

Dateline: Palestine

By George Weller

Dear Reader,

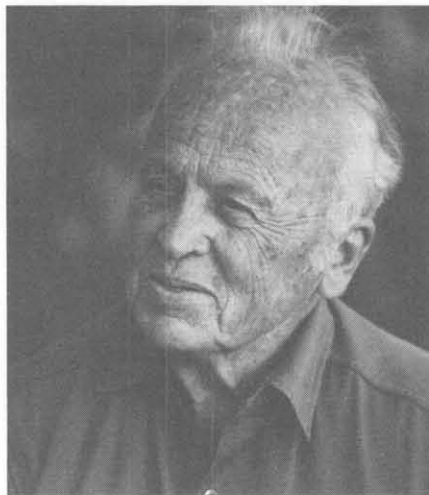
Although I am a reporter, I have difficulty, even with the aid of television, in comprehending the unpleasant events in Palestine, now partly known as "Israel." In these scenes, when stones are thrown, they land silently and never hit anybody. Arrests follow. There are scuffles. Sometimes private residences are blown up, not singly but in bunches.

Then there are scenes of Arabs being expelled by what appear to be Jews in Eisenhower jackets, hatless. There are no scenes of trials, stockades or family visits.

Some explanations are in order. The wasteful contagion spreading out worldwide from Palestine is the vile struggle of terrorists against hostages. The disease is airborne, traveling on befouled aircraft where a stray shot can bring death to all.

With so many, apparently all Arabs, being expelled from Palestine, I fear that the public grasp of what is going on may grow as clouded as it has for me. Hence, to compensate, I suggest that the quota of witnesses be built up. More tents will doubtless be required. Here we could possibly be helpful. Yours, etc.

Back in 1940, when I arrived in New York, I was not aware that Jews fleeing Germany went anywhere else than to that city. I had come back to America a few years before, after a four-year stint in Greece for the *New York Times*. The war was creeping east, down the Balkans into Albania,



George Weller

and I wanted to go that way. First, however, I wanted to consult Varian Fry, a classmate of mine. He was in France, engaged in a secret mission. He was picking up men and a few women of literary talent, German and Austrian Jews, who wanted to be guided through the Swiss, French, Spanish and Portuguese lines to neutral Lisbon. Often they required fake passports.

His office was pleased to see me, because he had asked them to find me. He had an idea that I might be a volunteer to help guide Jews to freedom, and perhaps relieve him for a rest. I was willing, if they paid expenses.

I found his wife, and she was honest, but not wholly encouraging. She wanted him to come back. But she could not honestly insist that I would enjoy the work. Nor did he. The fugitives, he wrote, were mostly middle-aged, often corpulent. But they had tarried too long in soft Switzerland. At times, climbing the Pyrenees, they almost broke down. They had feuds. I suggested that perhaps they would be better off going where I intended to go, to the Middle East. "Palestine?" she responded. "Never! Not after Switzerland." First New York, then California? "Talented people," she reminded me.

They included Franz Werfel and Lion Feuchtwanger, novelists. The harbor reporters met them, and Feuchtwanger, in particular, talked about his rigors, painfully hiking across the Pyrenees. "Worse than Palestine?" a reporter asked. "Equal," said Feuchtwanger. "No, even worse." Apparently Palestine was somehow wrong, as a refuge. Warm like California, but not quite right.

It occurred to me that there were other influential Jews who were staying quietly in Europe. Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas, on the French border, Bernard Berenson still in Florence, all fastidious people. They weren't going eastward to Palestine, the sanctuary where Jews were supposed to have a home. Evidently something was not quite right in Palestine. Perhaps the Holy Land was reserved for poor Jews. I determined to find out.

Nobody talked about Palestine in New York, perhaps because for Jews young or old there was no promise

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About This Issue

A tribute on page 11 is offered to three Americans, recently deceased, whose combined experience in the Middle East exceeded 150 years. John Davis, George Rentz and Edwin Wright were typical of not a few Americans whose professions had taken them to the Middle East and who, on returning home, dared to challenge the negative Arab stereotyping they encountered. Their presence on our Board of Directors and National Council has been inspiration to all of us at A.M.E.U.

George Weller, our feature writer, is a prize-winning war correspondent, whose professional work in the Middle East spans 45 years, and counting. We asked George to look back over his eventful career and to

tell of the stories he covered for the *Chicago Daily News*, of the personalities he interviewed, and, often enough, of the stories behind the stories.

Our Notice Section on page 11 includes several urgent items regarding the Palestinian uprising.

Finally, in order to update our Spring 1988 Book Catalogue, we have listed our entire new offering of 49 books on pages 12-15.

John F. Mahoney,
Executive Director

there. Arid farming lacked status. There was only one country, besides America, for which Jews felt their enduring affinity for art, power, status, self-expression and possibly even sure "contracts." That was Russia.

Palestine, however, had something that could not be denied. It had history, mystery, dignity. With three world religions, Palestine had the lugubrious, skeptical expression of a camel, always looking over people's heads, far, far away.

After Greece fell in 1941, I saw the long procession of Hitler's gliders crease the ridge of Hymettos on the way to Crete. I also lost my chance to escape forward to Palestine. The Gestapo took me to Berlin, guarded. Exchanging me for a German reporter in Washington, they allowed me to overfly legally the route of Fry's gifted circus, through France and Spain to liberty in Lisbon. I passed through Cairo, but had to scurry east to cover Singapore's fall to the Japanese.

It was two more years of war before I finally got back to Cairo and another chance at promised Palestine.

The extraordinary thing was that Palestine, without losing any of its expected Arabism, had been at last occupied, almost, by the Germans. Not the Germans of Rommel's army, now driven back from Alamein, but by German Jews.

This was the place where the literary Jews didn't want to go. They had arrived, however, in the mid-30's, more like studious tourists than fugitives, with their gold spectacles and polished shoes, with their wives in white hats and white shoes. By now they spoke English beautifully, as befitted lawyers, teachers and engineers.

This was the early program of Hitler: to siphon the Jewish intellectual class overseas in order to open places for nationalists in the unemployed middle class. Jews were creating their own colonies overseas, colonies that were not fully hostile, nor quite friendly either, merely busi-

nesslike. They brought their household things, their books, pets, and garments, even carpets!

Hitler tried to do the same thing in Madagascar, and failed. But the experiment worked smoothly with the British. It did not please the Arabs, for whom a German Jew was never a German and always a Jew, a settler.

They soon reached 100,000, outnumbering both the British civilians and the handful of authentic, Zionist Jews. The thought of a small, experimental Jewish homeland, perhaps somewhere along Galilee, facing the Golan Heights, handy to both Syria and Jordan, gradually took shape. After all, nobody was thinking of giving Palestine back to Turkey.

Such a Jewish Vaterland, of course, would have to be shared with prickly Russian Jews who had already trickled into Palestine as escapees from the Tsar. But these militants were the same mercurial Russian and Polish Jews who were now taking over the Jewish role in the American middle class, energetically replacing the reigning Schiffs and Warburgs, Oppenheims and Schlesingers.

In fact, in the twenties, Louis Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter had been alarmed when the persuasive Mr. Weizmann, who sold Lloyd George the Balfour idea, had begun also mopping up in America all the Zionists for his organization. No wonder Brandeis had demanded his German Jews "organize, organize, organize!" to hold off the Weizmann who came from Pinsk and never stopped pushing east.

If this double "Israel" happened also in Palestine, the German Jews would resist. They had made Berlin, not London, the first capital of the Zionism of the debonair, un-ghettoish playwright Theodore Herzl of Vienna-Budapest. They would not surrender their founder's rights. Herzl had died young, worn-out by his struggles with the power-hungry Russian Zionists. They wanted an "Israel" that was all Palestine, not a small Palestine enclave in Herzl's idealistic, Swiss-like federation, including Cyprus, northern Egypt and maybe Uganda or Sinai. No German Jewish bankers would be allowed to

make Palestinian serfs of Russian kulaks.

