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A PALESTINE NOTEBOOK
1918-1923

BOOKS BY C. R. ASHBEE

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A PALESTINE NOTEBOOK

1918—1923

BY

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INTRODUCTION

THE Great War scattered us artists to the winds, us and all our works. My architectural office in England was closed down in 1916, workshops and schools followed, and after many adventures I found myself in the East. In May, 1918, when working for the Egyptian Government, I was invited by the Military Administration of Palestine (O. E. T. A.) to report upon the Arts and Crafts, and help in the new plans for the reconstruction of the city of Jerusalem. This led to my appointment as Civic Advisor, a title with a high and pleasant sound, but one that needs defining. I held the post till September, 1922, when I resigned for reasons which will appear later.

In America they have a custom, and it is a very wise one, of appointing a city director, or controller—the name does not matter—for the job of reporting on and, if necessary, of reconstructing their cities. This potentate is usually a University man, generally an architect, and always a free lance. I have seen him at work in Western cities. He is called in from outside, and is untouched by vested local interests. He is not given permanent administrative functions, but he has great temporary power, for the sanction behind him is an enlightened public opinion screwed up to breaking point by the condition to which most American cities are periodically reduced through the uncontrolled action of economic forces. He is a sort of Doctor in Civics, a kind of Pied Piper to the

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scorpions and rats of industrialism. The city in effect says to him, "We have overeaten ourselves, we have misbehaved, we have got into an awful mess, our digestion is woefully out of order, people are very displeased with us, we will pay you your thousand guilders, please advise us, physic us, put us right if you can, and then go away."

It is such a doctor that I was to the city of Jerusalem during the years 1918 to 1922 when acting as Civic Advisor. Powers I had none, and the prescriptions I made up were administered—or not—by the Governor, the Chief Administrator, or, with the coming of civil government, the High Commissioner.

This book does not deal with my prescriptions. They will be found in the reports, plans, new street alignments, the park and garden system, the civic ordinances and by-laws, and the thousands of minutes scattered up and down hundreds of more or less futile files. These latter I cannot divulge, but I trust they may show that however insignificant the result, I was at least guided in the counsel given, or the course pursued, by the words of Pericles to the city of Athens: "We are lovers of beauty without extravagance, and lovers of wisdom without unmanliness. Wealth to us is not mere material for vainglory, but an opportunity for achievement; and poverty we think it no disgrace to acknowledge, but a real degradation to make no effort to overcome."

Every book has a bias. In so intimate a book as this the personal note at the outset, if it accounts for the bias, may perhaps be pardoned. My father's people were Kentish yeomen who can trace their descent among the hop gardens for hundreds of years, and one of whose ancestors appears upon the list of pardons in Jack Cade's

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Rebellion. My mother's people were Hamburg merchants who had intermarried for generations with England, whose forebears had once been cosmopolitan Jews, and for whom English free trade, the Revolution of '48, the Hanseatic League with its hatred of Prussia, were fixed articles of faith. So both the British and the Semitic toughness are clear to me. It is the former that makes me hate industrialism and all it means to the country life; but it is the latter which enables me to understand and sympathize with the Jew, to feel in my bones his stiff-necked religious perversity and the cosmopolitanism of the wanderer and fermentator through the world.

I have a high regard for the wandering Jew; his is a divine gift if we only knew it. He passes, not as they saw him in the Middle Ages, carrying the curse of Judas from country to country, but bearing the blessing of ideas from race to race through the blood. And that is, I suppose, why I disbelieve in the Jewish National Home, except as a Nova Solyma. I was quite ready to believe. It is my four and a half years' close observation of the rebuilding of the Holy City by other than bricks of the mind that has brought me to this want of faith.

As to the method of the Book, there is I believe only one that is justifiable, to tell the truth as best you can. But as the "father of lies" once taught, there are various ways of doing this. Herodotus, it will be recalled, has three: first, what he will vouch for himself; second, what the priests told him, i. e., the people in authority and who have access to the files; and third, the good yarn when he is deliberately pulling your leg. The test of the third is your own *Weltanschauung* and sense of humour; it rests with you to gather such truth as you can.

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The actors in this fantastic story of the occupation of Palestine, from Lord Allenby down to the humblest clerk or fellah, are but a part of the greater movement whose meaning is hidden from us and whose direction we cannot gauge. Chance, some idea we are not yet able to comprehend, has set us to our work, and will turn us out of Palestine as it has the other conquerors before us. All that we can do is to hold by what we believe to be right, to try to understand what is being done around us, and what we ourselves are doing: faith and works.

I have tried to show what people were thinking as well as what they are doing. In some cases the thoughts are set into the form of what will perhaps be called indiscreet conversations. I accept no personal responsibility for them except where stated in the text. But I have heard them all, and from the lips of men in Palestine. To give the names in all cases was impossible; so I have transposed or made types. The reader must take, laugh, or damn according to his bias.

Sir Herbert Samuel once asked me to tell him from time to time what people in Palestine were thinking and saying of his administration. I believe I conscientiously did this, and were I still in his service I would go on doing so. If I have said more than he likes I hope he will, with his customary clemency, forgive.

An intrepid Zionist, an intelligent Moslem, an impartial British official, a Greek aristocrat, and an impertinent free lance, these are my chief speakers. They are all friends of mine, but let me describe them.

Mr. Jacob Funkelstein is a still untransliterated Jew. I rather admire him for not having as yet transformed himself into Shenstone, or Gleeston, or Gladstone, or

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whatever it may still become. That will depend on British Imperial development, or the Palestine Mandate. He has an excellent American education, is equally adept at French, German, and Russian. He is no actor but he has the Jew's gift of apparent self-obliteration or swift disguise in the cloak of any nationality.

Shaikh Isma'il al-Khaldi is perfectly well known to those who take the trouble to interest themselves in Moslem affairs, or the meaning of Arab aristocracy, an intensely tribal matter, very human with the toughest of ramifications. For these people it is a question of nearness to the Prophet and his friends, as with the now rare English aristocrat it used to be a question of nearness to some Crusader in the Holy Land or the friends of the Conqueror.

John Smith is frankly a type. He has had the usual British public school education, has the usual ignorance of history, but he has honest common sense, and he is trying hard to learn Arabic. His family is the greatest in England because they once worked with their hands and made its iron age:

So you must not blame, but rank him higher,
For what he gets he gets out of the fire.

It is as impossible to visualize Palestine without Greece as without Islam, for Græco-Roman civilization is after Islam the next great fact. My friend George Simonides is a Greek aristocrat. He is a scholar with a German training. He has connections in Syria and I have stayed with him both in Athens and in Alexandria. He, even more than the Jew, is a citizen of the world. And indeed he has taught me to see that though the Jew ignores the tradition for which the Greek stands, and though the English-

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man regards it as having ended in the fourth century A. D., despite some persistent little freshet in Prof. Gilbert Murray, that tradition is still very much alive. In my civic work he has been of immense help to me.

My irresponsible free lance I call Mercutio. I might equally have found a name for him in Rabelais or Herodotus. I have found some difficulty in placing him. He appears to have in him a touch of the Celt, is somewhat of a cynic, and has the perverse modern pleasure in paradox which only occasionally leads to truth. I enjoy his humour even when I disagree absolutely with his judgment of people, and it will be seen that his judgments are often as swift as they are fallacious. He talks too much, and you cannot keep foam. Yet hidden in all the indiscretions of his talk I sometimes see a light shining. Of this I am sure: he is never likely to accept service in the Samuel administration. He may have connections with the British press, I don't know. Nor do I know what he is doing in Palestine—but, then, what are any of us doing there?

As I read over these notes and the much greater mass of I trust never-to-be-published material, it seems to me to fall into an inevitable sequence. There was, first, the confusion and fearful hazard of war, then the period of intense optimism that followed victory; next, a time of suspended creation ending in explosion and the coming of the civil administration, with all its new hopes and dreams. Next a spell of hard, conscientious, constructive work, a happy time, modified for many of us by the gradual realization that the base of our new building was unsure, and that we did not know our materials. This need not mean disillusionment or pessimism, for all good work is

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in the doing rather than in the thing done. But we are as the builder whose foundations have shifted by reason of some fault in the soil he had no power to gauge. He therefore sets to work again, underpins, rakes out the rotten stone, and begins anew with fresh courage and a good concrete bed. It is not necessary for him to pull his building down, nor, if he is a wise-hearted man, will he grouse at having made a timely discovery.

This sequence of events which we note in Palestine in the years 1918 to 1923 is not peculiar to that little corner of the world. It has its parallel in all those regions over which the Great War swept, first destruction and confusion, then optimism with hasty, unsound settlement, then the disillusionment that comes of settlement based on what turns out after all to be injustice or want of wisdom. Indeed, it requires all one's faith, and all the humour that is faith behind the mask, to help one through.

PART I
THE SOLDIERS

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CHAPTER I

A CITY OF THE MIND

(*Extract from a letter.*) Jerusalem, June 28, 1918.

THE central church of Christendom does not appear to have anything to do with the teaching of Christ. But somehow you feel this church to be the type of what every Christian church (I exclude the Quaker Meeting House) wants to be, and if given money and a free hand, would become. The theoretical agreement of all Christendom to keep holy and peaceful a spot common to all has in effect resulted in a condition of chronic feud and hatred between all the rival sects, Greek, Latin, Maronite, Copt, Armenian, Protestant—Lord knows! And this has been going on for centuries! A year or two ago the Latins tried to “burn out” the Greeks, or vice versa. They showed me the fire marks on the Dome. Near by the so-called tomb of Christ is a hole where is annually performed the “fire miracle.” They blow fire out of a hole to light candles with—some ancient Babylonish or Persian cult, I suppose, that has crept in, like the Trinity, or the hierarchical business from Egypt, or our dear Vicar’s sacrificial system, from Semitic or tribal conditions.

The Anglicans, of course, are more respectable. There

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is a certain uprightness about their hard starched white collars; but as soon as you get them on religion all their better nature goes atrophied. They become their collars. They stop thinking, and the ecclesiastical upper lip goes down like a mediæval portcullis. Snap! The latest religious addition to the Holy City is a German church of the Kaiser's, with much of the Kaiser's vulgarity, and bells that stun like "*Gepanzerte Fäüster*."

And so—think of it! The Christians here, just in the manner of Anglicans and Dissenters at home being unable to "love one another," have to get a Moslem to keep the peace for them. He sits on the *Mastabab* in the porch of the Holy Sepulchre church, smoking and drinking coffee. I looked into his face. It was full of cynical contempt—a fig for your official Christianity!

Sunday, June 30, 1918.

When I went into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the next time I tried hard to be by myself alone. I shook off the inevitable Cooks' guide, whom even the war has not destroyed, and sat down to think under the great dome, but I was pestered with beggars, cats, fleas, and horrible chantings. There were monks singing in some side chapel—atrociously; then a cat screamed for milk outside the tomb of Christ, and then a beggar, one of the tribe of wealthy professionals, caught me by the coat, and whined in language he thought becoming to my costume, "Please — will — you—give — mister — Jesus —mister — blood."

I've never felt so pagan and repelled in my life. To come back to this mediævelism after the quiet reverence and sanity of Islam, as one has observed it in Egypt, is

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something like a shock. Islam, of course, is just as mediæval, but somehow by the greater simplicity and purity of its faith it has got rid of the ancient tribal fetishes, the folk-lore, the priest craft, and the "Mumbo-Jumbo." Oh, for a whiff of Hellas, or the children playing in the garden!

And then there are the Sundays! The Sabbath in England is the day upon which all good Christians cleave apart from one another. The Sabbath in Jerusalem is multiplied by three. The Moslems celebrate it on Fridays, the Jews on Saturdays, the Christians on Sundays. At first sight this appears reasonable, but it is really religious cussedness, and each group hates the others for profaning the Lord's day. The principal hatreds, however, are reserved for the Christians toward one another—how to fit all the services in as between all the fighting sects, how to satisfy all the silly little ritual squabbles as between all the contending priests, monks, and parsons, has been the problem of the ages. Every conceivable type of ecclesiastic is to be seen in the Holy City. What are they all there for? Do you burn a candle or don't you? I hate you. Do you celebrate Easter as I do or not? I hate you. Does the Holy Ghost proceed or doesn't it? I hate you. Was Christ crucified or not? I hate you. It is the perpetual Litany of Jerusalem.

I am reading Pierre Loti. I am unable to screw myself up to his exquisite Gallic sentimentality, but he describes his feelings at seeing the rival chromo-lithograph portraits of Queen Victoria and the Emperor Joseph just as he was entering at Bethlehem the place where Christ was born.

Jerusalem is a city of the mind, and so everything must

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be forgiven it. Much better leave it so! I never wanted to come, and now the irony of fate brings me here to study it, and advise, and plan for its future. If the British Administration holds, some of my day dreams may be carried out.

Jerusalem, June 28, 1918.

Here's a conversation overheard in the Holy City and which is passing among the English soldiers. The clean, deferential sergeant recently arrived is talking with his commanding officer.

C. D. S. "And is this the place, Sir, where our Lord is supposed to have been?"

C. O. "It is."

C. D. S. "And the religion began here? Here's where He had His Apostles, and all that?"

C. O. "So we are told."

C. D. S. "And these Apostles were just simple folk, like the folk we see walking in the streets here?"

C. O. "So we are bidden to believe."

C. D. S. "Then, Sir, all I can say is—it's a marvel to me how it ever cut such a show!"

Jerusalem, 1918.

Through all the many types here the Jew is distinguishable, lean, mean, griping, hard-featured, inquisitive, brainy, and every now and then, especially in the faces of the young men, with that look of curious dreamy intelligence discerning God, singly, far away through everything.

On the Sabbath here they were out, many of them robed in old gold and purple and gray velvet; others in the

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long coats and loose floppy black squash hats of the middle nineteenth century that we associate with the stage Jew of the German theatre. They wear the Horus lock, older than Hebraism, as we see it in the Egyptian images. In the children, the little Horuses, it is sometimes but a ringlet of gold falling over each ear.

I tried to get Jacob Funkelstein to take me to a synagogue, but he would not. He says it makes his flesh creep. Nor would he go with me to the Wailing Wall though he insists this must remain a Jewish preserve, and he is apparently trying to acquire for his great organization the Zionist Commission property rights over the Moslem land adjoining. A very large sum of money is involved. I doubt the success of the operation.

Jerusalem, July 19, 1918.

Going to the Jews' Wailing Place was rather like intruding upon a sacramental service. "*Devant ce mur des Pleurs,*" writes the picturesque if plaintive Pierre Loti—"le mystère des prophéties apparaît plus inexplicable et plus saisissant. L'esprit se recueille, confondu de ces destinées d'Israel, sans précédent, sans analogue dans l'histoire des hommes, impossibles à prévoir, et cependant prédites, aux temps mêmes de la splendeur de Sion, avec d'inquiétantes précisions de détails."*

But the hard, analytical German Jülicher, whom I am also reading, tears it all to bits, putting the Pentateuch and the prophets in their proper sequence.

*"Before this wall of wailing do the mysteries of Biblical prophecy seem more than ever inexplicable and impressive. We retire within ourselves, dazed with the great destiny of Israel; that has no precedent and no analogy in human history, a destiny unforeseen and yet predicted, in the days of the splendour of Zion and with a detail that is as disquieting as it is precise."

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And in the light of the new world, the creation that is to be, one wants to shake up these old Haluca Jews, say to them: "What's the good of wailing any longer? Get to work. The Temple is in the mind." As one would say to the Christian and his sense of sin: "Throw it away. God is in the heart."

July, 1918.

For all that, says Gunkel, of the books of Deuteronomy, they remain, "*grossartig in der Geschlossenheit ihrer Geschichtsbetrachtung und ehrwürdig als erste Versuche, Zweck und Sinn des geschichtlichen Ganges auszudeuten. Von ihnen stammt das, was wir 'Heilige Geschichte' nennen; der grosse Gedanke der Erziehung des Menschengeschlechtes und der Offenbarung als einer Geschichte ist auf ihrem Boden erwachsen.*"*

All this nobility, majesty, and power of convincing mankind doesn't prevent the modern Haluca Jew, the type that wails on Friday evenings, from selling even his most cherished convictions. An English officer the other day, one of the red and efficient sort that gets things done, turned up at the wailing place, but on the wrong day, and found nothing doing. Quickly drawing a shilling from his pocket he seized on the nearest Haluca and shouted: "Here—WAIL, you blighter!" And he wailed.

Jerusalem, 1918.

What makes this city so wonderful is that it is the meeting point of the three great streams of religious tradi-

*"Superb in the cryptic splendour of their attitude toward history, and venerable as first attempts to bring purpose and thought into its processes. From them we get what we call 'Holy Writ.' From them first springs the great idea of the education of man, and the making of this clear to man himself as one story."

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tion: Christian, Moslem, Jew. And the symbol that keys them together is that great pagan, oriental, imaginative building conceived on the lines of the Emperor Hadrian's Temple, the Dome of the Rock.

It was here I first met Shaikh Isma'il al-Khaldi. He expressed a desire that we should meet again. The desire was mutual.

(Extract from a letter.)

July 5, 1918.

Life here is really amazingly interesting and picturesque. You've no idea of all the wonderful things that are going on. In the morning yesterday I was picking flowers in the Garden of Gethsemane, after rereading St. Luke. In the afternoon, it being the Fourth of July, I was the guest of the American Colony, among generals, bishops, and the "Best Society" of Jerusalem—"all the World and his Wife." In the evening there was an official banquet, another section of the "Best Society," oriental, the Governor in the chair, all the Arab chiefs, and *Imams*, and Greek Archimandrites in black flower-pot hats, and a Moslem aristocracy that goes back to the Prophet—"all the World without his Wife." We were recruiting for the new army that is being raised, with the aid of colour, music, oratory, and poetry. I couldn't understand the speeches, but the music and the rhythm are more lovely than anything you can imagine. Rhetoric even without the aid of Lloyd George continues to move the world.

Do you hear of the Arab nationality movement in the Harmsworth papers? Or is what's going on out here censored in England for fear the Irish should ask questions in the House? We are preaching Nationality in Palestine,

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but we suppress it in Egypt and Ireland. We are a wonderful people! The Governor made a speech in Arabic, and quoted Shakespeare. "To be or not to be." [Great applause!] They've been acting "Hamlet," and they've now to make up their minds whether it is to be an Arab rising, a suppressed Nationality rising again after centuries of Ottoman rule, or not. All Oriental Jerusalem was here, except the Jews, there having been a Jewish rising against the Arabs—fact! We are for the Arabs, being good Moslems. I sat next to one Shaikh Isma'il al-Khaldi, and he told me—strange yet comprehensible—that the most fanatical people in the Holy City are the Roman Catholics, and that the Jews run them a near second. The Moslems being tolerant in religious matters are hand in glove with the free-thinking English who suffer all religions gladly. It's the only way out of the confusion. Even the Greek Patriarch murmured assent out of an immense bird's-nest beard that looks as if it had been brushed forth from all sides with a horse brush; but then the Greeks hate the Latins most and the Jews next. Then there was the special representative from the War Cabinet. . . . He bears veiled kisses from King Georgos—a Greek name, you observe, and there was General Allenby—Al Nabi, they call it here, which means, in Arabic, the Prophet. We make great capital out of the Arabic tradition that Jerusalem comes back to the Arabs when a new prophet shall enter it as conqueror. And it has happened. Your German Kaiser may ride in in triumph with Turkish troops; but we follow the prophet Al Nabi who more modestly enters the Holy City on foot. And so it goes on. Of course the Jews don't like it. They think the new Jerusalem belongs to them. But we don't take that

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view, holding that it belongs to all men, being a city of the mind. So for the moment the Jews are in disgrace and not invited to our banquet. "But," said one of the officials who sat on my left, "we don't talk about that just now." It's rather like driving a chariot with six horses, and even St. Luke is difficult to read under such conditions. The business of the moment is not St. Luke nor the new Jerusalem, but raising an army; and Arabs are good fighters, *Alhamdulillab!*

. . . The American gathering would have thrilled you. It was so absolutely, so naïvely American. . . . We ate great swimming slabs of ice cream, and rose with our plates, and napkins folded in neat triangles, to the sound of "Hail Columbia." Then Columbia entered, such an earnest, dear, deadly earnest young woman, dressed in white, standing on a white box to make her taller, attended by two little pages got up as Red Indians, and she holding the Declaration of Independence, I think it was, in one hand, and in the other a sort of trident crowned with cotton wool—to present foam, foam of the ocean. Columbia stands no nonsense, mark you, from German submarines! Yes, she was "gotten" up like the Statue of Liberty in New York harbour, and there were silver rays, spiky ones, coming out of her head. And there was a bevy of young ladies dressed up in Stars and Stripes, neatly flounced, who did figure dances, and then more American music, and we all saluted the flag. Good old eagle! For its very naïveté it always brings the choke to my throat somehow. No other people could do this sort of thing, and in Jerusalem in the twentieth century, as if Dickens had never been, nor Emerson called the Brook Farmers an "Age of Rea-

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son in a patty pan." *Quand même*—they're splendid people.

. . . I wondered what the generals thought of it, Allenby and Money. I shall hear, doubtless, but we take our Allies very seriously. And the British Bishop of Jerusalem, he, too, was there, taking himself very seriously, though, so good Anglicans whisper, this American "freak colony" has a religion all of its own and follows some fanciful tradition of the Puritan fathers, enough to turn the colour of any Anglican Bishop's gaiters. He was wonderfully dressed, white coat, white apron, white trunks, white gaiters, and the merest soupçon of a violet waistcoat, with a great silver pectoral cross pendent on his diaphragm to a violet silk cord. Oh! but the confection was perfect, even the buttons on the gaiters matched. When I talked Jerusalem with him I felt quite pleased that I matched, too, in my white silk suit. "Better to be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than"—what is it? I forget. "Better be a button on the gaiter of an Anglican Bishop than dwell"—no, supply the metaphorical verb—something American, childlike, soaring—on the bosom of the undenominational. But I'm not sure that the undenominational here isn't nearer to Christ's teaching.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

July 20, 1918.

The General said to me the other day:

"What couldn't we make of this country if we only had a few years certain ahead!"

And there's the rub. Everybody is living from hand to mouth.

"This," said he, pointing to the Military Code of Occupied Enemy Territory (O.E.T.A.), "is the book I

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study every day. In making your plans and proposals for Jerusalem, remember that nothing can be done but what will come within the four corners of that Code."

This means there's practically no money to do anything with. The Holy City being but a religious parasite, lives on the bounty of the world, principally the Russian pilgrim and the American tourist. Pilgrim and tourist have alike been knocked off by the war; we can't get any money from the Home Government; and the land, and the harvests—the peasantry—have yet to recoup from the Turk. Do you realize that I'm in a city where over 20 per cent. of the population in the last two years died of typhus!

July 24, 1918.

To-day the Zionists inaugurated their new University on Mount Scopus; all the world was there. I got back just in time to hear Mr. Balfour's telegram read, bow to the generals—all the red tabs—and to hear the Daughters of Zion rejoice. They did it very creditably in pale blue and white, with flags embroidered at the Bezaleel School—a sort of suggestion of Nehemiah. But it's we Protestants with our dear old English Bible who really remember Ezra, not they.

Life indeed here is wildly interesting. Every day there is some new and curious situation. You would have laughed to-day had you seen me at my picnic lunch under an olive tree, practically in the shell zone. We heard them every now and again. We were a party of four: my charming aristocratic Arab from al-Salt, in his silks and gold brocade, a Christian; a blue-eyed pagan Yorkshire motor-car driver, such a nice lad with a skin as brown as a backgammon board from three years of Palestine sun; and

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a Syrian Moslem refugee whom we'd saved from the Turks. We shared melon and grapes together, with a bottle of Baron Rothschild's Tokay, bread, hard-boiled eggs, and—politics! It was very good.

July 26, 1918.

The Commander in Chief—Al Nabi—turned up two days ago, and, I'm told, carried off my book ("Where the Great City Stands") with him to camp. It's really rather amusing, these great soldiers and rulers suddenly starting to think about and work on the things we've been hammering at all our lives. In old days it was called "socialism" and considered impossible and destructive of Society, but now the name for it is "coördination," and "obvious common sense." Things do become common sense when you devote practical thought and attention to them: "and the government shall be upon his shoulder."

(Extract from a letter.)

August 2, 1918.

I've just come in from drinking coffee in his garden with Shaikh Isma'il the Grand Mufti, the Mayor of Jerusalem, . . . languages Arabic and French. We discussed reconstruction, the rebuilding of mosques, streets, villages; the question of what funds were available; of what endowments had not been stolen by private individuals, the Turkish Government, or got lost in the war. We considered the possibilities of establishing schools, getting capable workmen from Baghdad or Damascus to do the tiles on the Dome of the Rock; and, in short, your forecast that I would be engaged in rebuilding the New, or rather the very Old Jerusalem . . . is literally coming true. . . .

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The Grand Mufti, he's a sort of Archbishop of Canterbury in Palestine, took me by the hand and said, as archbishops do:

"If you begin with the House of God, God will help you, and we shall pray for you."

I hope I responded as prettily: "*Mufti Effendi*, all prayers help, and assuredly yours will!"

He had his beads handy, and shuffled them along with thin, aristocratic fingers as we talked, so he was saving time. I rather liked his dreamy, metaphysical eyes. He wore a large and spotlessly white turban. . . .

And did I tell you—time flies so—that a few days ago I had to meet six archimandrites of the Greek Orthodox Church to discuss with them the possibilities of our proposed Civic School in Jerusalem, and how much the Greeks could help, or were worth? Archimandrites wear petticoats, black flower-pot hats, and do their hair up behind in large chignons—rather nasty! But they were beyond measure polite. They produced a sacramental wine, and we topped together with the utmost dignity. . . .

And did I tell you that on another day I clambered up the Al Aqsa Mosque with Ernest Richmond, between its two domes, discussing the best way of preserving the fabric, and put my knife up to the haft in some of the worm-eaten timbers of the inner dome, which gave him and me a sort of eerie feeling of sheer unreality, like all else in this war, that the whole thing—like Civilization itself—might collapse at any moment. This mosque was once thought to be Justinian's Church of the Virgin, or of Abd al Mal'k's building in the seventh century (*vide* Lethaby); but we think it was built by Saladin and built in a hurry. Thus do experts disagree.

A PALESTINE NOTEBOOK

Jerusalem, August, 1918.

An extraordinary experience and insight into the workings of the Christian religion. Ernest Richmond and I have been removing the obstruction wall set up in 1842 by the Greek priests across the chancel of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. It is a loathsome wall, and they must have been loathsome priests. However, a beneficent British Administration had set its heart on bringing back a little of the majesty of the Basilica of Constantine and so we are told off to do it; the Government (Is it the British taxpayer?) finding the money. With consummate tact Storrs had got the Greek Patriarch to write and ask that it should be done, though at the bottom of their hearts these naughty priests didn't want it done. When we had made all arrangements as to payment, contractors, etc., they suddenly turned a *volte-face*, asked if they could put in their own contractor and pay for it themselves. We were quite willing, not scenting Greek guile. But it was otherwise with the Latin priests, who also had a share in the "Holiest Church in Christendom." If the Greek Church owns the chancel, and the Armenian Church a triangular corner of the transept, a strip of carpet, and a window, the Latin Church owns a right of way. Here palpably these wicked schismatics were about to pinch another bit, or set up a new claim. So they "lodged a protest" with the Governor and "claimed to be consulted." On the heels of the Latins came the Armenians, with their pointed hats and sinuous smiles, and here were all the elements of a fine row. Neither party cared a rap whether the wall stood or went, but all were determined to resist whatever the other denomination wanted to do.

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The Governor was firm, and sent down Haddad Bey, his deputy, an orthodox believer, a Syrian, a diplomat, and an encompasser of guile, with instructions that they might have their own brand of Christendom but that the wall was to be pulled down "as per specification," and the British Empire was to pay for it; in fact, that concession was to be regarded as a high compliment from a warm-hearted and broad-minded Administration.

We came down in great force, two motor cars, a photographer from the American Colony, Captain Harrington, the Military Governor of Bethlehem, and various soldiers. It seems odd that little Bethlehem should need a military governor, but so it is, and that tiny, damp grotto of the Nativity is one of the most explosive nooks on earth. Harrington, a tough, blue-eyed, straightforward guardsman, was for having the orders carried out right now, and sweeping the whole nest clean. It was intolerable that a military order should be hung up by a so-called religious scruple, and galling to a British officer that any Syrian and Arabic palaver should be allowed to interfere with its Olympian operations.

There were some fifty people in the church when we arrived, ready to take part in whatever the operations might be. The Greek priests stood in a solemn column of black on the left of the nave. On the right was a small but equally determined phalanx of Franciscans; a little farther off were the Armenians, and they, too, can fight on occasion. There were various soldiers, and various gentlemen in tarbooshes. There may have been other denominations, and through some chink in the happy sunlight may have peeped some unbelieving Moslem—Ya Salaam! How these Christians love one another!

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Then began the palaver, conducted with consummate skill by the Syrian Haddad.

Oh, yes, we all wanted the wall down, on that we were all agreed, witness the Patriarch's letter to the Governor, if it could be done without peril to *homoiousian*—or whatever the dreadful word is, and so forth. As for those Franciscan swine and those Armenian dogs, and those—ah, well, the damnable Turkish régime has been replaced by another—all you say is perfectly true *Abuna!*

And all the time a Mass was going on, and our Swedish-American photographer was making his pictures. When it was done we went and sat in the chancel, and another Mass began—I use the word figuratively, this time Franciscan, and behind the ikonostasis. A posse of monks and red acolytes with candles swept down their processional way, keeping clear by two inches of the poison strip of Armenian carpet, into the Lady Chapel. They were chanting in the Gregorian manner, but in their hearts they were saying:

“Ha, ha, the Greeks are pipped, the Greeks are pipped, as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be, world without end, Amen!”

And I felt like the Emperor Julian watching the fun.

Then a ladder was carried in, and two picks. It gave one the impression of being part of the ritual. Was the guile of Byzantium beaten? Had Rome won or not? Was this great clean Administration amenable to *baksheesh*, after all? What was happening? Harrington was chafing and wanted his tea. The Franciscans started a sort of triumphal organ peal in their church adjoining. The Greek orthodox heart is impenetrable.

Suddenly one of them, a minor priest, mounted the ladder, made the sign of the cross, spat on his hands, and

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put his pick into the plaster cornice. Down it came, and the deed was done. The Governor's last order to his Deputy had been, "If you don't get that d——d wall down to-day it will never go down."

It would have become an international question gravitating—*Chimæra bombitans in vacuo*—between Paris, the Vatican, and London. All the Gods of Christendom would have been invoked, and all the antiquaries out on the war path.

And then, seeing they were beaten after all, the Greek priests said "*Maalesh*," and invited us in to tea. They combed their long hair, dressed in clean silks, and produced *baltikh*, and wine of the Holy Sepulchre. Wine of the Holy Sepulchre is good. It is golden tongued, intoxicating, and rather like what we sip on sacramental occasions. Here, however, we took it in large draughts, and it's wonderful how kindly it makes even Christians feel to one another. The Greek priests and I always smile now when we pass the time o' day to one another in the street.

Jerusalem.

When a week later we came again to Bethlehem to see how the work was getting on we asked the Greek priests how they liked the Basilica now.

"Oh, it is noble," said they.

It certainly looked noble, for you could see the whole church and the ikonostasis.

"And the Latins, how do they like it?"

"Oh, they don't like it at all."

"But in Heaven's name why not?"

"Because," said the Greek priests, "they now see it is all one Greek Church."

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In fact, the Greeks were chanting in their hearts as they were swinging their censers, "Aha, the Latins are pipped, the Latins are pipped, as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be, world without end, Amen!"

Curious thing, Religion!

I have had most interesting times with George Simonides, my Greek friend. He had come out here from Egypt. His people, he told me, have links with this country from very early times. It must have been after one of our talks that I find this entry in my Journal, and it was he who first introduced me to the writing of Foulcher de Chartres.

Jerusalem, September, 1918.

Jerusalem, this city of the mind, is a type, and thus everything is possible within her. It is a great privilege to have a little of her shaping. One reads back to Suleiman the Magnificent, to Saladin, to Al Mamoun, to Herod, to Nehemiah, to Solomon. Each gave her something, and the types in her streets are wonderful. And what will this strong Western Administration mean? Fusion of races? There is no other logical way out. For keeping the races apart means the old racial and religious antagonism, and though they may be stayed for a while by compact—our League of Nations—there must come fusion in the end.

The history of Palestine bears this out. It has two great periods of civilization that we know of, and they have been periods of fusion—the Hellenistic, the mediæval. God rested in those days and saw that it was good.

But the real wonder here is to watch the faces and hear

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the speech in the streets. There is every type, from Central Asia; from India, for the Indian Army is here; from the Levant in all its mixtures; the African types, for Egypt is here; the Arab types, the Greek, the Latin, and the Jew; while through it all the irrepressible British Tommy is playing football in a temperature of 106° in the shade. God bless him!

And it has all happened before! "Consider!" says Foulcher de Chartres in the twelfth century, "how the West has been turned into the East. He who was of the West has become of the East; he who was Roman or Frank has become here a Galilean or an inhabitant of Palestine; he who was a citizen of Rheims or of Chartres is become a citizen of Tyre or of Antioch. We have already forgotten the places of our birth; they are even by this time unknown to most of us, or at least never spoken of. Some of us hold lands and houses by hereditary right; one has married a woman who is not of his own country—a Syrian, an Armenian, or even a Saracen who had adjured her faith; another has with him his son-in-law, or his father-in-law, this one is surrounded by his nephews, or his grandchildren; one cultivates vines, another fields; they all talk different languages, and yet succeed in understanding one another . . . The stranger has become the native, the pilgrim the resident; day by day our relations come from the West and stay with us. Those who were poor at home God has made rich here; those who at home had nothing but a farm, here have a city. Why should he who finds the East so fortunate return again to the West?"

Why, indeed! The words of the twelfth-century historian are evident in the streets of Jerusalem to this day.

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Every blend of East and West is there, but ever the East predominates. Among the most beautiful are the men of Es Sault—Arabs so called, but often of the classic Greek type, with a touch of Odyssean, primitive wildness and savagery about them. We have many hundreds of these refugees, and they are a sore trial to Percy.*

Jerusalem.

And how the poetry of the place gets hold of you; you must take the life and the beauty of the Eastern mediæval city woven in with your reading, get to understand what al-Quds has meant to the human mind—Moslem, Christian, or Jew. "Profusion of camels shall cover thee, young camels of Midian and Ephah, all of them from Sheba shall come: gold and frankincense shall they bring and publish the praises of God. All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered unto thee; the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee; they shall come up with acceptance on thine altar and the house of my glory will I glorify."

(Extract from a letter.)

September 16, 1918.

I feel now as if I had my finger right on the pulse of this city, and knew it in and out. There is an immense deal one could carry through—given the power. The mosques, and the churches, and the Citadel that has not been touched since the time of Selim. There are the workshops and the Arts and Crafts to start again, paralyzed by the war; there are the Bazaars and *Suqs* to reopen and repair, the Guild organization to recreate, schools to establish, building permits to attend to, and thousands

*Lord William Percy.

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of women to set off again at the most beautiful embroidery you ever saw. There are new roads to make, trees to plant—many thousands have already been ordered—and parks to lay out, and there is a schedule of historic monuments to make with a map on which these things shall be marked: so you see! . . . I'm amused at your irritation at the insufficiency of my address, also at the Vicar declining to write because I give him no other address than Jerusalem. No other address is necessary. There is only one Jerusalem and only one British Administration, and I'm in it, so letters find me. I suppose the village has it as a fixed idea that Jerusalem is an unreal place, purely Biblical and non-existent, and so it's no good trying to write there.

. . . I know that in England we do keep religion and life in separate houses, but I assure you it's not so here. Jerusalem is a fact, though rather a squalid one.

October 4, 1918.

. . . Storrs is absolutely with me in trying to get the work and plans for the actual—not the dream—city carried through, and for finding the revenue (taxation?), the wherewithal to do it. I have also worked him out a scheme for this. We make the projected revenue at from £30,000 to £50,000 a year—after the war! But the irony of fate is going to be that the splendid little group of men who are now working at Palestine and the city's reconstruction so whole-heartedly and sympathetically will all be flung apart by the conclusion of peace. Others will come in and the question will then be, Are *our* lines well laid?

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. . . Whether it's the people, or the place, or the work—I don't know, but I feel here the same sort of stimulus, the creative drive we felt in 1902, when all was going so well, and a new life being built up. Yet I can't but think that something of what we English are doing here will remain. And then I look back on History—I've been reading Nehemiah, and Ezra, and Maccabees, and Josephus, also modern German Biblical critics, and George Adam Smith, and other Jewish writers, and see how often this city has changed hands, and how often there has come the hope of a new birth. I suppose of all cities Jerusalem is the most artificial—a type of the imaginary city, a creation of the mind. For that one forgives the filth, the squalor, and the meanness of her religious life.

I've been to most of her places of worship now, attended services, Latin, Greek, Armenian, Anglican, Jewish, Moslem. Without doubt the Moslems have most reverence and sincerity. The Anglicans are the cleanest; hard, tight, pharisaical, and "homey." The Greek services are loathsome; the Latin not so bad, cleaner physically, but they run the Greek very close; the Armenian by far the most beautiful, the Mass being done with bells and chorus on a sort of stage with a curtain—like a small Elizabethan theatre. The Jewish are the most slovenly of all. In fact, the real religion of the Jew is not in synagogues and temples, but in the heart where it has always been. One still sees the Christ type in the streets here, and it is usually the Jew who has it—a curious pacifist sublimity. It is rare, but one sees it sometimes in the most squalid and loathsome surroundings. Jesus Christ, if he ever existed at all, was a Syrian (Jew?) and he's still here in

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Jerusalem; he won't enlist, he is perverse, tiresome, and a thorn in the side of any government; he doesn't believe in force, but he's stronger than force, and he'll let himself be crucified for convictions nobody else shares or understands.

CHAPTER II

THE CONFUSION OF WAR

IT WILL be recalled that John Smith is an honest English official trying to do his best in a difficult situation. When in the summer of 1918 I first came across him, he was just plain Major Smith, and his job for the moment was recruiting for the Arab army. Whatever in those days we may have promised to the Jews, there was no doubt as to our promises to the Arabs. They were good fighters and we needed their help.

Here is my note of the meeting made on July 3, 1918:

To dinner with John Smith to meet Father Wilfred, who has been sent out by the "War Cabinet" to report on Palestine. Afterward to an Arab "recruiting meeting"—the people of the *Shereefa*, the anti-Turkish party. There were some fifty of us. We smoked, talked, drank coffee. They were beautiful people, many of them, especially Shibli Beshara who interpreted. They sat around in their silk *abayehs*, black-and-gold *argals*, and fingered their rosaries. They wanted a speech from the King.

"I come from the King," said Father Wilfred, rising, and with sublime audacity committing King, Cabinet, Lords, and Commons, "the King sits upon a throne of velvet, in a chair of gold. He speaks but seldom. When he speaks it is law. But I will try and get him to speak.

THE CONFUSION OF WAR

[Like a parson's cheek!] Know, however, that though he should not speak his heart is with you."

Murmurs of appreciative comment, and touchings of the breast, Father Wilfred has the parson's sense of the dramatic.

"We are all brothers," said John Smith, "and it must be Christian and Moslem alike, it matters not which—is that clear?" Honest John is the recruiting sergeant of the moment, with an eye to the main chance.

"We are Arabs first and Moslem afterward."

"Was that true," I asked, "or but a compliment to the English?" It was the spirit of nationality awakening here as elsewhere. What is this strange awakening? Of the Arabs present the majority were Christian.

The interpreter, Shibli Beshara, continued, I suppose somewhat embellishing the words of Father Wilfred:

"We fight for England, and England stands for justice, and the privilege of managing our own affairs against the German and the Turk." [Bureaucrats, please note!]

Then John Smith, who, as the soldier, had his eye on the vital spot: "But we must be quick, for the German and the Turk are quick. There must be deeds and no more *Kalam*."

Then came questions as to the guaranteeing of wives and families. The General—Al Nabi—was to be approached on the matter. What's in a name? Folk lore always propagates itself. "A prophet shall arise who shall win the Holy City back again from the Turks to its original conquerors of the days of Amr."

Jerusalem, July 7, 1918.

General Money motored me over to Hebron, and we saw the new water supply our engineers are laying into

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Jerusalem. They had opened out the old Roman mains of Herod's time, wonderfully constructed of stone with stone manholes at regular distances. The Roman cement had stood and the water was clear and sweet. Our people were cleaning out, relaying, and utilizing the Roman mains—the good work of the much-abused Pontius Pilate, on whom be peace! Poor Pontius, he tried to act justly—is he coming into his own at last? And in Josephus we read that when he constructed his noble water supply the Jews rose in revolt. They thought it an unnecessary innovation. When you see the filth in which the Haluca Jew lives,,and observe his arrogant obscurantism, you understand why.

It was at about this time that I first met Jacob Funkelstein. He was working with a terrific energy for the Zionist Commission. In those days of chaotic upheaval, when men knew not what they wanted, it used to be said that there were only two bodies that got things done, the Zionist Commission and the Vatican. Jacob Funkelstein seemed to be at the centre of an enormous web, and to have at his disposal unlimited funds. Here is an entry in which he and his enthusiastic fellow workers appear:

July 11, 1918.

I saw to-day one of the strangest and most tragic things the war has brought forth. And yet it was all going on before. The war has but emphasized, illuminated it.

In the course of my investigations in connection with the civic survey I went on the introduction of Mr. Jacob Funkelstein to a so-called "wool school" of Ma-

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dame Thon—one of the Zionist organizers. It is not a school at all except by courtesy, it is half relief work, half factory, and a little teaching is done of Hebrew and arithmetic. But suddenly I was in an Arabian Nights dream of beauty and colour. In a vast hall were some two hundred women refugees from Baghdad, Damascus, Georgia, all dressed in the most exquisite silks and embroideries, in veils of gauze covered with silver stars, great shining purples and blazing orange, cool blues and glittering sapphire, masses of black set off with bars of green, and carmine and cadmium. And they looked so noble, and fitted to their clothes so well, and had such a sense of what was seemly and beautiful—a very joy of colour. And they were all carding wool—by hand.

And in the next room there was the product being made up, stockings on the “stocking machine,” Young Jewish “Mamselles,” all dressed very neatly in blacks and drabs, with a sort of American, second-hand, fashion-plate tidiness. I asked my Jewish interpreter—he was part German, part English, and wholly Zionist social democrat—to whom the machines belonged.

“To the young girls.”

“Then why aren’t they working at home in their own time?”

“We tried that,” said he, “and had to drop it to prevent the girls being sweated.”

I lifted up a rather unpleasant black stocking that had just been banged out of the machine. “Explain.”

“If a girl made this pair by hand it would take her a day and half. If she does it with this machine she can do ten pairs a day.”

“But in God’s name isn’t that enough?” said I. “It’s

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surely a reactionary step to turn the women out of their homes and bring them again into factories."

"We can't meet the competition. If we bring them here and work them under factory organization for seven and three quarter hours a day, they will do the ten pairs in that time. If they work at home they sweat themselves, and take nine or ten hours to do it."

"Where's it all going to end?"

He smiled rather sadly. "We're just planning to get out a new machine that will turn out twenty stockings instead of ten."

"Is that going to end it?"

Being a social democrat he saw the drift of my reasoning.

"And we," said he, "are not a capitalistic organization running for profit. Our plan is for the workers to control the power."

The problem is still to be solved. The mere organization of industry, on the "Webb" Fabian-Socialist lines, is not the solution. And all the while in that other room, an incidental detail in the greater process, that other thing is happening, all that beauty and dignity of life is being destroyed. Those women will never make and wear their beautiful dresses again.

July 15, 1918.

We work and plan and dream as if we were at peace, and reconstruction but the simple, every-day normal process. To-day they marched some five hundred German and Turkish prisoners through the Holy City—for the "moral effect" of it. I was with the General at the Governorate watching the march past—pathetic enough. We may ourselves be turned out at any moment, and our occupation in the

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future depends entirely upon the events of the western front. Jerusalem has changed hands some forty times in history . . . and now . . . ?

(Extract from a letter.)

July 20, 1918.

