

CITY OF ORANGES

Arabs and Jews in Jaffa

Adam LeBor

B L O O M S B U R Y
LONDON • BERLIN • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

For my mother, Brenda LeBor

Two important phenomena, of the same nature but opposed, are emerging at this moment in Asiatic Turkey. They are the awakening of the Arab nation and the latent efforts of the Jews to reconstitute on a very large scale the ancient kingdom of Israel. These movements are destined to fight each other continually until one of them wins.

Arab writer Najib Azouri,
Le Reveil de la Nation Arabe, 1905

Contents

Dramatis personae

Introduction

Part One

1 A Battered Bride

2 Tel Aviv Is Born

3 Jaffa Strikes

4 A Widening Divide

5 Palestine Beckons

6 Days of Hunger

7 The White City Shines

8 Jaffa Prepares for War

9 *Al-Nakba* – The Catastrophe

10 Jaffa Has New Masters

11 Sofia-by-the-Sea

Part Two

12 Coming Home to Jaffa

13 New Lives

14 Repopulating Jaffa

15 Saving Old Jaffa

16 Six Days that Shook the World

17 The Ghosts of Old Jaffa

18 War, Once More

19 Talking and Fighting

20 Seaside Urban Sprawl

21 Going Home to the Sea

22 Gaza Comes to Jaffa

23 Separation

24 Islam on the March

Afterword

Plate Section

Maps

Acknowledgements

Copyright Acknowledgements

Chronology

Bibliography

Notes

Author's note

A Note on the Author

List of illustrations and Picture Credits

Further praise for *City of Oranges*

By the Same Author

Dramatis Personae

ABULAFIA

Khamis

Director of the Abulafia bakery, journalist

ABOU-SHEHADE

Ismail

Fisherman in Jaffa port during the 1960s

Sami

Grandson of Ismail, postgraduate student at Tel Aviv University

AHARONI

Yoram

Born Yaakov Yosefov in Bulgaria, former member of the Stern Group, owner of Tiv spicing and coffee shop, father of Ofer

Rina

Wife of Yoram, former Stern Group member

Ofer

Lives in Jaffa, veteran of 1973 and 1982 wars

ALBO

Sami

Born in Turkey, Jaffa Jewish community activist

ANDRAUS

Amin (elder)

Leader of Jaffa's Arabs after 1948, businessman

Leila

Eldest daughter of Amin Andraus, administrator at Tabeetha School

Salim

Son of Amin Andraus, retired accountant

Wedad

Middle daughter of Amin Andraus, teacher at Tabeetha School

Suad

Youngest daughter of Amin Andraus, British pro-consul

Amin (younger)

Grandson of above, lawyer in Tel Aviv

Robyn (Amina)

Sister of Amin (younger), teacher in Jaffa

CHELOUCHE

Avraham

Founder of the Chelouche dynasty in Jaffa
Father of Aharon, Rica, Hannah

Aharon (elder)

Jeweller and money-changer in late nineteenth century Jaffa. Father of Yaakov, Yosef Eliyahu and Avraham Haim

Former dean of students at Tel Aviv University

Aharon	great-grandson of above
Avraham Haim	Father of David, Marco, Zaki and Simha
David	Son of Avraham Haim Chelouche, husband of Julia
Edith	Daughter of David and Julia Chelouche
Jacob	Son of Shlomo, lives in Tel Aviv
Julia (<i>née</i> Bohbout)	Wife of David Chelouche, mother of Edith
Yaakov	Treasurer of Anglo-Palestine Bank in early twentieth century, father of Shlomo and Gabriel
Shlomo	Organiser of emigration to Israel of Moroccan Jews, son of Yaakov
Mary (<i>née</i> Hayon)	Wife of Shlomo
Yosef Eliyahu	Brother of Yaakov and Avraham Haim, husband of Freha, father of seven children. Businessman and community leader
Zaki	Architect in 1930s Tel Aviv
Marco	Brother of Zaki
Pomrock, Simha (<i>née</i> Chelouche)	Wife of Yosef, mother of Zvi
Pomrock, Yosef	Husband of Simha Chelouche, father of Zvi
Pomrock, Zvi	Chelouche family archivist, son of Simha Chelouche and Yosef Pomrock
GEDAY	
Youssef Kamel	Pharmacist from old Jaffa family, father of Fakhri
Fakhri	Pharmacist, son of Youssef Kamel
HAMMAMI	
Shaker	Textile merchant in early twentieth-century Jaffa, father of Ahmad, grandfather of Hasan
Ahmad Shaker	Worked in citrus industry, left Jaffa in 1940s with wife Nafise and nine children including Hasan, Mustafa and Fadwa
Nafise (<i>née</i> Shattila)	Wife of Ahmad
Hasan	Former manager with Procter & Gamble, lives in Florida, father of Rema
Mustafa	Brother of Hasan, lives in Toronto
Hasna, Fadwa (<i>née</i> Hammami)	Sister of Hasan, widow of Suleiman Fadwa, lives in East Jerusalem

Rema Professor of anthropology at Bir Ze
University, Palestinian Territories

Said PLO ambassador to London, assassinated 1977
cousin of Hasan

MEISLER

Frank Born in Danzig, architect and sculptor

Michal Daughter of Frank

OTHERS

Moyal, Mazal Grandmother of Julia Chelouche

Nachmias, Yoseph Irgun veteran of the April 1948 battle for Jaffa

Topaz, Moris Doctor, treats victims of suicide bombings

Buchbinder, Behira Jewish resident of Ajami, community activist

Bohbout, Josef Jewish businessman in early twentieth-century
Jaffa, father of Julia Chelouche

Ezraty, Igal Director of Local Theatre, Hebrew language
company at Jaffa's Arabic-Hebrew Theatre

Jahshan, Adib Director of El-Saraya, Arabic theatre company
at Jaffa's Arabic-Hebrew Theatre

Goughti, Ali Teacher in Jaffa

Kaldes, Yaron Chief of Jaffa's detectives

Lahat, Shlomo Mayor of Tel Aviv-Jaffa 1974–93

NB: to ease the reader's path through the narrative, not all children, siblings and wives are included above, only those who play a part in the book.

Introduction

One of my favourite places in Jaffa is a bench on the walkway overlooking the beach. To the right stretches the expanse of Tel Aviv – a jumble of tower block hotels shimmering in the summer heat, the city sprawling inland behind them. To the left, an older and more soothing vista: the sandstone buildings of the Jaffa seafront, the minaret of the Jami'a al-bahr, the mosque by the sea, and the tree-lined slopes that stretch from the top of Old Jaffa down to the water. There is always something to watch: the turquoise waves topped with white as they break on the sand and rocks; a flotilla of small fishing boats bobbing in the distance; the slim man practising Tai-chi for hours; a class of Arab schoolgirls wearing modest headscarves, traipsing across the sand, past the archaeological excavations of the old Ottoman seawall.

