

UC Davis

Recent Work

Title

Recollections of a Dropout, Volume I with appendix: And Then I Became a Farmer

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/6jk241ts>

Author

Tuma, Elias H

Publication Date

2014-04-22

Recollections of a Dropout

Volume One

by Elias H. Tuma

Appendix to Volume One

AND THEN I BECAME A FARMER

by Elias H. Tuma

California Digital Library 2014

© 2014 Elias H. Tuma

Tuma, Elias H. (2014) *Recollections of a Dropout*. Oakland: eScholarship.
Online at http://escholarship.org/uc/ucd_econ



Contents

Preface

i

Recollections of a Dropout

1

Appendix: And Then I Became a Farmer

196

Glossary

221

Preface

The objective of publishing my RECOLLECTIONS is three fold: First, to encourage students to persist in trying to realize their educational goals; Second, to express my appreciation of the kindness and generosity of the American people; Third, to express my gratitude to the University of Redlands and to the University of California, both of which made it possible for me to come to the university, and continue to realize my educational goals, just by performing well, without paying any fees. In my appreciation of the role played by the University of Redlands, Redlands, California, and the University of California, I hereby request that my share of the royalties be divided between the two universities as follows: 30% to the University of Redlands, and 70% to the University of California. I am grateful to all concerned.

The text material is based on my memory and my well-kept diaries.

Elias Tuma, Professor Emeritus of Economics at UC Davis

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DROPOUT

1

I was almost dead when the prophet Elijah came in a vision; his beard white as snow, and his eyes as clear as a mountain lake. "Fear not for your son," to my father he said. Neither medicine nor a doctor shall he need; your prayers have been heard, and he shall live. My father believed it. I was

Two months old then, so I am told. That was in 1928 and I am still here, for I was spared.

Poverty was felt, but not spoken of. Though to hide it one could not, when one was unable to pay the half a-piaster school fee to secure drinking water,

Or dress like others on the team. How many times I wanted to run away, but except for once and only for less than 15 minutes, I did not. I just was too scared.

My father was a priest: a Melkite Catholic priest, to be precise. His larger family members were either Orthodox or Protestant Christians. The priesthood brought him prestige. He founded the church in the village. That made him a hero to many and an outcast to others, though only for a short time. He certainly was a hero to my mother, whose faith he had by then to the village transplanted. Nevertheless, material poverty the priesthood had brought, and yet he dared.

It took nine months for me to be born, and a third of that time to be recorded, from August to November, for I was born in Suhmata, a mountain village, while recording had to be in Acre, the district's capital town. The safest way was to record the current date, as born in the home village, Kafr-Yasif. Both were wrong, and whether born under Leo or Scorpio, evidently no one cared.

Crammed two to a mattress created warmth, with discipline and love intertwined, it was hard to tell one from the other. Probably that is why the number of children procreated

reflected a medley of problems and achievements. Mother made decisions, but father made them known, as befits the home of a patriarch. In the long run, only we, the young, knew how we fared.

Kk was my eldest sibling, a male born to my mother who had reached the age of 26 before being married. Thus she had vowed that if a male child were born to her upon marriage, his hair would not be touched until he visited mount Tabor. And so one day, with Kk and father off to Mt. Tabor we went, on a windy road and costly trip to honor the religious

vow. In a way it was too late, for by then Kk had been teased and tormented by his classmates, as effeminate. That, they said, is what his braided hair had portrayed.

Kk's problems had just begun. He suffered an even greater humiliation when to Terra Sancta College he was accepted, but was unable to register. He was prepared and on to Jerusalem with father he said good-bye. He was repulsed and to the village he returned. Father had mistaken acceptance for exemption from fees he could not afford. Neither the school nor the Church, nor my father's wealthy relatives, who resided in Jerusalem, would come to his aid. Back to the village they returned, Kk's chance to complete secondary education he had to forsake, and he, for life, was thus presumably unprepared.

Discipline was imposed: you respect the elders; listen and obey; or else you will be made to. That is what I remember. Asma, my older sister had disobeyed. Mother tied her hands behind her to the back door of the house. She sat on the floor, tears streaming from her eyes, stimulated by the fury of my mother. I did not know why. I wanted to untie her, but I did not dare because in her place I would have been ensnared.

Father seemed more mellow, kind, and playful. He took me with him for walks, on quail hunt, until his shotgun, which he owned illegally was stolen. He could not publicly search for it because it was not licensed. He also took me to town where he explained to me the rules of the road and how cars avoided each other by following the rules. He also meted punishment, until one day I stood in front of him and said: you want to hit me, go ahead. He looked shocked, pulled back his already raised hand, and silently let me go, as if he knew that his silent anger I had heard.

Three miles from the village an army lorry was blown up. British soldiers were the victims and Kafr-Yasif was the target of vengeance and collective punishment. The soldiers raided the homes and burnt eighty of them, while the people were rounded up in an open field under the hot sun and the watchful eyes of machine gunners. Our home was spared because of the sanctity of the priesthood and evidence of the attire, quite safe, it was declared.

The 1930s were frightening and disgusting too. I recall the way Palestinians fought Palestinians, in addition to their struggle against the British and the Jews. I lay dead in the field for days before he was discovered; I was about 8 years old, but I still can see his broken skull. with worms making their way through it. Supposedly he was a collaborator, but he was killed before any evidence was obtained.

Before he became a priest, my father was a teacher and before that he was a migrant peddler in Argentina. He had fled Ottoman oppression and the risk of serving in its army. He had an experience beyond the ordinary, but he knew not how to use it effectively. Evidently he did not seek riches. It was for honor, prestige, and for the love of my mother that he was ordained.

In his priesthood he upheld the honor, which my mother no doubt shared. He served his congregation and others, truly as a man of peace. Peace between individuals, families, and towns. He had little else to give, he gave what he had, and he hardly ever complained.

Life in the village was simple but creative. I played with sticks and stones, built arbors and castles, and I served in the church. I still had time to do my homework, for it was expected that my good grades be sustained.

School was not much fun: you had to cram, or marks will be left on your open hands, by sticks fondled by the teachers. Nor was serving in church satisfying either, for neither answered my inquisitive questions. My search for knowledge had started, though the results were yet too contained.

I left school at 14 to avoid the enslavement of poverty, and the dullness of rote learning. I also wanted to avoid discrimination on account of religion, for the school and the community were hot beds for the same. Higher education and rational, independent thinking were truly the goals I already entertained.

As I look back, flashes of my childhood come before my eyes: the few coins from the church plate that I had snatched, but only for moments before being caught and the coins returned. I remembered the bird that I declared had landed on my head while lying under a tree, as a sign of recognition. Worst of all, I remembered the jug of water my father drank from every time, after a guest had departed, that I had soiled! Yes these were memories in the back of my mind that I have retained.

Learning, whether at school or at home, had much to wish for: we learned the three Rs. We learned to celebrate the birthday of King George. We learned how to respect, or fear the British for they dominated. Whatever it was, signs of friendship or respect of the British had to be maintained.

The Jews you learn to hate. The Orthodox Christians you compete with. The Protestants you envy and despise because they were favorites of the rulers. The Druze people you befriend. Public matters they do not take seriously, for all they want is to survive. The Muslims, you think about them carefully, for fear of them is ingrained..

Village life was peaceful and calm. Everybody knew everybody else and all seemed friendly. But once a conflict arises, there will be vengeance and hate, feuding and killing, mediation, negotiation, and Sulha (peacemaking), until calm once more was regained.

Curious in my childhood, like all others, yes I was. What does the earth contain, and what does the heaven mean? What is God or who is he? At school they did not teach; they indoctrinated; nor would the church allow learning or debate. It had to be a matter of faith or forced belief. I was curious and unconvinced, and until now, thus I have remained.

Searching for a job, young and small as I was, created a problem. It was in the summer of 1943 that Kk, a Rais (chief) in the British military camp, gave me a job as a "buttman" to serve one of the officers. When a sergeant saw me he was shocked: I was too small; he screamed: You buttman! I did not wait to give him an answer; I ran so fast, I even forgot about my pay.

To Haifa I went to find a job. A priest friend of my father wanted to help. He was a friend of a Mil, who was rumored to be a mistress of her boss, Mt, the British Chief Clerk in the District Commissioner's office. She found me a job as a messenger boy in that office, where it was hard to distinguish work from play.

I carried papers from one office to another, or posted and carried back the mail. I dusted desks and did what I was instructed to do, including running errands for Mt and MI, whose shoes to the repair shop I carried, thinking, in such matters I had no say.

For three months I did what I was told, but not without disgust: carry the shoes of a woman to be repaired! One day Joseph and I began to complain: he and I were disturbed that we had to do chores, which to the office did not relate. One day we complained somewhat aloud against carrying MI's shoes again, and who would hear us, but MI and Mt, her patron saint. We both were sacked that day.

For me it was not a tragedy for another job was waiting in the Dept. of Forestry: a lateral move, it is true, but who cares. I had a job to which I could move right away.

This, however, was different for Joseph and the public domain. People actually worked. There was no boss like Bb, the district officer who could write neither good English nor correct Arabic. He was there because of his family background. He instilled fear in those under him and would tolerate no delay.

Yet in that office kind people did prevail. Ma was such a person, helpful and encouraging. Other As" there were, who tried to educate me regarding the forests and the environment, a science that at the time had little to display.

Such education was valuable, for at that time I lived at the ocean side, sharing one room with my siblings, Kk and As. My sister As had graduated from 7th grade and that qualified her to become a school teacher, for our landlord the Catholic Church. The environment was great, but the room was only a place to stay.

I worked at that job for a few months. Jo who had become my friend, knew of a vacancy he could not fill because of a physical handicap. I applied and soon was elevated to an assistant storekeeper for the Eastman Kodak Company, one block from the Forestry Department, but a long way in my career. My salary almost doubled, and the writing of a new chapter in my education was underway.

The company was small, eight people in all: six Jews, a French or German as the manager, and I the Arab. There were six males and two females and in many ways this was a happy family. Ac however, a Sabra Jew (native born), spoke but could not read or write Arabic. He was the least educated and the least understanding in the office. He pretended he knew it all; I was the only one below him and there was nothing for me to say.

Mm, the manager, though French in name, seemed to be at home nowhere and everywhere. He was conscious of the coming troubles between Arabs and Jews. As he explained, when a baby is born, there is much pain; how much more when states are born! That was bound to happen someday.

Mt, assistant manager, was intelligent, handsome, lucid, but dry; he rarely smiled. Mr. , a young German Jew who had lost relatives in Germany, was an insurance adjuster after hours. Thus he could afford to drive a large convertible car, when for most people just having a bike would be a great holiday.

The ladies were attractive and nice. I liked to talk to them and once I even touched one of them on the shoulder. She was surprised and amused, for in her Jewish western culture men and women dated and touched and had no fear; she hardly knew that among Arabs touching between unmarried males and females was taboo, and not a game to play.

My duties varied: I carried the mail, delivered packages to photo shops, wrapped goods for the customers, and learned about photography. Since then I have enjoyed photography, for pleasure and for memories to stay.

Here also I met We, who had a son my age. He had suffered in the Holocaust and had developed kindness in return. We discovered my appetite for reading and learning, and the limited means I had for books and literature. Off to Ringart's bookshop we went, Mrs. R responded as kindly: Now I could check out any book I wanted, read it, return it, and check another. I did not have to pay--actually I did not even know you could check books for a fee, for that was, in our environment, a form of knowledge no one did convey.

Msr was a lovely lady, simple, intelligent, and willing to discuss what I had read. She also kept her promise to We hat she would not tell me that the costs he would Me We defray.

We befriended me, talked to me about his son who trained to become a mechanic in the Technion. I never met the son, but the father visited my home in the village, and advanced me money when my family was in need. We discussed politics, he as a Jew and I as an Arab, but always as two human beings. His influence on me was great, and to him I am grateful to this day.

My afternoons and evenings were my own. I read in Arabic and English, but reading for fun was not enough: I wanted to matriculate. Some of my classmates were still in school and I could not stand the idea that I would fall behind. Education was my target, and higher learning, though a daydream, was a challenging prey.

The British Institute in Haifa had its doors ajar and for token fees I could prepare for the coveted London Matriculation. What a deal, and every one said I may!

I chose Arabic and Mathematics, English, History, and Literature. I worked by day and studied by night. I wrote essays and convinced myself that once you learn something, it becomes part of you, as if engraved in clay.

People wondered about my work and no play, but no one made fun of my commitment or isolation. On the contrary, they encouraged, sometimes admired, and always seemed convinced that I would not go astray.

Right they were, and happy I was, for in three years I caught up with the only three classmates who continued their education. Just when they had finished secondary education I did too, and the London Matriculation was, for hard work, my repay.

What a great feeling it was! With distinction in Math and English, I felt as if I had mastered the English language. I was so elated and overwhelmed that if I did not know a word or an expression I made it up. I had little fear that I would be wrong, or that the language would disobey!

It was about this time, 1947, that I was to say good-bye to Eastman Kodak. They were soon to leave the country because of the pending war. I left also because now I could move to a “dull” but more coveted job with the Iraq Petroleum Company. That move gave me a 30 % salary increase and much more prestige. I had options, but rejecting an opportunity to advance was not my kind of play.

A commuting bookkeeper I became, in a large company, where one may be lost. What a difference from the humane environment in which I had worked during the previous three years! However, neither position was to last long because a political-military disaster was landing on us, like birds of prey.

Mm heard of my pending move and was dismayed. He said he would give me no recommendation for not giving him long enough notice. I apologized, offered to help in any way possible. We mediated: I would work in both places until a replacement was found, for which period I enjoyed a double pay.

I met my first shock of the war when our bus was ambushed at dawn, by Jewish terrorists. Six people were injured, some seriously. None died, but all were in shock or bandage for days. Soon after, Haifa fell into the hands of the Jewish Haganah (defense force). Back to the village I had to evacuate. I boarded a boat big enough for four, but with fourteen of us on board. We were jammed like sardines: whatever the captain said, we had to obey.

Thus ends the saga of the British Mandate in Palestine. Arabs and Jews fought each other, and both took positions against the British, but the end result seems to have been certainly on the way.

In 1947 the United Nations voted to divide the country and two states to create. The Jews agreed, but the Arabs said NO. Being proud of their imagined power, they wanted to liberate Palestine from the Jews. In 1948 Arab armies came with big noise, but were repulsed. The Jews won the war, established the state of Israel, and gained one third more land than had been considered O.K.

Another chapter had ended. A new page was turned for the Arabs and the Jews. Kafr-Yasif and the Galilee would have been in an Arab State, but now they belong to the Israeli State. The Arab leaders failed to win the war, or protect the people, were they in their homes to stay.

Before I move on to the next stage of my life and education, let me reminisce about life in the village, which I cherished and will continue to do so, at least in my memories, to this day.

Here was a bag of traditions, truths and half-truths. Christians and Muslims were worlds apart in many ways, though in ordinary times they acted friendly to each other. Nothing antagonistic would anyone, toward the other, do or say.

However, as with clans and families of the same faith, once a crisis flared up all friendliness would disappear. Feuds would be revived and injury and harm would come to any one standing in the way.

My family was not an exception, though my father was a peacemaker. The Tumas were opposed by other extended families. Therefore, they often find themselves in conflict with outsiders, night and day.

That, incidentally, explains in part why large families were desired. Large families provide more men on your side and add strength to the clan. That also is why women who delivered more sons than girls were admired. Inter-family marriages were negotiated, for thus conflict could be tamed and any potential fights would earn a delay.

We were nine at home, in two rooms; the rooms were relatively large, but privacy barely had a place. My mother and sisters would hide behind a portable closet, their clothes to change. All else in the house was shared, though not equally. Kk was mother's favorite, and Js was my father's--Jir had fair hair and blue eyes and was always playful and gay.

Uncle Mk and his family of six lived across the small yard in one large room, half of which was a stable.

The cows and donkeys were too indispensable to keep out during winter. They needed protection from the weather, but they also served as heaters against the winter cold.

This closeness and that density were sometimes a boon, but had there been options, the choice would be nay.

My father and his two brothers and three sisters were prolific. One sister and her husband left behind 102 in posterity. Another and her husband were not far behind, but even so, from the medal of “most prolific” they were far away.

Talking about privacy, even after leaving home, it was still nonexistent. For a while I lived in Haifa ,sharing a room with Kk and Rt., even though they were newly wed. Family tradition, poverty, and tight housing left no choice. It was there that I began wondering about men and women, though I was 15 or a little older. Yet I had no idea what it was all about; no one to talk to, my father being a priest, and sex talk in our house being taboo. I kept wondering and waiting: come what may.

Passage from the British Mandate to independence was, for Israel, a great feat. For the Arabs it was a signal defeat. For me it was a lesson that has never come to an end. The trials and tribulations of the Arab Israeli conflict are still symbols of national tyranny.

Back in the village I was for the first time unemployed, and so were most others. With volunteer work I was preoccupied, especially to help refugees under the auspices of my father the priest; I also went on guard duty. I carried a pistol, which I had never used, and of my six bullets I had never fired any.

Others were armed with sticks, slingshots, or stones, and some with curses to pile on the enemy. The Jewish army came with tanks and planes, cannon and machine guns. They came well equipped and ready to fight, the learned few against the ignorant many.

The village elders thought hard before they wisely surrendered. They accepted the terms and paid the tribute. Young men were shipped to detention camps, for months. Supplies were appropriated by the local sentry, as a token of homage, and to relieve the soldiers' misery. The village was spared, but in place of nationalism and boasting, the people accepted their fate calmly, with no memorable litany.

My sisters and I sought refuge with our Druze friends in their village, Jatt, thus avoiding any harm or bruise. There I met the Sy, an army officer retired from the (British) Jordan Frontier Force. He was apparently at home with the Palestinian leaders and with the Jews. He tried to recruit me into his (Istikhbarat) intelligence service, though I knew nothing about intelligence and spying, or how smart he was and shrewdly predictive.

Kk was to be our contact in town. She was his equal in espionage and double play. I was to carry messages and pass information between them, but hardly any that seemed to be of importance or strategic significance. In retrospect, it all seems as a game play, which for the national cause was hardly worth the time of a detective.

This reminds me of Kk's leadership in Haifa in the early days of disorder. Being smart and outspoken, he soon found himself leader of the Churches Quarter. Few of the volunteers had any training, weapons, or authority. Might was right and Kk virtually made the rules. His next in command was a Muslim who knew little, but had a following. They argued and argued while their domain shrank until the whole city fell to the enemy. It was then that I had my first kiss. Wife of the second in command was exciting and delicious, for the kiss was at her initiative; I never saw her again, but I cherish the memory of "Jn", whose veiled face made me reflective.

Finally the State of Israel was declared. The Soviet Union and the United States gave it their blessing and into the United Nations it gained admission. All the people of my village became citizens of the new state, and quietly with my sisters to our home we

returned. It was time to get to work, adjust to the new environment, and try to be productive.

My first job was in conducting the census. Our home and family were in my district, which gave me a chance to record the family name as Tuma, rather than Khoury. That was the name adopted upon ordination of my father, to reap the benefits of the Khoury (priest) Title, which could earn both honor and money, since most evaluations were subjective.

My next goal was to become a teacher. Anybody who knew anything wanted to be a teacher. Our village exported teachers and olive oil. Our family had no oil to sell, but I could be a teacher. Not all were qualified, but even so they were in high demand.

Many teachers had left the country and become refugees. I had matriculated and therefore was considered eminently qualified. Yet, my appointment was pending. Then the director of education had an idea: check with the military governor, he said, for that might be where the hurdle lies. I did. On an empty box of matches, the military governor wrote in Hebrew “no objection”, and with that I became a teacher. With his power over our lives, day and night, night and day, the military governor brightened my day. His iron hand brought out fear and gloom, just like any imposed command.

I became a teacher for second, fourth, and 6th grades. I had little training, but my confidence was overflowing. I tried to innovate. I made sure that the new system of “no physical” punishment would be respected, to the disgust of my senior colleagues, who had adopted a traditional stand.

I also integrated the second grade: boys and girls now shared the space and sat by each other, and were no longer segregated on opposite sides of the aisle. Not only that, but Muslim and Christian, boys and girls were willing to comply. My colleagues thought I must be crazy and through the windows they peeked to make sure my failure would not go unnoticed. To my pleasure, the experiment was now a reality and the classroom was securely in my hand.

Among other subjects I taught English, but found the textbooks to be dull and rigid. Students were expected to learn by heart with little thinking or questioning. When I raised questions and insisted on discussion I ran into trouble. I was transferred to another village to join my sister As, who was already a teacher for 12 years. Fate was bringing us back together in another part of the land.

By the end of the first year I was ready to move on and up: to take an intensive course in social work. The demand was high but the supply was short and costly. In a nine-month course, with 18 others, I gained an education and was ready for the challenge. It was also an opportunity to meet young women, including Vic, Ye, and Pe city girls and for me a pleasing band.

We studied psychology, sociology, anthropology, and Hebrew to make sure we assimilate in the new state through citizenship, career and opportunity. Upon completion I was

approached to become a probation officer for Arab juveniles. Sg was convincing. I agreed, for the offer seemed grand.

As part of the special course I had to write an essay. "Growing up in the Arab Village" was my theme. It took two years to complete, and with the certificate granted, my essay was the one chosen for publication. My appetite for higher education was once again aroused, and to ignore that would have been contrary to what I had planned.

My mission into higher education by correspondence was underway. There was no turning back. My determination to secure a higher degree was firm and the will to do so did not need to be any more fanned.

As a probation officer, I counseled convicted Arab juveniles for five years. They came from broken homes, families split because of the war, children with drug addiction, poverty, illiteracy, and hopelessness. The work was hard, agonizing, tantalizing, challenging, and yet it was gratifying, as befits a job in probation.

During these years other experiences were accumulating: Our Cultural and Athletic Club in the village was active. Though I did not win a seat on the executive committee, I continued to be the organizer of the cultural program. Our speakers included lawyers, politicians, literary people, and social reformers. It took little money but much energy to organize. Our reward was the knowledge we acquired, and the invaluable inspiration.

I started my mission to give lectures and write articles. I traveled around the northern district of the country, visited homes and met parents. Everywhere the military government was in evidence, but in all situations there was a lesson to be learned: people may face difficulties that seem insurmountable, but somehow they always manage to survive and cope with the event and its implication.

They lose land and water but they survive. They lose family members but go on with living; they meet hate but continue to love; they face a stubborn enemy, but flourish on their own beliefs. The young learn from the old, and the old grow older and die. Each of these experiences is, to a new adventure, a true invitation.

Work and study were good and preoccupying, but they need love to be satisfying. My eyes were opened at this time, though my education in the art of loving was miserably lacking. My intimate experiences were always short, as if I were scared and running. Sometimes I felt sympathy for the Jewish women immigrants, who had no recourse but the oldest profession. I often forwent the pleasure, but not the liability. They broke my heart more than once and I found myself lecturing them to change. Social work was evidently in my veins, but also my occupation.

I was no doubt breaking the rules, but few would openly blame or criticize me. My family background, success in the work world, outspokenness, help to and cooperation with others, and my healthy physical features, apparently protected me against any assault or character assassination.

Young men and women in the Arab community were frustrated. They had little entertainment, little freedom, and little outlet for their emotions. Early marriages, arranged marriages, rapid procreation, and family responsibilities were in anticipation.

One experience I cannot forget. I had a rupture, which led me to a specialist--a Jewish doctor. The treatment was expensive, but he asked no questions, treated me on installment payments I could afford, though he knew me not. He even offered to treat others free if

they could not pay, including Arabs. I was grateful and impressed, for here was another lesson in the exercise of professional and social dedication.

My star was shining, but my satisfaction was declining. The whole world seemed like my horizon, but my wings were clipped by the lack of opportunity. And then one day my efforts were rewarded. The cultural attaché of the United States had received my papers and I was invited to come and discuss my application.

Off to Tel Aviv I went to meet with the Committee on scholarships. My former employer, Ben Or, from the Department of Education was there. I explained my daydream for higher education, my impressions of meeting Professor Martin Buber, and of my self-made matriculation.

The committee was evidently impressed. I went home, hopeful but still uncertain. It took days, which seemed like months, before a message came to tell me I was in: I should make ready for a university in the United States. I started immediately without hesitation.

It was a thrill for my whole family because I was the first in my and the previous generation to go to university. It was a thrill because I had quit school as a boy, and it was a thrill because the door was ajar for those who wished to advance their education.

My savings were enough to pay my way. My parents furnished monogrammed clothes; my friends gave me a farewell party, and my employer gave me a leave of absence for a year in order to avoid my resignation.

On October 6, 1955, I boarded a propeller plane, having been escorted to the airport by dozens of relatives. Tears of joy and sorrow competed with each other. It was love all around, but no one knew how long my absence would be. They knew I had a dream and it was on the way to fulfillment. They knew I persist and I accomplish. They knew I also love them and would miss them. They knew that the die was cast and they were happy for me. I was on my way to liberation.

As I looked back, flashes of memory kept creeping into my thoughts. I remembered my first "damaged" camera, which I had purchased from Eastman Kodak at a discount.

From taking pictures to processing films--that led me to improvise a dark room at home. The windows never shut tightly enough to block the light; my father's priestly black cloak served as a blackout operation.

There was no electricity for printing; I experimented with sunlight, kerosene lamps, and flashlights and I printed my pictures successfully.

That experience came handy during the war when I could make pictures for people who needed them; I did it (gratis) for them; I had fun and they no longer needed military governor's participation.

I remembered my mother making olive oil soap for the Zeitunah Company (owned by a distant relative), to enhance the family income.

By tradition they cut soap pieces with a knife, one at a time.
The job was tedious and the product was less than perfect.
Why not make a cutter? I made a simple sketch and my friend Raja built it out of metal.
Cutting became easier, faster, and the product uniform and better renown.

We had no running water in the village--women carried water in jars or four-gallon tin cans on their heads from a central tap. But I wanted a shower.
My friend Raja followed my suggestions and made me a twenty- gallon tank.
The tank sat on the roof and the water was piped down to the outhouse.
A water carrier took the job of filling the tank, for a fee of course.
Now I could have a (cold) shower, though others on that might frown.

I remembered Father Andre --the Catholic priest in Acre.
He was an Arabist, rumored to have been banished to Acre by the Pope for his liberal ideas.
He treated me as a friend though his age was almost three times mine.
On his typewriter I taught myself touch method.
At the periodic lunches I had with him, he introduced me to champagne before, and wine with the meal.
Neither drink caught my fancy, but I never let him down.

I remembered the American Friends (Quakers as known in Acre) with whom I had close connections:
They supported my efforts in rehabilitating juveniles, especially when the problems were difficult.