The other night there was a fantastic and delightful party here . . . it consisted of the General's staff, all the nice people with the red tabs; the military élite of Jerusalem, summoned by Storrs on the plea of classical music—which some of them enjoyed; the leading Zionist society, the principal members of the American colony, a French count or two, and a few intellectual odds and ends. We sat round a great marble-floored room commandeered from the Germans, and overlooking a pleasant garden. It was hung round with about a hundred Turk-estan and Bokhara silk costumes in flaming colours. They looked not so much like an old-clothes shop as like the scalps or trophies of the dead arts and crafts that industrialism and the war have finally slaughtered and that the authorities have now summoned me to Jerusalem to try and bring to life again. . . . And then came Beethoven, Romance No. 2 for piano and violin, played exquisitely by two professionals—how they got here Lord knows! Nobody wants music in these days, and as the notes rippled out like beads dropping from a string, I was taken years back into pleasant days—oh, so long ago! . . . It did seem strange to have it all over again here within a few miles of a dispossessed enemy, almost within sound of the guns. . . . Some of the officers “had their doots” about any “musical party” in these days. But there! What's the object of life if it isn't to mitigate savagery?

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July, 1918.

A thing one is apt to overlook or misunderstand in this fantastic and unreal march of war is the great work of the Indian Army. Apart from what it has done on the western front, the conquest of Palestine is largely its work.

E. M. Forster, the other day in Alexandria, said to me that British society in India had adopted the caste system, and embedded in that system, at its very heart, was the crudest and hardest Bayswater philistinism. That may be true of the women and their camp society, all that loathsome life of which one reads, for example, in Kipling's "Under the Deodars." But there is something else. I have met that finer something in many of the officers, an idealism among the men, a dream for a nobler life in which the army is a finely tempered instrument. General Money with his clear, blue, sympathetic eyes has some of that in him. They couldn't have put a better man here—if he has the nerve to carry things through, and the means to his right hand.

July 18, 1918.

Rode with an escort of two Arabs to Nabi Samuil, the home of that mean and unpleasant prig of a prophet, as one recalls him. We were some five hours in the saddle, there and back. It was very hot and we lost our way over by-paths, rocks, and boulders. It was all very wonderful, and one got a sense of Palestine on that scarp of vines, with the Crusaders' church perched on the summit, and now riddled and blown up with Turkish and British bombs. The plugs, shells, and bits of broken metal were lying around among the shattered masonry.

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And here within a few miles and within sound of the enemy's guns we are already on the work of repair.

The Mukhtar in an orange turban kissed my hand and bowed his forehead, and in refusing the *baksbeesh* which I offered to his very hungry-looking little boy, begged that I would intercede with the Governor that their rations might be renewed. They had had no harvest, there was nothing to eat or live by, and their vineyards had been destroyed. Curious and unreal is war.

My two Arabs were full of poetry, and as soon as they were happy on their horses and away from mechanic streets they started to sing. But who are these Arabs, and why do we so call them? There is surely much of the ancient Greek in these people, and theirs is the poetry. Says a modern German scholar, Von Schack: "The Arabs did not share the opinion widely shared nowadays, that poetic talent flourishes best in seclusion from the tumult of the world, or that it dims the clearness of vision that is required for the conduct of public affairs. On the contrary, their princes entrusted the chief offices of state to poets, and poetry often served as a means to obtain more brilliant results than diplomatic notes could have procured." So also thought our Elizabethans, and these fellows would do just the same. One of them quoted to me, as we were riding, the Beduin proverb: "The Arabs' registers are the verses of their bards."

July, 1918.

We have been ordered to get the reconstruction of Nabi Samuil started and I was over there again to-day. Mercutio was with me. If one isn't allowed to do "reconstruction" at home, nor in Egypt, one does it here *Al Hamdulillah!*

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We got down to bed rock. There are twenty-five houses to rebuild and a mosque, once an eleventh-century church, rather noble of its kind, and high up on the hill, the Mons Gaudii of the Crusaders, whence they first saw the Holy City. We rode over with Shibli Beshara, our interpreter, tethered our horses under the acacia trees, and began a great *Kalam*. Then a census of the village had to be made and all the men, women, and children actually counted, to see that they didn't get their rations twice over. When we came out from measuring the shell holes, we found Shibli surrounded by some fifty women and small children under twelve, who were being classified. Then we gathered data as to labour, and lunched off goats' milk curds, *baladi* bread, and watermelon, which in their gratitude and hospitality were served to us under a fig tree in the Shaikh's garden, or what was left of it. He lived under canvas because his house was blown up. Yes; we had got down to bed rock, and as Mercutio put it:

"There's no d—— d nonsense of 'Art' about this!"

Not far off there were unexploded shells, and certainly the remains of one dead soldier whose ribs I could count. They had dragged the best part of him away to be buried.

Jerusalem, July, 1918.

Thank the Lord we have here in Palestine now some men at all events who are not oppressed and tied up in the stodgy old conventions that prevail in Cairo! There is here at least a chance of getting some new and living thought put into government and education. Let's hope the British Administration may continue! With the present men here it will not be overtaken with the Egyptian paralysis—for that is what it means in Egypt.

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Cromer and his court having created the system, the object of which was to paralyze the governed, the system has gone on, none have arisen strong enough to change it, and now the paralysis has taken hold of them that govern.

Cromer was of his time and couldn't help himself. Also he did a great work in his day, but that's all over now. We want neither bureaucracy, nor sham democracy, nor window dressing for a British House of Commons. We do want real government, we want honesty, and effectiveness, and above all imagination. Twenty-five per cent. of the British, and probably more than 50 per cent. of the native administrators in Egypt, might well be relieved of their posts. To "flâner" between one's Ministry and the Turf Club, and to collect bric-à-brac in the intervals, is not to govern.

August 29, 1918.

. . . Old Sir Alexander Baird, who is full of reminiscences and a great talker, yarned with me about Egypt the other day. We were standing over the Pool of Hezekiah, looking out upon the city, and he said:

"This country now, as I see it, is as Egypt was thirty years ago. Everything is alive and driving. As soon as you have a civil administration all the difficulties will begin. Everything will go to sleep, and all the vested interests will come out. Make hay while the sun shines."

And I think he's right.

The Governor is enthusiastically making hay, and indeed it is a pleasure to work with him and General Money. It is a chance that has thrown such stimulating people together.

Last night there was another choice little dinner . . .

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Lady Allenby turned up. . . . She practically said the same as old Baird:

"What's so delightful to me is the enthusiasm. We are all working together."

I suggested it was due to the fact that the people in command, of whom she, by proxy, is one, have the gift of selecting men.

Jerusalem, September 19, 1918.

A delightful day at Hebron with Richmond measuring up the great Mosque. With the exception of some of the exalted red-tabbed, we were the first Westerners that had been allowed in. We certainly pried into all its sacred corners, even to dropping our plumb measure into the Cave of Machpelah. It is sealed, and no one can get in, but they let lights down into it, and it is littered with the prayers of the faithful on scraps of paper.

Herod and his work, when it comes to measuring up, is more interesting than either the Crusaders, the Moslems, or the Patriarch himself. We hope that our measurements are going to reveal things. Why did Herod build those massive walls? Why is such a fuss made about Abraham?

In the middle of the day we lunched with C——, the Military Governor. He was very cheery at the impending capture and destruction of the entire Turkish army, thirty thousand men. It is to take place during the next two days, and we shall hear of it on Sunday. The soldiers were discussing it quite freely, and saying the plan is so perfect there can be no hitch. It will mean Nablus and Damascus. I asked C—— was he a very optimistic person? He said Yes, but that alone made life possible. *Sabin!*

THE CONFUSION OF WAR

September, 1918.

And what is to be done with this country after the war, and who is going to have the say? The constructive people out here? The idealistic democracy at home? The Zionists? Or will some throw of the dice at the council table of the Peace Conference decide?

We who are out here and have looked into the heart of the Holy City know what internationalizing would mean. Al-Quds is still what the Arabs with their poetic vision have called her—"A golden bowl filled with scorpions."

We were discussing Palestine at the Officers' Mess in the Governorate the other day, when a certain old Syrian doctor, a fat, wise, bucolically shrewd old fellow, smiled from under his absurdly correct tarboosh and said slowly and thick-lipped, as if concluding the conversation:

"I never knew a place yet which the English have let go after they have once got there. Did you?"

The appeal was to the officers, or I would have instanced the Transvaal, Minorca, Heligoland. The argument might have gone against me as the retrocession in each case brought disaster. I don't know about the Doctor's historical knowledge, but that of the officers is shaky. Nor do they think much of what is likely to happen the week after next.

Even my friend the Egyptian legal adviser, when he was here a few months ago, talked internationalism to me, and said:

"I wish to goodness the British Government would definitely make up its mind that it is not going to keep Palestine. Here we are acting as if we proposed to stay!"

A PALESTINE NOTEBOOK

And then he came to al-Quds, and dipped his hand into the golden bowl.

Mind? What mind is there to make up? If there should be some reflective Jew at the council table the decision will probably go in favour of England, for the Jews want us here, and it will not be the first time in history that English instinct has been like wax in their hands.

September 23, 1918.

Well; we have had our victory; thirty-five thousand prisoners to begin with, say the latest accounts, with great slaughter of Turks, and all the rest of it; clearly a brilliant piece of soldiering. There are fantasias in the streets of al-Quds, processions with banners; and Saltese sword dances at nights round fires of blazing pitch. The odd thing is how Moslem and Christian are marching about together. In separate procession goes the Jew. He insists on having his own banner and going his own way; keeping up the time-honoured tradition of religious hatred. "Thou shalt have none other gods but me, for the Lord thy God is a *jealous God!*"

The Holy City shows us how the First Commandment is a detestable and antiquated bit of Hebraism we have to unlearn if we are to be civilized. It is incompatible with the League of Nations. Is it too much to hope that the Christians, having now agreed to march with the Moslems, will accept the Moslem, as distinct from the Hebrew approach to God?

The cry—it was a sort of extemporized chant—to which the refugees, some hundreds of them, danced about the citadel bonfires, was somewhat as follows;

THE CONFUSION OF WAR

"I celebrate the slaughter,
Shout out the heart's desire.
The English have brought the water,
The Turks are in the fire."

I presume had the victory gone the other way, the chant and the sentiment would have been inverted and we should all have been scuppered.

The total tale of prisoners it seems is now not thirty-five thousand, but eighty thousand, and we don't know what to do with them all. They keep on passing through. It has been the complete destruction of two armies. Men are saying here that had the higher command known the strength of the Turkish forces they would not have taken the risk. May be. Meantime, the stars in their courses have again been on the side of British instinct. The Oriental calls it luck.

(Extract from a letter.)

September 18, 1918.

The great advance has stopped everything for the time being. No one thinks of anything but the military situation and the victory over the Turks. Nor can anything be done. All the transport and service is commandeered, it is practically impossible to get supplies and things through, and, more important than all, the psychological question, men's thoughts are on the push, and not on the constructive work that is to follow it. . . . The hotels and messes are practically emptied of their officers—all called to the front. Those that come through are full of great if unverified news. . . . It will take at least ten days before we all get normal again, and probably much longer before all the prisoners are sent or trained, or

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marched through to their concentration camps in Egypt.

Yesterday there was a great function at the American Red Cross, all the élite there—complimentary addresses on Colonel Findley's return to America. He's a fine man, and has created a very noble organization. The Americans have a way of welding their people together, men and women, that we haven't got. I don't quite know what it is. We are better somehow at the purely male organizations. I think it's got something to do with the freer education of the American women. They are more capable of taking hold than ours are. What do you say?

October, 1918.

They have turned over to me the letter of a learned man from Geneva—one Professor Arvanitakis—and bidden me deal with it. It is a crabbed and critical hand, far too illegible for any busy administrator to waste his time on. The discovery it seems, has been made, after many years' research, that the tomb of Herod, above the "Birket al-Sultan," is a misnomer; that it is really the "tomb of Joseph of Arimathea," and hence the "tomb of Christ"; the very stone still there if not the angel.

Naturally the Greek Orthodox, the principal vested interest in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, not to mention the Latin, Coptic, Armenian, and other limbs of doxy, don't like it. A commission is held, and they try to silence the Professor. He appeals through the British consul in Geneva to the "*aimable Colonel Storrs, Gouverneur de Jérusalem et parfait gentleman.*" He wants to assure himself that the tomb is safely guarded, at least until his book appears—obscurantist ecclesiasticism might otherwise obliterate the evidence.

THE CONFUSION OF WAR

In the course of his appeal is—for them that really know—this exquisite satire on the three great experts:

“Lorsqu'en 1918 j'ai eu l'occasion de visiter Paris j'y ai communiqué succinctement ma thèse à M. Clermont Ganneau et Vincent Melchior de Vogué. Le premier me répondit qu'à son âge on ne sent pas de plaisir à changer d'opinion. Que faute d'arguments il avait le *senti-ment* qu'il fallait chercher le St. Sépulcre entre le premier et le second mur dont parle Fl. Joseph. Le second me dit cassement qu'étant noble de l'Eglise (latine) il ne se permettrait jamais offenser la tradition sacrée. J'ai écrit alors à la 'Palestine Exploration Fund.' Elle me répondit que s'étant occupée pendant 30 ans sans résultat positif à cette recherche elle a pris la décision de ne plus s'en occuper.”*

Thus much Professor Arvanitakis.

I go to the tomb where the angel may have sat upon the stone—there is certainly quite a comfortable seat there—and find that an economical military administration has not only blocked up the entrance, but built a corrugated iron shed over it, and converted the whole place into a petrol store!

I have a vision of our governor, in the act of being knighted by his sovereign, learning that the great scholar's book has appeared, Christian topography revolutionized, and the myth of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre finally exploded on palpable evidence in the teeth of a European embroglio. Then, mark the poetic justice of it, at the dramatic moment—the accolade so keenly sought is on the point of being given—a messenger rushes in, and His

*The irony is almost impossible to render in English: “When in 1918 I had occasion to visit Paris, I put my thesis briefly before M. Clermont Ganneau and Vincent Melchior de Vogué. The former intimated that at his time of life a man got little enjoyment out of changing his opinion; that as for himself, and in default of arguments to the contrary, he had a sort of feeling the Holy Sepulchre must be sought in between that first and second wall of which Josephus speaks. M. de Vogue, on the other hand, told me sharply and decisively that in being a noble of the Latin Church he made it a rule never to say anything that gave offence to ecclesiastical tradition. I thereupon wrote to the authorities of the Palestine Exploration Fund. They replied that as they had been on this research for thirty years without arriving at any positive conclusions they had decided to drop the matter.”

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Majesty learns that the actual tomb of Christ in the Governor's safekeeping has been blown up by a petrol explosion. Our governor loves lime-lit situations.

October 24, 1918.

Had tea again up at the *Stiftung*. . . . The mental atmosphere was a bit constipated. They're very splendid in their way, these soldiers, but their conversation tends to get into set specification phrases. You seem to know beforehand what the question is going to be, and how it is going to be answered "free of knots, shakes, twists, and other imperfections." As for the *Stiftung* building which the irony of fate has handed over to the English soldiers, it is without doubt the finest modern structure in Jerusalem. There is a sort of insolent efficiency about it. It dominates the city. It is conceived as a kind of Ehrenbreitstein in Zion, the impregnable Rhine castle of the robber-baron industrialized. You click your spurs in a *Ritter-saal*; your large German heart swells within you, and you say *Kolosal!*

October, 1918.

For the moment all our constructive work has been paralyzed by the great advance. Perhaps it is a timely check on our day-dreams. I comfort myself with Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" and to-day minuted the following to the Governor:

"Ixion desired to enjoy Juno, the Goddess of Power; and instead of her had copulation with a cloud; of which mixture were begotten centaurs and chimeras. So whosoever shall entertain high and vaporous imaginations instead of a laborious and sober enquiry of truth, shall beget hopes and beliefs of strange and impossible shapes."

CHAPTER III

AN APOCRYPHAL FRAGMENT FROM THE THIRD BOOK OF SAMUEL

THE following shows the difficulty of getting things done. It is all true except the Solomonic judgment at the end:

And it came to pass after the death of the prophet Samuel that there was war in the land of Israel, and Mizpeh was burned with fire and the roof of the house of God fell in. The tomb of the prophet also was destroyed.

But the *Hakem kabir*, which is the great governor, said to his architects and his builders: "Rebuild Mizpeh, make good all the breaches, so that the folk have roofs to their heads before the rains, and set up again the house of God." And the architects and the builders said, "How can we build without lime?" and he answered and said, "That is your affair; make good." And they went to do his bidding.

But the men of Mizpeh came before the great governor and said, "Nay, but our lord hath set a task that is too hard for us. How can we build on an empty belly? Lo, give us rations and we will build." And it was done as they desired. And the giving of the rations lay with the lord Percy, which is the A. A. G.

Now the men of Mizpeh were idle and they lay about in the sun among the vines during the heat of the day, and

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likewise at other times, and jested one with another saying, "Lo, these English! shall not God provide?"

And Musa Turi, the chief builder, a man with one eye and an orange head tire about his head, reported this saying, "Let my lord now send one of his guard to see that the people work, so it will be done: know I not mine own kin?" And the captain of the prisons, that was the captain Thomas the son of Matthias, called one of his guardsmen and bade him look to it: "Make this people work and him that is idle send thou to me and I will deal with him." And the *Hakem kabir* went away to a far city beyond Carmel. And the lord Percy ruled in his stead.

And the lord Percy pondered over the words of the chief builder, and said to himself: "Lo, now I will cut off the rations also, peradventure this people will work better on an empty belly." And so it was.

Now there dwelled at Mizpeh a woman called Miriam, the wife of one Aylian Obeyid. And it came to pass as she was carrying olives and pomegranates across the fields on a plaited tray that there met her 'Isa al-Khalil which is the beloved of God. And he said to her: "These be fine pomegranates."

Now 'Isa the beloved of God was the guard whom the captain of the prisons had sent up to Mizpeh to see that the people laboured. And he was a comely youth of a ruddy countenance, and he wore a cloth of Tyrian silk about his head with a twisted *agal* in the manner of the Arabians. And the woman looked on him and smiled and she said: "What wilt thou give me if I give thee one?"

Then said 'Isa to the woman: "Na'lesh, give me now a pomegranate, I prithee, for I thirst greatly." And she did as he desired, but in her heart was guile.

AN APOCRYPHAL FRAGMENT

And she went home to her house and moved her husband privily. "Hath not 'Isa rebuked thee and called thee idle, and hath he not threatened to send thee up to the captain of the prisons to report thee? Wilt thou be mocked by an Arabian, and must we suffer forever at the hands of these sons of Ishmael?" And all this she said subtilely because 'Isa had not given her her desire in return for the pomegranate. And he said, "What wouldst thou have me do?"

And she said: "I will cause a letter to be written in thy name to the great Governor, and when he reads it he will think that 'Isa hath asked and taken a *baksheesh* and he will be wroth with 'Isa and will send him away and destroy him, and we shall be troubled no more." And he commended her cunning. But she tarried with the letter for she said: "Peradventure there shall be a greater offence: the time is not yet."

Now what she had spoken concerning the *baksheesh* was even so. For in those days Rafe the Hararite kept the treasury: no one of the children of Israel was more upright than he, nor more quick at reckoning. Never a silver *beshelik* left the treasury but he knew of it, and none either took or gave a *baksheesh* for so was the law.

And it came to pass even as the woman Miriam had said. For it happened on a day when 'Isa the beloved of God spied the man Aylian lying under a fig tree in the sun that he was wroth with him and sent him to Jerusalem to the captain of the prisons. For the man had mocked the others, crying: "Ye labour but I rest. To what end have we here the tomb of the prophet Samuel and abundance of pilgrims? While the hunter swelters in the sun shall not the bird preen himself in the thicket? Let Allah and the English provide."

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And he came to Jerusalem. But the captain of the prisons when he heard of it was wroth: and he fell upon him and plucked him by the beard and smote him with his foot upon the hinder parts that he was sore amazed, and he ran back to Mizpeh crying to himself: "Lo, these English! Now do I know for a surety that there is justice in the land."

But his wife was exceeding wroth and said: "Now verily will I send the letter which I have caused to be written that ill may befall 'Isa al-Khalil."

And Aylian told the men of Mizpeh all that had befallen him and they were sore afraid and began to labour each at his own house. And the time of the rains was near.

Now the letter of the woman Miriam which was the wife of Aylian Obeyid was carried to the lord Percy, for the great Governor was away in a far city; and thus did it run:

"Excellency, may you live forever. We pray thee examine this charge against thine evil servant 'Isa al-Khalil. He did ask my wife to give him pomegranates. I know not why. But she refused, knowing the law. Then did he say to me: Thou shalt surely give me fifty pomegranates. And I said, wouldst thou pay for one and take fifty? And he beat me with a stick and nearly strangled me, but I spake never a word. And, my lord, there are witnesses, also two donkeys and their drivers. Excellency, we are poor folk and have but fifty pomegranates in our garden. Lift up now the light of thy countenance upon us, for here is oppression, and thou art merciful. Wouldst thou have us suffer tyranny from an Arabian that transgresses thy law? Thus thy petitioners shall ever pray."

And she set unto the letter her husband's name, Aylian Obeyid.

AN APOCRYPHAL FRAGMENT

But when the lord Percy read it he cried out, "What have I to do with this? Is not my labour enough for me? Am I the keeper of this man's pomegranates?" And he called unto him the captain of the prisons and spake roughly, saying, "Go thou and judge this case. The Lord do so unto me and more also if I waste time over this matter. I am sick to death of Nabi Samuil and all to do with it."

Now the lord Percy was a just man and very proud of his kin; but he had nerves, and at such times as the files got out of order, or the great Governor gave commands out of the fullness of his heart, that gat not into the files, then was the lord Percy wroth and his young men trembled before him, for he was a soldier.

And the captain of the prisons gathered together the scribes and the architects and the builders and the city councillor and them that spake the tongue of the men of Mizpeh, and ordered horses of the keeper of the horse (and it was one Jacob who was the keeper of the horse in those days) and said: "Let us now ride up to Mizpeh in the early morning and try this case." And he was wroth with the men of Mizpeh because the lord Percy had spoken roughly to him, and he said in his heart: "Shall I not see justice done?"

And even as they were about to ride, and their feet set in the stirrup, the lord Percy called them back and said to the captain Thomas: "I have bethought me of this matter. Dost thou keep order among thy guard? Know then this of me of a surety that if 'Isa al-Khalil hath taken a *baksbeesh* he shall surely die."

For to all the English the idea of taking a *baksbeesh* was an abomination: so was the law. Yea, it was death

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to take or offer a *baksheesh* even though it were one pomegranate pip. And all men knew that the lord Percy was a just man and that he never went back from his word.

Then was Thomas the son of Matthias sore perplexed and likewise the architects and the builders and they said one to another: "We are in a great strait. Hath not the *Hakem kabir* charged us to get Mizpeh rebuilt before the rains, and doth not 'Isa al-Khalil keep order and make them build? Yet peradventure this man's tale is true, and he shall die the death." But they knew not the guile of the woman.

And the captain Thomas went aside and communed with himself and prayed: "O Lord, what shall I do?" And the Lord answered his prayer and said unto Thomas: "Stand by thy guard and it shall be well."

And while they were riding toward Mizpeh it came to pass that the Lord sent an evil spirit unto Aylian Obeyid to do mischief, and he whispered into his ear: "Burn now the tent of Jalal the headman, so shall the building of Mizpeh be hindered and all the lime that is in the tent be destroyed." For all dwelt in tents in these days because the houses of Mizpeh had been burned with fire, but Obeyid's own home had not been burned. Now Jalal the headman gave out the lime.

And Aylian made a fire and the tent of Jalal went up in flame like unto the offering of Abel. But even as he sought to escape they sprang upon him to seize him, and he ran to his house, and when he saw them coming upon him with sticks and staves his conscience smote him and he fetched out six Egyptian pounds, all that he had, and he cried with a loud voice to Jalal the headman: "Here is a *baksheesh*, say nothing about the matter and it is thine,"

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and he stuffed it into the pocket of Jalal the headman and ran away and hid himself.

And Thomas the son of Matthias came unto Mizpeh, and held his court there to judge the matter of the pomegranates. But Jalal the headman knew the law and he came before him and he said, "Lo, behold a sin offering. Let us lay it out before my Lord and Aylian Obeyid likewise." And with that he brought him by the ear and haled him to the judgment seat, and the six Egyptian pounds were spread upon the table before the captain of the prisons.

Then the captain spake: "Have we need of any further witness? Hath not the lord Percy spoken? And shall he not die the death?" And this he said being well pleased in his heart that his servant might now be saved by reason of the other's iniquity.

And straightway they all rode back to Jerusalem.

Now it came to pass that when the great Governor came back from his far journey he called for an account of these matters, and he summoned his treasurer, and the captains of his guard, and his architects, and his builders, and the keeper of the horse, and the city councillor, and the lord Percy, and he said: "Render now an account each of your stewardship," and they presented each man his record.

And he said: "What of Mizpeh? The rains are upon us. Is the house of God in order?" And they said: "Yea, all but the chink of one lattice." And he said: "It is well." And he said: "Hath any man taken a *baksbeesh* or offered?"

Then stood forth the lord Percy and said thus and thus. "And forasmuch as the man 'Isa al-Khalil hath taken a

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baksbeesh as may be seen in this letter written by one Aylian Obeyid, a man of Mizpeh, shall he not die the death?" Now the lord Percy was a just man and very proud of his kin, and he said: "A law is a law, and if he hath sinned even by the pip of one pomegranate, shall he not bear his blame?"

Then rose up Thomas the son of Matthias and said: "Here is another hath offered a *baksbeesh* and his name likewise is Aylian Obeyid." And he spake all things concerning his judgment at Mizpeh.

Then it was made manifest to all men that he who was the accuser was also an offerer of *baksbeesh*.

But the *Hakem kabir* answered and said: "Stand thou down a little now, Percy my well-beloved, and listen. The law is the law, but with the children of the East thy charity shall be as enduring as thy law is stern." And he said: "Show me this letter of Aylian Obeyid." And reading it he laughed out loud and said: "Oh ye of little discernment: Verily this is a woman's letter."

Then he called for Aylian and the woman and said: "This then is my judgment. Thou Aylian shalt provide to Jalal a new tent. And forasmuch as I have promised rations to the people of Mizpeh if the houses are built, and forasmuch as the houses are built and the breaches made good all but the chink of one lattice, ye shall have double rations to make a feast, but the six Egyptian pounds shall go for the payment of the feast, and the fifty pomegranates of this letter writer shall be eaten at the feast and ye shall bid to it 'Isa the beloved of God because he caused you to labour instead of lying like hogs under the fig trees. Aylian and his wife, however, ye shall not bid to the feast, they shall go empty." And the city councillor he bade

AN APOCRYPHAL FRAGMENT

write all these things down so that the lord Percy should have a record of them for his files.

And all was as he commanded. And that night the rains fell, even as they were sitting at the feast. But Aylian Obeyid and his wife sat in their empty house with empty bellies and they said to one another: "Lo, these English. Yea verily now there is justice in the land."

And there was no government in the land of Israel in those days. And the English set up a government, and they called it OETA and men got things done; not as the government in the land of Egypt where things do not get done. And it was a just government and the land had rest.

CHAPTER IV

ISLAM AND THE QUAKER

I FIRST met Shaikh Isma'il when I was working in the Haram al Sharif. He is a man of most stately bearing, a singular kindness and sweetness, but with a great determination in his face. He has the veiled metaphysical eyes of Musa Kamel al-Husairu the late Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. With the rest of Arab aristocracy he had warmly espoused the English cause, but that was before the days of the Balfour declaration—or at least before it was made known. My admiration for the Dome of the Rock won his instant regard. Indeed, it was he who first pointed out to me the famous inscription in the mosaic.

“It doesn't matter,” said he, “how much of the folk lore is true, but those words, whether to Moslem, Christian, or Jew, for whom equally this place is holy, are worth bearing in mind. It was written as you know for the Christians—a sort of gentle rebuke to them!”

And though I am by no means sure of the correctness of my rendering, these are the words the Abbaside Caliph had painted in exquisite imperishable frieze work around his Dome:

Oh ye to whom the scriptures have been entrusted go not beyond a just measure in your faith. Jesus the Messiah is but the son of Mary, the Messenger of God and His word, which He sent unto men through Mary. Have faith then in God and His messenger, but say not that there is a Trinity of gods; shun all such sayings, thus it shall be better for

ISLAM AND THE QUAKER

you. God is one only. God could not have a son, it would be unworthy of Him. When He has once decided that a thing shall be, He has but to say: Be, and it is.

As for the architecture, it is all of a thousand broken bits of the old dead religions, everything jumbled up haphazard, but of a curious dreamlike structure all its own. There is indeed a strange kinship between it and the men, rational and quietist, who still worship there.

July, 1918.

Whenever I want to do a little quiet thinking—to dream—I go to the Haram al Sharif. There is no place like it in the world for silence, reverence, spaciousness, dignity, and the sun. The nearest I can recall is some Greek temple, Girgenti perhaps. But then the Haram is still alive.

Les sanctuaires des Musulmans ne causent jamais, comme les sanctuaires chrétiens, l'émotion douce qui amène les larmes; mais ils conseillent les détachements apaisés et les résignations sages; ils sont les asiles de repos où l'on regarde passer la vie avec l'indifférence de la mort. En particulier ce silencieux Haram ech Cherif, avec sa mélancolie et sa magnificence, est bien le lieu de rêve qui n'ement pas, qui n'attendrit pas, mais qui seulement calme et enchante."*

Thus Pierre Loti. Yet with it this Islamic dream in Palestine is quite different from the dream of Egypt. It is not so overpowered by the past. It is more living and fairylike. Where the Moslem in Egypt says: "God always has been," the Moslem in Palestine says: "God is al-

*If one might venture an English rendering it would be somewhat thus: "The holy places of Islam never talk as do our Christian sanctuaries. Theirs is an emotion tender even to tears; a counsel that brings detachment, that soothes; a wisdom gentle in its resignation; they are sanctuaries where the mind may repose or watch life pass with the indifference of death. Before all others here in the Haram al Sharif, its silences, its melancholy, its magnificence, here in this place of dreams that never quite carry us away, we are left not softened, but soothed and bound as by a spell."

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ways going on." We hear the striking of the hours, see the movements of the divine finger, though we shall not understand the mechanism.

"Why should you let it disturb your thought?" says Shaikh Isma'il. "Take the placid movement as Allah sends it, and give thanks."

July, 1918.

And D. B. Macdonald, the thoughtful Scottish missionary, tells of

that strange development of the atomic philosophy, in which you have not only the atoms of matter but the atoms of time passing like the tick of a clock—change, change, change—and behind it all, creating it all, conditioning it all, the Will of Allah. They did not need to introduce the Lucretian conception of some mysterious deflection of atoms raining through the void, and making possible their coming together into forms. They did not need any preestablished harmony nor self-developing monads of Leibnitz. The Will of Allah continually produced these atoms, continually combined them into forms, and so the world kept rising, shifting, changing. This is the true metaphysic of Islam. The original contribution of the Muslim people to philosophy was not in their taking up and passing on Aristotle and Plato. In that they were but blundering pupils and unfaithful transmitters. It lay really in this grotesque, it may be, but still tremendously thorough, conception and application of the atomic scheme.

You can translate the idea into terms of architecture, architectural style, and workshop method. What is it we are inspired to do? Whither does our faith impel us? For the moment we are not thinking of Architecture; once we built Athens, Amiens, Ypres, Venice, and the mosques of Islam. But the impulse of the Moslem when he built was always different from ours. He never thought things out either in structure or in policy. He picked up the beautiful fragments, botched them together,

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made an exquisite patternwork that should help dreaming, then sat down and dreamed.

Also you may observe in the Shaikh, if you look closer, something akin to our humanitarian conscience, perhaps it is sympathy for a nationality that is lost, or that, once lost, is reasserting itself.

July, 1918.

To-day I touched another side of the war, and one of the most terrible of all. I went, for the second time now, over the Armenian Convent with Madame Asherouni. She is a nervous, tough, brainy little woman, and just blazing with patriotism. She has some two hundred to two hundred and fifty children there whom she mothers, and it is lovely to see her with them; she radiates sympathy. And they need it, poor little souls. They are the remains of the Turkish massacres. In some cases but a solitary survivor, boy or girl, of a family of ten, has somehow got through. On the younger children, indeed on most, were the signs of horror and hunger.

"The first thing is to feed them up, and bring them round—and above all," she said, "happiness! My plan here is that all the surroundings, all the thoughts, shall be of beauty, and happiness, to efface, if possible, what has been."

She took one little tot by the arm—you might have drawn it through a napkin ring. "That's all we've been able to do in two months. He was born in the midst of it."

And happiness was gradually coming back. I had them sing to me, beautiful and rather plaintive melodies reminiscent of their Armenian embroidery and metal work.

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What is a people, and at what point does it die out or revive again—the Pole, the Irish, the Finn, or the Arab? And the Jew, why does he go on changing his language? In Palestine he speaks Arabic now, and before that it was Aramaic, or Greek; before that Hebrew. Sometimes I think that this break-up of civilization into its component nationalities is a prelude to some larger, cleaner way of life. Religion shall be in the heart as Christ saw it, the formative conscience be as Socrates taught it. Democracy in every case shall be within its own national limitations, and the political machinery for the whole be our League of Nations.

In my Arabic books—and the Shaikh, who has a high regard for Madame Asherouni, has greatly helped me here—I read how Ibn Khaldun discerns in the life of nations two dominant forces. These, says he, mould their destiny. There is the primitive and cardinal force, which he calls *'asabiya*, the binding element in society, the feeling which unites members of the same family, tribe, nation, or empire. In its widest sense it is kin to our modern patriotism. This *'asabiya*, he tells me, is the vital energy of states, by it they rise and grow; as it weakens they decline; when it decays they fall. The other force is religion, and, says he, Ibn Khaldun lays it down as axiomatic that the Arabs are incapable of founding an empire unless they are fired with religious enthusiasm by a prophet or a saint.

I thought of these words when I visited the Convent, and also of the significant fact, in the light of what has happened since, that the Arab and the Armenian were fighting side by side against the Turk.

ISLAM AND THE QUAKER

"You should never shake the religious beliefs of a people," said Madame Asherouni to me as she led me among her children, "and you should teach them their history and their music."

Yes, they were wise, these early Arab writers. "Know that the true purpose of history," says Shaikh Isma'il, quoting Ibn Khaldun, "is to make us acquainted with human society, i.e., with the civilizations of the world, and with its natural phenomena, such as savage life, the softening of manners, attachment to the family and the tribe, the various kinds of superiority which one people gains over another."

In short, civilization. What is it, then, that makes a people survive? What is it that defeats force, the force of Germany, of Russia, of Turkey, of England? Have not we seen this reassertion in our time of the broken nationalities—the Pole, the Finn, the Irish, the Armenian? Yes, and the Arab. The quietism and the rationalism of Islam for which he stands have once again prevailed.

"The thoughts," said Madame Asherouni, sitting among her children, "shall be of beauty and happiness."

There lies the law.

July, 1918.

It seems then as if there were in the Middle East a certain unity of culture, be it Christian or Moslem, which we do not yet quite understand. Christ's idea of Democracy which lies at the root of so much modern impulse and endeavour is oriental. It is more absolute and unbending than the Democracy of the West, the Anglo-Saxon, the Græco-Roman. This Eastern democratic idea, the Shaikh tells me, we see in *Ijma'*.

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"Ijma," says he, "is the great formative principle, the principle of life and development in Islam, which is called the Concurrence of the Moslem people. Tradition from the Prophet lays it down, 'My people will never concur in an error,' and standing upon that Islam knows that whenever the general body of Muslim people has reached a conclusion upon a doctrine or point of law, such a conclusion is to be accepted because it is the voice of the people."

And thinking of the possible points of contact between East and West, this seemed to me strangely akin to the Western doctrine, as interpreted let us say by Walt Whitman, of the Divine Average.

"Has your Christianity," the Shaikh once asked me, "ever been able to obliterate the distinctions of race?"

"It was in the teaching," I said.

"Yes, we reverence Sayyedua 'Isa for the teaching, but to have done it . . . that is the glory, and alas the danger of Islam."

Shaikh Isma'il once quoted to me the words of a genial Mufti: "The dwellers of Jerusalem are the neighbours of God, and God has no right to torment his neighbours."

The way men have tormented themselves here in this city of God defies belief. I felt the Shaikh's words to be illustrative of his broad-mindedness and humanity. His was the kindly toleration of our English and American Quakers. It is the obsession of this city that God is within you and generates His sense of sin. But it takes evil forms. It is often not the Kingdom of Heaven, which after all postulates something Hellenic, but the morose and arrogant and savage deity, self-tormenting, of the Jew. As for the Moslem he has only a little of the

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Hellene in him, but he is broader and humaner than the Jew; even though the Jew so often has the spiritual vision. No; God has no right to torment his neighbours.

July, 1918.

And there is a strange magic in this city, utterly unlike what one has been taught to see in it. It is neither Greek nor Jewish, neither ancient, nor mediæval, nor modern.

Hidden from the West and the North, Jerusalem through all the centuries has sat facing the austere scenery of the Orient, and the horizon of those vast deserts, out of which her people came to her. If the spell of this strikes even the Western traveller as he passes a few evenings on her house tops, he can the better understand why the Greeks were not at home in Jerusalem, and why Hellenism, though not forty miles from the Levant, never made her its own; why even Christianity failed to hold her; and why the Mohammedan, as he looks down her one long vista toward Mecca, feels securely planted on her site.

Thus George Adam Smith. I am trying to discover whether the Jew—the Zionist rather—wants to oust the Moslem or not. I do not think it will disturb Shaikh Isma'il; he has been here too long.

"On a Mosque in India," he once said to me, "are written these words: 'And Jesus saith (whose name be blessed) life is a bridge, build no house thereon, but cross over.'" Then knowing how keenly I felt on these matters, he added with a twinkle: "that does not mean that we are to abandon the stone building that you love—for corrugated iron."

Indeed, there are many problems in economics, hygiene, town planning, social reconstruction, to which the Sermon on the Mount and the teaching of Jesus give us little clue; but in the main the saying is sound, and the Moslem

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right. We are to take the world as we find it, hope for what is on the other side, and not "monkey" with the bridge.

August, 1919.

And George Moore, seeing God as the artist sees Him, makes Jesus say:

God is not here, nor there, but everywhere: in the flower, in the star, and the earth underfoot. He has often been at my elbow, God or this vast Providence that upholds the work; but shall we gather the Universe into an image and call it God?—for by doing this do we not drift back to the starting point of all our misery? We again become the dupes of illusion and desire; God and his heaven are our old enemies in disguise. He who yields himself to God goes forth to persuade others to love God, and very soon his love of God impels him to cruel words and violent deeds. It cannot be else, for God is but desire, and whosoever yields to desire falls into sin. To be without sin we must be without God.

In the artist's teaching thus put into the mouth of Jesus is that love of Beauty we have to re-achieve and re-instil into life before we can create nobly once again, or before we can rebuild the city of God on earth. It is here perhaps that I find myself at issue with the Shaikh. Mine is a more militant, a less passive attitude toward the practical problems of life. None the less in his Quaker quietism is the wisdom that dominates violence and that stills desire.

Jerusalem, 1919.

You think my Shaikh is agnostic; do not be so sure. You think him a little cold, vacuous, unhuman; be not so sure of that either. What went ye out for to see? You cannot govern, much less understand, the East unless you have

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imagination. The Comte de Gobineau, reviewing the various Europeans, English, French, Germans he meets on a journey to the East, says with characteristic and biting cynicism:

Ces gens sont allés en Orient et en sont revenus avec le même profit qu'ils auraient eu à tourner dans une chambre vide. Gloire, encore une fois, au Dieu bon et bienveillant qui a réservé quelque chose exclusivement pour les élus!*

In Egypt you may be told that the elect belong only to the Turf Club. If they do they probably belong to nothing else. In Palestine there are various groups of "chosen people." It is an obsession with some that Palestine has been given to them. But who are they, and what are their title deeds? I have a feeling that Shaikh Isma'il sees things beyond my immediate apprehension. I may be wrong, but when I try to strip thought of its conventional trappings, or to realize a little of that abstract Beauty which he feels in the Haram al Sharif, it seems to me that the elect are those who possess subconsciously a little of that quality our Bible translators used to call the Beauty of Holiness.

"Did you ever think," says he, "why this place, and the landscape around it, are so beautiful?"

He meant beautiful by comparison with any of the often more wonderful landscapes of the new or untrodden world.

"It is because this landscape"—his Arabic paraphrase loses in the translation—"is impregnated by an ethical beauty."

The French would call it *la nature morale*, but for the

*Which might be rendered thus: "These gentlemen went to the Orient. They came back having profited by their journey as men might who had moved round and round an empty room. So let us sing praises unto the Lord for His great goodness and for that which He hath reserved alone unto His elect."

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Moslem there is more in it. It has the Oriental quietism rationalized—that gift the Quaker shares with the Moslem. The love of humanity for thousands of years has been as the pollen carried and turned into colour and perfume by the bees.

CHAPTER V

HOW IT LOOKED FROM ENGLAND. JANUARY AND FEBRUARY,
1919

AT THE end of 1918 I went to England on leave for a couple of months. During that time I had to give attention, as the following entries show, to various Palestine questions.

S. S. Austrian,
Christmas Day, 1918
off the Scillies.

The lights of England at last—thank God!

For all our brutal nationalism it's the home of poetry and all that's constructive, the haven of all hope. A sea gull flew across the prow this morning, and the skipper says it means luck!

Campden, January, 1919.

What does one find in England just at present? It is difficult to say. Everything seems so unreal, so factitious. Everything so unstable, a feeling abroad that things cannot possibly go on as they are, that there must be change. But to what? Is it drift? Are the brains guiding? Will the Community's instinct lead us through? On all hands there is hesitation, there is doubt. This election through which the country has passed is as a great wave that so far has broken nowhere. No one believes

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in its results or its efficacy. No one trusts what the Press says of it. Very few believe in the politicians. We are in a bad way. We want something new.

Clearly we are passing through a revolution. I mistrust all this talk of Bolshevism fanned by a reactionary press, but change is imminent, and rapid the transformation. To me it seems as if many of the gay, light-hearted, gracious-mannered English of the upper class one meets—they who played golf so pleasantly before the war, and did so bravely during it, without realizing what it was they were doing—are now dancing on the volcano. Perhaps the metaphor is too strong; I don't think we shall have anything wild or sanguinary—English revolutions must be conducted with decorum—but power is changing hands and there are new values everywhere. Stating it merely in terms of cash values one finds this: an income of £1,000 a year is now reduced to £500, and the purchasing power of that £500 is £250. It is not the cash values that count but the character, and it will take the new order, with all its optimism, time to bring the character to the top.

Meanwhile, my job for the moment is to coördinate the work we are trying to do in Palestine with the possibilities for such finer construction as the new England affords.

London, January, 1919.

I had tea one afternoon with D——, editor of the ——. We discussed the future of Palestine; he is a pushing, compelling man, very clear-sighted I should say. After our talk he asked me to put what I had been saying into the form of an article for him. B—— was there—dreamy, idealistic, snuffy, kindly—much like his

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charming writings. I asked him if he would not do it, but they left it to me. B——'s work is the best thing to come out of the dreadful Harmsworth! Men say Harmsworth is not the powerful ruler in England that he was. I don't know. Are we beginning to find him out? As Bernard Shaw said of him: "Suppose he had not been patriotic—what then?"

Also I went to Y——. The Press, wherever one turns, is in a bad way. Some want of faith, I think. It has lost belief in itself. The old liberalism of the one side, the old conservatism of the other, no longer count, and the constructive determinism of the Fabian socialism does not satisfy because it is so materialistic. As for Y——'s paper it has been very bilious in its politics during the last three years. It has always had the same snarl. Its stomach is out of order, and your stomach must be right before your idealism can be sound.

Y—— is a nervous sort of genius, brilliant but wanting in balance. Asquith was heard to say of him once: "An interesting man, but not one I would wish to be out with on a tiger hunt." For the last four years the world has been out tiger hunting, and so has had little use for Y——. He asked me to write an article for him on the Jerusalem question—its social and political rather than its æsthetic aspects.

London, January, 1919.

