor." The headquarters of the Labor Alignment was not in Nazareth itself, but across the valley on the hill in the Jewish town of Upper Nazareth. There the government's adviser on Arab affairs, the members of Labor's Arab department, the Arab experts of the Histadrut, and the mayor of Upper Nazareth all had their offices.

Halevi recounts that during the week before the elections the "remote control" headquarters brought three government ministers to Nazareth: they gave speeches and made threats. Thus, a Labor minister warned the people of Nazareth that "a Rakah victory will bring down evil upon the town. We will regard it as a hostile area."

The Front went on to win 11 out of 17 seats and thereby gained control of the town council. Descriptions of the victory celebration include one of Zayyad, carried on the shoulders of youngsters to the town

Nazareth:

Waiting for work.

center and shouting into a microphone: "The rain has washed away the dirt from Nazareth. The 9th of December will be a feast day for generations, an honor to the Arab people." The reaction from the other side appeared in the press: the Labor Alignment characterized the results as "a second Yom Kippur defeat" (a reference to the 1973 war) and spoke of the need to use tough measures.

A week later Zayyad called the elections "a turning point in the unity and struggle of the Arab national minority for its honor." At the same time he promised that the municipality would not be used as a political stage: it would solve the city's problems—its lack of housing, sewage, water supply, recreational and cultural facilities. These problems, 6 years later, have not been done away with. Zayyad and others in the municipality admit this, but claim that much has been accomplished and that indeed relative to the paltry budget actually received, those accomplishments seem miraculous.

The central event in Nazareth since Zayyad's election has become volunteers' week, a work camp made up of thousands of youngsters: Israeli Arabs, Jewish activists from Rakah's youth movement, volunteers from the occupied territories and from European Communist parties. Halevi describes in his article the opening ceremony in 1980: group after group of youngsters enters into the space before a stage filled with rows of personalities from Nazareth and the Galilee; many carry red flags and here and there one sees an Israeli flag. The Arabs are singing "*biladi, biladi*" ("my homeland, my homeland," a patriotic song that has become the Egyptian national anthem and a chant among Palestinian Arabs, both in the occupied territories and in Israel).

The morale of the young Arabs in Israel and throughout the territories seemed to me, during my travels in 1979, incomparably higher than that of young Israeli Jews. Halevi comments on the same contrast: "You look at the enthusiasm on their faces. It is hard to find any parallel to it in the Jewish street of 1980." While he watches the opening ceremony, a dramatic event happens: a group awaiting its turn to march gathers in a circle in the center of which three boys, their faces covered with kaffiyeh headdresses, suddenly raise the red, green, black, and white Palestinian flag. Zayyad runs down from the stage and after a long argument leaves with the flag, which he tenderly and respectfully folds and hands over to a steward. The group, students from the occupied territories, continues to argue and the following day leaves Nazareth in protest.

After long and boring speeches, Zayyad appears and receives a standing ovation. Wearing a tee shirt with the slogan "rights to the municipality of Nazareth" in Arabic and English, he waits by the microphone with a shy smile on his face. I have seen Zayyad speak to a group of scouts, and I find that Halevi perfectly captures his flamboyant rhetorical style: he speaks sharply, with enthusiasm and anger. Halevi has an Arab friend translate what is said: there are "very unpleasant expressions," he writes, "such as: 'the enemy is waiting with his conspiracy both openly and in secret. Don't give them the satisfaction of one breach in our wall. . . . A microphone is a microphone, a chair is a chair, and the PLO the representative of our people. Don't let them pass their fascist laws. Spit on them. From our point of view, let them pave the sea.'"

Halevi describes the scene:

The public is screaming. Next to me a 9 year old child sits alone on the ground almost "eating" Zayyad with his eyes and ears. Whenever Zayyad says anything "hot" the boy clutches his fist. When he comes to expressions like "we want peace, also so that no more Jews will be killed; we want them to have a state too," or when he points at one of the few Israeli flags still hanging on the stage and says "believe me, I respect this flag," the boy slowly releases his clenched fist.

When Halevi repeats to Rakah members what others tell him, namely that Zayyad's speeches reveal that his tendencies are actually nationalistic, they deny it. Zayyad himself is insulted: "Nationalist? That's a curse for me. . . . I'm a Communist totally." And when asked about Arab nationalism, he angrily responds: "I identify with progressive nationalist feelings, but I'm opposed to any reactionary Arab nationalism. A Jewish democrat or a worker, French or Israeli, is closer to me than the King of Morocco or the spoiled child Hussein, or any other Arab fascist."

Zayyad has a reputation for scandalous expressions. At a meeting of the heads of Arab local councils in Nazareth after the attempted assassinations of mayors in the West Bank, the press reported that he had said: "What Hitler didn't manage to do to the Jews, the Jews won't do to the Arabs"; and concerning Arab terrorism: "Every occupied people has the right to fight, and it will decide upon the ways to fight, including the use of arms." The reaction was strong: the Minister of Justice threatened to remove Zayyad's parliamentary immunity, and the committee of the heads of the councils condemned what he had said.

When Halevi asked Zayyad whether he sometimes in retrospect regretted a sharp expression, he answered that his words, though sharp, were true, and that in any case the press was not to be trusted:

I didn't talk about Hitler. I compared the period to European regimes in Europe at a certain period. True, I also meant the Nazi regime. It doesn't happen in one day. It always begins like this. Murder of leaders isn't something to laugh about. I did say that there's a difference between terror by one who is occupied and terror by one who occupies. On the other hand, I said that we always condemn terror against innocent women and children. . . .