We shared experience in international work camps the Quakers organized.
I remembered Frank who certified that my English was good enough for university education in the States.
I remembered Pat, his wife, who made people feel at ease by listening, chatting, and beaming smiles with her kind eyes.
I also remembered the international groups in the camps: white, black, and brown.
Jf had come from the States; she was the first black woman I had seen, and befriended.
Some women came from Denmark and showed how equal to men they could be,
In organization, management and construction.
I also learned that religion, while usually quite divisive, it did not have to be.
The experience with the Quakers reaffirmed my experiences with my father:
Being ecumenical, humanist, compassionate, can only enhance one's services: A reward more valuable than a crown.

I also remembered Kks butcher shop in Haifa, which I part-managed.
His silent partner, Jik, was the Town Clerk (city manager)--the second most powerful position in the city.
Though I was in my early twenties and he in his late fifties, we would discuss politics, literature, philosophy, and society as if we were equal.
He showed me how important it was to verify before accepting as facts, for that one day could entitle one to a scholar's gown.

The flight was a great experience: fear, excitement, a look from above, and the speed of traveling long distances. Amsterdam was my first stop, where inoculation was deemed necessary, but also a good meal, with cocktails, at the airline's expense. A few hours later we were in Shannon, Ireland, which I mistook for England, and then off to New York.

Yes, arriving in the US was a treat.

Going through customs was minor, and on to Los Angeles in no time. I saw little of the former or the latter, which I reached around midnight. As if I were important, the director of admissions of the University of Redlands was waiting. Together we waited for my luggage, carried by conveyors that went round and round, each time bringing a new collage of suitcases. I saw for the first time how few people were handling them. I thought that was the power of technology and labor saving! Mf had come to see his mother--separated from his father (a minister), was happy to drive me to Redlands; with that my trip was complete.

The journey to Redlands was indicative of what was to come. A minister of religion and his wife were divorced! Elevated, overlapping, and multidirectional highways made Los Angeles a source of fascination for me. I had just moved from an underdeveloped society to a highly developed one: On these highways through connected towns and orange groves to the quiet Redlands; from speaking Arabic or Hebrew to one hundred percent English; from one time zone to another, ten hours behind, much was going on in my mind; but all was pleasant, especially meeting my future roommate, Wayne Strom, still up at 3:00 am waiting for me to welcome and meet.

Next day I met two other people who have been important in my life ever since, Esther Mertins, the Registrar and Foreign Students Advisor, and Professor Henry Dittmar, self-proclaimed expert on the Middle East. Both were gentle, kind, and generous; and were still in touch thirty seven years later. Having them as friends has been no less than a feat.

Going to school seemed like work, though for most other students it seemed like a time of fun. I was chasing a rainbow, but they were doing what was expected of them: a degree, a job, success, and fame. And some were searching for a mate for life, or until it was time to separate. I wanted knowledge, answers to serious questions, solutions to the riddles of life, religion, social relations, and international conflict. I wanted answers and I wanted them then and there. That set the stage and helped me embark with an upbeat.

Sociology, psychology, economics, and government, geology and music were all parts of the menu. Let us not forget English writing, or biology or statistics, which came next, for all subjects were a delight and accessible for me as a special student for a year. In that year I wanted to pack in all I could, as Esther and Henry said yes to all my requests; it was only with time and myself that I had to compete.

Two years at Redlands were enough for me to get a degree, but two years were a mine of experience, in class and out, in the dorm or in a family home, in the Chapel or at the

Commons, on the grounds the scenes, on trips or in lectures, and in romantic ups and downs. These were two years and behind of adventure, nostalgia, and self-examination, but always the direction was to go forward, in spite of the occasional thoughts of retreat.

At the end of the first year I was enticed to stay on, though the Israeli Ministry of Social Welfare, my employer, would not my leave of absence extend. I had no funds, but the U of R said do not worry. Dean Ms said: we have no money, but we will find it, and so they did.

Lower division courses seemed to be no challenge; upper division was more like it. People were cooperative and kind, from co-workers on the grounds to President Armacost.

As if to challenge my cultural pride, I was allowed to earn pocket money by working in maintenance: sweeping the steps and yard around the administration building, exposed to all, fellow students and the university elite.

Chapel attendance was required but I enjoyed it and thus it was not a chore. The choir was great, but the sermons were mostly a bore. Idiots had become ministers and the students had to come and listen to them. I often wondered what Jesus would have done had he heard them preach in his name. Neither intelligent nor creative, the preachers were mostly good willed and humane. Even so I felt they were an imposition, a tax on the students' intelligence, and a mechanism to have them conform and join the "fleet."

One sermon, however, I enjoyed enough to remember. Its theme was "from ashes could come fire." It was an inspiration and with wisdom and encouragement replete.

I was in demand to speak, in the Chapel and at Rotary, at the Soroptomist and other civic clubs, in town and outside it. An Arab, a Christian, from Israel, able and willing to speak, in good English! Yes I felt almost like a celebrity and I enjoyed it, even when the audience disagreed with me. This happened in San Bernardino, and when I knew they were there for entertainment only; but I had a mission for peace, which demands patience, and its message deserves to repeat.

English was my second language, but here I could boast that I could use it more correctly than most, and I arrogantly said so on the pages of the Bull Dog. Why American students did not use English correctly? Students and faculty read it and they no doubt were amused and thought: What conceit!

Women were the most challenging force of all. On one hand they were smiling and friendly, and on the other they were aloof, conservative, and traditional. They wanted husbands; they flirted, courted, and enticed; and sometimes they even seduced, but only when they had hope of achieving the MRS degree: having a husband. They were frank about it, no suspense and no deceit.

I had my share of fun, frustration, hope, and unfulfilled romance. Jealousy was a great enemy of mine for when I dated a young lady I could not stand the thought of her dating someone else; yet I was neither committal nor sure that those young ladies were in love with me. Yes, I was quite possessive, almost to the point of being unreasonable. In at least one case my jealousy proved to be fatal to my romance and a major cause of self-defeat.

The University paid my fees and made sure I had a bed, shelter, three meals a day, and lots of books to read; I had jobs on the grounds and in the library, where the dust was always a challenge. A unique experience was to work as a dishwasher at the Lake Arrowhead Lodge. Here Mexicans worked like serfs, being called upon any time of day or night, lodged a few to a room, paid below minimum wage, and treated as if they did not count. They probably were illegal aliens smuggled across the border and taken advantage of by profit seeking employers. I was privileged to work regular hours, at minimum wage, but my luck ran out when I discussed with these Mexicans the terms of their employment. I was too naive! The straw that broke the camel's back appeared when I questioned the cleanliness of the dishes coming out of the dishwasher. I wanted to be thorough but the boss said no, though the dishes were slimy, and not fit to hold food to eat.

The students included future ministers, business aspirers and hopeful academicians. Some, like Jw, were back to take advantage of the GI benefits; others came from overseas, like Ao, who had lots of money and could afford to have fun at Redlands; others were there because they were Baptists or to follow in the footsteps of their parents. But many were there for education and knowledge. They knew that learning and graduation can be rewarding and sweet.

Two years went by, fast. Letters to and from home continued to flow. I kept in touch with many, but soon the tide began to change. Graduate work was beckoning. I had the taste and my rainbow was still bright and enchanting; my guardian angels were not slumbering; and my fortune was still inciting. A phase of learning was coming to an end and another was soon to begin, just like the phases of our life, you keep going until the cycle is complete.

I look back and flashes of those two years are abound, for it was then that I recognized the impact of lacking the senses of smell and taste. I would eat foods and often seem, though a vegetarian, unable to differentiate what was or was not appropriate to eat.

I also discovered, to my disappointment and relief, how close to color blind I was, which explained my problems in cartography and physics in early school days, and even at Redlands. Color blindness came to haunt me in clinical psychology and geology, though I was not aware of it. Now I know how even with only half my senses I still could go on and find challenges to defeat.

No doubt I had compensations: hard work, ability to pretend, avoidance of encounters with critical situations in which taste, smell, or color distinction played a major role. Yes, I could get away with it, but how could I compensate for the sweet smell of a rose or the enchanting perfume on the neck of a sweetheart, or how could I compensate for the inability to taste or the failure to analyze the colors of my rainbow or the beautiful sunset? Yet, believe it or not, I have created a vocabulary of my own to identify taste, though not smell or color, and always to be discrete.

Good-bye to Redlands I did say, for with the help of others I found my way: Nine applications and nine acceptances, but no funds. Berkeley was the closest, highly recommended, and challenging; also the least costly to reach. It seemed like a calling: I had to obey.

To, a speech therapy graduate student wanted to do a good deed. He offered to drive me to Berkeley on the pretext that he wanted to visit his brother at Stanford, if only I could share the costs. His aunt's old Cadillac was at his disposal and I said yes. I knew little of what lay ahead, except that for education in the US, I was bound to stay.

Berkeley was a charm. In August 1957 I found my way to International House. There I had a room until more permanent accommodations could be arranged. It was Saturday and on Sunday off to San Francisco I went on the train. It was then that I met Jz, impressed by the big book he was reading, and whose friendship has lasted to this day.

Jz took me around, walking. He impressed me with his knowledge of books and "superficial" comments on any subject that came about, but for making a living he was a cook. He played the stock market, managed his savings, lived frugally, and, being a bachelor, had few claims on his pay.

UC Berkeley stands on the side of a hill facing the Pacific Ocean; from there one can see the Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate Bridge. Even in summer the Campus was like a bee hive, at least in my perception, with students, faculty, and staff, as well as the curious and the wayfarers, who come and go without asking if they may.

On Monday of that week three problems I had to face: registration and fee exemption, a room to rent, and a job to earn money, for my pocket book was empty and filling my stomach could stand no delay.

To tell the truth I had \$90 in all when I arrived in Berkeley, yet I had no fear. Public education was cheap and California was in the lead. If you had high enough grades, the tuition fees are waived; my grades were high and therefore everything should be o.k.

But it was not so. I had acquired credits by exam and these Berkeley would not count; hence I was saddled with an "academic deficit", which precludes giving me the exemption. If I wanted an education I had to find a way.

Working hard pays off, at least so it did in my case. Mr. Bl, the foreign students' advisor, wanted to help, and Dean Stewart of the Graduate Division was willing. He not only accepted Mr. Blaisdale's recommendation, but he also convinced me that I could and should go on for the Ph.D. and forget about the MA.

And so I did. The scholarship he awarded me paid the fees for the whole year, even though I did not have to pay fees in the second semester, for my grades went up even higher, and my academic deficit was easy to defray.

Now I was a registered student in the Ph.D. program in Sociology. I had accommodations in a boarding house in which I was a novelty: Christian, Arab, Palestinian, Israeli, in command of the English language. But I had little money for higher education. All I had was confidence and determination, leaving no time to play.

As to the job seeking, I had to explore, being a non-resident it was only on Campus that I could work. Professor Lp wanted to help probably because I came from Israel. Others made suggestions to see this person or that and it paid off. Kd, the demographer wanted someone to translate from Arabic to English and I was qualified. I took the job, planned for three weeks, but luck was beginning to smile. He offered to extend it to three months, but it was too late; I had already accepted a research assistantship at the Institute of Human Development. This was more lucrative and more secure. I went to work there for one year and ended up with a three-year stay.

All the pieces were in place. Graduate study was exciting and more so was the research. Jm, Mh, Nl, and Ek were great supporters. I did the work and got paid. I also did research of my own, which gave me a chance to my "eager beaver" qualities, as Jm described me, to display.

During the first semester I carried four courses--more than the normal load, worked half time, and ended up with top grades, but Sociology was no longer a favorite or challenging enough topic. I found the courses repetitious, verbose, and not substantive enough to keep me interested. Mathematics seemed more like it, but my background in Math was limited and I could not afford another "academic deficit". Hence economics was the evident compromise, though interdisciplinary education seemed the cure. I went after it, even though my background was limited, but social science was more within my reach and that is where I stuck hard as in clay.

From the boarding house I went to a room in a house on Addison St. The place was clean and not too far. The landlady, a schoolteacher, was a widow. She was kind and friendly.

I could use her kitchen and practice on her piano. One day she had a vacant room and a potential tenant came to the door. She had one look at him and said the room was rented. I was shocked for it was not, but the caller was black, well dressed, handsome and polite.

She would not rent to a black, she said, because that would lower the value of her property. This was my first first-hand experience with discrimination in the United States.

I told my landlady on that same day that now she had two rooms to rent, for I could no longer live in her house, and my principles I would not betray.

Regents St. was close to the University; I could walk rather than take a bus. The landlady,

Mh, a 60-year old widow, was delightful. She always had foreign students as tenants, though I don't remember that she had any blacks. She was liberal, humane, and kind, and eventually we became friends. The last communication with her was thirty odd years late when she was in a convalescent home. The room in this house had special memories: It was there that I received news of my father's death; Mh saw my tears, held me close and offered affection and encouragement, that time will the pain defray.

Pc, a student from Germany, also lived in this house. He and his Mexican American wife made a beautiful couple. They surprised me by stating that both were virgin when they married near the age of thirty--something rarely heard of around the Bay.

In this house I entertained Hh, Pg and Dory. To all of them the landlady objected. For a woman to visit a man in his room was not a good example to portray!

Dory has been my wife since 1959 and Mh turned out to be quite friendly. Dory and I met in the social science library. I saw her once or twice before I aimed a friendly look and she answered with a smile. The rest is history; the eyes had spoken and the hearts were beating and soon it seemed obvious that we had a lot of love and affection to convey.

From tiny quiet Kafr-Yasif to bubbling cosmopolitan Berkeley, from a dropout to a university professor, and from a village boy to an internationalist. It was a dream and it became a reality. Berkeley transforms, but it also conserves; it affects you in different ways, but it also allows you to maintain your individuality.

During my first semester in economics I met Ab newly arrived from Poland. Soon after, I met his friend and future wife Nb. He thought he knew all about communism, economic planning, and human suffering. He could hardly speak English, but German, Russian, and Polish were securely in his bag. We communicated easily, though we hardly ever agreed on anything philosophically. He was running away from socialism and I was trying to promote it. And yet, we became and remain friends; apparently it is a matter of personality.

Nk was exciting. Visiting from Cambridge, I had him for a seminar in growth theory. Here I blossomed, both because he was challenging and because I had just passed my theory exams with the highest marks. He encouraged me to analyze, debate, and challenge, and from him I learned much about graduate teaching. I guess our political leanings provided some commonality.

Economics was the field I chose, but not according to the mainstream. I wanted politics, philosophy, international affairs, and human problems to be central to my education. Political economy was the objective, not simply economic theory and measurability.

Many people were involved in my graduate education, but most of all I was the one who built it. The Berkeley professors were kind, observant, and evidently relieved to see me build my own interdisciplinary social science field; they were pleased, for it reflected thinking and promised viability.

It took five years to complete course work, pass all the exams, and write a 540-page dissertation on agrarian reform in historical perspective. I roamed over different civilizations, periods, countries, and reform programs, with thoroughness, competence, and frugality.

That, at least, is what I was told by Prof. Gvg, who read it positively and assessed its publishability.

The University of California Press was the target and Prof. Gvg was important on its committee. His classical training, wide knowledge, and extensive realm of writing and publishing made him an indisputable pillar of respect and dependability.

"Twenty six Centuries of Agrarian Reform" was the title the Press chose for my book, and who was I to dispute or argue with the Press, whose choice of title presumably conveyed meaning and applicability.

That in brief was the academic chapter of my life during five years of living in Berkeley, but there were other chapters to consider. School did occupy many hours of my every day and night, but a graduate student like me has long days and nights far beyond 24 hours; my days were extended for it is a matter of allocation, prioritization, and controllability.

Berkeley was cosmopolitan, with a great university that was a Mecca of learning, and a forum for all factions, including Arabs, Jews, Palestinians, and Israelis. But what would you do with a Palestinian who is also an Israeli? Berkeley was an eye-opener.

The Arabs, especially Iraqis and Palestinians wondered why we stayed in Israel when the others? We agreed to become Israeli citizens; we must have collaborated; we must have been traitors, cowards, or whatever. We stayed with the enemy while we watched other Palestinians being expelled by the conqueror.

The Israelis were more sympathetic to me and more diplomatic. They wanted to befriend an Israeli Arab or any Arab for that matter. They tried to enlist my services as one of them in reaching out to the American people to explain the dilemma of Israel, but they hardly counted on my non-partisan peace mission as a lecturer.

Isolation there was for me, for the Middle Easterners congregated with each other. Americans enjoyed sports, which I could not understand or appreciate, but my life was not dull for I was preoccupied on all fronts, and most of all as a skeptic inquirer.

I attended extracurricular lectures and delivered some of my own, befriended national and international students and others; yet, I always felt alone, for inside me was a nagging voice: why take sides with nationalistic, irrational, blindly formed positions? Will such activities lead to peace or the creation of a deliverer?

Research at the Institute of Human Development was a job and a career. I met good minds, kindly people, and fine researchers. Jm was known for her stand against McCarthyism. Mh was considered an iron woman of strict discipline, though a kind mother and an accessible person. She was surprised when I said that life in the US was too fast to allow one to think. To think among students was considered out of place.

Nl was a good technician; he knew psychology and statistics. For me he was a good mentor. That is why when my research on child education and authority was to be published, I was happy to have him as co-author, which he accepted with pleasure and grace.

Here I met Pg, visiting from Lebanon, whom I christened Suad. She was Armenian, born and educated in Lebanon, but knew little Arabic. How ironic to grow up in a place and not learn its language; that was a pity since I wrote a poem in her honor in Arabic. Pg was ambitious, physically not very attractive, but willing to please, though not successful in every case.

Three years at the Institute had at least one negative effect on me--It isolated me from fellow students in economics, and the research I did was considered soft by economists, and not in the mainstream of that discipline. But looking back, those were productive

years and fully in accordance with my interdisciplinary interests, even though economists opt for a different ace.

The Institute provided an atmosphere of belonging: a small group meeting for coffee daily, with far more collegiality than economics offered. Yet it was essential that I coordinate it with my training in time and space.

Academicians do research but they also teach, and research at the Institute did not allow for experience in teaching. Hence, after three years I had to say good-bye. Back into economics as a teaching assistant, I could join the chase.

I was a teaching assistant for the next two years. I met my sections, two a semester, and lo and behold, I felt like I found my calling. I loved to have a forum: young minds, bright, beautiful, challenging, and ready for a race.

Even then, I discovered that I could and would enjoy teaching at the university. However, I did not know how to please. The students ought to be mature, I said to myself. They are adults who seek knowledge, who should not need to be spoon fed or embraced.

But I must have been wrong all along: students want to be spoon fed, groomed to pass exams, and prepared to get jobs, and let maturity work with another face.

Two years passed by and my academic work was done. The teaching experience was invaluable, though no one trains you. You learn by doing, imitation, sometimes by experimentation, but always by depending on your self and the ability to examine your actions, and your successes and failures to retrace.

I think Berkeley allowed me to accomplish these goals, for when I completed my program I was in demand for both teaching and research. The die had been cast and my career was taking shape, just like embroidery and needlework, forming a beautiful lace.

Reading and writing, eating and sleeping, and arguing and debating--all were critical in my life, but without love, affection, and romance, there was little hope of achieving my potential.

The Berkeley years were fertile with inter-gender connections. There I met Dory, who eventually became my lifetime partner. We met as frequently as possible, ate together, and studied, sometimes, together. It seemed like a truly romantic relationship, neither material nor financial.

Her family, MA, and her uncles and cousins, were polite and "accepting," at least to my face. I was a novelty --an A-Rab--and they were a little curious. Her mother was marginal and her father for us nonexistent. There was another grandmother who met me once, years later. All in all, Dory was independent, and her relationship with me was personal and almost providential.

Both of us were self-made, though in different ways, wanting to belong, with different goals. We liked to eat, though I ate four times as much as she did. We wanted to see new places and be in each other's company. A routine began to build up and our mutual friends began to know each other, though there were more of mine than of hers. But never mind that, our intimacy became consequential.

To Reno we went. There we wed, and our responsibilities were woven into one.
Whether it is facing life, being romantic, or just existential.

D and I had accumulated many joint experiences in the meantime.
From teaching me to drive a car, to visiting San Francisco, the Redwoods, and Carmel, it was always an excitement.

Her shiny silky red hair had the power of magnetism.
It crowned her tall figure and highlighted the smile I adored on her face the first time I saw her.

As for me, though my surrender had until then remained dormant, it was complete, willful, and reverential.

Lake Tahoe and D were an eye opener.

The beauty of the Lake and D's pride in bringing me there were binding.
Even more so after she guided me into Yosemite to enjoy the clarity and freshness of air, the magnificence of the Falls, and the grandness of nature, which I could see in part through her eyes.

We had much in common, and to these experiences I tend to feel highly preferential.

Married life proved to be fun and not fun. Alone we were and had no guidance or pressure, we were thrust into it unprepared. Yet, immediately upon being declared man and wife I had a different feeling, for now I felt we were one--she was mine and I was hers and I wanted us to be that way, and to make it evident, I offered to buy her a ring.

To say so might seem strange, but not so when all our capital was less than \$100. However, a ring we did buy and on her finger I said to place, not remembering that with the ring goes a ceremony or recitation. I was too dumb or just ignorant of the ritual. She did put it on without saying a word and that has been her style: either ignore altogether or comply without a word. The result has always been a sting.

A very important decision we had to make: do we both continue our education or only one of us, given our meager finances. A brief consultation and we made a decision. I would go on to get my Ph.D. And D would go to work full time, since I was ahead of her in the program, or probably more dedicated. Or, when deciding between the education of a man and a woman, she may be a queen, but presumably I was the king.

The landlady was nice to us until she found out that we were expecting. She actually was angry when Je cried, as all babies do. No babies and no pets, she said, though another tenant had a dog, which she ignored. That tenant was her friend and what she did was her business, she assured us. She made the rules and to them she would cling.

Anyhow, soon after, we moved to Albany Village, where many University of California students lived. The village had subsidized, modest, cheaper housing, but it was farther away, with half the space. There we had built-in friendships and baby-sitting services with student neighbors. Students with babies were everywhere, in front and back and over us. We lived there for two more years with yet another baby, for Mary was soon on the way, and to Santa Monica, with a Ph. D. in hand, our move we could swing.

Many contrasts between us have surfaced since then:

Her day is short and mine is long;

She spends money first and laments later; I count first and avoid the remorse altogether;

She goes into debt while I insist on having a reserve; she goes to bed early and I do late;

She is up first, but I stay in bed till her shower is out of the way. She eats first and showers later, but I shower first and eat later.

Neither the same soap nor the toothpaste do we share. We read different things, enjoy different forms of entertainment, and yet each of us is always willing to do what the other wants.

Fifty years have passed and we are still together: pain, endurance, patience, understanding, commitment, affection, love, or whatever; we are together till the last bell for us shall ring.

Our children we have greatly enjoyed. No spanking, and no religion to be imposed. Self-reliance was the goal. However, about the children I will say little more. Stories of their upbringing and growth are theirs to tell or not to tell, as they want them to be conveyed.

Physical punishment was tabooed, though some objections by D were mildly put forth. Spoiling a child we considered impossible. Talking with them was more the rule than the exception.

Where we went they went, though we did have almost full time help during the week, and evenings, when we so desired. We gave them freedom, and freedom was rarely ever betrayed.

A system that has worked well for us, though somewhat unique and difficult to implement, was democracy in the home.

The children, as soon as they could play the game, were allowed to vote on issues as equal, unless the matter involved risk and expense beyond our means.

They learned to debate and argue, but also vote and accept the rule of the majority. At times agreements were put down in writing.

It worked. Even D has finally admitted that our approach was good and towards it she has been swayed.

My academic program was about to end, and my degree was close at hand: I would have a Ph. D., a degree beyond all my early expectations. I had to find a job and a home, for a foreigner in the United States I still was.

Prof. Pp introduced me to Prof. Pt of the Hebrew University and recommended me for a job in Israel. From Israel I came and to Israel I was, as an exchange student, supposed to return, I swore.

“It all depends on his dissertation” was the response.

My dissertation was my first book, published by the University of California Press, but a job at the Hebrew Univ. was not forthcoming.

Nor was it possible to get a job in the Arab countries, for neither Algeria nor Iraq would give a better response than did Israel.

I was a Palestinian Arab for the Israelis and an Arab from Israel for the Arab, and neither side would consider that a lucky score.

And then I had an inspiration: a post-doctorate position at the Univ. of Calif. in Los Angeles, with Prof. Gvg would be great.

It would give me time to reflect, time to search for a job, and time to negotiate with the Immigration Department.

That department had ruled that out of the country I should go, having come on exchange. Though my wife and children were native born Americans, being forced out of the country all would deplore.

Prof Gvg was encouraging and D was willing to transfer to the Health Dept. in Los Angeles. She managed to have an office at UCLA.

My stipend would be small but after 7 years as a student, it was not difficult to feel rich, and enjoy what lies ahead in store.

That, however, was for the next academic year, but there were the summer months to account for. As luck would have it, fortune on us was smiling. Dm had a need for my services as an expert on agrarian reform. I worked with him on a research grant, but we did not get it. Nevertheless, we became friends and intellectual collaborators for the duration of his life, especially in the sociology of agriculture and agrarian folklore.

Berkeley in the early 1960s was abuzz with activity: intellectual, commercial, artistic, and all, but I was not into much extracurricular endeavors.

Getting my degree, trying to be a good father and family person, and worrying about the Middle East kept me busy.

However, three things I learned well: appearances can be deceiving; East and west have a hard time meeting; and having a high academic degree gives one authority, and I benefited from all three.

The fame of Gamal Abdul Nasser was at a peak: a charismatic leader, reformer, model for the Arab world and certainly for the Egyptian peasant, farmer, and worker.

Yet, when I looked and looked again deeply, Nasser's agrarian reform could hardly earn him a degree.

True, land he distributed, and rents he controlled; minimum wages were imposed and written tenancy contracts were instituted.

Ceilings and floors on land ownership were established, but every measure was only a half measure and loopholes were equally common.

In the end little land and not many farmers were affected; enforcement was loose and those with connections ran free.

Not less deceiving were his bombastic threats against Israel. He wanted to liberate, but he could hardly protect or coordinate.

And when the time came for him to make good on his promises to liberate Palestine, in six days he lost the rest of it and a large part of his country.

The victory became a defeat, and a ceasefire was secured only by an international plea.

I wrote my thesis on agrarian reform. I compared and contrasted.

Fact and fiction throughout the world seemed on constant display, for all reform programs had loopholes, and Nasser's was only a good reflection of what reformers do.

You do little good and advertise it widely, but don't overdo it, if lasting and prosperous in your domain you want to be.

Bsd's *Orientalism* makes a lot of sense.

Cc, wanted me to review a book by Frankel.

The book dealt with Africa, but reading it made me wonder: How did the author reach his conclusions?

Evidently he interpreted what he saw from the standpoint of a westerner, and I saw things differently.