Was I sitting in Jaffa or Tel Aviv? I couldn't be sure. There is no formal boundary or demarcation. The two cities are neighbours, and Jaffa has now been absorbed into Tel Aviv. But history and memory are more enduring than the decision of municipal bureaucrats. The relationship between ancient Jaffa and twentieth-century Tel Aviv is a metaphor for that between Israel and the Palestinians. As much as and perhaps even more than Jerusalem, Jaffa has played a central role in the history of Israel and Palestine. Jerusalem was Palestine's spiritual capital, but Jaffa, known as the 'Bride of Palestine', was its political and cultural centre. It is ironic then that Tel Aviv, the modern Hebrew city, was founded as a suburb of Jaffa in the early twentieth century. The early Zionist pioneers saw Jaffa as crumbling and unhygienic. The answer, they decided, was to build new European-style settlements on its fringes to house the Jewish immigrants pouring in from Russia and eastern Europe. By the 1920s the new Jewish suburbs of Neve Tsedek, Neve Shalom, Ahuzat Bayit and others had evolved into a fully-fledged city. Tel Aviv was no longer the child of Jaffa, but its sibling rival. Its very architecture was a political statement. The 'White City' soon enjoyed the largest concentration of Bauhaus buildings in the world. Their clean, ascetic lines, and open-plan design were a response, even a challenge, to the oriental maze of Old Jaffa – a statement that in the heart of the Levant it was possible to live a 'modern', European lifestyle.

But Tel Aviv did not have the only claim on modernity. Jaffa too boasted newspapers, cinemas, theatres, a radio station, cultural and literary associations, even boxing and other sports champions that were the pride of Palestine. Its oranges, especially the sweet and juicy Shamouti, were famed throughout the world over, and kept many thousands in gainful employment, including the Jewish traders who bought and sold the fruit. All that came to an end in a few days in April 1948, when the Irgun launched a ferocious mortar bombardment against Jaffa. By 13 May, when Jaffa surrendered, just a few thousand of its original population of about a hundred thousand remained. Almost the entire city had fled, either on land to the West Bank or Jordan, or by boat to Gaza and Lebanon.

The Bride of Palestine was swiftly abandoned. Most of Jaffa's inhabitants believed they would be back in a couple of weeks, once the fighting was over and the Jews defeated. They were wrong, and few have ever returned. Jaffa herself has paid the price. The beautiful Ottoman villas of the Ajami and Jebaliyyeh quarters crumbled into disrepair. Hundreds of homes were eventually demolished, and the rubble dumped on the beach. Tel Aviv thrived and expanded many miles inland and up the coast while Jaffa decayed. At least the ancient heart of the city, dating back to the Biblical era, was saved from the wreckers' balls and restored. Old Jaffa is now home to trendy art galleries and small jewellery shops. Better renovated than demolished, yet even Old Jaffa's inhabitants admit there is something unreal about its spotless, shiny alleys, bereft of their original inhabitants.

There are libraries full of books on the Israeli-Arab conflict. But none so far has focused primarily on the human story, on the lives of real people from both sides. Of course no single work can capture the intricacy of a century-old struggle, but I hope the people featured in this book give a sense of its complexity and its human dimension. They are Muslim, Christian and Jewish. They are middle class and working class. They are artisans and intellectuals, artists and businessmen. Some are left-wing, others right-wing. In short, human beings, in all their variety and contradictions.

Jaffa is a comparatively small place, with a population of just over 45,000, of whom about two thirds are Israeli Jews and one third Israeli Arabs. It can be walked from end to end in an hour. As I explained what I was attempting to do, friends introduced me to friends, and many doors opened in both communities. On the Arab side, my starting point was to find families who had lived in Jaffa since before 1948. Almost all of Jaffa's once prosperous middle class had fled, but the Gedday and Andraus families had remained. Fakhri Gedday's pharmacy shop on Yefet Street is a Jaffa institution. The Geddays can trace back their roots in Jaffa for eight generations. Fakhri, born in 1927, still lives in the spacious stone house built by his ancestors in the nineteenth century, and is a fount of memories of pre-1948 Jaffa. A short drive away, on the outskirts of the city, live the Andraus sisters, Suad, Leila and Wedad, in a beautiful 1930s villa overlooking the sea, built by their late father, Amin. Stepping inside the Andraus home is like travelling back in time to the days of Mandate Palestine. Courteous and welcoming, the Andraus sisters, all in their sixties, are living testimony to the legacy of their father. Amin was born in 1898 and educated at the Schneller German boarding school in Jerusalem, and his self-reliance and strong moral sense helped him take on the role of community leader after 1948. Amin sent his children to Jordan for sanctuary, but stayed on in his house, together with his mother, Haya, surrounded by sandbags. When Jaffa finally capitulated, he was one of those who signed the surrender agreement with the new Israeli authorities and negotiated supplies of food and water, as well as security, for the few remaining Arabs.

Most of those who stayed were not part of Jaffa's *haute bourgeoisie*. Ismail Abou-Shehade, born in 1924, was a mechanic. In fact he had originally wanted to be a *qadi*, an Islamic judge, but the outbreak of war in 1939 prevented him from studying in Cairo. Ismail later thrived financially, and opened a fishing business in Jaffa's port. I found Ismail after I had read about his grandson Sami, a student at Tel Aviv University, in the Israeli press. Sami is part of the new generation of Arab Israelis who call themselves Palestinians. Eloquent and confident, he uses the freedoms of Israeli democracy to articulate the Palestinian national cause. Sami is now a fixture in Jaffa, as he organises regular walking tours, recounting the city's story from the Palestinian perspective.

Here, then, were those who stayed. But most of Jaffa's Arab population did not, and the experience of exile and dispossession is central to Palestinian history. My search for a family who fled in 1948 led me, through various journalist contacts in Jerusalem, to Rema Hammami, a professor of anthropology at Bir Zeit University. Rema sent me first to her aunt, Fadwa. As Rema promised, Fadwa was 'full of Jaffa lore' and told me much about her childhood before 1948, the trauma of the *Nakba*, the Palestinian catastrophe, and the years afterwards. Fadwa in turn led me to her brother, Hasan, Rema's father. After a successful career at Procter & Gamble, Hasan had retired to Florida. We began a lengthy correspondence by email and eventually met in Budapest. Hasan's moving memories range from those of his days as a small boy in Jaffa – when the Andraus sisters were forbidden from playing with him as he was thought too boisterous – to his years working across the Arab world, studying in Britain, and eventually settling in the United States. They include a fascinating, if depressing, interlude in Gaza, when he tried unsuccessfully to bring his business expertise to the Arafat regime.