And then one evening I was with P——. He was nervous—frightened would not be too strong a word—of Bolshevism in England. He is now at the heart of things at the "Intelligence." "Ah, but I read the dispatches," he insisted, "and know what goes on, and what is prepar-

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ing in Russia—the propaganda.” P—— always sees either black or white. His brother, the peer, had invited some of the labour leaders to lunch, and had asked them what it was they really wanted. The answer was “Revolution”—anything better than the present system. Perhaps they were pulling his lordship’s leg. One would hardly trust his diagnosis of working-class psychology, certainly not that of P—— with his honest, straightforward, gentlemanly, clean-cut, but narrow point of view. I chipped him for his fright as to the future, and he of course disbelieved in my panaceas. “What were they, after all!”

“Merely this,” I said, “that we have got somehow to devise a system—we’re nowhere near it as yet—in which men really enjoy their work, and feel they are creating. During the war we have been merely destroying.”

P—— had been a little intrigued, perhaps impressed, by my schemes for the Holy City. They seemed to have about them so much of the respectable conservatism.

“Well,” said he, “you’re well out of England for a while. In Palestine you will be in a delightful and dreamy backwater. For my part I wouldn’t be away from the centre and life of things here in London—not for anything in the world. It’s from here that the world is going to be moved.”

Other people besides him are nervous. M——, with whom I spent an evening, sees evil days ahead; and when you are a Governor of the Bank of England you have to have your finger a little on the national pulse; besides, M—— is one of the wise men. But his nervousness was

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rather for the defeat of the things we creative and reformer people stand for. "Everything seems to be going the other way just at present," said he. "The farmer is going to have it as against the small holder, the machine as against the craftsman. Everything is coming to the man who can organize and manipulate." This means that the verbiage of democracy, the newspaper, popular control is more a blind than ever—an unreality.

London, January, 1919.

Lowes Dickinson saw things not unlike M——, but for the moment more hopefully, and looking toward the future rather than from the past. He is very bucked up at the way the League of Nations is going. Our hard work in 1915–1916 in U. S. A. was not for nought, and the harvest is coming in. "In fact," said he, "the League is now getting so respectable that it is time for me to clear out of it."

He cheered me up about the end of Campden—the horrid thought of leaving. "You've had so much of the good things of life, intimate friendships, love of the hearth, children, the creative work of the artist for so many years, and now this interesting appointment. You can afford to let a little go!"

H—— S——, on the other hand, seemed to me to have no nervousness at all. His was the quiet, even confidence of the Quaker that has in him the spiritual light. Frank Taylor, the American, shares it with him. These men are not afraid because of the abundance of their faith. It will be a newer and greater England. For Taylor, indeed, it already is a new America. They were agreed, too, as to the Guild of Handicraft and the winding up of its Trust.

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In its more limited circle at Campden it had done its work.

And the gist of their counsel was this: You have made most of these Campden craftsmen, given them an ideal. They need you no longer. Be content. The greater organization, the unity we are seeking, has yet to come, perhaps after many and greater failures in state and social organisms. Something of what you tried to do will survive. Much was premature. Be content. Have faith.

Campden, January, 1919.

One day I was with Lord Curzon at the Foreign Office. There is a fusty, pedestrian feeling about that place; its heavily deferential hall porters, its leaden-covered stairs, its lift that ascends with such solemnity, as if fearing to damage some rising politician.

There once was a statesman called Curzon,
A very superior person——

So begins an impertinent Limerick which I was trying, subconsciously, all through our interview to complete. I shall find the lost link some day, doubtless in America.

Anything for combination with the Americans. That was the gist of his advice; that's what we must aim at in our work. It's from America we must get our support and our money for Jerusalem. They have the sympathy, win it at all costs. Pull with them. Go ahead! The American Ambassador came in as we were talking and Curzon showed him my Jerusalem report and the plans.

And as for the future government of the country? So far the Peace Conference had got to the position of a choice between a British Protectorate and a Mandatory

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system. The "Mandate," like the "League of Nations," or the "Self-Determination of small nationalities," is one of the new formulæ that the war and the revolution have brought forth. I remember Taft saying to us two years ago in Philadelphia: "Get the idea put up first. Get it simply expressed so that people can understand it. Then later on work out the way." And that is sound sense for Palestine as elsewhere.

Curzon, like other politicians, has been led on by the constructive idealists, and now he is one of their spokesmen. Journalists, I believe, call him one of the "big five." Lord Robert Cecil, whom I missed (he had just gone to Paris), is now one of the League spokesmen. I recall his profound disbelief in the whole thing in 1916, when he patted us on the back about it. But politicians have to hustle in these days if they are to hold leadership. All the more honour to him now for his honesty. The interest of Curzon lies in his sympathy for the Oriental, especially I think the Moslem point of view. Therein lies his strength—and does he not with the flax of sentimentousness thread the needle of wit? He quoted his Indian experiences to me, and gave me the "Ancient Monuments" law that had been devised during his Raj.

And as for Zionism? I went away with the thought that there might be some Jewish State—later perhaps. Not yet. That bears out our experience locally. The Jews are not ready for it. And they are certainly not united among themselves.

London, January, 1919.

I sought out my Jewish friends when I got the chance, for I wanted to find out where they stood in this matter.

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I had a "saluvious lunch" with Lady L——, went to see one of the Rabbis, and had some time with Mrs. Joseph Fels, who had also invited an American Zionist deputation to meet me—an odd gathering! In every case I put the matter "more Americano" and the answer was—shall we say bluff? I have not met one Zionist yet whom I would really trust for a wise and sane constructive policy. I have met many cranks, and odds and ends of people. The wise Jews are lukewarm or hostile. There is something factitious, journalistic, about the whole movement that puts it on a level with other "isms" where some kernel of a good idea is exploited for the benefit of unbalanced mediocrity. Walking down the streets of Jerusalem, an American friend pointed to the anæmic idle slum population drifting past us, and said to me: "These people haven't got the proper material for the making of a State." Further, the Jew is unthinkable without the bargain, he bears the brand of that mean fellow Jacob upon his brow, and with all the nobility of his convictions, and the grandeur of his Messianic idea, one would not trust him, *qua* Zionist, not to exploit the Holy Land commercially in his own and his tribe's interests.

No, my Zionist friends, you want a little political philosophy. Convince the world that you are prepared to administer Palestine and its sacred places in the interests of Islam and Christendom as well as your own, and the world may give it you! But this also is worth noting as far as Jerusalem is concerned: the brain is with the Jew. If it can be joined on to that constructive idealism, also a Jewish quality, which the world so badly needs just now, we may get somewhere. Perhaps there's a Jew at the council table of the Peace Conference now—a Jew of the

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finer type, a wandering Jew, without vested interests. Let's hope so!

Magpie and Stump, Cheyne Walk, January, 1919.

And what of the Christians at home in England? X—, the rich man, the financier, with whom I dined and lunched at different times, discussing Jerusalem and polite Christianity, who showed me his pictures and treasures in the great house at Kensington, and gave me sugar rations from his private *bonbonnière* when we lunched without adequate supplies at the Junior Carlton, took me to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Jerusalem must be visualized also from the angle of Canterbury. So my friend put on an immaculate top hat that positively glittered in the gray London fog—a light for the faithful, a light self-engendered—and we drove off to Lambeth together.

The Archbishop, Randall Cantuar, was wise, benevolent, with eyebrows that bushed out at you and overshadowed you paternally. They belonged somehow to Lambeth, the protecting eyebrows of an order that keeps on growing in a particular direction, even though sometimes obscuring the light. But he was very shrewd and sound. I told him of my talk with Curzon, what we were planning, and how we were proposing to combine with the Americans in the matter of the School of Archæology. I showed him the Grand Mufti's letter about the Dome of the Rock, and he received it as one good-mannered Grand Mufti would receive the opposition miracles from another Grand Mufti's pouch. There are limits even to the broad-mindedness of democratic latitudinarianism. We found it best to stick to the point—the most efficacious way of getting British support and British funds for Palestine research in con-

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junction with the wealth of America, and, *sic!* as a counter to Zionism.

What is going to happen to the Church of England in this revolution through which we are passing? When I put that question some months ago to another of my Anglican friends, himself the son of a bishop, and one of the nervous type of officials, he answered it by an expressive move of the hand, such as the Roman mob used when downing a gladiator for whom it had no further use. But Lambeth and the archiepiscopal eyebrows give one no such impression; they seem planted in security, or to paraphrase Tennyson,

Slowly broadening out from compromise to compromise.

Do these churches, dotted all over the land, hold life any more? All this beautiful heritage of the past—the English church, and the English country house—are one organic structure embedded within British democracy and dissent. What will happen when the thing shakes, cracks, and opens? The Anglican Church and the landed gentry were made by the Tudors on the ruins of Mediævalism.

Bligh Bond, the spiritualist and archæologist—whether he spins it out of his own head or not—conjures up one of the monks of Glastonbury in his séances who says to him:

Wisdom—it was best soe. The land was ycovered with the houses of God, and the grass he could not grow, and it was in the providence of God that the houses were destroyed, for they had no life. Men desired fuller life in ye world, and to travel far; and the old faith was no longer needed, for the minds of men were no longer as ye beasts, but each man was a light unto himself and did need no father to control him—so it was best, though much loveliness was destroyed in the undoing. The spirit liveth still, and what we lived for, in new guise we give

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to you. Grow in the spirit. We are a symbol of great truths, an ye read the symbol aright. That which we did dream lives on, and in the spirit we pass it on to you, from symbol to symbol—ever higher, ever wider.

As great books were we, and our work was in stone—a language handed down for you to read, which we had forgotten, and so fell.*

For me, looking at Lambeth for the moment from the angle of Jerusalem, official Islam and official Christianity have much in common. Both stand for a currency whose value men are beginning to question. Both have got out of touch with that life to which they once gave such glory. Both are tokens of a civilization, its spirit or symbol, but tokens somewhat worn.

There's little enough of visible spirit or symbol in England at this moment—poor England, sore, disheartened, and badly wounded. But there is just this—I read it everywhere: a fixed determination not to return to pre-war conditions. Yet as I read it also, that mood, with the letting loose of profiteering in every rank of life, its selfishness and materialism, is not going to bring us nearer to the ideal in our hearts. England feels but does not yet see her way. The end of all great wars and revolutions has been reaction—for a while. The Peasants' revolt, the Napoleonic war for France or England, our Civil War, brought after them years of reaction. Did they not banish Wyklif from Oxford, were not the hymns of Cromwell's New Model followed by Wycherley's plays, did not the mob break the Duke of Wellington's windows, and did not the Bourbons return? So it is going to be with us, and we idealists must just wait till the storm goes over. Our time will come—after our time. "In the spirit we pass it on to you from symbol to symbol."

*F. Bligh Bond; "The Gate of Remembrance."

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Magpie and Stump, Cheyne Walk, January, 1919.

On another day I went to see Flinders Petrie, and at the British Museum with Sir Frederick Kenyon I foregathered with the Archæological Societies whom we need for purposes of sanction. The British build is heavy and decorous, but nothing to that of a British Archæological society: science harnessed to official decorum. We talked of Crete and Egypt, of how people should dig, and of the blessed word Mesopotamia, of the future British "politik," of international antiquarianism, and, rather timidly, of our rich American cousins. I brought them comfort from Lord Curzon and our cheery, brilliant Governor in Jerusalem: yet it is difficult to slap an archæological society on the back.

But Petrie carries all before him: his is genius in archæological study. He is like one of his own Horus hawks, his eye glitters, he positively pounces out of the sun. We needed his advice in the framing of our new archæological law for Palestine. I find the archæologists very much at loggerheads, and if Petrie is Horus, other more local deities, built shall we say on the lines of Hathor, or Mut, or Bess, do not rise so easily or see so far. Several of these august personages sat round the council table at the British Museum and blinked at me kindly. I urged prompt action if the big scheme for the archæological school we were planning was to go through, but of course the necessary amount of words had to be expended in the two hours at our disposal, and every graybeard give his experience.

Campden, January, 1919.

And last I saw Lord Milner, to tea with him at his house in Great College Street, a most interesting hour. I would

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call him one of the most honest men I have ever met, a man who believes in democracy but who has had the pluck to stand up to it and fight it. He answered my questions with quiet certainty, or drew me out on the Palestine issue as we sat with our feet on the fender of his little room. He has a nubbly, well-set-together, firm, determined face, with half-closed eyes that open out every now and then to take the light. Talk with him and about what we were trying to construct in Palestine took me back many times to South African memories, and to Toynbee Hall, to Lionel Curtis and the "Round Table."

Here was the man who knew what East London meant, and who said of South Africa: "I will not have in this country another white helot state"; and that brought him to the inexorable logic of Chinese indentured labour; he was up against the colour question, and came to loggerheads with the democracy at home. The problem so far remains unsolved.

You feel with him, too, as you do not with other of the political people, that he looks at things outside party. To a young Australian who, puzzled by English politics, had put a question to him, he is said to have answered: "No, I'm not a Unionist, but I object to the Unionists least." And the question he is ever putting and which was surely implied in the talk we had together is: "Will there be enough brains to go round?" and that is the problem in England now. These charming people one meets—your English aristocracy, so grand in an emergency, as in this war—don't seem to function any more for the hard, constructive work of peace. The want is brain. Is there enough of it? The new educational system we seem as yet

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so far from realizing is a method of economizing and focusing such brain as there is.

Abbot Whiting and his Glastonbury monks were rather grand during the upheaval of the Dissolution time, but they no longer functioned. The brains were with the Tudors and the hard cutting people at court.

Milner gave some rather shrewd advice about the Prime Minister and the Jerusalem problem. "If you want government help for the great buildings of Islam, go to the Prime Minister direct. He has a special sympathy for Jerusalem." Then he added, not necessarily as an aside: "You must keep the issue constantly before the public, and you need someone in England ever to point the right moment to the Press."

Is not the inference obvious? The average is what tells, and Welsh dissent, Anglo-American protestantism having abandoned its anchorage, still dreams vaguely of Jerusalem the golden, and sings about it in hundreds of sugary hymns. The "honey mouthed" knows this, for like all great orators it is his business to keep his ear to the ground. Jerusalem still gets its political advertisement every Sunday in the year.

"Yes," Lord Milner repeated drily, "if you get at the Prime Minister the right way I think he will help you, he believes in Jerusalem."

The entries that follow, to the end of this chapter, relating as they do to the effect of the war upon craftsmanship in England, have no direct bearing on Palestine, but I leave them in because of the significant fact that while we are reconstructing in Palestine, we are sometimes doing the reverse at home. The cause of the crafts, whether in the East or the West, is really one. Their need is not

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yet understood, nor their status in an industrial society defined. It may be that much that is beautiful has still to be destroyed in the Orient, and much that is ugly and of no avail has yet to be tried in Europe and America before men get the chance again to work normally and happily with their hands, or are permitted to lead the cleanly life that springs from such labour.

Campden, February, 1919.

For me the most significant hour in England was the last meeting with my Guild of Handicraft. I had seen or corresponded with all the men whom the wreckage of the war had left. I wanted to get together as many as were left in Campden. We met and discussed the question of the winding up of the Trust and the selling of the Estate. The meetings were in the shop of the wood carvers, as such meetings have so often been before. I take with me the memory of the exceeding beauty of the Cotswolds under snow, with the drip of the eaves outside through creaking lattice casements, and some seven or eight men sitting round a stove reviewing the progress of a great idea that may yet have some meaning for the world.

One of the men suddenly said: "Do you realize that it's over four years since we last met! And it is like yesterday!"

"Yes. Just the period of the war—and it seems so short because we've all been thinking so keenly, and living through so much!"

One or two of the younger ones had been demobilized, and were starting their work again.

But what for the moment in this little corner of England does the idea mean? The greed of the farmers, their dominance and determination to destroy everything they

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don't understand; the leaderlessness of the labourers; the old cloven-hoofed Conservative political election agent and wire-puller who is now Member for the County on his £400 a year, and will sacrifice any finer interest for politics; the powerlessness of minorities; the country gentleman who now leads no longer and is just drifting down the tide, having played at his country house too long and missed his moment; the helplessness of the Church, even with so gentle and so sound a Christian as our present vicar—the Church also has missed her moment. The archiepiscopal eyebrows are really of very little use to the Vicar.

One day I lunched with S—— C——, the neighbouring landlord, and told him of our proposed winding up. He thinks of buying the estate.

"I had rather my people fell into your hands," said I, "than any others."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I have come to the conclusion that there are only two ways of working out what the Guild has stood for—the one is precarious, the other premature. Yours is the precarious way—the way of patronage by an aristocracy; ours, the way of labour with an economic independence of the machine, is premature. You at least have sympathy."

S—— C—— also has, so they say, £30,000 a year, believes in craftsmanship, and collects bronzes. Most good work in our generation has been done under similar patronage. That is why the members of the Art Workers' Guild, with whom I also again foregathered, though they may be constructive socialists at heart, are in practice the hangers-on of a cultured aristocracy. Morris put up a

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great fight for it thirty years ago, and failed. For the objective of the fight is not yet understood, it is not against the patronage of a cultured aristocracy that we are fighting, it is for a cultured democracy. And it is because she is so blindly groping after this and cannot attain it that England is sore and wretched.

Thirty years, and in the end shot to pieces by the war!

In a way our little Guild is a microcosm of English craftsmanship in our generation. It is too tough to die. Coming to the meeting prepared for the winding up of the Guild and the selling of the estate, the men passed a resolution by which they desired to be consulted as to the administration of any increment on its sale. We stand for the benefit of craftsmanship in the country, in accordance with the terms of our trust, and one suggestion made—it was the enameller, the Australian who made it—was that any balance resulting from the sale should be invested with the public trustee “until such time as we saw our way more clearly.” Now is the hour of reaction. And the men felt that; but they met the situation with that stoicism and humour so characteristic of any group of clean-minded Englishmen.

No. Ideas do not perish. “Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone.”

And that, too, is a thought that once sprouted in Palestine.

CHAPTER VI

COLLECT—FEBRUARY, 1919

BEFORE leaving London in May, 1919, I was asked to prepare an account of the reconstruction in progress in Jerusalem, and the aims of those of us who were at work there. This collect with Sir Arthur Money's sanction appeared in the *Times* of February 5, 1919. I give three extracts. It is based upon my report to the Administration of August, 1918, but it bears all the marks of the effervescent optimism of those months:

It is difficult to imagine a sharper contrast than between the Jerusalem of man's imagination, whether he thinks of it in terms of Mohammed's vision and ascent to Heaven, of Solomon's grandeur, or of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and the actual Jerusalem left us by the Turk. This latter concrete Jerusalem is a picturesque but filthy mediæval town with sprawling suburbs; ill timbered, unwatered, with roads inconvenient and leading nowhere; and, for the rest, a government that no longer functions and a city whose inhabitants are cut up into innumerable jarring sects.

Over all these incongruities the war has placed a new system of government—a government by soldiers. Soldiers are busy men and they have no time for detail except that of war. For them the military need is paramount. But it has always been the distinction of the great soldier and the great administrator that he has known how to pick his men. One of the finest pieces of expert work ever carried out was Napoleon's Survey of Egypt. This magnificent work embraced hygiene, engineering, archæology, arts and crafts, music—all the things that make for the finer life of a people.

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There follows a passage which I omit (under the heading "the Napoleonic vision" supplied by the *Times* staff), and in that language of journalistic altiloquence we have to affect when speaking of men in the public eye. The account then continues more soberly:

The work of reconstruction to be done in the Holy City and its outlying districts after the essential requirements of sanitation, health service, engineering, and scavenging was divisible under several heads:

- (a) The rehabilitation of workshops and hand industries.
- (b) The preservation of the actual Holy City itself.
- (c) The replanning of the new town to the north of it, or rather the getting of the new town into some sort of order.
- (d) The reform of the municipality and the creation of a machinery for carrying this out.
- (e) The preparation of new by-laws to meet the needs of building and housing reform, the preservation of Palestine antiquities, archæological remains and excavations, and the education of the citizens to an understanding of these laws—in short, a civic policy.
- (f) The creation of some body, some Trust, possibly of an advisory nature, and free of the old religious or nationalist prejudices, that shall guide, and if need be, stand up and fight for the amenities of the Holy City.

The body in question is the Pro-Jerusalem Society, which is then described in some detail, and in euphonic language, but upon which, as I speak elsewhere, I shall not dwell now. The work still to be done is then summarized as follows:

- (1) The isolation of the ancient city from Solomon to Suleiman the Magnificent; the preservation of its wall enceinte and its precious buildings.
- (2) The laying out of a new town outside this with proper alignments, for the doing of which a special survey is at present being made.
- (3) For this Mr. Ashbee has prepared a scheme, beginning with the

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16th century wall enceinte in which all the views and beauty spots of the ancient city are jealously preserved.

(4) The reestablishment of the arts and crafts, the reopening of the Suqs or bazaars, which implies the setting up of looms and workshops of all sorts.

(5) The safeguarding especially of the holy places of Islam, the Dome of the Rock, the Al Aqsa mosque, and the remaining buildings of the Haram al Sharif.

(6) The establishment of a sound system of technical schools, possibly some development of the admirable Zionist school of Bezaleel. What the administrators here are looking forward to is the reestablishment of the workshop traditions through municipally aided teaching workshops, by means of an apprenticeship system.

(7) The revival of the Palestine Survey associated with the names of Warren and Kitchener, and the planning of a future method of excavation. Some of the best brains, English, French, Italian, American, are at work on this, and the collective opinions of men like Sir Frederick Kenyon, Professor Flinders Petrie, Mr. Hogarth, Sir Arthur Evans, M. Lacau, Père Abel, Professor Reisner now excavating at Gizeh and Mr. Fisher of the University of Pennsylvania, are at present being gathered together for submission to the Chief Administrator and the Commander in Chief. The idea is to take the experience of Egypt, based on French regulations, add the collective wisdom of European and American scholarship, and go one better for Palestine.

It will be seen that we had great hopes.

And yet many of the things outlined in the extracts above have been accomplished, others have been set in motion, or their framework fitted into the new machinery of the civil administration of Palestine. Others again such as are indicated in paragraphs 4 and 6 cannot be put through until there is clearer vision on these matters among the fellowship of civilized nations. Matters that affect the control of mechanical power, the integrity of an agricultural society, the maintenance of the arts and crafts as civilizing forces, depend upon commercial and economic factors outside the control of any individual

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state. Their significance, though understood by artists and scientists, is not yet realized by politicians. Our politicians thwart our administrators.

February, 1919.

To learn what the world is thinking it is often well to go to the cartoonists, provided that we do not go merely to our own. And the impression they give us during this eventful time is one of doubt. It varies according to its genesis, but it is always doubt. There is doubt and mistrust in the Russian Revolution, hope clouded with doubt in the League of Nations, doubt and cynicism as to the Peace Conference, and behind all the doubt that savage resentment which is the aftermath of war.

The three stars that are lighting this darkness of doubt for us, Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clémenceau, if you look at them through the eyes of the cartoonist over the way, are not by any means so luminiferous as they appear. And indeed how can any three men at all set together this broken world? The old life is gone, the old outlook is gone, the new ideas and way of approach not yet clear. We need a long period now wherein to turn round, to find ourselves again. We are as children to whose questions the old men have no longer any answers.

Yes; our politicians thwart our administrators.

CHAPTER VII

THE OPTIMISM OF VICTORY AND THE PASSING OF THE SOLDIERS

LET us go back a few months, to the East and the mood of Palestine, for there the doubt had not yet come.

(Extract from a letter.)

October 15, 1918.

. . . The great victories East and West may change everything out here, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if all our plans and schemes didn't tumble about us like a pack of cards. The soldiers are already talking about going home, and they give O.E.T.A. under General Money six months before it is changed into a civil government, with new men from home that know not Joseph! Well, I sha'n't mind much either way, so great is my longing to get home. . . . You would have been thrilled to hear the English soldiers shouting the 68th Psalm in church last Sunday: for we are still in the blast of our great victory here, eighty thousand prisoners! and in addition had just had the news of the fresh success of the Western front, the victory at Cambrai, the revenge for Le Cateau.

Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him.

Like as the smoke vanisheth so shalt thou drive them away: and like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God.

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The thin little Syrian trebles in the choir even with the organ to help them were overwhelmed, and the basses at the back of the nave got quite out of hand and went romping ahead.

He is the God that maketh men to be of one mind in a house, and bringeth the prisoners out of captivity.

Yes, it was enough to warm any one's heart. God, of course, is the God of the English, and with an English army in possession he knows his place. A Khaki god—though the Bishop, appropriately to season, has changed his white for a gray confection with all the buttons point-device. It was a curious mixture of nationalism, sublimity, and worship; but it shook the church.

The earth shook, and the heavens dropped at the presence of God; even as Sinai also was moved at the presence of God

who is the god of Blighty.

Yes, it's war. And P—— said to me to-day in a moment of casual stoicism, "Every friend I had left has been killed in that last engagement!"

Kings with their armies did flee and were discomfited:

We had just heard that Ferdinand the Fox had fled to Coburg, and it was to be the Kaiser's turn next. We must get some recompense for our own losses. And as those men's voices sang on it thrilled down one's primeval marrow. Poetry? Yes, indeed, it was of those flashes of Elizabethan poetry that the English rise to every now and again when they let themselves go and are not ashamed:

Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove that is covered with silver wings and her feathers like gold.

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Fighting Cromwell, a man of few words, once quoted that verse in a speech to the House of Commons. It was English Tommies led by their public-school boy officers who were shouting it now.

When the Almighty scattered kings for their sake: then were they white as snow in Salmon.

No one exactly knew what that meant, but it sounded well and went with gusto. Also who cares whether we have appropriated the God of the Israelites to ourselves!

Why hop ye so ye high hills? This is God's hill on which it pleaseth him to dwell: yea the Lord will abide in it forever.

And we are there now, having won through.

There was no doubt about that, for here we were all of us, two thousand three hundred feet up in Jerusalem itself, and all a ferment.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: and the Lord is among them in the holy place of Sinai.

For chariots read motorcars; for angels, aviators, and you get some clue to our state of mind.

He is *our* God, the God of whom cometh salvation: God is the Lord, by whom we escape death.

Those of us that do.

God shall wound the head of his enemies: and the hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his wickedness.

A veritable Jabberwocky ferocity in that verse, as we recalled it from our schoolboy days. A verse to grow drunk on. And then more blood and the gruesome bit about the dogs. Yes, we got it all. Part of the glory of war.

Oh God wonderful art thou in thy holy places:
even the God of Blighty: He will give strength and power
unto his people.

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Were you and the children singing it too, I wonder?
Give them each a gentle kiss.

Kantara, March 27, 1919.

I am once again in the City of Kantara. It is a strange and significant city, a city built on sand with iron. When you look out from it you see mirage on the desert: palaces, towers, trees, and lakes, and all unreal as war itself. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers pass through its wind-swept ways, soldiers of every nationality, the many that make this great English army, called into life by the war. Around the tents and cantonments are flowers planted by cockneys and English gardeners just as they would plant them at home, a strange mixture of Egypt, 'appy 'Ampstead, and the country house; there are hibiscus, oleander, and cypress, lettuces, tomatoes, and potatoes, with sweet peas that climb unwillingly up barbed wire and chicken netting. Through the thousands of tents and the endless streets of soldiery you see passing of a sudden the giant smokestacks of some great liner moving through the Suez Canal. The Tommies tend the flowers and the engineers the iron, but it is all on sand, for the water is brought from afar, and iron and water are but of the moment. You know that all is going to pass in a few years and the desert come back to its own. The R.O.D. mess where I have so often lunched and dined is set together with choice woods brought from India, all to be eaten by the ants. The great Kufu will laugh it all away. Cut off the water supply and all would be gone in the turn of a moon.

Herodotus tells us how water was carried into the Syrian desert by the Persians and by the Egyptians before them:

. . . wine is brought into Egypt from every part of Greece as well as from Phoenicia, in earthen jars, and yet in the whole country

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you will nowhere see, as I may say, a single jar. What, then, everyone will ask, becomes of the jars? This, too, I will clear up. The mayor of each town has to collect the wine-jars within his district and to carry them to Memphis, where they are filled with water by the Memphians, who then convey them to this desert tract of Syria. And so it comes to pass that all the jars which enter Egypt year by year, and are there put up to sale, find their way into Syria, whither all the old jars have gone before them.

This way of keeping the passage into Egypt fit for use by storing water there was begun by the Persians so soon as they became masters of that country. As, however, at the time of which we speak the tract had not yet been so supplied, Cambyses took the advice of his Hallicarnassian guest, and sent messages to the Arabian to beg a safe conduct through the region. The Arabian granted his prayer, and each pledged faith to the other. The Arabs keep such pledges more religiously than almost any other people.*

Kantara now is integral with Palestine and in Kantara one feels what the Roman armies must have meant at the extreme ends of the earth, holding the gate of civilization:

Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two is gone.

And one night passing through this ephemeral city I was at a Gaff. There was lots of talent; it alternated between Palestine topical song, the cockney music hall, and the local colour of Egypt. To me the most interesting thing was observing the eager, upturned faces of the three or four thousand soldiers watching the fun. What is the real meaning of this bursting in of strong men from the North that have suddenly captured the Orient? The Great War may be but an incident in this overwhelming invasion by the West. Petrie has a seductive generalization that in every thousand years after some cataclysm a new cycle

*Vol. 1, Book 3, Thalia.

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of civilization begins in the southeast corner of the Mediterranean basin. It is always the result of a northern invasion. His book appeared just before the war. He set his last cataclysm in the Napoleonic era—in these millennial sequences of time a century or so makes little difference, but had he waited for publication till 1914 he might have had reason to change the date.

No wonder old Egypt, unskilled at revolutions, shakes her ears at the power astride her, but she may change, slough it off, or remould it yet. She has done this so often before.

And now Egypt has a great soldier, and a strong man in charge. What will he save from the wreckage? In Cairo recently to some of my late students, they who are now among the revolutionaries, I put the question: "What do you think of Allenby?" The answer was significant:

"Sir, we honour him for what he is, we hate him for what he stands for."

August 8, 1919.

Riding this morning early about the lonely mountain tracks, I crossed a dismantled camp. It was all going back to desert again. But there about the tent holes and trenches were little bits of Tommies' gardens, the seeds they had sown in the soil they had brought—those touches of English garden about the tents, now awaiting water and like to perish. As I looked a camel sauntered up, nosed among the timid green stuff, then puffed displeasure. What was it? Something reminiscent of East London, perhaps, Mustard and Cress? Nasturtiums? No, it was not indigenous here.

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June 28, 1919.

Peace at last! The bells rang out at night. We woke the children and carried them to the roof of the house, looking over the Holy City. It was very lovely: the sky full of stars, rockets went up here and there, a sound of guns, of music, of distant voices, and peals from tower to tower. One of the children asked, "Will there ever be another war?" And then the other asked, "Why does God make the stars shine so clear when there are celebrations like this?"

July 31, 1919.

We saw General Money off to-day. I think we were all sorry to lose him, and doubtful of what was to come in his place. He was not a great administrator, but he had something that almost made up for it. He was a lovable, conscientious, and honourable English gentleman whom everybody could trust—and what a long way that goes!

Had he not been tired, and sick for home, or had he been ten years younger, many of the great things we have planned in the last two years might have been put through, but now—the outlook is cloudy. There are too many Anglo-Indians about.

Jerusalem, April, 1920.

"*La petite fille de Jérusalem*," Miriam Harry, and her husband have been entertaining us, and we have been walking round the walls exchanging historical sugar plums and snaps, and the other night they dined with us at our house in the Wady Joz.

The chief of staff, with his wife dressed grandly in a kind of pelt—the rest of the robe, apparently unhemmed, was

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also there. He came bursting in flushed with politics, for there happens to be going on a sort of secondary war between the War Office and the less belligerent departments of state.

"Here, at least, coming to your house, Civics, I shall be free for one happy hour of politics!"

Not a bit of it. The little daughter of Jerusalem spun him out like flax on her spool as she rattled on anecdotally, and no doubt the information she gleaned was all done up and docketed to General Gouraud next day at Beyrout. But what of that? The reality is not in the spinning of the political thread, but in the garment woven after, and the way we wear it.

I like the chief of staff. There is a sort of turbulent determination and honesty about the man. True, he has messed up the whole of my municipal survey by starving out my staff, so that they, poor boys, have had to go off to America to earn their living. But then English soldiers always seem to think that towns can be laid out and roads projected without plans or contour maps, and that, anyway, we can leave that sort of thing to the Germans. Keep your horses in good fettle, keep your buttons bright, keep a brave heart, and damn the consequences.

So, let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes.
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row row row for the British Grenadiers.

But I fancy the soldiers are riding for a fall out here. A pogrom might save them.

And there, sipping the Rischon Tokay, was that little daughter of Jerusalem, subtle, semitic, mercurial,

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voluble, uncanny, a sort of Medea, making him so happy, helping on his heavy broken French, and transforming him with her magic into *l'homme intelligent*, which he is, though she was the stronger of the two magicians.

Jamileh, our Bethlehem maid, serenely grave and statuesque herself as she handed round the pewter dishes in her beautiful embroidered dress of fourteenth-century cross stitching, was perturbed at the fuzzy yellow hair, the décolleté, and the gold brocade, perhaps also at the swift conversational detonations, for she summed up the little Daughter afterward as "*Yabndiyeh metl el 'Alrit*" (a Jewess and rather like a bogie). But Jamileh was right only in this, that the artist has the wizard's power to change the shape of things, and if an interesting soldier in scarlet tabs comes dancing in at a moment when the air is charged with thunder, well—

He becomes a fly,
A fly all in the air,
And she becomes a spider and she sweeps him to her lair.

June 27, 1920.

In the evening there was a sort of farewell dinner, given by the chief of staff to his friends. The passing—shall we say fallen!—Military Party were well represented. They leave in a few days to give place to the new Civil Administration.

The General told me that he was going to have a half hour—neither more nor less—with Herbert Samuel on handing over. He wished to tell him a few things quietly—quite quietly—which he did not know.

"I have asked many people in position—in England and elsewhere—why England has capitulated to the Zionists,"

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said he, "and none of them has been able to give me a straight answer. It is not money. But what is it?"

I suggested English Protestant idealism—the idealism which confuses Hebraism with religion.

He gave an unbelieving twinkle with his humorous eyes, and the tough little chin moved sympathetically. I might have quoted Faulconbridge in "King John": "Commodity." It was not money, it was "tickling Commodity" by which King John handed over to King Philip the provinces that didn't belong to him, in order to secure his own position. "Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!"

Perhaps someone has repeated to the General the answer to his question that is current here: the "consideration" was a high explosive. The Manchester chemist had in the nick of time invented some ultra-Teutonic deadliness of gas and bombs, capable of destroying no end of Germans and incidentally Jews; and the British Administration, duly grateful for this new gift of taking life, asked him to state the price he demanded.

"Oh, nothing," said Doctor Weizman graciously, "nothing, but if you want to give me something, give Palestine to the Jews."

But perhaps the General does not believe this to be the "straight answer."

Well, we shall see what the new man brings. Hope runs high. "For the first six months," says Mercutio, "you officials will have to find him bomb-proof shelters to protect him from the Arabs, for the next six months from the Jews."

CHAPTER VIII

"ALL THE LAND NEEDS ISRAEL"

WHAT I like about Jacob Funkelstein is a certain sensibility he has—a feeling for the way in which the religious thought of the world is moving.

I tell Mercutio he is unjust to him in not appreciating this. It is not Funkelstein's fault that some of his more materialist friends take advantage of this sensibility and prostitute it, thus using up the idealism of the Jew for purposes of political and commercial propaganda.

It was Funkelstein that first got me into touch with some of the Jewish colonies.

"You had better not announce your coming beforehand," said Mercutio sardonically, "and then you will see whether the young ladies lie about in open-work silk stockings reading Tolstoi or—Oh well, d—n it, it's parasitic either way!"

I have seen good and generous work being done in some of those colonies and a few of my notes about them from time to time, or the movement that is behind them, will not be out of place.

Jaffa, July, 1918.

There's a great new life forming in these Jewish colonies and it has an idea behind it—curiously suggestive, too, of that earlier Biblical idea of its being an agricultural life

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inspired by poetry. I was drawn particularly toward Ben Shemen and a young Russian Jew there, one Anzi Israeli, who showed me round and told me of the ideas of the place. There was one of the name once ruled England, and through England the world, because he made a herd-like and pig-headed aristocracy come to heel. I want to see that man again, he has a great soul in his eyes, and in him the Jew's secret of religion. The Ben Shemen people seem to have shed all religious formulæ and begin their work from the end of modern American enterprise and East London—but behind it is some of the driving force of Nehemiah. Here men call it Zionism. I don't think I believe in Zionism—I'm not sure yet. But I do believe in the other thing.

(Extract from a letter.)

July 24, 1918.

Out to Jaffa visiting various farms, workshops, and colonies—I'm practically the only British civilian here . . . gathering notes for reconstruction, and passing through the Army, in all its forms, within sound of the shells, and interviewing Deputy Military Governors. To be a "deputy" Military Governor sounds grand and wonderful, but I begin to know the type now. As a rule it's some delightful public-school boy, or young university man, whose reading for the bar, or accountancy work, or Civil Service Exam. was suddenly stopped in 1914, and whom fortune had landed here. This country is drawing the best out of Egypt and India just at present, and a strange new life is growing up. I'm only just beginning to understand it. . . .

. . . To-day, at a Jewish colony, I conducted a discussion, and made my English notes on a translation of

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bastard German, bastard French, a certain amount of Arabic, and the whole on a sub-structure of Hebrew and Russian. With the aid of my Arab interpreter we got on very well, and German, if you speak it very distinctly, is understood, but theirs is so debased a German that it can hardly be understood in turn. The spirit of their life is a sort of American and very modern social democracy. They have shed, utterly and forever, it seems to me, the old Hebraic and Christian forms as we understand them. To-day I got quite a turn—it took me right back to East London days—when one of these young men pointed to a sort of meeting place in among the vineyards and eucalyptus trees, and said:

“That’s our Tuumbeeal!”

“Your what?”

“Our Tuumbeeal—*wo wir zusammen kommen.*”

“*Votre Synagogue?*”

“*La, la—non—gar nicht—je veux dire TOOMBIALL, verstehen Sie nicht? Je veux dire TOOMBI, your Anglais. Der grosse sozial reformer!*”

I suddenly realized that he was trying to say Toynbee Hall.

Think of it! Yet he’d never been to England, could speak no English, but out here among the vines and fig trees and the flowing milk and honey, he had the very quintessence of that East London idea; what our Essex House boys had in the old days. I thought in that moment how Syd, and W——, and J——, and the rest of those we loved had not given their lives in the Great War for nothing!

As you may suppose these fellows are longing for a British Administration, for they realize they cannot have

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one of their own, being in a minority. They hate and fear the Turk, they detest Russia, and they dislike France and Germany; the former because they fear the Latin Orders, the old mediæval business, the latter because of the *Judenhetze*. The doubtful point in the whole scheme is the Arab national movement. For the Arab, too, has to be considered. He is part Christian, part Moslem. He is not so clever, but in many ways he is so much nicer than the Jew: not such a modernist, but so much more of a gentleman.

Jerusalem, April 11, 1919.

A certain foolish Rabbi, by name (well, never mind his name), is reported to have made a speech in America in which he states that the question of the Jews in Palestine is on all fours with the Belgian question, the Serbian question, the Polish question, and the Irish question. We also are a nationality, therefore let us forget a thousand years of history, not to mention Islam, or Græco-Roman civilization, and march back to Jerusalem in triumph, bearing our Talmuds: with the aid of British Protestant idealism, backed by machine guns and—don't you forget it—American money.

No: The Zionist movement as yet is somehow on a wrong axis.

And here is another speech, quoted from an ancient Rabbi. The attitude of mind he presents, the attitude of arrogant religious privilege, is as alive now as it was in the days of Christ. It gives the driving force and at the same time brings to ruin so much that is great in Jewish idealism.

Ten measures of wisdom came into the world; the land of Israel received nine measures and the rest of the world one. Ten measures of

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beauty came into the world, Jerusalem received nine measures and the rest of the world one.

Yes, and in their bones they really believe it.

Tiberias, Roche Pina, Safed, March 17, 1920.

Roche Pina gives one another viewpoint over Zionism. I wish the Jews would drop the humbug of the historical case for their movement, in which they don't really believe themselves, and concentrate on the actual Zionism, the work it is doing, and the spiritual hope. If they did that they would stand much more for the idealism in life. They would show how the Rothschild millions, drawn from the industrial world which has milked agriculture, may go back to agriculture again and rebuild life.

The most impressive thing I saw at Roche Pina was a school of Moslem boys—there was one little girl in it—who were being taught Hebrew by a young Jew. The lesson was from the Koran. One of the boys stepped forward and recited a passage in Arabic to his Shaikh, who was also present, then translated the Arabic into Hebrew. I think that probably quite a good way to plant beans. This little school and its thirty children gave me a sharp sense of reality. The blackboard was an old door from which the hinges were half torn and the sponge a piece of sheepskin. (British school inspectors, please note!) The price of the beans and various other calculations were scrawled upon the door.

Mercutio, when I told him of this some months after, said mischievously, "It was probably got up specially to impress Herbert Samuel and his friends." But I think that is untrue.

At Safed later, upon the hilltop, we were taken to a

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Jewish hospital run by young Americans: here again the living work bursting from places like Columbia, Cornell, Chicago, Philadelphia. There were Arab children and their parents waiting to be soothed and bandaged. Figures, Medicine and Religious enthusiasm, those were ever the Jew's three roads to life—unless we add Music! Yes, riding up to Roche Pina late on Wednesday night we were suddenly met by a cavalcade of young farmers, some twenty of them. They lined up their horses on both sides of the road, gave three cheers for Herbert Samuel, and then broke into song and rode along with us singing their various "national" melodies. Should we call them "national"? It sounded different, somehow. In this modern Slavo-Jewish music is something of a more universal quality. I may believe in the Jewish religious force where I don't believe in the Jewish State. Roche Pina, be it remembered, is the "cornerstone."

March, 1920.

Curious thing, an idea. I overheard, as we were leaving one of the colonies where Herbert Samuel had been receiving deputations and ovations, one of the boys whisper to him in German, "All the land needs Israel!" Meaning Zionism? "*Das ganze land wünscht Israel.*" I forget whether the word was "*wünscht*" or "*braucht*," but the sense of the word and its stress lay in *the need*.

On one occasion there was a deputation of village Shaikhs to ask for several things—it came to the house of Baron Rothschild's Russo-Polish agent, where we were staying. It asked that more schools might be started and that Hebrew might be taught in them.

And then came a significant request. Could com-

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modities in wearing apparel be cheapened? Herbert Samuel complimented one of the Shaikhs on the beauty of his costume and hoped they would not abandon it for European garb. Then said the others: "We cannot get our own any more, it costs so much!"

And one of them lifted his arms and pointed to the patches of Manchester cotton stuff on his silken *galabiya*:

"You see, we cannot even appear respectable before you. Give us the means of getting once again our own garments—we prefer them."

Next day there was a deputation of Moslem Shaikhs and Greek priests to protest against the "giving of the land to the Jews." The Mufti made a fiery speech, rather timidly interpreted. And I am quite certain that most of Herbert Samuel's qualifying parliamentary negatives were too much for the interpreter and never reached the Mufti in return. You can prove that the country is not going to the dogs only by practical object lessons, and it is difficult to explain to a cultured old Moslem that the reason why his revenues and those of his *wagf* are decreasing is an agrarian revolution in which the old feudal order is making way for another system where the peasant, even with the aid of the Jew, may be getting a rather larger share. It's coming along all right, only you must give it time.

Roche Pina, March 19, 1920.

To-day there were more deputations, one from a Maronite Christian, a Druse, and a Moslem protesting against the Mufti's deputation of yesterday. The country was not going to the dogs, the *fellahin* were happy under the

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English rule, down with *Effendis*, *Muftis*, and so forth! If anything we rather like the Rothschild millions, for much trickles through, and the crops are certainly the better for them.

We spent most of the day riding out to Mount Hermon (Husaihiya and Tulail), where we were invited to lunch with a Beduin chief. The son of the house, or tent, plucked off two chunks of bread, one Jewish, one Arabic, handed them to us, and said:

“As are these two loaves, so shall our two nations live in amity!”

Oh, Ananias, Azarias, and Misael. Praise ye the Lord!