That, however, Cc irritated, for he too was an Orientalist. He had never lived in a village nor made do with such few amenities as I had experienced. How could he understand! I am convinced that a big gulch lies between East and West. Until we are able to remove it or fill it, the development of the Third World will go nowhere.

These Orientalists can never find the key.

Leaving Berkeley and the Bay area was not painful. Both D and I were ready for a new beginning.

The Department of Health transferred her to Los Angeles and I had a post-doctoral fellowship at UCLA.

With hardly any furniture to worry about, we packed our personal belongings and set off with two little children, 3 and 2, in a 1950 Dodge that had seen better days.

We and the dodge made it in good condition, with little expectation that our association would last a few more years.

But we did retrieve our investment.

Our year in Los Angeles was educational, entertaining, maturing, but also frustrating. As a post-doctoral fellow I had adequate facilities and benefits to be fully productive, and no formal obligations.

The association with Gvg, my host at UCLA, was the commencement of a long trip along the road of scholarly endeavor.

Having seen my dissertation, he offered to submit it to the UC press, to which I consented whole-heartedly, though I had no idea that his recommendation to the Press Committee was equal to a commitment.

I had to make revisions, but that was expected. I wrote articles and gave guest lectures; I even taught a course at the San Fernando Valley State College. That is how I understood why the Univ. of Calif. stood so high above the Calif. state colleges.

These latter were factories processing degrees, and their product was neither perfect nor uniform. The degree was mostly a requirement fulfillment.

Teaching at state college was routine, required little effort, and encouraged little creativity. That experience served me well when I decided to reject a position at the LA state college. Strangely enough, they were willing to give me credit for the years of serving as a teaching assistant, but not for the publications and creative work I had accomplished.

Apparently creative activity was considered an impediment.

The house we rented in Santa Monica had a backyard and more rooms than we ever had. We had little furniture, but we were close to the sea, away from pollution, and the house was owned by a Tuma family: a namesake from Czechoslovakia.

That made the house more attractive, but it had little effect on the rent assessment.

D worked full time and so did I and therefore the service of a housekeeper/baby sitter seemed like a must.

It was expensive for our limited budget, but we were certain that caring for the children at home was a high priority.

We were willing to pay the price with pleasure and no resentment.

Four academicians I met that year stand out in my experience: Gvg was always dignified, precise, thorough, and friendly. His knowledge of Islamic history and philosophy was truly impressive.

Mk was an assistant professor of political science, eventually to become dean of the college of letters and science at UCLA and then president of the American University in Beirut, where he was assassinated. Rb of Wisconsin, visiting at UCLA, was the first to have me as a guest lecturer on agrarian reform.

We disagreed on whether disguised unemployment existed in developing countries, but we respected each other's conclusions. He did not believe it existed.

We have not met since then, but we have remained aware of each other's work. Jh of Oxford, visiting briefly at UCLA, was big, seemed pompous, especially to a beginner like me, and evidently cool and snobbish. At least that is how I felt then.

I still used his works, because I have had no reason to change my judgment.

Living in Santa Monica, while working at UCLA, made it possible to visit San Diego, Long Beach, Santa Barbara, and the towns and beaches in-between. It also allowed me to renew my relationship with Redlands. The weather was always good and the outdoors inviting.

We took advantage of these benefits as our entertainment.

But lest it be thought that no hardships existed, I should quickly add that frustration was accumulating.

The year was soon coming to an end and I had to have a permanent job, but the Dept. of Immigration was not willing to approve my stay. I came as an exchange student.

I had to leave the country for at least two years before I could apply for an immigration visa, even though I was married to a citizen and our two children were born in the States.

That is why we decided to go to Canada: Saskatoon, Saskatchewan was calling and our dodge was ready to deliver us to the frigid cold of that semi Arctic climate, with stoical contentment.

Traveling through California and Oregon, Washington, and the Rockies, and across the prairies of Manitoba and Saskatchewan was an education. How large these Americas are, how varied in terrain, ethnic communities, physical features, and family backgrounds! And yet, they have much similarity: food, clothing, language, and high expectations for the future.

Going into Canada did not seem like crossing national borders, or moving from one country to another, nor as if we were entitled to higher expectations than we left behind, but we had to go.

Saskatoon is a lovely town, aspiring to be a metropolitan society, but, like much of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, it carries the emblem of provincialism, ethnic hierarchy, and asserted bigness.

Those of British origin stand high, while the French pretend they are the elite; the Ukrainians are the majority, but they count third in importance, and below them are all the others.

The people, on a one-to-one basis are kind and gentle, but they never forget to trace the ethnic origin of the newcomer and expected tenure in the country. That may not mean anything, but they still want to know.

That, however, is not quite true.

Those of English or North European origin, especially those with long tenure, have unspoken advantages in business, government, and at the University. You accept these rules and you will be accepted.

Ask questions and you bear the consequences.

The worst may be expected at the center of learning to which I have traveled so far. The antagonism is subtle, but the effects are not easy to tow.

Let me hasten to add that I am grateful to Canada, Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, and the University.

They gave me a job when I had none, a home when the US Immigration Department forced me to leave the one I had, and offered me facilities to purchase our first house.

Saskatoon was also the birthplace of our daughter Rabiya.

The two years we spent there were productive, the friendships we made were long lasting, and the learning experience was irreplaceable, not the least of which was living every year in a three-month-long landscape of snow.

D had fun landscaping a new house, which became known as the flower house. She gave birth to a planned and happily expected baby, and healed well from a broken ankle through the magnificence of the provincial health system.

The almost two year stay was enjoyable and productive; even the frigid cold could not steal the show.

At the University of California, the faculty members were in charge of all academic issues. In Saskatoon Es, Dept. Head, applied discipline as if the students were in grade school. Mt asked whether Canada needed more people. Kl, an Indian economist, respected the superiority of the British and thus was accepted in the community. Lk an authentic Canadian, who studied at the Univ. of Wisconsin, with little creative effort aspired to become University president, and he made it. I tried to understand the game of university and community politics, but evidently I was too idealistic, or too slow.

I trusted students but the administration did not.
I wanted to promote international programs but the administration did not.
I was dedicated to research and publication, but the administration was not. I sought to have a dialogue, but the autocratic administrators did not.
All in all, it was an experience, a period of maturation, and a happy interlude in which personal relations were able to glow.

As to the town and location there was much to contemplate:
For half the year you see nothing but snow; for another quarter there is wind and dust; and for the remaining quarter it was nice, but warm.
The closest vacation area was two hundred miles away, accessible only during a short period in the year, unless you go by plane.
That explains why going through these quarters can be exhausting and one's morale can get low.

Nevertheless, there was much to remember.
One memorable experience was the weeklong course in macroeconomics I offered to labor union leaders in Regina, capital of the province.
To sleep, eat, lecture, and discuss major issues with workers was a most refreshing experience.
Their simple but challenging questions, their fertile but suspicious minds, and their individualistic but communal approach to the economic world had little in common with the university classroom.
These were reaching, inquisitive, and self-made.
It was hard work but pleasing and penetrating, like an arrow from a bow.

Another experience was the invitation by the United Nations to conduct a study of agrarian reform.
Eventually I traveled to Iran and Israel. I also spent time at the UN headquarters in New York, was offered a long-term appointment, but I preferred teaching and said No.
Yes, my years of studying international issues were beginning to pay off; that was the harvest from the seeds I was anxious to sow.

The two-year restriction on my return to the United States was nearly over, and the University of Saskatchewan was not anxious to renew my contract; they were certain they could not meet my expectations.
They were correct. I was ready to say good-bye to this oasis of modernity and learning, and home to big fish in a small pond.

The time had come to move on; California was beckoning, and I had no more punches to throw.

When California beckons, few can resist, especially if the welcome in the existing home base had decayed.

1965 was the year and the University of California in Davis was the prospective employer.

Ab had submitted my name for a position and Fc, the chairman, was in tune.

I went for an interview: TY and Rs picked me up at the San Francisco airport.

Ab and N hosted me for the night.

Fc and Ec had a “banquet” dinner for the dept. in my honor. And the Deans and Vice Chancellor reacted positively.

And as I flew back to Saskatoon I felt certain I could sit back in my easy chair and recline.

Three days later Dean La called to offer me the job.

My having skipped an interview at Simon Fraser, Vancouver, was not a fatal mistake.

We wasted no time, put our house up for sale, and started packing. By the end of May we were on our way to Davis, California.

However, more than one bell was tolling: within ten days we bought a house, and I was on my way to the Middle East on behalf of the United Nations.

D and the children were to follow five weeks later to meet my family in Kafr Yasif, where we would do nothing, but enjoy family and friends, wine and dine.

Iran was a welcoming country; a UN representative and a big black sedan were waiting at the airport; that sedan was to be my transportation while in the country.

Agrarian reform was my field of study: how much has Iran’s land reform helped capital formation?

Not much; the peasants paid dearly for the land they received; the cooperatives were systems of control more than of cooperation and help; and the Shah’s White Revolution was hardly a spring of sunshine.

One of the memorable occasions in Iran was a meeting with prime minister Hoveida, who has since been executed by the Khomeini Islamic regime.

Hoveida had studied in Jerusalem, spoke Arabic well, and knew my uncle Habib Houry.

Our scheduled twenty-minute meeting lasted one hour and forty-five minutes.

Though the topic was cooperative farming, we discussed a variety of issues, but as I looked back I discovered that Hoveida was more interested in the social aspects of our meeting than in cooperative farming.

Evidently he knew that I was being used by the governor of the cooperative credit bank, to promote his own pet project.

Hoveida agreed to see me, rather than decline.

My weeks in Iran were over and I was anxious to proceed to Israel, the home I had left ten years before.

To have a weekend with my family I arrived two days before my officially expected arrival.

My family and friends, about sixty people, were waiting at the airport. The festivities had already begun, in spite of the hard time the authorities gave me at the airport.

I had left for a year and came back a decade later; I had never been to college and came back with a Ph.D. I was a probation officer in the Acre and Haifa districts and came back as a United Nations specialist. I had left as a bachelor and came back with an American wife and three children.

All were happy to see me as if they had struck a gold mine.

That, however, was not so with the Israeli government. Officially the government acted according to protocol, but it protested to the United Nations:

Why, of all the experts in the world, would you bring an Arab to do the study?
And why would he arrive unannounced and thus deprive them of giving him a formal welcome?

The UN representative, as I understood it, simply stated that I was the best for the job, and my arrival early to spend time in my village was understandable, rational, and not at all out of line.

My research took me to *kibbutzim* (collective farms) and *Moshavim* (cooperative farms), Jewish private farms, and to government offices.

I asked questions and looked at records, and most people were kind and cooperative, especially when I spoke Hebrew for easy communication.

The Israeli government did the horrible though expected thing:
They kept me under surveillance and had a police officer apply his skills to interrogate me while in a social gathering. Such behavior shocked me enough, for it to underline.

At the same time doors were opened and relations were cemented socially and professionally, and some were to last a lifetime.

At a reception at the home of the UN representative, though shabbily dressed by comparison, and though I knew few of the formalities at such a gathering, I made one of the most important contacts:

I met Ziv-Av, president of the Jewish farmers association.
We talked about farming, politics, and my impressions of the country after a ten-year absence. He asked penetrating questions and I obliged;
I found a forum and I had no reason to opine.

My impressions were pessimistic especially for the Arabs in Israel:
They were neither equal to Israeli citizens, nor accepted as nationalist Palestinian Arabs;
They were isolated from the latter, and repressed and suspected by the former.
They were a small minority, disorganized, exploited by the government and private business, and had few internal resources to fight back.
They complained bitterly especially when they found a listening ear.
I told my story and emphasized that their condition was pathetic and their future had no spine.

. Ziv-Av was my channel to *New Outlook* in which these impressions were printed.
Meeting Sif and Hd was a highlight, for both of these peace fighters were to become collaborators in the struggle for peace throughout the rest of their lives.
I became a literary comrade and frequent contributor to the magazine, for our common goals were easy to define.

D and the children arrived in Israel late one afternoon, two weeks after my arrival. A smaller but still an impressive number of family and friends had come to the airport--filling five cars, in addition to the car and driver the government of Israel put at my disposal for the occasion.

Festivities in the villages started all over again; not a moment was left free for us to be alone. D was overwhelmed. Friends in Buqueia expedited wedding arrangements to allow us to attend.

Mr of the department of agriculture arranged for us to visit Bedwins near Beersheba. Friends who had cars took us to Mt. Tabor, Lake Tiberius, Druze villages, Jerusalem, Nazareth, and to the Hula project at the borders between Syria and Israel, close to the danger sign.

Government officials acted often as guides, sometimes to guide and other times to keep a watchful eye.

Out of all this came the recognition that fear and uncertainty translate themselves in different forms, some intended and others not, but all end up poisonous like spoiled wine.

And then it was time to leave Israel.

We said our good-byes only to find out that the Israeli authorities would not let our children leave Israel on their mother's passport: "they are Israeli citizens," they said, and therefore should travel on Israeli documents.

D was scared and our plans were upset, but the UN came to our rescue and added their names to my *newly issued passport*.

Thus we were able to board the plane for the long trip to New York and then to California; that would give us time to process the varied experiences that were not so easy to combine.

Coming back to New York was complicated.

El Al, the Israeli airline, was hardly cooperative.

You had to fight to get the expected services.

Besides, we arrived late in New York for the connection to California, but, because of my UN position, the connecting plane waited 13 minutes to accommodate us; that, of course, was uplifting.

D continued to California and I stayed in NY for a month at the UN headquarters.

Gw was waiting and he did all he could to make my work smooth: gathering data, meeting with staff members, and helping in the preparation of a draft.

I met high-ranking executives, including Julia Henderson who headed Gws department.

But I was hardly impressed by the structure of the institution and the bureaucracy. The routine, the formalities, the evident hierarchies--all those were factors in rejecting a staff position with the UN. My mission was definitely in education and I found no reason for shifting.

D was already busy settling in California, landscaping, and creating a routine.

For me long hours of work were also a routine, which paid off in different ways.

My book, *Twenty Six Centuries of Agrarian Reform*, came out and it looked great. More important, it quickly set me up as the expert in the field, which kept me in demand by the UN, consulting.

The UCD department of economics was young and I was THE economic historian, though I had come to it from the back door. But now I had the responsibility to build the program and that I did. I introduced new courses, graduate and undergraduate. I taught a variety of courses, including a graduate course in American economic history, which I had never formally studied.

But I was the expert in the dept.; it was fun learning new material, which forced me to do program evaluation and thinking.

Within two years I made it to associate professor with tenure.

Tenure in the University of California means intellectual freedom, job security, and an acceptable standard of living.

Though the promotion was expected, its formalization and announcement were, nevertheless, confidence building.

The year 1966, however, was memorable, mostly because of my activities at the land reform conference in Rome
 My first book was out, and I was in.
 The UN and FAO (Food and Agriculture Organization) were interested in my research beyond Iran and Israel.
 That study was by then completed and would serve as a background paper for the Fourth Land Reform Progress Report.
 Rome was beckoning and my star, at least so I felt, was glittering.

That was the call of Summer '66.
 Rome was hot and humid and my hotel accommodations were worse than expected. All the agricultural big shots of the world organization were there, and so were many senior scholars in the field, but among them all I still had a prominent position.
 The chair of a session had to be occupied by a country representative.
 But I was the expert and next to him I sat. to direct, advise, and reap the rewards, in glory, if not in wealth or ranking.

The session went well, attended by about 400 people representing all members of the UN, and organizations associated with that Institution.
 The leaders spoke and each in turn glorified his or her country's reform dreams and achievements.
 Serious and challenging research findings were watered down to please these political magnates. That is what I discovered when I saw what Jh did to the speech I drafted for her.
 She certainly improved it by making it sweet sounding, well knitted into a web of benign rhetoric.
 I watched, surveyed, sympathized, and wavered for then and there I knew how superficial were the reform programs they were planting.

The poor countries were bound to remain poor, agriculture in those countries was bound to stay backward, and so were the peasants.
 What the reformers wanted was political stability.
 They wanted to have the regime, and apply only the minimum changes necessary to meet those objectives. In other words, they wanted to preempt radical movements and prevent an uprising.

The promotion at the University was a benchmark, but it was one of many.
 There were new courses to teach, committees to sit on, and intelligent young people to see grow into educated men and women. There were also our beautiful children to take care of, educate into the etiquette of life among the academic community, and see them grow into independent and fulfilled individuals.
 Life was challenging and full, but my expectations were still mounting.

The year 1967 was highly rewarding.
 Holland was my next destination, to participate in the World Rural Sociology Conference.
 Agrarian reform was the subject.
 The conference was at the agricultural college in Wagenigen. The place was memorable
 because I can still see my sister, As and her husband, walking over to meet me. They were
 on their honeymoon.

The conference was another educational experience.
 I met many people who appreciated my work and were happy to publish it.
 That also marked my drifting away from economics into the social sciences, an
 interdisciplinary field in which I wove myself a cocoon.

The Department was not happy about my branching out from economics into other social
 sciences.

They wanted to strengthen the department, which could be done only by following the
 main stream of the discipline.

And how did I know? By observing the beginning of grumbling about my research.
 Was it economics? Were members of the different committees capable of evaluating it?

And how to avoid controversy?

As for me, I found my calling, which seemed like a boon.

To make that decision come true I got involved in California agriculture and its tomato
 fields.

The farmers employed migrant workers, especially *Braceros* from Mexico, who were
 brought in by a contractor as the middle person, but the farm workers of Calif. were
 opposed.

These *Braceros* were being paid sub-minimum wages, lived in poor housing, and had no
 recourse, for once they had signed the agreement they delivered themselves to the
 contracting tycoon.

I went to the fields to find out for myself.

Workers from nine counties were my interviewees.

I visited their shacks. They had no running water, nor indoor plumbing. They shared
 outhouses!

In many cases they depended on the company store, or on advances to live on from the
 contractor or the farmer.

Their children moved around with them, at the expense of their education, or they
 remained behind in Mexico, and thus the family was divided. Life was miserable, but the
 alternative was not any better.

However, the problem was on the way to solution; the tomato harvester would be on the
 market soon.

My research offered a different alternative: to trade farm labor for farm training.

Workers from developing countries would come to Calif. for given periods to work, in return for training on the job in modern agriculture.

The paper came out, and it confirmed my conversion from economics into political economy, international relations, and family welfare.

If this was economics, it was not for the department.

It must be, some suggested, for people who inhabit the moon.

The dean's office was one of rules and regulations.

La knew how to delegate. The other associate deans in charge of student affairs had approaches different from mine.

Dk was proud of keeping his desk clean, the rules imposed, and the students terrorized; to him I was an enigma.

I saw my responsibility to search ways to help students even if I had to bend or break some rules, and I did that every day from morning till noon.

Dh was kind and careful not to offend anybody, let alone his superiors.

He always went along and that is why he stayed in that office for eternity. Together we sat on council meetings, chaired committees, and saw students graduate.

I handed them dummy certificates and offered my congratulations, even if they had learned nothing except what they had been fed with a spoon.

One memorable experience deserves to be told.

The chair of the college executive committee, the chair of the faculty, and I as an associate dean, decided to bend a rule and rescue a student from an academic dilemma.

The administrative assistant was outraged and off to Dh's office she went to complain.

I did lose my temper and put her in her place. I also questioned the wisdom of the associate dean who listened to her.

Apparently she was the watchdog, and Dk was the executioner. According to them, I should have known: that student was a goon!

I said this period witnessed my professional blossoming.

For then I began to wonder about economic logic, methodology, philosophy, history, and what we teach.

I found current books to be lacking, the profession rigid, and the methodology almost sterile.

I had to write my own books and apply theory to practice; hence, I embarked on two books:

European Economic History, and *Economic History and the Social Sciences*. Both related directly to my graduate courses and the program I had designed for the department.

The die was cast and I was in the depth of an intellectual strife.

I worked long hours, with joy.

Yet, I still had time for family and children. I gathered data, drafted chapters, tested ideas on students and colleagues, and made trips to Chicago, New York, Wisconsin, and other places.

I was enjoying a full life.

To build or not to build a new house, we wondered, but not for long. We needed more space, or so we thought, and D wanted to build her own house. Writing books can be rewarding and in this case it was not. The advance from Harper and Row was enough to buy a large corner lot in the outskirts of town.

To design the house, Gs our friend, was at the head of the line.

For the next year and a half D was creatively preoccupied. She took charge of dealing with the designer-architect, the contractor, and how best to take advantage of the opportunity to build. The issue of money was my responsibility. The plan was to include a room that fits each child, and a little room for TV viewing and a bathroom, on the second floor. On the first floor we would have our bedroom, a large living room, a dining room, a large kitchen, and a dinette. There would be also a laundry room, one and a half bathrooms, and what became known as the games room. I even had a study I could call mine.

Before moving in, March 1, 1970, I gave up pipe smoking, after a 20-year love affair with it; the new house would be clean.

Not only that, but it should be surrounded by attractive trees and shrubs. Hence the environmentalist Ka became our landscape architect.

He managed to wed nature and suburban life very nicely:

A moat, wooden deck, a bridge, and a pool that looked like a mountain lake, redwood trees, fruits, and flowers, all in this city lot, with a place for a picnic table on which to dine.

The house was built and we were in.

The neighbors were warm and friendly, and we certainly had moved up the ladder.

To top it all I was promoted again, this time accelerated to the position of professor. I thought everything went well, but apparently this was too good to be true, or for our sun to continue to shine.

D was not satisfied and within months she was complaining, usually not to my face, but I could hear her talking to friends about the new house that it was not hers.

Her ideas had been drowned by the designer and her wishes had been overruled, she said. This wall was in the wrong place, the kitchen was too small, that door was too big, or the window was too low!

This was “Galya’s house;” apparently she had made changes to make ends meet, and all D would do was to agree and then whine.

However D would not spoil my glory.

In the same year my two new books were out. One served as a text and the other educated me in the philosophy of the social sciences.

It was glorious and elating, not only because of the prestige of the publishers, the impact on my career, the intellectual maturing effect, but also because the two projects were not so easy to combine.

In these books I challenged the economic history profession. I questioned the efficacy of immersion in cliometry, numbers, models, and the self-deception that we can pursue economic history as a “science”. I tried to show that the economy and society are too big and complex to reduce to a few quantifiable variables. We need to consider human behavior, changing conditions, and the passage of time as factors that required broad interdisciplinary approaches. Once the framework had been established, the individual study would be possible to tailor and refine.

Teaching, writing, and “deaning”, but I still had time for home.

I spent much time with the children, went to school meetings, chauffeured them around, and participated in the cooperative nursery. A condition of participating was enrollment in the adult school wood work shop. I enrolled and that started my hobby in woodwork.

This was the time when Rabiya let her craving for education glow like sunshine.

It was the last day of school and Mary came home happy: “School is all over,” she declared joyfully.

But Rabiya burst out crying: “school is all over and I have not gone to school at all!” She was to enter school the next academic year, but immediate learning was her incline.

Woodworking became a challenge and a great delight.

I remember the rugged piece of Manzanita wood I took with me to class to consult the instructor on how to make that piece into a lamp. He looked at it and said “you better throw it in the fire; you can hardly do anything with it-
-the cracks, the holes, and all.”

That did it; that piece became my first celebrated Manzanita lamp; all stripped into long pieces, glued together in a unique design, with a custom-made shade from leftover pieces of the wallpaper of the new house.

This lamp was an invention, attractive, and not difficult to define.

To work with wood was a relief or what some call therapy: after dinner, at midnight, or at any time when frustration, creativity, or boredom demanded it.

To work with wood made it possible for me to let my feelings and actions constructively intertwine.

The Middle East has during my lifetime always been in turmoil. I have had a history with it: lecturing, debating, persuading, and learning, but none of that could convincingly explain why the Arabs and Israelis would not settle their differences peacefully.

Neither party seemed able to vanquish the other, neither seemed anxious to settle peacefully, neither was telling the truth, and neither seemed to mind the human and material suffering.

My own frustration was building up. Every day brought news of more casualties, provocative pronouncements by one party or the other, and new promises of total victory that did not materialize. Finally, I felt, I had to do it: I had to put my thoughts on paper, express my feelings, and expose the immorality of the war my two peoples were engaged in. Israel had vanquished the Arab forces and occupied the rest of Palestine, as well as Sinai and the Golan. Gn had been humiliated and so were King Hussein and the leaders of Syria. And yet they would not accept or even test Golda Meir's peace offering.

Golda was serious, at least I am so convinced:
 Sign a peace agreement, she told Nasser, and we will withdraw from all the newly occupied territories.
 Of course the Palestinians were left out of that peace formula because Jordan and Egypt were the displaced occupiers.
 When asked about the Palestinians, Golda, in an arrogant way, exclaimed: Who are the Palestinians?
 The Arab leaders said no. Peace we want, but our honor was at stake. The land was ours and we should retake!
 What is peace in Golda's uttering?

And so I wrote a book addressed to the Arabs and Israelis. In *Peacemaking and the Immoral War*, I suggested that both had pursued a war that was immoral. Neither of them told the truth about the fighting and the prospects for the future: could the Israelis win more than they already had? Could the Arabs, and, especially the Palestinians, afford to lose more than they already had? Why would they not simply face the fact that a two-state solution, as proposed by the United Nations, was better than land fragmentation and human scattering.

Both parties were right and both were wrong. Both had inflicted harm and received an equal measure. Neither bravery nor rhetoric could save them in the face of history for what they had done to their own people and to each other. My solution was clear: two states side by side, legitimized by the United Nations, for no other way can be as logical, or politically more flattering.

Alas, neither Israelis nor Palestinians would heed.

The Palestinians would read a few pages and exclaim: he is a traitor. The Israelis would read a few more and scream: he is a Palestinian fanatic. Neither would admit the horror of their actions, the folly of their policies, or the futility of their sputtering.

For me this book was a benchmark.

It identified me explicitly with the peace camp; it also signaled my drifting professionally into the political economy of the M.E., probably at the expense of economic history and agrarian reform.

But I also knew then that not to delve into a field I understood more than others did, would be dishonest and absolutely shattering.

From then on, politics of the M.E. occupied almost half of my professional attention: Articles, presentations, TV and radio appearances, travel, and debates became integral parts of my diet; the more I participated, the more satisfied I felt. Little aware was I that politicians rarely listen to reason; power or money is the only voice they listen to, regardless how much I preach or exclaim in muted muttering

October 1973 was memorable.

The war between the Arabs and Israel was a landmark on the way to peace. President Sadat had tipped the scale and Israel no longer seemed invincible. Egypt did not win the war, nor did it lose it.

It only recovered some of its honor by hitting Israel hard enough to tip the balance. The surprise attack, through tunnels under the Suez Canal, was as dramatic as the Israeli attack on Egypt's air force in 1967, which determined the fate of the six-day war.

Nasser had died three years earlier, probably of shame and remorse because he failed to deliver on his promises.

The Arab world was in shambles. Ha had become president of Syria and Kadhafi of Libya, and so had Saddam Hussein in Iraq.