Of course the real objective of this struggle between Hitler's Jews and the Tsar's Russian Jews was to swallow Palestine without coming into open conflict with the more numerous, but poorer Arabs. Neither of them were Semites of the lands of sand. They were Turks, and they both came from the tents of the steppe, like Huns or Mongols.

Their rabbis rarely discussed the great gap in their histories. The Khazirs were driven out of the east, in the eighth century. They arrived at the strategic land bridge where the Volga almost joins the Don, before both divert south, to the Caspian and the Black seas. For three centuries they settled there, became urbanized merchants, converted themselves willingly to Judaism and talked of visiting Jerusalem but never did. To rise from shamanism to Judaism, and acquire a heritage, even though borrowed, was enough for them. They called their land Khaziria. They became temptingly rich on fees they charged for freight transfer between the two rivers. They were attacked in the tenth century by Slavic Christians from the north, scattered and made their own way to northern Russia and Poland, burying their Turkish origin.

The British got an Arab warning, in 1939, and stopped alien white immigration at 75,000. Of course, though Palestine was an Arab country, they were likewise careful about not being flooded with too many agitators from the Fertile Crescent. Hitler, until he lost Hess, his trusted Middle East adviser, to his abortive British peace mission, was too smart to allow Britain to carry out this whole smooth scenario. To him Zionists should find themselves a country and stay there. As Hitler and Hess saw the future, Palestine might be taken over by some Jewish guerrillas out of the working class. So he helped the rightist underground militia, trained them and funded them for the future, when they would push the Russian and German Jews out of power. The aim was a pro-German Israel, gratefully cooperating with an extended Reich.

Exactly which way would the two

Jewish sects jump, now that Field Marshal Rommel had lost the capture of Cairo, Jerusalem and the channel? I made soundings. To advise me I selected a soldierly Jew, neither German nor Russo-Polish. In Lawrence's day he had been an officer in the German-trained Turkish army; he knew the seduction of wild Syria, and spoke perfect Arabic. He was now head of an unpredictable entity called "the Jewish Agency." This American-funded mini-government might become the nucleus of an "Israel" that might be permitted under the coming British mandate. His name was then Moshe Sharett, later Shertok.

Israel's future premier and foreign minister was a trim, fiftyish man, relaxed by the victory at hand. Or so I imagined.

"What a relief to be across the Rhine," I said. "It's practically over."

"I don't quite follow you," he said.

"Well, the original Germans will be going back and recover their homes. Germany will need them."

"Germany may have to get along without them."

"But return was the objective of the allies," I said. "That's why Roosevelt sent us over here, our goal."

"Not necessarily that of the Jewish people."

"Better than being seconds in a British colony, no?"

"Is Palestine going to be a British

colony? How do you know? Who told you that?"

I recalled that when Louis Brandeis returned from Versailles to serve on the Supreme Court, he and Felix Frankfurter had a Jewish map that took the Litani River away from France's Lebanon and gave it to Palestine.

A Jewish state then? What of the Arabs?

"Even if some Jews join you, won't you be outnumbered by these new Arab states?"

"We expect that. But Arabs have a fatal weakness. They always mistrust each other. Never can they unite against us."

Very amiably, my chosen sage shrugged. We parted.

Sharett was looking far ahead. In his long diary in Hebrew, saved by his son but never permitted translation in Israel, he later explained how, in 1955, Dayan already proposed to him and Ben-Gurion a way to take Lebanon by degrees, beginning with the water. The push northward was planned a year before Israel's strike toward the Suez Canal with the British and French. Dayan's plan horrified Sharett. Dayan wanted the three of them to select some young major in Lebanon's Christian army and bribe him to make up a disloyal faction in order to hand southern Lebanon to Israel. Today the northern grab has become a reality.

The Jewish Underground

I received orders to leave the Middle East, and go east to the Pacific front. I crept eastward by dusty truck to Iran. I paused in Baghdad and had a halting interview with little King-to-be Feisal. He asked me to send him some American funny papers, especially Superman. Ten years later he was butchered in a revolution, along with his affable uncle and an American newspaperman, both my friends.

A few months later I picked up the

Zionist trail again in Europe in the rococo hotels of the Austrian Alps, at Salzburg. A new, more plebeian army of eastern Jews had chased out the GI personnel. This was the flabby American zone of command, not the sterner British command. Jewish guards were organized by agents newly arrived from Palestine, mostly Irgun. They were barricaded in and would not receive American consular officials. Petitions were ready, declar-

ing that they had voted never to go anywhere but "Israel," the Palestine the British had closed. These Jews gladly saturated themselves with dreams of making the desert bloom.

It was during this period that Mathilde Krim, an Italian Catholic, joined the Irgun and became a bicyclist messenger, running explosives down to Italy, where the secret blockade-running ships left. In Palestine she became courier for Irgun leader Menachem Begin. Eventually she would turn up in President Johnson's Zionist shadow cabinet, with her American husband, dictating speeches committing him more openly to Israel's expansion in the 1967 war.

Ben Hecht, a fellow reporter on the Chicago *Daily News*, was at this time amassing arms for the same underground. He hated Ben-Gurion and was determined to put Begin in his place of power. Austrian "volunteers," also under close discipline of the Irgun, were encouraged to write protesting messages to each U.S. Congressman, demanding that Britain sweep aside the Arabs and let in the ships of the invaders, mostly Russian Jews. The Congressmen gladly obeyed. The officers received cables from the Pentagon to relax. The new Israelis poured southward, to Genoa for boats, Milan for forged papers.

Jewish American welfare teams combed the African shores of the Mediterranean for Jews. The rich remained, but the poor were given funds to go.

I flew to Libya and visited the desert towns of the interior. The Americans had come with trucks, telling Jews to hurry to Tripoli, not to miss the boat. A mayor said: "We hated to lose them. We followed them to the sea. We said: 'You have been happy with us. These Ashkenazis do not like the Sephardis. Do not trust their promises. Stay with us. Come back!'" So when the Bedu came in from the desert, we had to tell them, "the Yehud have gone to Falastin. Now you must ride to the coast and your women will not see the Yehud who make your bracelets and necklaces."

I followed the migration by train

into Rome, where the Jews had already established themselves in Ostia, the seaport. Later, when Jews flew from Russia to Vienna, they refused to wait there for American visas. They were not Zionists, and did not want to fight Arabs. They refused to go to Israel. They still went to Ostia, and some fell into the drug trade.

Then an astonishing headline appeared in Rome: "Terrorists Blow Up British Embassy." I went there and walked around the shattered pink walls, strewn with papers. The police had word that it was "Jews." The Italians guessed instantly that Palestine was up for grabs.

The Haganah, the regular Jewish army under Ben-Gurion, got most of the headlines, but were not yet ready to fight the British directly. In the war of sabotage, the Irgun remained obscure, but very active. The Americans preferred the nicer, older Jews of Ben-Gurion and Dayan.

This decision annoyed Irgun, because it meant that the Zionist faction of Weizmann and Ben-Gurion, still closest to Truman, were likely to win recognition for themselves. Weizmann tried to keep the Americans from getting political. He was getting German planes from the Jews of Czechoslovakia's cabinet, but trying to warn the Americans that they must hurry up and recognize "Israel" first, lest Stalin win priority.

Soon President Harry Truman found himself under pressure from the Russian Zionists to "save Israel from Communism." To joggle Truman's hand, an unknown terrorist sent the White House a letter bomb. The FBI intercepted it, but would not allow Truman to release the threat to the press. It would have

seemed that when he recognized Israel, he was doing so out of fear for his family.

An old military maxim suggests that an underground can never win a war alone, without regulars to take over command and establish a government. In Palestine all sides paused, on hold while regular Arab and Jewish armies, not partisans, prepared to occupy Jerusalem. But they were slow and disorganized. Irgun had its own thin supply line from its American dumps on the coast. But it had also formed what became a new Israeli (and old Japanese) slogan: "Win the war first, then fight."