Nazareth, with its population of some 40,000 more or less evenly divided between Muslims and Christians, has a heavy architectural and spatial aura of religion. The dozens of churches, monasteries, and mosques provide the background and counterpart to the Communist landmark—the Israel-U.S.S.R. Friendship House with its socialist literature and films and meetings with Soviet delegations. The city's old marketplace and winding streets, the numerous tourists, the wealthy bourgeoisie, and the seemingly endless, noisy crowds of youth along the main street, all impress themselves with immediacy on the sensibilities of a visitor. Halevi, sitting in one of the dozens of coffeehouses reverberating with the blast of recorded disco music, is pulled out to the street by a man sitting by him: "Do you want to see what Nazareth is?" he is asked. "Look around. In the north the areas of the district police headquarters. In the south, the headquarters of the Northern Command. In the west [the kibbutz of] Migdal Ha'emek spreading towards us. In the east, up above, Upper Nazareth." Halevi comments to his readers: "From below, Upper Nazareth does seem frustrating. A well-developed green town, while on the other side [Nazareth proper], the main road is filled with garbage and lacks drainage." Zayyad tells him: "All that we have in common with Upper Nazareth is the police and the garbage dump."

Halevi later sits with Zayyad in his office in the municipality, an old building in disrepair that originally served as a Turkish prison. Their conversation is punctuated by the *muezzin's* calls to prayer and telephone calls regarding preparations for Christmas celebrations. Halevi asks him if he is an atheist. The reply: "I'm a Marxist-Leninist Communist, but I respect the religious conscience." Zayyad, a Muslim by birth, is married to a Christian woman. Within the Arab community, marriages across religious lines are very unusual and socially unacceptable. When Zayyad married, the party worried that people would say that the mixed marriage was the work of Communism. The Central Committee discussed the matter and gave its approval. Halevi asks Zayyad about this, and gets a

clear reaction: "I could have married a Jewish woman. It's of no importance. People talked about it, but in the end it's a personal matter." Eventually, the interview focuses on the political issues:

Halevi: "In spite of everything, isn't the fact that you are serving as Mayor to the honor of Israeli democracy?"

Zayyad: "No I wasn't elected thanks to Israeli democracy, but despite its anti-democratic policies."

Halevi: "Nevertheless, aren't you the only communist mayor in the Middle East?"

(Halevi comments that the last question is evaded, then negotiated. Finally Zayyad uneasily agrees that Israel is the most democratic country in the area.)

Zayyad: "I didn't check . . . but it's a democracy of the bourgeoisie. Peres enables Begin to rule. And, anyhow, democracy doesn't go along with inequality for a national minority. But it's true that there's some democracy here. What we're doing is trying to guard it. To change that situation in which when you elect the Zionist parties you get hell."

Halevi: "What is Zionism?"

Zayyad: "A bourgeois, anti-communist, anti-Soviet ideology, an ideology based on separating the Jewish people from the whole world. We think that the solution to the Jewish problem is not in gathering the Jews from the Diaspora to here, but in the attempt to try to change from within the antisemitic regimes as part of the struggle against imperialism and fascism."

Halevi and Zayyad talk about the Jewish trauma of the Holocaust. Zayyad understands but does not accept the hysteria of people on the extreme right. He is convinced that at the top political level the leaders know that there is no real danger to the existence of Israel; that they hold on to the territories because of colonial interests—land and cheap labor. Halevi asks him if he thinks that Begin or Peres are ready to sacrifice their sons for cheap labor. He comments on and quotes Zayyad's response:

He hisses: "What do I know? Did Hitler care about his son? They don't care about their sons' asses as long as they get into history." The comparison with Hitler that supposedly slipped in unplanned in a moment of anger makes me wonder about another unclear and painful aspect of his personality. It is difficult to understand someone who wants directly or indirectly, to win the confidence of the Israeli Jew and does not understand that saying such a thing means postponing the option of Arab-Jewish coexistence.

Halevi rides back with Zayyad from the Parliament in Jerusalem to Nazareth. Along the way, Zayyad points out and curses the lookout posts recently established by the government which have so provoked the Galilee Arabs. Halevi asks if Zayyad, in the place of the Prime Minister, would not also try to Judaize the Galilee, at least so as not to have an Arab majority there that would demand autonomy. Zayyad answers that the Arabs acknowledge that they are a minority and only want equal rights; they should be made to feel that they are part of the state; the threats of deportation—Minister Pat offers a free ride out to those who do not like things as they are; Sharon talks of another 1948; someone else mentions a cancer; Yariv says there is a plan to deport half a million Arabs—make the Israeli Arabs afraid.

The article ends by stating that Rakah and the Front's main struggle in the Arab sector is not with the Zionist parties, but with the Arab right wing—nationalists or religious fundamentalists.³⁷ In Halevi's view, Rakah remains the only serious force in the Arab sector that raises a call for Arab-Jewish brotherhood. At the same time, he admits his uncertainties in understanding the complex personality of Zayyad, and his difficulties in accepting the reality of the Arab streets and the degree of bitterness and frustration that dominates them. He concludes that Israeli Jews have no

Upper Nazareth.

other choice than to talk seriously with Rakah. Communism has freed Zayyad and his comrades from nationalism; but, as one of the comrades put it, total freedom from nationalism remains difficult, and it is in the interests of Israelis to help the Arab communists adhere to their own ideology. Halevi agrees: Zayyad is surrounded by a wave of growing nationalism which threatens to carry him along with it and into confrontation with Israeli Jews. If someone wants to stop this from happening, not by arms but by trying to reach an Arab-Jewish understanding through dialogue and equality, the only choice is to turn toward people like Zayyad.