It was lovely to watch the fantasia on horseback as we rode along, for we were some forty horse all together, and the Beduins galloped in and around us firing rifles, and with a mimic sword play that reminded one of the charming and gracious unrealities of Walter Scott's Talisman. The whole, moreover, was in the exquisite setting of the Palestine landscape, carpeted with flowers: red anemones, purple irises, calthas, cranesbill, asphodel, sweet sultans, pink phlox, and fennel in great heaps of green and gold, with Mount Hermon beyond crowned in snow.

Tiberias, March 20, 1920.

At Tiberias to-day Carey Thomas, that great little woman, joined us. She was travelling through *en princesse* with Logan Pearsall Smith in her train as private secretary. She had couriers and carriages, boxes and special bedding, cases of soda water, hampers of sweetmeats, and all the apparatus necessary to the comfort of the president of Bryn Mawr on a visit to Prince Faisal. I

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wonder if she'll get through with it all. But she's capable of scaring the life out of any thief of a Beduin if she hops at him characteristically and brandishes the staff of discipline in the knuckles of determination.

The Moslem boatman at Tiberias the other day was asked by Colonel Basset, who is officially conducting our party, whether business was good.

"Devil a bit!" said he. (I can't render it in Arabic!) "These days I carry none but Generals and Prime Ministers, and I never get a cent from them."

Poor man, he had had in quick succession Lord Milner, Herbert Samuel, the Chief Administrator, and others in scarlet and gold. Noblesse oblige.

But the little president of Bryn Mawr could doubtless buy these all up together, and fee the boatman to, his deserts.

But let us return to our subject. We are dealing with the need for Israel in Palestine. All this finer life the Jew has built up for himself there has nothing to do with political Zionism. It is threatened with one danger only, political Zionism may destroy it. Speaking of the new agriculture in the Jaffa district my Report to the Administration in August, 1918, says:

I call it the new Agriculture because it embodies not only new methods but a new life and way of looking at things. It is almost entirely Jewish. But the term Jewish here must be taken very broadly. We come across men among the agriculturists, the new race in Palestine, whom we shall find also in southeast Europe, in some of the advanced English town or country experiments, and above all in the United States. I think it is part of the religious process of the Jewish mind to spiritualize life, and so pass out of creeds and religious observances into a new—or a very old—application to life of conduct. In this

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process the Jew sheds his nationality and becomes the mercurial and compelling citizen of other countries. The theory of the Zionist colonies and their leaders is that a Jewish nation is being formed in Palestine. It may be so, but I think something else—the very reverse of nationalism is forming, too. I have seen the same sort of constructive energy at work in England and America, the same enthusiasm, the same mixture of races, the same Socialistic ideas—but without the Zionism. (Rep. Para. 179.)

Sometimes I think that is the view of my Zionist friend, Jacob Funkelstein. At other times I have the conviction he is deceiving himself and that what is really at work in him is his subconscious self, the brilliant speculator who grasps what is profitable near at hand and at the same time takes great risks.

But I wanted him to have a wider view, to make this new agriculture embrace the subjects I, in Palestine, was interested in: civics and the peasant crafts. Maybe he felt that some day the crafts might serve as the form for the new life but could not as yet embody the idea. Perhaps his colleagues were against him or his American training, I cannot say. Here is an extract from the Report that bears upon the question:

The modern and scientific treatment of the vine in Palestine is worth special note. It enters into the economy of life. You could observe that in the faces and manner of work of the young men in the “caves.” They were not at all the type of vintners in Benozzo Gozzoli’s famous vine frescoes in Pisa—the vintners of the Italian *cinquecento*, of the Bible and the drunkenness of Noah; they were thoughtful, scholarly, and dreamy young men with gold spectacles. They seemed bent on making a new life as well as a scientific wine.

Can we not have the same sort of approach to the arts and crafts in this country as we have to the vine? It takes many years before a vine can be made “to pay.” It may take even more to do this in the Arts and Crafts. But the wealthy Rothschild who establishes an endowment for helping Palestine and the wines on his table also needs

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vessels to drink them from, napkins, table service, indeed the whole paraphernalia of life. It is no less scientific to study the one than the other.

I put a question to some of these leaders of the new agriculture and got an answer which in the light of our efforts to preserve or develop the arts and crafts of Palestine is significant if unconvincing:

"Have you any by-crafts? Or would you encourage them? Such, for instance, as are practised with the old Palestinian agriculture: embroidery, or lace, or basket work, or metal work?"

The answer was: "No, the work of agriculture is too hard. In an 'all-year-round' season folks have as much as they can do to keep pace with it." And the speaker added: "The Jewish woman is essentially a creature of the town, and she has difficulties enough in learning her ménage; as for the by-craft it is now only suitable for northern climates where they have leisure in the long winter evenings."

The answer is unconvincing because when one puts the question in the North one is told that the by-craft is suitable only for climates where they have leisure in a boundless sun. But there is this much truth in the answer: the new Agriculture has yet to be learnt and its machinery controlled, and the old agriculture connotes certain conditions of life, an old-world stability, a class distinction marked by costume, perhaps a certain inferior status of the woman, old religious ideas: all these conditions the new agriculturist is not willing to accept (Rep. Par. 118, 111-112).

An enhanced dignity to agriculture, an historic conscience, a new civic idealism, these were the three main theses of the Report. Much of it has been used in the new Palestine, more could have been had there been more money. But it is clear to us now that the Report was drafted on the hypothesis of a very different post-war state from that which we have in the world at present, or which has so far been set up in the Holy Land. The report did not envisage a Jewish nationalist state. It did, however, postulate a state in which there was, first, a tireless search for truth; and then one in which manual work and the personal creation it implies shall be again hon-

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oured. If post-war civilization is to mean anything for us we must set that objective among our fixed stars. We must not be deterred by the obscurantism which permeates the *bouquiniste* over the manual, nor by the other two dangers that might deflect our course, fear of the Bolshevik bogie on the one hand, nor on the other the *ignis fatuus* of mechanism, by which we see the future good for mankind in the establishment of factories for every futility under the sun.

I feel that Jacob Funkelstein fails me here. Also he fails his own people. “*Das ganze land braucht Israel.*” In a sense that young farmer’s aspiration is true. The need is for a new ideal in agriculture and in life. Palestine is but a microcosm of that need in the world. But also it is false. The old religious idea of a peculiar privilege or private property in God may yet destroy him and his vines and wreck all Jacob Funkelstein’s hopes. I wish I could get him to see that.

The issue is perhaps stated in the following extract from a letter, which, as it refers to Jacob Funkelstein, the Zionist leader in question, I take the liberty of quoting:

(*Extract from a letter.*)

April 6, 1920.

Let us focus on the creative present and forget the old Jahveh and Elohim and Byzantine gods who promised this land to so many different people. There is no room any more for an exclusive religious nationalism, or a chosen race, certainly not in Palestine. One of the Zionist leaders once said to me:

“I believe in Zionism because I believe that the Jew has still some spiritual contribution to make to the world.”

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I would invert the words, "I believe in the spiritual contribution of the Jew because I believe in Zionism"—stripped of its political pretensions. Here is an Arabic parable for you, it loses in the rendering.

"Once a priest was going from Jerusalem to Jaffa, but he did not know the way. After a while he saw a boy; he said to him:

"'From where is the Jaffa road?'

"The boy walked with him and afterward he said to the priest: 'The road is from here.'

"The priest said to the boy: 'Thank you very much. When you want to go to Heaven, I will walk with you.'

"The boy said: 'You! You don't know the Jaffa Road!'"

The time for a chosen priesthood or a chosen people is over, and it is the duty of all of us alike here to learn the Road from Jerusalem to Jaffa—the safest way to Heaven.

CHAPTER IX

WHAT IS ZIONISM?

WHAT, then, is Zionism? Henry Morgenthau, the American Ambassador to Turkey, gave a very emphatic answer to that question when in 1922 he summed it up as "the most stupendous failure in Jewish history."

"I assert," said he, "that it is wrong in principle and impossible of realization, that it is unsound in its economics, fantastical in its politics, and sterile in its spiritual ideals. Where it is not pathetically visionary it is a cruel playing with the hopes of a people blindly seeking their way out of age-long miseries."

From a Jew this statement, or over-statement, has profound significance. And yet, though most Englishmen in Palestine who are not Jews have in the main come to the same conclusion, there are points about Zionism that Mr. Morgenthau misses. He misses something that is spiritual in it, and he fails to gauge more particularly a certain power the movement has of stimulating those who are not Jews.

In 1919 we officials were trying to clear our minds on the whole question, and I set here my notes of how we in Palestine sought, perhaps inconclusively, to answer it.

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Jerusalem, December, 1919.

Mercutio quoted the other day a cynicism, purporting to be Arthur Balfour's when the policy of the British Government in regard to the Jewish National Home was under criticism.

"Well, even if it fails, it will have been a profoundly interesting experiment!" Then he added with asperity:

"As if the idealism of thousands and the fate of the Middle East could be gambled for a political chance! Rather characteristic of Arthur Balfour! They say that when he goes to Heaven he will explain himself and his 'Declaration' in a different manner to each person of the Trinity."

"The greatness of the Jewish Movement out here as elsewhere," said I, "will be as it has always been, a spiritual greatness. It will not live by its political chicanery, its opportunism, its exclusiveness."

And here is another cynicism by one not in such high place:

Honour thy father and thy mother. Industrialism has killed that commandment. Thou shalt not steal. Consider this injunction . . . and ask yourself whether industrialism does not split its sides with laughing at it. If we are to galvanize that old collection of laws into some semblance of life, every one of them must be rewritten and brought up to date. They are inappropriate for modern life; their interest is purely historical. We want new values. We are no longer nomads. Industrialism has killed the pastoral and the agricultural points of view. And how the modern Jews smile at our infatuation for those queer doctrines and legends which they themselves have long ago outgrown.*

Jerusalem, December, 1919.

Yes, one sees them smiling in the streets here, these young Zionists, a most ill-mannered smile. Their be-

*Norman Douglas: "South Wind."

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haviour shocks the Moslem aristocrat and the English gentleman, such young cubs! And they don't seem to belong to any category one knows. Russian? Balkan? American? A bit of each, a touch of the Bowery, dreadful English, and, when they speak it, worse German, but ever and again, when one strikes it, some redeeming spiritual vision.

There is about this Zionism the arrogant assumption that Islam does not count, or does not exist, has not to be reckoned with. Your Zionist does not realize that Islam has accomplished what Judaism failed to do: to establish in the peoples of western Asia the idea of the unity of God. What was denied to Ezra, Mohammed achieved. "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me," is the Jews' Commandment; "*La Ilaha ill 'Allab*" ("There is no God but God") is the Moslems'. But the latter is the nobler and the profounder, because it throws over the tribal for the universal God. In that antithesis lies the weakness of Zionism. It insists on remaining tribal.

"Yes, but we must retain our individuality," my Zionist friends say to me. Very well, then, surrender your spiritual leadership. The two are incompatible. To lead you must sink yourself.

And the arrogance of this people! It always has been so in history. "There," writes H. Sacher of the modern Jew in Palestine, "Judaism and the Jew will be presented in the most perfect form by the one purely Jewish society. Those Jews who accept its example and its authority in the region of ideas will accept it voluntarily and without constraint. This hegemony of Palestine will be strictly spiritual and intellectual." Will it?

I thought of this bit of bravado as I was trying to get

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the Meascheorim Market cleaned up the other day, and had to give a building permit to the adjoining Synagogue. Apparently it needed a pagan to appreciate the squalor, the foulness, the meanness, the lying, the sneaking furtiveness of this purely Jewish Society, its phthisis, its ophthalmia, its hereditary disease. I think these Jews of the Holy City are even worse than their brethren of White-chapel of whom I saw so much in my Toynbee Hall days. And out of them this exuberant Bombastes proposes to construct "the most perfect form."

And then there is the other type of Jew. One sees him in the streets here occasionally, the type George Eliot calls a fellow, "all smiles and jewellery—a Crystal Palace Assyrian with a hat on." He picks up the contracts, rolls together the finance, arranges for the pools, the syndicates, the great administrative bribes, for the Administration is poverty stricken and can every now and then be bought in a grand way, by a drainage scheme, or a park subsidy, or a subscription to the Pro-Jerusalem Society.

"When the aim of Zionism is accomplished," says Doctor Weizman, "Palestine will be the home of the Jewish people, not because it will contain all the Jews in the world, but because it will be the only place in the world where the Jews are masters of their own destiny, and a national centre to which all Jews will look as the home and the source of all that is most essentially Jewish."

If this means anything it means the free disposition of the whole country by the Jews, no more English or Christian rule, no more Islam. But how about the Dome of the Rock?

"It would be a nemesis," said Mercutio to me one day,

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“if the outcome of the war should be the reestablishment of the theocratic state.”

Of that state Doctor Weizman, the accomplished chemist, would be the high priest, the central figure.

I like him. He is a great man. He plays on men delicately as on stringed instruments. He compels admiration. Also, being a wise man, he takes what he can get; and he praises us now for doing what a year ago his powerful organization scolded the Administration for suggesting. Half a loaf is better than no bread.

“In this I take off my hat to him,” says Mercutio, “that he has succeeded in getting the whole power of the British Empire behind him.”

I do likewise. There is no doubt of his genius. It is in his charm of manner. He carries you along in his conversation, asks you questions as he moves you gently, thinking aloud, “That is so, is it not?” You feel yourself won in spite of yourself. We dined with him one night at Jacob Funkelstein’s, hoping to talk Zionism, and instead we had an almost poetic exfoliation of the Einstein theory.

“I don’t profess to make clear,” said he, “what can only be expressed in terms of mathematics.” But the whole matter was so poetically rendered over the wine that for the moment one felt one understood.

Ah, and the charming way they bay to one another, these political Jews. Hear Doctor Gaster’s baritone to Doctor Weizman’s alto:

“The religious national life: This alone gave the Jew power to withstand all attacks and to survive all persecutions. He was the undying optimist. He believed in

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the strength of the promise of a final deliverance." Why he any more than the Greek? Socrates, for instance? Or Saint Paul?

"Whoever joins the ranks of the Jews has the right to partake in all that is Jewish. The moment a Jew has forsworn his faith he has lost everything there is that is Jewish. A Christian can change his faith and yet remain a member of the nation. A Protestant Englishman can become a Roman Catholic and still remain an Englishman; and so with every other nation. Not so with the Jews." But I wonder sometimes what is the faith of these modern Jews, and I think of Norman Douglas and his "South Wind," and those queer old doctrines and our infatuation.

"That," said one of the Jewish leaders to me one day, "is our synagogue where we serve God. If it helps I do not know. *'Enfin c'est une convention'.*"

"If nationalism means hostility, the persecution of other nations, narrow-mindedness and racial fanaticism," says Mr. Sokolow's new Jew—he bays tenor rather tunefully—"I reject it. It is opposed to all my conventions, impulses, longings, and convictions as a Jew. But if nationalism means being at one with one's own people, then I am a Jewish nationalist. I am at one with my people! We Jews have to commence life again, to leave the artificial world of abstractions. The return to agriculture will be the redemption of our race." In that surely is truth and in that hope, the hope of agriculture, is the touchstone.

"Jewish tradition," sings Leon Simon, the resounding bass, "has always sanctified that which is fully and inalienably Jewish, and so Hebrew has been for centuries the

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holy language, just as Jerusalem has been the holy city and the Bible the holy writings."

Yes, but there is another holy language—Arabic; and there have been other holy writings—Greek drama and philosophy—in which God revealed himself. God has more catholicism than the Zionist. And if it was all so true, why did not the Jew make good in history?

It is the opinion of competent judges that the modern fellaheen or Arabic-speaking peasants of Palestine are descendants of the pagan tribes which dwelt there, before the Israelite invasion, and have clung to the soil ever since, being submerged but never destroyed by each successive wave of conquest which has swept over the land.*

When I put that statement of Frazer's up to Norman Bentwich one day as we were out riding together, he met it with a complete unbelief. The fact, if indeed it were a fact, did not touch him, he was dreaming of other things. His smile of childlike confidence in effect said: "I don't believe it." Facts have no value in the light of utter faith; they do not exist. Yet that fact is another answer to Zionism, perhaps the strongest of all. The Jews did not make good.

For all that I am happy to work whole-heartedly with Norman Bentwich in the framing of his new laws, or interpretation of old ones, for a good law is of universal application. Says he:

Jerusalem, which according to an old Hebrew derivation means the "threshold of peace," seems, as the centre of three great religions, more fitted than any other city to be the hearth of international understanding and good will. It has older and more solid claims than The Hague

*Frazer: "Folk Lore in the Old Testament," Vol. 1, p. 17.

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to become the meeting place for the representatives of the peoples who shall fashion the law of justice between nations.*

And Akhenaton? In the earliest record of the name of Jerusalem, its first appearance on one of the letter tablets of the Egyptian Pharaoh, are words implying he had left his name on the city forever. Is the first idea Egyptian perhaps and not Syrian, after all? Norman Bentwich is of that rare feather, the idealist lawyer. He sees it all as in a dream. Neither Frazer, nor the Dome of the Rock, nor Akhenaton mean anything to him. Yet Akhenaton is another answer to Zionism.

"The divine principle of our race is action, choice, resolved memory. Let us contradict the blasphemy and help to win our own better future, and the better future of the world—not renounce our higher gift and say, let us be as if we were not among the populations; but choose our full heritage, claim the brotherhood of our nation, and carry into it a new brotherhood with the nations of the Gentiles. The vision is there; it will be fulfilled." *Help to win our own better future.* In this pragmatism George Eliot shows how the religious idea once again claimed as essentially Jewish can serve the Gentile, too.

"All I want is to affirm myself," says Nahum Sokalow. "To my mind real charity is the act of an honest man who lives on the lines of his own personality, his inner individual logic. Such a man gives what he has and what he is. He does not flourish by borrowing down from the thistle and perfume from the lily. He is not a parasite or a

*"The Future of Palestine."

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mirror. He does not draw strength from other brains or grace from their souls. Like anything in nature, metal or plant or sentient being, he contributes to the feast of creatures and of things, just the natural opulence of a generous selfishness, conforming to the rhythm of divine nature, in keeping with its gesture. The highest charity is to live, to consent to be just a spot of colour in the meadow, to make it one's function to fit properly into the general colour scheme. But to live does not mean merely to exist. One must be conscious of one's life, one's colour, one's play; and after acquiring this threefold consciousness one must maintain one's self-expression and the activity of one's intelligence." Yet all this is possible to any of us even without the metaphors and the verbiage.

And here is the obverse of the medal. Listen again to the mocker, the man with his tongue in his cheek:

Have you noticed what a disruptive and irreverential brood they are, these modern Hebrews? They move up and down society like some provocative fluid, insensible to our ideals; they take a diabolical pleasure in shattering our old-established conceptions of right and wrong. I confess I like them for that; they need shattering, some of these conceptions. And they have their weakness, too, their Achilles heel; music, for instance, or chess. And with all this materialism they have a mysterious feminine leaven of enthusiasm and unworldliness.*

To find out what Zionism means, and means to different men and races, takes time, for it is as illusive as a dream, freshly remembered, as vivid and as remote. But there is a story told that reveals what we so often forget, the link between the Zionist and the Protestant—the intimacy of that link and its irony. Someone was arguing with a lady of Protestant prepossessions on religious matters:

*Norman Douglas, "South Wind."

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"But surely, Madam, you must remember that Our Lord also was a Jew . . .!"

In a flash came her retort: "Ah, but only on the mother's side."

"Hebraism and Protestantism," says Mercutio to me, "are implicit: this old dispensation is so prehensile it will not let us go. Did you ever hear that other story of the Jew—one of our fellow citizens here in Jerusalem who had trouble with his son? You see, intermarriage or too close a communion with Christendom shocks their egoism."

"Let's have the story."

"Old and unhappy, he knocked at the gate of Heaven, moaning loudly and calling for the Lord. He was a French Jew, you know."

"*Mais mon vieux, qu'avez vous donc?*"

"He was disconsolate: '*Hélas Seigneur! Mon fils s'est fait Chrétien.*'"

"The voice of the Comforter boomed from behind the gate: '*Vous avez toutes mes sympathies—le mien aussi.*'"

It was Julian the Apostate who encouraged the Jews thereby better to rend the Christians. But he knew how they had learned their intolerance in Zion. For me one great hope remains though it be a negation. Thank God the war has once and for all killed the chosen-nation idea. There cannot be a dozen chosen nations. Either all nations are chosen or none. And yet I agree with George Eliot's old rabbi when he insisted "that the strength and wealth of mankind depended on the balance of separateness and communications." He was bitterly against his people losing themselves among the Gentiles. "It's no better," said he, "than the many sorts of grain going back

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from their variety into sameness." He mingled all sorts of learning, and in that he was like "our Arabic writers of the golden time." And they probably would have said "There is Zionism and Zionism." Perhaps of *political* Zionism they might even have approved the summing up of a brilliant French Jewess: "*Le sionisme, enfin, c'est une blague.*"

CHAPTER X

ABBAS THE BAHAI

Akka, March, 1920.

ON THE ramparts, among the old masonry to a background of crumbling golden stone, there was an impressive little figure, white bearded, with waving white hair. He wore a white *'emma* and an *'abaya* of tender brown over his gray *galabia*. It was Abbas the Bahai. Later on, thanks to the courtesy of one of our Syrian schoolmasters, we were invited into the house. Word came that he would be very glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Ashbee, and we spent a wonderful hour with him. He was quite willing to talk and our interpreter was clear and true in his English. Old Abbas curled himself up in the corner of his divan, looked at us with his wonderful illuminating eyes that radiate love, and set forth the cardinal points of Bahaism.

I have rarely come across a man who so completely sums up the saint, or let us say saint and philosopher combined, for the presence and image of the man are of the Middle Ages, their spirit of personal holiness, while what he says has the lucidity of the Greek, is disruptive of all religions and mediæval systems, is philosophic, modern, and synthetic.

"First," said he, "we must get rid of all glosses, Talmuds, codes of divinity, and clerical law. Get back to

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the revealed word of God where we can. Christ had the revealed word, so had Mohammed, so had others before them, but—and here's the point—those revelations were for their own day and environment. You cannot always take the literal interpretation of first-century Syria or eighth-century Arabia and say that in its application it is true now."

He gave the impression of being very modest about his own teaching, adding that the East was in a bad way, needed light, and had to be told these things. That was the reason for Bahau'llah and the Bab.

"Then," said he, "all the nations must come together, there must be a league of nations for the government of the world."

He sketched out a sort of council appointed by the presidents, the kings, and the democracies.

"And the existing League?" we asked.

He smiled and shook his head. "That is only the merest beginning. It is not representative of all. It palliates the disease, the disease of discord. It is no remedy."

But Bahaism went much further, and here it cuts itself free from the orientalism of Pauline Christianity and from Mohammed. There must be equality of the sexes. "Humanity," said old Abbas as he took a pinch of snuff from a little enamelled box, "is as a creature with two wings—man and woman—you must not cripple either, or you impede flight. Humanity needs both for progress."

"And the common tongue that is to make it possible for man to speak with man?"

"It will come," said he.

Janet suggested that the tongue might be English. He

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accepted the suggestion with a look of warm-hearted love that seemed to imply: "We all of us would like to have our own, but God has found a tongue before."

Who knows but it may be English yet? Still the last language in which God revealed himself was not Aramaic, nor Greek, nor Hebrew, nor Egyptian, but Arabic. And don't you make any mistake about it! But the languages of God are many.

He tells somewhere in his teaching: Release comes by making of the will a door through which the confirmations of the spirit move.

And those confirmations of the spirit? They are the powers and gifts with which some are born, and which men sometimes call genius, but for which others have to strive with infinite pains. They come to that man or woman who accepts his or her life with "radiant acquiescence."

A good phrase, "radiant acquiescence." Let's remember it!

As we motored back across the sands, we saw Lord Milner's destroyer lying outside the harbour. "War," old Abbas had said, "is not of God because it does not unify."

But may it not at times serve as a besom to sweep up ere we begin afresh? That is what it did in South Africa, after which came the peace of Vereeniging and Smuts and Botha became our friends.

The wise men of all time, be it Ptahotep on his tomb, Diogenes from his tub, Plato when he parted from Dion, or Christ with the tribute to Cæsar, have always been the passive protest against power. When they offered

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Abbas his title, with whatever bit of ribbon or strip of paper it was accompanied, he said:

"As it comes from the British Government I accept it, as a teacher of God's word it will make no difference to me."

It is pleasant to think that English administrators go to this wise old man for help and counsel. We dined in the evening with Colonel Stanton, the Military Governor of Haifa, Lord Milner, and Herbert Samuel. The two last were rather envious of our afternoon with Abbas, and Colonel Stanton told us how he often went to get his advice. "Of course," he added in the characteristic manner of the British Administrator, "I have to listen for half an hour or so first to the beauty of the flowers and the wings of the mind; after that we get to business."

I thought of the destroyer lying outside Akka, and waiting to take Lord Milner back to England. Somehow I rather wished he could have put his journey off another day and come with us if we went again to Akka. He was a little melancholy and pessimistic, but he always takes a big sweep.

He came to see us later in Jerusalem, and I had a good time with him last December in Cairo, when he called me to give evidence before his Commission. His is a wonderful manner of getting at the point. He has a way of folding himself up behind his eyes when he is asking you a question or thinking about what you say. Perhaps on those occasions he, too, goes for light to the idea behind.

Yes, say his friends, but Lord Milner is getting old, Abbas is older, and his sweep is bigger; for his is—shall we say?—a less bounded, because more oriental, faith in the goodness of God and the destiny of man.

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But it is noteworthy, is it not, that while the political vision is from the Englishman, the spiritual vision is not from the Christian, nor from the Jew, but from the Moslem.

"You must learn," says old Abbas, "to distinguish the sun of truth from whichever point of the horizon it is shining! People think religion is confined in an edifice, to be worshipped at an altar. In reality, it is an attitude toward divinity which is reflected through life."

CHAPTER XI

THE LITTLE CITY ON A ROCK, AND THE SEARCH FOR THE NEW FORMULA

MY ENDEAVOUR, during the time I held office in Palestine, was to determine for my own guidance the principles that should underlie any civic policy. In this I had great help from my friend George Simonides, the Greek. What we were searching for was some formula for the new city life. I have already shown, in the extracts I gave from my unpublished report to the Administration of 1918, that for Palestine three things were needed: "an enhanced dignity to agriculture, an historic conscience, and a new civic idealism." For George Simonides the last comes first, it is vital, not only to Palestine but to civilization. He once summed it all up for me in the Greek epigram: "Better a little city on a rock, well ordered, than frenzied Nineveh."

Simonides is a citizen of the world. I met him first in Alexandria, and I have known him in his home in Athens. Though a Greek nationalist, he wears his nationalism loosely, and what I enjoy in him is his aloofness from that acuter form of patriotism so disturbing to the equilibrium of the modern man, and that sometimes acts as a kind of poison or spiritual alcoholism.

My Greek friend is quite indifferent to the ideals of the Jew, and though he has interests in Palestine, or as he still

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persists in calling it Syria, I never succeeded in getting him and Jacob Funkelstein together. He is equally cold, unfairly so I think, to the point of view of Shaikh Isma'il. But while he dismisses Zionism as negligible, he regards Islam as of the Middle Ages, and thus dark and reactionary, they are both "to the Greek, foolishness."

With all that, I feel when I am with him, or with such of his friends as it has been my privilege to meet, that Palestine without the Greek is as unthinkable as Palestine without the Moslem.

"For your purpose as Civic Adviser," he says, "and for the cities you wish to see come alive in Palestine, you have to think not in terms of English and American nationality. You have to think of Syrian cities as they are, and to ask what they once were."

History is inexorable. The answer is Moslem towns, and a Græco-Roman tradition.

"Yes," he said, "two traditions, the Arab tradition of the Islamic Middle Ages and the Greek tradition—mine."

"What is a Greek?" I asked.

There was nobility in his reply, "Any one can be a Greek who wishes to be."

It was the reply that Rome once gave, and that England and America are now giving to a similar question. Accept the idea we stand for; so it shall be well with you.

"And if you want it in its modern connotation, the movement for Greek liberation means political enfranchisement from the Turk and spiritual enfranchisement from Byzantium."

When I was at work on my civic survey in Palestine in

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1918 he helped me greatly, and I suggested to the General that Simonides might be asked to work for the O. E. T. Administration; his mind, his training, his knowledge were to be had for the price of military rations. But the General declined the proposal, adding drily: "You had better continue to use his help as heretofore."

For the General, civic reconstruction from an English gentleman was well enough, but a Greek was a Greek.

Though I have always regretted the General's decision I also acted on his advice, and so have come to feel that for all the intellectual arrogance of his German education, George Simonides stands for a oneness of culture in modern civilization, for a revival of what existed in Athens and Alexandria when Rome ruled. Moreover, he has that sense of the value of accuracy and precision in knowledge and speech, το ἀκριβές—of the ancient Greek, so helpful to us woolly Englishmen.

"You Northerners, and we of the Mediterranean, yes, and I include the Arab, shall never understand each other, for we understand Aristotle, and you don't."

I begged him to explain.

"To us the statements of Aristotle are clear statements, but you confuse and smudge them away. You create educational systems, such as your 'public schools,' legal fictions, political formulas, which we can never understand. When Aristotle talks of monarchy he is perfectly clear and we know he means 'power exercised by one,' but you invent 'constitutional monarchy' and we being Aristotelians grow confused. And so it is all through. We admire your marvellous English instinct, but we cannot understand the words in which you clothe it. What are those creations of yours?—an Empire that is no Em-

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pire—your new formula I believe is a 'Commonwealth'—a Democracy that likes to be represented by Aristocrats, a king who does not govern, a noblesse that only has influence, and now," he chuckled as he said it, "a 'Balfour declaration!' Can you explain it?"

But he brushed the politics contemptuously aside. "All through your English life runs this inconsistency, so un-Greek, so illogical, and yet of all peoples we respect you the most because in your barbarian manner you come nearest to the serenity of the ancient Greek. I have watched and admired those young Englishmen during the war—beautiful people, but of course they seldom if ever think. No, and they never read a book."

And books in the house of Simonides mean a great deal. Has the case been stated? Good. By whom and where? Very well. Has it been indexed? Then we know where we are and can think afresh. Let us pass to the next idea and examine it.

Simonides himself is an aristocrat, and his wife as fine a type of Greek, ancient Hellenic beauty and serenity, as it would be possible to find. The possession of beauty does in itself justify your measuring it in others—determining their nearness to or distance from the great classic type. He has lately added to the joys of his library a delightful boy, crowing and laughing through the house, thus disposing for good of that wickedly amusing satire of E. M. Forster's written four years ago of the intellectual society of Alexandria. People are meeting on the staircase that leads from Heaven to Hell. If I remember aright Simonides and his wife, one passing up, the other passing down, we are not told which, but each carrying an armful of books, hurriedly ask each other which is the right way.

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She has now solved the problem. I am not so certain of him.

But his sense of humour and his sense of beauty will solve it. Still there is no denying he has an irritating way of saying "naturally" in a manner conclusive, when either you offer him your subtlest thought or ask him if he will take butter. Translated into German it is merely *natürlich*, spoken in English it sounds like "that must be obvious to any d——d fool." But his faith of late has been shaken, for said he:

"The Germans should have won the war. By all the books they should have won it. As you know, I was convinced they would win it, and yet they lost it. They had no business to lose it. There has been something unsound in Germany to have made this so."

"We shall have to study England now—those 'beautiful, impossible young men'?"

His wife suggested slyly he might find it in some book.

"The English don't write books—except a few men like Gilbert Murray. . . ."

"And the 'beautiful, impossible young men' are brought up on Kipling."

"I wonder," he said sardonically, "whether the world will be the better for the substitution of one imperialism for another—the English for the German. Did you ever realize where your British imperialism, now permeating Palestine, first originated?"

"The Roman Empire, of course!"

"Not a bit of it. It is 'the Great King,' it is Persia. The Romans got it from Persia. Even Athens, though she beat him, had a profound respect for 'the Great King.' I observe that even in England now the rites of

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‘the Great King,’ his worship and quasi-religious cult, are sedulously fostered by the press, for King George and the young prince.”

I sought to turn the tables on him.

“What we are trying to shape is not new boundaries on a map, even though based on history, but such new ordering of life as shall make civilization possible, and”

“Naturally!”—in the German sense of *natürlich*.

“Therefore I don’t understand this modern Hellenic imperialism of yours. What are the limits of your Greek nationalist expansion?”

He laughed. “The Hydaspes!”

This satire was barbed at his political colleagues, with whose wild chauvinism he is out of conceit. Some of them were present.

“It is the same with the Serb, the Roumanian, and his Latin empire of Byzantium, with Italy and Mediterranean Rome, the Arab his Abbasides and Omayyades, the Jew with his Zionist State in Palestine, the Egyptian with his Tothmothes and a permanent imperialism over Syria and the Sudan. None of these dreams have any value but for such live civilization as they connote.”

“Yes, all the pretensions are incompatible. Do you see any way out?” I asked.

“None except power.”

“But it must be possible to rationalize that power.”

“Not through your League of Nations.”

“Perhaps not—not yet—but it will surely come.”

He was in a doubting mood.

“We must find some new formula.”

I suggested: “One naval supremacy in trust for the peace of the world, and the principle of self-determination.”

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He neither accepted nor rejected.

"Is it not an axiom of English political philosophy—and I submit we learn this from the naval history of England and Athens—that sea power connotes the freedom of the seas and free trade?"

He made a wry mouth. "No people out for self-determination wants free trade."

"Well, not as understood by Manchester."

"Naturally!" This time with the full English flavour, for all the scholar and the Greek in him revolts at modern industrialism and its contempt for beauty.

And yet the formula is not in power. "The sense of Power," says Glover in his charming study "From Pericles to Philip"—"is a great thing for a nation or for a man. But it seems that something else is needed as well—some other principle on which life can rest. That men of Athens realized this also and set themselves to find some new foundation for society, to study human life till they should find in it what does in fact keep it from utter dissolution threatened by the unchartered freedom of the new schools; and that they did find a truth in human life and human society deeper and stronger than the weapons of sophistry, and man's baser instincts could uproot or destroy—is part of the glory of this wonderful century—the age of Pericles."

Set themselves to study, perhaps. But did they find it out? So we. Come, then, let us set to and try again.

"Oh, if men would but see," said Lowes Dickinson to me once, long ago in years before the war, "that all this vain rivalry between nation states, with its petty patriot-

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isms, is over and done with. Isn't it just like the blindness of the little city states of Greece? They went on quarrelling among themselves and could not see that the great thing coming was Rome. So with us it is not the British Empire, nor France, nor Germany, nor America, but Western Civilization."

And then came the war. Has it brought us nearer? Even in this reaction through which we are now living it is impossible not to regard the Battle of the Marne as decisive for the history of the world. As decisive as Chæronea which destroyed the city state, or Cynoscephalæ which gave the world's hegemony to Rome in place of Macedon.

"I look for some return to the city state," said I to Simonides, "because through the city is civilization best possible—and I think it not unlikely to come by way of America."

"Latin America perhaps, not the North. I don't believe in this hard, cutting, glittering America of yours."

"They are doing over there what has got to be done before any new civilization is attainable," I insisted, "standardizing mechanism, and for all the blundering and the ugliness they have the civic enthusiasm that only the Greeks had before them. Isn't that the greatest of all assets?"

"But I see no sign as yet that they are getting through, still less passing out of the industrial period. The signs are all the other way. The world is growing more industrialized, more mechanized, and America is the enemy."

I allowed that it was like some disease which has got to pass through mankind before we can come out clean. And

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now it has caught the East. Before the West can be purified the East also must suffer. But America, while still in the toils of mechanism, is beginning to realize again the city and the city life.

"Does not Aristotle say that the city is the highest of all forms of association, and embraces all the rest?"

"Oh, yes," Simonides replied, "it is easily said, but it is not so easy to get men to give up everything, not only in the hour of danger, but, what is much harder, in the hum-drum of every-day life."

"And yet they did it for the city state once, and now . . . see those thousands of young men's graves in Flanders, Poland, France, and Palestine."

"It is not for the nation state they do it now," said he, "but for an idea." And then he fetched down from among his books what he called a "study" of "Flemish War Psychology," where he had pencilled a passage by Henri Davignon—"I am making a collection of these studies"—and read:

England. . . . Oh, yes, I expected that song of praise. Well, I am not going to sing it with you. I have not that feeling of blind and selfish worship for my country. I love my native town and surroundings as the natural frame of my life and thoughts. I would defend it with my blood if it were threatened. But I have not the pride of your English people.

"That is the sort of spirit we need to recreate and set into the new international framework," said he, "the spirit that the citizen of the ancient world had for the city of his birth."

It is all very well for Lowes Dickinson, with his vision of the life ahead, the far view of the philosopher, to mis-

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prize the petty patriotisms, but as long as men will lay down their lives for these things, the new formula is still to find. Lionel Curtis, another of the Englishmen who holds a clue to modern life and is in some ways more constructive than Dickinson, said to me once during the war, when we were discussing a *Round Table* number:

“Ah, yes, Dickinson, he is one of the people who does not believe in patriotism.”

In a sense it was true, and in a sense patriotism is the religion of the modern man. If the new philosophy, or whatever it is that comes to us with the idea of evolution, and the new scholarship, our greater knowledge of the civilizations that have gone before, be the content, the form has yet to be found.

I happened to have in my pocket a letter from Laurence Housman, it was in April, 1921, and I read him an extract from it. . . .

The country does not care enough morally about the proud follies of its rulers in Ireland or abroad to make these a national issue. Lloyd George remains extraordinarily representative of the plausible self-deceptiveness of the Nation; and that being so I suppose he is our right prime minister until poetic justice by a fluke hangs him to a lamp post. Then we shall water his corpse with indignant tears and bury him in Westminster Abbey—and the world will be (accidentally, though not of set purpose) a better place; for really the burying of that bad man, painted to look like good, will give us a microscopic push on, even though Winston Churchill stands up and crows in his shoes. Yes, we have deserved both of them, so we ought not to complain.

And then, brushing aside the politics of the moment, another extract ran:

I have been reading nothing up to date—except Wells's undelivered lectures advocating a “United States of Europe” in preference to a

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League of Nations. He is interesting and stimulating as ever: and I'm glad to find someone else asserting what I have been hammering at ever since the war—that "patriotism," on the old nationalistic lines, has become a hurt and a danger to civilization. He instances the intense continental patriotism of America as a proof that the thing can be enlarged and made more embracing without losing any of its go. But in order to make anything on those lines possible in Europe we have got to get rid of the self-righteousness and hypocrisy with which the origins of the war are distorted in order to save the faces of the allied statesmen. That particular perversion of history has, we are told, become a *chose jugée*; and as long as it is so regarded, remedies for the present chaos will be hard to come by.

"Yes," said Simonides, picking up the thread of our thought, "it is not nationality that makes men give their lives, but the idea of nationality." Then, as if searching for something in the subconscious self of the Greek who had passed through 5000 years of history, he added: "It would be better if we were a little more humble in our search."

And this was significant from a man who in my heart I had been accusing of intellectual arrogance.

One day I gave him Gilbert Murray's "Four Stages of Greek Religion." It seemed to me to throw light upon our search, the formula we needed, and also upon the problem of our new state in Palestine.

Murray says:

The religion of the fifth century was a devotion to the city itself. It is expressed often in Æschylus and Sophocles, again and again with more discord and criticism in Euripides and Plato; for the indignant blasphemies of the Gorgias and the Troades bear the same message as the ideal patriotism of the Republic. It is expressed best perhaps and without the mention of the name of a single god, in the great funeral

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speech of Pericles. It is higher than most modern patriotism, because it is set upon higher ideals. It is more fervid because the men practising it lived habitually, nearer to the danger point, and, when they spoke of dying for the city, spoke of a thing they had faced last week and might face again to-morrow. It was more religious because of the unconscious mysticism in which it is clothed even by such hard heads as Pericles and Thucydides, the mysticism of men in the presence of some fact for which they have no words great enough. Yet for all its intensity it was condemned by its mere narrowness. By the fourth century the average Athenian must have recognized what philosophers had recognized long before, that a religion, to be true, must be universal and not the privilege of a particular people. As soon as the Stoics had proclaimed the world to be "one great city of gods and men," the only gods with which Greece could satisfactorily people that city were the idealized band of the old Olympians.

For the new civilization our formula is still to be found. If it shall imply naval supremacy without empire, and self-determination that shall make possible once again the city state, there must also be that third something at which many of us have worked, vainly so far: control of mechanism in the interest of the finer life—the arts. For the great ships, roads, rails, fleets, and armies we need standardization and the factory; for the finer life within the city we do not. But ancient Greece and the Great War have shown us that much of modern comfort and modern luxury are not necessary to civilization. But we cannot do without the finer life.

Let us go on trying.

"This at least is sure," said Simonides, "we need some ethical force in the world that shall take the place of . . . " he hesitated for the word "*Christianismus*" and I fancy he meant by it official Christianity. "Look at the miserable figure it cut during the war."

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My thoughts went back to the English soldiers chanting their battle psalm on the hilltop in Jerusalem in 1918. And then I thought of the fighting gods of that earlier world—who came from the north and destroyed the Ægean civilization, and how little after all we have moved ethically, whatever we may have done materially. And having made their world, these Olympians, they set up their city state and they failed. Then came “Christianismus” and, failing likewise, left us the rival nation states with their respective gods. Then came the war, leaving for some of us a sense of deeper failure. Simonides put it in his own way.

“It has destroyed liberalism—here, in England, and elsewhere in the world.”

“You fear no religious reaction?”

“Not in the least.”

For to him “Christianismus” is as dead as the paganism of the Emperor Julian. And if it be true that “Christianismus” created the nation states out of the ruins of the ancient world, it is equally true that the Great War means a turning point in the life of the nation state, and that the League of Nations exists, even if it be only as yet a figure of speech.

But for Simonides and his friends in Greece, Alexandria, and Palestine, less touched by our northern romanticism, there is less sense of failure, nor is there any great belief in an ideal world outside the actual. What we search for can and shall be found by human will. If we cannot find it by one road we must seek it by another. The wider the sweep the greater the hope and a new chapter has opened out in the life of man.

And then he read that beautiful passage from Murray

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where he speaks of the sense of failure in the age between Plato and St. Paul, and describes it as

. . . the consciousness of manifold failure, and consequently touched both with morbidness and with that spiritual exaltation which is so often the companion of morbidness. It had behind it the failure of the Olympian theology, the failure of the free city-state, now crushed by semi-barbarous military monarchies; it lived through the gradual realization of two other failures—the failure of human government, even when backed by the power of Rome or the wealth of Egypt, to achieve a good life for man; and lastly the failure of the great propaganda of Hellenism, in which the long-drawn effort of Greece to educate a corrupt and barbarous world seemed only to lead to the corruption or barbarization of the very ideals which it sought to spread. This sense of failure, this progressive loss of hope in the world, in sober calculation, and in organized human effort, threw the later Greek back upon his own soul, upon emotion, upon the pursuit of personal holiness, upon mysteries and revelations, upon the comparative neglect of this transitory and imperfect life for the sake of some dream-world far off which shall subsist without sin or corruption the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

“I would not admit,” said Simonides, “that the Great War has brought to the nation state a similar sense of failure, but the hope in men’s hearts for the last hundred years has been liberalism. It was liberalism that gave all these communities—the young nascent states of Europe—their spring; and liberalism, the war has destroyed. Men thought at one time it would make good the failure of ‘Christianismus.’ Something else is needed. We have not found it yet.”

Having failed one way we must try another.

We shall find our formula, and Greece, even as does Palestine, helps us find it. When found it will no doubt be as simple as the game of a child. In the games of children the old faiths and religions of the world are enshrined.

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When I parted from Simonides last at the Piræus on my way back to Palestine I found on board a little Greek boat a priest preparing for his mass on the upper deck. Doubtless he was one of those Byzantines from whom my Greek friends were now emancipated. He had turned the top of the cabin hatch into an altar, laid on it a Burslem potato dish for a holy water stoup and a Cadbury cocoa tin for an incense burner; then, having made the pleasant immemorial smell the gods so love, he put on his embroidered chasuble, removed his flower-pot hat, and went swiftly and genially through his incantations. He was such a nice, roguish, sunburnt, bacchic old ruffian one felt the gods must love him. Mass done, he took a laurel twig for his asperges, and with the aid of the steward holding the potato dish, and followed by all the women and children on board who danced happily behind him, he made a procession round the vessel sprinkling and blessing her. I had no doubt Poseidon gave us credit for it as we rounded Cape Sunium; and it was all such a jolly, delightful game, and had been going on for so many thousands of years that I wanted to join in the dance.