Weight of arms favored Ben-Gurion's Haganah, with a CIA of its own called the "Palmach." Palmach kept an eye on the two, rival amateurish undergrounds of Begin and Shamir, checking any indulgent massacres, while the regular Haganah rolled up the territory. Although still on coast, piling up weapons, Haganah already had a top command lookout in Jerusalem itself, a ticket to legitimacy over the partisans as being "first in Jerusalem."

What neither Arab nor Haganah yet knew was that the two guerrilla forces were no longer quarrelling about turf or soft targets. Determined to spoil Weizmann's advantage in Washington, they had come to terms. What they planned was to steal the entire struggle for themselves. Victory, however, required betrayal of the simple, unarmed Palestinian peasants who had sheltered their men, and then butchering them wholesale. The two forces of Shamir and Begin would take the lead.

Deir Yassin

Contrary to common report, the Arab armies were small, and the Egyptians and Iraqis had long inefficient lines of supply. On the long hillsides, from

Jerusalem to the Jordan, lay scores of quivering, unprotected villages, empty of hale young recruits, not worth occupying.

Prominent Jews Issue Warning

The following letter to the editor appeared in the New York Times on December 4, 1948. Co-signed by twenty-eight prominent Jews, the letter provided unsettling commentary about Menachem Begin's past actions and his impending visit to the United States.

Among the most disturbing political phenomena of our time is the emergence in the newly created state of Israel of the "Freedom Party" (Tnauat HaHerut), a political party closely akin in its organization, methods, political philosophy, and social appeal to the Nazi and Fascist parties. It was formed out of the membership and following of the former Irgun Zvai Leumi, a terrorist, right-wing, chauvinist organization in Palestine.

The current visit of Menachem Begin, leader of this party, to the United States is obviously calculated to give the impression of American support for his party in the coming Israel elections, and to cement political ties with conservative Zionist elements in the United States. Several Americans of national repute have lent their names to welcome his visit. It is inconceivable that those who oppose fascism throughout the world, if correctly informed as to Mr. Begin's political record and perspective, could add their names and support to the movement he represents.

Before irreparable damage is done by way of financial contributions, public manifestations in Begin's behalf and the creation in Palestine of the impression that a large segment of America supports Fascist elements in Israel, the American public must be informed as to the record and objectives of Mr. Begin and his movement.

The public avowals of Begin's party are no guide whatever to its actual character. Today they speak of freedom, democracy, and anti-imperialism, whereas recently they openly preached the doctrine of the Fascist State. It is in its actions that the terrorist party betrays its real character:

from its past actions we can judge what it may be expected to do in the future.

A shocking example was their behavior in the Arab village of Deir Yassin. This village, off the main roads and surrounded by Jewish lands, had taken no part in the war, and had even fought off Arab bands who wanted to use the village as their base. On April 9, terrorist bands attacked the peaceful village, which was not a military objective in the fighting, killed most of its inhabitants—240 men, women, and children—and kept a few of them alive to parade as captives through the streets of Jerusalem. Most of the Jewish community was horrified at the deed, and the Jewish Agency sent a telegram of apology to King Abdullah of Transjordan. But the terrorists, far from being ashamed of their act, were proud of this massacre, publicized it widely, and invited all the foreign correspondents present in the country to view the heaped corpses and general havoc at Deir Yassin.

The Deir Yassin incident exemplifies the character and actions of the Freedom Party.

Within the Jewish community they have preached an admixture of ultranationalism, religious mysticism, and racial superiority. Like other Fascist parties, they have been used to break strikes, and have themselves pressed for the destruction of trade unions. In their stead they have proposed corporate unions on the Italian Fascist model.

During the last years of sporadic anti-British violence, the IZL (Irgun Zvai Leumi) and Stern groups inaugurated a reign of terror in the Palestine Jewish community. Teachers were beaten up for speaking against them; adults were shot for not letting their children join them. By gangster methods, beatings, window smashing, and widespread robberies, the terrorists intimidated the population and exacted a heavy tribute.

The people of the Freedom Party had no part in the constructive achievements in Palestine. They reclaimed no land, built no settlements, and only detracted from the Jewish defense activity. Their much publi-

cized immigration endeavors were minute, and devoted to bringing in Fascist compatriots.

The discrepancies between the bold claims now being made by Begin and his party, and their record of past performance in Palestine bear the imprint of no ordinary political party. This is the unmistakable stamp of a Fascist party for whom terrorism (against Jews, Arabs, and British alike) and misrepresentation are means, and a "Leader State" is their goal.

In the light of the foregoing considerations, it is imperative that the truth about Mr. Begin and his movement be made known in this country. It is all the more tragic that the top leadership of American Zionists has refused to campaign against Begin's efforts, or even to expose to its own constituents the dangers to Israel from the support to Begin.

The undersigned therefore take the means of publicly presenting a few salient facts concerning Begin and his party; and of urging all concerned not to support this latest manifestation of Fascism.

Isidore Abromowitz
Hannah Arendt
Abraham Brick
Rabbi Jessurun Cardozo
Albert Einstein
Herman Eisen, M.D.
Hayim Fineman
M. Galen, M.D.
H.H. Harris
Zeling Harris
Sidney Hook
Fred Karush
Bruria Kaufman
Irma L. Lindheim
Nachman Maisel
Seymour Melman
Myer D. Mendelson, M.D.
Harry Orlinsky
Samuel Pitlick
Fritz Rohrlich
Louis P. Rocker
Ruth Sager
Itzhak Sankowsly
I.J. Schoenberg
Samuel Schuman
Irma Wolfe
Stefan Wolfe
M. Znger

The plan of Shamir and Begin was to drop on Deir Yassin, a village of refuge, untouched by war. Fearing no counterattack, they were able to rouse the whole village with loudspeakers, easily audible for miles. Then they simply closed in and butchered everybody. There was no lining up of young males, no swift trial, no denunciation, no formal firing squad. Eighty Irgun (Begin's men) and 40 Lehi (Shamir's men) simply killed 254 Palestinian men, women and children.

The word spread from village to village. If the Lehi and Irgun had wiped out a friendly village for no reason, before the expected war had started, what was to happen to the others? Instantly, everyone knew. Where could they go? Nowhere but across the Jordan into the land of the Beduin, a retreat among old enemies.

Suddenly all the plans of the Arab armies, all the partition of zones of attack, became pointless. The heart of Palestine was suddenly empty. Even the guerrillas vanished. It was over. Nobody to protect. A land emptied of its 600,000 owners.

The only revenge Jordanians could think of as retaliation was to pursue up Mount Scopus a Jewish hospital party, infantry, doctors and nurses, and kill 77 of them. But the war was over.

There was only one thing left unfinished, and only the Lehi under Shamir recognized the political reality. Palestine was now, with the British gone, a no man's land, the responsibility of the United Nations. The U.N. was a necessary instrument for the new Israel, because it was a worldwide instrument of the victorious U.S. and allies. How could Israel be recognized, after this unspeakable victory, by the world powers? Easy: condemn the "unknown," "unofficial" killer teams and push forward the recognition.

One difficulty remained. A Swedish welfarist of royal lineage, Count Folk Bernadotte, who had saved many Jews from Nazi death camps, was chosen as High Commissioner for the U.N. He had a plan for division of Palestine. The Jews wanted all the leverage they could get. To obey the

"act-first" imperative was obviously to get rid of Bernadotte. So, according to the best authorities, a team, headed from the bush by Shamir, murdered Bernadotte and his French officer aide. Shamir had chosen the location and the men.

A great Israeli tradition was created by this experiment. It was: we are few, so we must strike first. Every war must be started without warning.

Deir Yassin, a demographic atomic bomb involving 254 deaths, was to humiliate and terrify the Palestinians for two generations.