Each of these vowed to unite the Arab world, remove the remnants of colonialism, put Israel in its place, and join the club of developed nations. They promised that and much more.

Sadat had a vision, not too creative but still a vision to be remembered as savior of his country.

And that he could do if only outside help were forthcoming, and thus he started his rendezvous with the United States.

But the 1973 war did not change Egypt's position; by the end of the war Israel was still in control of the West Bank, Gaza, Sinai, and the Golan Heights.

The only difference was that Israel was no longer feared as it was before.

However, a different war was now on: the war of oil prices and the sudden emergence of the previously sleepy OAPEC.

The Arab countries had nationalized almost all of the oil companies in their lands.

Libya, the initiator was in a position to play a major role, and it did. The result was the oil price revolution, or quadrupling of the price of crude oil overnight, to the benefit of all oil producers.

The Western consumers did not know what was in store.

The oil price revolution transferred wealth back to the Arab oil exporters and indirectly to the whole Arab world.

The new rich celebrated and went on a spree of imports from the industrial countries at such a rate, that wealth recycling was the main game.

With wealth came arrogance, waste, and corruption.

The Arab world, rich and poor, all this seemed to ignore.

Except for one fact: As if to atone for their failures in rescuing Palestine and defeating Israel, the Arab countries recognized the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) as the sole representative of the Palestinian people.

Ya had won and Jordan was in mourning, but all that was rhetorical.

Neither Jordan nor the PLO could change the facts: Israel was still in charge and all they could do was to cry and deplore.

As for me these events only confirmed my position: Peace through mutual recognition and sharing the territory was the only way out.

It was hopeless to depend on the Arab states to liberate, or to expect Israel to simply evacuate.

They had to negotiate.

Egypt was the leader and Arafat would be wise to acknowledge its role and let it lead and mend the score.

Israel, however, was not the sole enemy of the Arab world.

That world faced poverty, ignorance, underdevelopment, and more: Lack of water in some places, and lack of land in others.

And yet the population continues to explode, almost to cause food shortage in the land of plenty.

That was my concern at this time as I turned to the study of food and population in the Middle East, a topic I was happy to explore.

Food and population was the theme. The United Nations Economic Council of Western Asia (ECWA) and FAO were in charge and I was invited.

In fact I had a session organized; the place: Beirut, Lebanon.

Finally I was to go to an Arab country.

Until then, that seemed like taboo, partly because of my own precautions and because of the attitude of representatives of these countries toward my position on the Arab-Israeli conflict.

But under auspices of the UN I was willing to attend.

Beirut was exciting, known as the Paris of the Middle East, with large modern sectors, but also with sections that are old, dirty, and poor.

Traffic was dense and parking was creative--anywhere you could find a space. The Holiday Inn was new and "luxurious" and that is where I was to stay. Regardless of western influence, I felt that I was in an Arab city, but would I be able to feel like one of the people here?

I hoped that I did not have to pretend.

The meetings went well; we listened to papers, good and bad.

However, the majority had little new, and most government reports put on a front as progressive achievers.

A few "research" papers were simply revisions of other papers, paid for probably several times over, but were accepted because of the authors' contacts with home government or with UN personnel.

There were many lessons for me in all this and a good reminder of the dynamics of the land reform congress of 1966, but on a smaller and less well organized scale.

My paper was well received; there was little with which I could not contend.

Beirut offered another pleasant surprise: meeting old friends and relatives who had left Palestine in 1947-48; here was a small Kafr-Yasif.

Nn, a classmate in Acre in the early 1940s, had left Haifa with the Iraq Petroleum Company to Beirut.

In the meantime he had graduated as civil engineer from the American University in Beirut, and was working for the Consolidated Construction Company (CCC), a highly successful contracting company.

He was married and had three children. His son, answering the phone, thought I was learning Arabic.

Nn came over to pick me up to meet his family. Nn, his wife, was pleasant, attractive, and welcoming; their marriage was arranged and apparently successful.

Their two boys and a girl made a beautiful family, were well educated, and agonies of the refugee status they were able to transcend.

I met my cousin Ht and his family, including his four children. They lived in a modest sector of the city, in contrast to Nn's accommodations. Ht was an accomplished radio technician, but as a refugee non-citizen he had limited opportunities.

Dd, Ss, and Si, all from Kafr Yasif, were there for me to meet.

A pleasant reunion, even though with some I had no previous contact! But they knew who I was, and the hospitality of home and family they were ready to extend.

Evening gatherings and dinners, rotating from family to family, and picnics and excursions were all on the agenda.

When I asked about others from the village--Fayez Khoury and Haleem Shehadeh, I was told those lived in the elite section and there was little interaction with them.

Bhamdoun and Baalbeck were among the famous places we visited, as well as the old market, but not the refugee camps.

Nn and others were apprehensive: you do not go to the camps unless you are invited, for fear of being hurt or robbed--something I could hardly comprehend.

This seemed clearer, however, when visiting the home of Az for a social gathering with Palestinian and Arab intellectuals, some of whom were involved in the conference. As usual, the conversation drifted into politics, Arab-Israeli conflict, rights and wrongs, and possible solutions.

I had a copy of my Peacemaking to give to the Zahlans as a way of saying thank you. That of course led to a discussion of my views of mutual recognition and a two-state solution.

The response was a choral NO, and Az, ventured to call me a yehudi (a Jew) because of my views.

I laughed and let it go for I knew she did not mean to offend.

I also knew that realism among Arab intellectuals was a rare commodity. They listened to each other, read their own papers, reinforced their own views until they believed them to be true. The real world passed them by, while they lived in the comfort of luxurious incomes and the security of foreign passports to protect them.

Little wonder, therefore, that things happened, which they did not intend.

Life has its ups and downs in social, physical, and intellectual affairs.

Mine was no exception for this was a period of both. A knee operation kept me in the hospital for a few days.

But that is barely of significance; what is significant is that I was too worried, enough to write farewell messages on the eve of the operation.

My knee has healed and other instances of being under the surgeon's knife have come and gone, but no such fear has accompanied them. Whether it is past experience, maturity, or stoicism that has made the difference is hard to tell; probably all had some strengthening effects, in combination.

At about this time my article "Land Reform" came out in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

It addressed land reform worldwide, in a lengthy discourse.

I compared and contrasted, analyzed and evaluated, looked at the success and the failure, and, as typical of me, I put in my recommendation.

The *Encyclopaedia* article was a crowning recognition. for the 1974 edition was the first to create a Macropaedia.

And my views were the first extensive discussion to be included. Thirty-four years later it is still in print, though I had one opportunity to revise it. Was it luck, quality, or the fact of being in the right place at the time of planning the publication!

Going home to Israel was never a high priority for me.

It took another nine years before I made a return visit, and it was only for a week in the cause of peace.

The editors of New Outlook, Sf and Hdd, were anxious to stimulate Arab-Israeli dialogues.

Kn, an anthropologist from Rameh and I were good candidates (moderate Arabs) for the dialogue.

They invited us to meet intellectuals, journalists, university people, and cabinet ministers. With high hopes and at a great expense they issued the invitation.

I saw the family in Kafr-Yasif for a couple of days but most of the time I spent in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem.

Sa was a delight to meet; journalists were inquisitive and challenging and it gave me pleasure to face them.

I also made an important discovery: the greatest challenge is to be able to put oneself in place of the other party, to appreciate the different sides of a conflict.

I challenged the journalists to put themselves in the place of a Palestinian Arab for five minutes, and wow! What a configuration.

The trip had its ups and downs too.

Discriminatory remarks by the hotel manager were a reminder of how hard it is for Arabs and Jews to live peacefully together on an equal basis. Another was a remark by Mm , professor at the Hebrew University, that Arabs understand only the language of the gun. Still another was a caption in Haaretz, a major Hebrew daily newspaper that one of my objectives for the trip was to explore Israel's readiness to go back to the 1947 Partition Plan.

Evidently the remark was "planted" for I never expressed such views on the trip, though I had discussed it in my book, which was two years old by then. In any case that remark was considered enough for my planned meeting with Yigal Allon, the foreign minister, to end in cancellation.

Still another disappointment was the pessimism I detected among my Arab friends. Sg had gathered a few to meet me in Nazareth. Hei had always been a source of reason and patience.

He thought before he spoke and his emotions were usually under control. This time he was one with the others in the group:

Offended by government policies, disturbed by the official and unofficial stand toward peace with the Arabs, and hopeless with regard to an early end to the war or to discrimination.

I did have more pleasant and encouraging meetings, one of which was the meeting with Ay, minister of information.

Instead of half an hour we spent one and a half hours; the discussion was serious but candid.

He wanted peace, would be willing to negotiate with the PLO if only they would recognize the right of Israel to exist. He respected Ya as leader of his people.
And he would do exactly what Arafat did if he were in his place.
Yet his position was rarely so open or much in circulation.

Back in Davis there were other experiences.
The tide at the university was changing and conservatism was showing its ugly head all around.

My chairmanship of the Honor Code Committee was challenging.
We were to study the honor system and recommend changes to reduce cheating.
All the faculty members were set for tough rules and penalties; they would not even allow the student members enough time to express themselves.
They became impatient with me and went ahead with a modified copy of my draft report addressed to the academic senate.
The student members and I signed the report I had prepared, with emphasis on prevention and more say for the students.
I knew then that I had much to learn in diplomacy and university administration.

Out of the blue came a call, both a surprise and an invitation.
Would I agree to be president of the Davis Chapter of the United Nations Association (UNA)?
Bm was persuasive: attractive, well read, elegant, and convincing, she let me know that my short history with UNA had little bearing on the matter.
It was a forum, local but with potential, open-ended and thus quite convenient.
I said yes, and thus began my new mission.

As usual, I took my responsibilities seriously, organized monthly meetings for the group, made contacts with other chapters, and with UNA headquarters.
I even attended a national gathering of chapter presidents at O'Hare airport in Chicago.
The forum was most valuable for my thoughts. Speakers and panelists addressed topics I suggested.

Local papers responded by covering the issues comprehensively.
But most important of all, for me at least, was my monthly newsletter.
My "president's message" carried my commentary on the world we live in, from the death penalty to discrimination, and from poverty to imperialism.
I spoke and I wrote with the hope that I would cause an ignition.

The program was too intensive for the members, so I was told.
They had too many other things to do and meeting once a month is a heavy tax on their resources.
Yet, they supported, helped to reach schools and civic groups to educate about UNA.
For most of them UNA served US interests through the United Nations.
Little did I know that our views of UNA were so diverse, but I agreed to stay on for another year.

My newsletter was a great inducement and the forum was in a healthy condition.

These early and mid-nineteen seventies were prolific. The novel as a medium seemed attractive.

Sara and Ismael were potentially great characters to carry the message.

Peace between Arabs and Jews could be promoted through love and romance.

That is why I embarked on writing "In Love with the Enemy".

Sara and Ismael traveled throughout the United States and the Middle East.

They addressed the UN and designated Egypt as the consummator of peace, long before

As of Egypt took his daring trip to Jerusalem.

That, however, was truly a peace commission.

My novel manuscript went through different versions, and was seen by different potential publishers,

But, none wanted it. Even Dory did not care for it.

It was not entertaining; it was too didactic; its characters were not well developed; it combined three books in one.

They even accused me of lecturing all the time.

The best advice was to give up, and I did.

I still have my unpublished novel. Not to publish it was an easy decision.

The American Professors for Peace in the Middle East chapter of UCLA wanted me to speak. Nothing unusual about this,

Except that they wanted an Arab and a Jew to share the stage.

To them I was a good candidate and so was Ss, who eventually served as the Israeli ambassador to Egypt and Jordan.

The panel discussion centered on how to create peace. As always I spoke as objectively as I could.

I only knew how objective I was when part way in the program someone accused me of being a Zionist.

However, not to be surpassed, another called me a representative of the PLO.

I thanked both of them for then I knew I had accomplished my objective.

I could speak freely, objectively, and need no permission.

Food and population in the M.E. remained a serious problem.
To do something about it I organized a panel discussion under the auspices of the Middle
East Studies Association (MESA).

Participants came from Egypt and the USA; from Jordan and the UK.
They submitted papers, analyzed the topic, some in person and others by proxy.
The end result was a little book, two years later, called *Food and Population in the M.E.*,
which I edited and made sure it would be printed and see the light.

This period was, for me, one of restlessness.
I wanted more adventure and more recognition.

The United Nations Economic Council for Western Asia (ECWA) seemed interested. I
thought they would be a good platform for my views.
Administrative procedures aside, I was ambivalent whether to go or not to go to Lebanon
for a year.

I wanted to have the cake and eat it too.
The UN offered me the job but I kept my request for a leave of absence dangling until it
was too late.

The Department had approved too many leaves to be able to accommodate me.
An assistant secretary general of the UN appealed to the chancellor on my behalf. The
Department Chair, Bg, drafted a response and the Chancellor signed: The leave request
was denied.

Strangely enough I did not put up a fight.

In a way I was relieved, because troubles in Lebanon had started and the children were
frightened.

Rabiya threatened to tie me to the bed to stop me from taking the flight.

1975 was a memorable year, for in that year Mp and I set a new record.

He, a Jew, and I, an Arab, joined forces in promoting peace.

Under the auspices of the Peace Academy we jointly addressed a New York audience.
Our views had so much in common that the organizers wanted to build on that harmony of
ideas.

Our statement of principles for peace was published by the New York Review of Books,
the L.A. Times, and by many other media outlets.

It also appeared in a book by the Peace Academy: *The Middle East and the New Realism*
Intellectually it was a breakthrough for an Arab and a Jew to be in harmony.

Together, in the channel toward peace, they might see the light.

Our statement was brief: It called for negotiations rather than war.

Mutual recognition was central to an agreement.
Self-determination and independence were rights of both Palestinians and Israelis.
The give and take by both was basic to understanding and to a future that is hopeful and bright.

Our joint venture was elating, because of its content and its symbolism.
My previous attempt to organize a similar venture a year earlier, between Ng and an Arab counterpart had failed.

Ng, though informally supportive, would not participate for he was chairman of the council of Jewish presidents.
Such excuses often strangle creative efforts. Those who are comfortable in their positions would not want to rock the boat.
They would rather pretend than risk losing their might.

I could have gone to Lebanon, but I did not. I was restless. I was searching for new challenges.

Looking for other positions--mostly administrative--did not materialize:
Not that I gave up, but I had to look for other venues for my restlessness to shake.

A new hobby was in the making. Everybody should have a consuming hobby.

I swam, gardened, photographed, and played with the children.

The children were growing older and more independent.

Swimming took little time, and so did gardening and photography.

I still had time to use in a challenging endeavor.

Woodcarving came to my aid.

Natural shapes and wood contours had always appealed to me and so I began looking for projects to undertake.

Everybody needs lamps and wood makes good lamp bases.

Thus started my wave of lamp making.

I find the wood, shape it a little, drill a hole and install electric wires, and there would be light.

It was not always that simple. Some lamps were shaky, others were odd, and still others were unwanted.

Knowledge of the wood, precision, and an artistic eye in choosing colors, shapes and proportions were prerequisite.

Imagine my color blindness!

Luck, intelligence, sensitivity, all these helped to minimize the occurrence of any serious mistake.

Woodworking evolved into an obsession:
from lamps to frames to abstracts.

And then to sculptures of people I knew and people I did not know.
Some were recognizable and some were not, but in all cases I found pleasure and a
challenge.

I never was at a loss in deciding what to make.

Manzanita wood was the charm.
Its colors differed by age, from white to deep red; hard wood, shiny polish, and pleasant to
touch.

My lamps and tables attest to its beauty.
But most important was the challenge to finish something for its own sake.

Suddenly it seemed time to challenge those who question
the economic viability of a Palestinian state.
Looking at the Occupied Territories (OT) of Palestine--size, resources, geography, and the
composition of its people, one wonders.

By comparison, however, on all the criteria that are admissible and the flexibility of
economic terms, a State of Palestine should be possible.

Such became the theme of my next project: to find out if a Palestinian state could
Be viable.

Interestingly, an Israeli economist, Hdd, was toying with the same question.
Meeting of minds, similar commitments to peace, and ambition brought us together.
For the next year or so we worked hard to produce our joint book: *The Economic Case for
Palestine*.

The book saw the light in 1978, but for years it seemed like a dead weight.
People, experts and amateurs alike, seemed concerned with politics:
Solve the political problems first and then an economic study would be valuable.

Our project was rigorous as far as the data allowed.
No mathematical models or unreal assumptions, though we did go a different way from the
usual.

Rather than asking how much we can accomplish with what we have, we asked: given
what we want to accomplish, how much and wherefrom do we get the resources.
We made heroic assumptions on the last question in order to find meaningful answers that
are applicable.

The book appeared in English and Hebrew, but it did not sell well.
It was serialized in the Arabic paper *Al Fajr*, in Jerusalem, and still did not sell well.

It is a waste of time, some said; it is too idealistic, said others;

It is not theoretical enough, not rigorous, not relevant, etc.

These were some of the criticisms we heard, but none had a better alternative.

The fact of the matter is that we possibly were far ahead of our time.

The Israelis and the Palestinians were not ready to talk peace or let a Palestinian state come into existence, even though all the economic ingredients were favorable.

“Being in the right place at the right time” may be just a saying.

In this case it was genuine and real.

I was in my office when my phone rang. A lady wanted to speak to Bg, a colleague, who was away. Would I talk to her? Md wanted a consultant to help in establishing a land development project in Brazil.

Would I be interested?

To her I said: de sa Campos? Sounds like nobility!

A few minutes on the phone and we had a date to talk to the boss: her estranged husband.

We set the time and the place for our meeting,

Both of us feeling highly complimented.

She met me in a long hallway leading to a large office, sparsely furnished, in which Md sat.

He, a Brazilian, and I, an American Arab, seemed to have something in common. He talked about land, peasants, land reform, and what could be done to make profit and still help others. We talked at length.

Mario was satisfied. We signed a contract. Mavis and I were contented.

Off to Brazil we flew, first class, with Bd, my neighbor, from across the street, a soil and water specialist.

From Rio de Janero to Recifi, to the farm in the North East, in the vicinity of Simplicio Mendes, in Mario's private two-engine jet. Time was of the essence.

His pilot, a retired air force pilot, made the flight somewhat smooth, even though the low altitude and the weather caused it to be bumpy.

The land was fascinating, the terrain barren, water seemed scarce, and communications hardly existing.

This is where the project was intended.

Md conducted his business (export-import) on the phone, usually in shorts, from his hotel suite--which his wife, Md, did not share.

A week in Rio, before and after the trip to the northeast, was a delight.

Beautiful beach, lovely company,, all expenses paid, and a great city to visit: a city of contradictions:

Luxury next to the slums, wide streets and unpaved roads, modernity and illiteracy!

The Christ (cross) dominates from a high hill and Christianity remains traditional.

The project was not implemented, but my efforts on its behalf, I never lamented.

The plantation in the northeast was about 10,000 hectares of barely used land, belonging to Md 's brother Pd..

Peasants lived there as sharecroppers, though there was little to share and their living was barely adequate.

Yet they had food for us for a week: dried or smoked goat meat, beans--always, and sometimes rice, and bread.

It was much like village life, and being with those peasants was a sheer delight.

They were pleasant and curious, simple but efficient, friendly but distant.

I quickly felt at home with them.

Sometimes I wished my stay would be extended.

The project involved a land transaction.

Md and his brother would acquire another 13,000 hectares.

The government would contribute 50% of the costs of the project;

Thus the land would be acquired virtually free.

The deal was concluded one night at 3:00 am, when a small plane landed by the cottage, presumably to carry the cash.

We were not supposed to know, but I woke up and saw.

Payment was made in cash and the other party flew away as obscurely as they came.

That I did see caused Md to be indignant and probably offended.

I conducted a survey of local bankers, city officials, farmers, and others.

I wanted to know what prospects there would be for new small farmers to survive.

Md translated from Portuguese, though a few could speak English.

She often warned against certain questions, but, to my pleasure, my interviewees were anxious to talk to me.

One of them, a banker, invited us to lunch at his house.

He wanted to talk extensively for he had few intellectual occasions to enjoy.

He felt isolated, wanted a challenge, and had never otherwise pretended.

Seven kinds of wood could be found on the plantation.

I collected pieces to bring home, though Mario was not in favor.

The Pilot, Bone, took charge.

Two days after arrival back in Davis my bundle of Brazilian hard wood was ready to be collected.

My expertise in agrarian reform was handy and so was my compassion for the peasants.

I proposed a plan: independent small farmers, side by side with the landlord's estate, would till the land.

Cattle and crops would help to make a living income for each.

They buy the land or pay rent, in money or in labor on the estate.

But, in either case the terms would be negotiated, not imposed.

Income, independence, dignity, and efficiency were primary goals.

All parties would be winners, and all would be respected.

Not all was bright and shiny. Mdi's interests were shifting.

Apparently he became jealous of my relations with his tenants, the peasants, and the Brazilians I came in touch with.

Eventually he lost interest in the project, particularly when Md decided to marry a professor of veterinary medicine.

All hope of reconciliation was dead and the main purpose for the project was no more. He had believed that with a plantation in Brazil, his relations with Md would be re-cemented.

He objected to my finished report and would not pay the balance.

He had barely cooperated. He obstructed collecting data, insisted on using his undocumented information, and now he is dissatisfied with the product.

Let others judge, but he and his lawyers could not find someone they consider qualified enough to judge.

We both went to court, but it seemed futile to pursue the case.

The unpaid balance was too small; court expenses could be large, and human relations could be taxed irreparably.

Without communicating directly, his lawyer and I decided to let go.

Neither would press charges; the case was closed.

That is what we did and thus what gain I already had was protected.

Ss and D s of Brussels were our hosts.
They wanted peace for Israel and peaceful relations with the Arabs--which they considered indispensable.

Hence, D and I in Brussels we land. Ddd would meet us there.
The Ssu's were waiting at the airport and off to the Hilton we go.
Meetings with the media and civic leaders, and then a presentation at the University to perform.
This may be a routine program by now, but a Jew and an Arab on the same platform was still a novelty.

The media raised questions and we provided answers.
Peaceful coexistence was the only viable alternative;
Territorial war gains should not be retained;
Direct negotiations were the most viable approach;
Realism was essential and both Israelis and Arabs must be realistic.
The theme was clear and Dd and I were in agreement. There should be an independent Palestinian entity.

What do you do when, first thing in the morning, you see your face on the front page of a national newspaper?
That was what I saw the day after the press conference.
Yes, a pleasant surprise. A French newspaper did it.
The coverage was comprehensive and, I was told, of high quality.

Brussels is a lovely city. Museums and art abound.
The most memorable, for me, was the statue of the boy fighting the Spanish occupiers by pissing on them
As I think back, I see a connection with the Children of the Stones, worriers of the Palestinian Intifadah (Shakeup or uprising).
Nationalism and the struggle for freedom are basic to one's identity: the children are socialized into that belief early in life, even though the price was high .

The lecture at the university was public. The university offered good accommodations, but that was all.
Civic leaders, students, both Jews and Arabs, and Belgian and Dutch sympathizers attended.
The lecture was followed by a hot discussion.
To the surprise of many, Darin wanted to answer on behalf of the Palestinians: he believed they had been wrongly treated.
And by doing so he tried to deflate the impact of Zionism, and its false sanctity.

Here also began my direct contact with the PLO.
Afif Safiah, their representative in Brussels, was anxious to talk to me.
A change of mind, if not of heart, was in the making.
The PLO was finally willing to see the problem from more than one side.
The leadership was beginning to appreciate reality.

A highlight of the trip to Belgium was the day excursion to Brugge.
Simone was our hostess, guide, and pleasant companion.
I remembered my economic history and the Hanseatic League.
The City Hall and the cobble stone streets of the past told the story.
The old and the new, good food and great company, all told that Brugge represented a high
degree of sustained Belgian fecundity.

Simone and David said good-bye--at a farewell dinner party at their home.
It was a small group, with maids serving a gourmet dinner.
Simone was nervous and David was trying hard to show his networking commitment.
From his home, he made another connection between Lova Eliav and me.
Following a brief phone conversation with him in Israel, David handed me an autographed
copy of Eliav's book SHALOM.
At that high point we said good night and goodbye,
With a great deal of hope, and in full sobriety!

Off to Paris now we go, with D at the wheels and I, as always, on the look for a picture to
shoot.

Paris had much to offer and sightseeing was the major objective.
Darin, however, had other ideas.
A meeting with a newspaper editor, M. Danielle, proved to be a farce.
The man was neither prepared nor interested.
Though he tried to be cordial, he was aloof enough almost to be offending.

England was presumably waiting.
There were people to meet and other historical sights to see.
From Paris to the Channel was a great excursion.
The French countryside was a delight, but
Compared with the Dutch and Belgian it could hardly be contending.

London, after a pleasant train ride, was barely exciting.
Customs, formalities, British coolness, and lousy but expensive accommodations were
hardly an enchanting welcome.
Luckily, the Queen's jubilee had resulted in a massive clean up.
The City had its best garments on:
Spring had sprung and Easter holidays were evident.
But that limited the opportunities to visit the historic and artistic sights.

A cruise on the Thames and a view of the countryside were the answer.
That was fully contenting.

A windfall of the visit was to get to meet Elizabeth Collard, founder and editor of *MEED*
(*Middle East Economic Digest*).

Her assistant, Rodney Wilson, was eventually to author several books on the Middle East.
Though

Not very analytical or creative, evidently his writings were in demand and well supported.

Ms. Collard, past middle age, was excited and forthcoming.

She had come to Brussels to hear my lecture.

Now she wanted us to visit her home for tea, which we did.

At last in a British home: that was delighting.

MEED and its editor were evidently pro-Arab,

Even though the journal was listed as non-political.

I appreciated their position, but I was not flattered.

From all I could see, the Arabs supported *MEED*, with grants and subscriptions, to keep it
in circulation.

That, however, did not affect my admiration for Elizabeth Collard.

That intelligent firebrand was the creator of the best economic
chronicle on the Middle East.

My admiration for her was obvious and needs no commenting.

Collaborating with Darin always involved business.

Here was a potential publisher for our book.

Mr. Croom of Croom Helm was interested.

We met, talked, agreed, and we received an advance.

We finally were to have our joint THE ECONOMIC CASE FOR PALESTINE
published.

With a contract signed and a check in hand, all we had to do was to put the finishing
touches before implementing.

Coming home was always sweet.

This time it was especially so, for the children were at the airport to meet us.

They were excited, both for our return, and for having enjoyed their freedom and
independence.

They told about the Easter Egg Hunt they attended at the Glassburners on their own.

Our colleagues, who knew them well, were quite impressed:

They were mature, independent, sociable, and highly complimenting.

Our son John and I were set to go to New York for my MESA meetings, and then to Israel for the New Outlook Symposium, followed by a reunion with my family.