I have devoted a good deal of space to this profile and interview. Tawfiq Zayyad, after all, is a significant national figure in Israel, and he presides over the major Arab city in the country. Moreover, it is a rare and striking example of a text which has in it a dialogue between an Arab and a Jew in Israel, a dialogue in which the two voices—both with aggressiveness and reticence—express their hopes and anxieties in a relatively open and undogmatic manner. The account records a debate and a willingness to keep on talking.

There is another reason for having included a lengthy version of this document. The editor of *Monitin* magazine in which it appeared, Adam Baruch (the most celebrated art critic in Israel and a distinguished short-story writer), reacted to his own reading of the original article by including with it—in a red-lettered insert—his personal statement, which he titled "I Want to See That He is Frightened." That statement seems to me an especially powerful and painfully honest expression of deeply anchored Israeli Jewish prejudices, doubts, and fears. It is only comprehensible as a response to the interview with Zayyad, and it prolongs the dialogue:

Tawfiq Zayyad threatens me. His mere existence threatens me. In this regard, I am the neurotic Jewish Israeli. I am certain that he wants to humiliate me, that he is out to seek revenge, that under certain circumstances he will be revealed as an Arab nationalist taking revenge upon the Jew who humiliated him. I do not know him personally, but I do know my fears, and he is a stereotype directly inferred from these fears. I feel Zayyad without seeing him. He is in my home, without being there. His penis throbs with the passion of revenge. In the meantime his tongue is slippery. . . . He is a member of Knesset and a poet, and the Arab in the dream in Amos Oz's *My Michael*. He will screw us standing up, when he gets the chance. Our liberal and white guilt feelings are his fuel. He knows that some of his Jewish partners are hypocrites for whom the Arabs are fuel. Deep in his heart he mocks them all. This mockery is mixed with fear and with the

knowledge that if and when the dominant power and mentality will be that of Arafat, he, Tawfiq Zayyad, will become a victim of the revolution. Arafat will take care of the communists. It is possible that at the last second, Zayyad will turn out to be a nationalist and that everything else has been a contrived "tactic."

I, the neurotic Israeli, am happy to hear that Zayyad recognizes my right to exist, that Zayyad is willing to remove some of the weight of the original sin which accompanies the neurotic Israeli in whose genes fear is rooted, fear which now no longer is translated into a need to prove supremacy, masculinity or power. . . .

I would like it if he would compare me, us, to Hitler and promise us a bloodbath; if he could be bought off with cash, with honors; if he would join the order of the "good Arabs"; if he would appear in a Mapam group portrait. Let him be an aggressive, primitive nationalist. I, the neurotic Israeli, get on well, thanks to my sanity, with aggressive and primitive people who strengthen the Israeli feeling of "having no choice."

I hope that nationalism sweeps up Tawfiq Zayyad and that his poems express the desire "to eat our livers." But from this profile story, a more complex image emerges, one of a possible partner for negotiations. Blessed be he who believes that. I do not. I want an X-ray of his thoughts. I would like to see, black on white, that he is afraid, that he respects our humanity. . . . [Baruch 1981]

Nazareth.

Nazareth.

The words of Baruch lead us to a deeper level of consciousness. He speaks openly and directly about the fear that inhabits some Israeli Jews and the guilt which fuels that fear. Israelis who read the morning papers learn every day about the appalling conditions in many of the Arab cities, towns, villages, and refugee camps, in Israel and in the occupied territories; they know about the bitterness and anger of the Arab population toward Israel and the reasons for those feelings; they are aware of the injustices and humiliations that Israeli Jews have perpetuated against Arabs in the past and at present.

The morning papers contain detailed and honest accounts of what goes on in the Arab sector; yet even the more widely distributed and less liberal afternoon dailies, as well as the radio and television, carry such reports. It is very difficult, indeed almost impossible, for Israelis to remain ignorant of these matters. Moreover, most Israelis, through military service in the regular forces and in the reserves, actually have participated in or observed the mistreatment of Arabs in Israel and the territories. How so many Israelis nonetheless manage to forget, willfully suppress, rationalize, or justify the conditions of Arabs under the control of their state has been already explained in part. The dominant attitude which has emerged especially in the past few years is that of "having no choice"—it is "either them or us."

Baruch starts from that premise: the Jews have humiliated the Arabs, and the Arabs want to revenge themselves by humiliating the Jews. Jewish guilt feeds Jewish fear. The conclusion: fear justifies repression of the Arabs—there is no alternative. If Zayyad is an Arab nationalist, then by Baruch's definition he seeks revenge, and he can be classified as an enemy. Simple and reassuring. If, however, Zayyad truly opposes Arab nationalism, as he claims, then he must fear that nationalism, for it threatens to destroy him. To be afraid and to respect the humanity of the Israeli Jews would make Zayyad an equal, a partner. Baruch finds himself still unwilling or unable to believe in that fear and respect. But he has begun to doubt the inexistence of possible alternatives and to become susceptible to respecting the humanity of Arabs.

Jean and I go into the main street of Nazareth early in the morning when workers crowd there to get rides or to find work. Later we learn from an assistant in the municipality that between 6,000–8,000 workers go outside the city to find work, most of them to Haifa and its surroundings, but others to as far away as Eilat. And the statistics come out again: the population of Nazareth has more than tripled between 1948 and 1979; 75 percent are less than 30 years old. And facts and figures point up past and present inequities and problems: the confiscation of municipal and private lands in 1948 and the present dire need for housing when the city has no land to extend onto; the lack of any local industry, while in Upper Nazareth more than a half-dozen large new factories have been built with government support and Arab labor.