Dorothy Thompson and Vincent "Jimmy" Sheean, two seasoned Middle East reporters, were the first non-Jewish Americans who tried valiantly to remind the world of the Arab slaughter, Israeli shame and American complicity. It was Sheean, enroute to his old friend Mohandas Gandhi and aflame with desire to help Gandhi stem the sinful slaughter between Hindus and Moslem, who found himself spiritually captured by Deir Yassin's butchery. Dorothy, safe in America, read the muddled accounts of the slaughter, filtered tardily through reaction-wary agencies. Sheean cabled the incredible details to Dorothy. For a decade Dorothy had shared and nurtured a compassion for the Jewish people, yet she dared to step forward with a headline, "Jewish atrocities." After the first blast of horror and disbelief, her whole living, her job, her lectures were gone.

The ostracism of Sheean, by Zionist standards, was overdue. In his autobiography, *Personal History*, he had included a chapter about his coming to the British mandate, during the Arab-Jewish riots at Hebron. He was writing under the orders of the Jewish

Telegraphic Agency, and knew what was expected of him. Without waiting for the axe to fall, he resigned. With a family of three to feed, he was driven into writing books.

A leading Chicago reporter, Paul Scott Mowrer, visited the Holy Land after World War I and recommended in the *Atlantic Monthly* that Jews would do well to discard Jerusalem, except as an artifact. The editors were so buried in mail that he promised never to write about the subject again.

One correspondent of the endless wars, Fred Sparks, an American Jew, was so offended by a female engineer, riding an Israeli earth mover to tear up a desert road before its surrender to Egyptians, that he wrote a will bequeathing his fortune to Palestinian orphans. The B'nai Brith broke the clause and got it divided with Israeli children.

"How can we get the Palestine story in that paper?" a fellow Bostonian, young Jack Kennedy, once asked me referring to the *Boston Globe*.

"They won't use a word from the Arabs," I said. "The trouble with Congress is that they lack courage," he suggested. "But nobody expects courage from politicians," I said. "Reporters have got to expect to run interference for you guys."

Kennedy had a sharp, interpretive wit, but he seemed almost too kind, not tough enough for domestic campaigning. He got by in his election by selling bonds for Israel, but staying clear of Begin and Shamir, which seemed a fair compromise. Years after I found he had given Israel a Hawk radar anti-air missile system. The Kennedys chose to team up with the Zionists.

Khoury Farms

In 1951 I learned how things were when the Israelis, though not yet in possession of Lebanon's Litani River, decided to challenge Syria by divert-

ing the upper Jordan. They hoped to lift this meager stream out of its upper bed, pipe it westward over the hills, and down the slope to the coastal

cities, like California reaching east for the wild Colorado.

My friend Albion Ross of the *New York Times*, a burly, solitary bachelor, hated the fleshpots of Beirut. Whenever he could find a pretext, he flashed east by taxi to Damascus. He rarely dared to stray to the desert, much less the Jordan's upper valley, because he might get marooned there with no communications amid a Syrian-Israeli war. The U.S. Information Service, monthly measuring stick for this conflict, showed that the *Times*, as usual, ran 100 inches of "aggressions" per month from Jerusalem (hence by Syria), compared to a mere three inches from Damascus (hence by Israel). This imbalance in coverage, multiplied all around Israel's borders, except from Cairo, helped create the American illusion of a persecuted Israel surrounded by hostile Arabs.

As usual, he could not accompany me to the site of the expected Israeli grab at Jordan's water, because the army, if attacked frontally, was sure to close the roads. "You go up and try to send me your story by courier," he said. "I'll try to get it past the censor, and then use my snippets six hours later." He would, we agreed, scurry back to Beirut and do a monster piece if anything serious developed. Next morning an army jeep picked me up.

The Syrians were totally taken aback by an American who wanted to hear, see and write their side of the long-awaited Israeli grab for the river. In about three hours we reached the edge of the wide canyon. It was a magnificent sight. To the north were the marshes of Huleh, the Jordan's one-time basin, nearly all occupied by new Jewish settlements. All the Syrians had kept, in the Rhodes peace agreements, were three rocky villages, perilously perched on the far side of the tumbling mountain stream. Neither in Israel nor in Syria, they were instead in the "demilitarized zone," an exquisitely legal no man's land created to avoid conflicts. On each side the locals could go to the unfenced river and draw household water, but no more. A zigzag jeep road ran down from the U.N. outpost on the edge of the bluff.

Only the bluecapped U.N. men

could go down and drive across the single lane bridge, reverently called in Arabic, the Daughters of Jacob Bridge. Girls must have dipped their vases there and then gone back to the nearest village, now called Khoury Farms after a politician.

A Syrian lieutenant asked whether I wanted to sleep in a nearby town. I said I preferred a cot in the U.N. hut. The French captain on hand was sleeping down by the river. There were friendly lights glimmering in Khoury Farms, and women's voices. Could I go down and visit them? No, I had to have permission from both Damascus and Jerusalem. Too bad.

During the night I heard a few bursts of barking dogs, then the sound of motors. Car lights raked the hills and I fancied I heard loudspeakers. What wakened me at dawn was the smell of smoke. I leaped out on the terrace and looked down. The bridge was blocked. Khoury Farms was empty. The houses were broken walls, burning. Someone gave me binoculars. Donkeys were gone. Dogs were running around, trying to bark, but whimpering.

"Where is the captain?" I asked. The Syrian officer pointed down. Had he gone over to the ruins? Nobody had. Is he up?

"Yes, but he has not had his coffee."

For several minutes I raked the ruins, looking for something human. A few chickens had escaped to the limits of the burned gardens.

I sent a note down to the French captain, asking if I might come down. Eventually he appeared, a compact body, a clean, wakeful face, excitement nil, controlled.

"Who burned that village?"

"Not the army," he said. He was defensive of his profession.

"But who, then?"

"I did not see them."

"Who else, then?"

"You are the reporter, yes?"

"That's right."

"Don't you know?"

"No, you tell me."

He scanned me. I waited, and scanned him.

"I am told that it was the police. The Israeli border police."

"Who told you?"

"Reliable people. One of them escaped across the water."

"And the rest?"

"The police put the families in trucks, and took them away."

"Where to?"

He shrugged.

"Have you reported this to Government House?"

"Not yet. Too soon. Perhaps the Israelis will tell us what they are after."

"That's unlikely," I said.

"Why not?"

"Because it's the water."

"Aha," he said. "Please don't ask me any more questions," he added.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Shall I tell you?", a bit nervous now.

I went into French, to make it easier to read me. "I would appreciate if you would put me in the picture."

He offered me a cigarette. "Listen, I am not reserve. I am regular army. This is my career. This report is not going to be easy. I must be careful."

His reason, he explained more softly, was because he was in the hands of a lieutenant colonel of American marines. And this superior would report, going upward through many hands, to the U.N. in New York, and eventually to Paris. Whatever he writes would affect the captain's career.

"So what? That's the rules of the game."

"I know, but this marine is totally convinced of the virtue of the Israelis. And so are his superiors."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Wait for the marine to arrive, and tell him that nobody called for help from us. That's true."

"And so you'll let him write the report, yes?"

"With a few neutral notes for me, a mere French captain."

"Can you take me across?"

"Have you a permit?"

"No."

"I'm sorry you won't get one."

"I see. Guess I'll be going. Can I look at a map, first?"

I returned to Damascus. Ross had been given a brief communique, dull and military. He had gone back to Beirut, careful not to be too far differ-

ent from the Israeli stories. In fact they hadn't said anything yet. The reason became clear in the next two days. Israeli police had entered the U.N. "demilitarized zone" again, farther downstream toward Galilee. They had burned the other two remaining villages, and taken away the families. Perhaps they wanted to give the impression that transfer was a general policy (a false lead away from the pumping pipe, already laid on the blind, western side of the hill). All right, a policy, but why burn them out?

A bit later an American agency man came, just to cover. He said: "I'm going to do two versions and file them both to London, but different. That's because we have a special wire for Israel, and we don't want our clients making a rewrite. We know what they are allowed."