The Gedday and Andraus families are Christian, the Hammamis and Abou-Shehades Muslim. For

the Jewish families I also sought a mix that represented different aspects of Jewish and Israel history: Ashkenazi, eastern European Jews who had fled the Holocaust; Sephardic and Arabic speaking Jews; those rooted in Ottoman-era Palestine and comparatively recent arrivals. I began with the Chelouches, one of the founding families of Tel Aviv. Together with his family, Avraham Chelouche arrived in Jaffa from north Africa in the mid-nineteenth century. The Chelouches soon prospered. They used the profits from their jewellery and money-changing business to finance the building of the first Jewish suburbs of Jaffa, which eventually led to the establishment of Tel Aviv. Arabic speaking, Oriental in their culture, the Chelouches were an organic part of the Middle East. Avraham's descendants, such as Aharon and Shlomo, helped to build up both the *Yishuv* – the Zionist state-in-waiting – and Israel itself after 1948, becoming part of the country's civic and business elite. In many ways, their story encapsulates that of Israel and its relations with both its Arab minority and its neighbours.

Like Fakhri Geday's pharmacy, Yoram Aharoni's coffee and spice shop Tiv – 'quality' – was also a Jaffa institution, open for fifty years. Yoram fled Bulgaria in March 1941, the night the Nazis invaded, arriving in Palestine after a perilous voyage. Arrested immediately by the British authorities, he joined the extremist Stern Group on his release in 1942, and lived underground for almost six years, fighting the British. With the war over, Yoram and his father Shabat opened their shop. Tiv's stocks of coffee and spices reflected Jaffa's waves of Jewish immigrants after 1948. The Balkan Jews who poured into Jaffa bought paprika and black pepper, but when the Jews from north Africa began arriving in the 1950s, Yoram soon became expert in grading cumin, cinnamon and the fiery red peppers used in Moroccan cuisine. Decades later, Yoram's son Ofer returned to Jaffa, not to work, but to live, one of a pioneering wave of renovators who rebuilt the crumbling houses from the Ottoman era.

Frank Meisler, too, is a renovator. He arrived in Britain as a schoolboy in 1939, on one of the last *Kindertransports* from Nazi Germany. After the war, in the 1950s, with his parents dead at Auschwitz and his hometown Danzig renamed Gdansk and occupied by the Soviets, Frank decided to emigrate to Israel. His memories of the young state, with all its nervous insecurity, populated by traumatised Holocaust survivors, portray a very different place from today's regional and military power. An artist and an architect, Frank spent his Saturdays sketching the Old City. When in the 1960s the decision was taken to renovate Old Jaffa and not demolish it, Frank was one of the first to move into the new 'Artists' Quarter'. Yet for all Old Jaffa's beauty, he knows that something has been lost forever with the disappearance of its Arab inhabitants.

It is now barely remembered that many Jewish emigrants from Arab countries and Turkey did not want to come to Israel. The educated elites of those communities relocated to France, Britain or North America. The less well-off Jews were dumped in dismal 'development towns' in the middle of the desert by an uncaring and often racist Ashkenazi elite. Israel in the 1950s was not quite the promised land the Jews had longed for. Sami Albo arrived in 1957 at the age of six. In Istanbul his family had lived in a spacious apartment. In Jaffa, three generations shared one and a half rooms in a draughty Arab villa. Perhaps the hardships of his youth helped shape Sami's outlook today as a community activist. But his main concerns now are no longer Ashkenazi bureaucrats, but the increasing radicalisation and Islamisation of his Arab neighbours.

Sami Albo could usefully discuss these concerns with Khamis Abulafia, one of the directors of the Abulafia bakery. It was there that my journey into Jaffa's past and present began. Founded in 1870 and open twenty-four hours a day, Abulafia is an institution. The display cabinets are crowded with breads and delicacies stuffed with cheese or mushrooms, baked with eggs or topped with salty Arab cheese and *zataar*, a mix of olive oil and hyssop. The Abulafias are Muslim Arabs, but price

themselves on their good relations with their Jewish customers. The bakery even closes for eight days during the Jewish festival of Passover, when it is forbidden to eat leavened bread or cakes.

‘They call our bakery the gate of Jaffa. Jaffa is a special model for co-existence between Muslim Jews and Christians. Our bakery is a meeting point for all three, a special place. We have deep connections and relations with Jewish people,’ explains Khamis. The fifth child of his late parents, Khamis takes his name from the Arabic word for five. He is a friendly, intelligent man in his mid-forties, with shrewd eyes and grey hair – a good choice for the public face of the Abulafia business empire. Khamis studied Hebrew literature at university, and speaks the language fluently. The Abulafias have prospered; the family also owns a restaurant nearby in the restored quarter of Old Jaffa, another bakery in Tel Aviv, and a property company.

A well-known figure in Jaffa, Khamis often mediates in disputes. The backdrop of the political conflict adds an extra layer of rancour to neighbours’ arguments if one is Jewish and the other Arab. His favourite film is *Gandhi*, he says, which he has seen more than twenty times. Sitting in the bakery’s office, he recounts several episodes of his one-man peace mission. A friend of his brought a young woman to see him who openly said she hated Arabs. ‘What she knew of Arabs she read in the newspapers, and we only appear in bad news, not good,’ says Khamis. They talked for a while, and the woman said she was having difficulties with her examinations, especially with Biblical Hebrew. ‘We met every day for two weeks, and I coached her. She passed, with 88 per cent. Now she is one of my best friends and she is sorry that she judged us like that.’

One day in Tel Aviv, near the bus station, a young woman asked Khamis for help. ‘She was about sixteen, and she said that three guys were bothering her. I told her to come with me, and told them to leave her, that she was my daughter. They apologised. She was from Beersheba, in the south. I took her to sit down, brought her a drink and some pizza, and said nobody would disturb her while I was with her. After a while she asked me if I was an Arab. I told her yes, and she didn’t want to believe me. I asked her why, and she said, “Because Arabs are always bothering us, even killing us.” For me this was a golden opportunity. I said, “Those who were bothering you were Jewish. That doesn’t mean all Jews are potential rapists. Maybe you met or saw bad Arabs. Now you met a good one.”’ The girl asked Khamis for his telephone number. The next day her father telephoned to thank him, and invited him to visit the family.