We walk through Nazareth, visit its markets, schools, houses. The conditions of buildings and streets are, on the whole, rundown. But the city seems in no way a sad place. On the contrary, perhaps because of the ever-present multitude of children, it looks happy. I mention to Jean that the Arab population of Israel, as well as that of the occupied territories, strikes me as more optimistic than the Jewish population. Jean finds this perfectly natural be-

cause, as he puts it, "the Jews have more to lose." I take that as a general reflection on human nature—that the "haves" fear more than the "have-nots"—but I am not sure that Jean intended that meaning.

In the municipality, someone tells us that Ben Gurion once said: "I smell in the Galilee an Arab smell. We must do something to Judaize that area." I do not know if he indeed ever made such a statement, but it is not improbable. The Arabs we meet believe that Israeli policy toward them has not changed, except possibly a bit for the worse with the Likud government. One fellow declares that "the Israelis think that they are better than anyone else. But in fact, they are no better, no worse!" Another response is engraved on a plaque outside Nazareth's municipality. It shows a woman breaking the chains on her wrists and has some verses by the Tunisian poet, Abu Qasim ash-Shabi:

If the people one day
Want life
There is no doubt
That fate will comply
And no doubt the night
Will pass and no doubt
The chain will be broken.

Nazareth: Waiting for work.

Afula

Some 8 miles south of Nazareth along a road that now leads into the occupied territories, we stop at Afula. Founded in 1925 by American Zionists, it became the market center of the Jezreel Valley. Today most of its population of about 22,000 comes from North Africa and the Middle East. Many of the inhabitants work in surrounding kibbutzes, but already in the summer of 1979 we hear about problems of unemployment. A year later the press reports that there are 900 unemployed in Afula, about 8 percent of its work force. Some of them have been laid off after years of having worked in these factories, and they are bitter toward the kibbutzes (cf. Dolev 1980).

The old town center is small and agreeable. We walk around it a few times, talk to and photograph a young couple whom we meet in a photographic shop where they are having wedding pictures made, and do the same with other young people who have set up stands to hawk goods. Two young fellows of North African origin are selling cassette recordings and seem friendly and talkative. One tells us he is a plumber but out of work because contractors refuse to pay him the going rate of 400 I.L. a day, a sum slightly above that paid to the unemployed through social welfare; the contractors prefer hiring an Arab plumber who will work for 300 I.L. a day. It is unclear whom he resents more: the Jewish contractor or the Arab worker.

The conversation continues. The same fellow tells me that recently he had returned from his army reserve service. He was in the territories. Indeed, he was at the small town of Halhoul some weeks before when some Arab schoolgirls were shot. Matter of factly, he recounts how schoolchildren, including girls, had thrown rocks at his unit, ordered out to quiet a demonstration. One of the rocks hit a soldier in the head. The unit's officer became crazy and yelled at his men to open fire. "We did," he says, "we shot them down like Nazis." I feel a weakness in my knees. The fellow's expression and even tone of voice have not changed. I believe him, and during the next 2 years I repeatedly read in the Hebrew press of eyewitness accounts of shootings and beatings by the Israeli army of men, women, and children in the territories; and I remember the conversation with this sympathetic, unemployed, Oriental Jew in the streets of Afula who blindly followed orders and accepted unemployment with equanimity.

There is a bitter irony in the situation of Oriental Jews in Israel. In the eyes of European Jews their oriental characteristics set them apart. In 1968, when a new paper currency with a photograph of the great Hebrew poet Bialik on it was issued, the Oriental Jews considered boycotting its use: they believed that Bialik had contempt for them on the basis of a statement often attributed to him—that he hated the Arabs because they resembled the "Franks" (one of the earlier Hebrew terms used to refer with denigration to Oriental Jews). The press took up the issue and sought to prove that Bialik had great admiration for the "Sephardis" (a Hebrew term referring specifically to Jews of Spanish origin, i.e., Ladino-speaking communities from throughout the Mediterranean, sometimes extended to include, and raise, the status of all Jews from North Africa and Asia). Whether true or not, the statement is revealing: it reinforces an idea prevalent among Oriental Jews, namely that Ashkenazi Jews detest them just as they detest the Arabs.

Several years before K. Katznelson (1964), a veteran Israeli journalist, had published a book entitled *The Ashkenazi Revolution*. He argued that "the superior Ashkenazi nation" had blundered in admitting inferior non-Ashkenazi Jews ("the Sephardo-Oriental nations") to Israel. The Ashkenazis had to assume formal control of the state to prevent the erosion of its domination and thereby its destruction. The book caused a great furor in the country and was eventually banned by the government as anti-Jewish, anti-semitic, anti-Zionist, and racist. Nonetheless, as S. Smootha points out, the analysis—in stating the historical differences and separateness of Ashkenazis and Orientals, and that the former had no obligation to promote equality and integration for the latter—was not absurd. Moreover, ideas in the book, stripped of their extremism, revealed some deep-rooted feelings or unstated thoughts that Ashkenazis had held regarding Orientals (cf. Smootha 1978:48–49). There is no doubt that such sentiments and judgments have continued to influence the ways in which Ashkenazis and Orientals perceive and treat one another in Israel.

Katznelson viewed Israeli Arabs much as he viewed Oriental Jews. The difference was that the former, if displeased with their situation should, in his opinion, leave the country. The Arabs were at the bottom of the political hierarchy. He declared that they had every reason to expect limitations, persecution, and tyranny, because they had lost the 1948 war. In responding to a letter from an Israeli Arab which had criticized the government's treatment of Arabs in Israel and demanded equal rights, he claimed that if the Arabs were able to do as they liked, no Israeli Jews would remain alive. However, if the Israelis could do as they liked, they would send the Arabs packing to the neighboring countries, in a "fair" way and with monetary reparations. In regard to the atti-

tudes of Israeli Jews to the Arabs, he states that there can be no Jewish saints: "this state is built and stands on the defeat of the Palestinian Arabs by war and their flight; these gave to us most of the territory of the state which made it possible to offer refuge to the masses of Jewish refugees. . . ." Once again, an extreme view, but not devoid of historical facts. It reveals feelings and thoughts of many Israelis that at the time remained relatively unstated. In recent years it has become commonplace for Israelis to declare these same views and facts quite explicitly.³⁸

In the social hierarchy of Israel and the territories, the Oriental Jews are placed below the dominant group—the European Jews—and above the dominated groups—the Arabs of Israel and the territories. The lines of demarcation are not always clearly drawn. Individuals sometimes "pass" or get pushed into another group by chance, skill, or pressure.