But even my hurried story of the death of Khoury Farms, going to all our 100 American papers, caused something more than a ripple. Not for the Arabs who lost their homes, of course. The marine told a friend of mine, years later, that he had asked the Israelis to restore the villagers to Khoury Farms. They had refused, possibly because they were about to bring the pipeline down to the river.

Eventually they did. Everything was soon ready for the tap-turning. Then someone in the State Department heard about it. The Americans had spent millions doing over the Jordan irrigation system, and here the Israelis were moving in, taking the water upstream.

They received a mild query, and when nothing happened, another push. Then someone, reportedly Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, became a bit sharper. They were forbidden to take the water. Still there was no comment about the three burned villages.

The Israelis measured how long the Republicans would last in office. Finally, still insisting on their right to enter the forbidden zone, along the river, they moved the pumping station a dozen miles downstream to the lake where Christ appeared to the fishermen. They vaulted the highland there, and thus reached the coast.

Eventually, in 1967, to the mild distress of LBJ, the Israelis prepared a special tank attack on the heights, bombed and torpedoed our navy's scouting ship *Liberty*, which was tapping their tank radios, mounted the hill and took the Upper Golan Heights.

Some 500 families found their way to the dry, roving tents of the refugees, never to live again with the Jordan at their door.

For years there was trouble along the Syrian border, because the Israelis were constantly probing. They were

Samu

My next strange encounter was at Samu in Jordan, in 1966. Some Fatah raiders, the "army" of the P.L.O., slipped across the border, and Israel claimed they were from Samu, an overgrown village of several thousand, partly refugees.

For long, to keep down casualties, the Israelis did raids only by night, or just at twilight, when they could catch villagers coming in from the fields. Such raids, however, could not be covered by aircraft, and as in World War II the destruction of houses and farm equipment was scattered and unsystematic, wasted on open fields.

Moreover, Israel's intelligence about where the guerrillas were hiding—which houses in which villages—was becoming more precise. There was a chance that daylight bombing raids on so-called "terrorist headquarters" could be more precise, and break the morale of the Palestinians.

But still, Ezer Weizmann, nephew of the first president, was said to be wary of placing Israel's American planes in any precarious position which might put them out of the war. With no hope of finding the actual guerrillas, it was decided that the main job would be done on the ground, by engineers in their trucks, following the tanks. The planes would fill the skies, not nominally as

getting ready for when they could arrange to have not just one, but two interlocking fields of artillery fire, fixing the old mosque of Damascus and the Street Called Straight.

The border with Jordan, nearly 400 miles, was relatively long, since there was almost no Jordan water to be kept or stolen. The dozen bridges that once crossed the sad little river were ripped away, to make sure the Arabs never slipped through the fence from the east.

bombers, but as "escorts." Publicity-wise, it was an experiment in foreign moral reaction.

And, in fact, it worked. Instead of destroying a dozen houses or so, the engineers worked much faster. In four unhurried hours on foreign soil, they blew up no less than 125 Palestinian homes.

By daylight today the Israelis can do five houses at once, and sometimes even allow the furniture to be strewn outside first.

The Israelis had time to lay ambushes around the town and entrap the rescue party the Jordanians sent out. The Jordanians sent out four old British fighters and lost one. Observing that the Israelis had now passed the moral barrier of using aircraft on civilian targets by day, I waited to see whether the presence of the aircraft was noted in the communique. The air escort was mentioned in one announcement, but in the newspapers later references to the aircraft disappeared.

As I walked up the hill of blood and looked in through the shattered doors, the houses had a grisly resemblance to a modern Pompeii. There were no police left, but the civilians were less numerous than the soldiers, a sign that the army had probably died well. About 30 died in all, plus over 50 wounded. The Israelis did not

fail to destroy the school and a health clinic.

Suddenly I saw, standing diffidently aside from the ruins, four people in warm, modish winter overcoats. They were two of the most ardent pro-Israelis in Congress, Edward Kennedy from Massachu-

setts and his wife, and Congressman Tunney from California, the boxer's son, and wife. I introduced myself and asked them what they thought of this breakthrough in techniques. Warily, but politely, they shook their heads. They were unprepared for comment.

Cairo: 1967

The next year after Samu came the Six Day war. Actually it lasted only two hours. I found myself in Egypt when Nasser announced that he was asking the United Nations to remove its troops from Sharm el Sheikh, called Tiran by the Israelis. This strategic strait is the chokepoint of the Gulf of Aqaba. An open gulf is more important to Jordan than any other state, because it is Jordan's only entrance and exit by sea. The other three interested states, Israel, Egypt and Saudi Arabia, have abundant unobstructed seaways.

Nasser's move was quickly treated by Israel as one of intolerable hostility and tremendous import. At the northern end of the sleeve of Aqaba lie the tiny twin ports of Israel's Elath and Jordan's Aqaba. When Israel started building up this grievance, passenger planes regularly flew over both small resorts. On the Jordan side there appeared a few fishing boats. On the Israeli side there was an aged tanker of perhaps 5,000 tons. Every fortnight the tanker disappeared around Arabia to Khargh Island, oil port of the Shah, in order to bring back a load, in violation of the general Moslem agreement to refuse fuel to Israel. Israel didn't need this oil in this inconvenient place, having Haifa and other Mediterranean, deep water stations. But Israel's secret services were then training the Shah's agents. It was convenient to pay their bills in this deliberately inconspicuous fashion. Foreign correspondents were forbidden, in democratic Israel, to write about petroleum problems.

Opening the straits had some interest for Egypt and, for an unmentionable reason, for Israel as well. As the American-created prime airpower of the Middle East, Israel frequently sent its bombers over this narrow strait on secret training missions into Africa, unmentioned in the Israeli press for obvious reasons. If Israel were some day to destroy Egypt's High Dam, the key to the Nile's agriculture, this was the route its planes would take.

I, too, accidentally, had a role in this joust. Not long before, I had been in Aden, far down the Red Sea, when I saw a plane with American markings parked on a far corner of the apron. A stream of little dark people were filing inside. Who were they? I was told they were Yemeni Jews leaving for Israel. A profitable cargo because, in weight, there were two tickets for each normal-sized passenger. To get there they would fly by night north, squeak over the tight straits on safe American identification, and arrive in Israel.

Nasser's Arab enemies liked to jeer at him, cautiously, in small print, because he permitted this American intrusion by a country that was always promising him arms, but then denying them due to the Israeli lobby.

So I got the story, sent it from Aden, and was royally cursed for a year by the aviation company, the Israelis and the Egyptians.

How Israel first decided that Egypt was a pushover at this moment, and that a contest would become an imperial campaign to seize Jerusalem and triple Israel's real estate, I cannot say.

All one can read from the records is that Israel devised, from the wrap-around of Zionists already in Johnson's circle, a pressure group of about five craftsmen at high pressure gobbledegook. They kept the insecure Johnson almost jumping out of his skin with Israeli signals. The innermost advisers were the brothers Eugene and Walt Whitman Rostow, State and National Security Council respectively. Close behind were Clark Clifford, who had pushed Truman similarly, and Abe Fortas of the Supreme Court. Arthur Goldberg, the labor expert at the Supreme Court, had moved over to the U.N., just before he efficiently snarled up the Syrians and the Soviets.

The great myth of Israel's invincibility arose then, when its American supporters, who rarely knew what was going on, found that Israel, instead of merely creaming Nasser, had quadrupled Israel's property and even popped the Holy City (to three faiths) in the bag. How was this illusion of power realized? The answer was in an almost unread book, *Taking Sides*, by Stephen Green, which appeared in 1984. It explained, with dates and places, how the U.S. Air Force in England secretly delivered, under cover of fake exercises in Spain, an entire photographic laboratory of several collapsible buildings and chemical baths. They were landed a couple of days early on a lone field near Israel's atomic lab at Dimona. Israel also got special night fighters for photographic reconnaissance.