I ask Khamis how much effect his one-man campaign can have. He smiles wryly. ‘I don’t want to sound like Don Quixote. But these are small contributions to make the world a better and more pleasant place. I believe a journey of 1,000 miles starts with a single step. I support the Jewish people’s right to live here, but they have to understand, and to believe, that I also have that same right.’ I nod my agreement. This is our first meeting, but during the many weeks I spent in Jaffa I would talk with Khamis several times. For now, he is still sounding me out. The legend of Jaffa as a ‘special model for co-existence’, where Jews and Arabs live together in peace and mutual respect, is a bland, safe starting point. Like the shiny, renovated alleys of Old Jaffa, it has a superficial appeal. Our later discussions would be more serious, even provocative. For Khamis and I both know that Jaffa’s reality, its present and its past, is far more complex than either the tourist myth or the media coverage would lead us to believe.

Part One

1921

The fundamental cause of the Jaffa riots and the subsequent acts of violence was a feeling among the Arabs of discontent with, and hostility to, the Jews.

Summary of the findings of the Haycraft
Commission into the 1921 Jaffa riots¹

In Jaffa, in the spring of 1921, a young Jewish woman called Julia Bohbout was planning her wedding. Julia was twenty-one, dark-haired and vivacious with lively eyes, a popular girl who made friends easily. She was fluent in Arabic and French, played the piano, and was gifted at needlework. Julia danced the waltz and even a daring new import from South America, the tango. The Bohbout family lived on Nagib Bustros Street, the heart of Jaffa's commercial centre that drew shoppers from across the Levant. The shop windows displayed the latest European fashions and household goods while neighbouring cafés were crowded with customers drinking coffee, smoking, and eating ice cream. Spacious Italianate apartments were built above the shops and overlooked the street. The flats had stone floors, high ceilings to let the sea breeze flow through, arched windows and long balconies decorated with fine ironwork.

Julia had just returned from a two-month trip to Cairo to see her relatives, and prepare her trousseau. Her fiancé was David Chelouche, who was considered quite a catch. David was ten years older, tall and pleasant looking with dark eyes, but good looks were secondary to the fact that the Chelouche family was one of the most respected dynasties in Jaffa, if not in all Palestine. The Chelouches were leaders of Jaffa's Jewish community, and they had helped found neighbouring Tel Aviv. Like the Bohbouts, they were Sephardim from north Africa, Jews who could trace their ancestry back to the expulsion from Spain in 1492, known in Hebrew as *sepharad*. At home, the Chelouches and Bohbouts usually spoke Arabic, not Hebrew. Jaffa's Sephardic families were linked together by marriage, blood and business. David's uncles owned a thriving shop on Nagib Bustros Street that sold building materials and beautifully patterned tiles. The Chelouche brothers' pipes, bricks and ironwork were designed for modern European-style homes, but the brightly coloured symmetrical patterns on the tiles were rooted in the Orient. Jaffa's profitable commercial life was testimony to the web of social and business links that still bound together Arab and Jew.

Jerusalem was Palestine's religious capital, but Jaffa was its cultural and commercial centre. With its English, French, Italian and Arab language schools, artists and writers, three newspapers and many printing houses, the city was proud of its vigorous intellectual life. The Near East radio station broadcast from Jaffa and much of the Palestinian political elite came from the city. Its cinema offered romance and adventure films from Cairo as well as the latest Hollywood releases. Its sports clubs produced boxers such as Al-Dasuqi, the national champion, who triumphed across the Levant and also two soccer teams, one Muslim and one Christian. The city was scented by its orange groves, the fruit of which was famed across the world for its quality. Jaffa's mosques, synagogues and churches dated back centuries.

Jaffa in the 1920s was an integral part of the Middle East: taxis left for Beirut and Damascus, a day or so away by car; trains departed for Haifa and Jerusalem, Gaza and Cairo, and even Khartoum; ships left Jaffa for Europe, taking away oranges, and bringing back Jewish immigrants. The sea at Jaffa was too shallow for ocean-going boats to lay anchor. Ships moored offshore, while a fleet of pilot boats set out to bring the cargo and passengers ashore, as they had done for centuries. Like medieval pilgrims before them, the Jewish immigrants were carried on the backs of Arab porters through the waves and onto dry land, there to be assailed by a wall of heat, dust, and Jaffa's own smell of oranges mixed with black tobacco, cardamom-scented coffee and sweat.

Despite the depredations of the First World War, when Jaffa had been bombed, shelled, plagued by locusts, and its Jews deported by the Turks, the 'Bride of the Sea' (as it was known) looked better than ever. The heart of the modern city was Clock Tower Square, a long octagonal piazza flanked by rows of shops. Nearby were Jaffa's famous markets, including the Souk el-Balabseh (textile bazaar) and the Souk el-Attarin (sweets bazaar). The centrepiece was the Clock Tower itself, built by Sultan Abdul Hamid II at the start of the twentieth century, one of more than a hundred across the Ottoman Empire. Tall and unadorned by images of people, in keeping with the precepts of Islam, the clock towers symbolised modernisation. The empire would evolve with the times, its days properly divided into hours and minutes. None of this prevented Abdul Hamid II from being toppled in the Young Turk revolution of 1908, and the Ottoman Empire itself was dismembered in 1917. Now, the old Ottoman *kishle* (prison) by the sea was home to Britain's Palestine Police. Palestine was administered by Britain, under a League of Nations mandate to facilitate a Jewish 'national home'; a mandate that caused fury among its Arabs. In 1920, nine people were killed and more than two hundred wounded when Arab demonstrators attacked Jerusalem's Jewish quarter. Jaffa's turn would soon come.

Jaffa's heart was the Old City, dating back three millennia, with its winding lanes, and stepped rows of yellow sandstone buildings built on top of each other. It was here that waves of conquerors had stormed ashore: Canaanites and ancient Egyptians; Romans and Hebrew rebels; Greeks and Byzantines; Crusaders and Saracens, Mamlukes and the Ottomans, who took Jaffa in 1517. Peter the apostle had raised Dorcas from the dead in Jaffa, at the house of Simon the Tanner, Christians believed. Nearby, Richard the Lionheart had accepted the surrender of Salah ad-Din or Saladdin, the mighty Kurdish leader. Even Napoleon had briefly taken the city in 1799.