One summer day I visited a friend who had immigrated to Israel from Iraq many years ago. He had graduated from the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and studied for an advanced degree in anthropology in the United States. For the last year or so he had been teaching Arabic in a kibbutz high school to make ends meet. He had told me that the schoolchildren hated Arabic and considered him, as an Arabic-speaking Iraqi Jew who taught Arabic, an Arab and by definition therefore a supporter of the PLO. He found this distressing and regretted his failure to convey to the children either the inherent interest or the utility of the language. The day of my visit he looked sad and relieved. He told me that the kibbutz had asked the children to decide democratically by a vote whether they wanted to continue the study of Arabic during the coming school year; they had decided to do away with the lessons, and he had been informed that the school would no longer employ him. He vowed that he would never teach Arabic again anywhere. He was proud of his own Arabic culture and of his Iraqi-Jewish identity; but he did not want to have to contend with trying to communicate that to others.

As I left his apartment building, I saw a woman who was obviously Oriental and Jewish admonish her daughter of about 15 years of age for some misdeed: "You are extremely stupid," she screamed at the girl, "just like an Arab!"

It is difficult to be an Oriental Jew in Israel, because it is the next closest thing to being an Arab. I think that as long as Oriental Jews themselves accept that social hierarchy—their inferiority to European Jews and their superiority to Palestinian Arabs—they will remain despised by others and by themselves.

Afula.

In Afula the head rabbi is Yehuda Shitrit. He wears the black suit and hat of a European rabbi, but he comes from the far southwest of Morocco, from the Tafilalt region where he married his paternal cousin when he was 16 years old and she 11. They have 9 children, and one of them, on leave from army reserve duty, comes in during our conversation, which is conducted in Moroccan Arabic over mint tea; we are surrounded by books of Jewish law and lore. I wonder if the son serves in the occupied territories and what he would do if told to open fire on people.

On the wall of Rabbi Shitrit's living room there is a photograph of him dressed in traditional Moroccan clothes at the court of King Muhammad V of Morocco. The King is greeting him while he receives an award from one of the ministers. I ask the rabbi about the photograph and he becomes animated and proud to talk about his past. In 1950, he succeeded his father as head rabbi of Agadir, and he remained there until 1962. He speaks emotionally of the earth-

Afula.

quake that destroyed Agadir in 1960 and tells me that he buried half of his 80 students there in a communal grave. In 1963 he came to Israel and left all that behind him. It seems to me, when we speak, that few people, beyond perhaps the rabbi's immediate family and acquaintances, are likely to have heard him talk of these memories.

The Oriental Jews in Israel are expected to forget the past and their traditional cultures and to become like other contemporary Israelis, that is, "modern" and "European" (rather than remaining "primitive" and "oriental"). To the extent that they try to do so—and most accept that they should try—they find in the great majority of situations that they simply cannot manage to become accepted as equals. The structure of Israel—its institutions and values—places them betwixt and between. They form a separate category of people who share some characteristics with the dominant Jewish class and others with the dominated Arab classes. Yet they cannot integrate into the one and do not want to join forces with the other.

I am reminded of what Jean said: those who have more to lose have more to fear. In terms of power and domination one could apply this maxim equally to Israel's Oriental Jews: in their relations to other Jews, they are feared because they have less to lose. In regard to the Arabs of Israel and of the territories, however, the Oriental Jews feel relatively better off—the tables are turned. It is the Arabs who are feared: they have been more humiliated than the Oriental Jews, more oppressed; they are angrier and more defiant. Even alienation here in this land has degrees.

In the Way of a Summary

Our account of the voyage remains partial and incomplete. It stops midway here at Afula, from which a road leads back into the occupied West Bank. The halt imposes certain reflections about the ground covered, topographically and conceptually.

On this land and in our minds there is no escape from Israel, none from Palestine; no absence of Palestinian Arabs, nor of Israelis whether Jew or Arab.

One road leads to another: the land and peoples have become as inseparable as they are unequal. Thus, from the West Bank, much of the Palestinian Arab labor force goes to work in the densely populated coastal regions of Israel or into the Negev, in the south. And from Israel people flow into the West Bank, most of them settlers and military occupiers. Grossly unequal exchanges . . .

In the Gaza Strip, another occupied territory, the same flows and exchanges take place. In Gaza City and its surrounding villages and horrible camps live almost half a million Palestinians, 60 percent of them refugees or their descendants. The brutality of the occupation, the living conditions, and the exploitation of cheap labor (much of it child labor) make Gaza and its relation to Israel similar to that of Soweto to South Africa³⁹ (cf. Elon 1981).

In the Negev the inseparabilities and inequalities of Jews and Arabs take other forms: 40,000 Bedouin of Israeli citizenship, most of them cantonized in reservations since 1948, are in conflict with the state over land ownership. The Bedouin claim legal rights over lands they farmed and grazed for generations; they do so by filing suits in court and by squatting on the land. The state argues that the land is public domain, and a branch of the Ministry of Agriculture, the Green Patrol, does its best to force the Bedouin off the land by intimidation and physical expulsion. The Bedouin, too, seem to be fighting a losing battle against oppression. Meanwhile, some of them serve in the Israeli army; others study at Beersheba University (and at times actively support Israeli Arab and Palestinian causes, getting arrested or expelled from their studies as a reward); a few become doctors and lawyers; and the rest—most—work in the Israeli economy as waiters, hotel clerks, mechanics' helpers, farm hands . . .