The night before the bombing of all Egypt's major airfields, and its radar systems, the photographs made by night—hitherto impossible for Israel—were delivered.

Meantime, in Cairo, I was watching the build-up of a defensive war mood by Nasser, the bluff of a bold patriot, caught on a dangerous roll. Nine days ahead, Dayan ordered mobilization. Next, Hussein of Jordan (who owed nothing to the Egyptian who had easily bribed no less than three chiefs-of-staff away from his service) took the sportsmanlike chance of flying to Cairo and giving Nasser promise of support. When a royal Hashemite pulled this surprise, I reasoned, his

bet was placed. So, hating myself for being so impetuous, I sent Chicago a story that Israel would strike Egypt—or, very low key—somewhere else (Syria) on the following weekend.

Sending such a prophecy, of course, was sheer madness. I hated myself in the morning. So I went over to the mustard-colored U.S. embassy, where the brand-new ambassador, Richard Nolte had just arrived, tall, thin and courtly, on leave from a foundation. I confessed my gamble. Was I right? Would Israel hit Egypt, or would they knock off Syria and the Golan Heights, then regroup and give Egypt the works?

Nolte said: "You've covered your share of wars. If you were in Dayan's boots, which enemy would you choose for openers, the strong or the weak?"

I thought awhile. "Nasser would come first," I breathed. "Then I'm all right."

"You said it, I didn't," said Nolte, opening the door.

I slept fairly well until Saturday, when Dayan did a cruelly disturbing thing. He gave all his ground troops, even the tanks, a day to visit their families or take other leave. Was he going to let me down by negotiating?

Though I didn't know it, the Zionist loop in the White House was suffering the same anxieties, but more real. According to a recent speech by Eugene Rostow, the Zionists had dug up an outlet for Johnson. Britain had reminded the State Department that there was already agreement with them, and even with Israel (insisted on by that peace-loving power) that the Tiran Straits could never be closed to it. And the assurance had been made twice. And the warships were all ready to break through. Did America dare to insist that Israel avail itself of the protection of the fleets that Israel insisted the U.S. and Britain must provide?

In this way, according to Rostow years later, Johnson had been put on notice that he could stop Israel's war if he wanted. He didn't even have to notify Congress. He could simply raise his hand, and Israel would have to let the U.S. and Britain spoil Israel's game. Israel didn't even demand that

Nasser open the straits. He couldn't block them. Then why didn't the Zionist loop beg him to do so? "Well," said Rostow (explaining history to the American Enterprise Institute in 1988), "the focus had sort of shifted by then. Israel had already ordered its mobilization."

One of the demurrers to stay any intervention by LBJ, according to Rostow, was that somebody, unnamed, said that to be absolutely sure of being legal, LBJ would have to take this second simultaneous war (besides Vietnam) to Congress. But in fact, the Zionist loop and whoever set up the flying photographic laboratory, were already fully dated, compromised—and eager to enlarge the Jewish empire, grabbing Jerusalem. And this was the true reason for the artificial pressure of the so-called "Israeli schedule." The CIA had already reported to LBJ that Egypt was a pushover. It was probably they who set up the flying laboratory, where Israelis did all the photo identification, while Americans brewed the

chemistry. So LBJ gave Congress a second faked pretext for war, won Israel's for them, but lost his own.

I, too, spent Saturday and Sunday figuring how much weekend I had left. I gave myself, with an hour beyond Manhattan for Middle Western time, until six a.m., Cairo. A few minutes after, the stamping began in the sky. A peremptory push kicked in the door and the windows bucked inward. I almost rejoiced, then was ashamed. I heard the far-off bump of bombs, soft as death, but definite.

By mid-morning the Israeli tanks would have total air cover, the Egyptians would have none. Later, the Israelis would erase the fields of the Jordanians. The Syrians, even after they had yielded, would be destroyed—all but their mighty egos. It was over. But it would go on. Because America helped Israel, secretly and openly, the planes instantly quadrupled the new Jewish empire.

But not its sorrowing subjects, who still withhold their consent. The lands remain, too, unvanquished.

Epilogue

This overview of the Palestinian ordeal is interrupted here, after the 1967 war, for the most Palestinian of reasons: lack of space.

All these Israeli moves, up through the eighties, are of the same pattern. Invasion from Israel, inside Palestine, resembles the Israeli foreign invasion of Lebanon. The invasion of Lebanon in 1982 was originally scheduled for 1956 by Moshe Dayan, its inventor, but another disaster, Israel's strike at Suez, took its place.

When the two prime ministers, and ex-terrorists, Menachem Begin and Yitzhak Shamir reappeared on the tempting 1982 scene, they, with their new co-conspirator, Ariel Sharon, confided their plans to Alexander Haig and the Christian Ma-

ronite president of Lebanon. The White House, as usual, blinked at the effrontery, then winked and yielded.

Incredibly, Begin and Shamir were the same identical partisan terrorists who, in 1948, butchered 254 Arab villagers of Deir Yassin and thereby drove 600,000 unarmed Palestinians into Jordan. Today, due to their leadership, more than 4,800 untried political prisoners remain in jail.

According to Dr. Geoffrey Clark, a Washington physicist and computer expert, the CIA and Israel's MOSSAD were designated in 1980 to set up for the Lebanese presidential clan, the Gemayels, a back-up militia to hold at bay the Palestinian army of Yasser Arafat. Today, this

militia, a remnant with its American and Israeli income gone, has gone into narcotic farming on a grand scale, larger than Lebanon's classic hashish trade. They now have 10,000 acres of opium and cocaine leaves in the Bekaa Valley, where the Iranians have a tourist sub-industry in concealing American hostages.

For the gullible, malleable U.S., however, the late eighties are a recapitulation of the Six Day war of 1967: protracted conflicts both provoked and unnecessary. Once again America, following Israeli

orders not to recognize the junior revolution partly directed by the P.L.O., blindly attempts to find a solution to a just division of Palestine. While continuing to fuel Israel's bloody, hopeless civil war with \$3.750 billion in annual military and economic aid, the United States, at the same time, is carrying on a war in the Persian Gulf against Iran, which only two years ago Robert MacFarland, Oliver North and President Reagan were arming, at Israel's urgent insistence and without formal consent of Congress.

President Richard Nixon, in his last days before surrendering the White House, ordered Henry Kissinger to cancel all current arms orders for Israel. Kissinger promised to obey, but let the order die. So Nixon, in his last book, 1999 (p. 277), repeated the order in this form: "Three billion in the Third World are eligible for U.S. foreign aid. Israel, a country with a population of only 2 million, receives over one quarter of the entire budget...that policy cannot continue."

A Tribute

"To have lived in the area and with the Palestinians, one could not help but be affected by the suffering, and could not help feeling compelled to try to create the conditions for a just peace," was the way John Davis put it. It's an impulse shared by many Americans whose professions have brought them in touch with the Middle East. We honor three such Americans.

Dr. Edwin M. Wright taught at Columbia University prior to serving in the U.S. Army Middle East Command during World War II. After the war, he joined the U.S. State Department, holding positions in the Bureau of Near East, South Asian and African Affairs. From 1955 to 1966, he was Assistant Dean of the Foreign Service Institute and Professor of International Relations. A linguist, he had native fluency in Farsi and Azerbaijani Turkish, a scholar's command of Arabic and Hebrew, and a conversational facility in Armenian. In 1979, Edwin joined A.M.E.U.'s National

Council and, until his death last year at age 90, was active in calling attention to the injustices daily perpetrated against the Palestinian people. His booklet, *Torah, Zionism and Palestine*, was offered in A.M.E.U.'s Public Affairs Series.

Dr. George S. Rentz served with the U.S. Office of War Information in Cairo during World War II. He, too, was an Arabist, an American who had learned to speak Arabic fluently. His focus was the Arabian Peninsula, and his anthropological and cultural research is recorded in such publications as the *Encyclopedia of Islam* and *The Arabia of Ibn Sa'ud*. Upon his retirement from Aramco, George became curator of the Middle East collection of the Hoover Institution at Stanford University. From 1976 to 1977 he was a fellow at the Woodrow Wilson Center in Washington, D.C. Subsequently, he became a scholar in residence at Johns Hopkins University. In 1979, George accepted membership on A.M.E.U.'s National Council.