Down by the port it really did seem as if little had changed since the Biblical era. Hawkers and peddlers sold vegetables and fruits, spices and trinkets. Overloaded donkeys struggled down narrow alleys. Camels strode disdainfully, their riders swaying as the animals negotiated the potholed roads past women wrapped in the *habra* (black cloak), their heads veiled and covered. Bedouin traders sipped tiny cups of black coffee, puffing on water-pipes, while small boys fetched humous and pit bread for their lunch. When it rained the streets filled with sticky mud, but in the dry season they were hot and dusty. Drinking water was drawn from wells; sewage systems were rudimentary at best. It was a miracle that the houses did not simply all tumble into the sea. A miracle, and the legacy of Abou Nabout, the *kaymakam* (governor) of Jaffa a century earlier. Abou Nabout means 'father of the camel whip'. He earned his title, and exercised *droit de seigneur* with any young woman he liked. But Abou Nabout also reinforced the sea walls, constructed new markets and two *sibils* (public fountains) to dispense clean water and built the Great Mosque, a serene complex of courtyard and prayer space reminiscent of the Al-Azhar mosque in Cairo. When he finally retired he was well provided for: more than two hundred camels transported his riches out of the city.

Julia's engagement had begun with a visit by David Chelouche's father, Avraham Haim, to her father at his textile shop. Josef Bohbout had travelled back and forth for years between Jaffa and

Manchester, where he owned a wholesale shop at 14 Albert Square. Despite his repeated entreaties his wife Esther had refused to accompany him, as she was scared of sea travel. In Manchester Josef not only set up a business, but a whole other family – he had a mistress and two daughters there. But with his health failing, he eventually decided to return to Jaffa for good. It seems neither Josef's family nor Avraham Haim Chelouche knew anything of his double life.

Avraham Haim Chelouche explained that he wanted to marry one of his sons, Marco, to Julia. Julia's father nodded. Few families were offered such an opportunity. Sephardic marriages, like Arab betrothals, were usually arranged; and the bond was based on mutual suitability and social standing. Love and romance would hopefully follow later. Avraham Haim himself had originally been engaged to a young woman called Rina Elbaz. Two weeks before the wedding, Rina fell ill and died. After a month of mourning her father went to see Avraham's father. He asked if Avraham would like to meet Rina's sister, Serena. They met and were married soon after. Avraham's brother, Yosef Eliyahu, had been betrothed at the age of seventeen and been called home from school in Beirut to be married. If the couple were really opposed, a union would not be forced. But the moral pressure was enormous, for the dynasties must continue.

Julia had her portrait taken and the picture was sent to Paris where Marco and his brother Zaki were studying. Marco wrote back and thanked his father, but explained that he did not want to marry Julia. Avraham wrote then to Zaki, and ordered him home to Jaffa immediately. But Zaki was having the time of his life in Paris. With his romantic eyes and easy charm, Zaki resembled the actor Tyrone Power and he made the most of his looks. The last thing he wanted was to go back to the suffocating demands of a traditional Sephardic family. Zaki was less tactful than his brother. He wrote back saying he had fallen in love with an actress. When Zaki's letter reached Jaffa his father was first scandalised, then enraged. An actress! Avraham stormed around the room, waving the letter. His eyes fell on his third son, David. 'You will marry this girl,' he instructed his son. 'Which girl?' asked David, who did not know what his father was talking about. Once Avraham had calmed down and explained, David did not argue. He had already met Julia at a party and liked her, and anyway he had not so far had much luck with women. He had fallen in love with a young woman called Leah and proposed to her. Leah had refused him, telling him she wanted to marry a doctor. David duly enrolled at medical school in Beirut. The first year went reasonably well, but the second proved difficult. Every time there was a dissection class, and the corpse was opened, David fainted. He gave up and went back to Jaffa. The next time he saw Leah she told him she was married to a doctor.

David was keen to marry Julia. She was not swept off her feet – another Chelouche would do that – but nevertheless David was a fine young man. He had spent the war in Cairo, working at a bank. He came back to Jaffa by train, with a belt of gold coins hidden under his trousers. He now worked alongside his uncle Yaakov Chelouche at the Anglo-Palestine Company, which financed the Zionist settlements. 'He was a dark boy, friendly,' Julia wrote in her memoir *The Tree and the Roots*, a evocative portrait of a cosmopolitan world, long since vanished. Julia records that before her engagement she had dreamt that she was standing on Nagib Bustros Street, outside the Chelouche Brothers' construction company's office. In her dream, Yaakov Chelouche had placed a necklace of jewels around her neck. Now it seemed that her dream had come true, for the necklace symbolised Yaakov Chelouche's nephew David.

For David and Julia these were idyllic days. There were parties, picnics on the beach and trips by horse-drawn buggy to the Eden cinema, the first in Tel Aviv. In that same year, 1920, Aharon, the great patriarch of the Chelouche dynasty and David's grandfather, died. The family sat *shiva*, the Jewish mourning ritual, for a week. Every mirror was turned to the wall, while Aharon's sons sat on low stools. They prayed every evening, and received the stream of visitors of all faiths who offered

their condolences. Aharon Chelouche had lived to the age of ninety-three. His death marked the end of an era, not only for the Chelouches, but also for the old Jaffa, where Jews and Arabs lived side by side if not always in harmony, then at least mostly in peace. That world was about to be turned upside down, and would never be righted.

On 1 May 1921 Julia was alone at home with the maid when she heard the mob outside. She heard hundreds of voices chanting in Arabic, '*Aleyhum, aleyhum*, to them, to them,' meaning to the Jews. The street was full of Arab men, many of them holding clubs. The Christian-Arab family that lived opposite signalled to Julia to close all the windows and lock the door. She moved quickly. She locked up the house, and waited silently while the mob rampaged outside. She could hear the marauders smashing down the doors of the Jewish shops, the splintering of the wood, the sound of glass breaking, and shouts of delight as piles of clothes, shoes and rolls of cloth were plundered.

The Arabs' anger was fuelled both by a sense that their country was being stolen from under their feet by the Jews, and by a profound feeling of betrayal. During the First World War the Arabs fought with the British against the Turks. Encouraged by T.E. Lawrence, they launched the Arab revolt, believing that once the Ottoman Empire had been defeated, the western powers would grant them independence. But the Arabs were deceived. The real future of the Middle East, at least as the Allies saw it, was set out in 1916 in the secret Sykes-Picot Agreement. The empire would be carved up, and the Arab nations would form either a confederated Arab state, or one single independent state, to be divided into British and French zones of influence. Palestine, apart from Haifa and Acre, would be internationalised, although in the end it came under British rule.

Worse still, from the Arabs' perspective, was the November 1917 letter from Arthur Balfour, the British foreign secretary, to British Zionist leader Lord Rothschild: 'His Majesty's government views with favour the establishment of a national home for the Jewish people and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and political rights of existing non-Jewish communities or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.' Not only would there be no independent Arab state, but Palestine was to be handed over to the Jews. The anger caused by the Balfour declaration only intensified with the passage of time.