Our unfinished journey also leaves half of the other side of the picture and story unshown and untold: the further evidence for the inequalities suffered by Oriental Jews in Israel. The abiding tensions, conflicts, and incompatibilities within Israeli Jewish society dramatically rose to the surface in the form of bitter ethnic animosities during the 1981 elections to the Knesset. In those elections the victorious Likud party was returned to power, primarily thanks to the votes of Oriental Jews. Although the Likud leadership, and Prime

Minister Begin first and foremost, were all (with the significant exception of David Levy) European Jews, they knew how to mobilize the support of the Oriental Jews and make the campaign, at least in part, a struggle against the "European racism" of the opposition party, the Alignment.

The interpretation of those elections belongs at the end of the journey. Briefly, however, I want to indicate that the election campaign brought out clearly the bitter enmity between Oriental and European Jews that Jean Mohr and I had set out to document in 1979, at a time when that enmity was still widely denied in Israel and almost unheard of outside the country.

The two principal parties both incited ethnic conflict. The Alignment, in calling for a renewal of "the old and true values" of Israel, used symbols that awakened powerful and violent emotions against the "mob"—a clear reference to the Oriental Jews; they called the Likud supporters "Khoméinists," with all the associations of "the fanatic masses" of the streets of Teheran that that awakened in Israel; when Oriental Jews attempted to disrupt an Alignment rally addressed by Motte Gur, a former commander in chief of the army, he angrily warned them (and by implication all Oriental Jews): "We will screw you, just as we've screwed the Arabs!"

The final example of inflammatory rhetoric took place at the last Alignment rally when one of the speakers on the podium referred to Likud supporters as "gate-keepers in the army" (i.e., those judged incapable of fighting) and as "*tshakhtshakhim*," or "Oriental scum" (literally those whose speech is full of the sound "*tshakh*," i.e., who cannot pronounce Hebrew properly because of their Judeo-Arabic accent). The effect of all this was to increase the violence of the campaign—verbal and physical—especially among the Oriental Jewish supporters of Likud, whose behavior had already become openly and aggressively anti-Ashkenazi.

The polarization within Israeli Jewish society is now one of the central social and political problems of the country. It is in no way clear whether its eventual resolution will further or hasten the time when Israelis and Palestinians live side by side, or together, as equals. For my part, I think that an Israeli society in which Oriental Jews have achieved equality and their fair share of power and responsibility will accept the dignity and equality of Arab citizens or neighbors.

These statements obviously have different statuses. Polarization along ethnic lines has become an observable and accepted fact. Its resolution, or movement in one direction or another, is probable. That Israelis and Palestinians will live as equals is a possibility and a moral feeling. That Oriental Jews will achieve equality and thereby a share of power and that Israeli soci-

ety will be capable of reconciliation with the Palestinian Arabs can only be defined as a hope and a political position.

A further statement, which has led to this entire photographic essay enterprise, belongs here; it derives from sociological intuition: As long as Oriental Jews remain second-class citizens in Israel, the Israeli Arabs will stay in the third class and the Palestinians in the territories will be beyond the pale of class and citizenship. These relations are interdependent and systematic. A change in relations implies a change in the system of inequality based on ethnicity and race.

Our original intention in combining images and words was to document the above points of view. We sought to use our faculties and skills to raise political consciousness about the rejected people, the Arab and Jewish underclasses of Israel and the territories it occupies, thereby stimulating the readers' moral impulses and their empathy with the lives of those people. The photographs and the text were framed and fashioned to awaken feelings and consciences for people whose rights and interests, cultures and identities, were denied by the policies and practices of the government of Israel.

A colleague commented that the ensemble struck her as genuinely anthropological because it was profoundly antigovernmental. If that is the case—and I hope that it is—I admit nonetheless that the intention was not consciously formulated in that way. But I also admit to a morality that seeks to defend the subjects of the essay and, by implication, to condemn the governments that have kept them down. The tone has sometimes become rousing and polemical in order to shake and thereby awaken readers to the historical situations of contemporary Israel/Palestine.

Our collaboration all along has implied an agreement in principle on most of these matters that was, nonetheless, seldom formulated. I have too much respect for Jean Mohr's talents to have wanted more than that. And too much trust in the eloquence of his art to want to get in its way. He has put his stamp on, his vision in, his work, and I have tried to accompany that work with my own voice to achieve an overall effect. But the strands have not disappeared, nor were they meant to. Whatever harmony results has not been imposed with that in mind. There are two texts here; I believe that they give meaning to each other, and I am prepared to accept that they sometimes contradict each other.

This is no denial that the uses of the photographs generally determine their meaning. The real problem rests then in defining "uses," elaborating with words. Take, for example, the problem of choosing the term for identifying the people who make up the subject of the essay. "Underclasses" suggests itself immediately; the use of such a term is a political position, but

in the circumstances it still very much conveys "wishful thinking." Few Arabs and Jews in Israel/Palestine can be said to be in the process of discovering and forming a commonly shared class consciousness. Potentially, perhaps; but basically the notion of underclasses seems too vague, too "objective," and generally unrelated to peoples' own self-conceptions.