Dr. John H. Davis left his post in 1959 as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and Business Educator at

Harvard University and, at the request of President Eisenhower, became the first Commissioner General of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency, the organization set up by the world body to assist Palestinian refugees. When he returned home five years later, John founded: the Washington, D.C.-based American Near East Refugee Aid (1964); directed the New York office of the American University of Beirut (1964-1968); created the American section of the Musa Alami Foundation of Jericho, a vocational school for West Bank Palestinian orphans; and, in 1967, served as the first executive director of Americans for Middle East Understanding, and remained on our Board of Directors until his death earlier this year. John's book, *The Elusive Peace*, was one of the first by a prominent American to warn of the misuse of American tax dollars to suppress the human rights of the Palestinian people.

We honor the memory of these Americans, and we celebrate their courage in speaking out about the Middle East that they had known and loved so much.

Notices

FUNDS FOR MEDICAL ASSISTANCE TO PALESTINIANS UNDER OCCUPATION The Union of Palestinian Medical Relief Committee, a voluntary movement of more than 750 physicians, nurses and other healthworkers, has been responding

to an emergency situation characterized by one medical fact-finding mission as "an unrestrained epidemic of violence...against Palestinians." From December 1987 through March 1988 UPMRC has treated 20,000 people free of charge and has distributed 6,500 first aid kits and given 248 first aid lectures so that wherever possible Palestinians can help themselves. These numbers have risen

substantially since April 1.

Contributions are urgently needed to enable UPMRC to purchase medicine, group and type blood donations, distribute first aid kits, and provide physical therapy to the injured.

Please send your tax-exempt contribution to UPMRC, payable to: Grassroots International, P.O. Box 312, Cambridge, MA 02139.

PROTEST AGAINST U.S. SHIPMENTS OF LETHAL TEAR GAS TO ISRAEL

The American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee is asking Americans to write or to call Mr. Dennis Constantine, President of Federal Laboratories, Inc., Saltsburg, PA 15681, tel. 412-639-3511, to request the immediate cessation of all shipments of tear gas to Israel. Federal Laboratories instructs clients not to fire tear gas directly at rioters, not to use the product inside buildings, and not to disperse crowds without proper equipment and planning. Israel has violated every guideline, including use of the gas in hospitals, houses of worship, schools and other confined places.

ADC also urges Americans to contact Mr. William Robinson, Director, Office of Munitions Control, U.S. Department of State, tel. 202-875-6650, and to protest Israel's misuse of the gas against a civilian population outside its borders in violation of the U.S. Arms Export Control Act, which requires the United States to suspend immediately all export licenses for shipments of the gas to Israel.

SPECIAL RESOURCE ON THE PALESTINIAN UPRISING *Middle East Report* announces a special 72-page May-June issue on the Palestinian uprising. This issue will feature unique reports from the West Bank and Gaza, interviews, profiles, a look at the life of a family, plus reports from the Palestinian diaspora, and a listing of resources.

This issue is ideal for personal use or study groups, and is available in single copies for \$5.00 plus 80¢ postage, or in bulk orders at a discount. Send check or money order to: MERIP, 475 Riverside Drive, Room 518, New York, NY 10115.

OMISSION: The caption, which should have appeared under the last political cartoon (left column, page 9 of *The Link*, Vol. 21, No. 1), reads: "...And if it makes you feel any better, each time you swing, yell 'THIS IS A DEMOCRACY!'"

BOOKS

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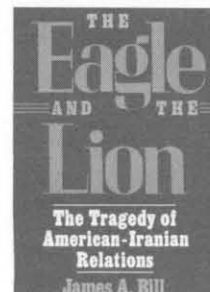
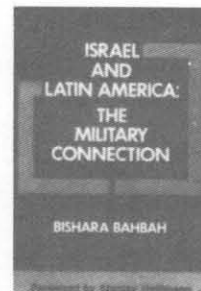
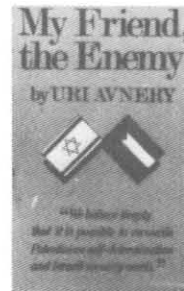
Geoffrey Aronson, *Creating Facts: Israel, Palestinians & the West Bank*, Washington, DC: Institute for Palestine Studies, 1988, 334 pp., \$24.95. Explores the internal dynamics of Israel's policy-making and Palestinian reaction to that policy. Our price, \$16.95.

Fouzi el-Asmar, *Through the Hebrew Looking Glass: Arab Stereotypes in Children's Literature*, Brattleboro, VT: Amana Books, 1986, 272 pp., \$9.95. This book presents a disturbing examination of Israeli children's books and their negative portrayal of Arabs. Our price, \$5.95.

Uri Avnery, *My Friend, The Enemy*, Westport, CT: Lawrence Hill and Company, 1986, 340 pp., \$12.95. A long-time Israeli peace activist gives an intimate record of the numerous secret meetings which a small group of "Peace Now" Israeli leaders have had with PLO leaders. Our price, \$7.95.

Bishara Bahbah, *Israel and Latin America: The Military Connection*, New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986, 210 pp., \$12.95. Carefully researched, penetrating examination of Israel's military exchange with Latin America. Also details U.S.-Israeli arms cooperation in the area. Our price, \$7.50.

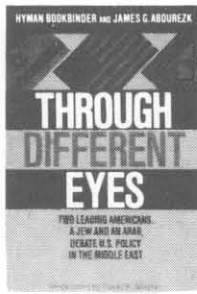
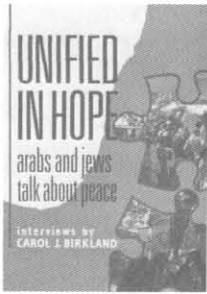
Benjamin Beit-Hallahmi, *The Israeli Connection: Who Israel Arms and Why*, New York: Pantheon Books, 1987, 263 pp., \$18.95. This carefully researched book exposes Israel as arms dealer and military trainer of the world's most brutal and reactionary regimes. Our price, \$11.25.



James Bill, *The Eagle and the Lion: The Tragedy of American-Iranian Relations*, New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1988, 520 pp., \$25.00. Comprehensive analysis of U.S. relations with Iran from the 1940s to the present. Our price, \$16.25.

Unified in Hope: Arabs and Jews Talk About Peace, Interviews by Carol J. Birkland, New York: Friendship Press, 1988, 160 pp., \$8.95. Nine Israeli Jews and ten Palestinian Arabs speak with disarming frankness of their fears—and hopes—for the future. Our price, \$6.90.

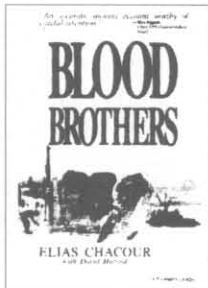




□ Hyman Bookbinder and James Abourezk, *Through Different Eyes*, Bethesda, MD: Adler & Adler, 1987, 312 pp., \$18.95. Debate in print between proponents of opposing sides about whether U.S. policy in the Middle East is in America's best interest. Includes basic documents and reading lists. Our price, \$11.00.

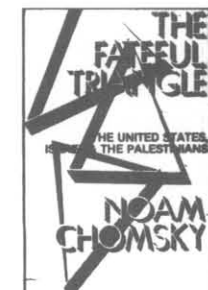
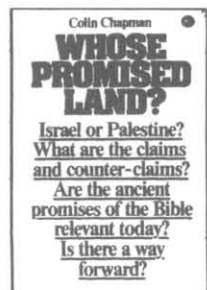
□ Inea Bushnaq, *Arab Folktales*, New York: Pantheon Books, 1986, 386 pp., \$19.95. This lively collection of 130 folktales provides an intimate introduction to Arab attitudes about life and living. Our price, \$10.95.