It is ironic that the violence in Jaffa started as a clash not between Jews and Arabs, but between rival groups of Jewish leftists – the Communists and the mainstream socialist Labour Party. Both planned to hold marches in Tel Aviv on May Day. Although much of the Zionist movement was strongly left-wing, and sympathetic to Soviet Russia, it was a national, not international, liberation movement. The left-wing Zionists aimed to build a *Jewish* workers' state. For the Communists such ideas were anathema, and they aimed to unite Jewish and Arab workers. At a time of increasing national polarisation, the Communists remained a marginal grouping on the Palestinian political spectrum.

Despite the lack of interest in a Soviet-style Palestine, and a police warning that they had no permit to march, about sixty Communists set off from Jaffa to Tel Aviv. As soon as they ran into the Labour Party demonstration a giant brawl erupted. The British Palestine Police chased the Communists back to Jaffa. When Jaffa's Arabs saw the fighting between the rival groups of left-wing Jews, they wrongly believed themselves to be under attack and began to fight against the Jews. By whatever the immediate cause of this second round of violence, it was merely a trigger for the Palestinians to vent their anger over far deeper, long-term historical grievances. The struggle for control of Palestine, fury over Jewish immigration, the rivalry between Jaffa and Tel Aviv – the decades of pent-up resentment quickly exploded. The Arabs gathered guns, staves and clubs and

attacked the Jews. The police fired into the air to disperse the mobs. The Arabs believed the Jews were shooting at them. Arab marauders broke into Jewish homes, many armed with guns and clubs. They swiftly killed the families inside, and when the Jews lay dead, Arab women came and looted their belongings. In Ajami a mob attacked a hostel housing Jewish immigrants. Bombs exploded and shots were fired. Arab police arrived and joined in the frenzy. The rioters smashed their way into the hostel. One man was beaten to death with wooden boards. Another was pulled to the ground, stomped on and hit with iron rods. In many places Arabs hid their Jewish friends and neighbours from the rioting mob. Despite having ruled Palestine for almost four years, the British authorities had not yet managed to take proper control, and in fact they never would. Jaffa itself had just ten trained police officers.

The Jewish response was swift and violent, as vigilante groups armed with guns and staves took revenge. Ibrahim Khalil el-Asmar was a baker who worked in Manshiyyeh, the northernmost quarter of Jaffa that bordered Tel Aviv. The bakery was downstairs, the family flat above. As the fighting spread, Ibrahim locked himself into the shop and stayed indoors. At about three o'clock in the afternoon he heard a huge commotion, and when he looked through the window the streets outside were crowded with rampaging Jews, beating Arabs and breaking into shops and homes. Ibrahim shut the window and hid upstairs. Soon afterwards a gang of Russian Jews smashed the door down and came into the bakery. The Jews were carrying heavy sticks, and one was armed with a revolver. The gunman pointed his pistol at Ibrahim, while the others beat him with sticks. Ibrahim protested, in Yiddish, the Jewish-German dialect spoken by Ashkenazi Jews. 'I was a man always at work, I have not been out, I have not done anything,' he proclaimed. It worked. The Jews stopped beating him. They put the broken door back on its hinges. One of the gang advised him to stay in 'and do not go out'.

The next day three British soldiers arrived, accompanied by two Jews and two Jewish policemen. They smashed the door down again and beat Ibrahim with their rifle butts. The soldiers went upstairs and brought down Ibrahim's father, son, wife and daughter. They demanded that the women appear without their veils, a great dishonour for Muslims; the women begged to be allowed to veil themselves. The British group stayed downstairs guarding Ibrahim and his family, while the others searched the house, looking for weapons or stolen property. Nothing was found. Ibrahim and his family were taken to a British military post and held under arrest. Eventually they were released and found refuge at the home of a relative, where they stayed for two weeks. When Ibrahim returned home, some of his furniture had been stolen, together with thirty-six British pounds.²

The British declared martial law, but by then it was too late. Violence spread throughout central Palestine. The final death toll was 95: 47 Jews and 48 Arabs; 140 Jews and 73 Arabs wounded. When the rioting finally came to an end, Julia ventured outside and picked a path through the debris of the looting: smashed glass, half-destroyed goods and ripped fabrics. Her father's shop was completely destroyed, she recorded: 'The Arabs had stolen everything, the mahogany desk was broken and the drawer was open, the money stolen ... Father returned and became sick with grief over his property which had disappeared in a moment.' Josef Bohbout had a heart attack when he saw his shop.

The Jaffa riots were not planned, but for the Jews, they were reminiscent of the Tsarist pogroms, a bitter confirmation of the fears that for centuries had shaped their collective subconscious. The violence triggered a massive and permanent exodus of many Jews from Jaffa to Tel Aviv, and was a powerful blow to any hopes that Palestine could be shared between the two peoples. For the Arabs, the riots proved that the settlers were ready to kill to achieve their eventual aim of appropriating Palestine. The Arab leadership condemned the violence, and petitioned Britain for independence and democracy. It achieved nothing. Herbert, Samuel, the British High Commissioner for Palestine, told

the Zionist leader Nahum Sokolow that Palestine was now at war.

1920s

It grew in hectic jumps according to each new wave of immigration – an inland tide of asphalt and concrete advancing over the dunes.

Arthur Koestler on Tel Aviv in the 1920s¹

What Jaffa needed after the riots, decided Herbert Samuel, was a celebration. Something non-political, to bring together Jews, Christians and Muslims. Avraham Haim Chelouche's preparations were well underway for the marriage of his son David to Julia Bohbout. The date was set for 1 October 1921. The Chelouches cultivated good relations with the British authorities, just as their predecessors had with the Ottoman Empire. An ancestral sixth sense, and more particularly an astute business sense, demanded no less. More than thirty years earlier, after David's grandfather Aharon Chelouche had moved to Jaffa's new Jewish quarter of Neve Tsedek, his carriage had overturned in a *wadi*, a dried-up riverbed. The *kaymakam*, concerned for Aharon's wellbeing – and his own financial health – had an iron bridge built across the *wadi* for Aharon's comfort and convenience, and named the Chelouche Bridge after him. Unlike the Ottoman governors, at least the British did not demand constant bribes and 'gifts'.

Jaffa's damaged houses could be repaired, the looted shops restocked. Even broken bones and bruises eventually healed. But both Jews and Arabs knew that a line had been crossed. The dead could not be brought back to life and a wall of fear and suspicion now separated the two communities. Herbert Samuel appointed the Chief Justice for Palestine, Sir Thomas Haycraft, to head a commission of enquiry into the Jaffa riots. 'Its conclusion was that the racial strife was begun by the Arabs, and rapidly developed into a conflict of great violence between Arabs and Jews, in which the Arab majority, who were generally the aggressors, inflicted most of the casualties.'² Even so, the report claimed, the Zionist leadership needed to do much more to deal with the Arabs' concerns. However emollient the recommendations of the Haycraft Commission, the deep-rooted cause of the 1921 violence was simple: the conflict between two peoples who both claimed ownership of a narrow strip of land on the coast of the Levant – Jewish Zionists and Palestinian Arab nationalists.