He considered the trip a sort of reward for his school performance, and an adventure.

As for me it was a father-son excursion.

We knew each other well; we communicated; and we were close; at least so I thought; this new experience would simply be fun, with grace and amity.

A big question was on my mind at this time: Why don't the Palestinians form a government in exile.

I went back and forth, searching for reasons and excuses.

There were plenty of both, but none convincing enough to them, nor to me.

The PLO apparently did not want to abide by the rules of a government.

Evidently the leaders did not mind enjoying power and a false superiority.

Another concern was professional.

The Department of Economics was about to lead a team to promote development in Egypt.

Internal politics plays a role.

None of the proposed members knows much or cares less about Egypt

They will follow the formula of the World Bank and the Washington Consensus, and

Egypt remains underdeveloped and in poverty.

And then it was November.

John and I were seen off at the airport by the rest of the family.

New York was an excellent experience for John.

While MESA kept me busy, John went out on his own.

Our joint ventures were few but exciting: walking, talking, and climbing.

The Empire State Building was a challenge.

He also was a great company at dinner with Claudia; they seemed to understand each other well.

I observed, enjoyed, and admired,

With high optimism regarding his future and capability!

Going to Israel has never been a favorite trip for me.

Much that I like to see the family and friends, the Israeli authorities make sure of a bittersweet mix.

At Ben Gurion airport we were ceremonially met by security officers and escorted to the terminal under the gun.

From one officer to a higher officer, we finally landed at the other end of a bare dreary military style table, in a dreary otherwise empty room.

Each officer asked the same questions and heard the same answers;

And each prefaced the interrogation with: we are sorry, but it is just a matter of security.

The highest officer of the day finally came to that bare room and that dreary table. He asked the same questions, and heard the same answers, in English and in Hebrew, to make sure he understood.

This is my home, I am coming to visit my family, and I am here to give a lecture on peace and the Arab-Israeli conflict resolution.

Whom will you see, where will you go, and so on.

I started to be angry and my tone of voice was changing.

Suddenly this officer became excited: Oh, I read about you in this morning's paper, he said.

He pulled out the paper to confirm what he had just remembered.

And now he was convinced, apologetic, accommodating, and even helpful.

No luggage check, no further questioning, to him I now became a celebrity.

John was relieved, and as soon as he met the waiting members of the family he became cheerful and excited.

The drive to the village in two full cars was as dramatic as arriving at the airport.

His cousins and aunts were showering him with gestures of love and affection,

Even though they could hardly communicate in English.

Apparently extremes of love can be as burdensome as ethnic discrimination by the authority.

Simha and Darin were waiting for I had a role to play at the symposium: chair a session, give a lecture, meet certain personalities, and reflect on the potential for Arab-Israeli understanding.

Sabri drove me to Tel Aviv and Violet came along.

Shimon Shamir, Robert Freedman, Simone and David Susskind, Aba Eban, Raymonda Taweel, and many others were there.

Pierre Mendes-France also was there and I was invited to meet him.

To my pleasure he knew my work and was complimentary.

The sessions went well, with many new voices favoring reconciliation and supporting a Palestinian state.

Even so, there were no official voices.

All were private citizens, academicians, and business people--none with policy-making activity.

Saturday was my day of presentation.

Day of the "bombshell" for that was when Sadat came to Israel.

The President of Egypt had decided to visit Jerusalem and address the Israeli Knesset.

All eyes and ears were focused on Sadat: what he would say and do.

Our program was simply canceled and replaced by a gigantic screen to view the visiting Arab President.

Was I sorry? Not by any means.

Sadat's visit seemed like the breakthrough I had longed for.

It was the breakthrough I anticipated in my unpublished novel.

Now it was real, even though few could have imagined that eventuality.

My pleasure and optimism were nourished by another banquet: meeting a group of Arab students, mostly from the village, at the Hebrew University.
Bright minds, healthy physiques, and ambitious futures!
They were good Israeli citizens, but also Palestinian nationalists.
They seemed able to reconcile the two, raise their voices in protest, struggle for freedom from discrimination, and for equality.

The time had come for me to leave.
John would be staying behind, with plans to stop in Europe on his way home.
Before leaving he and I had a long chat:
He missed home, was too overwhelmed by the attention of his cousins;
It was taxing.
He wanted a relief and luckily for him, as he put it, I was there.
Yes, from our interaction he was able to derive the needed immunity.

Leaving Israel was timely: you leave behind worries, nervousness, dense secondary smoke, noise, and feelings of hopelessness by Arabs, and deep insecurity by Jews.
Leaving the airport was easy.
This time I was recognized--I had been seen on TV.
I was no threat; they let me go, with abundant cordiality,

Egypt signed a peace agreement with Israel, and all the Arabs
Went mad.

"Egypt had betrayed and Sadat was a traitor", they cried.
The Palestinians and other Arabs wept and screamed. The Syrians and Iraqis were the
loudest. The oil countries became Arab nationalists.
Actually the oil countries were delighted--now they had an excuse to cut aid to Egypt, and
they did.

Isolate Egypt, boycott Egypt, kill its president--these were the voices of the
fundamentalists everywhere, and eventually they did.

Yes, the Arab countries were united against one of their own.
Rhetoric, emotion, noise, anger, vengeance, hatred, and bitterness--all were there in
abundance, but no trace of rationality.

Sadat's agreement with Mb of Israel was beyond all expectations.
The leader of the Arabs, and the most cruel Israeli leader had found common grounds.
This gave hope that a Palestinian-Israeli peace may still be possible.

Therefore, I still had a role to play.
My book with Dd was about to come out and therefore it was logical that I should make
the rounds.
The American Friends were great promoters and I was one of their epistles. First it was
Boston; soon it was St. Louis. The promoters and I hurried to grab the chance of
optimality.

The Boston conference was remarkable, Mp and all were impressive, though Nc was
bitter, opinionated, and impractical.

Wk would have been there, but he stayed away in protest against Israel's actions in
Lebanon--as if his protest would make a difference. I took his place on the panel, which
he evidently did not appreciate.
I tried to meet him prior to the meeting, but he apologized and used the short notice for his
apology.

Jc, my host, was convinced that the excuse did not explain his unavailability.

The Boston visit was remarkable in another way. It uncovered what I had suspected for a
long time:

Some of the Israeli doves can turn into hawks at will.

Le, who had presented me with his book on peace, as a dove, in Boston he turned into a
hawk.

The Arabs, to him, were "mosquitoes you squash"; and the more Israeli doves there are,
the stronger the Israeli army should be.

Evidently, the time and place determine the attitude; it is not a matter of logic, or of
sensitivity.

In St. Louis a big corporation leader was our sponsor.

Np and I were to have an “audience” with Jm of McDonald Douglas, manufacturers of jet airplanes, etc.

Gp, the coordinator whose views on loyalty are never clear, was in charge.

The joint appearance of a Palestinian and an Israeli was still a novelty and therefore, a video taping was to document the panel.

In his penthouse office, he was gracious, poorly informed, evidently wanting to help, but not to be involved.

I think the documentation was for his benefit, for he would not release it even when we asked him for a copy. He was even too busy to acknowledge our request.

I did remind him of his obligation to respond and that no one can be that busy; apparently his endorsement was nothing more than an act of superficiality.

Power corrupts or it breeds arrogance; whatever it was Jm McDonald abused it.

I sent two letters to him, and still no tape or answer.

My last letter noted that a brief note would take two minutes to dictate. In 132 days, since my last letter, he could have easily dictated 95,040 notes.

No one could have been too busy to write one note, nor would doing so be a calamity.

1978 was a year of decisions for John. Now he was certain that college education was essential.

I had my doubts as to where he could apply because I had the impression that he had a weak record.

To my pleasant surprise, I was wrong. The University of California welcomed him. Santa Cruz was his choice--small, scenic, by the sea, and a lovely climate.

We agreed on financial support: \$150 a month and fees and books; if he wanted to spend more he had to earn it.

All was set. I drove him to Santa Cruz and met Oliver, his prospective roommate.

We said good-bye, full of hope and satisfaction, with high expectations from a great potentiality.

The year was memorable for another experience: my first visit to Syria and the second to Iran.

As a Fulbright scholar I went first to Iran and then to Syria.

Little did we know then that Iran was on the verge of its Islamic, Khomeini, revolution, or that Syria would seem like a democratic haven, by comparison.

The three months I spent there were a great experience of history in the making--and of the exaggerated M.E. hospitality.

In the meantime a new political activity was developing in Davis.

A Middle East discussion group had evolved and uncovered some unknowns:

SJ would cooperate, but only behind the scenes.

Dig(?) plays a moderate and a neutral, except when it seems fitting to be a Zionist.

Msh, an American Jew from Israel, is ready for action and my statements on Arab-Israeli affairs were too conservative for him:

“What have you done to my husband?” asked Eileen; “I can hardly recognize him any more.”

Jn, a philosophy professor, originally from Lebanon, would cooperate. He said he would do so because “ I have changed a lot since our first meeting;” I listened with appreciation.

Influence seems to come slowly, but when it does, it is delicious to hear about and observe its applicability.

.Much more delightful was the visit by As and George.
It was a month of pleasure, for both were intelligent, witty, close, and entertaining.
Tahoe and Yosemite, Napa and San Francisco, the pool and the streets of Davis!
Nothing disturbed them and they seemed confident of their sense of adaptability.

Will there be a Palestinian state? Some said yes and some said no, and some said it would not work for it has meager economic resources.

That last group was small but powerful. It had no facts but its holders were strong and had well orchestrated opinions.

They were so convincing that many Palestinians began to sing their song and seek peculiar policy courses.

A thorough study seemed warranted.

Hdd and I were anxious to study the viability of such a state:

Chapter by chapter, and one version after another, finally we had a manuscript.

The Economic Case for Palestine seemed definitive and reliable.

The Palestinian state can be viable; all it needs are careful planning, efficient management, and dedicated labor forces.

By now another book was on the way.

Harper and Row had decided not to reprint my *European Economic History*, but Pacific Books wanted to.

A new paperback edition was agreed on.

Until then we had the wagon, but now we also have the horses.

Academic life is unique--you are awfully busy, but you are free,
at least it is so in the UC system.

You set your own deadlines and follow your own pace, but neither the pace nor the deadlines are more than benchmarks.

My pace was fast and my deadlines were serious.

The work was a pleasure and therefore the burden seemed light. Nevertheless a change seemed timely, for both academic and personal reasons.

The Fulbright fellowship to Iran and Syria was therefore most welcome.

And on October first I was on my way, via London, to meet Sf on the way.

It was there that I was pick-pocketed; London left another negative impression.

Off to Tehran I went, to lecture and enlighten.

In their ambitious, but artificial emulation of the west, the Iranians had created the Reza Shah Kabir Graduate University.

Babulsar, on the Caspian Sea, had a lonely building. A few small apartments, to accommodate the foreign staff, formed the university.

In fact most of the staff were foreign. K M B ,daughter of Margaret Mead, was the Dean. Bib, an anthropologist, rumored to be working for the CIA, and a British young man who had come to teach English literature, were the whole faculty.

I was to lecture for two months, but to whom?

The students were not interested, ignoring my intellectual obsession.

Politics and rebellion dominated.

The Shah's regime was in trouble and the forces of Khomeini were gaining.
I spent my time in Babulsar and in Tehran, where the Institute of Social Research was my
host.

Dr. Afshari was a good host: an office, a bed, a typewriter, secretarial help, and air tickets
to visit Persepolis and Isfahan, and an Iranian colleague to facilitate, and probably to tail.
Yet there was little to do. I spoke about agrarian reform, visited farms, and looked at the
historical sites.

That, however, did little to reduce my disappointing confession.

The people were great, but the officials were scared.
Fighting in the streets and the burning of restaurants and banks had become a daily
occurrence; the wealthy were beginning to emigrate.

The Shah and his United States supporters seemed unconcerned.
They sent the tanks to block the streets, but they had no inkling about the gravity of the
rebellion.

In this social setting they had highlighted the oppression.

The reasons were clear and not too hard to see, but only if the people in charge wanted to
see them.

The US cultural attaché, insisted that "the whole thing would blow over."

The Shah had the power, though little development had occurred.

The Shah had the weapons, though the people were still poor.

The Shah had the US on his side, though the people had remained illiterate.

The Shah and his supporters were in one world and reality was in another.

The dynamics of change had erupted and stability had no chance to survive, or regain a
concession.

Iran was a split society: the elite, the foreigners, and the people.

A few lived at the top and the majority at the bottom.

It was easy for me to call California from Tehran, but almost impossible to call Babulsar.

It was easy to get luxury items at the Continental, but too dangerous to take a walk in
South Tehran.

There was no running water or electricity in the villages.

The Shah's white revolution (agrarian reform) was nothing more than a wealth
transformation.

Neither equality nor democracy, neither development nor prosperity; instead Iran had sunk
into sustained duality and regression.

For me this was a return visit to Iran, but little of substance seemed different.

Poor services in the city and stagnation in the villages:

Help in the schools and social work in lieu of military service were promising, though the
effort was too small to make a dent in the citadel of backwardness.

Elegance of the upper class was tarnished by the pauperism that decorated the streets.

Oil had brought luxuries to the haves, but little comfort to the uneducated and unskilled.

Little structural or developmental change had occurred.

US observers looked on, but did not see; they listened, but did not hear; and when it all happened they were surprised enough to suffer a depression.

The agony was mine too for I was in danger!

Ironically, Iranian colleagues would say: "Don't worry you are like us, but don't go out alone anyway."

A celebration at the governor's quarters in Qom, near Babulsar, was marred by rifle shots outside.

In place of a smiling governor there was a gloomy face like that of a scared rabbit. A restaurant I visited one evening was in ashes a week later, and the bank next to my accommodations was in rubble too.

That is why leaving Iran at the end of November was a relief. The events marked a revolution and not an exuberant procession.

Chaos, traditionalism, duality of behavior, and cultural conflict--I experienced all in the course of any twenty-four hour period in Tehran or Babulsar.

They profess Islam, but indulge in whisky and vodka;

They claim modernity but leave their women enclosed at home;

They seek development but do not care for discipline, time, contract, or productivity.

They hate foreigners but overpay them to come and manage.

Danes, Dutch, Germans, French, Israelis, and Americans--all are in demand at high pay, but even to their face they described them as imperialists.

Katherine Bateson is a good illustration, and so is Carolyn Firestach, carry high responsibilities, but as women they suffer an awful suppression.

Dr. Afshari and Mme Farmain-Farmanian, whom I had met before, described the situation succinctly: it is too late under this regime and in this system of corruption, laziness, and low technology.

The winds of change are strong.

Patchwork will not do.

The Shah has had it.

If not Khomeini, someone else will take over, not the generals, but the colonels.

Two members of the elite had spoken, a true and realistic impression.

Flying from Iran to Syria was exciting, though according to US authorities,
 I was going from a democracy to a dictatorship.
 But for me it was a relief. Syria was an Arab country.
 Here I would have a chance to lecture--in Arabic.
 Here I would meet other Arabs and other Palestinians.
 Here I would see landmarks of Arab history, including the Tuma Gate of Damascus.
 Here also I would experience Arab socialism under Hafez al Assad and his Baath Party.
 All in all this should be a great celebration.

It was and it was not, for right at the airport I tasted the bitter effects of corruption and
 backwardness:
 Few were disembarking at the airport.
 A car from the American Embassy was waiting.
 And yet I was delayed over 45 minutes because the customs officials were busy chatting
 with each other.
 Apparently since no tip could be expected, there was little reason to spare me the
 aggravation.

The embassy people were cooperative. They landed me at the International Hotel in
 Damascus.
 The Dean of the College of Agriculture called to welcome me and promised to pick me up
 in the morning and take me to the college.
 I had an evening to myself, and in Damascus for me this was a holiday.
 For here was a great city to see.
 The people were friendly, the food was good, and the weather mild. But for me the
 atmosphere was tense: I was an American from Palestine (Israel).
 Palestinians in Syria were welcome as long as they stayed out of national politics.
 Would I be able to stay out of politics, national, international, or Arab?
 That is bound to cause frustration.

I waited and waited and then called.
 Regrettably the Dean had forgotten, but he would send a car immediately.
 Here it seemed everybody forgot or ignored an appointment, came late or simply did not
 come.
 The college of agriculture was out of town, a new structure, lots of space, and the faculty
 wore white overalls, like doctors and lab technicians.
 They called each other by formal title (Dr., Prof., etc.), even though their offices were side
 by side and they drank coffee together daily.
 Titles still counted even in this "socialist" country, far beyond my expectation.

Two weeks in Damascus and two in Aleppo, and between them they had me deliver 12
 lectures--double the number agreed upon.
 I had no complaints for I was pleased to have an audience: young Arabs willing to learn.

The topics were mainly in development, agrarian reform, and frequently political economy of the Middle East.

All this left much room for discussion and interpretation.

I had large audiences, but limited discussion.

When I encouraged debate, an assistant dean brought the meeting to an end, claiming that the students were rude to me.

Apparently students were not expected to debate with the professor.

The “communist” assistant dean did not like my Socratic dialectic; he would rather stay with his system of indoctrination.

Another irony: faculty and others complained about economic and political conditions.

Yet construction was widespread; they were ready to complain and criticize the government, though their salaries had been tripled, on condition that they devote all their time to their college duties.

They earned the highest salaries in public service, but continued their moonlighting affectation.

The Arabs are famous for hospitality, so the story goes. And that is what I experienced in my own home and family.

Yet here in Damascus I enjoyed little of it.

I was invited only once to a dinner held jointly by two faculty members.

They made it clear that both families contributed.

It was a pleasant evening with good salutation.

This was not a banquet or a major function.

However, there was much complaining about their incomes, standard of living, and quality of life, but little was said about their social security, free education, elite status, or about their low productivity, and time wasted in coffee drinking and complaining.

It is the story of the Middle East for which I had great understanding, but little appreciation.

The business people did well and Suq al-Hamidiya was flourishing.

Business people were precise: do not interfere with the regime and you will have all the freedoms you want.

Many have prospered, as I learned from a visit with a young lady, whose father was a businessman.

My fellow Palestinians said the same.

Here I met Al-Shougri family, from my own village. They have done extremely well in education and business, and they received me with open arms.

They worked hard and earned a well-deserved compensation.

Aleppo was a unique experience: the president of the university was a Palestinian: Ahmad Hasan Yousif.

The accommodations were modest, but the attention was superb.

The day after arrival the university president held a meeting in his office with the dean and the head of economics.

They charted a plan for me: 6 lectures, sightseeing, and good use of any available opportunities.

Public relations provided a car, a chauffeur, and a hostess to accompany me on my sightseeing.

A hostess for a man in an Arab country, this seemed revolutionary and pleasant. The lectures were well attended, but not as lively as those in Damascus--almost like Davis compared with Berkeley; earning respect, but no transformation.

Ahy held the reins tightly, the way Assad held the reins of the nation. He dictated and they obeyed. The affairs of the university ran smoothly.

Ahy was a friend of Assad and a former minister in his government. He had clout and he used it like a vocation.

His clout served him well financially—he had two factories, a modern apartment, and belonged to the Aleppo Club, where only the wealthy could afford to belong. Even so the resources of the university were very limited, as told by the experimental plot used by the dean of agriculture.

The size of that plot was less than a quarter of our backyard in Davis. He had a few facilities. Yet, he conducted useful research, wishing only that such efforts would be common and a mechanism for elevation.

But Syria, like other Middle East countries, suffered from the Khawaga complex (what is foreign is better), as this dean had experienced it.

His own ideas would be accepted only when transmitted via foreign sources. If foreign it should be good: the past still ruled; socialism, the revolution reign experts--some had been his own students., and the Baath seemed to have made little serious differentiation.

Another contradiction faces you when you visit Assad Lake--a large dam with eleven generators, but only four or five were in operation.

Surplus electricity, but nearby villages had no electricity.

Surplus water, but the villages had none for irrigation.

Education had expanded, but illiteracy was still widespread.

I shall never forget the young villager who waited to reach the right age to join the army; that, he said, would give him the opportunity to learn reading and writing, or have basic education.

I met Palestinians in the Yarmuq refugee camp.

My Syrian hosts insisted on accompanying me, for my safety.

Apparently law and order within the camp were precarious.

The session was invigorating: the Palestinians I met were educated, successful, nationalistic, and in many ways indoctrinated.

They could not visualize an Israel in the Middle East.

The US was the culprit.

The Arabs and Palestinians will rise again.

But how and when, no one had any idea or divination.

I visited Palmyra (Tadmur) and Tuma gate, the mosque of the Ommayads and *Suq al Hamidiya* (the traditional market).

I also visited Hama, the city that Assad's forces demolished to put down an uprising against the regime.

Many development projects were underway and the country, on the face of it, was developing fast.

Yes, there was hope and conviction that there will be an economic victory and a triumphal declaration.

Ahy's family entertained me for dinner one night, though mostly because I made many inquiries about his family and children.

The children were shy, and one of them would not join us at dinner; probably because it is not usual to issue such an invitation.

I enjoyed Christmas Eve at the Aleppo Club, as guest of Ahy and his wife, with another couple they had invited.

Whisky was the main drink; my order of a martini was a disappointment. Evidently English drinks were more common here than American drinks.

I should note that this celebration was in my honor—as a Christian, away from home, coming to serve their country. These Muslims were anxious to make me enjoy the occasion, and I did, with great appreciation.

Every experience has a climax and anti-climax.

And so had mine.

I was back in Damascus, celebrated with my village compatriots, had an interview with US ambassador Seelye, and was ready to leave.

But at the airport I was told I could not leave.

I had failed to register with the police within 15 days of my arrival.

The fact that the writing on my passport was smeared and illegible, that I was a guest of the University, and the US embassy escorted me to the airport, made no difference.

The standard answer I received to all my pleadings: Back to Damascus.

I went back, lost my plane reservations, and needed clearance: a very serious orchestration.

It was Friday and government offices were closed.

The cultural attaché's office wanted to help but how?

One of the guards knew somebody in the Prime Minister's service.

He would ask him to intercept the Prime Minister on his way to the noon prayer and get his approval--a bizarre story.

Apparently the guard was not that at all, but a planted intelligence officer.

Even so he could neither intercept the prime minister, nor secure for me a "let him go" determination.

My village compatriots came to the rescue.

One of them had achieved the position of colonel in the security service.

I was invited to his home, he made a phone call to the security officer at the airport, and I was told to report there next morning.

I did; the officer asked no questions. He simply wrote: No objection to his departure.

I departed via Athens, but could not get a flight to California--It was New Year's Eve.
I spent one night at a hotel and enjoyed a guided tour of Athens at night; that was a delight.
But the next night I spent at the airport, in order to catch a flight.
That was not fun, celebrating in virtual isolation.

Finally I was on my way to New York, reflecting on the past three months: However,
official declarations can be misleading.

Iran the democracy was in flames, but Syria the dictatorship was a rock of stability.
Iran the oil rich country has paupers, and Syria, the relatively poor, provided social
security.

One asks for knowledge, but disdains it when it is offered. The other seeks it, but fails to
use it.

Time means nothing in either. Envy of the US is common currency.
Foreigners cause all the problems, they say, and the citizens regard themselves as victims.
Even when they recognize the truth, they resort to tradition, defensive inferiority, and their
early socialization.

It finally had to happen. I was to visit Egypt, another Arab country my Israeli background had precluded.

This was the beginning of a long spell of involvement with Egypt, which could be a great country.

Another highlight of this period was the Washington symposium sponsored by New Outlook, in which I was presumably instrumental.

Several other tours of duty on behalf of peace, the profession, and relocation were pending, but the Egyptian experience was the one that hit the mark.

Lest I get carried away with Egypt, let me say that reprinting my *European Economic History*, by a new publisher was equally exciting.

Though the market has been small, the book has been selling and students are reading it. And that is the main objective.

For though the profession has frowned upon economic history textbooks, I have gone my own way, without regret, still happy that among the students I can generate a spark.

Speaking in New York, Detroit, Des Moines, Denver, Boulder, and Salt Lake City was great, but almost routine.

Arabs and Jews gather, gradually becoming more receptive to integration. Under the auspices of the American Friends, or *New Outlook*, I play my part.

I call for realism, communication, and creativity in dealing with the issues.

The need for cooperation, mutual recognition of rights and respect, and containment of objectives must dominate.

Neither neutral nor indifferent, though unwilling to take sides, I am cast as an object for rhetorical attack.

Both Jews and Arabs have their nationalists, extremists, and non-compromisers. They also have their silent groups who see and understand, but do not wish to be involved.

Therefore, being the object of criticism can only add to my excitement.

And hope, that the undecided will now be on my side and fill the blank.

But Egypt is another matter. There I am an economist, a social

scientist, a development expert--no politics, or so I thought.

A University of California team will be going and I would be among its members, presumably to tell the Egyptians what to do about agricultural extension.

They wanted us to come, or at least they pretended, for with our visit come funds to be expended.

and we pretended to know more than they did, even though most team members had little interest in or knowledge of Egypt or of agriculture. But it is always good to spend other peoples' money.

For good or bad we were on our way for an adventure.

The fate of the mission was doomed.

The Chair was an administrative appointee: a black in Egypt cannot be a great. Another member was a high-ranking member who knew about American agricultural extension, but hardly anything about Egypt, the Middle East, or developing countries. He had the title and the rank; so he went.

A third member knew Egypt and Arabic, but not much about extension. His knowledge of nutrition and the desire to talk constantly landed him on the mission. And then there was a young economist, still in need of weaning, who knew some Arabic and therefore was attractive.

His fair hair and blue eyes made him a celebrity in that country. He came along, if only to complicate the Mission's architecture.

Visiting farms was on our agenda, to talk to the farmers.

On one farm in the Fayoum area I saw greenery, lush and inviting. Walking around I noticed the lushest of all the plants: I thought it was a hedge. I drew attention of other members of the team. They started laughing. Finally, one asked if I knew what plant that was; I did not.

He laughed even more and said: Marijuana, for your lecture.

To tell about our mission in detail would be easy, but not entertaining;
Educational, but not sustaining;
It had some depth and much shallowness;
It told about Egypt, bureaucracy and people, its economy and living conditions, but it also told about us.
We went to study and advise, but most of our work was largely speculation and, for Egypt, hardly a rewarding venture.

The land produced plenty, but the people reproduced faster;
They had the very rich, and heaps of misery;
They had progressed and modernized, but tradition still loomed large;
You ask a question, you never get an answer, though ten people try to give you an answer at the same time.

None will be explicit; they hardly ever know the answer, but none would admit it.
They leave it in the hands of God the Almighty, Inshallah (God Willin
He knows: and they are subject to indenture.

Grab, grab, grab! Not only by the poor, who need and grab to survive, but also by the well paid, high officials, and intellectuals.

Whether at the museum or at the market, at the airport or in the taxicab, you are expected to give, because you are a foreigner and must be rich.