The dance helps. But it is in the hard technical work of governing, town planning, and cleaning up with sympathy and imagination, of doing work, such as we English have been trying so hardly and penuriously to do in Palestine, that we shall find the formula.

"A little city on a rock, well ordered, is better than frenzied Nineveh." And here are we in Palestine, trying to make of the Jew and the Arab a citizen, and, where Athens failed, out of Jerusalem a city. And all this we are seeking to do after a disastrous war, with an industrial equipment we do not yet understand how to use, and a

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shallow liberalism in which we no longer believe. At times I ask, may not all this Palestine venture of ours be a phantasma? It needs all of the faith we have and even more of the brain and the thought.

So thinking, I searched in the Sermon on the Mount, and still could not find it, when it suddenly occurred to me to tack on to the words of the Greek those other words:

“A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.”

PART II
THE CIVILIANS

CHAPTER XII

PRO-JERUSALEM

July, 1921 to July, 1922

THE year that followed July, 1920, was one of great hope and promise to all of us. My own work was largely to help shape into the framework of the new laws what had in my own particular department already been fashioned in the rough. The entries, mostly undated, that follow, I group together, as they deal mainly with the activities of my own special work at the time—the Pro-Jerusalem Society.

This august body, from which nominally I held my appointment, received a charter under the new Palestine Administration. Its work and activities are dealt with in the published records "Jerusalem, 1918–1920." One great thing the Society had done was to show that intelligent coöperation among all the jarring sects was possible in the higher interests of the city. All we needed was sweet reasonableness and a firm hand.

The Pro-Jerusalem Charter was an attempt to create a form suitable for holding and shaping the new city life. It was modelled in the main upon the British National Trust. But it went further. The preamble sets forth that the Society's object is "the perservation of the amenities of the town and district of Jerusalem, the care of such of its antiquities as may be entrusted to it by the Government, the reëstablishment and encouragement of its

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industries, and the advancement and protection of the interests of the city and the inhabitants." In short, a civic ideal.

But three things are needed to make that ideal effective. First, the enlightened coöperation of the State; second, a means whereby, in a city like Jerusalem whose appeal is not alone to its own citizens, funds may be raised from the greater world outside; and third, a solidarity among the citizens themselves, for without their help in the city's upbuilding their labour is but vain that build it. Of these we undoubtedly had the first in the steady support and sympathy of Sir Herbert Samuel, though we were less sure of that of the various departments of state. They often did not see what we were out after, and sometimes, I daresay, thought with justice that the Society trenched on the dignity and importance of their own departments—interfered with the bureaucratic machinery. The second, the independent revenue, I was and still am of opinion, could be built up in the United States and elsewhere. Of the third I am very doubtful. But the doubt came gradually, and perhaps some of the entries that follow will throw light upon its genesis.

Jerusalem, 1920-21.

Amongst my strangest experiences in this fantastic city has been watching its varieties of religious mania. The Lord drives these people with the afflatus to his Holy Hill. The question is how ought they to be dealt with on arrival.

One morning an American turned up to see the Civic Adviser. His gambits were so good that I was completely taken in.

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"I've had a great deal of experience in town-planning," he said, "and I assure you you are going the wrong way to work."

That seemed reasonable.

"What you say is probably true," said I, "but we have to work along the line of least resistance, and must make or improve our alignments as and when people need them. Meantime, the general plan and survey of the city are in progress."

I pointed to some charts and drawings on the walls.

"That's just what I'm complaining of, and where I've been sent to guide you. You're going the wrong way to work."

"Well," said I rather testily, "if there's any particular section of the city you think should be differently handled, I'll give it consideration." And I handed him pencil and paper.

"The fact is, you've got to begin with cubits."

"With what?"

"With cubits. Here," he said, making a black spot, "is Solomon's Temple."

Whenever we get to Solomon's Temple (what a charlatan Solomon was, the Moslem tradition that he was the great conjurer is surely sound!)—whenever we get to Solomon's Temple it's all over.

"I'm sorry," said I, "I have no time for"

"You have no time for God's way You, and you are called Civic Adviser to the Holy City! You . . . and what's to become of me? I've got to live. Your Administration is here to provide for people like me."

And that was true, too, under the "Wa'd Balfour."

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There was an embarrassing pause. He gathered up his "cubits" with an awful solemnity.

"I shall go and see Sir Herbert Samuel in person."

I shrugged my shoulders and he left. Two hours later I had an agitated call on the telephone from the A. D. C. on Mount Scopus.

"A Mr. — is here; says you have told him to see H. E. — seems rather odd in the head!"

Weeks after I saw him tramping the streets, frayed, hollow-cheeked, and half starved.

Another day a request came for a building permit. I refused it as premature. It was followed by a petition couched in persuasive terms but intimating that the Administration was holding up legitimate building enterprise. I went a second time to the site and found that the petitioner, a long, hungry-looking Germanized Jew with wild furtive eyes had been stealing his neighbours' boundary stones. The neighbours, all Moslem, were sitting round, some six of them in the garden. In the usual Moslem way they had started to build without counting the cost, and then left their great stones lying around for Heaven and the British Administration to care for. So this religious Jew (he used to move about the streets reciting texts) had conceived the idea not only of adding a wing to his house but also a foot or two to his land. The Moslem neighbours entered an injunction, but they were very kindly folk, and when I came into the garden tapped their foreheads significantly and said "*Majnun*"—"quite mad!" "*Etfaddal!*" "Pray be seated." There was a great *Kalam*, when the Jew who had it in his mind that his was a prescriptive religious right sprang up at me like

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the Jabberwocky and spread his great and very dirty paws, all the ten fingers extended, over my face. I whipped out my little cane and rapped him soundly upon the knuckles. The Moslem claque on the garden wall shouted with fun at the play, but a fortnight later came another long petition, this time addressed to the Chief Administrator, couched in the language of the Book of Psalms, and passed on through the Governor asking for an investigation as to the reasons why a British official had maltreated an unfortunate Jew, and "stricken him bloody" over the backs of his hands. There is a file on the subject.

But I had a more thrilling experience with another of these unfortunates, an Englishman, I think, though in his ravings he broke into some language that sounded like Hebrew. He came into my office and asked me to explain why a certain piece of land, which the Pro-Jerusalem Society had taken over from the Greek Convent to prevent a garage being built upon it, should not be given him to preach upon. Without going into the merits of the question as to whether, being a very noisy corner, it was a site quite suitable for outdoor preaching, I told him that the Pro-Jerusalem Council had other plans with regard to it, and had taken it over in *bona fide*, but that if he could show any prior contract, made between him and the Convent, we would give it due consideration.

"Contract," he said gently. "Contract, there's no contract; it was a promise made to God."

"I'm very sorry," I said, "but you must give me some evidence of the promise having been made."

Then he suddenly lost his balance, sprang like a rocket into the air, his eyes changed colour with fury, and he

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shouted, rattling the words off as by machine: "It's given to God—it's given to God—it's given to God—it's given to God . . . !" We succeeded in getting him removed, raving and struggling, from the Governorate. But after half an hour he had crept in again through a side door, having dodged the guard. He peeped in angle-wise through my door ready to spring, and the whole thing began again: "It's given to God—it's given to God—it's given to God—it's given to God" And God was in sooth shaking him from limb to limb. Then I bethought me of the method that Jesus of Nazareth had found so effective in this city for exorcising evil spirits, and taking him very gently by the wrist:

"Yes," I said, "you're right, it is given to God, and I dare say God will help, etc., etc. Come along and we'll see what can be done."

The gentle touch did what four gendarmes had been unable to do, and he went with me quite quietly out of the building. An hour later the guard sent up an agitated message to say that our friend was waiting outside in a carriage till I should come out, and that he proposed following me. So I borrowed the Governor's Sunbeam and fled. I have often seen him since driving quietly round the city, and he greets me courteously. But indeed God's ways on His Holy Hill are very strange. I wish I understood them better.

Sometimes the *μῆτις*—the devine fury—takes a more pleasing form. One day a benevolent and fatherly old gentleman, a certain Mr. N——, walked in and laid £200 on the table.

"I am interested," he said, "in engineering projects in the city of Jerusalem, its water supply. There are certain

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springs beneath the Suq Qattanin that could be used to increase the city service. And I hear you want water for your dyeing enterprise.”

“We do,” said I, “but this is rather a question for the Public Works Department . . . General Grant . . .”

Further investigation showed that the springs were there and under the control of a Moslem Waqf, but that there was also a prophecy which said that Jerusalem should return to the chosen peoples when the waters, I believe, of Gihon were made to flow again. The Moslem Waqf would have been quite willing to let us have the water for our dyeing enterprise but would cut off their right hands rather than see a Jewish prophecy fulfilled.

The matter was referred both to the Governor and the High Commissioner. The former held that the money should be taken immediately, as it could always be paid back if the prophecy were not fulfilled. The latter may have had a latent desire in his heart that it should be, anyhow he apparently also held that *τα μεγιστα των θεων γιγνεται ἡμιν δια μανιας*.* The money was paid into the funds of the Society, and has been used to the Lord's greater glory. There is a file, I think several, on the matter.

On another occasion I found myself on the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre adjusting a building dispute, so called—it was really religion—between the Abyssinian and Coptic priests. Ostensibly there was a wall that needed repairing, and each wanted the permit so as to secure the privilege. But it appeared that beyond the wall there was a little room in which the Copt, or it may have been the Abyssinian, had been wont to pray or hiber-

*The Good Things of the Gods come to us through madness.

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nate. The other, of course, wanted to turn him out. But he had the divine spark and in the middle of a long *kalam* he suddenly went for his opponents with a stick. We had to separate them forcibly.

The Turks dealt with these matters more reasonably than we. They gave the building permit to neither party, but they got out an estimate of the cost. Then they did the minimum of repairs, strictly "anti-scrape," and debited each disputant with a very large bill of costs, what the Americans call a "rake off" for the benefit of the Administration. There is an extensive file on the matter.

Jerusalem, 1920-21.

Once the blood feud broke out about the Wailing Wall. It very nearly wrecked the Pro-Jerusalem Council. The Jewish representatives went on strike and refused to play any more.

As is known to most intelligent men the so-called Wailing Wall is a building in the main of the three structural periods. The lower courses are generally accepted as of the time of Herod, the middle courses are Græco-Roman, or at any rate post-Titus, the upper courses are definitely Moslem with Moslem buildings on top and still in use. The latter were undergoing repairs, the customary pointing of the upper courses to keep out the rains—but it was at a moment when the political firmament was charged with electricity.

The Jews were undoubtedly trying to jump a claim. And it must be admitted that the Moslems were provocative. To the devout Moslem mason perched on the eyrie of his scaffolding eighty feet up in the sky the temptation of dropping an occasional gobbet of wet mortar upon the

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furry hat of the idolatrous Israelite beneath as he was "kissing the stones" was a severe one. Each party was chanting *Nabi Daud*: down below it was: "If I forget thee O Jerusalem . . . !"—up above: "Allah shall wound the hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his wickedness."

The Jewish members of the Pro-Jerusalem Council do not kiss the Wailing Wall but they know its value for purposes of propaganda, and they rushed to arms. Here not only was unhappy Israel once more smitten, but a monstrous act of vandalism being committed on a venerable historic monument sacred to Jewry since the days of Jeremiah.

There were innumerable meetings and runnings to and fro. The works were stopped and ordered to go on again. The orders were countermanded and commissions appointed. Files were filled with evidence and petitions were set moving between Government House and Downing Street. The argument was a very pretty one. The whole wall was government property. It always had been. We were no longer a Moslem administration, ergo it was no longer a Moslem wall. There was the Mandate to consider. Ergo, was it not a Zionist wall? The inference was quite clear to both parties.

We experts were called in to give evidence. All turned upon the authenticity of the middle courses upon which the pointing was just beginning. These courses were Græco-Roman. There was no doubt about it. So the following question with its preamble was devised:

"Blessed be the stones of the Holy City." And on this we were all agreed.—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning and I never be able to

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point wall again," etc., etc., etc. . . . but we ask you this Oh Israel: Do you attach equal sanctity to the work of Hadrian and his successors as you do to that of Herod?"

This was a poser. The agitation collapsed. But we quietly begged the Mufti if he *must* do pointing, not to do it on Friday afternoons while the stones were being kissed below. And the Mufti, being a gentleman, agreed.

All this took up a solid week of my time and to so little purpose, for did we not know that on the next occasion the blood feud would break out again? So when it was all over and we had all made friends I went home, had a good laugh, and read Dryden:

A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
In every age a murmuring generation,
To trace them from their infancy of sinning,
And show them factious from their first beginning,
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the chosen flock;
A strong authority which must convince
That saints own no allegiance to their prince;
As 'tis a leading card to make a whore
To prove her mother had turned up before.

Jerusalem.

There has been a dreadful tea with Monsignor Barlasina at the Latin Patriarchate—the Governor, the Deputy Governor, and I—"to come to an amicable agreement" about the points in dispute in the Garden of Gethsemane. There are always points in dispute there. I could write a prose epic on the three battles of Gethsemane during

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the time of my officiate. I tried hard to stand up for the principle that there was to be no building there of any sort. I held the fort for three years, and had my chiefs backed me up I should have won. We carried the campaign successfully into the Vatican and Downing Street, but the Governor had weakly allowed some cardinal to "lay a foundation stone." We had such strong allies, too, in the Greeks who were ready to give their lives rather than let the Latins build a basilica there. Did not one of the Franciscans come flying to the Governorate one day invoking Heaven, and declaring that an archimandrite had given him a "*gran colpo di ombrello*." He probably deserved it. And did not the Deputy Governor go and harangue the mob among the olive trees and quote the Sermon on the Mount in various languages? But it was all to no purpose. Rome won.

That tea was a foregone conclusion as well as an uncomfortable meal. We sat in a row, and his Beatitude ate us up one by one. The Governor thought himself so brilliant and clever, but Monsignor Luigi Barlassina played him like a mouse, and held him softly but firmly, first mouthed to be last swallowed. On twin chairs sat, a sort of black claque, two loathsome little men in barettas who had been smeared and licked over with holy oil and who looked, as the Deputy Governor aptly put it, like cockroaches.

Jerusalem.

By far the best constructive planning here is that of the Jews, because the brains and scholarship behind it are German and Austrian. Whether they will be able to make good remains to be seen. Local traditions of crafts-

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manship and labour are Moslem and Greek. Unless some permanent union is effected between the outside scholarship and the local tradition, no lasting result can be attained. The Jews find it so difficult to see this, and always think they can do everything themselves in their own way, but the local way is often so much better. It has more sanity and stability.

I have the overhauling of Kauffman's drawings. Very good they are, too, and I have incorporated many of them into the new Town Plan. He is a nice fellow, and as I hate having my own wings clipped when I am myself designing, I quite sympathize when it is I who have to use the official shears. But indeed there's no knowing to what altitudes we may not fly over the Lord's Holy Hill. Kauffman brought me one day his plans for the Garden Suburb of Talpioth on the Bethlehem side of Jerusalem. I checked off the roads, alignments, houses to the acre, etc., and found all as it should be, when I suddenly came upon the blocking out of an interesting plan—a hypothetical building on the crest of the hill.

"And this?"

"Das ist unser Parlamentsgebäude."

He and his friends had meant it quite seriously, and were not at all conscious of being "in the air." The humour of the situation, that even before the ratification of the Mandate, the Houses of Parliament for Palestine should be projected by the Zionist Commission in a Jerusalem garden suburb, had never occurred to them.

The matter had of course to be referred to the High Commissioner, who I suppose with his customary discretion advised a modification, for when the drawings came to

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me again, though the building was still marked out on the crest of Talpioth its title had been changed from "Houses of Parliament" to "Gallery of Fine Arts." And possibly in these days the one is almost as effective as the other.

Jerusalem.

The Palestine Land Development Company among its many excellent works has started a building scheme for "Antiochus." That portion of the "Nikephoria" should have been left open, and being low-lying land is not good for building. But we are powerless. So the best must be made of a parlous job. I have seen Kauffman's drawings; they are good.

At Doctor Ruppin's invitation I attended some meetings at the Zionist Commission and explained the policy of the Administration and the Town Plan: languages German, Hebrew, English, Russian, and Arabic. There were Jewish shopkeepers and English and Syrian bankers. It was a curious gathering and Ruppin has his work cut out for him in driving this cumbrous, piebald team. But he looks as if he might do it. He has breadth, serenity, and patience, is a man of large views and a man of taste, which in these matters is a *sine qua non*. If you have no taste you had better go home and put your head in a bag.

What struck me most among the men assembled was the mixture, every now and then, of griping meanness with grandeur of conception. Many of them I had had to do with in the city in one way or another, so they were known to me. Among them sat a decorous old gentleman who had once offered me quite a substantial bribe. Accustomed to picturesque Turkish ways he would not so regard it. He had made a corner in iron and the Pro-Jerusalem

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Society needed iron for its work on the city walls. I had to buy of him. But when the time for payment came the account was so wickedly extortionate that I asked him to make a reduction. He declined. I then, to build a bridge for him, turned him over to the Governor with the suggestion that the account should be paid in full, but that he should hand back 20 per cent. in the form of a donation to the Pro-Jerusalem Society.

"Oh, I see," said he, and drawing out a large bank note he slipped it among my private papers.

He was completely puzzled when I handed him an official receipt, being convinced that the Governor and I were sharing the loot; but perhaps next year when he found his name on the published list his God may have tempered the wind of perplexity to the fleece of resignation.

Jerusalem.

We print our ordinances here in the three official languages, English, Arabic, and Hebrew. The young architects and engineers come up to my office for guidance in the new Town Planning Ordinance—a bewilderingly complex piece of Bentwich craft. The architects and engineers are mainly Jews, and I invariably hand them their copies in Hebrew. They as invariably refuse them, and I enjoy the look of dismay upon their faces when they are thus asked to return to their vomit.

But we are quite good friends, and have devised between us a formula:

"Hebrew, yes: for the study of the Bible and for political propaganda. For the practical purposes of life, No."

We shake hands and they take away their copy in

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English or in Arabic; with the additional reflection of Doctor Johnson:

“Sir: Let us clear our minds of cant!”

In 1921 the High Commissioner asked me to take in hand some of the internal work and refurnishing of Government House. One of the conditions was that it should all be carried out by local craftsmen. I employed some fifty; they were of various nations, tongues, and religions but they were all local, and their employment was in the spirit of the Pro-Jerusalem Society's constructive work. The following two extracts show not only the difficulties under which the work had to be done, but also some of the fine spirit that still underlies craftsmanship in the Orient, its devotion, its sense of leisure, and its direct touch with the agricultural life.

(Extract from a letter.)

September 4, 1921.

Where I think I'm going to be defeated is by the Hebron glass workers. Listen to the story.

Before I went away to England in March I arranged with three of these gnarled, tough old Moslems to revive their industry both at Hebron and in Jerusalem. I asked them in which place they preferred to work.

They replied: “As the *Khawaja* wills.”

So it was agreed I should build for them, on their plan, a glass furnace in the city here. That was done. Then one of the three took it into his head to go to Egypt and has not been heard of since. I then got a grant from the Pro-Jerusalem Council, in the teeth of a somewhat hostile treasurer who doesn't believe in Hebron glass, for the revival of the industry, and in addition secured about

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£100 worth of orders. The two remaining men entered into a contract to start at a certain date, but when the day came to begin work they sent word to say that they must sell their tomatoes first (a fact!). Fearing this might delay the electric-light pendants, I sent to Hebron to buy up all the shapes from the original design to which I had made my drawing. The blacksmith, an excellent and orthodox Greek, who has made the iron pendant holders in the Arabic manner, but whose language is South German, sent word to say he was sorry, but the guinea pigs had broken the model. It seems odd that a blacksmith should keep guinea pigs in his forge—but we live in the East, and anything may happen. He invited me to take coffee among the *débris*. The guinea pigs were certainly there.

Then the two remaining Hebron glass workers said, "*Ma'lesh*; we can make the model again, and any number like it in a week. What are guinea pigs in the light of the Most High? We will begin again any day the *Khawaja* wills."

I ordered them to begin last Monday. They replied, "*Tayyeb!* but give us first £10 to get the necessary materials."

That was done also, and the money solemnly paid over before witnesses. *Alhamdulillah!* And the men went away. Four days later one of the High Contracting Parties, Glass worker No. 2, Mustafa Faragh, turned up at my office and said that Glass worker No. 3, Abd-el-Nerughni, hadn't sold *all* his tomatoes yet and that therefore he did not propose to begin for another fortnight. At this I flew into a great rage, and with some effect, but in very bad Arabic, took the mighty name of the *Mandub el Sami* in vain.

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"It shall be as the *Khawaja* wills," said Mustafa Faragh. "Beg the *Hakim* to bind him and bring him back! He is a bad man, but he knows how to make your shapes."

Now here is where our English methods are weak beside those of the Turk.

I seized the telephone, and asked C——, the Governor of Hebron, to arrest the man; he would find him among his tomatoes. C—— bluffed splendidly, and ordered him to come to Jerusalem with him in person—a free car ride on the wings of the wind. The man promised to come, and at the last moment didn't come. He was waiting for the police and the bastinado. Meantime, Glass worker No. 2 had doubled back to Hebron presumably with our £10 in his pocket. And I'm wondering what the financial secretary of the Palestine Administration, who expects a voucher for everything, will have to say to such irregular proceedings. Yesterday morning I rang up C—— again. Admirable man! "I'll bluff," he said, "to the limit of my powers, but there's one thing I *can't do*, and that is to send the men back under police escort."

That, however, is the very thing they expect us to do, and they can play the other game much better than we can.

C—— says he thinks we *may* still get them to work on Monday, but I doubt it. How would *you* handle such a situation? And H. E.'s classic and cultured liberalism—would it stand the strain?

(*Extract from a letter.*) September 8, 1921.

. . . I maligned that old Hebron glass worker, Abd-el-Nerughni. He is the dearest little wizard of an old man imaginable. He is *quite* old. He has strange tales

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of Baghdad, Aleppo, and Stamboul. Before he worked for us he may have been in the employ of Harun al Rashid. To my astonishment and infinite relief, I found that he and his, bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage, a bit of a chair, a hubble-bubble, a *gulla*, an old box of tools, a furnace man, and a firing boy turned up on Tuesday morning (six weeks after time!) to begin work. The first thing he did was to pull the furnace to pieces and have it rebuilt on an approved pattern. As it had taken days to build . . . my heart sank within me. But when I looked in again next morning he was hard at work turning out the most exquisite shapes with a fine deftness and so perfect a precision of the hand, one could see he was a master. He plays with those glass forms and his molten shapes like a skilful flutist on a wind instrument or a *galoubet* (tabor pipe). I stood by for an hour or so watching shape after shape grow upon his pipe as he drew them from the furnace. Then I galloped up to Government House to get the first shapes fitted into their sockets.

I am most anxious to save this exquisite craft from complete extinction. They had practically lost it in Egypt. And this old fellow, they say, is one of the few left who really know how to handle the pipe. When he saw how interested I was in the craft, all the spirit, as described by Jesus of Sirach, awoke in him, and I realized how profoundly right he had been in refusing to budge till his tomatoes were duly disposed of. God and the tomatoes are much more important than you or I.

"These people, these English, these men and women in a hurry—they want me? Let them go snick up! Or come and seize me if Allah wills. What is this they are trying to do? In the name of the Prophet—figs!"

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But if it be a question of the Craft, its beauty and understanding, why then the world takes a different colour altogether, you catch the blue-green glimmer of the glass through the fire—and the idea.

“Without me,” the old fellow said, only he didn’t say it in Biblical English, “shall no city be inhabited, and men shall not sojourn nor walk up and down therein. Where parables are shall I not be found. But I maintain the fabric of the world; and in the handiwork of my craft is my prayer.”

We turned out about 250 various blue shapes that day, and he would groan every now and again, with a *Alhamdulillah!* and as much as to say that the Lord that looketh with an eye incomprehensibly equable on believers and unbelievers alike had made the fire needlessly hot for him that day. And when every now and again I suggested a slight modification of shape he intimated that “it wasn’t done that way,” “none of the best people did it thus,” and so forth, but still he kept the doing in reserve.

Yesterday I took Deedes down, and he comforted the old fellow in Turkish, also I am preparing a report on the whole matter from the local and village, the agricultural crafts, point of view, which will no doubt move about from file to file—*Chimæra bombitans in vacuo*—till the Millennium of the Mandate comes into being. The Craft, however, must go on, or it must die. There is no middle course.

Jerusalem.

Our new Mayor, Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, is a delightful fellow, warm-hearted, full of good stories, and gets things done. Sometimes he gets the wrong things done. What of that? We open the stitches light-heartedly and begin again.

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"Too friendly with the Jews!" says Mercutio sardonically; but I tell Mercutio to go home and be more charitable.

There's lots of charity in Ragheb. I've watched him dole it out, in the *Baladiyeh*,* where in the manner of the great vizier La'far he sits and dispenses it to a crowd of clients, all sunshine, sequins, and volubility.

True, he wants to make of Jerusalem a city like Paris, a continuous Champs Élysées with abundance of kiosks; but I tell him I am no Haussmann and we must agree to differ.

"And then," says Samuel with his meticulous caution, "finance is not his strong point."

That is a favourite phrase of the High Commissioner's. I have heard him use it also of the Governor of Jerusalem. But there was never known a builder yet, still less a planner of new cities, whose strong point was finance. These two things are incompatible. You cannot put the same investment into two securities.

Ragheb Bey once humorously described to me how he "had on top of him" six governors, each circumscribing him with a line of a different colour. This referred to the typography of our newly printed Town Plan. And, said he, when he wanted to make a new road, or a nice alignment, there promptly pounced upon him one of the six governors and pointed to a different colour:

"La ligne bleue—MacLean—impossible de passer! La ligne brune—Geddes—impossible de passer! La ligne verte—Ashbee—jamais de la vie! La ligne . . . je ne me souviens pas de la couleur—Barron—pour les finances, ou le Patriarchat Grec. Et . . . badein [after

*Municipality.

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that] Luke, *et ba'dain* Storrs . . . *Il y a toujours une ligne! Moi, je ne peux rien faire!*"

Then with a dramatic and convincing movement: "*Mes mains sont liées:—peux rien faire—rien!*"

I tell him that with it all he's the only one of us who gets anything done—and he laughs at me—*bon garçon*.

He can give the neat retort, too, on occasion, especially when like all Orientals he feels our want of manners. He was one day with the Chief Administrator—one of the distinguished soldiers who held that office. The General was very busy and received him with a pipe in his mouth. This is a breach of convention that troubles the Moslem as it used to trouble our forefathers. They feel, perhaps, rightly, that it connotes a lack of breeding, or courtesy. It apparently occurred to the General that he was not making much headway, for he said:

"Do you understand me?"

Ragheb replied: "I should understand better if Your Excellency removed the pipe from your mouth."

Jerusalem.

"Your Pro-Jerusalem Society," said Mercutio to me one day, "would do more for the honour of the city if it were run less for the advertisement and glorification of the eminent officials at its head."

And then he hummed a verse based, so he said, upon an old nursery rhyme:

Highbury, Biberry, Bilberry Ben
Came and enlisted a dozen good men.
The first found him out, and the second said OH!
If that's what you're out for—then off I go!
Highbury, Biberry, Bilberry Ben
Out for himself lost the other good ten.

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Jerusalem, February 27, 1922.

We have been entertaining that insufferable vulgarian Lord Northcliffe. When I say "we" I mean the Administration. Everyone has been bowing and kowtowing to him as to Royalty, and some of us have been stricken with shame—a feeling of degradation that it was this we were doing honour to.

. . . We received and fêted him at a special Pro-Jerusalem lunch given at the Governorate. It was all very interesting and very picturesque, with the archimandrites, and jewelled bishops, the Grand Mufti, and the Grand Rabbi, and the rest of the social and intellectual staging of the Holy City that one is now so familiar with and that means so little when weighed against reality. And as for the table, it was covered with the loveliest examples of Ohanessian's blue glaze. But the Great Bounder's speech was an amazing piece of egoism and bad taste. He ignored his company, his hosts, the things they were trying to do, or the ideas they stood for, and he fired a political broadside at, presumably, the British Government, through his tame pressman whom he had brought with him. He addressed a sort of speech to the world at large, or shall we say, "the Harmsworth" control": "My papers," as he kept calling them, the little whelps who lick his boots and wag their tails to him.

When the war first came on us in 1914, one of the things we hoped for in the new world after it was over was a press clean, reliable, and not directed by men who had no principles except themselves. And now we have this man, bull-like, massive, double-chinned, provocative, pop-eyed, with puffs of flabby flesh beneath, a keen sight for what comes immediately to hand, an instinct for

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the crest of the wave, patriotic if you like, but spiritually blind.

And this man is greater than the statesmen, for he sways the statesmen through fear. "Statesmen," says Bernard Shaw, "are afraid of the suburbs, of the newspapers, of the profiteers, of the militarists, of the country houses, of the trade unions, of everything ephemeral on earth except the revolutions they are provoking: and they would be afraid of these if they were not too ignorant of society and history to appreciate the risk, and to know that a revolution always seems hopeless and impossible the day before it breaks out, and indeed never does break out until it seems hopeless and impossible; for rulers who think it possible take care to insure the risk by ruling reasonably. This brings about a condition fatal to all political stability: namely, that you never know where to have the politicians. If the fear of God was in them it might be possible to come to some general understanding as to what God disapproves of: and Europe might pull together on that basis. But the present panic, in which prime ministers drift from election to election, either fighting or running away from everybody who shakes a fist at them, makes a European civilization impossible."

"All this," said Mercutio to me after that preposterous lunch, "is pique against Lloyd George."

An election is imminent in England, and Northcliffe was shaking his fist at the Prime Minister in a press game he was playing. We were his counters.

Jerusalem, 1921.

Ah, but it's an uncanny city this, and it teaches you things you don't like to learn. Mercutio and I were one

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day babbling about Democracy, and "making the world safe for it" (*more Americano*, and Lloyd George). Shaikh Isma'il overheard us and said:

"Democracy! Don't talk to me of Democracy. If you want the real thing you must come to Islam."

"Yes," said Mercutio, "there it has been achieved. For real Democracy you need two things, the religious tie and fusion of the blood. Both these Islam gave."

"At what cost Allah knows!"

Mercutio quoted Arminius Vambéry, the Hungarian Orientalist: "Islam is still the most democratic religion in the world, a religion favouring both liberty and equality. If there ever was a constitutional government, it was that of the first Caliphs."

"We are no longer in the age of the first Caliphs," said I.

"Perhaps not, but they've left a mark indelible on our blood here in the East, which you in the West have got to reckon with. Did you ever hear the famous story of the surrender of Jerusalem to Amr? No? Well, listen. . . ."

And somewhat thus did the Shaikh tell it. Amr came, and he had al-Quds in the hollow of his hand. Yet he showed even more humility than the other great conquerors that followed him. Allenby refused to enter the Holy City except on foot, Godfrey de Bouillon to wear the crown of gold "where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns," but Amr refused the keys of Jerusalem except on terms even more exacting. He had sent one of his officers, a Negro, to take over. The Greek Patriarch found such a sacrifice impossible. Amr sent back word: "Know that in the army of God there is no colour bar and in His eyes all men are equal."

PRO-JERUSALEM

That is a conception of Democracy to which the West, perhaps rightly, is unable to offer more than lip service.

I said at the outset of this chapter that the Pro-Jerusalem Charter embodied a civic ideal, but also that for its attainment there were three needs, of these the third was solidarity among the citizens in its pursuit. Is this the rock on which our ship is going to founder?

CHAPTER XIII

POETRY, PROPHECY, AND PARASITISM

I FIND among my notes that I once put up to Jacob Funkelstein the remark of Apollonius Molo, the teacher of Cicero:

The Jews are the most inept of the barbarians, and the only ones who have not contributed any invention useful to life.

He received it very kindly, merely shrugging his shoulders.

"It is true," said he, "that Hertzl, Hess, Disraeli, Karl Marx, Ferdinand Lassalle, David Ricardo, Moses Montefiore, and a few others who have moved the world in the nineteenth century, did not work with their hands."

November, 1918.

That judgment of the ancient Roman seems to persist into modern Judaism, even if we exempt medicine, and Doctor Weizman's University on Mount Scopus notwithstanding. None the less, the Jew may yet have to find salvation in working with his long white fingers. There it moves, passing me daily, Haluca Judaism with its ridiculous ringlets and its spindle-fingered idleness.

A rabbi in the Talmud says: "Rather skin a carcass for pay in the public streets than live idly dependent upon charity." Not so the Haluca Jews. And you can see in their faces and their carriage that intellectual and

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spiritual arrogance which is the curse of the Jew and has brought him so much hate in the world.

Perhaps the poetry wherewith he inspires the work of others, or the prophecy whereby some imaginary light is set upon a hill for us to work to, gives the Jew his justification. Funkelstein is always genuinely interested in my city plans, he passes the paper sheets so appreciatively through his sensitive fingers. But I often wonder how much of them all will be materialized.

Jerusalem, 1919.

I have been doing the designs for Doctor Harte's Y. M. C. A. scheme. It is to go on the great waste space (Jemal Pasha's park, so-called) of Armenian land, though nobody knows apparently whether the land is Armenian property or not. If we can pull the scheme off it should be a noble work, but the Armenians are making difficulties. They are greedy.

One used to connect the Y. M. C. A. with the narrowest forms of missionary enterprise; the men in it were what at school we called "sops." The war seems to have revolutionized it and the revolution came, I believe, from America.

The soul of it all here is Doctor Harte, another of those dreamers and prophets the Holy City draws unto herself. He dreams for his boys, and they're such nice fellows. With his large, solid, incandescent personality he gives the impression of having been, even in extreme youth, venerable, compact, and full of the beans of beneficence. One keeps meeting young men, or old for the matter of that, to whom he once did a good turn.

"Say!—Do you know Harte?—Why, the last time I

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met him was in—[Moscow, or Aleppo, or Alabama, or wherever it may have been]—and he . . . ! He was mighty kind to me! Listen, now, and I'll tell you all about it."

Then there follows some amazing story of romance, or preposterous scrape out of which young Down-at-heels was dragged by the firm, warm hand of this walking Providence. He is one of those steady flames that pass through life slowly, unconcerned with its politics, uninfluenced by its ugliness, and bringing comfort for its cruelties.

A large percentage of his "Christian young men," Harte tells me, are Jews. In that fact lies one of the great achievements of the Holy City in our time. It is indeed "kill the Jew with kindness." The Jew is, even more than the Irishman, the Alastor of Civilization; and if he no longer has a genuine grievance, he makes you a sham one. Stop the persecution, treat him kindly, you prove the grievance to be a sham, and destroy his theocratic state.

Does not the mental change wrought by the war now bring to all thoughtful men the chance of a new spiritual synthesis? To me, watching the Holy City from within, her poetry, her parasitism, and striving to find what is most vital in the faith of Christian, Moslem, and Jew, such a synthesis seems now to be possible. If we could only slough off the political unrealities, if we could only understand the other fellow's point of view, his background. Sometimes I think the only hope lies in honest John Smith, plodding along there in Palestine, doing the next bit of clean administration that comes to hand, re-making the city and the countryside; that little city set on a hill that cannot be hid. And then Mercutio with his

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Celtic vision lights up the poetry of life for me in a phrase:
"Have faith, follow your star, and d—n the politicians!"

(Extract from a letter.)

February 10, 1920.

. . . We have really great things under way. I have started two new industries; restored some old streets; am laying out parks and gardens; saving the walls of al-Quds; have rebuilt Nabi Samuil; started an apprenticeship system among the weavers; am planning new roads, parks, and markets, and making the designs for half a dozen important buildings. . . . I don't know what will come of it all, but there's a great idea in it, and though I shall never live to see the fruit, others will in other forms. Perhaps they'll be Zionists—some society of M——E——s, for that's what the tearing, strenuous, intellectual, nervy Manchester Jews here are like. Perhaps they'll be Moslem, dreamy, fatalistic, aristocratic, and with such perfect manners! Perhaps they'll be Syrian Nationalists. *Ma'lesb!* It doesn't matter. The Deputy Mayor, a Syrian Greek, said to me the other day:

"You English are doing so much here, planning such a wonderful city, showing us the way to so many new and strange things, that I suppose in twenty years' time we shall be wanting to turn you out."

Of course. That's the right spirit. It isn't the "nationalism," or the "empire" that counts, but the idea, the fact of devotion and beauty.

Jerusalem, 1920.

I have become the residuary legatee of the work Patrick Geddes has been doing here, for he, too, has had a hand in

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the shaping of *Civitas Dei*; and for all his failures his work has ever a touch of prophecy. We have worked together now for many years and shall never fall out. But when it comes to editing hundreds of pages of crabbed, mercilessly written manuscript, and still worse typing, on Palestine cities, I tell the Administration, for the love I bear Pat I will do it but on one consideration only, that if they publish they will allow the coloured plans, on which all turns, to be published also. As this will cost several hundred pounds, the administration antennæ instantly retreat into their financial shells. "Files Bureaucracy Yes, as much as you like! Straightforward town surveys No!"

Geddes's chief work out here has been the plans, *en ébauche*, for the Zionist University, a magnificent scheme and a wonderful report. But it has cleft Jewry in twain. The orthodox and the ritualists have no use for a *Universitas* in the real sense of the word, and such as he desires, nor have the political propagandists for the scholar and the man of science. We hear great tales that Doctor Weizman is to move his chemical laboratory to Mount Scopus, but I rather suspect, when it comes to the scratch, that he will prefer Manchester and the neighbourhood of Downing Street.

Geddes's great achievement in life has been the making of a bridge between Biology and Social Science, thus giving a fresh clue to reconstruction, to civics, and to the town plan. His, I think, is one of the synthetic minds of our time in England, for his own Scots have cast him out; and thus it is right he should have his share in the up-building of Nephelococcygia. But he is very tiresome about it, and always when you think you are just going to

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get something done, when the thing is within your grasp, you hear the mocking chorus of the birds. The reality escapes you. You lean back and listen to Aristophanes.

The children parody his wild way of combing his snuffy, smokelike hair, outward through his fingers, into space infinite. It is indicative of the perpetual radiations going on in the man. His talk is wonderful, when you can follow it, for the ideas tumble out so fast that they trip each other up, and at times lose themselves in his fuzzy beard before they have a chance to seminate. He maddened us one evening when we were discussing the language difficulty and the Zionist University.

"You and I, and Père Vincent, and Ernest Richmond, and the rest of us will be invited to lecture there, of course!"

"But in what language?" I asked. "Because if it's going to be Hebrew I can employ my time more profitably."

"The language difficulty will settle itself," he said airily.

"Of course it will; and we're here to help settle it, but . . ."

Followed a periphrasis brilliant and partially audible. No, my dear Pat, you blinked that question shamelessly. The Zionist university means that the Jews have the chance once again of rebuilding the Temple in their Holy City. Will they do it? Will it be a university, or only a Zionist university? Geddes has thrown down the glove to Jewry. It is another challenge to the theocratic state and the old Devil of Sectarianism who stands between us and our search for Truth. Will the challenge be taken up?

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We were mocking at the derelict site on Scopus one day—the University in the clouds—when Funkelstein turned upon me, but very gently:

“He laughs longest that laughs last.”

We shall see. It is for the Jews to say. But when all's said and done, little Pat is right. His prophecy is likely to sound the farthest. You can have no sectarian university.

Jerusalem, November 7, 1920.

It is easy to misprize the blazing idealism of these younger Jews. One of them—oh, yes, he is well placed in the Samuel administration—came into my room the other day to seek counsel of the Civic Adviser—that dignitary's office meeting so many miscellaneous needs. He had written an excellent report upon the city on which I had to comment, and then he produced, with some diffidence, the design for a “national flag.” It was the Union Jack surcharged with a white disc on which was a flaming torch, symbolic of “the land that had given the three religions to the world.” *Sic!*

“And you see,” said he, “later on, when this country goes back to the people to whom it really belongs, we can drop the Union Jack, and the flaming torch will alone remain.”

One does not argue with such a mood. One marvels, and a little admires. Then he added a “personal request.”

“Please will you advise me as to this”—and he put another paper on my desk of identical proportions, nothing less than the design for his wedding cake.

“But I really don't design wedding cakes,” said I, never having been trained at a pastry cook's.

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"Oh, but you will be able to tell me if the architecture is well planned."

"Well, wedding-cake architecture isn't exactly in my line," said I, "but I believe they put it on with a sort of a squeezing bag—so! Did you mean that your wedding cake was to be the Dome of the Rock?"

We are all influenced by the Dome of the Rock, even though it is hard for some of us to swallow, unless in the form of wedding cake, and we are apt to forget what the Emperor Hadrian and the Caliph Al-Mamun had to do with it. It is so much easier to cling to Crusading, Protestant, and Semitic tales of Solomon's Temple.

It ended in our making round the top of the cake a sort of Moslem clerestory and about its base the Mountains of Moab.

The cake was duly eaten, and a gargantuan gathering helped to eat it, mountains, clerestory, and all; for indeed our young friend is much beloved.

"I can wish for no nobler death," he once said to John Smith, "than at the head of a Jewish battalion defending this country from the Arabs."

That is generously put, but not a mood in which this country can be governed. And honest John when he repeated the words to me later said laconically:

"My God! Fancy having once been an Englishman and wanting to become . . ." then after a pause, and a dropping of the voice to unutterable depths . . . "a Levantine!"

One wonders what the Arab will say when he, too, like the Jew is fired by the sentiment of nationality. When, as with so many of the latter, religion peters out into politics.

It was not so long after this, during a brief visit to Eng-

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land, that I was discussing these nationalist dreams at Oxford with some of the boys there. I find this entry in my journal:

There is a change in the attitude of the young men toward nationalist ideals. I talked with some of the Rhodes scholars. The boys are feeling out for something that shall take the place of all this burning stuff that made the war and has left its ashes. Here, too, is a force that will react on Palestine and our Eastern problems. The generation of the young Oxford Zionists, who dreamed of an exclusively Jewish state, are already *vieux jeu*. Post-war Oxford asks: "What are you out after? where is your idealism leading you? Another of these self-centred, exclusive states with its tribal god—is that all your Zionism is going to do? It does not interest us. Let us hear what the Bolshevik Jew has to say. We are sick to death of tribal gods.

(Extract from a letter.)

December 28, 1920.

. . . Do reconsider your decision of not coming out to Palestine—and all for the empty reason that the country has never attracted you. As if that had anything to do with it! It never attracted me. Nor does it do so at present, in the way it does the men and women one meets. To me it is all unreality, for I disbelieve in what "as a fact" it stands for. . . . Yet it is this very unreality that gives it its interest. It is the place where religions are invented, melted up, produced in the rough for other people to shape. The men that stand out as great from the angle of Palestine are the Emperor Hadrian, Julian the Apostate, the Caliph Al-Mamun, and Edward I of Eng-

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land—I put him in because he realized that the game was up, and the age of St. Louis over.

Modern Zionism is like a hen-coop in a storm that pretends to be a habitation. It floats persistently on the top, deceives and eludes the sharpest eyes, and yet no fish can swallow it. For all that the spiritual dream of the Jew is one of the facts of life, and if he would give up his “historical case,” false and unreasonable, and based on Anglo-American Protestantism, the country might yet be his. But he never will, and hence is ever doomed to wander, complain, and stimulate.

Come out and look at it. It's all so lovely and unreal, and of the mind, so full of sunshine, and colour, and contrast. And there are delightful people here. I'll even take you to old Abbas, the Bahai, at Akka, one of the wisest men, I should say, that ever lived; and there are others, for the country creates unreality and beauty—a sort of mosaic surface-work, *glacure* of life in coloured faience that glitters in the sun, and yet the very toughest and most impervious of coats . . . Do come!

Jerusalem, December, 1920.