Hebrew suggested a term with a closer fit, that used by M. Gur when he told the Oriental Jews that they would be "screwed" just as the Arabs had been. The word *hadfukim*—"the screwed"—probably expressed the "indigenous" sense of a shared condition better than any other word. (The idiom and image was recurrent in much of the texts I quoted.) It refers to those who are dominated, the underdogs, the wretched, and, as it happens, the majority of the combined populations.

I did not use these terms, because they seemed inappropriate for one reason or another. Neither did I refer to all the subjects as "Arabs," including thereby all Christians, Jews, and Muslims of the Orient, although some writers on the subject do so for understandable historical and ideological purposes. Moreover, one could make a good case for using "Arabs" in this sense for an additional reason: in the eyes of those who have shaped policies, practices, and public opinion in Israel, the Oriental Jews are "Arabs." The denigration of the Orient by European Jews has been more or less total in that sense.

The terms finally adopted are less motivated by political or moral considerations and more a consequence of anthropological principles; that is, to use the terms that the people themselves generally employ. However ambiguous, they come from the hearts and minds of the people I am concerned with: "Arabs" (Palestinian, Israeli, Druze, Bedouin) and "Jews" (Oriental, European or Sephardi, Ashkenazi).

We have looked and listened to as many Arabs (of all sorts) and Jews (mostly Oriental) as we could manage to during our time together on the land. We did this especially in regard to conditions of housing, schooling, and working. The photographs have been used to demonstrate—and they do demonstrate—that the conditions of Arabs and Oriental Jews are often similar, and at times the conditions and the people are quite indistinguishable. The captions identify place names and thereby usually categorize people. The reader nonetheless should often be on the limits of confusing peoples' identities. The photographs are used to reinforce a political position about similarities and common causes and to goad moral feelings about injustices.

If the collaboration between photographer and writer succeeds, it derives from a degree of collusion and more generally from a common moral ground that they share to start with. From this experience of collaboration, I have learned, among other things, that

such a joint endeavor implies a continuous dialogue—the more continuous, the better. Its consequence is questioning, refining, redefining, and if necessary abandoning the common moral ground. When I returned from the elections in Israel and spoke with Jean Mohr, the first thing he asked was whether I had changed my political opinion. The question surprised me; it shouldn't have. I reflected and decided that the elections had reaffirmed my moral and political stance; Jean sounded relieved to hear that. We had, after all, maintained a dialogue on several levels, consciously and unconsciously, and over time elaborated common understandings. I think that neither of us ever gave up wondering what the other was seeing and thinking. For my part, I wish that I had been more aware of that dialogue then: I would have talked a good deal more and taken notes of the process. It is teamwork—inescapable, troubling, stimulating, imperative—and self-consciousness of that can only enhance it.

Another aspect of teamwork is the division of labor. By letting Jean Mohr be our eyes, I did less observing than I should have. When I later read James Agee's minute descriptions of places and objects in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, I deplored my lack of observation and the thinness of my notes in that regard. I was too busy talking and listening and noting. But the talking was marvelous; I was usually the tongue and ears of the team because I could speak Hebrew and several Arabic dialects. Usually I engaged people in extended conversations before, during, and after Jean photographed them. We succeeded, I think, to an unusual extent in creating a relation of trust with those whom we met.

Seldom did I have the sense that our presence—with camera and note pad—was an intrusion or alien to the people. (There were occasions when we were told not to photograph by the people themselves, in two refugee camps and in a slum near Tel-Aviv; although we were disappointed, we never insisted.) Many who have looked at the photographs have mentioned the openness of peoples' expressions. I think that that striking openness resulted from the ease of conversation and gestures that people had, as well as from Jean Mohr's uncanny ability neither to efface himself nor to impinge on people's sense of privacy. Many of the photographs suggest a connivance between Jean and his subject, created by mutual respect or acceptance, sympathy, the flow of talk, and the familiarity of surroundings and situation to the person.⁴⁰

Our account admittedly presents both a bleak and a romanticized vision. I think that the overall effect of the photographs reveals a similar mixture of mood and tenor. There is relatively little dramatic poverty, material or spiritual, in Israel or the occupied territories. Yet, the land and the peoples who inhabit it are

deeply troubled and seriously threatened. The bleakness of the account arises from the widespread injustices and bitterness that we found when we looked and listened beyond the surfaces and main tracks. The injustices, which are in a direct inverse ratio to the hierarchy of power, inspire despondency and fear: for the Palestinians in the territories first and foremost, for the Arabs of Israel next, then for the Oriental Jews, and, finally, because they risk losing their humanity, for all other Israelis. Romanticization because the beauty of these people, especially of children, dramatizes the jeopardy of their present situation and creates grave fears for their future. By communicating that beauty and contextualizing people's lives in history, we also express hope, theirs and ours.