The idea of the return to Israel, or spiritual Zionism, is an integral part of Judaism. Every Passover festival is marked by the phrase 'Next year in Jerusalem'. Small, often impoverished Jewish communities had survived across Palestine since the Roman exile in the first century AD. But most Jews lived in the Levant, north Africa, Europe and Russia. 'Next year in Jerusalem' was more a spiritual wish than a real prospect. Jaffa's own ancient Jewish community seems to have faded away by the early nineteenth century, until the arrival of a new wave of Jewish immigrants in the 1830s. The rise of *political* Zionism, and of one man in particular, changed Jewish history for ever.

Theodor Herzl was born in 1860 to a middle-class Jewish family in Budapest. He worked as a journalist and playwright in Vienna, before moving to Paris. French anti-Semitism, and in particular the Dreyfus case – in which a Jewish army officer was falsely accused of spying for Germany, and imprisoned – convinced him that assimilation would never provide the Jews with a secure future. In 1896 Herzl published his manifesto, *The Jewish State*, the central text of political Zionism.³ I

businesslike tone argued that the 'Jewish question' would be solved only with the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine. 'We have sincerely tried everywhere to merge with the national communities in which we live, seeking only to preserve the faith of our fathers. It is not permitted us,' he wrote. 'I consider the Jewish question neither a social nor a religious one, even though it sometimes takes these and other forms. It is a national question, and to solve it we must first of all establish it as an international political problem to be discussed and settled by the civilized nations of the world in council.'⁴

Zionism was not universally popular among Herzl's co-religionists. Religious Jews believed that only when the Messiah arrives can the Temple, and the Jewish state, be rebuilt. Anything else is man-made blasphemy. Assimilated Jews considered themselves citizens of their states first, and Jews second. But Herzl knew the power of words, and that the days of empires, whether Ottoman or Austro-Hungarian, were ending. Serbs and Czechs, Hungarians and Greeks and the Arab nations were all demanding control of their destinies, their writers and poets declaiming the virtues of their oppressed homelands in newly codified languages. The Jews too were a nation, scattered and oppressed, with the right of self-determination. They already had a language – Hebrew, the ancient language of prayer, had been developed into an everyday tongue of commerce, law and love. They had an ancient homeland, Palestine. Statehood, Herzl argued, was the only answer to the strange anomaly of the Jewish people, scattered across the world, but still one nation. From Vienna at least, it seemed quite straightforward.

All Herzl needed was a solid constituency among Jewry. If that did not quite yet exist, he would invent it. In August 1897, 250 delegates attended Herzl's first Zionist congress in Basel. Herzl wrote in his diary: 'The fact is – which I conceal from everyone – that I have only an army of *schnorrer* [scroungers]. I am in command only of youths, beggars and sensation mongers.' But thanks to Herzl's dynamism and powers of organisation, the congress was a triumph. When Herzl finally took his place on the podium the delegates clapped and cheered for fifteen minutes before he could speak. Each delegate wore a badge proclaiming: 'The establishment of a Jewish state is the only possible solution to the Jewish question.' Herzl wrote: 'Were I to sum up the Basel Congress in a word – which I should guard against pronouncing publicly – it would be this. At Basel I founded the Jewish state. If I said this out loud today, I would be answered by universal laughter. Perhaps in five years, and certainly in fifty, everyone will know it.' Herzl never wavered in his belief: 'If you will it,' he wrote, 'it is not a dream.'⁵

Herzl's own journey to Palestine in 1898 was disappointing. 'Poverty, pain and chaos, all in wonderful colours,' he wrote of Jaffa. Jerusalem was even more of a disappointment. 'If Jerusalem is ever ours, and if I were still able to do anything about it, I would begin by cleaning it up. I would clear out everything that is not sacred, set up workers' houses beyond the city, empty and tear down the filthy rat-holes, burn all the non-sacred ruins, and put the bazaars elsewhere.' Even the western wall of the Temple did not move him. 'We have been to the Wailing Wall. Any deep emotion is rendered impossible by the hideous, miserable, scrambling beggary pervading the place.'⁶

Herzl and his disciples believed that Palestine's Arabs would welcome European modernisation. The Zionist slogan, coined by the British writer Israel Zangwill, described Palestine as: 'A land without a people for a people without a land.' Reality indicated otherwise. In the late 1880s Palestine's population numbered about 600,000 people, of whom perhaps just 25,000 were Jews. In 1896, the year that Herzl published *The Jewish State*, Jaffa was home to more than 11,000 Muslims, about 3,000 Christians and the same number of Jews. Parts of Palestine's countryside were indeed barren, and had fallen into decline under Ottoman rule, but the land was certainly not empty. Two Rabbis sent by the Viennese Jewish community to Palestine after the Basel conference cabled back

that 'the bride is beautiful, but she is married to another man'.⁷

This first husband was the country's indigenous Arab population. Palestinian society was divided between landowner and peasant, city and village, Muslim, Christian and Jew, religious believers and secular intellectuals. Greeks, Armenians, Egyptians, Italians, Bosnians, Circassians, Africans, even Germans had settled there. The country's ethnic mosaic was testament to its cosmopolitan vitality. Palestinians too met the requirement for nationhood. They had lived on their land for centuries; they shared a common language and culture and, certainly by the late 1800s, a growing sense of Arab national identity as part of the *nahda*, or intellectual renaissance. Palestine then was a province of Ottoman Syria. Just as in the Balkans, another part of the Ottoman Empire experiencing a national awakening, intellectuals proposed different solutions to the 'national question'. The theoreticians in Belgrade and Beirut often mirrored one another's ideas. A Greater Serbia or a Greater Syria; a federation of Balkan states or a pan-Arab revival; an Orthodox union, or a new Islamic Caliphate. But whatever the Palestinian thinkers' differences, they agreed on one point: the land was not to be handed to the Jews, but must remain Arab.

The Austro-Hungarian writer Joseph Roth saw things more clearly than Herzl and Zangwill. The Zionist pioneer, he wrote in *The Wandering Jews*, 'brings the Arabs electricity, fountain pen, engineers, machine guns, shallow philosophies and all the other things that come out of England. Of course the Arabs ought to be grateful for those fine new roads. But the instincts of a people close to nature quite rightly rebel against the onslaught of an Anglo-American civilisation, all in the name of national rebirth.'⁸ Debate still continues as to when a specifically Palestinian nationalism first appeared, but the establishment in 1911 in Jaffa of the newspaper *Falastin* (Palestine) which addressed its readers as Palestinians, was a defining moment.