Yes, and there were poets in the land in those days; even though the Administration buried them away in a department of economics. That was where I discovered Hans, Ernest Keppel Bennett to be precise. It is right that poets should leave their mark here, and we were so sorry to lose him. Some absurd providence stuck this gracious, amethystine creature, all delicately cut and faceted, into a smug statistical hole only fit for lumpy chunks cut round *en cabochon*. He is now in England and getting out that dainty little book, “Built in Jerusalem's

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Wall." He used to read it to us as he was working on it and a fragment of it he dedicated to Janet. I like him for his lamblike—Charles Lamb-like—qualities, and do we not touch the finer freemasonry of life together! We love getting his verses and his letters, for the magic of the Holy City, a place every pagan ought to visit, has also helped to fashion him. They may have done him up as an economist while he was here,

But of that world so strange and rich
And by an ampler radiance lit,
He brought us secret proofs, by which
We know we, too, inhabit it.

Jerusalem, January, 1921.

With Samuel out riding, and to tea with one Steinberg, a Russian Johannesburg-farmer Jew who has planted olive groves and vines, and is building a factory for making tiles and drain pipes. He's an interesting man, bronzed with agriculture, but his children look as if they wanted to go in for telephoning, clerking, and such like. I doubt if the second generation will stick to the land. There lies the nut of the Zionist question. He said to Samuel and me:

"I find the Jew and the Arab are complementary. In the organization of labour" [and he employs gangs of either] "they need each other."

I doubt the efficacy of the Russian *intelligenza*, whom they are now putting on to the land here—charming though they often are. They talk so wonderfully.

Jerusalem, January, 1921.

Mercutio has just burst in upon us, full of his day with Sir Alfred Mond, who is here.

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He said the latter told him it was the happiest day he had spent in Jerusalem. He wanted to see the old and the interesting and they *would* make him look at drains, and schools, and hospitals.

They had been round the walls, into the pottery, and through some of the old buildings we have saved from the wreckers.

"In fact," said Mercutio, "your various civic stunts! And now—*J'ai vu le monde, et le demi-monde; mais le plus immonde que j'ai vu dans le monde, c'est Mond.*" Yet one can't help liking him all the same, with his roistering humour, his sensibility, and his fantastic drakes' tails fringed about his bald pate. What! "The British Government," says he, "has in Palestine committed itself to two diametrically opposite policies—the National Home and Self-determination—given the one, what will become of the other? . . . God knows!" Now isn't that what I've always been saying? . . . and it needs the imagination of a brilliant Jew to epigrammatize it.

Mercutio is very hard to stop when in one of his boisterous moods. He is rather like Mr. Jingle. He bubbled on, apparently mimicking Mond:

"Samuel! Samuel! Ah, he made a mistake. He thought the Lloyd George administration was going to pot, and so he accepted Palestine. But it's gone on, and now he's out here, what! . . . I like those genial guffaws of his, don't you?"

I was about to interpose, but he gave me no chance, and rattled on, seizing me by the arm, "He pointed across your garden there to the empty site on Scopus . . . the Zionist University! Never! In twenty years perhaps they may begin to do something—they ask for twenty

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millions, have they two hundred thousand? A dream, a fantastic dream!"

And then Mercutio winked an eye at me. He always does this when envisaging politicians:

"Samuel, they say, was trained at Balliol for the Premiership, and being the long-sighted man he is, political prophets, when he accepted Palestine, said: 'Well, that's an end of English liberalism. Now it's either reaction or revolution.'"

"Did he tell you that, too?" I asked.

But Mercutio in answer only winked the other eye.

Jerusalem, April, 1921.

Little Mrs. . . . (let us call her Rockenheimer) has turned up from U. S. A. She is bitten with Zionism. Dreamy, electric, and with that Semitic hardness which blinds while it sharpens, she is about to give a large sum of money to land experiments in Palestine: or, as she puts it, to "demonstrate the truth of single tax." Single tax is the bee in her bonnet, as it was in that of her magnetic millionaire husband. The winding up of a trust in which he and I were interested, and the repayment of certain of its funds to his executors, will liberate this money for Zionism, and I am trying, as Samuel puts it, "to attach" some of it for the Jerusalem Park system. In single tax Samuel does not believe; that I know for a certainty; whether he believes in Zionism, as generally understood, I am very doubtful.

Little Mrs. Rockenheimer lunched with us and was, in acute American, charmingly naïve and outspoken in her ideas. It is this sort of outspokenness in and out of season that so frightens the Moslem. And who would

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not be frightened? It makes even an English Gallio's flesh creep.

"It will come," she said prophetically, "I feel it in my bones that it will come!"

It is when a Jew feels things in his bones that the Moslem feels for his knife.

"What will come, Mrs. Rockenheimer?"

"I feel it in my bones that this land—ALL of it—is going to belong to us."

Mark the simplicity of the feeling.

"But what are you going to do with the inhabitants, the 80 per cent. of the population who are not Jews?"

"What the Á . . rabs? They have Á . . rábia. Let them go there!"

How shall we deal with such reasoning?

Go home and read Josephus.

Jerusalem, April, 1921.

There were dining with us the other night one of the leading London bankers, one of the Assistant Civil Secretaries, and John Smith. Among the party was also one of the local Zionist bankers. The Old Obadiah suddenly let fly an anti-Zionist tornado, at which the lesser Obadiah opened his eyes in amazement.

"It won't do!" he cried. "I tell them it won't do. There's nothing in it. I won't accept a lower civilization, for that's what it means. I won't give up my British citizenship."

He got quite hot and excited over it. "Look at me now. Nobody would take me for a Jew," as he unconsciously stroked his large, firm red nose. "My people have been in England for the last two hundred years, and

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one of them was a clergyman in the Church of England. We're not going to become Palestinians."

The lesser Obadiah was dancing round the table timidly with his coffee cup, and as the fire of abuse continued John Smith and I applied fresh fuel.

"I tell them there's nothing in it—you mark my words!"

He's a very game old bird, I admire his uncompromising honesty, but he reminds one ever and again of Scrooge—before conversion. Scrooge also was a prophet in his way, and saw into the future.

Jerusalem, May 2, 1921.

Some people still have the art of bringing poetry into life. There was a farewell supper given by those dear folk, the American Colony, to their friends as a send-off to Mrs. Vester and her family on their hejira to America. We sat down, about a hundred of us, to the customary musical grace, the customary good fare, and the sprite-like sisters to wait upon us. They flit through the great rooms like ministering angels. Theirs is a fine ideal of service, and one always feels rather humble when one goes to the American Colony, a feeling that intellect counts for so little after all. I was honoured with a seat next to old Mrs. Spafford—"Momma"—the mother of it all. She is a wonderful old lady, and what a lot she must have weathered! She is very old and feeble now, but I noted her still terrific under lip and chin—a characteristic of all the great "religious." Selma Lagerlöf tells us all about her in her "Jerusalem." The colony keep that book hushed up, but it's true in the main and nothing to be ashamed of.

. . . These forms of American puritanism are such

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a curious blend of the practical and effective with a Quakerish idealism.

In the odd, rambling journal of an English country gentleman, "Small talk at Wreyland," I stumbled across this the other day:

Coming into Jerusalem by the Damascus Gate, 14 March, 1882, I noticed two unfamiliar objects standing out above the city walls against the evening sky. Upon enquiry I found that they were ventilating pipes. A family (American, I think) had taken a house there, as they thought the day of judgment was at hand, yet wished to have a sanitated house meanwhile.

The American Colony! If it is to be salvation, or business, or being kind to people we will be on the spot, and meantime, get about it efficiently—none of your Oriental dreaming, and mess, and mouching around, and slopping over.

The children sat, a little party of their own, and very well behaved, at a side table—"so that they should remember the occasion," and after supper there was music, fortunately not the stupendous brass band which the young men of the colony so affect, and which invariably blows the roof off the house—and it's a well-built roof, too, the work of a Turkish pasha of substantial traditions.

I asked one of the old colonists what he in his long life out in Palestine had most noted of change—the effect of the West upon the East.

"Three things," said he. "Forty years ago you would see no European costume among the natives. They would have regarded it as a disgrace to dress as we dress." How we have degraded them!

"Next the car with the pace, and the dust it brings. Forty years ago the man walking in the road would not

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move out of the way, even for a horse and carriage." That meant leisure. "Hustle," says the Arabic proverb, "is of Shaitan, leisure from the All Merciful." "And forty years ago they locked the gates of the city at sundown. It was dangerous to go out o' nights. I remember some Americans who set up house in the Ain Karem road were murdered. It was considered wrong to live abroad . . . but now!"

And even the Jews have helped the Moslem and Christian entente. The American Colony are not fond of the Jews, and such politics as they have are anti-Zionist; but they were telling at supper of the great achievement of this year's *Nabi Musa* (Prophet Moses' fête) when there had been three public prayers, one to Mohammed, one to Moses, and one to Christ; Moslem affinity with Christendom is rather a *détente* from Judaism. They may believe in prophecy, the American Colony, they have much of the poetry, they have no sympathy whatever with the parasitism.

Jerusalem and England, 1921-1922.

The hope of civil government! More than with any man out here it rests with Allenby and the liberalism he is able to make effective. Both Allenby and Milner seem to me to stand for the "Commonwealth" rather than for the "Empire," and of the two, out East, Allenby first, because to the Oriental he remains "the Chief." If he represents the inevitable West, it is the twentieth-century not the nineteenth-century process of Westernization by which alone the force he wields can be justified.

Mercutio tells me he once asked the Chief what he thought of the Samuel appointment, and that he answered

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whimsically: "I wish he weren't quite so rabid a Zionist." It was not unkindly said, and certainly with no fear of the rabies, but with a genial sympathy and an abounding good will.

"You see," said Mercutio, "the Semitic shell has got to crack. Will the liberalism be warm and wide enough to crack it?"

I recall the double-edged cynicism of Weizman to his partisans: "Samuel, what have we to hope from him? He is 105 per cent. English!"

At this Samuel perhaps would purr, but Allenby, the greater Liberal of the two, would receive it with a quiet chuckle.

There is a noble pronouncement of Allenby's which I transcribe, not merely for its own sake, but because it prevented me, when I had the money and could have done it, from shifting off the Jaffa Gate that hideous Turkish clock tower. It was read from the steps of the Citadel, so long under my charge, on December 11, 1917:

To the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Blessed and the people dwelling in the vicinity. The defeat inflicted upon the Turks by the troops under my command has resulted in the occupation of your city by my forces. I therefore here and now proclaim it to be under martial law, under which form of administration it will remain so long as military considerations make it necessary. However, lest any of you should be alarmed by reason of your experience at the hands of the enemy who has retired, I hereby inform you that it is my desire that every person should pursue his lawful business without fear of interruption. Furthermore, since your city is regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind, and its soil has been consecrated by the prayers of multitudes of devout people of these three religions for many centuries, therefore do I make known to you that every sacred building, monument, holy spot, shrine, traditional site, endowment, pious bequest, or customary place of prayer, of whatsoever forms of

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the three religions, will be maintained according to the existing forms and customs and beliefs of those to whose faiths they are sacred.

And so that hideous clock tower remained. But "the Chief" kept his word, and that was more important than all the towers. As the Arab puts it: "What he says he says." And so men trust him.

Force is always more majestic when clothed in modesty, or when it is kind "to existing customs and beliefs." And that is where the Chief's liberalism will tell; for the logic of force alone leads to Tamerlaine's pyramid of skulls and the war philosophy of Bernhardi. If liberalism means anything, whether to the Moslems of Egypt or of Palestine, it means government by consent. As for our English version of it, it is summed up in the old distich we learned at college:

The King to Oxford sent a troupe of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force:

and the antithesis perennially renewable:

Our "Commonwealth" a nobler gift he sent,
For that shall stand on sounder argument.

Listen to the Egyptian Nationalist Manifesto of 1919 which the Chief has to answer, but which from the point of view of English political "liberal theory" is unanswerable. It contains both poetry and prophecy.

We have knocked at door after door, but have received no answer. In spite of the definite pledges given by the statesmen at the head of the nations which won the war, to the effect that their victory would mean the triumph of right over might and the establishment of the principle of self-determination for small nations, the British protectorate over Egypt was written into the treaties of Versailles and St.

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German without the people of Egypt being consulted as to their political status.

This crime against our nation, a breach of good faith on the part of the Powers who have declared that they are forming in the same treaty a Society of Nations, will not be consummated without a solemn warning that the people of Egypt consider the decision taken at Paris null and void. . . . If our voice is not heard it will only be because the blood already shed has not been enough to overthrow the old world-order and give birth to a new world-order.

We who in Egypt some years ago had these young nationalists through our hands and saw it all moving beneath the surface, were in the toils of the dishonour. We saw the shirt of Nessus being woven, knew whom in the end it must burn, but were powerless to alter the woof.

And the end? You must just go through with it though it means jumping into the sea. The end is good government, honesty, character, and the new civilization with that sanction the East and the West together have yet to find. Not the "Empire" but the "Commonwealth" is what we are out after now, whether made by the Englishman, the Egyptian, the Palestinian, it matters little: God having provided some greater thing for us.

"Sir, we hate him for what he stands for. We honour him for what he is." I fancy the Egyptian and the Palestinian may have used much the same words of Amr as my young Nationalists used to me of Allenby.

At the end of 1922, after I had left Palestine for good, Mercutio wrote to me:

"This is a parasitic place, and even Governors become beggars. Poor Palestine. I had hoped England might help her to become something other than a parasite. But

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England is turning her into a corpse, and meanwhile endowing her with all the increased parasitism of a confirmed invalid.

“Anxieties as to the future rule among Zionists. No wonder! It will be a queer day for them when England gives up being exploited at a high cost in money and reputation for the sake of Jewish Nationalism. The day is coming, and when it comes the Nationalist Jew must learn like other nationalists to stand on his own feet. To do so needs courage. We shall see if he has it; also faith; that, too, will be tested. To conduct a nationalist campaign by parasitism is not possible. The Jews must stand alone or give up their nationalism. The Arabs, i. e., Syrians and Palestinians, are learning much the same lesson, i. e., to rely only on themselves. They are learning quicker than the Jew Nationalists. But then they have not lived on others so long, and so have not the habit of exploitation and blood sucking—habits hard, doubtless, to throw off.”

And then I pondered; what was it about this strange city that so stirred men to speak the truth that was in them—to prophesy; and there came back to me the words of that other prophet: “For Zion’s sake, will I not hold my peace, nor for Jerusalem’s sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as the lamp that burneth.”

Jerusalem, August, 1922.

Messianism is a Semitic invention and it has taken many different forms; one of the least reputable that a social revolution would take place the day after to-morrow, and therefore those of us who had faith enough might

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start destroying conventions, and wait for the Messiah in our dressing gown and slippers.

"Ye men of Israel," quoth Gamaliel, "take heed to yourselves . . . what ye are about to do. For before these days rose up Theudas, giving himself out to be somebody . . . and after him Judas of Galilee and drew away people after him: he also perished . . . I say unto you if this work be of men, it will be overthrown: but if it be of God ye will not be able to. . . ."

And as has been said by a modern Gamaliel, "Socialism is little more than a pocket edition of the old Messianic idea, or in its latest East European form, of the fervours and furies of Islam. . . . And yet Socialism and the tradition of revolution are dead beyond recall." We are all guilty. Have we not all of us believed, respectable Socialists like Sidney Webb, leathery liberals like Samuel, in Acts of Parliament? Here in Palestine we believe fervently in our ordinances and new laws for the redemption of life. They are a part of the state and pomp we keep at Government House. We litter them down from on high in the three official languages, all implying that the Messiah is coming to-morrow as soon as the ordinances and laws take effect.

"I beg you to remember," says George Simonides, "it is no good just casting out superstitions, for there are no end of other superstitions always ready to walk in and take charge. If your mind is not trained in what we Greeks call hard reasonableness and honesty, it will, as soon as you have cast out the first lot of devils, start calling in their relations."

The old Messianism indeed has given place to the superstition that our new ordinances will make a new

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Palestine—all in a hurry. “The Wa’d Balfour,” “the Mandate,” and the new laws, are all of them mansions swept and garnished for the relations of those devils Christ cast out in Galilee.

And once walking with Deedes on the walls of Jerusalem, dreaming of the future, and discussing these things, he said:

“Our crop of laws has been great, if the harvest only comes up to the promise of the crop!”

If . . . !

Listen again, and it is charmingly put, to another of our Messianists: “The harmony of Hebraic and Hellenic ideas, which was not accomplished in that epoch [the age of Christ] may be achieved in the future,” says Bentwich, he and the rest of us having reaped our harvest of laws, “by a self-conscious Jewish people which will imbibe those elements of outside thought that are ennobling, but will transmute them by the dominating Hebrew spirit [*sic!*]. Our civilization, which is based partly on Hebraic creation, is continually progressing to such a harmony, and without it humanity will never be tranquil, and culture will not be complete.”

In principle, my dear Bentwich, I agree, for I, too, have followed Theudas and Judas of Galilee in my day, but I boggle at the “dominating Hebrew spirit,” and I suggest that Gamaliel had the right end of the stick, not being bound by the Balfour Declaration, and holding more, as one might say, the Arab point of view that Allah would shape things if you only let them alone. Yes, and there is another of your own idealists, who is doubtful of this Messianism of yours and wants you to go slow, to sow fewer crops.

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"Four centuries of free thought," says Achad Ha'am, and the unravelling of nature's mysteries have left their mark on the human race. To-day even a Messiah cannot defy reason and nature, but is compelled to base his redemption on logical demonstrations, and to put his message in the form of a system founded on nature and experience. Essentially, indeed, everything is as it used to be: the real basis of Messianism, now as then, is faith in a speedy redemption, a faith that has its root not in reasoned demonstration, but in the craving to be redeemed."

And so we get back to Jesus of Nazareth who, some say, was a Jew, and some that he was no Jew at all but of Nazareth where are no Jews and which has no Jewish tradition, and others that Nazareth is an early Christian misnomer for Nazarene, and others again that he never existed but is really a creation of the human mind. The historic Christ, as one realizes after four years' close observation among the holy places, is after all quite unimportant beside the idea. And the idea looks heavenward with three leaders, not one—Christian, Moslem, and Jew.

"The story of European Christianity if it ever comes to be written," says George Simonides, who as I have insisted is always for putting things down in ink, "will be the story of a movement, hidden, furtive, tenuous. But it will be as the poetic story of a draft of miraculous water, pure and living, that has revived the souls of countless thousands who have drunk of it in silence. It is useless for propaganda or sale in the market place."

George Simonides seldom touches poetry but that once I think he did.

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Christian, Moslem, and Jew: there is no longer any chosen people, nor any "dominating spirit," nor earmarked religion, nor Messianism. For the Kingdom of Heaven is in one place only—where Christ always told us it was—within ourselves.

CHAPTER XIV

MAFISH BARAKA

November to December, 1921

Jaffa, Haifa, Nazareth
and Cana of Galilee,
November, 1921.

I AM making a tour round the villages of Palestine, or rather its little towns, to search for what is left—God help them—of arts and crafts. Mercutio is with me. Incidentally, we are reading Rabelais, and as we go we look for blessings. Many, and with the help of Rabelais, we have already found. For although God sometimes appears to be cruel, as the Moslem would put it unmerciful, He sometimes allows you to comprehend His purpose through a sense of humour. Sometimes even that will not penetrate to the blessing.

After all forms of economic competition and social difficulties had been discussed, I asked our old Hebron glass worker Abd-el-Neroughni, whom we have working for us at the pottery in the Via Dolorosa, why the craft of the glass workers was dying out; there seemed no reason for this. He answered: "*Mafish baraka!*" ("There is no blessing.") He meant it, and we must read it, in the wider sense. There is no blessing on the world just now, and that is why the arts and crafts, and many other things, cannot make good.

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For all our efforts, he with his glass and David Ohanesian with his tiles for the Dome, and Richmond with his work for the Haram al Sharif, and I, we cannot get outside this circle, and sometimes even one can see why the blessing is withheld. Two years ago, when we first began our constructive work in salving the crafts, showing their connection with the agricultural life, and the need of that life for them, things looked so very hopeful. If we could only get rid of the war and the red men all would go well; but now there has come another trouble upon us, politics and mistrust, or as Mercutio with his burning pro-Arabism would say—the Jew.

Sitting in the Suq at Nazareth the other day, talking to the craftsmen, we asked one of them if there had been any trouble there, as there had been in Jerusalem and Jaffa. He answered:

“Why should there be trouble where there are no Jews?”

So far the Jews have not brought the blessing many hoped of them.

Nazareth, November 5, 1921.

“Well, then, let us take the beauty of Palestine as it is, and find *baraka* there.” I ask Mercutio, “Is that not good enough?” Sitting under an oak tree near the plain of Esdraelon, we read of the blessing brought by Pantagruel to the crafts of Thelema, and we tried our hand at rendering into modern Palestinian politics the tale of how Pantagruel transported a colony of Utopians into Dipsodie; a parable which is so applicable to the energies of Doctor Weizman, him they call the uncrowned king, that it is proposed, when a neat and nicely edited chapter has been

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made of it, to send it round through the Civil Secretary to all the young governors of Palestine. Some of them would be the better for a little Rabelais. They are often so ignorant! Not, that is to say, of Rabelais, but of what is going on in Palestine and being thought there.

For a taste:

Pantagruel having wholly subdued the land of Dipsodie [*id est* Palestine] transported there a colony of Utopians [*id est* Zionists] . . . to refresh, cultivate, and improve that country which otherwise was ill inhabited, and in the greatest part thereof but a mere desert and wilderness. And he did transport them as much for the excessive multitude of men and women which, in Utopia, multiplied like grasshoppers upon the face of the land.

Follows a forcible description in Urquhart's best Elizabethan of the fecundity of Utopians who, it appears, are not unlike that brilliant race from southeastern Europe who are now causing a hard-worked British administration so much trouble. They are, he says, "an imitation of the people of Israel in Egypt, if De Lyra is to be trusted!" and he continues in that half-mocking, half-serious way of his:

Nor yet was this transplantation made so much for the fertility of the soil, the wholesomeness of the air, or commodity of the country of Dipsodie as to retain the rebellious people within the bounds of their duty and obedience by this new draft of his ancient and faithful subjects.

Here the analogy blurs somewhat. For the good Pantagruel is not as appears at first sight the great Manchester chemist, but the British Empire itself.

For if the Utopians were before their transplantation thither dutiful and faithful subjects, the Dipsodies [i. e., the Arabs], after some few days conversing with them, were every whit as loyal, if not more so than they.

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“And so would they be,” said the Assistant Governor of Jaffa to us, “if we only trusted them, accepted them as his Majesty’s opposition.” Wise man. “One only thing needs doing,” said he. “In the Mandate, insert the word ‘combined’—make it the Combined National Home.” But let Rabelais continue:

Remark therefore here, honest drinkers, that the manner of preserving and retaining countries newly conquered in obedience is not, as hath been the erroneous opinion of some tyrannical spirits, to their own detriment and dishonour, to pillage, plunder, force, spoil, trouble, oppress, vex, disquiet, ruin, and destroy the people, ruling, governing, and keeping them in awe with rods of iron; and in a word eating and devouring them, after the fashion that Homer calls an unjust and wicked king, *Δημοβόρον* that is to say, a devourer of his people.

We have to take the Arabs—that 85 per cent. of the population—into confidence, trust them, use them with gentleness and liberality. But once again let Rabelais testify:

Osiris the great king of the Egyptians conquered almost the whole earth, not so much by force of arms, as by easing the people of their troubles; teaching them how to live well and honestly, giving them good laws, and using them with all possible affability, courtesy, gentleness, and liberality: therefore was he by all men deservedly entitled the great king, Euergetes, that is to say benefactor. . . . !

Rabelais even draws for us a picture of our local governors as he would see them. Hesiod, he says, “tells of the good demons (call them angels if you will, or geniuses) . . . that they exercise the offices of kings, because to do always good and never ill is an act most singularly royal.”

“Singularly royal” is a good phrase.

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Nor can a conqueror reign more happily whether he be monarch, emperor, prince, or philosopher, than by making his justice to second his valour. His valour shows itself in victory and conquest; his justice will appear in the good will and affection of the people, when he maketh laws, publisheth ordinances, establisheth religion, and doth what is right to everyone.

Then he puts his finger on the vital spot—the Mandate, the National Home, and draws a sharp division between Pantagruel's way and our present way. Pantagruel obviously is not Doctor Weizman, for:

I' Remark likewise, Gentlemen, you gouty feofees, in this main point worthy of your observation, how by these means Pantagruel of one angel made two, which was a contingency opposite to the counsel of Charlemagne, who made two devils of one, when he transplanted the Saxons into Flanders and the Flemings into Saxony.

And it looks for the moment as if we were making devils both of the Arabs and of the Jews. Well, I pin my faith on Samuel rather than on Churchill; but I wonder what Rabelais would do with the Zionist Commission!

Nazareth. Tiberias, November, 6, 1921.

Two things stand out clear when you pass through these little part-Christian, part-Moslem villages, and they are facts to be reckoned with by your Downing Street dynasts and treaty makers—the Christian quietism and the Arabic language. The American Russian Jew does not understand those things. What is he going to do with them or they to him? After 2,000 years how shall he assimilate Christ and Mohammed? Yet they are a part of human evolution.

Perhaps there is a third fact to be added. The Jew is not so much a monotheist as one possessing a God of his

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own, and the world having through Christ and Mohammed definitely accepted monotheism regards Judaism as an offence if expressed in terms of a nationalist deity. "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me," postulates that there are other gods to have. This, other than for those who accept Biblical prophecy, is no longer believed. So the Jew must either be absorbed or disappear. That disappearance, in his so-called National Home, may be violent and bloody, for despite the flimsy trellis-like constructions of Downing Street we are by no means at an end of Jaffa and Jerusalem riots and the Blood Feud.

Here is a parable by a modern Russian writer, John Cournos, who like many another Jew does not appear to believe in the National Home for himself:

He had come to the conclusion that it was the duty of the Jews not to save the world, but to save themselves from the rest of the world. That was his reason for becoming a Zionist. "Jonah," said he, expounding the true symbolism of the tale of Jonah and the whale, "is a symbol of the Jew, the whale of Christianity. Christianity has swallowed the Jew but can't assimilate him. What did Jonah do in the belly of the whale? He put on his skull cap and his phylacteries, and he prayed to his own God, shaking from side to side and beating his breast, much to the Leviathan's discomfiture. This was a new experience to the whale who had found at least one thing he could not digest. There was nothing else to do but to vomit the Jew on dry land. Christianity will have to vomit the Jew back to Palestine."

It is very questionable if Palestine will retain the vomit.

Tiberias, Nablus, November, 1921.

Mercutio has a touch of fever. He says it is the effect of watching the chosen people working on the roads, it induces all the black gall in him. They certainly appear to work very badly, and as the Zionist Commission, we

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are told, makes good the loss on the contracts it must be costing them a deal of money. That I suggest is a mitigation, for it will bring an uneconomic system the sooner to an end.

But he is not comforted. He is obsessed with politics and the wickedness of the "*Wa'd* Balfour." Let us drop it for a bit, and watch the beauty round us, for they are beautiful, these *sugs*, the colour, the costume, the life that comes drifting in from the Via Maris and the desert. Also there is something that northern industrialism has not yet destroyed, the leisurely delight, the joy in such creation as there is. The sun has much to do with it, and the fact that for nine months in the year you can sit out in the open in your shop and work, with an occasional nod and a chat, and a cup of coffee with the passer-by just to break the pleasant monotony of your labour. That is where the East may yet beat the West. You can't do that sort of thing with the factory system, but you can here. Outside a blacksmith's shop in the Nablus *sug* was a little square wrought-iron stool with twisted scroll-work. The blacksmith who was forging ploughshares, observing I had noticed it, grinned me a look of kindly recognition. "*Et paddal*." ["Pray be seated."] And there again was blessing! At a tassel-maker's lower down, some Beduin women were trying on silver, green, and scarlet hangers to their plaits. What more do you want than mere delight in colour? Yet a little farther on a man was twisting braid, he was working out a pattern in four or five bright strands; it was so pleasantly inevitable. I bought a dozen *dera's* of him. My purchase was a gracious interlude in his labour, "*Allab karim*."

At another booth I watched the coppersmith's boy strik-

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ing his blows, three and a rest, four and a rest, five and a rest, on to his metal, the fundamental process we call raising. You can only do it with the hand—concentrically. No spinning chuck can do it, no power mechanically applied. The boy was much too young for his job, no doubt, thirteen perhaps, but he was obviously enjoying it. Why? It is one of the everlasting mysteries of craftsmanship. One cannot explain it. It persists. It is in the direct relationship with the material in which you are working—*baraka*. Why did he want to work?

Zimmern says somewhere in his "Greek Commonwealth":

It is the Greek slave master's business, as it is of the modern employer, to make his labourers want to work. He must make them feel that there is some purpose in their labours. So he will gradually learn to lay aside (except in emergencies) the dull compelling scourge, and to make his appeal to a worthier, or, at the worst, a steadier class of motives—to hope, or ambition, or interest, or rivalry, or even, if he is a good teacher, to personal affection or the true spirit of art.

That is how the Parthenon, Westminster Abbey, and the Haram al Sharif came to be built. It is some such a motive that we have again to find if hope is to be put into modern industrialism, or our new civic ideals be made to live. Here I find Mercutio and George Simonides are at one with me. It is my other friends in Palestine, the Arab and the Jew, that do not yet understand.

Nablus, November, 8, 1921.

On the table of the Moudir of Waqf whom we visited was an Arab cartoon. It represented the Vice-Mayor of Jerusalem, one of the most respected Jews in Palestine,

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sitting on the back of an ass, whose tail he was holding up and on to, possibly with the object of giving the beast greater facilities for voiding, possibly in fear. Behind him was a *posse comitatus* of Jews also on asses. He is met at the entrance of a crescented city by the Arab, presumably the editor of the paper.

"Well, David," says he, "and what do you want?"

"I've come to conquer Palestine."

"But you've forgotten the guns."

Nablus, November, 9, 1921.

Yes, there is no doubt it attracts the idealists this country, idealists of all the creeds; but they are an uncomfortable brood. At present they are engaged in striving against each other and so negating each other's influence. Our Civil Secretary is one, Richmond is another, so is Bentwich, so is Nott—the Governor of these parts, so am I, so are others one has met: Jacob Funkelstein, Shaikh Isma'il, and George Simonides. But one asks, like another Palestine idealist, also a very destructive fellow: "Who is on my side? Who?" And some of us do not want to destroy the ivory palace of Ahab.

Among these idealists there are those who believe in the fulfilment of prophetic books: the Jews are coming back, I see it with my eyes, so there's an end on't. No further argument is needed. About our Civil Secretary there is a nervous and burning energy, his is a white light, a consuming fire, perhaps something fanatic, he looks at you with inscrutable gray-blue eyes, he feeds as a wraith might, there is a fine modesty and reserve about him, and all the while the terrific determination of the religious. He is wonderful on committees.

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Nablus, November 10, 1921.

The last *baraka* we picked up was in the garden of a fellah under one of whose fig trees we rested. Being guests on his land he came and sat by us and blessed us; he told us what the Germans and Turks had done in the war. They had cut down his olive trees, frightened his children, that was why his little daughter only peeped out at us through the corn and then ran away.

"But," said he, "the war was predicted by Allah, and the war is not yet over. Allah foretold that the English would come, and Allah has foretold that the land has still to run with blood before we can settle to our work in peace."

"He hasn't worked it out quite clearly in his mind," Mercutio whispered to me. "But it will probably be the blood of Jews."

"Settle down to work in peace," "win *baraka*": perhaps there is more in the fellah's forecast than we think. It is the hope of the crafts, too, and of all those lovely things we want to save in the *sugs*—indeed, in life in general—the hope of a period once more of individual creation. Men looked at the world that way at the close of the first millennium; the end of the world was coming, war was the end of the world. You must get rid of that cancer before you can create, whether it be an art of olive pruning, of needlework on your little daughter's dress, of architecture, or the planning of cities. Until the poison is drawn there can be no art, no blessing.

March Phillips says in his "Works of Man":

Art is always a somewhat mysterious subject to deal with, but we may say this about it with confidence, that it never manifests itself with certainty, and least of all in the shape of a great architectural style,

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until it has behind it a combined and united effort. It has in it something of the nature of a solution of life's problem. So far as the particular race which creates it is concerned, it is an answer to the question how to live. And for this very reason a great creative epoch in art never can occur where society is uncertain of itself and distracted in its aims.

Mafish baraka!

CHAPTER XV

THE UNSURE BASIS

January to September, 1922

Ghaza and Mejdel in Philistia,

January, 1922.

WHO are these people? Clearly there is nothing of the Jew in them. Also one cannot recognize the aristocratic Arab, nor the Beduin. There is often the Levantine mixture, and now and again the Greek as one has been taught to see him, but there is something else that is distinctive. Peeping into a weaver's shop yesterday at Mejdel, on my wanderings for the Arts and Crafts Commission, I spied him—the boy with the amphora in the Museum of Crete. He has a pointed nose, is delicate with a refinement of his own, dark hair and brownish skin, and—most important—has a sense of beauty.

The Arabs say here the people of this district, Philistia, are cleaner because they come from the West. That is a tradition, for the Arabs don't read Evans, and they know nothing about the discoveries in Crete.

"So then," says Baikie in his "Sea Kings of Crete," "the nation with which we have all been familiar from the earliest days of childhood as the hated rival of the young Hebrew state, whose wars with the Hebrews are

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the subject of so many of the heroic stories of Israel's Iron Age, was the last survival of the great race of Minos. Samson made sport for his Cretan captors in a Minoan theatral area by the portico of some degenerate House of Minos, half palace, half shrine, with Cretan ladies in their strangely modern garb of frills and flounces looking down from the balconies to see his feats of strength, as their ancestresses had looked down at Knossos on the boxing and bull-grappling of the palmy days when Knossos ruled the Ægean. The great champion whom David met and slew in the vale of Elah was a Cretan, a Pelasgian, one of the Greeks before the Greeks, wearing the bronze panoply with the feather-crested helmet which his people had adopted in their later days in place of the old leathern cap and huge figure-eight shield. Ittai of Gath, David's faithful captain of the bodyguard, and David's bodyguards themselves, the Cherithites and the Pelithites (Cretans and Philistines), were all the same race."

One discovers, in short, that the Philistines are still among us, and have to be reckoned with.

How did the word get its modern use in the Western languages? The people who are of us yet outside us, the people who are wanting in a finer sense and culture, yet apparently effective, the people we don't like yet have to consider. We English have been called Philistines, and call each other Philistines, and at the end of the eighteenth century Germans steeped in Gallic culture fixed the term on those unable to feel the new thought that was moving the world. Then Goethe carried it further, making it imply on the one hand a want of moral courage, a convention taking the place of thought or something that made

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a man mentally timid; and on the other, something that gave him, as it does our English Philistines, an easy idealism, an endless hope.

Was ist ein Philister?
Ein hohler Darm
Mit Furcht und Hoffnung ausgefüllt,
Das Gott erbarm!

Oh, yes. In this country it is quite good to be a Philistine.

Jerusalem, January 25, 1922.

To Bentwich's lecture, subject "Hellenism and Hebraism." Rather was it the attempt of an idealist to justify an untenable political theory without a full grasp of one side of the subject he had chosen. No. It won't do. All this religious nationalism, with whatever earnestness it is urged, is reactionary, and its motive force is the old Biblical Protestantism galvanized to life. I could not help admiring the man, and I was trying all the way home to state to myself the flaws in his reasoning. He did not, he could not comprehend Hellas, the Classic Renaissance, the progress of civilization through Greece, Rome, and Christendom. His God was dead; and the juxtaposition of a God of morals as against a God of beauty is false. *καλος κ'αγαθος* is a conception to which the Jew cannot attain, if he does he surrenders the Jew.

Then coming home I stumbled upon the answer in Gilbert Murray's "Religio Grammatici":

Take a tragedy of Æschylus, a dialogue of Plato, take one of the very ancient Babylonian hymns or an oracle of Isaiah. The prophecy of Isaiah referred primarily to a definite set of facts and contained some definite—and generally violent—political advice; but we often do not

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know what those facts were, nor care one way nor another about the advice. We love the prophecy and value it because of some quality of beauty, which subsists when the value of the advice is long dead; because of some soul that is there which does not perish. It is the same with those magnificent Babylonian hymns. Their recorders were doubtless conscious of their beauty, but they thought much more of their religious effectiveness. With the tragedy of Æschylus or the dialogue of Plato the case is different, but only different in degree. If we ask why they were valued and recorded, the answer must be that it was mainly for their poetic beauty and philosophic truth, the very reasons for which they are read and valued now. But even here it is easy to see that there must have been some causes at work which derived their force simply from the urgency of the present, and therefore died when the present faded away.

Jerusalem, January 30, 1922.

While Bentwich pursues his dream other things are happening. He was praising the devotion and self-sacrifice of some of the Jews from Central Europe; what would not they do for Zion—for the idea? When a few days ago I was at Mejdell I stayed at the house of a Syrian doctor. He had recently been at Jaffa, to a ball there, and had danced with some Jewish ladies from Poland; charming they were, said he, and beautifully dressed. He was introduced to their menfolk, intellectual and gold-spectacled. Next day he met these same men on the roads. They were working as navvies. He expressed surprise.

"And well you may," said they. "Better the pogroms in Russia than the life we are leading here. This is a dog's life. Would to God we were back again in Poland!"

Jerusalem, February, 1922.

Yet if one takes a wide sweep, is not this movement of the Jew colonizing eastward a return once more of the

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tide of Græco-Roman civilization, a part of the ceaseless ebb and flow of the only life worth having? Bring water into the desert, into Palestine, Trans-Jordania, Syria, and beyond, and you create new life. For there, half buried, lie those unnumbered cities that Rome and Byzantium raised but could not hold.

Doughty, speaking of the land of Gilead, quotes the Hebrew prophet:

The desert shall become a plough land, so might all this good soil, whose "sun is gone down while it is yet day," return to be full of busy human lives; there lacks but the defence of a strong government. One of the Damascus traders in the caravan said to me: "Seeing that the Turks (which devour all and repair nothing) leave such a fresh country in ruins, might not some of your ingenious people of Frankistan lay an iron-way hither?" Some in Europe have imagined that Frankish colonies might thrive here, and there is in sooth breadth of good soil to be occupied. But perchance the event should not be happy, the laborious first generation languishing, and those born of them in the land becoming little unlike the Arabs. Who is there can wade through Josephus's story of these countries without dismay of heart! Were not the sending of such colonists to Syria as the giving of poor men beds to lie on, in which others had died of the Pestilence?

Jerusalem, 1922.

I was lunching one day with Deedes when Lawrence turned up. He tripped in, blushing, on tip-toe, rather like a leaf, and with a somewhat timid ostentation asked for a "nut or a pea," it was all he needed. I observe that these ardent pro-Arabs have a way of showing off their desert digestions, but I shrewdly suspect it is dyspepsia rather than the Beduin's iron constitution as they would more willingly have us and themselves believe.

None the less, he is one of the men who carry a light. He wrote in July, 1920:

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The Arabs rebelled against the Turks during the war not because the Turk Government was notably bad, but because they wanted independence. They did not risk their lives in battle to change masters, to become British subjects, or French citizens, but to win a show of their own. . . . It is true we have increased prosperity—but who cares for that when liberty is in the other scale?

It is always a wonder that with our own burning nationalism we are unable to grasp this elementary truth. He continues, perhaps explaining the reason why:

Of course there is oil in Mesopotamia, but we are no nearer that while the Middle East remains at war, and I think if it is so necessary for us it could be made the subject of a bargain. The Arabs seem willing to shed their blood for freedom; how much more their oil.

“Kalb falet wa la sab'marbut.” “Better be a wandering dog than a tethered lion.”

Jerusalem, 1922.

This drainage débâcle in the Wadi'l-Joz is for us, and many others, very serious. The Administration is, of course, responsible. It accepted the money from the Zionist Commission and failed to carry the work through effectively. Like all work done for purposes of politics and propaganda, rather than for its own sake—work that is not strictly honest—it has been “found out.” The best Moslem residential area in the city has now been flooded with the drainage of Meoscheorim, and a pool of liquid sewage lies, at the moment of writing, in the lovely valley between the Grand Mufti's house and ours. For us it will mean that we shall probably not be able to return to our house. The property owners, all Moslem, are very angry. They have sent in petition after petition and all have been ignored. But they will probably not have

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enough cohesion to bring the necessary pressure to bear upon the Administration. Had the situation been reversed and the drains of a Moslem slum voided into the best Jewish quarter there would have been such an outcry in Israel as would have moved Wall Street and Park Lane:

Benjamin, and Levy, Cohen, and Sassoon,
Lewis, Mond, and Meinertzhagen moaning all in tune,
Franklin, Montefiore, and Harrari in between,
Isaacs, Fels, and Israeli baying at the moon,
Ladenburg, and Schlezinger, and Trier, and Duveen,
All the tribes in harmony from counter, pale, and dune—
Was such a sorrow ever known, or such a scandal seen!
Samuel, Schiff, and Rothschild twined in richer chords,
Mourning all together in a cry that is the Lord's.

But our Moslem friends have not yet learned how to handle the ropes. That also will come. Meantime, I have told the Administration that unless another house is found me, and within a certain time, I go.

Jerusalem, July 11, 1922.

The Administration is in one of its recurrent states of nervous collapse. That is to say, being an essentially timid Administration, with an uneasy Protestant conscience, it is arming itself cap-a-pie and shaking as to its knees: route marches, demonstrations in the streets, displays of Indian soldiery, armoured cars, and all for the sake of the Mandate and this unhappy "Wa'd Balfour" which we should be so much better without.

Sir Herbert comes back to-morrow, and if someone shot him on the way I should not be in the least surprised. You cannot govern well or wisely except by consent; you cannot, unless you do it by force, govern against the will of 85 per cent. of the population, and if in addition you have

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an uneasy conscience and are not very brave really, you tend to grow uncomfortable when folk begin beating and shooting in the streets. My foreman gardener, a young Jew with blue eyes, honest of purpose, and absolutely sincere, came to me to-day and said that all the Christians and Moslems on the staff were going on strike to-morrow, to join the general protest against the "Wa'd Balfour," and what was he to do. Also if he was in hospital, damaged through the riots, would the Administration pay his wages? There's nothing like looking for trouble, and your Jew has a genius for trailing his coat. I told him I should dock the wages of all who took part in demonstrations whether Jew or anti-Jew.

Jerusalem, July 14, 1922.

We've got through our miniature war; a portentous display of force, the Jews scared to death, the Moslems chuckling at the way they put the wind up the Administration, and the Christians hard at it fanning their own particular brand of anti-Semitism. There were great garlands and festoons for the reception of Sir Herbert on his return home to Government House—where in the Gardens we are now living, but he did not pass through them, but came back at night. We don't want him shot.

Talking with old Muhammad Yussef el Alami, my neighbour, the other day—he is very wise, very tough, very grasping, and of a fine sense of humour with his rugged Polyphemus-like face and his one blind eye—I quoted to him the Arabic proverb, "Jerusalem is a golden bowl full of scorpions."

"Yes," he retorted drily. "That used to be true '*min zaman*'—a long time ago. But it is true no longer.

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There is only one scorpion now and he's a foreigner." Then after a moment's reflection and looking at me intently with his one eye: "It is our business to see that he does not sting."

Jerusalem, July, 1922.

Samuel having turned down my proposal for the reconstruction of the Pro-Jerusalem Society, which would incidentally have solved the housing difficulty, my resignation holds and we leave Palestine at the end of the month.* I am sorry for many of our great schemes, which, I believe, with American help, we could have carried through, still more so for many of my staff, the men whom I have trained, who will now I fear lose their billets, as there will be no money to pay them their wages. Well, we've had good times together and have proved how honest work, craftsmanship, and love of the city for its own sake, are a clean cement and bind, where politics and propaganda sunder and destroy. I have worked with many hundreds of these Eastern craftsmen now, of all nations and tongues and creeds and ways of looking at life; they are good fellows all if their work is good, Jews, Greeks, Armenians, Latins, Moslems, it matters not, if the binding quality, the religion be craftsmanship, and so. . . .

"God's benison go with you; and with those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!"