Grabbing, of course, is not a monopoly of Egypt,
But here somehow it has the force of humiliation.

My first instinct was: Why my Arab compatriots are doing that?
Why should they "beg" from Americans or anybody else?

Why not deal with these outsiders as equals?
I guess I had not thought of such severe poverty, of the Khawaga Complex, of the instinct
for survival, or of the foreign encouragement to do that.
Evidently I was not thinking straight: I needed some real education.

Egyptians are not all the same; some are more self-confident than others.
But those with authority or power undermine those below them and weaken their built-in
immunity.
How else could I explain the insults a high government official heaped on a peasant to his
face because the latter led his donkey in a crowded market, as done by all others?
Or how else to explain government orders to send school children to the fields of landlords
to destroy cotton worms, when the landlords' own children are not required or expected to
do so?

Class distinction, tradition, or mere exploitation!

Our mission was to study agricultural extension,. Here was a shocker: extension officers
had little or no training in extension.
They shared their limited knowledge with the small farmers, (the majority), who consulted
them.

You ask the farmer a question, but the official intercepts and gives an answer, echoing
government statements.
Sometimes a farmer will talk in confidence: the extension officer knows little, cares less,
spends no time on the job, and accepts government employment as a door opener and
source of opportunities.

The extension officer is an instrument of control and government regulation.

Poverty is evident and the reasons are clear: Low productivity, too many people, and
limited resources.

But how can you tell? I tell you how:
Time means little; a five-minute job could take an hour, because there is no other job
waiting to be done; finishing fast is neither expected nor rewarded.
It is slow at the bottom and more so at the top. They call it bureaucracy, but it is simply
poverty of resources, skills, rewards, and motivation.

Time means little, and so do appointments.
You go to an office to meet a director, but the director is not there.
You wait and wait, but he may not come at all.
Do not expect an apology, for such behavior is considered normal.
It is so at the university, even with graduates of the best universities in the world. They
come back and revert to "normal."
Everything slows down, gossip and chattering increase, filling time becomes a routine,
even for people with more than one job.
The fact is: they do not think there is a problem or need for explanation.

Not too many people? Then please explain:
You go to an appointment with a high-ranking official, or with one not so high: One
person asks whom you want to see;

Another escorts you to the office;
A third opens the door;
A fourth brings coffee.
This can't be, you say?
Try it, and please help me to understand and avoid exaggeration.

I still loved Egypt: the largest vegetables, the sweetest fruits, the cheapest Arabic pastries,
and the most humorous people.
They have order in disorder (theory of chaos before its time!).
They must drive slowly. Car accidents result only in dents and no major devastation.

This is just a glimpse of Egypt and its people--not to speak of its ancient monuments, rich
but not well kept museums, the popular, crowded, and dazzling Khan al-Khalili market, its
mushrooming minarets, if only in numbers but much less in quality.
And yet, the atmosphere is magnetic:
If you visit once, you feel bound to visit again, though in my case I had to wait for another
invitation.

Now from the unreal to the real:
Egypt was unreal beyond all expectations, in the positive and the negative.
The Washington *New Outlook* symposium was real: Talk of war and peace.
Efforts of months and years are coming to fruition, if only in rhetoric.
For once Arab scholars I recommended were willing to participate with Jews, Israelis, and
even with me.
The tide must be turning.
Egypt's peace with Israel had awakened the Palestinians into realism.
Speakers gathered from here and there, but none would admit
to official representation.

Israeli officials are usually intertwined in their affairs: academia, industry, military, and
peacemaking.
Arab representatives came to sound the bugle: give us a chance and we shall prove our
peaceful intentions.
Still it is unofficial, and off the record.
That is the game or the diplomatic mechanism.

Fz wanted Israel to declare a *mea culpa* (we regret), for it was not the Arabs', but their
own fault.
He has followed a main stream Palestinian argument: Independent state and full Israeli
withdrawal.

Sa lamented that "There are no Palestinians to talk to."
Who are we then? I asked, but she wanted Palestinian political leaders who would
recognize the state of Israel to negotiate with.
Still she was excited to hear me say: I recognize you, would you negotiate with me?
Of Course, was the answer: loud and clear, with a big applause.

But I am not an official, and that is the spoiler of our optimism.

From appearances on public radio to addressing groups of Rabbis,
to negotiating an offer from the United Nations. FAO, my time was always
pleasantly occupied.

From meeting to meeting, from town to town, most of my hosts were gracious and
cooperative.

However, the Rabbis had something specific in mind: to praise Israel and condemn the
PLO, and failing to achieve that, their interest would vanish quickly

FAO wanted me, but could not offer the right terms.

The department would vote for my advancement, but not for acceleration; in economics as
in politics, I go my way.

I pay the price, but I still feel good and that is flattering.

Visitors have come from near and far: 'A;s and his wife, Jk and his wife were the most
prominent.

All these came from the village, though 'Afu had never socialized with us.

He came because we had treated his daughter L as one of the family.

The Kys are relatives and truly my friends--despite the age difference.

In this case D wanted to give them a real treat--drive them around and meander on the way
to Santa Cruz.

We missed meal times, were crowded in the car, but we made it to see John.
They were gracious and managed to enjoy the pleasant restaurant by the water at the end of
the day.

They even forgot their weariness and cold shivering.

More telling experiences were still in store for me.

But most disturbing was Kk and Rk's reactions to Nadia's marriage.

Their daughter, born Catholic, had just married Mohammed, a Muslim from Iraq.

The two had dated for a long time, fought battles and reconciled.

Mo had graduated and they married to avoid separation, but they were always dicker.

Kk and Rk went into a trauma: A Muslim! The granddaughter of a Priest marries a
Muslim!

How would I allow it!

To them she was dead. Her sister Nadira piled curses on me.

Her brothers Iskander and Fuad called from Norway to do the same.

Her youngest brother Monder left the village because he could not face his friends in view
of the tragedy.

Only Ak her eldest sister, seemed reasonable and understanding.

Nk was of age, I am not fanatic about religion, and this is America, not the Middle East.

All these explanations were inadequate for a peace offering.

Sf was a visionary, a Zionist, and in search of peace.
 The Arabs were there first, but the Jews had a right to their state.
 Hence peaceful coexistence was his mission.

The truth was a formidable weapon, and he wanted to tell it.
 Other Zionists did not like it, but he stood his ground, wrote his book, and exposed
 untruths:
 The Zionists infringed on Arabs, tried to do “ethnic cleansing” (not his term), and had no
 scruples about scaring them out of their homes.
 Sif told it as it was. He earned disregard from some Jews and exaggerated regard from
 some Arabs.
 He followed his conscience, but did not live long enough to see his dreams of peace with
 the Palestinians in commission.

Igh was another epistle of good deed.
 She loved India and its people.
 Aristocrat to the bone, and pseudo socialist:
 The conservatives hated her and the colonial powers feared her.
 She lost the election but made a come back.
 I applauded and sent her my congratulations.
 Her temporary departure was a sort of intermission.

Though back in power, she still had her enemies.
 Neither centralized nor a market economy:
 Poverty, from within and from without.
 Hence, sustained poverty, underdevelopment, and corruption.
 The fanatics were up in arms, and the threats to her life were not unreal.
 She paid the price, rather than make a false concession.

The Middle East is poor, underdeveloped, and dependent.
 It was not always so, for it had and still has great resources.
 Food shortage now is a problem and experts of the region seem unable to cope.
 They ask for help and it comes in bits and pieces.
 Yet little has been achieved to make a difference.
 But all do know and even boast about the region’s potential.

FAO comes to their aid: research, advice, and complaints.
 They come with optimism, anticipating major change by the year 2000.
 I am one of the experts they bring to the scene.
 I am to advise on institutional change to render agricultural production substantial.

I say yes, of course, though the material benefits are too meager.

But I want to cause change, influence policy, realize some development, and see smiling faces in that region.

Off to Rome and Cairo I go, and back to Rome, after a side trip to Israel and my village.

I meet with officials and dignitaries, listen to viewpoints and suggestions, review achievements and expectations.

And then it is for me to speak, but nothing remains confidential.

FAO officials blame national governments and their officials for not achieving.

Governments and their officials blame poverty of resources, unreal expectations, and inability to move faster without harming their own people.

The experts on both sides live well, celebrate power and riches, and wait for their lucrative retirement.

Their fortunes are blessings they regard as providential.

Here in Rome I meet Ac in charge of the project, Ag who had once tried to recruit me, but with a cut in pay, Mr. and Mrs. Am pleasant Moroccan couple benefiting from the international motives of cooperation.

Many others came from Lebanon, Egypt, Britain, and France:

All were concerned with regional development and are willing to help.

I listen, talk, interact, and come back to ask: why has change not come?

There must be a reason, if only it could be evidential.

My visit to Egypt was part of the process: to talk to experts and government officials.

And help spend the allocated budget.

FAO in Egypt was in the process of dissolution as punishment to Egypt, which had made peace with Israel.

That country and its president have been termed traitors.

Other Arabs would not have an FAO office branch to serve them in that traitor country.

They cut their nose to spite their face. I carry out my research with dignity, as if it were consequential.

My visit to Israel was an offshoot of my trip to the region.

New Outlook, always on the look for a bargain, would have me come from Egypt to commemorate and eulogize my late friend Hdd.

Of course I said yes.

The trip was set, the first for me on Nefertiti, an Egyptian airline, from Cairo to Tel Aviv.

Yes this was unique: German aircraft, American Pilot, European food, ethnically mixed crew, but the title is Egyptian.

Colonialism has gone in one form but is back in another: the Khawaga complex still dominates.

However, all is done in the name of business globalization.

I prepare for my visit to Tel Aviv and Egyptians are curious.

Some are anxious to visit too.

Riad of FAO wants to know more about Israel.

Aas, director of extension, would like to exchange visits with Israelis--which I tried to organize.

Others ask questions and make comments, with much suspicion, and some fascination.

Before leaving Cairo there were some surprises.

UCD faculty was conducting a developmental experiment.

None knew much about Egypt, but the UC administration approves, and AID pays.

An Americanized Egyptian coordinates for a hefty reward; he acts as if Egypt were his domain.

He carries bundles of cash in his brief case: the Egyptian way in operation.

I knew the director of the UC Egypt project.

I had told him that I too would be visiting Egypt.

And yet he expressed surprise to find out I was there. A rumor circulated that the team were investigating the efficiency of growing wine grapes in Egypt—a Muslim country!

He tried to be hospitable and I appreciated that.

We both were cordial and polite; we maintain a sort of friendship built on sheer hope and imagination.

Visiting Israel has always been bittersweet.

Family and friends would be waiting to say hello, and then to escort me back and say good-bye.

To see the village and the family must be exciting and yet it ends up depressing.

My brothers and theirs have not done well except in complaining.

My sister's children have done well, and that has made them a focus of envy--at least that is how they feel, and react accordingly.

My oldest sister is handicapped and in pain.

My third sister has been widowed and carries the burdens of the world on her shoulders, as dictated by tradition, so she says.

And mother: Old, cranky, and sometimes overbearing.

Hence my agony and my frustration!

Even so it is good to be back with the family.

The numbers grow despite the loss to old age and passing away.

They live longer, healthier, and more comfortably than ever before, thanks to Israel's social security system, which the Arabs cherish and enjoy.

Visits to the mountains and to Nazareth, Acre, Haifa, and the villages, like old times but not exactly so.

All have changed: telephones, cars, modernity, and individualism.

One has to live it to comprehend the people's degree of appreciation.

Tel Aviv was a different story.

A day before leaving the country my brothers and cousins delivered me to Sif and his colleagues.

Sh was to be my hostess for the day.

Off to Tel Aviv University, to the business school for lunch, to see her professor Marx, and Bs the University President.

At lunch I annoyed my hosts by insisting that Sh have lunch with us.
She told me later that that was not wise; it prevented them from talking freely, in front of a
progressive.

Evidently being graceful to my hostess led to the wrong connotation.

My lecture at Sefta was like a bombshell.
To my pleasant surprise the hall was packed.
Among the audience were Prof. Kan, and Mrs. Ro , my 1965 hostess on behalf of the
ministry of agriculture.
I eulogized Hdd and praised his efforts on behalf of peace, the pleasure of co-authoring
with him, and the time we spent together on lecture tours in Europe and the United States,
and at our home in California.

And then I asked: "Whatever happened to the peace process."
Everyone seems to approach it with great hesitation.

PEACE NOW calls for peace, but does not accept Arabs among its members.
They call for peace, but have not called for necessary concessions by Israel.
They want peace but only on Zionist terms.
I offered examples and invited reactions.
But the deed was done and my audience was fired up: polite, but with evident
consternation.

Some agree, but would not say so.
Others charge that the Palestinians were unwilling to recognize Israel and hence the lack of
Israeli concessions.
Still others point to attempts to make peace with Arab countries, but not with the PLO or
the Palestinians, as if they hardly count.
I heard and observed; that only gave my impressions a strong confirmation.

The real evidence of my hosts' position came later.
Sif and Dsh, though still grateful and seeking my help in promoting their programs, did
little to disseminate my observations.
They, not only failed to publish my paper; they claimed to have actually lost it.
They wanted peace, but only on Zionist terms.
Any conception of equality with the Arabs, or peace based on justice, not power, must be
mere hallucination.

A day before my departure Mother was taken ill.
Every one became hysterical, worrying about her, or at least pretending to be.
A doctor came and said it was indigestion; a prescription and some rest will do.
But my sisters and brothers insisted on a second opinion: after all it is free.
Another doctor came and said the same.
For me that was critical, for then I could leave without being accused of not caring.
The day after I found out that she had recovered, with rest and medication.

The staff of FAO in Rome were waiting,

Mostly Arabs working for ESCWA, (ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL COMMISSION FOR WESTERN ASIA), were anxious to debrief me on the visit to Israel. I obliged and they were polite, but the message of peace was still difficult for them to take. They, even the intellectuals, quickly become emotional when it comes to relations with Israel.

They seem to envy, imitate, or simply turn away with indignation.

I finished my draft and sent it to FAO. Of course there would be editing, consultation, cutting, adding, and consultation again. The process is tedious and boring. It is also discouraging and frustrating. FAO must respect the member governments, even at the expense of objectivity and correctness.

By the time the manuscript is finalized, the bite is rendered harmless. Even so, FAO retreated from their plan to do the printing and translation.

"Agriculture: Year 2000" recommends hard work to achieve the normative target of FAO. Institutional, habitual, and policy surgery are essential, I said. I gave advice and received my fee. But the end result is in doubt. FAO must get member government's approval. We study, analyze, recommend, and hope. And we reap material rewards, and lots of frustration.

I had never attended meetings of the Economic History Association. This year they meet in Boston. I have a paper I could deliver: Why Problems Do Not Go Away: The Case of Inflation. As it happened, the AFSC wanted me to speak in Boston at about the same time. The two objectives were worthy and, as always, I was ready. This was to be a good venture: economic history and peace making. I said yes to both and went on writing. I made my presentation to a large audience of economic historians; I knew many by name, but only few by face. The discussant, admitting lack of qualifications in theory and history, dwelt on technical matters: why not deflate the rate of return? Another tried to humor me by saying: Good dose of sociology for these economists! A third recalled that that was my first attendance. The Association seemed like a club. Friends gather annually to socialize, debate, and promise to meet again next year. I felt like an outsider, but my contributions to economic history have been numerous and, to me, exciting.

Hr was there and so was DL. Both were former professors of mine at Berkeley. Now they are at Harvard. Hr was the Dean of Letters and science.

They expressed pleasure in seeing me and wanted to know if peace would come to the Middle East.

I expressed my views freely, but I was ambivalent on how to end the fighting.

The AFSC meeting was a benchmark for me.

As in Tel Aviv earlier in the year, I delivered a tough critique of Israeli policy.

Sg and Ag were there.

Though past 50, Sg is pursuing a Ph.D., if only for the dignity of the title.

Dg, also a former high official of the Israeli probation service, was there. Apparently they thought I would be a practical solution providing.

Dg was quite sympathetic. He had gone to prison in Israel, rather than fight Arabs.

It was a pleasure to see them.

Both were my superiors in probation; now they have come to applaud my efforts to limit Israeli conniving.

Nch was in his office at MIT. He did not attend the conference, though a self-appointed Jewish critic of Israel and the US.

He saw everything as a conspiracy of Imperialism, the US and Henry Kissinger.

He blamed the US, especially, for the problems of the Middle East, and plans to write a book about it.

He writes a lot and it is all published.

Unfortunately he has become so predictable that his supporters and opponents find little reason to read him, but they buy his books.

This is the tragedy of partisanship: Little is left for thinking and analyzing.

I am in a way a victim of that bias.

Some colleagues have managed to exclude me from certain university appointments.

Being nominated to the executive committee of the Center for Decentralization in Berkeley, the ax falls.

Who, but "my friend" Dg, backed by associate dean Dm, would interfere.

"He is a Palestinian and a progressive", they said and therefore he cannot be a member.

Both charges were true but not sufficient to exclude me.

Yet, the powers to be would rather avoid confrontation.

Hence, they leave me out rather than make critical deciding.

Another call from Egypt was coming loud and clear.
 To be director of a university center--our university--was inviting.
 Education abroad programs had always been appealing.
 We talked, evaluated, and decided.
 The children were anxious to go, but D would stay and be independent, with money,
 space, and home security.

Preparations for the two-year stint required cooperation and interaction.
 As the departure date came closer, the feeling of stoicism became more entrenched.
 Yes, I shall go and Dory will stay, for both of us, our fortunes will gain.
 Most of all we will retain our highly emulated model family status in the community.

Family affairs always entail the expected and the unexpected.
 Inter-marriage among members of different religions was never easy.
 In the Middle East it was a cultural heresy.
 But Nk the catholic had married Mo the Muslim.
 She was a Palestinian Christian and he an Iraqi Moslem.
 They had fought and reconciled and eventually married.
 But going back to Iraq did not generate immunity.

Now Nadia is complaining. She feels like being in a prison.
 Mo reverted to his native culture where a woman is only to please the man.
 Even in socialist Iraq a woman is still an addendum to the man. Nk could not stand
 Not only that, but Mohammed had failed to disclose his wife's Christianity to his Muslim
 clan.
 She could not go to church, celebrate Christian holidays, or mention religion.
 Even to get out of Iraq, a written husband's approval was a necessary oddity.

Our good-byes were numerous and routine.
 Actually they seemed like heralds of relief.
 Rt would go with me and Jt and Mt would follow.
 The luggage would go by air and a large apartment would be waiting.
 The university arranges all, but it is our responsibility to assure continuity.

Rome was our first rest stop on the way to Cairo.
 I had been there, but for Rabiya it was her first.
 She was excited but disappointment was in store.
 The hotel was not luxurious--in fact it was not good, though relatively cheap.
 True the hotel was crammed, not too elegant, but why pay more when most of our time we
 will be out roaming?
 Rt had no option but to accept, though not without evident impunity.

Another nuisance was the uninvited stomachache.
 Whether nerves, homesickness, or the wrong diet,

She spent half the time in bed.
Even so, she did heal in time to visit Florence, the Vatican, and an elegant restaurant.
Florence was expensive and exciting; the Vatican was idolatrous and daunting.
However, the Christine Chapel was really inviting:
To view, admire, and say it is worth it.
Art, novelty, and adventure: she viewed them with care and purity.

Eating out was always a pleasure for our children.
Rt recovered soon enough to enjoy an elegant restaurant.
She looked forward to it, dressed neatly, and went by taxi.
She was seated like a lady, and would she like a drink?
She was sixteen and her order was dakari!
Italy had no age restriction and Rt was ready to enjoy a drink, with pronounced maturity.

Then it was time to go to Cairo and reside there for the next two years.
These were two years of joy and sorrow, of hope and despair, of growth and frustration, of
love and hate, all combined in our invaluable opportunity.

Arriving in Cairo was a treat.
A university representative was waiting and also the coordinator of the UC project was
there.
They took care of the luggage and chauffeured us to our new home.
Garden City was anything but a garden.
Our apartment was on the sixth floor, at the top.
With a guard at the entrance and an elevator that was defective.

The apartment was well located, fairly large, with standard furniture, and a temporary
housekeeper/cook.
The University leases this apartment and five others in the building for faculty.
It is at a walking distance from the university, the market, theaters, and from the Nile
River:
Very well placed and the impact was effective.

We had a choice: Garden City and an apartment, or a villa in Maadi.
Wealthy Egyptians and foreigners live in Maadi, but we opted for the apartment.
It is close to the common Egyptians and the challenges of cultural adventures.
We wanted to integrate, emulate, and be with Arabs and Arab culture: that was a major
objective.

Hasan the cook, originally from Sudan, wore the white gallabiah (usually a white slip-on
robe), spoke some English, enjoyed cooking and was good to have.
He would clean the house, shop, cook, at university expense for a week.
Presumably he would stay on if we wanted him to.
But we were foreign to the Egyptian ways: coming at five never meant at five: working a
whole day was not more than half a day, at least in home service.
Shopping for others had its advantages.

But most of all the concept of time was least observed.
Our cook/house keeper simply could not follow a directive.

We tried a few others before Naimi came on the scene.
A large smiling woman, spoke some English, and had great self-confidence; she quickly
gained approval.

She requested and I paid: a salary twice that of a schoolteacher.
Of course I did not know, but when I found out I felt sorry for the teachers.

How could the teachers live on their salaries?
That also explained why Naimi would not work for Egyptians.
I had to play detective.

I soon found out: Teachers and other civil servants work at more than one job.
They moonlight, tutor their own students for extra pay, drive cabs, trade in some
commodity or another, and live modestly.
In total they work long hours, but their work is neither hard nor intensive.

The same goes for university people, academicians, and others.
Administrative procedures are as slow as snails.
Technicians try or pretend to, but tasks rarely get done.
The plumber had to make four trips to fix a leaking toilet.
The carpenter made as many to fix a sticking door.
Shopping was a drag: meat from one shop, vegetables from another, bread from a third,
and grains from a fourth.
You waste time, get tired, and find it impossible to be selective.

To make things worse, we discovered that Egyptians and other Arabs are treated as
“foreigners” at the American University.
They are checked going in and going out, but not so were the Americans and Europeans,
especially if fair haired and blue eyed.
You argue, lecture, or preach, to no avail. Each officer blames it on orders from above,
which is not always clear who is above.
Imperialism is alive and well, from the back door, if not from the front.
Foreigners get the gravy and the nationals are there to be productive.

Rabiya’s school, the Cairo American College, was in Maadi.
It comes to us as a bonus.
She takes the bus and quickly finds friends.
And as quickly she has a taxi at her disposal:
Yusif, a middle-rank civil servant in the morning and a cab driver in the afternoon, was
always at hand.
A Christian Copt, trustworthy, and no haggling on the fare, he loved to drive her.
Eventually he named his new - born daughter after her.
Except for being far from her mom, for Rabiya all seemed superlative.

John and Mary were soon on the way.
They traveled by themselves as college students do.

The University sent a car with us to meet them, which pleased them.
They were tired, excited, and probably hungry.
But all seemed unimportant when they were stuck in the elevator for forty-five minutes
after midnight.
John was frightened, while Mary tried to comfort him.
I finally had to break the glass door to be heard.
We were rescued, but the experience was a great shocker.
From then on, nothing could be more instructive.

The children and I had to discover a new way of life:
The peddler promises but does not keep the promise;
Demands a deposit when none is required;
And he raises prices until he is caught cheating.
The cab driver swears that the meter is out of order and he takes you for a ride--double the
fare at least.
You ask for an explanation: you are Americans and can pay.
And to top it all, you hardly ride in a cab and escape an inquiry about your religion, as if
that information were the most productive.

This is a land of survival, but not of development and growth.
The population increases, so does poverty.
It is a land of chaos, or order of disorder.
Contracts hardly count among most people, but gain is still on the menu.
It is a land of "wonder", but also of letdowns.
You learn to cope, tolerate, survive, but that offers little hope or a corrective.

All people sometimes have handicaps to overcome.
Foreign assistance is one way to do so in developing countries.
Assistance comes, but the handicaps remain.
Foreign aid is exhausted, but the return is very low.
Foreign experts come and go, but technology remains retarded.
You observe, inquire, dig deep, but little wisdom is gained.
Natives blame foreigners, but welcome their money.
Foreigners despise the locals, but still come for the vacation.
Exceptions exist, but this is the trend, and there is no
Urge to be reflective.

The expert does not respect the client,
Nor does he/she expect to stay long.
The native feels inferior and dependent,
And powerless to bargain or negotiate.
The people suspect the leaders to be in "conspiracy" with the foreign agent.
This story is frequently told, and yet, no medicine seems proactive.

A sixth floor apartment can be barren, but it does not have to be, even in Cairo.

The balcony was not large but inviting.

Some bricks, topsoil, plants, and determination make the flower garden grow.
The bricks and topsoil came from a nursery, mostly stolen by one of the workers, from whom I bought them, unknowing. Plants from nurseries and from AUC were handy.
In no time I had enough planters to make my beautiful balcony flower garden bloom.

Entrepreneurship has no limits.

Yahya Sa'd, agricultural engineer at AUC, contributed to my stock of plants, and also to my knowledge of what I could grow.

Why not prepare a booklet on suitable plants in Cairo gardens.

We called it "Suitable plants in Cairo Gardens." He made the selection. I helped by editing.

Mary played the photographer.

AUC Press agreed to publish and we signed a conditional contract.
But a competitor was asked to review the manuscript and he objected.
The Press procrastinated indefinitely until it was time for me to leave.
Then I knew that the manuscript's fate was a doom.

Our American students were arriving individually and in groups.

All were excited and appreciative of the help extended to them.

However, one in particular was overly demanding.

Denise, black, bright, self-confident and attractive, insisted on being met at the airport, even if at her own expense.

She registered for a full load of courses but did little work.

She got married and divorced in Cairo before you knew it.

And she managed to act as a photographer for the ceremonies at which President Sadat was assassinated.

Formally she flunked all the courses, but she was given full credit at UC Santa Cruz; why?

She got her way presumably with the photo documentary of the assassination.

Or was it abuse of affirmative action?

Whatever the reason, it created a lot of gloom!

The students arrived and were well received.

A picnic on the Nile was on the agenda of the first week.

They sailed, ate, joked, and got acquainted.

It is there that John and Martha first met.

Their romance blossomed, leading them eventually to the altar:

Thanks to Cairo, for the beautiful bride and groom.

The AUC faculty had gathered for the term, but our presence was not an event.

They showed neither attention nor care; only politeness in the hallway.

The myth of Middle East hospitality was shattered.

Even Davis, by comparison, was to the newcomer, a comfortable room.

I was searching for people and ideas on the life of Egypt.

Kamal El Mallakh, brother of Ragaei, a friend, was available for a visit and a chat.

Kamal was second in command at Al Ahram daily, so I was told.