For the middle-class Palestinian, life was comfortable, apart from the political turmoil. Shaker Hammami owned a shop in Jaffa's Souk el-Balabseh, the clothing and textile market, that supplied the fabric for his own traditional *umbaz* (long robe) and tailored coat. A handsome patriarch with a carefully trimmed white beard, Shaker was always well dressed and neatly barbered. But he usually had a mischievous glint in his eye, especially when his grandchildren piled into his lap, struggling for pride of place. Shaker had four sons and three daughters. His youngest son, Ahmad, was twenty years old in 1924. Ahmad was well built, with dark hair and brown eyes, and his solidity was rooted in his principles: he was a modern, forward-looking man, interested in business, sports and education, but one proud of his Palestinian heritage. Still unmarried, he had graduated from secondary school and started working in the citrus business.

Agriculture was the mainstay of Jaffa's economy. Its farmers grew figs, peaches, apricots, watermelons, almonds, grapes, vegetables, sugar cane and tobacco. The arrival of steamships had brought prosperity to the city, as Jaffa's crops could now be exported to Europe. But Jaffa was most famed for its oranges. There were two main varieties: the Shamouti, thick-skinned and seedless with very high juice yield, and the Baladi, with a thinner skin and seeds, but also very juicy. The orange groves around Jaffa stretched inland for many kilometres, and in the spring the scent of blossom, and in the summer the scent of fruit filled the air. In a good year, over a million and a half crates were exported, each containing up to 150 oranges. Jaffa's sunny climate, sandy soil, and the care that workers lavished on the citrus groves brought forth a crop famed around the world. The Palestinian farmers were especially skilled in grafting cuttings, to produce the most productive and hardy strains. The larger groves were owned by companies who also bought fruit from other groves at a pre-arranged price before harvesting and export.

The citrus industry, then, was a natural career choice for a bright young man. But Ahmad knew there was more to life than work. He was also a keen sportsman and an expert ping-pong and billiard player at the *Al-Nadi al-Islami*, Jaffa's Islamic club. Jaffa's social clubs, attached to its mosques and churches, offered something for every generation: children played ping-pong, and adults billiards and backgammon, or they perused the books in the well-stocked libraries. Families sat on the terraces drinking lemonade and eating ice cream. It was time for Ahmad to start his own family. A particularly young woman in her late teens, whom he often saw going home from the Italian nuns' school, had caught his eye. He could not approach her directly, as it would not have been acceptable for her to talk to an unknown man. Ahmad embarked on a little detective work.

Ahmad had chosen well. Her name was Nafise Shattila, and she was a couple of years younger than Ahmad, a good age. Usually an Arab man would take a wife eight or ten years younger than himself to be sure that she would have many years of child-bearing ahead. But Ahmad was more modern-minded. He did not want to wait, and he liked the idea of a wife his own age. Nafise had an independent streak. She had been engaged once already, but had changed her mind and broken it off. Nafise knew knitting, embroidery, painting and the arts of housekeeping. But she had started school late, and even though she could speak fluent Italian, like many Arab women of her generation, she was illiterate. When Nafise had children of her own, she would ensure they were properly educated and would never suffer the same stigma.

Ahmad and Nafise's wedding was a great celebration, and family, friends and dignitaries attended from all over Jaffa. Weddings were the biggest events in Palestinian family life. The groom would leave the mosque with his male friends, and they would dance down the street in a procession, sometimes the length of Jaffa from Hasan Bey mosque, in Manshiyyeh, through Clock Tower Square down into Ajami, accompanied by musicians. Wedding guests gave the groom's family sweetmeats and chocolates, rice and sugar and a golden British pound, or even a whole sheep. The women would cook a special wedding dish of rice with mutton, and it was not uncommon for the feasting and celebration to last three or four days, or even a week.

Ahmad built a new house in Jebaliyyeh, on Jaffa's southern edge, not far from the sea. The house had high ceilings, stone floors and wooden shutters. There was a spacious veranda and a garden full of fruit trees – whose crops of custard apples, pomegranates, lemons, pears and persimmons Nafise turned into delicious jam – as well as a separate, smaller rose garden at the front of the house. Nafise had three daughters in quick succession: Nahida, Faizeh and Fatimah. Ahmad loved them very much, but in his heart, he longed for a son.

Like his father Shaker, Ahmad Hammami was profoundly disturbed by the 1921 violence. Muslim, Christians and Jews had always lived as neighbours in Palestine. All three religions were respected in the Hammami household – that was an iron rule. Certainly, there was room for some Jewish immigrants who wanted to live in harmony with the Arabs. Palestine and Jaffa had always welcomed immigrants, such as Greeks and Italians. Ahmad himself sometimes leased orange groves from Jewish growers. But Palestine was a small country and their numbers, he and Shaker agreed, should be limited. Many of the Jewish immigrants seemed to have a more fundamental aim: the *a'yan*, the Arab notables, sold them large tracts of land where they established their own Zionist colonies. Ahmad and Shaker were especially angry that the Arab tenant farmers were then thrown off their former holdings, with no provision for their families.

The biggest Zionist colony was Tel Aviv, adjacent to Jaffa. Palestinians often felt uncomfortable in Tel Aviv. The city was an unsettling European implant, where brazen women went unveiled and wore shorts, whose inhabitants spoke Hebrew, or German and sat in cafés eating cake, plotting their steady

- [download Take Control of Running Windows on a Mac pdf, azw \(kindle\), epub](#)
- [download Degrees of Pleasure pdf, azw \(kindle\), epub, doc, mobi](#)
- [download online Model-Based Software Testing and Analysis with C#](#)
- [download online The Britannica Guide to Inventions That Changed the Modern World \(Turning Points in History\)](#)
- [Scientific Visualization: The Visual Extraction of Knowledge from Data \(Mathematics and Visualization\) pdf](#)

- <http://drmurphreesnewsletters.com/library/Gazala-1942--Rommel-s-greatest-victory--Campaign--Volume-196-.pdf>
- <http://drmurphreesnewsletters.com/library/On-Little-Wings.pdf>
- <http://diy-chirol.com/lib/Death-of-the-Dragon--Forgotten-Realms--The-Cormyr-Saga--Book-3-.pdf>
- <http://www.gruppoacusma.com/?freebooks/The-Mammoth-Book-of-Fighter-Pilots.pdf>
- <http://nautickim.es/books/Scientific-Visualization--The-Visual-Extraction-of-Knowledge-from-Data--Mathematics-and-Visualization-.pdf>