*The reason for my resignation was that I was turned out of my house in the Wadi 'l-Joz, "stunk out," by the break-down of the Jerusalem drainage system. There being no other house to go to except at great expenditure of money, and the Administration being unwilling to find this, no course was open to me but to resign. The Administration were at first unwilling to accept responsibility for this discreditable failure of their Drainage Scheme, there being a difference of opinion between them and the Zionist Commission who had supplied the money. The Administration then made the proposal that the Pro-Jerusalem Society should pay for providing me with another house, a proposal which neither I nor the President could agree to. Subsequently, when it was too late, the Administration recognized the justice of my case (June, 1922) by asking me to send in my claim for damages. This claim at the moment of publication remains unpaid.

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Jerusalem, August, 1922.

This tale is going the round of the Arab papers. A Moslem who had heard much and read much of what was called civilization went to the West to learn. He wanted to become civilized. In London, it may have been in Paris, he met two old men; the one they told him was a fortune teller, the other a writer of charms. The name of the one was Lloyd George and of the other Clémenceau. He attracted their attention and at first they were kind to him. They took him to their house. But after he had been a short time with them they began ill-treating him and employed him as a servant. He had to do the chores. He would not have minded doing the chores at home, or if it had led to anything. But he was not at home and it led to nothing. So he gave up his intention of becoming civilized and went back to live the old simple life.

Thus the Arab papers. But the story has a sequel. He will never go back to the old simple life. What he may do is to destroy the new complex life, which he really rather likes, and build up something else in the process.

What will it be? Something quite different, I fancy, from what the Jews are dreaming in Palestine. Ibn Khaldun's dictum that the Arabs are incapable of "establishing an empire unless they are imbued with religious enthusiasm by a prophet or a saint" is still valid. And when you face the dignity, the earnestness, the simplicity of these people, even in Jerusalem, you feel it may again become effective. I think of the late Grand Mufti Kamel Eff. al-Husaini and some of our stately old Shaikhs. Are these Ibn Khaldun's people? And the same people of whom Doughty speaks, touched alternately by the desert

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and the Levant? Even though they have lost the desert they have still much of the word of God in them.

There is no human effort, no fecundity in Nature; just heaven above and unspotted earth beneath, and the only refuge and rhyme of their being is in God. This single God is to the Arab not anthropomorphic, not tangible or moral or ethical, not concerned particularly with the world or with him. He alone is great, and yet there is a homeliness, an every-day-ness in this Arab God who rules their eating, their fighting, and their lusting; and is the commonest thought, and companion, in a way impossible to those whose God is tediously veiled from them by the decorum of formal worship. They feel no incongruity in bringing God into their weaknesses and appetites. He is the commonest of their words.*

And our Moslem who went to Paris and to London and discussed matters with Clémenceau and Lloyd George, having convinced himself that the one was, as stated, a fortune teller, and the other a writer of charms, but that they have a temporary control over arms and ammunition, what is he going to do about it?—obviously a case for Allah.

Jerusalem, 1922.

Gilbert Clayton turned up one afternoon, and we had a sing-song with the children. The children adored him. He had just come from Egypt, having completed his service there, and is now "out of a job." He gave the impression of leaving the country with regret, but with the quiet satisfaction of a clean conscience. Liberalism had done the square thing. So was he fastening up the trunk of departure with the buckle of honour.

"The burden of trusteeship," says Lionel Curtis of India, "must be transferred piece by piece from the

*Doughty: "Arabia Deserta." T. E. Lawrence, Preface.

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shoulders of Englishmen to those of Indians in some sort able to bear it." It is the same in Egypt and in Palestine. "Troublous as the times before us may be we have at last reached that stage in our work . . . which is truly consonant with our own traditions. The task is one worthy of this epoch in our story. If only because it calls for the effacement of ourselves."*

It is a pity for Egypt to lose good men, but after all it is not only for ourselves or our own particular nest in the Commonwealth that we work, but for Civilization.

"Sic vos non vobis: nidificatis aves."

I find the children a very good index of what is sound in an administrator. A correct ear, a sense of rhythm, and an understanding of such ideas as the English language conveys are of course essential; but there is something else, and in sizing up a good administrator the children's instinct on the whole is sound.

Jerusalem, August 26, 1922.

Another of these portentously heavy Government House dinner parties, mitigated this time by a talk with Rutenberg. If I believed in the capacity of the Russian Jew to carry a great scheme consistently through I should believe in Rutenberg. His is a powerful face, a face with fury in it, a touch of Beethoven, with the cynicism of Mephisto. Mephisto is always a bit operatic. We plunged right into his great scheme. No, he had not got his money yet, but he would get it. That I believe, because he is a conjuror. And then having got it what would he do with it?

"Create power, of course."

*"Letters to the People of India." London, 1918.

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"But at a loss, not on an economic basis?"

"That depends on how you look at it."

"True. Your money comes mainly on the flood tide of Zionist enthusiasm. That is not strictly 'commercial.'"

He with the cynic smile agreed.

"And having established your power, what are you going to do with it?"

"Supply it to those who want it."

"Electric light for government officials? A somewhat limited market."

"And factories."

"Factories for what?"

"Oh, all sorts of things."

"Mother-of-pearl buttons at Bethlehem . . . and artificial bricks at Tel Aviv . . . ?"

He hesitated, for he realized I had put my finger on the weak point of his scheme.

"So you really think you are going to make an industrial country out of Palestine!"

He was honest enough to qualify his reply. It was to be an industrialized agriculture.

A process, I suggested, only possible within the larger industrial community, Illinois, Dakota, Wisconsin, and so forth. We left it at that, for there was nothing more to add.

"Sir," said Doctor Johnson, "let us clear our minds of cant."

If a large proportion of the Protestant world, including of course a very large proportion of Jewry, are prepared to hand over their money on these terms and accept the cant, what more is there to be said? I like Rutenberg for this, that he is honest and cynical enough to admit the

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false hypothesis. What matter if men and women hand over their money? Provided there is no technical as well as ethical flaw in his scheme he may carry it through . . . and then?

Well, then something else will have been accomplished—much as St. Peter's at Rome was built by the money collected from the sale of indulgencies by those pardoners whom Chaucer satirizes. Rutenberg and Weizman would have made admirable pardoners. I see them both in the rôle, the one all devilry and fury, the other all honey and conviction, both lying supremely—for a cause. And why not use these stupid English and Americans?—they are there to hand and to be had.

As for the idea that a Jewish state is "some day" going to be established by the sinking of Jewish capital in Palestine, which at the bottom of his heart seems to be Samuel's idea—I hold it to be entirely futile. If a Jewish state ever comes it will not come that way. And yet I believe in ideas, and in Jewish idealism, and would have the Jews go on—if they would only be a little more tactful. They have to realize that their throats are going to be cut in the process and that they must not cry so loud when it happens. Your reputable idealist snuffs out with more distinction.

Nor do the Jews themselves—the best of them—believe in the Rutenberg and Weizman point of view. "Those who now abandon the ideal," says Ginsburg, "in exchange for the political idea will never return again, not even when the excitement dies down and the State is not established; for rarely in history do we find a movement retracing its steps before it has tried to go on and on, and finally lost its way. When, therefore, I see what chaos

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this movement has brought in the camp of the Eastern Choveve Zion . . . I really feel the heavy hand of despair."

One would pardon any idealist such an utterance after an exceptionally heavy Government House dinner party. But what matters, we must play the game to the end, Rutenberg and Weizman, and Samuel and Churchill, even though some perverse idealist peeps through a rift, shows us up, and laughs at us. There is a right and a wrong or there would be no sense of humour in the world, and as to the right and wrong here, that tiresome idealist will not let go. "What wonder," he says, "that so great an ideal, presented in so unworthy a form, can no longer gain adherents; that a national building founded on the expectation of profit and self-interest falls to ruins when it becomes generally known that the expectation has not been realized, and self-interest bids men keep away?"*

It will be interesting to watch how Rutenberg, and, as I think, the inevitable failure of the Rutenberg scheme, will justify Ginsburg.

Trans-Jordania, September 3, 1922.

H. St. J. B. Philby took us to lunch with Prince Abdullah. The latter is a cheery-faced, shrewd, genial little man, aristocratic though not of great distinction. He was very entertaining, for politics, viewed objectively, are always entertaining. Thank God one is outside them!

We had last met Abdullah at one of Mrs. Deedes's wonderful Government House parties, when, with his "Prime Minister" and various British officials and their womenfolk, he was leaping about like a young ram, his

*"Essays on Zionism and Judaism." Achad Ha'am.

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abayeb filled with wind, a sort of inflated sausage, but wildly animated, and beating bladders to and fro over a clothes line in the hot and happy consciousness that this—game of “tiddly flaps” or some such title—was the *dernier cri* in English polite society, which no doubt it was.

“I am the best friend you English have,” said he, “but why do you bother me with questions of boundaries that are incompatible with the promises you have made?”

On that text there are no doubt blue books.

“The country should be determined first, the king can come later. You have been thinking of the king first, and (by implication) are filching away portions of the country and—(again by implication)—giving it to the Jews.”

He was evidently disgruntled with the Jewish High Commissioner. And indeed the situation, the more you view it from the Arab side, grows increasingly difficult—impossible. Some explosion seems inevitable.

He lives in his camp on a high plateau above Amman, and he has a little army all his own. We saw it washing its shirt, and doing its exercises, as we motored through it. Janet and I. “Our Army!” said the Trans-Jordanian chauffeur proudly. Hearing, and reading Philby’s story of Ibn Sa’ud, I wondered how much of it would be left alive if it once came to grips with Wahhabi protestant Arabia.

To get these Arab chiefs together, determine their boundaries, establish a common policy, that appears to be Philby’s plan, his hope.

Philby is a wise man, one of the men of real mark out here, a man whose blue eyes you would trust anywhere, and—what he says he says. To me he seems to sum up, in his wide sympathy and understanding, those wise

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last words of Wilfred Scawen Blunt to Islām. For "India," and the "Moslems of India" I have inserted the "Arabs":

Nothing is more certain than that the only way in which the English connection with "the Arabs" can be placed on a basis of permanence is by obtaining the consent of the Arab peoples, and their active zeal in administering their country. . . . My present motto therefore would be: "Loyalty to the Imperial crown but insistence on self-government under it." And these are, in all probability, the last words of advice on Eastern matters I shall presume to utter in any public form. . . . And so may God prosper you and hasten the day of Islamic and Asiatic independence!"*

Lunch was served in a picturesque tent by a retinue of coloured servants richly belted and daggered. What we missed in the quickness of the Arabic talk and the banter Philby translated.

We complimented him on his swiftness. "Ah, you see," said he, "I've heard all these arguments so often before that I have them by heart."

The dominating thing in this little city of Amman is the city that has gone before. Arab and Englishman have but scratched a temporary habitation upon the ancient Philadelphia. Even the Byzantine Church in the valley below and the Sassanide building within the citadel give place to what emphatically was civilization.

"Pure Hellenism—the Greek spirit," my friend Simonides insists, "was never brought to Syria. What was brought was an amalgam of Hellenic wisdom and Oriental civilization. It had much of the outward show of Greek life, but it never really gave what was most precious in it." Then being one of the idealists out here, even

*W. S. Blunt, *Diaries*, 1913.

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though so greatly anti-Zionist, he adds: "That is still to come."

Amman, the ancient Philadelphia, is a fine example of this Hellenistic civilization. And there is that wonderful theatre with its seating accommodation for four thousand people. Men do not build places where four thousand people can be spoken to unless there is a common language to speak to them in, and some common sentiment and culture behind the language. What was the language and what the culture? We here fash ourselves with three official languages and have no common speech, yet we are hoping for a culture. I don't see Herbert Samuel, even with his best star on, addressing four thousand people in the theatre of Philadelphia with the aid of the Arabic Tweedledum on one side and the Hebrew Tweedledee on the other.

"What we have here now," said Simonides contemptuously, "is what the Germans call '*Eine Kellner Kultur*'." And that was true. Men's only thought is in a froth of many languages with nothing beneath.

"The study of Greek and Latin literature," says he, "makes it clear to us, does it not, that the unity of form is much more significant than the difference of language. It is the Hellenic literature we are dealing with, and this goes on and on through Hebrew, Aramaic, Latin, Syrian, Arabic. And when we leave Language and look at Civilization as a whole this unity shines forth."

"Yes, but did they talk Latin, or Syriac, or Aramaic in the theatre of Amman?"

I told Simonides how, standing on the other side of the valley looking down on it all with the Assistant Commissioner one evening, and outside his house, he showed me

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the remains of a Roman pavement. Here had been a Roman gentleman, perhaps also some assistant commissioner, who had once built *his* house on precisely the same spot.

"Why couldn't that Græco-Roman civilization make good?" I asked. And the Englishman had answered:

"I suppose the same thing is happening to us now as happened to them, before the withdrawal from Amman. The problem became too complicated, too difficult to cope with. The young Roman gentleman wouldn't stay on in these remote outlying cities, and things were going badly at home. I wouldn't take service in India now."

"Possibly. But as against that you have to set the motor-car, the flying machine, and the inventions that eliminate space. And you have another thing happening. You have a cheaper type of Englishman, the mechanic, the chauffeur, the man of board-school education taking hold, and . . . marrying a Levantine wife."

"Doing in fact," said Simonides, "as the Roman did. When central government was no longer workable, it was either fusion or evacuation. And now for you English . . . witness India and Egypt. Will he save the unity of form, this new Englishman of yours?"

"In himself I believe he will. I'm not so certain about the Levantine wife."

"That," said Simonides, "is a matter for the next generation. We Greeks, you know, have travelled that road before."

CHAPTER XVI

POLITICAL FUTILITIES

FOUR of my Jerusalem friends had once met (it was not often that they foregathered) in the waiting room at the Governorate. The intrepid Zionist, the intelligent Moslem, the impartial British official, and the impertinent free lance had been asked to give evidence on some commission or other. It was one of those interminable *kalams* that apparently led nowhere, and this added to the long wait (the Governor was in his inner room walking up and down rehearsing a speech in Arabic), perhaps accounted for Mercutio's irritability. He was, so to speak, taking pot shots at the Administration and its chiefs.

"Of Herbert Samuel in Palestine, it is *de rigueur* to speak always, even I believe in the bosom of his family, as H.E.," said he. "This is done with bated breath and a slight catch in the voice, and of course we all know that he wears a mask of bronze."

I had repeated this saying myself, so asked Mercutio to explain.

"It's hard to do so," said he, "but I think his greatest, his first distinction is his preëminence in ritual. He is like one of those bronze gods of ancient Egypt, made, if you please, with perfect precision, that they used to draw out of the temple at the end of a string, in a ship, or shall we say an ark, for regular airing."

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"And then?"

"Why, then they put him back again, into the tabernacle or wherever it was, among the seraphim."

John Smith, somewhat disturbed at having his chief handled with such lightness, said a little testily:

"Yes, yes, but there is a man behind the mask."

"Of course, don't be in such a hurry. That brings me to his second great quality. After ritual, justice. He has a fine sense of justice."

"That's a good homely English quality, isn't it? They used to say in England that it was one of Samuel's weaknesses to be regarded as an English gentleman. Do you think ritual and justice enough to make a statesman?"

"Allah knows."

"It's no use perpetually invoking fate when we know they are not."

This was to Shaikh Isma'il, who added with soothing courtesy: "Well, well, let us add mercifulness. In the East those three go a long way."

Here the Zionist chipped in:

"Only if there is the British Navy behind them. But let's hear your view of the policy—the plan, the real aim. He doesn't go near far enough for me."

"Oh, the real aim," said Mercutio airily. "That's another matter. For that you must apply to the Manchester chemist—the 'Uncrowned king of Palestine,' or to one of his local representatives, or to our friend the turbulent Russian Jew, or to one or other of Funkelstein's allies here, ever buzzing Zionism in and out of season; or if they happen to blow a little harder for the moment, our Arab Alfares or Rouge Dragon up at Government House; or, when he draws off his jewelled violet gloves and gets

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to business with the Vatican, his cat-like Beatitude, the Latin Patriarch; or some Trans-Jordanian Commissioner, or modest Palestine Governor who doesn't believe in Zionism, and thinks the Arabs unfairly treated. It is very easy to frighten the Samuel administration."

"Then," rather sulkily from John Smith, "you mean his fourth quality is timidity?"

"Perhaps. The timidity is not so much congenital as in the policy. It is an unjust policy administered by a man—a Jew, who has a fine sense of justice."

Here were the lists fairly set, Zionist and Moslem with their claws ready; the usual Jerusalem situation, honest John Smith very uncomfortable, and he and I trying rather clumsily to keep the ring.

It was Mercutio who saved the situation.

"There is not, I fancy, a single Englishman in this Administration who really believes in the policy he is administering."

"That statement," said I, "is manifestly untrue. I know several."

"Pardon me, so do I. But I don't include English Jews, and I exclude the few rare spirits, probably you have in mind much the same men as I, who hold some sort of belief in the application of Biblical prophecy to modern politics."

"Very dangerous men," said honest John stolidly.

"Perhaps, old man, but you probably wouldn't recognize them when you saw them."

"The English mind," said I, "is always a bit muddly, woolly, consistent in its inconsistency."

"That want of clearness often goes with the religious temperament: it is rather a gracious quality. Your

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Gordon had it, who was slain by our Mahdi; so has your Civil Secretary."

"Yes, I think the Shaikh is right there, but the average Englishman no longer believes in the Bible as a key to politics, or in his own personal interpretation of it. His instinct," Mercutio continued, "tells him that to do either no longer insures truth, that it is unsafe, and that if he lends himself to any such seventeenth-century methods he will probably make a mess of things, and be taken advantage of."

"By some Zionist clique or Jewish commercial syndicate, I suppose you're going to add," put in Mr. Funkelstein acidly.

"I don't go as far as that. But I say that if you administer with the idea that it was foretold of you in the fourth century B. C., you administer blindfold, you are unsafe as an English administrator, you can save yourself only by cant, and you will probably end by shooting down the people with whom you differ."

"A plague upon your politics. 'Twixt Hana and Mana our beard is gone."

"I am out of my depth," said Mercutio. "Who are Hana and Mana? Mountains in Moab, or *djinns* bottled up by Suleiman in the Sea of Tiberias?"

"There was once a man had two wives, one old, the other young. Hana the younger wanted him to appear young, so she plucked out all his gray hairs; Mana the elder, deeming herself more reasonable, plucked out all the black. Thus he, poor man, ended beardless."

The Shaikh's inference was clear to us all. He has confided to me at different times his profound suspicion of our quasi-democratic legislation. Its object, he thinks, is

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twofold: to hoodwink the democracy in England, for he fully realizes that the last appeal in policy is to the British House of Commons; and then, by centralizing government, to strengthen the hold of the Jews on Palestine.

In any case, it may be better, and here I agree with him, to avoid sham democracy, to take, as he says, our lesson from Egypt and India, and not teach young men the shibboleths before we have formed their characters. Character cannot be formed except through its own traditional environment. As for Palestine, no democracy is possible there for a long time to come. It would commit *felo de se* immediately. For democracy you must have solidarity of tradition. You can get it among the Jews, you can get it among the Arabs, you can get it even among the Christians; but you cannot as yet get it in a community composed of all three. After long ages it may come—such a period of gestation as the Roman Empire provided in Palestine between the days of Mark Antony and those of Heraclius, when Palestine capitulated to the new power that stood for democracy, Islam the leveller.

“It is a part of the disingenuousness of Zionism,” said Mercutio, “that it preaches democratic methods yet is not ready to extend them to non-Jewish fellow citizens. For is it not obvious that were any such extension tried, Zionism in Palestine would be immediately overwhelmed?”

At this Mr. Funkelstein snorted, and delivered himself of the most superb piece of bluff.

“If you English would withdraw your army we could quite well manage by ourselves . . . at least in a year or two.”

“Rot!” said John Smith simply. And the Shaikh,

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perhaps passing the same sentiment through the alembic of an Oriental imagination, added:

"And all the time you English are trying to deck with flowers, as we say, the legs of a people not yet breeched."

John Smith remained obstinately idealistic. "And yet I don't see it. Does it matter so much, after all?"

"It matters everything," was the Shaikh's reply. "There are certain things very deep down, and they will shine forth in you because they are you, and have for so many generations been your belief and your being. 'Love, pregnancy, and riding upon a camel cannot be hid.'"

"I agree with the Shaikh," said Mr. Funkelstein, "and that is in effect the *raison d'être* of Zionism. We do not wish to lose our individuality, we do not want to be hid. Jacob, you know, was the supplanter, and he acts now much as he did in the Pentateuch. For my part, I want to remain as I am—plain Jacob."

"Good that we understand each other. It is better, as you say, to live in one's own people; to be at one with them. Allah cares nothing for you nor me, but He does care for the race. After we are dead it matters little what life we have led in ourselves, but the life we shall continue to live in others matters greatly."

He turned to John Smith. "As for you, *Haretak* [Your honour], much of your English education seems to me wrong. It aims at helping the individual to better himself in material things, whereas it should aim at bettering the race through some finer character in the individual."

"Good breeding?" I suggested, "as interpreted by Samuel Butler?"

The Shaikh knew nothing of Samuel Butler, and I had

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just been reading again "The Way of All Flesh," so I recalled the famous passage:

. . . We set good breeding as the corner-stone of our edifice, we would have it ever present consciously or unconsciously in the minds of all as the central faith in which they should live and move and have their being, as the touchstone of all things whereby they may be known as good or evil according as they make for good breeding or against it.

That a man should have been bred well and breed others well; that his figure, head, hands, feet, voice, manner, and clothes should carry conviction upon this point, so that no one can look at him without seeing that he has come of good stock himself, that is the desiderandum. And the same with a woman. The greatest number of those well-bred men and women, this is the highest good; toward this all government, all social conventions, all art, literature, and science should directly and indirectly tend. Holy men and holy women are those who keep this unconsciously in view at all times whether of work or pastime.

In both the Moslem and the Englishman was a little of it, and how futile seemed all our political trivialities beside that "radiant acquiescence," as old Abbas once called it. Nor should the individual be aware of its possession, but for the legislator and the educationist it should be a lodestar. Strange, I thought, how one of the few great teachers who had expressed this thought was also a Moslem and a Palestinian.

I put it to the Shaikh, but I suppose too tritely, for he, as if not wishing to pursue the subject, and with an expressive movement of finality, whisking his hands together, said:

"*Khalas, bass*, let us aim at the real things, lest it be said of thee: 'Supper thou haddest none so gattest thyself a radish the better to belch.'"

At this moment the bell rang, the Governor had apparently finished rehearsing his speech, and the sitting of the Commission began.

CHAPTER XVII

ADMINISTRATIVE EGG SHELLS

THAT pretentious humbug which Shaikh Isma'il summed up in the proverb of the fellah who filled his belly with a radish thereby to seem as splendid in suppers as his more wealthy neighbours, applies equally to the education of the young, the administration of a country, or the making of its laws.

"Keep Egypt ever before your eyes," he continually says to me, and I intended before leaving Palestine to minute his parable of the radish to my friend Humphrey Bowman, the Director of Education, for whose sympathetic enthusiasm I note that the Shaikh has a high regard, veiled, however, with a certain apprehension.

The Shaikh indeed realizes the dilemma with which the enlightened Western educationist is faced. The latter sympathizes with the practical, the technical studies, the realities, as against the *bouquiniste* Effendism of Egypt; but when the Administration is for carrying them out the half-educated Oriental accuses the reformer of obscurantism.

"Oh, of course," they say, as they said to some of us in Egypt, "you want to withhold education from us."

Mercutio, the Shaikh, and I one afternoon were strolling down the *sugs*, discussing this, the root problem of administration in the East. We were admiring the skill of the craftsmen who were still working in their own tradi-

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tions, and were on our way to John Smith's rooms in the Austrian Hospice where we had some educational business to discuss.

Poking into one of the booths, we met the Governor of Jerusalem. He was dressed in loud checks and a floppy hat such as is worn by the music-hall impresario, and his kavass was behind him. He greeted us with his customary geniality.

"Hullo, Civics, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, the usual thing," I said, "trying to find out what it all means."

There was a graceful word in Arabic to the Shaikh and another to Mercutio, and the Governor moved on as if scattering largesse.

"There's a man now," said the Shaikh, "who might have done great things for Palestine and the realities of Palestine, and who sympathized more than any other Englishman with our traditions. He began so well, but I believe even the Jews trust him no longer."

"Our Governor," said Mercutio, "is an *arriviste*, a man full of humour, wonderful at lunch parties, very quick at the uptake, but with no power to carry things through. He is delightful to work with as long as what you are working at does not cross his personal interest. He has an innate taste for bric-à-brac, is entirely without ethical scruples of any sort; in brief, a brilliant amateur, incapable of doing anything that bores him, and good at everything except what he is paid to do—administration."

"*Hawa sukbu, tomm quwayyos lakin qalb. . . .*"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Hot air, his words are good, but the heart of him is empty."

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"On one occasion," said Mercutio, "I am told he had the National Anthem played for himself when, in his favourite rôle of Pontius Pilate, he represented the majesty of England. Is that true?"

"Why should it not be? Many of us love limelight. You English are a strange people, you alter the date of your King's birthday to accommodate the Jews, why should you not play your national song when the Governor of Jerusalem steps upon the platform?"

"You don't understand," I protested, "for that unfortunate error, as I happen to know, there was. . . ."

"I understand perfectly," said the Shaikh, "but the fact is the fact. Your King was born on the day upon which, he was born, while as for this Governor of yours he is like to lose his way between the peel and the core of the onion, and so get nought but the stink and the shame."

We had reached the Austrian Hospice where John Smith and Mr. Funkelstein were awaiting us.

"The men who are educating," said Mercutio, sweeping us all four up in his inconsequent humour, "the men who are administering, and the men who are law-making, all come out of the same hamper, some are better than others, and there are some d——d good eggs among them. Shall I crack you one or two and make you an omelette of your Palestine personnel? There's Public Works now—with his antiquated eye glass and his still more antiquated notion that what Palestine needs is wide roads with rounded corners. And there's Public Health, poor man, who bears upon his back the burden of a disastrous drainage system, which perpetually oozes out and smutches him. And there's our Deputy Governor . . ."

"A friend of mine," said I, seeking to head him off.

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"There is a great deal to be said for bureaucracy even when administered by men who shrink from split infinitives. Oh, he is a conscientious English officer, a nice scholar, a good administrator with a tremendous capacity for work."

I said I was very fond of our Deputy Governor.

"But the system! how futile it is! I regard much of the filing of even the finest administrator as futile."

"But you must have a method of filing your documents."

"Naturally. Reports have to be kept and minutes recorded, but the military filing system which he and others have reduced to a fine art is a dangerous snare. It has an almost incestuous way of breeding in and in, a process of engendering by fissure. It breeds not only *paper asses*, but staffs of clerks to look after the *paper asses*; and it brings upon its guardians, the men in control, a terrible nemesis, they get to shelter themselves behind the written word, and grow blind to what goes on outside their offices."

"I think this is absurd exaggeration."

"May be, but some day something happens, a decision has to be taken. Then they write down not what shall be done but what shall show well for them if ever the file be referred to later. 'I was all right, anyhow, you see I said so and so, it was the other fellow's business . . . see ancillary file No. 4652 third jacket folio 98b.'"

"Yes, I can tell you all about that file," said John Smith, "though you have probably got the wrong number."

"The classic instance of this in Jerusalem was in the winter of 1919. Something did happen—the great blizzard when some two hundred buildings in the city fell

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from mere neglect and the weight of snow. Petitions came pouring in to the Governor, that was in the days of"—Mercutio filliped his fingers to recall the name—"Oh, yes, of course, there have been so many governors and deputy governors—and he also was a bureaucrat who sought safety in files. What was to be done? And could not the Governor help? Yes, the files show how during the snow crisis the Governor was hard at work most conscientiously at his desk. And this is what he did. He made an entry in a neat, firm hand: 'Let a file be opened immediately.'"

"What was done for the fallen buildings?"

"Why, nothing. You cannot rebuild fallen arcades and domes by means of *paper asses*, and to this day the street levels of the Holy City have been raised appreciably at certain points during the British occupation."

"*Ya salaam!* And you wonder why some of us Moslems look back with a kindly feeling to the dear old Turkish days, when at least we took coffee with the men we loathed."

"The Turks during their centuries of rule also raised the levels of the Holy City but they were less conscientious than our English governors and deputy governors. They smiled, accepted bribes, as you say 'took coffee'; they dreamed and they let things alone. I often think we rather malign the Turks, their ways are not our ways, but I am not sure that we get so very much more done than they, and we certainly wear out our nerves in the process."

"Well," said the Shaikh enigmatically, "I prefer the Deputy to Father Promise All because what he says he says."

"And then," Mercutio rattled on mischievously,

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"there's the great Department of Antiquities. Does any one in the British Administration take archæology *quite* seriously?" He tapped his tea cup with his finger-nail up against his ear as if to sense a crack. "I fancy not even Samuel in his lighter moments. The archæologists themselves don't. You read the occasional articles in the *Times*, when Mr. Puff rediscovers Royal David's City. I have heard that excellent scholar Phythian Adams roar with laughter over it all. Don't you think he sees through it?"

"Oh, come, you exaggerate!"

"And that dear old pluralist of ours!"

"A shameless way of summarizing a respectable Hittite professor!"

Mercutio began maliciously marking off on his fingers: "Item, half a year at an English provincial university a chair; item, excavations in Græco-Roman cities; item, tiles on the Dome of the Rock, the Wailing Wall, Town Planning in Palestine, the reorganization of the Pro-Jerusalem Society, Meldrum Destructors, university degrees; there is nothing his department does not cover and cannot tackle, you meet him at every soirée with his finger in every pie—in short, a good organizer, as every ideal manager of a department store is bound to be."

"He holds the view, perhaps not unjustified," put in the Zionist, "that in Palestine everything should be classed as Antiquities. I rather agree with him."

"What is a Hittite?" asked the Shaikh.

"How ignorant you Moslems are of your own country!" said Mercutio. "If your subject is sufficiently obscure, and nobody knows anything about it, and you know that nobody knows anything about it, you can clothe yourself

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Paracelsus-like in a mantle of drab decorum that is astonishingly impressive to a community lacking real culture."

"Well," said honest John doggedly, "I think the right place for an archæologist is underground, excavations—I wish we could put him there."

"I agree. I see you, too, have suffered. In Philistia on one of his royal progresses Samuel was, I understand, once given a spade and told to dig. The necessary Antiquity, as in Gibbon's story of the miracle of Helena, was found, and all the official photographers were in attendance. I shall suggest to our fissiparous professor that he model his department upon the latest methods in America. There, you know, where the old is a synonym for the beautiful, Art and Archæology form one department. Our professor is quite competent to take on the Art or anything else. In the contemplated amendment of the Palestine Antiquities Ordinance let the title be Department of Advertisement and Archæology."

"But I thought," said John Smith innocently, "that the real archæology here was all done by the Dominican Fathers."

"Of course," said Mercutio, "when any of us want anything we go to Père Lagrange, Père Vincent, or Père Abel."

With this at least I found myself at one, for I who have had so much help and encouragement from the Fathers would record here my appreciation of their scholarship, their sweetness and dignity of life and conduct, their humour and their vision. For me one of the realities of modern Jerusalem will always be St. Etienne, and most of our showy endeavours seem very second rate beside what St. Etienne has done and is doing.

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Mercutio had looked round to see if his challenge would be further taken up. The afternoon was hot, and he was biting his thumb at the Administration.

"Then there are the Civil Secretaries. How about——"

"Hadn't we better get to business?" said John Smith.

"Not a bit of it. I'm going to have another cup first."

And as he drank he started on another truculent characterization. "A good, warm-hearted fellow, butting through life with that great ugly nose of his, a titanic energy, and straight as a die. In fact, my dear John, I think you're rather like him, I mean in your view of life. You have his level impartiality and his discretion, but you do lack his exuberance!"

And here the Shaikh and the Zionist joined in. They were agreed for once. If it meant the Arab administering the Jew, or the Jew administering the Arab, each preferred the Englishman.

Mercutio was standing with his head cocked on one side looking at the official.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked.

"I was thinking whether honest common sense, a warm heart, and lots of driving power, were in these difficult days armour sufficient for a Palestine administrator. I don't know. I doubt."

"You mean you want the directive brain?"

"Given an honest policy: No," said Mercutio. "If you ask for light upon the future: Yes."

That roused Mr. Funkelstein.

"It is an honest policy," he said, "for we honestly believe that this will ultimately be a Jewish State, and meantime we are making laws which will both now and in the future be of value to all. To suggest otherwise is to

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impute dishonesty to those who are drafting the laws; to. . . .”

“Ah!” said Mercutio, “everybody loves the Legal Secretary, even those who want to shoot him.”

“*Ya salaam!* Don’t say that, you will bring the evil eye upon him.”

“But it’s said in the market place.”

“I am not of the market place,” said Shaikh Isma’il, “and I have a high regard for your Legal Secretary; he has been most courteous and patient with me.”

“Joseph,” said the irrepressible free lance, “was a dreamer of dreams; he also made laws for an alien land. He—I mean our Joseph, not the Joseph of the Exodus—has the Hebrew’s real love of music, and music, you know, can do a great deal with Chaos; he’s a musician through and through. He will go on fiddling forever, but he will never understand the Classic Renaissance. For him all that side of life—Keats, Molière, Marlowe, Erasmus, Thucydides, Sophocles, Æschylus—is blocked out. He knows them, of course, but as a Jew he is case hardened to them. They have no home in him, he could never for a moment see life with their eyes.”

“And you think he is the man to make laws for this, a Moslem country?”

“I don’t know. I sometimes think the idealism for which he stands is instinctively leading us into something beyond and greater than Zionism.”

This was a thought worth following up. I share it. The Jew’s Renaissance is not ours. The Jew did not rediscover the classic world, he salved it. His great achievement was his great renunciation when in the eighth century he adopted the Arabic language and

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brought the remains of Græco-Roman civilization with both hands from Baghdad to Spain. It is only by a similar renunciation that the Jew will succeed and Zionism prevail. "Give and it shall be given unto you." Let the Jew renounce the idea of making a Jewish State in Palestine, put behind him this reactionary Nationalism that has blazed up during the Great War, and he may win Palestine in the end. On no other terms is success possible.

The Zionist smiled, but the Shaikh smiled, too.

"You suggest he shall adopt the Arabic language again?"

"I don't suggest. I say he has got to if he is to be effective in Palestine. Arabic I regard as one of the live planetary languages, more alive than either Greek or Hebrew. It carries a living culture within it. But to come back to your thought, Mr. Funkelstein, that the idealism of our Legal Secretary is to be seen in these new laws and ordinances of ours. Are they going to work? I hope so, for I've had to do with some of them."

They were just starting on a review of the last new laws and ordinances of Palestine when Mercutio with characteristic irrelevance drew a herring across the path.

"Do you know," he said, "they do sometimes remind me of Samuel and his pathetic little boxes."

"What little boxes?" we all asked.

"It was his first constructive act in Palestine. It was an appeal to sentiment."

"Explain."

"Casting about for revenue," Mercutio rattled on, "and observing that the exports of Palestine, barring agriculture, were mainly relics, he devised certain little boxes, naturally of olive wood, each containing a pinch of

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soil from the Holy Land, a few drops of Jordan water, a dried flower, and a bit of stone from the walls of Jerusalem. These were to be sold to the faithful throughout the world, and the large accruing revenue was to go to the Pro-Jerusalem Society, thus (Samuel is nice in small economies) saving Administration grant in the upkeep of historic monuments. You see how it all works together."

"It is only the old mediæval relic business over again," said the Shaikh.

"Quite so. But the mediæval relic business was better because you took your risk of being swindled, and if you believed enough of course you were not swindled. But in these precious little boxes you can neither believe nor can you be swindled. You have no satisfaction either way. They are so uncompromisingly honest. They were guaranteed not only by the Administration, about which there might have been some reasonable doubt, but by the American Colony in Jerusalem, about whose impeccable honesty there could be no doubt whatever. The sentiment was to bring in a great revenue. Did it? Did you ever hear that it brought in a piastre?"

"Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace thou talk'st of nothing."

"True, I talk of dreams."

"Come, come," said John Smith, spreading out a file.

"Let's get to business."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SYMBOL OF THE DOME OF THE ROCK

I WAS walking on the walls of Jerusalem one day, on my way to the Haram, when I stumbled on Mercutio and the Zionist. The Temple area lay below us, and the Dome of the Rock was glittering in the evening sun.

"Will they ever get onto that work?" said Mercutio. "I mean in earnest. They have played with it for so many years now. Richmond in his memorable Report, I believe, asked for £70,000, and in five years you have had how much, £900? It's a great pity those funds were ever turned over to the Wakf."

"Should we administer them any better?" said I.

He shrugged his shoulders. "But why did they ever do it?"

"It was chivalry on the part of the High Commissioner," said the Zionist. "Being a Jew, he did not wish to mix himself up in Moslem affairs."

"That is where he and you make a great mistake," said Mercutio. "He should have been the British High Commissioner first and the Jew afterward. The Moslems were quite ready for guidance; the chance is gone now."

"You might at least give us credit for our good intentions . . . but after all why should we be interested in this building?"

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Why, indeed? Yet there it stood in its thirteen hundred years of majesty and loveliness.

"Alas," said Mercutio, "even if you have no history have you no eyes? Must God appoint unto them that boast in Zion ashes for beauty?"

"Well," said I, "I wish they'd carry out the Richmond Report and get the great work started."

"Perhaps they might have done," said Jacob Funkelstein acidly, "if they had let Mr. Richmond go on with the job he is fitted for instead of pitchforking him into politics"; for the Zionist does not like Ernest Richmond.

Mercutio was at him with his rapier.

"Ernest Richmond," said he, "is the sheet anchor of Zionism in Palestine."

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"I mean exactly what I say, and it is to the supreme credit of Samuel and his administration that he has not bent to the pressure of people like you to have him sent home."

"You are talking nonsense. Here is, if you will, an accomplished architect, with no training that I know in administration, with none of the traditions of the English Civil Service, with nothing to recommend him as far as I can see beyond a knowledge of Arabic and a certain modicum of good taste, that may help those old fogeys of the Wakf in their Haram repairs, put in a position of great power, and doing the work of the Civil Secretary. Politics! And Arab politics at that. What have they to do with the Balfour Declaration?"

"You Zionists make me mad. You are so blind. Can't you see that it is he, and he alone, that gives the Arabs confidence in an administration that for them would

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otherwise be wholly Zionist. The fact that here is an Englishman. . . ."

"Wholly anti-Semite," said the Jew.

"Wholly devoted to Arab interests, an Englishman, too, of fearless and outspoken honesty—the fact that such a man is set in a place of power is for them a standing sign of the impartial justice of the British Raj."

"A preposterous paradox."

"Just as much a paradox as that preposterous Balfour Declaration whose Arabic tail you people perpetually ignore, but the lash of which you will some day feel. If it weren't for Ernest Richmond you'd be having your throats cut, and don't you make any mistake about it."

"But what has an architect got to do with politics, anyway?"

"There again you go so wrong. It is because you Jews have no sense of plastic art, never have had, and never will have, that you are blind to the meaning of the Dome of the Rock."

"Tut."

"Half of you are completely ignorant of what the building stands for in history, the other half are bemused with Nehemiah, the Holy of Holies, and those old Ka'ba stones of the Wailing Wall over which you paw and claw and commit idolatry every Friday afternoon."

"Well, the best of us have done with that, anyhow!"

"Yes, *you* may have but the world has not; nor the British Empire that lends you the strong right arm, nor the half-baked American bourgeoisie that sends you money to keep the Zionist organization afloat. Sentiment—sheer sentiment! Can't you smell it! Your crazy

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boat is slopping along on a sea of sentiment and it is going to founder."

Feeling began to run high, so I left them at their chronic obsession of politics when they might have been enjoying the Dome of the Rock. But our cynic was right in his appeal to history, for that building, not alone beautiful in itself, in its serenity and superb orientation one of the most beautiful in the world, has a record and significance unique.

It represents and draws into its heart the three religious traditions, Moslem, Christian, Jew. Yet in a way it transmutes and transcends them all. There is nothing Jewish in it, it has nothing of the Christian Church, and it is not a Moslem building, for Greek workmen built it in the seventh century, setting it together with consummate skill out of the materials of a crumbling civilization. We know very little of men's thoughts in seventh-century Palestine, the thoughts of creative men in that period of fierce destruction; but the Dome of the Rock gives us a clue. It shows how Islam is not, as so often supposed, a breaking up, but a carrying on of the ancient world; it stands for a serene continuity, the everlasting optimism of the creative artist who knows that beauty does not die. What had been dying did not count for him. Jerusalem had been sacked by the Persians in 615 and the building that preceded the present Dome presumably destroyed. The Sassanide dynasty fell in 641 and Chosroes II was murdered and done away with in 651. Heraclius had died discredited and in 638 the Holy City had surrendered to Amr. What of the craftsmen in this period of fierce and futile struggle between two falling empires, one civilization, East and West, that was destroying itself by inter-

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necine warfare? What were the craftsmen thinking? The answer is in this sublime building raised by Abd-el-Malek within fifty years of the fall of the Persian and Byzantine empires and the surrender of the city to Islam.

It was the effort of the Greek mind once again to synthesize, to make clear, to take the new force driving from the East, from the desert, unifying, purifying, testifying, and to show what it stood for to the glory of God. Here, says this Dome through its craftsmen, was the spot where Abraham's altar once stood, here also Solomon once had his Temple; here the Emperor Hadrian, rightly accepting the one god, set up his Temple to Jupiter; for when you consider it clearly Jupiter is the father of all the gods, and contains within himself the old Pantheon. Let us then work on the Hadrian foundations, there they are, an octagon containing the holy rock, and we will cover it with that noblest of Greek creations, a Dome.

And what of the Holy Rock itself? Does not the Ka'ba show us how rock worship, some altar of sacrifice if you will, from human to animal as the story of Abraham tells, some sign from God, is older than all religions? Anyway, here it is, with its cave beneath, make what you will of it, we at least will show you the historical interpretation. We do not understand, but we can feel, because we are not interested in politics and the futile fight of kings and politicians. Whatever beautiful thing comes to hand we can still use those capitals of Constantine's, those shafts from upper Egypt, that work of Hadrian. Is Al Walid making peace at last, see that he stipulates among the conditions that men who understand *phsfsyia* be sent from Byzantium; mosaics are, in the end, more profitable than provinces, and they are not so easily lost.

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Give us rest awhile from your wars and let us work. And the mosaics of the outer coating are still there, reverently buried in the Haram, where we other workmen rediscovered them in 1919. As for those within, they stand yet in all their glory. In this new synthesis of our faith there shall be no anthropomorphism, not one tittle, for this is a Moslem building, and we will show you how Mohammed and Amr could do with the aid of the Greek mind what Moses and Ezra never succeeded in doing. And let us, so Al Mamun bids, set in Mosaic a Cufic inscription which shall be an everlasting rebuke to those Christians who regard God as aught but a spirit, a supreme idea the mind of man cannot grasp nor define. For the old conception of God as Will we now substitute the conception of God as Law; thus does Mamun, the neo-Platonist, enjoin us to interpret the Qoran.

But the building has more to say. Don't be misled by our grim gray Dome. We never meant that. When we first set it up it was clothed in laminæ of gold, and it so glittered in the sun that men coming from Mons Gaudii when first they saw it cried: "*Gloria inclyla aurea*" and wrote their Latin hymns and leonines about Jerusalem the golden. It was of our Dome they sang. Allah is merciful. He did not destroy our Dome, but he made us strip the gold to pay for making good the earthquake he once sent, maybe in rebuke for our materialism and want of faith.

The Crusaders came. They were ignorant men, of course, they could not read what we had written in Cufic, for our civilization was greater than theirs, and they thought that here was actually the Temple that Solomon and Hiram of Tyre once built. But craftsmen always

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understand each other, whatever their creed, their language, or their race. The Crusaders were men of iron but they, too, revered our Dome and made us encircle the holy rock with a screen of Frankish workmanship so fairy-like that Saladin merely swept the top of the rock, and seeing it was good left the screen alone, for he like all great rulers cherished craftsmanship.