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Notes

- 1 *Le Monde*, May 15, 1980.
- 2 *'Al Hamishmar*, June 13, 1980.
- 3 For an elaborate and fascinating development of these categorical statements, see M. Kutcher 1973:9 ff. Kutcher was a member of a team of professional town planners whose task was to prepare a new legal plan for Jerusalem, advise the municipal town planning commission on matters of architecture and town planning, coordinate the work of public and private groups, and discover what had been approved already and what could be done about it.
- 4 See Rabinovich 1980. Y. Litani in *Ha'aretz*, August 17, 1979, reported the secret decision by the Cabinet to expropriate land for the same purpose.
- 5 See *Le Monde*, March 28, 1980, and Silver 1980.
- 6 The quote is taken from Kutcher 1973:112. Much of the discussion concerning the profit motive in Jerusalem's development also comes from Kutcher. Remarks on social inequality in the city are based on my own observations and reading, especially the Israeli government's *Social Profile of Cities and Towns in Israel*, Part 2 (Ministry of Social Welfare, Division of Planning, Jerusalem 1977).
- 7 Reuben Abergel, a former member of the Black Panther leadership, quoted in Soussan 1976:33.
- 8 See *Israel Hebdo*, No. 176, Fall 1979, and *Jerusalem Post*, August 6, 1981.
- 9 See *Maariv* (*Sofshavu'a*), July 3, 1981.
- 10 The problem of control over water sources has been vividly documented in a TV film made in Israel and the West Bank in May 1981 titled "Whose Hand on the Tap," produced and directed by David Elstein and transmitted by Thames Television Limited on July 7, 1981.
- 11 See *Zu Haderekh*, August 20 and 28, 1980.
- 12 This figure and most of the details that follow were generously provided by the mayor of Beyt She'an, Yitshak Kenan. There are forty development towns in Israel, with a population of about 500,000.
- 13 The Iraqis are the second largest community of Oriental Jews in the country. According to the *Israeli Statistical Yearbook* (1980), of the total Jewish population of 3.1 million at the end of 1979, 430,000 were first- or second-generation Moroccans; they are the largest "ethnic" community in the country, and are followed by Jews from Poland (343,000), Romania (290,000), Iraq (262,000), Soviet Union (256,000), Yemen (164,000), and America and Oceania (80,000).
- 14 These estimates come from the widely divergent figures found in the scholarly literature. See Tessler 1980; Sayigh 1979; Friedlander and Goldscheider, 1979.
- 15 G. Wigoder, *Jerusalem Post Weekly*, September 7-13, 1980.
- 16 I have not resisted the temptation, nonetheless, to borrow, especially here, from the already cited writings of Kapeliouk (1981) and Tessler (1980) and mostly from the penetrating analysis by Lustick (1980b; cf. 1980a).
- 17 Excerpts of the memorandum appeared in *'Al Hamishmar*, September 7, 1976.
- 18 See article "Omer" in the *Encyclopedia Judaica*, Jerusalem, 1971.
- 19 See e.g., an Israeli publication aimed at American public opinion, "Myths and Facts," *Near East Report*. *Washington Letter on American Policy in the Near East*, February 6, 1974, p. 50. Fund-raising films made at that time for distribution in the American Jewish community described their departure as *A New Leaving of Egypt* (World Zionist Organization film on emigration from Morocco, made in 1961), *The Story of Those Who Feel They Must Run Away* (a United Jewish Appeal film made in 1956 and narrated by Frederick March); their absorption in Israel was like "mending broken pots" (a film made in 1955 on Otzem village in the Lakhish area). Jewish communities in North Africa and the Middle East who immigrated to Israel (and not all of them did) were motivated by a variety of factors, among which danger or fear were generally negligible and ideology (especially messianic beliefs) central.
- 20 A. Gelblum, *Ha'aretz*, April 22, 1949.
- 21 K. Shabtai, *Davar*, March 3, 1950.
- 22 See Shokeid 1971; Weingrod 1965. The most recent and comprehensive studies of Israeli social structure (Jews and Arabs) are Smooha 1978 and Bensimon and Errera, 1977.
- 23 *Black Panther*, No. 6, March 1976.
- 24 See *Jerusalem Post Weekly*, May 3-9, 1981.
- 25 The overall figures for casualties come from a speech by Prime Minister Begin reported in the *Jerusalem Post Weekly*, October 12-18, 1980; those for 1973 are from an interview with the then Prime Minister Peres, in *The Sunday Telegraph*, December 1, 1974; those on bereavement are from an article that appeared in the Israeli Hebrew monthly *Monitin*, September 1980; also mentioned there was the fact that forty bereaved fathers had committed suicide.
- 26 See note 25 above.
- 27 *Jerusalem Post*, June 10, 1979.
- 28 *Ha'aretz*, August 12, 1979.
- 29 *Ibid.*
- 30 *Ibid.*, August 8, 1979.
- 31 See *Ha'aretz*, December 2 and 3, 1979.
- 32 See Nazzari 1978:21, 87, 99-100. The exodus from Acre and the feelings of loss are powerfully described in the writings of Ghassan Kanafani, especially "The Land of the Sad Oranges" (1963) and "The Jasmine Has Grown, Boys" (1967). See A. Kanafani's booklet (1973) in memory of her husband (presumably killed in Beirut by Israeli agents in July 1972), and Wild (1975).
- 33 See the excellent article on contemporary Hebrew literature by Nurith Gertz in *Le Monde Diplomatique*, April 1979.
- 34 See the articles by Yair Kotler on this industrial empire and the prosperity of the kibbutzes in *Ma'ariv*, September 28, 1981.
- 35 *Ibid.*
- 36 See Y. Tal, *Ha'aretz*, September 7, 1980.
- 37 In fact, in the recent 1981 national elections, the Front lost some of its support to the Labor Alignment. This was undoubtedly because the Arabs felt that the Likud represented a significantly greater threat to them than did Labor, and that their votes might have a decisive effect on the outcome.
- 38 Katznelson's letter appeared in *Ha'aretz*, August 1, 1958.
- 39 The comparison is also suggested in the Israeli press. See Elon 1981.
- 40 Jean's photographs of Turkish workers in *The Seventh Man* are, it seems to me, quite different. The subjects admit the presence of the camera quite readily, but their expressions seem generally closed. I think that this stems from their lack of familiarity with their surroundings. The environment of Western Europe is alien to the Turks. The alienation shows in their faces. Moreover, the language they hear and are often forced to speak is not their own. In these conditions their expressions in front of the camera are not unexpectedly guarded and defensive. The photographs in Israel/Palestine, however, are of people at home and at ease. The encounter with the camera has been prepared by prior communication in their own language. The photographer has freer access to these people because the barriers of alienation are not present.

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