A white suit, open collar, tall, handsome: the meeting was a pleasure, though it was not repeated.

He is not interested in politics, I was warned, yet he was ready to talk.

The government of Egypt was corrupt and problems of the country were mounting.

Sadat meant well but was over his head in dealing with Israel, the US, and his people.

Arafat and the Palestinians have made and continue to make mistakes; they seem to learn little from experience.

Egypt is treated badly by Arabs and non-Arabs, and by its five ruling families, whose net is tightly knit as if by a loom.

El Mallakh was a good illustration of the emasculated intellectuals.

They know, criticize, but they go on milking the system and their sins are forgiven.

He offered to publicize our program in Al Ahram.

I prepared the 15 lines he requested and mailed my story.

Apparently, like many other promises in Egypt, I think it was swept away with a broom.

The EAP office at AUC was like a rat hole: small, dim, no furniture, telephone, or other facilities.

To the top I went: the Dean and the President heard from me without delay.

Pressure, diplomacy, and logic had their way.

I had them all: space, stationary, telephone, and a sign at the door.

But the title of a Center was not accepted.

The President had his reasons, and I need not disagree; what he did, proved to be a great improvement.

Opera in Egypt? Why not? Wasn't the great opera, Aida, first performed in Cairo to celebrate the opening of the Sues Canal?

To the opera you can go, with government subsidy as a blessing.

That cuts the cost, even though it is only the rich and foreigners who go.

Local theater is expensive; but that is for common Egyptians; they can pay, I was told, and need no inducement!

Tragedy never ends in the Middle East, often mixed with celebration and joy.

That is the bittersweet nature of life in Egypt.

Egyptians celebrate their victorious revolution, and on the same day assassinate their president, one of the leaders of the revolution.

Sadat has been shot while reviewing the military.

All the media turns to recitation of the Qur'an.

A blackout on the news, and fear creeps into the hearts of the people.

Is it the beginning or the end of the future?

Whichever it is, the impact is a destabilizing movement.

For a few hours we would not know: was he dead or alive.
The American Embassy was of little help: they declared that he was alive, with an arm
injury, six hours after he was dead.
Our students, like all other Americans in Egypt, were warned to stay indoors, and in touch.
Egyptians would talk with excitement, sadness and joy, and a great feeling of stoicism:
Neither great pity, nor flagrant amusement!

The Muslim Brotherhood celebrated.
The intellectuals debated.
Yasser Arafat gloated.
The peasants wept and anxiously anticipated.
Arab leaders kept silent; their relationships with the dead were already too complicated.
Israel was sad, sorry, and highly frustrated.
Funeral arrangements were grand: leaders of the world were on hand,
To eulogize, negotiate, and plot for more.
But the man was dead and Mubarak was in command.
Egypt had to find its way out of a long bereavement.

Sadat knew the problems of Egypt and thought he could solve them.
He criticized irresponsibility and corruption, but he was master of both.
He patronized the poor, but built showcases.
The rich he enriched even more.), millionaires were popping up everywhere, (like *arnabs*
or rabbits).
He catered to the United States and antagonized the nationalists.
He tried to be both religious and secular, and he failed in both.
He pretended to have no religious prejudice, but he put the Coptic Pope under house
arrest.
Though people were sorry, they wanted no appeasement.

The intellectuals wavered, for and against.
They wanted freedom but benefited from the President's reform (*Infitah*).
They wrote, published, and wrote again.
Few read beyond their own publications and none learned from past experience.
Egypt went sailing at a crawling pace, except where problems were concerned.
In that department, the pace was too deadly to be an achievement.

They talked of a referendum, though the results were predetermined.
The ballot was secret, except from the eye of the TV camera inside the booth.
They imposed security checks on all, including university students going in and out.
Sixty thousands of them went in and out of Cairo university every day.
How to check all those with care?
My guess is that the United States had extended foreign aid: a couple of Radar AWACS.
Monitoring the gates would advance economic development!

To be or not to be is not always easy to say.

Is it the New Year or is it not?
Muslims in Egypt must sight the new moon first, or get verification from the clerics.
Our students were dumbfounded: how can one plan, is it today or is it not?
Why don't they use scientific instruments to make the determination?
Our students wanted answers, but religious tradition said no.
No one dared to question tradition or the wisdom of the religious establishment.

In our own life there were new happenings.
The director of
Egypt project went back to Davis, eventually to become Dean at Santa Cruz.
B.G. inherited the position as director of the UC project in Egypt.
The B Gs were happy. The position was lucrative, but they were unhappy because the
former director was secretive about his new position.
Both exposed themselves and their relationship was never again the same.

Bg and Eg arrived and their presence was most welcome.
Our children enjoyed them and they played a family role.
Eg mothered when necessary and Bg supplied me with good liquor from the commissary.
And we made sure our relationship with them was real, in action and in name.

The office was now in good shape, Lettee teaching and research left little for
administration and office work.
But new avenues are always there to be discovered.
Mts Jt, friend volunteered to help.
I have no budget to pay, I emphasized; she did not care.
Well organized, punctual, pleasant, and fast, she quickly had the office in good shape.
A budget did materialize and she got paid.
The benefits were in more than pay: romance with John came calling.
She and John had started a love affair, and probably her volunteering was part of the game.

Homesickness may be manifested in various ways.
I had no idea how isolated the American community in Cairo was until I announced my
plans to visit the States.
Mail to carry to the US started to arrive.
The senders wanted assured contact with to bla home, and the Egyptian mail service had
much for which me.

I carried the mail on my way to Seattle.
But my luggage was not on the plane.
For three days I agonized: what would these homesick people do to me!
The luggage did arrive and the letters were mailed.
But the lesson was clear: love of home is hard to tame.

The trip to Seattle was highly anticipated.
I would deliver a paper, visit with friends, and meet D for a date.

She came to Seattle: beautiful, joyful and visibly certain, having pleasure together must be our aim.

Seattle was great: walks, shops, and dinner on the beach, thus adding to the excitement of our reunion.

But disappointment was on the way, for the burglars targeted our temporary abode.
They broke into our luggage and all D's beautiful ornaments were the prey.
They were professional and swift, telling the maid to leave so they could rest for a while.
They had time to search, steal, and go away.
At the Hilton we were told: Sorry, but not unique.
The burglars of this city have great fame.

Off to Davis for a week:
I was happy to see friends and colleagues.
Even Cindy, our black cocker-spaniel, wagged her tail.
She told me she was pleased and I was too.
But Cindy had something else in mind: She had waited for me to say good-bye.
She knew her time had come: she was old, weak, and virtually blind.
The next day she went out of the backyard, not to be seen again.
We searched and searched, but Cindy was gone: nature played its tune, and out was
Cindy's flame.

I had wondered why the apartment building in Cairo had a government sent
There was a Czech consulate; that might be it.
It may be also because a PLO representative was our neighbor.
Nsh, political advisor to Arafat, resided on the third floor.
It is always good to know your neighbors.
I called and was invited.

Nshl, about my age, married to an Egyptian, somewhat stocky, had a business.
He printed material for schools and children in various parts of the Arab world.
He had been dean of business at the American University in Beirut.
He and his wife were cordial; coffee and sweets were served, as expected.

But the treat was political. My views on realism and peace were radical.
I am too soft on Israel, I was told.
Israel cannot last, they declared; it will be defeated, Palestine will be liberated, and a
Palestinian state will take its place.
I raised questions of mutual rights, power, alliances, Arab weaknesses, and PLO
limitations, all to no avail.
Israel cannot last, they decided.

Why not a Palestinian government in exile?
It would do no good, they argued, but there was more:
Fear that few governments would recognize it was the reason.
Have you visited or contacted Israelis, I asked.

That is impossible; we would not talk to them.
Mrs Sh, proudly announced, Ns hates Israel and the Israelis.
“When I faced an Israeli at the Cairo Book Exhibit, I spat on him.”

That is how much she too hates them.
As if that would guarantee victory, through the fire, with the spit she ignit Now, fifteen years later, Nsh has come to terms with Israel and the Israeli occupation. He recognized them, negotiated with them, and on behalf of Arafat has become the emissary of peace with Israel.

He gained fame as the moderate among PLO leaders.
Israelis have accepted him as the herald of compromise and reconciliation.
We can only wonder how much less would have been suffered had he listened then, instead of being so negatively excited.

It is now November and D is on her way to visit.
She comes with Thanksgiving trimmings and plans for Christmas in the Middle East.
It is great to have her with us, not only for the children and the students, but also for the two of us.

We courted, loved, and entertained. We took walks, shopped, and went sightseeing.
All seemed pleasant, relaxed, and joyful.
And then her friend Pauline arrived.
Alas, her arrival made a difference.

D wanted to be a good hostess and I had to pay the price.
Her attention turned to Pauline and what the two of them could do together.
The difficulty was mitigated slightly when we visited Israel and the village.
For then all of us had a surplus of attention and love; and we had to behave with reverence.

Back in Cairo, the climate was again disturbed.
D and P wanted to go to Luxor and the Aswan Dam and I could not.
Alone they went, leaving the children and me behind.
It would not have been bad, had it not been the New Year’s holiday.
The children, and our friends, wondered about the timing.
All I could say: It just happened, with innocence.

The setbacks often were overshadowed by bright events.
Jt’s birthday party at the Meridian was one of them.
Elegant, joyful and expensive--that is the kind of life he enjoyed.
It all seemed as a gift of providence.

Rt goes to Athens to debate in the international debating society.
At sixteen she travels the international airways.
She meets celebrities and addresses large audiences.
She deals with soccer matches as with world issues.

What a pleasure to see her blossoming personality glow,
And bubble with self-confidence.

D went home and life began to settle down in Cairo,
 But not for long. Mt was restless
 She felt treated immaturely in her Arabic class, as were all other students.
 She questioned the professor's criticism of her inadequate preparation.
 "I did what I could": was her argument.
 Eventually she got an "A" in the course, but I am not sure why.

To Mary AUC was no longer attractive.
 Something else had to be done.
 Carpet weaving was inviting.
 A shop in Kerdassa might give her training; I went to work on it.
 She had her wish: I bought a small rug and the door was opened.
 She would go daily, work in the shop, but not for pay. On the contrary, I am the one to
 pay.
 To have an American working for them and still be paid was a gift from the sky.

For the next (and last) two months she was on the move.
 She did weaving and learned Arabic.
 She ate with her employer and his family.
 American customers were attracted because of her.
 Our friends were pleasantly surprised: The Glassburners knew her but not the Blanchards
 or the Smalls.
 That was thrilling, and Mt felt high.

Senator Pr was in town and President Pederson was calling.
 Give the Senator a reception and have a few over to make the meeting worthwhile.
 The Senator spoke: Autonomy for the Palestinians is possible, but not sovereignty, he said.
 Arms and economic aid to Egypt and Israel are a must for the sake of peace and to keep
 them a good ally.

Ih and Fa are visiting: both are Americans from Lebanon:
 a Christian anthropologist, and a Shiite political scientist.
 Ih is calm, willing to listen and exchange ideas.
 Fa is quick, noisy, brilliant, and likes to listen to himself.
 It was a pleasure to meet them both, for each is certainly a great guy.

Fai comes to dinner; he and Jt have a ball.
 They discuss, argue, and communicate as one would with brilliant students in a classroom.
 The Middle East, education, U.S. policies, all were fair game.
 It is interested in political theory and Fuad is certainly obliging.
 The evening was a success; I did not have to try.

Easter comes and goes, but this Easter is special.

Our students, guided by Prof. Hanna Rizk, would visit a Coptic church and hear mass.
The students said they would attend and then come over for a big brunch.
Alas, the students would rather sleep.
We enjoyed the service and the food, but there was a lot of it.
Luckily, Naimi was standing-by.

Bill Allaway and his family came visiting.
More accurately "he" came checking, as University of California EAP Director.
He was surprised that I had arranged for them to be guests of AUC.
Seemed pleased with the program but we still had to negotiate with the Dean--the EAP
director's teaching load was too big.
Bill Allaway was a pro. Having failed to get a yes, he turned to baseball.
The Dean was caught off guard since he was a fan.
They found something in common and a reduction of the teaching load was ready to fly.

Soon it was time for our students to go home--the year was over.
Mt was ready too.
A party was in order and many came to bid her farewell.
But our good-byes were a special occasion:
Naimi prepared food and the students exchanged memories and notes.
And for the next two months I would have no students to worry about.
Even Martha would be gone and I would have no one on whom to rely.

Egypt offered me another privilege: not only to browse through Arabic literature, but also
to contribute.

Al Ahram isadi Iqt was one outlet.
L'Egypt Contemporaine was another.
And so was *Rose El Yousif*.
I published in all three.
If you know the editor, the door opens wide.

My publications were often controversial--especially as seen by other Arabs, especially
Palestinians.

Egyptian and Palestinian intellectuals were still living in a dreamland.
The Palestinians disturb the stability of Lebanon, but accept no responsibility.
The PLO get routed from Beirut by the Israelis, but still they claim victory.
The United States saves their lives and aids their peaceful retreat, but they boastfully brush
that help aside.

Some readers contested my views, but not with logic or fact.
Emotion still rules and I am charged with hating my own people.
Egyptians pretended to be more Paltesinian than I was.
However, I stood my grounds:
The Palestinians have no right to create a state within a state in Lebanon.

They wanted U.S. help and it came.
The least they could do was to say thank you and swallow their false pride.

D comes back to Cairo and I am waiting.
We go to Istanbul and Athens, just for play.
In both we would be tourists,
Which is not a common position for either of us.
A good hotel, presumably, was reserved.
With great expectations we let all our worries glide.

Istanbul was enchanting: food displays in restaurant windows:
Clean streets relative to those of Cairo.

The traffic jams were so enchanting that even D could not negotiate.
Just one attempt to cross the town in a rented car was enough.
A taxi and a chauffeur would be a better find.

The chauffeur was an instant creation.
The rented car stalled in front of a cafe and a volunteer came to the rescue.
All his friends came out too.
He did start the car, and got himself hired by the day.
It was clear that we would prefer to let him drive, and never mind.

Mosques had been churches and churches had been mosques.
Carpet stores, and shops of antiques!
The flavor of the Middle East was strong, but Istanbul and Turkey looked towards Europe.
They make that clear and leave little to decide.

The driver was helpful and hospitable.
We saw his apartment and met his mom.
We had tea and pastry and felt welcome.
But the language limitation had an impact.
Tradition also had a say and so did religion.
That was obvious when taking a photo was declared out of the question.
The Mother said no, with no apologies or tears to hide.

The bus trip to Athens was another story:
Noisy, smoky, and long.
But it became even longer when we were to cross the borders.
A Turkish bus could not go to Greece, nor a Greek Bus to Turkey.
The change would have been quick had the officers been less lazy.
You wait and wait and no one would say why.
The Middle East pattern definitely prevailed.

We finally crossed and it was late in the day.
A night on the road would be great.

Actually it was enjoyable: in a little town, quiet, clean, and no traffic jams.
That was restful after Istanbul, and
Soothing before the tumultuous Athens.
That at least was the reasoning, which has never failed.

The hotel in Athens was in Constitution Square, but in English it was not the same.
The taxi driver had it made: the longer he drove the more we would pay.
But we made it, though the discovery was not great.
The cost was high and misleading.
The accommodations were modest.
And so were the services, but we were adequately sustained.

We did what tourists do. You see the Acropolis;
And you go to Delphi and consult the Oracle.
There the answer to any question is always true: It may, or it may not be.
The wisdom of the oracle was obvious.
For here we were tired, and yet entertained.

Prof. Papandreaou was my professor and now he is prime minister of Greece.
Why not visit him? That we tried.
A copy of my *European Economic History*, Greek Edition, as our gift we
dispatched.
Would he see us?
But our stay was too short and that could be an excuse.
A messenger to the hotel brought us the news.
The Prime Minister will be out of town.
I should have tried in advance and I might have had an appointment nailed.

His forces resisted, but proved incapable.

Once again power plays its role and the U.S. comes on the scene as a savior:
Probably to spare Israel further shame, or to save the Palestinians out of a complete
disaster,

Or to play the superpower that can solve problems.

The U.S. was an angel of mercy.

Arafat and his troops could leave with their light arms, on a Greek ship, under U.S.
protection.

Israel agrees, the Palestinian Liberation movement is at least temporarily crippled, and the
U.S. is internationally praised.

The act was possible, though it had seemed highly improbable.

The Palestinian forces are now scattered in several Arab countries.
The utilitarian infrastructure of the camps in Lebanon is in shambles.

The Institute of Palestinian studies is dismantled.

And Arafat finds another refuge, but not a military camp.

Tunisia offers him an official site.

He had little choice, for he had to take what was morally affordable.

How long can we Palestinians ignore reality!

I wondered publicly in *Al Ahram Iqtisadi*.

Few would sympathize with me: who is not with us must be against us!

That seemed to be the motto: we are victims, even when we do the undoable.

Memories of Egypt will last forever, so they say.

Egyptians nurture themselves, in part, with their humor.

For where else would you hear a cab driver ask which way you prefer: the old way or the
way to the "secret" airport?

Or where would a grocer justify selling the good and the bad by pointing to the inequality
of the fingers on your hand?

Egyptians delightfully exaggerate: every one is an engineer, an *ustadh* (professor), or the
holder of a title as a Bey?

They swear honesty, sometimes cheat, but always remain affable.

Hasan the gardener is a pleasure to talk to.

His transactions are famous: if you are not careful you may have to pay three times for the
same item.

Yet, you will never think of not doing business with him.

Dignity still prevails, as with the old lady who sits by the Bank of America.

She sells pencils, combs, brushes, etc., which is better than begging.

A photo? No way, she said. That is against religion and tradition.

I purchased all her pencils; now a photo is allowable.

Even in Egypt, for relaxation,

Woodwork was my companion.

From frames to lamps, to backgammon sets.

In Egypt another experience is initiated.
Some abstracts from mango wood, with a pocketknife I could make.
But more daring, I moved on to making the first of my sculptures: a praying man.
Yes I enjoyed it and proved to be capable.

Back to the States I was on my way.
MESA was calling and to Philadelphia I would go.
And then back to California and to D.
To revive our love, and our family life to fortify.
D was waiting and love was in the air.
.John, Mary, and Martha were all there to greet and enjoy.
The visit was short but the emotions overflowed
The excitement was nothing short of a fable.

Cairo is a Mecca for experts (and non-experts) on the Middle East.
Fuad Ajami is back, now a MacArthur Fellow, being considered a genius.
Still his flamboyant self, probably a little more so with a five-year grant, no strings
attached, and an expense account on the side.
Roger Owen, from Oxford, stops by to check what is going on in my research.
Bob Springbord, from Australia, sort of political economist with interest in agrarian
reform!

Being in Cairo, thus, was sometimes an “intellectual” boon.

The non-experts are many and their resources are plenty.
CARE has an office and money to spend.
Why not Fishermen’s Shelters on the banks of Lake Nasser?
The shore is dreary and the sun is hot.
A shelter would help the poor fishermen who fish for a living.
CARE was inclined, but that cannot be done in one afternoon.

They wanted support: A study might their objectives confirm.
They asked and I agreed to explore.
With a questionnaire in hand and a tape recorder to catch the mood,
We went on a boat all around the Lake.
Four days and three nights, moving from place to place.
There were shelters, to my surprise, and CARE wanted to build more.
The money they had, apparently had to be spent soon.

The fishermen were good to interview.
Cigarettes, candy, and a kind approach opened many doors.
It appeared that many fishermen were virtually fugitives.
To avoid military service they would come here.
They spend a few months and then they are gone.
The shelters are white stone buildings, high above the shore.

Symbols of outside aid to Egypt, against the glaring sun and the shining moon.

The shelters had no utilities and the fishermen did not want the “useless” shelters.

These are gifts to the boat owners who live in town--that was the joke.

They aid the government, as false indicators of development.

The fishermen spoke without fear or hesitation, though I was told they would be afraid to speak.

Delighted that I would come to consult them, they did talk.

For such is rarely done--all other talk is nothing more than an inflated balloon.

We coded and counted, interpreted and analyzed.

The results were forceful and telling.

The shelters are a waste and the fishermen have no use for them.

Government agents and aid officers, boat owners and donors--all notwithstanding.

For the fishermen, the shelters would be a dull harpoon.

CARE reconsidered.

The numbers tell the story and the fishermen finally had a say.

The people needing aid have been consulted.

The field work paid and,

The genie is out of the cocoon.

CARE came back for more.

Now it was for work in the Sinai.

Israel had left the area and the farmers are cultivating the land.

CARE wanted to help with a windbreaker by the sea.

Eucalyptus trees or some such would save the day.

The government of Egypt says yes and so does AID.

But someone must have raised the question: how economically valuable is the project.

Ask Tuma, someone must have said, and there I was again.

Field research is my way.

I shall visit, consult, analyze, and then say.

CARE would facilitate and the governor would cooperate.

With a questionnaire in hand and a set of tapes,

To the desert I headed, seeking wisdom of the peasants, simple and plain.

Rabiya and Jackie came along.

They had a vacation by the sea.

Fun for them, and comfort for me!

I paid the bill, but the results were almost pure gain.

The peasants were great:

Illiterate, but wise;
Poor, but hospitable;
Isolated, but not afraid;
Our problem is not the wind, they said.
It is a market that we need.
That is the only way to have the dragon of poverty slain.

A windbreaker would look nice, but will not save the ripe tomatoes, cucumbers, and
melons.

The strawberries are ripe and the Cairo market is not accessible.
Actually the Egyptian market is still closed, and Israel a market does contain.

A windbreaker will look nice.
It also will give shelter to spying Israeli patrol boats!
Perpetrators will find shelter too.
But security will be difficult to attain.

In sum, the windbreakers will our problems not resolve, the peasants insisted.
They will be a great waste, and funds are badly needed elsewhere.
Build schools, roads, clinics, and water systems.
Open the market and let us join.
The occupation is over.
The windbreakers to a solution do hardly pertain.

CARE had to reconsider.
The director had to account for his projects.
The windbreakers followed the shelters.
Neither the fishermen nor the peasants would now benefit.
Yet, fewer resources would go to waste and misapplication would be less easy to sustain.

Rabiya goes to the Hague--as a Model UN delegate.
D arrives in Cairo on the same day.
One goes to solve problems of the world.
Another comes for fun and relaxation.
One goes to meet with thousands from around the world.
The other comes to be alone, with me--both might achieve some fame.

Rabiya's trip was a great success--if one can say.
She addressed a large audience and met many of the greats.
She learned about this and that in international affairs.
And most of all, she learned
International affairs were not her intended game.

It is all talk, she later said.

You meet, discuss, and argue.
You write a report and it is shelved away.
Another meeting, another discussion, and another document to forget!
The results: unclear, uncertain, the problems are still there, and yet no one is to blame.

D seems happy visiting.
She shops, takes walks, and helps entertain.
Naimi does the work and D gets the joy.
I reap benefits from both: Food for my body and rest for my nerves.
My hopes rise high; I will be happy and entertained.
A cruise on the Nile fits well in this frame.

There are the ancient relics of Egypt, Abu Symbol, Luxor, and the Pharaohs'' tombs.
The serenity of the water and the beauty of the sunsets,
Add to our pleasure, though in the cramped accommodations
It was not easy to unwind

The trip was quite telling.
The boat docks in different places,
For sightseeing, and to dump the huge bags of garbage.
Children and grownups, cats, dogs, and chicken,
All gather to celebrate the arrival of the bounty.
The poor scavenge, and the shores become filthy.
But this garbage is welcome as a gift of the rich to the poor.
It should never be undermined.

The ups and downs often intertwine.
 Rabiya seems to be strong in both.
 Horseback riding was fun for her. She rode as often as she could.
 But then the down follows the up.
 John Baker, her riding companion, gets a horse kick on the mouth.
 And there was Rabiya to take full charge.

She saw him to the hospital and communicated with the staff.
 She called me first and the Glassburners next, for they were his hosts.
 When I arrived John was under treatment, and Rabiya seemed calm, collected, and mature.
 She relied on her Arabic when English would not do.
 Even though her words came slowly, and not as usual,
 in a barrage.

The experience was educational, for her and for me.
 I saw the inter-cultural environment at the hospital.
 Egyptian doctors would not consult with each other, and when they did, they would not agree.
 “All of us are individuals” was the explanation. And the results could not be positive, but negative in the large.

Off to Tel Aviv and Jerusalem to meet Knesset, (parliament), members.
 David Shaham was waiting, and a room at the American Colony Hotel had been reserved.
 The 2:00 PM program started at 3:45; and the 20-25 expected dwindled to 6.
 Hanna Siniora was there and so was Ziad Abu Ziad, who was upset at my contribution.
 Actually he was furious.

How could I criticize the PLO in this setting?
 Ziad was so angry as to be virtually insulting.
 And in a childish way he would not join us at dinner with Hanna Siniora and others.
 He apologized later, even though it still seemed hard for him to see:
 Hiding the facts can be fatally injurious.

The parliamentarians were inquisitive, but most of those in attendance were friendly and on the side of peace.
 It was more interesting to meet the press for Questions, answers, and exchange of views.
 The test finally came, when I challenged them to pretend they were Arabs for only five minutes and see how they would feel.
 The tactic seemed to work; it made them try to see the other side of each issue.
 Then we knew how much we had in common, and how much was left to tame by the strong and the curious.

Among those who attended were Hatim Abu Ghazali from Gaza, Abba Eban, Elias Friej,
and others.

Freij gave me a hug as if we were old friends.

Abba Eban talked to me on first name basis.

Hanna Siniora said he would publish our book on the economy of Palestine in Arabic.

Sabri Khoury, friendly as usual, drove me back to Kafr Yasif.

Though there were downs, the ups were numerous and glorious.

Heard Benvenisti speak, with a pointer to his wall-to-wall map of the settlements.
He demonstrated the expansion and reached the conclusion: Israel cannot withdraw from
the Occupied Territories because of the scale of settlement building.

He had facts, but the conclusion did not follow.

Arabs listened to him and used his argument to attack Israel's policy.

For me, his approach was promoting a de facto permanent occupation.

His arguments seemed strategic to prepare the Arabs for the worst, though the logic was
precarious.

Back in Cairo, but not the routine.

There always was something new and others to talk to.

An Easter Egg Hunt at the Glassburners.

NNaimi and the Glassburners' crew cooked for an army. A few people came but the
occasion was great--a tradition traveling with us by air.

Naimi and the other helpers were pleased: there were mountains of leftovers to take home
and feel luxurious.

An evening at Rick and Ramona's, with a few others, was a delight. Now
they are wed, a boon for the two of them.

At their place I met two young American women, Louise and Ann, who worked with the
Zaballin (garbage collectors).

They also taught Arabic to help eliminate illiteracy.

They certainly had good intentions and were doing good deeds.

But what a shame: they hardly knew Arabic and they were teaching it to Arabs in an Arab
land.