And our Dome has more to say, the last word is from Persia—Persia that had so often tried to make good in the eastern Mediterranean. If the Euphrates had pursued its original intention of emptying into the Middle Sea instead of turning back to the east, what might not the world have become; for Persia that had so often flung westward her wisdom, her poetry, her design in silk and porcelain to those who were more apt to mimic her kingship and her imperialism, gave the outer skin of the great octagon and drum upon which our Dome is set. It is of painted tile work, that tradition of workmanship consummated in what we craftsmen name the period of Suleiman the Magnificent. His great inscription so clean, strong, and decisive still stands to show how the *Qoran* should be written.

Thus our Dome is as a serpent ever renewing its skin, and is that not, too, a symbol of eternity? Every decade or so the skin changes. To keep our Dome alive you must keep alive its pelt of glittering blue and green and white and gold; and unless you have a school of craftsmen always at work and studying you cannot do this and retain the life. For look you what the Turks did, they who were set to guard and who lost the Holy Places; they permitted the skin of our Dome to be remade in the machine factories of England and Germany where men do not

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understand these things, for you shall never replace a house devoted to the service of God in a factory devoted to the service of the machine. Your factory is but a grocery and as they say in Palestine: "Of the grocer you may buy everything but the little words 'love me.'" Yes, it will take David Ohannessian and his Armenians a long time yet before they bring their tiles to the standard set by Suleiman the Magnificent. But have patience and bear in mind the Arab proverb: "Hold by the old, for in any case thou shalt lose the new."

And in fine, can't you see, our Dome stands for unity and peace as does no other building? Can't you see that this cutting of the knot of trivial theometry, of Græco-Latin and Hebrew dissension by the sword of Mohammed symbolizes unity? Can't you see that all the sects and religions, these national gods to whom the Western world still offers sacrifice, are but the Greek Olympus, the Norse Valhalla, the old high places and groves of Palestine yet living in men's hearts? Keep a little of your Jahueh, your Apollo, your Virgin Mary, your Saint George, if you must, Allah will not mind now, but know that in this after-war world for any League of Nations there can only be one God and our Dome is His symbol.

CHAPTER XIX

AHOLIAB AND BEZALEEL

ONE of the most interesting achievements in Palestine is Bezaleel, the Jewish School of Arts and Crafts that still, what is left of it, centres in the happy, breezy, if somewhat pathetic, personality of old Professor Schatz. Bezaleel is one of the brilliant failures, and like many such in life stands for a great deal more than any lukewarm official success. Bezaleel tried to do two things, both of them impossible. It tried to prove that a Jewish style, something that should signify the living Zionism in Palestine, was possible; and it tried to establish within modern industrialism and in the promised land a living school of arts and crafts.

It is what you think and believe that gives you the basis for your art. If you are a genuine Jew, with the Jew's rigidly abstract idea of the Deity, no plastic art is possible for you. Your God may have been revealed to His chosen people in days past through cloud and flame and thunder, and that may have produced an exalted poetry, or that most abstract of the arts, a noble music. But for the genuine Jew the embargo on the carving of sticks and stones, or the making of a graven image in the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, forever holds good. The divine command is in your bones, and you cannot and never will, if you are a genuine Jew, create a

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plastic art. Not the most exquisite cameos of Professor Schatz nor the peppering of any number of "blessed Manoras" on carpets and silver match boxes will ever produce a Jewish style. The slovenliness, the ugliness, the want of grace, the essential absence of any style which characterize the Palestinian Jew, whether he come from Poland or Russia or the United States, or be native bred, are evidence enough. He is distinguished from all other races, religions, or types in Palestine, the Arab, the Greek, the Philistine of Mejdel and Gaza, the Bethlehemite, by his absence of distinction. All those others have what he has not got, and it is due to the fact that during the many hundred years of history they were able to humanize or at least enshrine their God, but to him this was forbidden.

The second achievement of Bezaleel, the attempt to create in Palestine a living school of arts and crafts, was as successful as all similar efforts in modern life, neither more nor less. It is characteristic of the Palestinian Jew, his self-concentration, his narrow-mindedness, that he knows nothing of all the other similar efforts and failures to establish such schools and centres of life all over the world, nor does he want to know about them.* In Austria, in Ireland, in the United States, in Germany, and in England, they have all gone the same way. The young men of Bezaleel, and I have conversed with many, think that they are the only instance of such achievement and their ignorance is pathetic. Fate, perhaps this God of theirs, has most unfairly smitten them in the face, them, the chosen few who sought to build up a fairer life in his honour with a happier craftsmanship, a cleaner living, even a touch of drama, and an endeavour to bring poetry into

*See my Report of 1918.

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their daily doings, and earn their livelihood more or less free of the slavery of the machine.

The failure here indeed is grander than any success could have been, for it is but another of the living protests against the industrial system. The fact that this is a Jewish protest gives it peculiar value. By their weight, their earnestness, their universality they will win, these efforts at rebuilding life; and they may yet end by finding some way out of the industrial quagmire.

I think the Zionist leaders would have done more wisely in spending some of the thousands they have devoted to propaganda in saving Bezaleel. They should have endowed it, set it on a sound economic basis, linked it up with the Jewish agricultural life on the one hand and on the other with the different crafts centres in other parts of the world. By this means they could have diverted the attention of its young producers from the sham product for dilettante, tout, and tourist to crafts of service and beauty with the control of such mechanical power as has application to Palestine.

Is it too late to do this yet, to begin again with a fresh page and new hopes, with a twentieth rather than a nineteenth-century point of view? I commend the suggestion to Jacob Funkelstein and to my Zionist friends in Jerusalem, for, in spite of all the opposition they have to face, much of the work they are doing is great work.

At one of those amusing exhibitions in the Citadel of Jerusalem which I was required among my other duties to organize for the advertisement of the Pro-Jerusalem Society I once heard three of my friends conversing about Bezaleel. The intrepid Zionist, the impertinent free lance, and the intelligent Moslem were together in the

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Tower of David. It was one of those occasions when all the silver trumpets are blown in their several languages, and the High Commissioner after receiving and administering the customary compliments had just been motored away. I overheard Shaikh Isma'il say:

"What is meant by Bezaleel I understand now perfectly; but who was the other fellow?"

"Oh, Aholiab? I haven't the faintest idea, unless it was Mr. Pann whose pictures we have just been admiring. The Pentateuch calls him a wise-hearted man. Or perhaps it was Mr. Melnikoff the sculptor. . . ."

"Well," said Mercutio, "Mr. Pann has a charming craftsmanship, a sureness, a piquancy, and that insolent flick that you get in George Moore's best writing. Anyhow, there's no d——d nonsense of a National Home about Mr. Pann's painting. His National Home is the Paris tradition."

"And who is the gentleman with the Russian name?" asked the Shaikh.

"He did the head of Allenby. Melnikoff also is a wise-hearted man. He with his American training knows perfectly where St. Gaudens, MacMonies, and Gray Barnard stand in the distinguished line of Franco-American sculpture. I like him. He has honest blue eyes . . . blood you know is thicker than Zionism."

But Funkelstein was not to be drawn.

"Did you ever hear the story told of him during the Jerusalem riots? Some call it Jewish Bolshevism, I call it a healthy contempt for militarist humbug."

"Tell it."

"He was doing the bust of the Governor of Jerusalem. It was to be a pendant to the Allenby. The Governor,

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you know, not being a soldier always encourages the artists to do representations of himself in his General's uniform. Unfortunately things turned out contrariwise. Melnikoff's studio was searched for arms by the police acting under the Governor's orders. He handed over his keys; there were no arms but those he worked with. Then the police started opening out his models. This roused the artist to fury. The bust in plaster stood in the middle of the studio. He seized a great mallet, shouting, 'If that's what your Governor means, I'll show you what I think of him. I'll open him out for you,' and with a mighty blow on the skull smashed it to atoms. By the way," he added, turning to the Shaikh, "when shall you start sending your Moslem boys to the Beaux Arts?"

"Never, I trust."

"But doesn't all this amuse you?"

"Neither Bezaleel nor Aholiab interests me in the least."

"Tant pis."

CHAPTER XX

ALLAH AND THE MACHINES

WE CALLED the bald one in to sport for us, he donned his skull cap and scared us." The Shaikh quoted this proverb at the West. The East had called in the West, and the West was now putting on the *taqiye*. Thus did the little ones see what the horrid thing looked like at close quarters in undress.

But I turned the proverb's point at the Shaikh. It was we that had come light-heartedly to Palestine; rather was the East now donning the *taqiye* and frightening us. Where was the game going to end?

"But after all," said he, "why make so much ado about men's labours, and as to what their works should be or not be, why fash yourselves? Is that not right? A new English word I have just learned."

"Oh, quite right," said I, "indeed, it's a very old word and goes back nearly to the fifteenth century when the language began."

"I'm glad it goes back so short a time, at all events. Your unstable modern speech is often difficult for us to follow. You see Arabic was already formed at least one thousand years before your language began, and we still speak it here. So why fash yourselves? Things move, and have for generations moved largely of themselves. 'Say not to the singer Sing nor to the dancer Dance.'

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Things come round of themselves. It is only monkeys and politicians that run after each other's tails."

He moved a few beads along his rosary.

"And among the abiding things here are the Palestine peasantry. I do not mean the Jewish colonies with which your administration is mainly concerned. I mean the people of the country."

Here and there in my journal I have touched upon the peasantry. What are we really doing with them? We scarcely ever stop to think. But some of the Moslems are thinking. What most troubled the Shaikh was the drift to America.

"I observe in my countrymen who return from the United States a certain. . . ?"

He sought for the word by a movement of his hands.

"Bumptiousness?"

"Again a word I am unacquainted with. Has it to do with the parts behind?"

"Murray gives it a rather different etymology, he calls it self-conceit."

"Much the same. They forget God, and show what is best kicked. So. They exhibit only their momentary and fleshly successes, the parts that stick out and should be hidden. They are usually fellaheen and 'when the fellah grows citified God save us.'"

Citified! The Arabic word is "*tamaddan*"—when he has sucked in the city, or the city him; the result is the same.

"You have read a little Ibn Khaldun, you remember how he divides mankind into two, the nomad and the citizen, and how he tells us men pass in constant change from simplicity to luxury, from luxury to decay. But it is the nomad, and the countryman who has grown out of

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the nomad, who give us the '*asabiya*', the primitive binding force without which no State can abide. Well, I think America is depriving our people of this. They lose their religion, their family ties, the love of their *beleds*, they throw aside their beautiful dress, and they give up working with their hands. I do not think that civilization, or, if you prefer, the future well-being of the world, should mean this, do you?"

He had touched me on a tender point. I agreed. Civilization in the future would depend largely on an understanding once again of what was best in these things, their embodiment in the work of men's hands, and on their withdrawal from the corrosive influences of mechanical power. Sometimes we call them the arts and crafts.

In my report to the Administration of 1918 I had defined them as "any human occupation carried out by the hand under the immediate action of the brain, and where no machine or mechanical power or process comes between the producer and the product unless such mechanical power or process is under the producer's direct control. In its more perfect forms every such occupation is an Art, and the method of bringing it to perfection is the Craft. For example; masonry, embroidery, thatching, shoemaking, painting whether on canvas, wall surface, or glass, cooking, printing, can each become an art if the craft be mastered."

All these things are still practised by the people of Palestine, and most of them by the peasantry.

"I do not think that the majority of men are happy if they are debarred from the self-expression that comes of working with their hands," said I.

"Our Palestine peasants still for the most part retain

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this happiness, then why filch it from them? That is what you and America are doing."

Alas, it is not only a Palestine question; if it were, how simple it would be!

"To show the peasant the priceless gift he must not squander, to restore to the industrialist the treasure he has lost, that were great statesmanship, we might get our '*asabiya*' again that way."

It would be the State of the modern reformer, the State based upon qualitative standards of production. But the Shaikh and I were not thinking on the same lines. How should we? I could feel he was holding something back.

Suddenly his foot stumbled upon one of those nauseating horrors with which the outlying tracks and by-streets of Jerusalem are strewn. He kicked at it savagely, its enamelled iron went clanging over the rocks. It was the first time I had noted any departure from his serenity.

"Accursed be this litter of the West. The Holy City is full of these rusty abominations. Have we not hundreds of good potters of our own, and is not their craft old and honourable? Or better still, have we not the sun and the open air?"

He was quite right as to both the open air and the potter's vessel of clay. When the latter is broken it fades again into the eternal hills whence it came. The potter goes on, but those other things and the factory that spawns them remain an everlasting reproach and unassailed. He was right, too, in his invocation of the most honourable of the crafts. But while he wanted the crafts as the civilizing force, it was difficult for him to accept my thesis that in our industrial age the machine would have to be utilized to make the civilized life possible—utilized and controlled.

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"The machines," said I, "must be differentiated in the interest of the crafts, the civilized life in the future will be possible only in societies where that is understood. Anyway, some wise relationship between the two is the objective which I and other artists and reformers have for the State that is to be, and anything we plan is toward that end. Without the crafts there is no city worth the name. That, I believe, is what I am here for in al-Quds."

He looked round at me, but without a word, and with a smile of such radiant humanity as filled me with great hope.

We had turned a corner of the road when there met us a hideous little man like an enlarged rat, with parched red eyes and a yellow leathery face, a very embodiment of evil. I had often seen him about. The city is full of these strange types. They are a part of its eternal fairyland. He wore a large turban and many clothes, most of them frayed. His nails were long and unpared. He looked like a Doré drawing or a Leonardo grotesque, sublime in the terror of his ugliness. He was riding a scraggy white ass that limped.

"They call it *Al Buraq*—after the Prophet, you know."

"*Al Salaam 'alaik*'."

"*Wa'alaikum al-Salaam wa rah mat Allah wa baraktub*."

"And with you twain likewise be peace and God's mercy and His blessings be upon you."

"It is not necessary to believe all he says," added Shaikh Isma'il drily, as the figure moved by us.

"But what is he?"

"Oh, just a miser. You might not think it; he is a near relative of mine, and one of the richest men in Jerusalem."

Out in Palestine, among the broad, democratic family

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ramifications of Islam, so little understood by the monogamic West, white and black, good and evil, nobility and squalor, wealth and poverty often grow on the same stock.

"You English and the Jews help him to his riches. You have enabled him to quadruple his rents in the last five years, and the competition between the Government and the Zionists for land and houses has, notwithstanding all your rent-restriction ordinances, sent up their value tenfold."

Then I remembered that some of his slum houses and some of the many *waqfs* with which he was connected had been submitted to me for condemnation. So I deemed it safer to keep silence.

"I often think," said the Shaikh, "that we are a very miserly generation. We don't know how to spend, we hoard up all the wrong things, all these vanities of rust and corruption the West rains down upon us, and our heart is hardened to the future that Allah has in store for us. We think only of the present and the present is ugly. As a people we grow yellow and brittle like yonder old rat."

I had been reading that morning, and had in my pocket a copy of "Eugénie Grandet," and suddenly recalled what Balzac has said so finely of nineteenth-century Europe:

Les avares ne croient point à une vie à venir, le présent est tout pour eux. Cette réflexion jette une horrible clarté sur l'époque actuelle, où plus qu'en aucun autre temps l'argent domine les lois, la politique et les mœurs. Institutions, livres, hommes et doctrine, tout conspire à miner la croyance d'une vie future, sur laquelle l'édifice social est appuyé depuis dix-huit cents ans. Maintenant le cercueil est une transition peu redoutée. L'avenir, qui nous attendrait par delà le requiem, a été transporté dans le présent. Arriver per, *fas et nefas* au paradis terrestre du luxe et des jouissances vaniteuses, pétrifier son cœur et se macérer le corps en vue de possessions passagères comme on souffrait jadis le martyre de la vie en vue des biens éternels, est la

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pensée générale! pensée d'ailleurs écrite partout, jusque dans les lois, qui demande au législateur: Que payes-tu? au lieu de lui dire: Que penses-tu? Quand cette doctrine aura passé de la bourgeoisie au peuple, que deviendra le pays?*

And as for Palestine, it is at the parting of the ways. But was the West, was America, now Charybdis-like sucking up the Palestine peasant, also petrifying his heart, depriving him of beauty and the work of his own hands and giving him in exchange but rust and clanging emptiness? Was that the Shaikh's meaning?

"There will always be misers," he said, "but I mistrust America and what comes out of it—all but the American Colony," he added; "they are good people, but then it was the Holy City summoned them here."

Lowes Dickinson says somewhere that what America is Europe will become. The statement takes insufficient count of the influence of the East upon Europe; but here from the lips of a wise American is America:

The work of domestic progress is done by masses of mechanical power—steam, electric, or other—which have to be controlled by a score or two of individuals who have shown capacity to manage it. The work of internal government has become the task of controlling these men, who are socially as remote as heathen gods, alone worth knowing, but never known, and who could tell nothing of political value if one skinned them alive. Most of them have nothing to tell, but are forces as dumb as their dynamos, absorbed in the development of power. They are

*"For the miser there is no belief in a future life; for him the present is all in all. This reflection throws a lurid light on the age in which we live, when more than in any previous age money dominates law, politics, social relations. All our institutions, our books, the very men themselves and what they teach all conspire in an undermining of that belief in a future life upon which for eighteen hundred years the social edifice has rested. The transition of the grave has few terrors for us now. That life in a beyond which the requiem once softened for us has been transferred to the present. To achieve *per fas et nefas* a terrestrial paradise of luxury and empty pleasures, to harden our hearts and torture our bodies for passing possessions even as once did those martyrs for the life eternal, that is our aim, and it is written into our very laws. Of the law-maker now it is asked 'What is the cash behind?' rather than 'What is the thought within?' When this doctrine shall have passed from the bourgeoisie to the people, what will become of the country?"

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trustees for the public, and whenever Society assumes the property, it must confer on them that title; but the power will remain as before whoever manages it, and will then control Society without appeal, as it controls its stokers and pitmen. Modern politics is at bottom a struggle not of men but of forces. The men become every year more and more creatures of force, massed about central power houses. The conflict is no longer between the men, but between the motors that drive the men, and the men tend to succumb to their own motive forces.*

“And you believe that will come true also of Palestine?”

I shrugged my shoulders. I was thinking of Mr. Rutenberg and his concessions, his power stations and potential machines, of Shell oil, and the Palestine boundaries, potash from the Dead Sea, and all that in the eyes of those who were not dreamers this coming of the West really meant.

“I do not believe it,” said Shaikh Isma’il. “The future of the West may lie with the machines, but it will not be the future of Palestine. This little country, though it has been its highway, has always lain outside the world. Ever in the present, it has never been of the present.”

Again he ran his fingers over his beads.

“What is more, it has ere now broken the world of power outside. Might it not do this again? We fight with other weapons than you. And though you have forgotten Him, *Sayyedna ’Isa* (‘Our Lord Jesus’) means more to us than he does to you.”

And then the Shaikh and I agreed that when we next had the occasion, we would put up to our friend the Zionist—he who was so anxious to bring the machines into Palestine—this question of the spiritual power behind them. We would ask him was there such a thing at all, and could

*“The Education of Henry Adams,” p. 422.

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it be utilized for the service of mankind, and if so, how? And above all, how could this be done in Palestine, that little land which, as the Zionists were never tired of vaunting, was to become once more a spiritual pattern to the world.

The occasion was not far to seek. We met, all five of us, quite by chance at the Syrian Orphanage, or as in Jerusalem they still call it after that dour honest Lutheran Pastor, at Schneller's. It is said of the Germans that had they not conjured up the war, Palestine would have dropped into their mouth, and indeed, setting aside Latin scholarship, all that is best of modern achievement in the Holy City is theirs. All that is most thorough, solid, conscientious in modern building and craftsmanship, and the character that comes of these things, are German. We may not like the *Stiftung* on Mount Scopus, nor the lumpy square building at the Damascus Gate set to train its guns down the main *Suq* of the Holy City; but there they are, and they have become the centres of government in Palestine for the mandatory power. And so it is with Schneller's. It is so far the only place where craftsmanship is systematically taught and the machines used with some sort of method in the shaping of the young.

Mercutio and the Zionist were watching the completion of a cabinet by Faris, the old German foreman. He had superintended for me the work I had recently completed at Government House, so I was *persona grata* in his workshop, and could stop the machines with a wave of my little finger. The cabinet maker in charge of the job was a Greek Christian, a Franco-Polish Jew held a model of the carving that was going round the styles, and two little fiery-eyed Syrian boys were looking on. Our language was

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partly German, partly Arabic, or rather the language merely of craftsmen which is the most binding of them all. The word of praise I gave them set them all buzzing with happiness, and as we left the shop I saw the old foreman smoothing and patting the cabinet as he lifted it off the bench, that eternal movement of the hand—is it the instinct of satisfied creation?—with which a little child smooths and pats its cradled doll.

The Shaikh and I had put our questions to the Zionist, and we were once more in the open.

"The machines in that workshop," said I, "are run at a loss, because they are run in the interest of the children and of the community, and that is the right way to do it."

"And yet," said Mr. Funkelstein, challenging us all, "when our people propose to control the machines in the interest of the community, it is men like you—you and Ernest Richmond—who are the obstacle; you call us Bolsheviks and accuse us of wanting to upset society."

"No, no," I replied, "you say that because you don't see what I'm driving at. I *want* the machines, but only after we have determined their real service and significance in the city and the state; I want—— But there, I've preached, and talked, and laboured, and written books about this till I bore you and everybody else."

"Come, let's be honest," put in Mercutio, "we couldn't in Palestine at present, even if we were able to do it, we couldn't possibly trust the machines to the Zionist organization."

"Why should you? And why should not the Administration have its own, and why should not other religious organizations have theirs, like these people here, or like the Franciscans down in the city yonder, and we Zionists

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have ours, and then—let us come to an arrangement? Why not?"

"Even so, we could not control mechanism within the city, with that greater world outside perpetually pulling down the standard."

"No," said the Zionist, and here I think he got in a right-hander. "We couldn't do it in the city, we couldn't do it through the nation. But we *could* do it through international control. We could do it through the League of Nations. The Jew could do it—the cosmopolitan Jew, and he will do it for you when once he gets on to it as a problem—sees it as a religious issue."

There was an idea now. The Zionist and the Moslem had each in his way contributed toward its illumination. Indeed, it is possible that some such condition may obtain in and through Palestine; each theocracy—Christian, Moslem, Jew, had its own machines and controls the forces that alone in an industrial age make civilized life possible, or as the Zionist says, "come to an arrangement." It is quite possible that out of the clash may spring some idealistic spark that shall be a light for the world, that shall make the ideal city possible; for then having discovered the right use of power, will men be able to work again with their hands and there will be a living Art once more.

"Meantime," said Mercutio, spreading out his ten fingers, and wagging his head whimsically, "it is as the Shaikh says, the rusty pots of the West remain with us, and 'all they that pass by clap their hands at thee, they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem saying: 'Is this the city that men call the perfection of Beauty, the joy of the whole earth?'"

Sometimes I take heart in the thought that the material-

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ism we are thrusting upon the East is most unwillingly accepted. For there is left in contemporary Palestine a great deal of idealism, perhaps more than in any other country of similar size in the world. And if I were asked to say where or at what moment during my four and a half years there it had been revealed to me, I should point not only to Schneller's; nor to the Dome of the Rock; nor to the Fathers of St. Etienne; nor to the American Colony; nor to the Franciscan Printer's Shop at the moment of the Angelus, when all the men lay down their tools in recognition of the Power behind the machines; I should point also to the peasantry, to their conception of personal service, their chivalry and trust, their love of colour, their instinct for beauty. In these things and not in the commercial exploitation, nor the "tourism" (deadly word), is the real Palestine. Yes, and I would add the devotion of some of the young Jews in the service of an idea. Many of them have worked for me from time to time, and as long as Zionist politics is kept off them the bloom remains.

I recall that young farmer's answer to Sir Herbert Samuel in 1920: "*Das ganze Land braucht Israel!*" If for Israel in the narrow tribal sense we put that religious idealism which Philo, Jesus of Nazareth, and Mohammed had in common, it is true.

So for the moment the Zionist seemed to me to hold the boards.

"It is our mission," he said, "to be the link between East and West."

But Mercutio whispered to me mischievously: "Funkelstein fancies himself as the fire-bearer, you know."

I, however, was bored at that bit of Jewish brag, having

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heard it so often before in Jerusalem, in and out of season, with all its political implications. And the reply to it is:

“Very good; Islam is Greek Christianity carried a step further; Islam is Mediæval Christianity grown Protestant—in the East.”

But at this John Smith, who had said very little, was a bit bewildered; we were too much in the air for him.

Mercutio came to his rescue, not unkindly.

“You’re a little weak in history, old man. I know we are not taught these things at home; you see Medina was superseded by Damascus, Damascus by Samara and Baghdad, Baghdad by the Constantinople of the Turks—and now?”

“Perhaps it is going to be our turn again.” But this was said by the Arab, not by the Jew.

“Stick to the point, please,” I pleaded, dreading the customary drop into politics. “If it be the mission of the Jew to be the link between East and West, or if the Moslem has carried Christianity a step further, they have now both got to help in finding a purpose for the machines.”

“That’s just what H. E’s Commission set out to do in 1922,” said John Smith with his usual dogged directness and questionable gift of seeing ideas only in the concrete. But I caught a wicked glint in Mercutio’s eye.

“That was another of Samuel’s magic brass bottles that his several experts fished up for him out of the sea of Tiberias. In April, 1922, don’t we all remember how with a great flourish of trumpets he opened his great Exhibition of Palestine Crafts and Industries, and inaugurated a new policy for their development? And don’t we all remember how a great commission was formed for their special study in connection with Palestine agriculture, and how W. A.

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Stewart and Rifki Bey and other experts in village industries were specially invited from Egypt and elsewhere to report on the organization of the crafts, in country districts, and on the best ways of establishing technical schools, coöperative enterprises, and all the rest of it? Ah, and don't we all remember how those of us who had Palestine life and agriculture at heart saw in these new proposals some solution for the green sickness of politics that was keeping this country perplexed and disheartened?"

"Yes, the High Commissioner spoke very wise words," said the Shaikh.

"He did," put in Mercutio, "but the wise words were scarce spoken, the Commission barely set to work, when, puff! Some alien power opened the bottle of brass, and all went up in smoke in the usual way."

"Why?"

"Why, indeed? I suppose there was no political capital, no propaganda in it. We were told it was by special order of the Colonial Office."

"May be; but your Colonial Office, what is that to us? What has it to do with life? It means nothing to me, nor to Mahmud the weaver, nor to my fellaheen at Nablus, nor to our Christian friends in the *Suq* at Nazareth."

"Yes, but it ought to," said Mercutio; "that's where the real power is—there and in Fleet Street."

"I don't understand these things, and you know we leave such matters largely to Shibli Jamal our spokesman in England. But I ask you: how about the High Commissioner's fine words? His statement of policy!—what does it all amount to? We here like to follow the lead of the ruler. We like to drink coffee with him. Our bond with him is personal, our strength is in his service, and a plan

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once made, we are pleased and proud to share in its administration. You ask me, a native of Syria, what I think of this and other reversals of policy. It means either that His Excellency does not know his own mind, or that he has no mind of his own."

It is not worth while here to tell further of that ill-fated Commission, nor what it set out to do, nor the Report to the High Commissioner from Ernest Richmond and myself which in a manner originated it. All that has been made public, and, as Mercutio says, it has all been set aside; and yet it may some day later on turn out to be of pivotal importance to Palestine.

"I admit," said Mr. Funkelstein, "that there are many of my people who were quite pleased to see that Commission quashed, but you must take us as you find us. There are many of us who look at things in the idealistic way that you do—the less practical. . . ."

I protested, but he went on:

"There is Ginsburg now, Achad Ha'am, whom you yourself are so fond of quoting; he who speaks of Hertzl as having been translated from the language of the ancient prophets into that of modern journalism. . . ."

"And much attention do your people pay to Ginsburg!" said Mercutio. "It would be more to the point if you put a few of your ancient prophets into modern industrial life, and bade them mind the machines."

"All we ask is liberty, spiritual freedom in exile to the Russian Jew—to those unhappy people in the pale; will you deny us liberty?"

This bit of cant was too stiff even for John Smith.

"Funkelstein," he said with sledge-hammer simplicity, "don't talk rot."

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Mercutio followed hotly.

"Doesn't your own Ginsburg show you up? Doesn't he ask you what's going to happen when your people, having got all the spiritual freedom they want themselves, find out what is the net result of his hoping to sing the Lord's song in a strange land? You say that, *you* to whom England and the United States have been open for over a century? You! What have you done with your spiritual freedom? Set up another new God, a golden calf in the high places of New York and Pittsburgh. And now you want to bring him here: You . . ."

God's pampered people whom, debauched with ease,
No king can govern nor no God can please;
Gods you have tried of every shape and size
That goldsmiths could produce or priests devise;
You Adam-wits too fortunately free,
Begin to dream that you want liberty.

To have Dryden hurled at you thus publicly was too much, so I rallied to the Zionist, for after all he was not a humbug, he was just like the rest of us, one day an idealist who has lost his way, the next a materialist who would walk straight if only someone came along and took him firmly by the hand.

"Yes," said the Shaikh, rising, "the machines, the machines. . . . I don't understand them, but Allah must be behind them somewhere, and if you bring them into this country we also shall have something to say in their management, perhaps even we may help you to find out their meaning, for you in the West don't seem to have any idea at all of what you are going to do with them, or they with you."

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And with this my four friends separated. It was the last time I ever met them together. Shaikh Isma'il, with that ceremonious courtesy and deliberation of which he is so perfect a master, took the Zionist by the hand:

"We shall never agree, you and I; our ways are apart, but doubtless we shall meet again . . . in Alnath may be, the first mansion of the moon."

CHAPTER XXI

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ONE of my friends, who appears now and again in these pages and has often helped me laugh over them, once challenged me to say what I really thought. From one who is an onlooker and has never been a player in the political game truth cannot be thus coaxed. But in reviewing these notes and in trying to give as honest an answer as I can, and in a kind of summary to a question that is perhaps not worth answering, this is how it looks to me now:

1. The policy of the Balfour Declaration is an unjust policy and Zionism as understood and as sometimes practised in Palestine is based upon a fundamental injustice and therefore dangerous both to civilization and to Jewry.

2. Our British attitude is unintelligent. Such plan as we have is not thought out. As a consequence our administrators risk lending themselves to something that is disingenuous and that will have to be reconsidered and revalued.

3. The motive force of Zionism, partly on the Jewish, wholly on the non-Jewish side, is Anglo-American Protestantism. It is the aftermath of that movement for personal religion and the sectarian study of the Bible, particularly the Old Testament, which captured Europe after the fall of the Mediæval Church in the sixteenth century. And this motive force, though it may still have

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considerable weight, is unscientific and sometimes, where it manifests itself in Hebraistic form, unchristian.

4. To the motive force of Anglo-American Protestantism we have to add the intellectual and industrial drive of the Russian Jew, and the desire for emancipation in south-east Europe. This drive and this desire it is that draws the Jews from the pale, out of Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Roumania, Germany, Czecko-Slovakia, to the United States and now to Palestine. In so doing it complicates the language difficulty, and introduces into an Arabic-speaking country German, Russian, Magyar, and Yiddish, with a more recently superimposed Hebrew, thus making the task of the administrator often impossible. I have had to conduct a business negotiation in seven different languages, though myself able to manage only three and a half.

5. There is always virtue in ideas, and all ideas work themselves out in other than the form in which they are first presented to the world. They may be great or little, time alone is the judge of their validity. Zionism has proved itself to be an idea of considerable vigour. Arguing on the analogy of history it is likely to be transformed or to work itself out into something else. Owing to the nature of the Jew as a ferment and germ, this may have consequences of great importance to the world and its reconstruction. Anti-Semites and those opposed to the Zionist policy do not take sufficient count of this. They are unfair to Zionism.

6. Some of the results—they have hardly yet got beyond the experimental stage—have been touched on, I hope without prejudice, in these pages. We see them in experiments at race fusion, at model legislation, at a

Jewish state; we see them in agricultural and civic enterprises, in attempts at by-crafts, in economic ventures and so forth. The real interest in what survives of all this will be not to Palestine, but to the greater world outside, for Palestine is microcosmical, having sun, moon, and stars within itself; it has, more than any other land, with the exception of Greece, influenced Western civilization and may do so again.

7. The Administration, because of its momentary obsession with political propaganda, is half-hearted in regard to the two main things which in Palestine it ought to be doing and for which it may ultimately be judged, the life and quality of the peasantry, and the development of historical and archæological research; one might add a third, the new city, but here more has been done because the Jew is essentially city-bred. Nor can the Administration be greatly interested in the peasantry of Palestine because, being committed to a policy of Zionist propaganda in a country where more than 85 per cent. of the peasantry are Moslem and Christian, it is primarily concerned in supporting and stimulating Jewish colonies, introducing their fellow religionists from S.-E. Europe, and in demonstrating that the agricultural methods they practise are superior to anything that the indigenous peasant can put forth. This view I hold to be erroneous. But the error is often dangerous because it may lead to neglect and unfairness. To take an instance, sometimes quoted, a question often asked: Had the city of Gaza been a Jewish and not a Moslem agricultural centre, would it have remained in its condition of wreckage after the bombardment? The Administration indeed is often forced into the illogical position of adopting methods of

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constructive socialism where Jewish affairs are concerned, but of preaching a serene and cold *laissez faire* when the interests are non-Jewish.*

8. An industrialized Palestine for which many ardent Zionists and some English officials hope is a questionable benefit and, I think, a futile hope. Some new mechanical processes may be introduced to the lasting good of agriculture, especially in the treatment of the vine and the olive, some mineral wealth may be extracted from the soil, some power got from the Jordan, but in the main the peasant's life is likely to remain for a long time unaffected. We ought, I think, to look at the structure of peasant society in Palestine as a whole and not as something from which a morsel can be sliced every now and again to satisfy the industrial need of some extravascular corporation. And may it not be better to leave as it is that peasant society, which still has so much dignity and beauty, if what we displace it with is the discontent and squalid ugliness of southeastern Europe Americanized? In exchange for the few benefits we introduce we may be doing infinite mischief. "New lamps for old" is an Eastern tale that still has value in the East, and Aladdin's mother, it is generally allowed, was a fond and foolish woman.

9. The same bias, or uncertainty of balance, which the Administration has shown in regard to the agricultural life, it has shown in its treatment of Palestine History, Archæology, Arts and Crafts, Technical Education, and, in Palestine we ought to add, Comparative Religions. With the great questions here involved it has so far only trifled. Plans started with great hope, pomp, and puff,

*Another case in point is the disastrous Jerusalem drainage scheme already referred to, and here the policy of the Administration and the Zionist Commission has been one of bushing up.

the Antiquities Ordinance, the Pro-Jerusalem Charter, the Town-Planning Ordinance, the Crafts and Industries Commission, have not been consistently carried through. The necessary money was not allowed for them. This it may have been difficult to do. But the alternative of an appeal to the sentiment and good will of the world, though accepted in principle, was not followed up, and, possibly, because the Administration felt itself unsure in the saddle. Any such appeal might be misjudged. The timid rider might fall off. Both his seat and his conscience were uneasy.

In these matters that affect the future state, or where the greater world outside is concerned—the amenities, the people's higher life, where it is no question of trade concessions, or company promotion, or business returns—the old Liberal policy of doing nothing because it does not pay is unsound. The right and wise method is that adopted by the French or the Germans. Napoleon's Survey of Egypt remains a standard and guide to the administrator, and modern German building, craftsmanship, and technical education in Palestine are an open book. To take the former alone and what it established, I think it possible that when the credit accounts of the English and the French are added up, the spiritual, not political, contribution of France in historical research, scholarship, ethnology, comparative religions, and all that we connect with the names Champollion, Villotteau, Mariette, De Lesseps, Maspéro, Lacaut, may count for more than the more material contribution of England in railways, canals, and honest if rough-handed administration even with the names of Cromer, Scott-Moncrieff, Kitchener, Flinders Petrie, Lord Carnarvon, and Carter

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thrown in to weigh down the scale. We are risking the same error in Palestine, and without the spiritual guiding lines of France already laid to help us.

10. One great consideration remains—Pan-Islam. Even to those who know most of the East this is still obscure; but as far as I can see Pan-Islam is the result and the counterpart of our Western Nationalistic movement. As such it is a new form of the Moslem faith and it is bound increasingly so to become because of certain principles inherent in that faith itself. For Islam is more than a creed; it is a complete social system. Hence our Western nationalism and Pan-Islam must necessarily coalesce, and the latter will absorb the former because, in the words of the Aga Khan, "the theory of the spiritual and cultural unity of Islam . . . is the foundation of its life and soul."

If, then, Pan-Islamism is, as I believe it to be, a force fundamentally spiritual and humanistic, it will if rightly approached have a meaning and a purpose for us in the West. Two alternatives are before us: we can hold out the glittering bribe of our materialism or we can meet it with sympathetic recognition. The first has been our method in Egypt and elsewhere, and it has been a failure. To pursue this method to its logical conclusion in Palestine would mean the armed support of the Jew against Islam, an end unthinkingly horrible. The second has yet to be tried, but it involves a recognition of certain religious principles in the faith of Islam which so far the Christian nations have been unwilling to concede.

Yet Christian ethics have provided us with certain formulæ which have still to be intelligently applied, and if it be true that Islam has carried on the religious evolu-

tion of the world a step further, it provides us with a new synthesis. "The principle of Islamic fraternity—of Pan-Islamism, if you prefer the word—is analogous to patriotism but with this difference: this Islamic fraternity, though resulting in identity of laws and customs, has (not like Western nationality) been brought about by community of race, country, or history, but has been received, as we believe, directly from God." Thus Mohammed Ali, one of the modern leaders of Islam. From the angle of the League of Nations and the peace of the world the Moslem antithesis of the *Dar-ul-Islam* and the *Dar-ul-Harb* has an intense significance for us. Islam means "surrender to God," but the *Dar-ul-Harb* as set against the *Dar-ul-Islam* is the "House of War."

Yet the outlook is not without hope, and great hope, if we envisage it from the point of view of English history, and of what Palestine means to the rest of the world. The *if* is important. It is a fundamental principle of English policy that administration must be non-sectarian. Purchased with much blood and at the price of great suffering through many centuries, this principle is one of the fundamentals of Christianity as the Englishman understands it. The English Reformation, while it was a rebellion against Latin Theocracy, was as much neo-platonic and quietist as it was Hebraic. You shall go to Heaven in your own way, for the Kingdom of God is in the heart. We must keep in mind the qualifying *if*.

The policy, brilliant as many of us thought it at the time, of establishing in effect a Jewish administration in order to pare the nails of the Zionist Commission, can only be a temporary policy. However just and single-

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minded be any High Commissioner he cannot permanently be a practising Jew, nor a Roman Catholic, nor a member of any other religious communion suspect of divided allegiance. It is not possible to administer Palestine permanently in the interests of a group that is essentially sectarian or that will not render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

What, then, should this Palestine venture mean to the English official, and to those who are keeping him there? What has English history taught? The English have swaggered round the world and in the last four hundred years brought certain things, first a spirit of adventure, then of trade, last of empire. Other peoples have done the same, but the English because of their peculiar position as an island people, a people of the sea, have given to these three achievements a peculiar character.

The spirit of adventure first wakens to consciousness with the island of the Elizabethan drama—"this precious stone set in the silver sea." It runs as a flaming thread of gold through English history, in Raleigh, Drake, and Humphrey Gilbert, in Sidney, in Fanshawe, in Blake, Benbow, Rodney, and Nelson, in Clive, Hudson, and Cook, and right on through our own days in Cecil Rhodes and Captain Scott. One could cite hundreds of names in the Great War, English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish. In all these men there is a fire of poetry lived as well as felt, and felt rather than phrased.

Then came the spirit of trade, for the romantic pirate had to subsist, and that built up the British Colonies, the East India Company, the great merchant marine; it laid railways and cables all over the world, and ended by giving it the idea of free trade and the open door.

Last came the spirit of empire, often at conflict with the foregoing—and this has produced a civil service, a governing class, a tradition of even-handed justice and given the world the idea of government by consent, modelled more or less on English parliamentary methods and ending in what is sometimes called self-determination.

But there for the moment—there with the shock of the war, the historical sequence ends. Our island patriotism ends. Our nationalist ideal can carry us no further. It is to the wider ramifications that we must now look; where are we going in the world, whence came we ourselves? To me it appears, and I hope these pages have shown, that this outlook is in three directions: the League of Nations, a civic revival, and a reformed industrialism.

Through the first we must quench the fire of our own national enthusiasm which merely stimulates other similar nationalisms to the destruction of civilized life. We must through it build up the new order. We must sink our imperialism, become the Commonwealth, “suffer a sea change.” By means of the second we must shape again something of that finer life which Athens first made conscious and which, in the Græco-Roman civilization that followed, created the cities of a world in many respects nobler than ours, the cities of the Mediterranean: Italy, Sicily, Provence, Palestine, North Africa, and those that later followed at long distance, the cities of the outer seas, of France, Spain, Flanders, the Hanseatic group, the Rhineland, the British Isles, America, Australia. The hope of civilization is largely in a new civic consciousness. There remains the third outlook, the reformed industrialism. The end here is less economic than religious, we cannot achieve it without the help of

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the East. We have to discover the purposes to which mechanical power should be applied, and we have to guard from it the holier, the personal, the intimate things with which it must not be allowed to interfere. The question of machinery is no longer a question of economics, it is a question of ethics.

And so if we ask where in this idealistic sequence our Palestine venture fits in we find this: There is first the brilliant victory of Allenby and the impulse given by it toward the ending of the Great War. There is then the effort of clearing up and rebuilding a country, and the city of Jerusalem—for here the part is always greater than the whole—a country which to all men has a strange unreal sanctity. Palestine for most of us was an emotion rather than a reality.

There was next the half-generous, wholly ignorant impulse that this, as we English thought, empty land, this no man's land, this land lost to us when we were last there in the days of Edward Longshanks, might as we had now conquered it of the Turk be tossed to the Jews. So we thought.

There was then—and here came the rub—a certain chivalrous reaction, and it came with greater knowledge. This country, it appeared, belonged after all to other people and they, too, had helped us win the war. Who were these other people? What right had we to mortgage their inheritance? Might it not be a breach of trust? We have recently begun to find out the truth, to answer some of these troublesome questions.

The greater knowledge, clinging round the word "self-determination," came as an eye-opener. It showed us two things: first, that we were after all, as far as Palestine

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was concerned, only a part of Christendom; Greek, Italian, French, German, Russian, also had a share in the Holy Land, perhaps a greater share than we, even as St. Bernard, St. Francis, and St. Louis did more for Palestine, and meant more for the world, than Richard Cœur-de-Lion or Edward Longshanks. It showed us next that there were also the Arab and the Moslem to be reckoned with, him to whom the Holy Land actually belonged, to whom the Holy Land was equally holy, and whose record and achievement in it—Amr, Aboul Malek, Al-Mamun, Saladin, Kalaoun, Kait Bey—were far greater than ours. We were learning a little history.

The English administrator does not read much, he has little time to study history, or he might have noted a passage in George Adam Smith's "Historical Geography of the Holy Land" where he is told how Palestine, "formed as it is, and surrounded as it is, is emphatically a land of tribes. The idea that it can ever belong to one nation, even though this were the Jews, is contrary both to nature and to Scripture." The English administrator gets his history in the hard facts of life as he stumbles along, and so it has been with this verification of a scholar's forecast. He has kicked his shins against something that is both contrary to nature and to Scripture. And how he has come as a consequence to change his view these pages may help to show.

A friend and professional colleague of mine with whom, during the last twenty-five years, it has been my privilege to keep in more or less close touch, as all those of us who are city planners, or believe in the city of God on earth, must keep in touch with one another if our work is to be effective, wrote recently:

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In the days before us, we shall need to make use of all the sources we can draw on—Historical Continuity, Pride of Race, National Spirit, Love of Home, and Civic Patriotism. The civic arts mean pride and strength, more life and more to love. That country must be greatest which has the most to love. Without refreshment of spirit the people must become brittle, wither and fail. Beauty is the substance of things done, as faith is the substance of things hoped for.

Yes, beauty, not the petty politics, nor the bureaucratic peddling, nor the contemptible opportunism, nor the self-advertisement of officials and departments, nor the commercial chicanery, nor the sectarian squabbles, nor the pretensions of clashing creeds, but beauty, the “substance of things done” for the glory of the city, for the sweetness and health of the country, for the behaviour and education and dignity of the folk. Beauty is the substance of things done, even as faith, call it Zionism if you prefer, is the substance of things hoped for.

THE END

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