□ Elias Chacour, *Blood Brothers*, Grand Rapids, MI: Chosen Books, 1984, 224 pp., \$6.95. A Palestinian priest known for his social work in the Galilee tells the story of his search for conciliation between Palestinian and Jewish Israelis. Our price, \$4.95.



□ Colin Chapman, *Whose Promised Land?* Herts, England: Lion Publishing, 1983, 253 pp., \$7.95. Outlines the conflicting claims to the Holy Land from the time of the Bible on. Discusses the relevance of biblical promises to the modern age. Our price, \$4.95.

□ Noam Chomsky, *The Fateful Triangle: The United States, Israel and the Palestinians*, Boston: South End Press, 1983, 481 pp., \$11.00. Chomsky argues that the "special relationship" between Israel and the

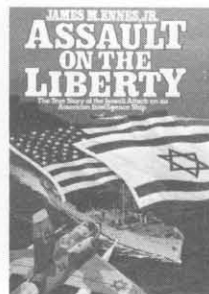
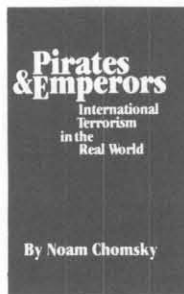


United States has led to a disastrous U.S. foreign policy. Our price, \$7.95.

□ Noam Chomsky, *Pirates and Emperors: International Terrorism in the Real World*, Brattleboro, VT: Amana Books, 1986, 174 pp., \$8.95. An incisive study of the deceptions and double standards to which U.S. and Israeli officials and the media routinely resort in discussing the issue of terrorism. Includes a sharp critique of U.S. policy in the Mideast. Our price, \$5.50.

□ Ray Cleveland, *The Middle East and South Asia*, Washington, DC: Stryker-Post Publications, 1987 revised, 153 pp., \$6.50. Historical survey of early empires in the Middle East and South Asia; separate chapter for each contemporary country and disputed territory. Our price, \$5.50.

□ Paul Cossali and Clive Robson, *Stateless in Gaza*, London: Zed Books, 1986, 159 pp., \$12.50. These cogent interviews with a diversity of Palestinians living in the Gaza Strip give the reader a sympathetic understanding of the vitality and endurance with which they face exile in their

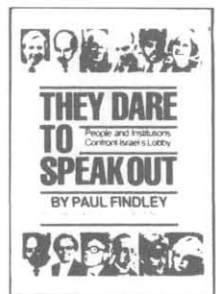
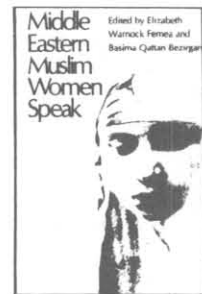


own land under a harsh Israeli occupation. Our price, \$8.75.

□ James Ennes, Jr., *Assault on the Liberty*, New York: Random House, 1979, 299 pp., \$14.95. The author was an officer on the bridge during the prolonged and brutal attack on the USS *Liberty* by Israeli planes and torpedo boats in 1967 that killed 34 American crewmen and wounded 171 others. Our price, \$4.95.

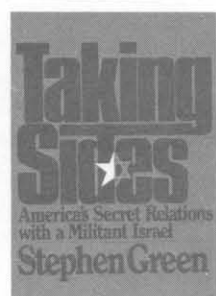
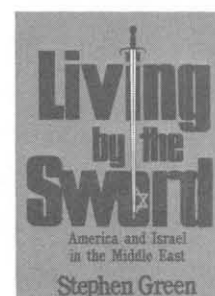
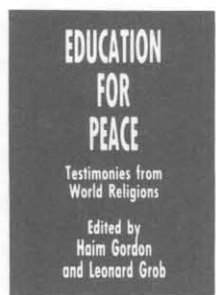
□ Elizabeth W. Fernea and Basima Q. Bezirgan, eds., *Middle Eastern Muslim Women Speak*, Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 1984, 452 pp., \$12.50. This classic collection of autobiographical and biographical sketches, spanning 13 centuries, is a superb introduction to the diversity of experience of Muslim women and the commonality of many of their concerns. Our price, \$7.75.

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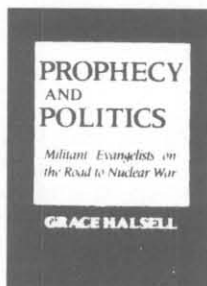


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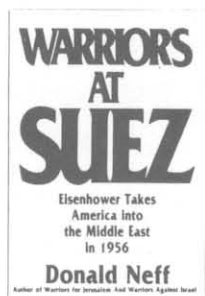
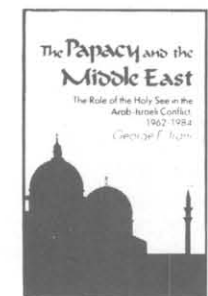
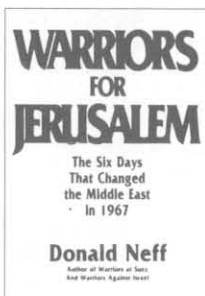
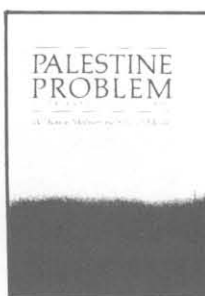
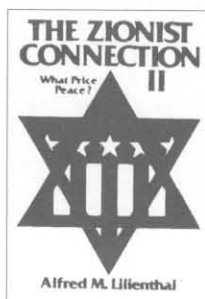
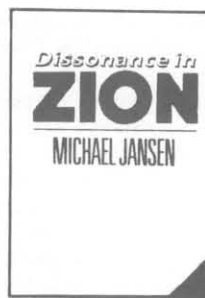
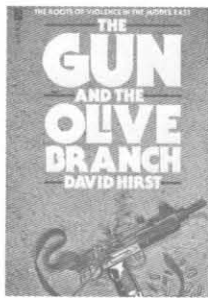
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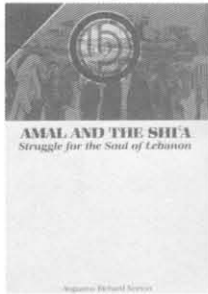
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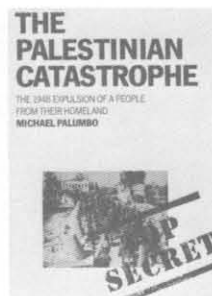
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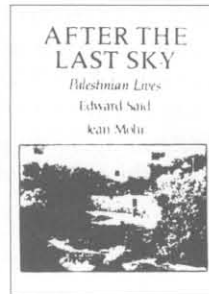
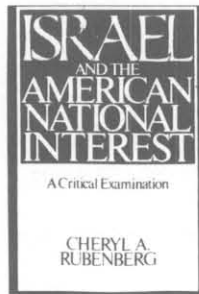
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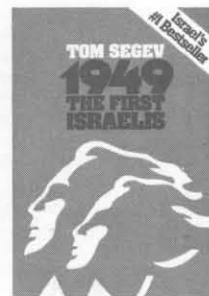
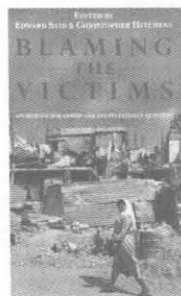
□ Michael Palumbo, *The Palestinian Catastrophe*, London: Faber and Faber, 1987, 233 pp., \$19.95. Working from newly discovered and formerly secret documents in the U.S., Israel and Europe, author demonstrates that the Zionists' official policy in the 1948 war was, in Ben-Gurion's words, "to expel the Arabs and take their places." Testimony of eyewitnesses to the massacres and expulsion of Palestinians. Our price, \$12.25.

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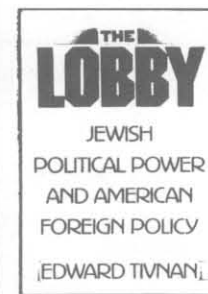
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