This tells about Egyptians' feelings of inferiority and their willingness to take charity, even
if there is little to collect.

I see circles in front of me: small at first, they become larger and larger.
The edges are sharp and moving in a zigzag way; the colors are those of a rainbow; and the
vision is far from clear.

No pain, no weakness, and no fast heartbeat.

In the meantime I have learned that these are floaters (images), which come with age.

It is annoying while it is on its way to self-correct.

Why do I stay in politics?

The Middle East case seems hopeless; the Arabs seem hopeless.
The impact seems unobservable.
Shall I or shall I not quit?
Dory worries that I might not find something to replace politics in my life.
As for me, as usual, I think, analyze, and reflect.

Visitors from Kafr Yasif have unexpectedly arrived: George and Farha Tuma, George and
Maha Said.

They have come for a drink, a great pleasure to see them.
They wanted a drink because they had none for a week. Apparently it was hard for them to
get served alcohol in Cairo!
That was interesting because George Tuma had left an impression that he did not drink.
It took a trip to Cairo to discover and detect.

Issam Sartawi has been assassinated, evidently by radical Palestinians.
His views were too moderate, they said, in favor of peace with Israel.
Realism is still a stranger in the Arab land.
Conformity is the rule and follow the leader is the safest venue.
When will they learn: realism is the way to peace.
Violence and terror are mechanisms they might as well reject.

A pleasing letter from John: he is considering a public administration degree from
Harvard.

Rabiya was “shocked”: he and Harvard are incongruent, she said, without explanation.
Apparently she has been thinking of Harvard and Stanford.
Another sibling for the top: what an envious position, and what to expect!

The assassination of Sartawi has reechoed in my imagination! *Al Ahram Iqtisadi*
has published my paper on the Palestinians and Israel.
A reaction from the PLO had been requested and it came above the name of Saleh el
Barghouti.

It was angry, personal, insulting, emotional, self-reinforcing, and assertive.
Analysis and detail had no place, and logic evidently was not in their dictionary.
Apparently “he who is not blindly with us must be destructively against us”.
I thought of responding but decided it was not worthy of a response.
It will only confuse the real issue and make it harder for my plans to enact.

Rabiya graduates from the Cairo American College (high school).
The stage is by the pyramids.
The speaker is Susan Mubarak, First Lady of Egypt.
The student speakers are impressive.
Rabiya is winner of the International Affairs Award and is a member of the National
Honor Society.
One phase is ended and another is about to connect.

Ramadan is here again and the days of uncertainty are on us.
AUC had scheduled the commencement, but only tentatively, pending the official
proclamation of the feast.
Government, business, traffic, schools, all will be affected by the designation of *Eid al-Fitr*
day (Breaking the fast Holiday).
Back to what an American student had suggested: Why not use modern technology to
precisely set the time of the new crescent? And upset the Establishment!

However, something else has been on my mind: Going back to California to teach,
research, and preach for peace.
Great apprehensions surround me, almost to a level of depression.
The depression, if that is what it is, goes back to life itself.
The questions keep returning: what is the meaning and the purpose?
To achieve: what does that mean?
To have fun, to serve others, and to be recognized!
All this boils down to one thing: how to keep busy, with cheer and interest, for that may be
the only real fulfillment.

Had a visit from an Egyptian young man. He wanted advice on how to get to the States. He
also wanted to know if he could he get a fellowship.
He is in the Egyptian army, but not an officer, by choice.
He paid a bribe to be a soldier for 15 months, rather than an officer for a minimum of 36
months.
Even so, he goes in once or twice a week and does little service.
He actually does not have to report, as he said, because the officer in charge is a relative.
Woe to the enemy that will dare to face this force and its equipment.

The problem prevails through and through in this part of the world.
Leaders meet and talk about meeting and talking.
They announce programs and congratulate themselves, never mind the implementation.
They promise, exaggerate, and stay in office.
The people listen, frown (in secret), and obey.
The wheel of history keeps turning, but for them, it stands still, or seems to degenerate.
It is a game of leaders, of nations, of luck--or simply of careless abandonment.

It is August 13, 1983, and I am on my way back to California.
D had come to escort me home--a pleasant surprise.
We went to Israel and said good-bye.
Then to Rome we went for a vacation, and how pleasant it was. It is now time to reflect
on the past and on the future, and try to be wise.

Leaving Cairo was easy.

Few colleagues even noticed--especially the Egyptians.
Actually the Egyptian colleagues did not seem to care one way or another; I seemed to be a
foreigner to them and, therefore, in transit any way.

Naimi, the housekeeper, had plans of her own.
She hoped to inherit everything I would leave behind.
It is a gold mine and she is an experienced miner. It simply was a routine exercise.

I thought of the family. Mary had come to visit prior to our departure, but she was
lonesome.

The friends she wanted to see were not there, but it was a great enterprise.

Time is passing fast, but delays at NY airport were almost unbearable.
Had it been so in Cairo, foreigners would quickly complain. Egyptian inefficiency, but
apparently in NY it is OK.

I can complain, grin and bear it, or be calm and compromise.

Back in Davis, all seemed to be in order.
Two months after my return we are back into the old routine, but with a new twist:
women's equality campaign.

I am in favor.

We are supposed to be equal, but what it means depends on who is to equalize.

At the university the change is minor, but not so in my department.
The old guard is on its way out and a new generation is taking over:
The bright and mechanistic, it is musical chairs.
Others are becoming more and more conventional and redundant.
The students are confused and scared: conform to the new econometric trend or else. They
have to work with the faculty and its demands, for that is all they have on which to
capitalize.

As for me, whether hot or cold, happy or sad, frustrated or bored, my pace continues, in
the classroom and at home.

Writing, woodworking, and gardening, and to the office on my bike I go.
All "therapy" and at full speed, as if once again to confirm: you achieve more if you are
not able to socialize.

Far more telling was my saying no to alcohol. The days of martinis are over.
This time it was successful, after the millionth try.
Now I had more time, more money, more energy, more woodwork art, and more work in
the yard.

To make the change more dramatic, a new diet was in line.
Once again I am a vegetarian--27 years after the first one-year try.
Why kill an animal to eat it when you can do without, and at less cost?
The transformation is now complete, and I am deep in my franchise.

Yet, even as I feel the transformation, the nagging question keeps nagging: what is it all about?

What is the purpose of living: wealth, success, fame, and what does it all mean.

Religion could not provide an answer.

Philosophy and logic could not provide one either.

Tradition is too restrictive and unconvincing.

Science is hardly relevant in this regard.

Only one approach seems to help: Accept the trend and behave accordingly; we are here not by choice and most probably will leave without any choice either.

Our best venue to “happiness” is to be able to remain fully and interestingly busy.

That would be, no doubt in my mind, the most fruitful and lasting exercise.

Recalling Egypt provokes varying perspectives.

There you see the rich and the poor, the literate and illiterate, and the traditional and modern.

Life here seemed to pass by with little observable change: the economy grows and so does the population; new jobs and more workers to employ; more schools and more students to accommodate, let alone to educate.

You hear about freedom, but restrictions hit you in the face, and then you wonder: Why Problems Don't Go Away!

I had a seminar at my home for senior students.

They came with excitement. To be at a professor's home seemed like a novelty. Dinner followed and some entertainment, loud conversation, joking, laughing, and being jolly.

And then comes a phone call: you should stop that partying; all American women should go home; this is a warning by Security.

I asked questions but no details were coming; I directed the call to the University administration, but to them that was not disturbing.

Whatever it was, the mood was spoiled and it was the end of fun and play.

Next day I made inquiries. The University security knew nothing, so they said, but would investigate.

Yet they did not seem surprised, nor in the least perturbed.

Nothing came of the investigation; it was just another day.

Next door to Egypt was Israel where peace and war are a constant.

New Outlook was a peacemaker, though all the Jews involved were declared Zionists.

Israel was already a powerful reality and now it could afford to promote peaceful coexistence, on its own terms.

The shocker came one day when the editor asked me to participate in the 25th anniversary of the magazine, but also to write in support of its nomination for a Nobel Prize for peace.

I did write in celebration, but not in support of the nomination.

Those involved did good work, but as yet there was no peace, nor was the *New Outlook* approach a model for the Israeli policy.

But then, creating one's own perspective can serve as a mainstay.

Why don't problems go away? That question kept haunting me.

Why has the M.E. remained underdeveloped and poor?

It was the same manuscript I had refused to modify for Westview Press.

Pacific Books was interested and an intensive effort followed.

It took another year and the book was in good shape.

Even so, perspectives differ.

It took two more years for *ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL CHANGE IN THE MIDDLE EAST* to be out on display.

The question continued to nag and a case study seemed timely.
Egypt was a good candidate, for that was the land of IBM: Inshallah, Bukra, Ma'alesh
(You do it if God wills; do it tomorrow rather than today, and if you do not do it, it does
not matter.)

I embarked and analyzed, digging deeply and making unpopular inquiries.
It seemed hopeless: Underdevelopment seemed chronic because it was institutionalized.
Or at least the obstacles to change were:
Religion, the systems of education and government, tradition, and legacies of the past were
shackles that prevented change.
Only a social-educational revolution would make a difference, come what may.

To render the IBM motto an analytical tool I transformed it into Indecision,
Procrastination, and Indifference (IPI).
The *M.E. Journal* wanted the article for publication, but pressure on the editor was strong:
they did not want to offend people in the Muslim world.
Even though the editor agreed with all I said, the establishment was too strong and had the
power and the say.

That, fortunately, was not a disaster, and might even be considered a gain.
World Development was interested, with a much larger circulation, though it was rather
slow.
My thesis was in print, but how many of the beneficiaries of underdevelopment would it
impress or sway?

To reflect on the past can be revealing, painful, pleasing, annoying, refreshing, and creative, all at the same time.

Back in California after two years in Egypt made life seem so delightful.

Teaching and researching are most gratifying, but I still had time on my hands. Hence the return to woodworking, lamps, frames, backgammon sets, tables, and finally busts of people.

From sketches and photos, to abstracts, and imagination, all were expressions of my reflection.

If you can do some good for others, why not do it?

John Frenske is an artist working as a framer at Davis Lumber.

He seemed wasted. I asked him: why don't you have your own workshop? Lack of MONEY, he answered!

I offered to help and he accepted and so did Aggie, his wife. A partnership in which I would be a silent partner did not appeal to them.

A loan was more acceptable and so I agreed, though being a lender was not my intention.

They are happy, though the beginning is troublesome.

They have customers and there is work, but that is only a part of what it takes.

Drinking beer and socializing with customers are costly.

Tasks are delayed, customers are annoyed, and lying becomes a habit.

Evidently capital and skill are not enough.

You need the will, discipline, common sense, and good management, with focus and concentrated attention.

North Texas is calling. Judy Cochran with her cheerful self and smiling face was waiting.

I am to address her international conference as keynote speaker.

Students came and so did faculty, but the stars were the elderly visiting alumni.

They came to celebrate the University's attempt to forge ahead in international studies.

And to all appearances, they enjoyed the interaction.

Judy was in doldrums, wondering about her future.

She wanted a child, but she had no husband.

Time passes and soon it would be too late.

We talked and talked, seriously and in fun.

If you want a child, have one.

Men are available, but she was too conservative for that.

I left her thinking: how to have a child, and still pay homage to social mores.

Soon came the news: Judy was married, though the husband was a liability.

Jodiey was born, sweet as a confection.

Conformity and convention can be a hurdle.

The powerful want you to conform, and the weak are too afraid to face the music.
It may be a source of efficiency and comfort to conform, but to me it is a pain.
Hence my standing in the profession has been controversial.
I am not in the main stream, nor am I a giant who can break the mold and still be, even if
falsely, admired.
My interdisciplinary approach has my colleagues up in arms.
I do not “model”, nor do econometric studies, and I produce very few regressions.
I ask why, and not only what and how.
I try to explain and not simply reconstruct.
And that is unorthodox, even for economic historians and development economists of the
new breed.
But that is my approach; I stand firm and pay the price, with no hesitation or pretentious
joy

What is life all about?
The question keeps coming back, but answers are not to be found.
People strive to achieve, but what is achievement?
They succeed though they can hardly define success.
A few declare themselves successful and the rest follow and imitate, and thus both groups
keep busy.
Very few have time to ask what it is they are after, or whether they have a choice in the
matter.
All they do is re-deploy.

Somehow the best one can do is to be constructively busy.
Politicians keep busy trying to convince (fool) their supporters that they are doing them a
service.
Lawmakers fool themselves and others by passing laws to “improve” society.
Producers produce believing they can make the world go round happily.
People try to be busy to avoid asking why: some worship a god and others preach ;the
opposite; some keep busy trying to wage a war; others to prevent it; some search for
knowledge, but what is knowledge to start with?
The trick is to be interestingly busy, rather than bored, always ready to annoy.

And some wonder what others do and how, with little appreciation.
One colleague, for example, is critical of everything and everybody.
With no econometrics you cannot be good.
If you don't play tennis, you must be square.
If you do not do it my way, you must be wrong.
That is how he feels and what he implies.
Why pontificate and act as if you were the Pope?
He heard it and he reconsidered, but his sharp tongue he continues to employ.

I thought of playing a game of speculation:
Of the adult population 75 % keep busy struggling to obtain sustenance.
They thank God for what they have, or curse him/her for what they lack.

Some keep busy (10 %) by trying to convince the rest that they are doing what they are supposed to do.

Some (10%) have simply surrendered to a deity and are busy worshipping without even asking why.

About 4 % are disgusted, angry and destructive.

Only one percent is truly searching for answers.

Everyone is busy and all deserve to succeed.

It is what they believe they ought to do.

May be they succeed, achieve, produce, and live to enjoy!

Some people have it and some don't.

Some have to expend a lot of energy, while others need only try.

Mary went to UCD after finding Arcata (Humboldt State) not adequate for her art interests.

Rabiya went to Berkeley, though she might have liked to go to Harvard or Stanford.

Both graduated with honors, high for Mary and highest for Rabiya.

Both were awarded a President's Scholarship from the university; Rabiya finished her project; Mary did not.

Both received the same amount of help from us.

On graduation Mary was in debt and Rabiya had a healthy account in saving.

John went back to school for graduate work.

Columbia, John Hopkins, and Berkeley, all said yes, you are welcome, though the fees were different.

You may go wherever you want, we said, but we will help you up to the California fee standards; the rest is your responsibility.

He chose Berkeley.

Law, I suggested, but that would not do. Lawyers are mostly crooks, he complained.

Go and set a standard, I challenged, but that would be too much work.

He studied policy analysis, which seemed less rigorous and commanding.

Two years later John was certified with a diploma in hand.

He went to work but not in toxic waste, his chosen area of study.

It was policy in education that was calling and he was on his way to become a career analyst.

He did his work with efficiency, but evidently with little joy.

Go higher, I suggested, and enjoy more freedom and better rewards.

No, he said, that would be too demanding.

IP was a fellow student years ago and we have been friends ever since.

I saw him graduate and go to work, marry, divorce, marry again, and settle back in Berkeley.

I also saw him retire from teaching rather early, but I could not explain since his resources were not evidently abundant.

Even so he wanted to remain in the field of intellect.
What about a joint research on “Capitulations”, or the system of concessions the Ottoman Sultans offered to Christian (foreign) countries.

Yes, he said with enthusiasm.

We met, discussed, outlined (or I did) and set to work. A joint project was in the making.

Alas, words and deeds do not always coincide.

Weeks would go by and he would still be looking at the outline, or thinking of looking at the outline.

Months went by and yet no progress on his part.

Consulting for money, teaching on the side, and enjoying his retirement freedom--all “worthy” causes.

And finally it came out. He could not do it.

I finished the article and had it accepted for publication, while his feet he was dragging.

The Capitulations started as favors from the Sultan to foreign traders within his domain, back in the 15th-16th centuries

As Europe grew stronger, Capitulations became a subject of negotiation.

By the end of the 18th century Europe was strong and the Ottomans weak; the terms had changed.

Capitulations had become an obligation, to please Christian Europe, and, by extension, please America. The strong sets the terms, the weak must compromise and obey.

They called it an agreement, but all parties knew: calling it as such would be faking.

I was invited to serve on the board of editors of the *International Journal of Middle East Studies (IJMES)*, though I had not published in it.

I agreed and the flow of papers to read was on, which was normal.

What was not normal to me was the high degree of latitude left to the editor.
He could approve, reject, or determine the number and identity of the readers,
And use discretion in being selective.

One question of interest: suggestion of devoting one whole issue as a festschrift (dedicate an issue in honor of) to Farhat Ziadeh. Why?

Farhat was a good citizen of Middle East studies, directed a study center in Seattle, but did little research I am aware of.

Back and forth we proceeded, with discussions and a waste of time.

Finally to avoid setting a precedent (a technical reason) we said NO, to be protective.

“Territory and Resources in Palestine: Whose Are They Anyway” was the title of an invited paper, eventually published by the International Center for Peace in the Middle East.

Deciding between Arab and Jewish claims had always been troublesome, but in this case I found that neither had a foolproof case for Palestine, nor to any of the Holy places.

Even more significant was the finding that Jerusalem was neither sufficient nor necessary to fulfill the national interest of either Jews or Arabs.

They fight for Jerusalem because of nationalism, greed, the struggle for power, and the belief that winning will prove you can be effective.

Agrarian reform was always important to me. Therefore it was flattering to be invited to write another paper for FAO: *Bottlenecks and Constraints in Agrarian Reform.*”

It took months but it was completed.

FAO helped by supplying a lengthy bibliography and many documents.

I was satisfied with the results and so was the administration of FAO.

They decided to publish the paper and then came the call to reject it: my guess is certain governments intervened to avoid taking responsibility for the bottlenecks and obstacles that stood in the way.

The paper was circulated but not published.

Not to publish apparently was another way to avoid responsibility or impose a corrective.

M is an Iranian and R is an American; they differ in age, ethnicity, religion, and outlook.

They possibly have some physical attraction in common. That is what I thought until it became clear that M’s immigration problems were the focus.

R would marry M to help him get a green card. They did; now they live at the same address and that is all.

That was not to my liking.

Foolishly I expressed my views to M: If you marry and live in the same house, why not treat her like a wife?

To him that was not in the cards; apparently it is OK to violate the law, abuse a friendship, and for the green card also be deceptive.

To be a teacher requires training; the TA workshop was my responsibility. Meeting once a week and discussing problems of education was useful, but more intensive discussions would be worth it--so I thought.

A weekend retreat would do it.

Off to Bodega Bay we went: Spartan (rough) living in a beautiful setting, with two other faculty members attending.

We talked, discussed, simulated, and wrote a report.

Everyone seemed gratified, except the TAs. It was taxing on their time; it did not count toward the degree; it was not a prerequisite for a job.

Evidently to have training as a University teacher is still regarded as an elective.

SAQ had graduated and left to Kuwait to be a researcher. He divorced his "older" American wife, whom he had married for the sake of the green card, and married again, a young woman who could have children. He also did a lot of writing and publishing.

Then it came time to leave Kuwait: the Kuwaitis were Kuwaitizing their services, and SAQ was not a Kuwaiti: Now he needs a job.

We gave him a lecturer's position while he applied to dozens of universities, with no success.

Why? Obviously the quality of his research was below analytical standards in the US, though he was a star in Kuwait.

This tells the story of education and research in most of the Arab world: poor analysis, mostly descriptive, and repetitive.

That problem is not unique to the Arab world. I was granted a Fulbright-Hays fellowship to lecture in Turkey.

Months went by while trying to find out what courses and topics I should be preparing to lecture on.

My Turkish hosts were uncertain though they had made the request.

Again and again I tried in vain.

And finally came a suggestion from Turkey: Don't worry about the topic or the lectures; think of your visit as a vacation!

No, thank you, I said. My time is too valuable to squander; my intention was to work, help, and be productive.

Al Amin and his wife Amal, with three children, came visiting at UCD. I sponsored them for a year. They are Iraqis from Kuwait.

I met them at their motel and took them around to find an apartment. They were shocked that a professor would drive the old dodge station wagon I drove.

Al Amin tried to do research, almost like copying or translating the work of others. He wanted to give lectures but would always ask if they would pay and how much. How much did I get for lectures; he was shocked to hear that I would lecture for no pay.

He never knew, so he said, anyone with less interest in money.

Amal was attractive, well dressed, spoke English very well, but also traditional.

When invited to departmental parties, Al Amin would show up, while Amal stayed home with the children, even though the children did not need a baby sitter.

Was it to be traditional, or to be possessive?

I received the annual report of ICARDA from Syria, via Amman, by air--with 44 stamps, 40 piasters (100=1lira or pound) each, pasted on the envelope, all the same, like designed wallpaper.

Why this expenditure on printed matter?

Apparently it is other peoples' money; so far not a single page has been adequately informative or inventive.

Noam Chomsky is a great scholar of linguistics, but he also dabbles in Middle East and world politics. He is a Jew but anti-Zionist. He is anti-imperialism, and, by extension, anti-American imperialist Zionist policies.

He was taken to task by the establishment.

Pressures mounted to silence him, to no avail.

I sent him my congratulations for it was evident that the establishment was concerned. I saw in his experiences elements of my own rejection by main stream Arabs, Israelis, and Americans.

People have little tolerance, and leave no room to be different, even if insightful.

Eventually he was rendered predictable and virtually ineffective.

The year 1986 has been full of activity, which most people would consider great.
Yet months have passed without recording any event, until I found myself on the plane to
Kuwait.

It seems that being on the plane is inspirational--positively or negatively, and writing in
your journal becomes natural.

There I was wondering what good would my trip do for me or for the Kuwaitis.
But then, that feeling was an extension of my on-going battle with the question: So what!
Are we more than an invisible dot?

Nothing has seemed significant except a pleasant visit by my friend, FU from Nigeria.
Now she is gone. Another came from Cairo, Egypt, and she is gone too.
JN was a philosophy professor and a great friend, suddenly he is dead, having fallen from
a ladder, while painting a rental property.

The Arabs and Israelis are still fighting, and so are people in central and East Asia, in
Africa, and Latin America.

All seem to be searching or trying, to no avail. It must be a fateful plot.

My department thought my work was good but not nationally distinguished. May be so,
but none of theirs is either.

I must be in good company, and I do enjoy what I do. That counts for a lot.

Life at home has followed a routine with little of unique importance, except my
involvement in woodwork and sculpting:

Frames, Lamps, Backgammon sets, tables, busts, and abstracts.

Production goes on as if in a factory, mostly after 10 pm.

Why?

Because I have the energy, interest, growing skill, and the appreciation of my audience.
That at least is one positive spot.

I am on the way to enlighten the Kuwaitis, as a distinguished visiting professor, which has
a ring to it!

I have high expectations and curiosity, but will anybody learn anything?
But I am an educator; I go on trying to enlighten; the rest is up to them, whether they learn
or not.

Yes, I said it is a Kuwaiti airline:
The plane was manufactured in the United States;
Some of the crew are German;
Some of the flight attendants are Korean;
And all the food was produced outside of Kuwait.
It is still called Kuwaiti Airline, as if Kuwait were a melting pot.

Landing in Kuwait was smooth, early evening, few formalities, and a few people waiting
to receive me:

Sami Khalil (Dept. head), SAQ and his brother, H, and MK, a car and a chauffeur.
It was a pleasant surprise and even more so when we arrived at the Hyatt Regency.
And soon Al Amin was there with his family to welcome me.
That should have made me feel good, but I was in a rut.

My chauffeur was a Yemeni who was always reminded of being a foreigner.
He points to Kuwaiti palaces and describes his one room abode for a family of six.
Visited the dept. and met a few people as if I were being interviewed for a post.
Routinely around ten the faculty members gather in the department head's office for
coffee.

They come and sit, and coffee follows.

They do not do so in the afternoon because by then they will have gone home.
Visited KISR (Kuwait's Institute of Scientific Research), where SAQ is a big shot.

Met a few people.

I would neither encourage nor discourage;
Even then, little seemed inspiring.

The Economics Department and KISR have multinationalism galore.
Kuwaitis are a minority, though their numbers are growing fast: Egyptians, Palestinians,
and Iraqis predominate.

Teaching

economics is more like teaching in a glorified high school. You read the
textbook and you will pass; memorize it and you will excel.

The textbook is mostly a reprint of the professor's notes, which are summaries of a foreign
text.

Papers, homework, deep analysis, and creativity are neither forthcoming nor expected.
Frankly, there was little worth admiring.

The faculty members are, on the whole, intelligent and should be capable.

However, the incentives are lacking: no tenure or security of employment.

Salaries are set and easy to earn, with little accountability or competition.

Research papers, as in KISR, are often reports requested by one government office
or another. These reports are mostly descriptive, wordy, and benign.

People are kept busy and the checks keep coming.

Oil continues to flow, with little effort in domestic perspiring.

Like most other cities, Kuwait has classes: the foreign poor are crowded and the rich
Kuwaitis are in palaces.

Cars are everywhere and my best driver was a woman (Maysoon).

Cultural life (as I observed it) was mostly family affairs--you gather, gossip, and go home,
with sweet tea to sweeten the occasion.

People compete in the amount of furniture, clothing, and trips abroad--professionals and favorites of the royal family in particular.
Health services and education are free, especially for Kuwaitis, and taxes are unheard of. And yet, the people are restless. Depending on whom you ask, and where they come from, will expose the implied scheme of conspiring.

The dean was a Kuwaiti woman.
A prince was a member of the faculty, but he spent little time there.
Classes were small and the students, I was told, were docile, un-enquiring,
And hardly ever curious.
That last description was false.
In every class I lectured, always in Arabic, the discussion was delightful.
You open the gates and they rush in: you invite questions and the discussion is unending.

The library is modern--big new building, lots of shelf space, and the budget is generous and always in surplus.
One problem is the lack of professional librarians;
Another is the limited demand by students who rush home, or are chauffeured, soon after classes.
Still another is the lack of faculty enthusiasm in screening and ordering books and journals.
As one faculty member put it: Why should I waste my time, nobody is paying me, and there is no reason pretending.

The Palestinians are doing well in Kuwait: good jobs, high pay, and a reasonable amount of freedom.
But they still are on the outside: They cannot own property.
They can run a business only if they have a Kuwaiti as a senior partner;
And they can only dream of security of residence or work.
Once they lose a job or retire, they can no longer stay.
Even those born in Kuwait can only hope, and avoid offending.

I gave my report to the Economics department, with a few recommendations:
Security of employment, accountability, and analytical skills for the students will be a great improvement.
I left with little material riches, but with lots of human sentiment and friendship.
Two weeks were enough and I was ready, to home be returning.

As I reflect back on the visit, I could see women in Kuwait with appearances of modernity and freedom:
They drive, dress European, go shopping unescorted, and act as if they were on their own. Yet, they could not travel without permission of a male relative. They could be divorced at the man's discretion. They also must obey the orders of a male relative.
Amal walked on the beach in high heels. Maysoon visited me at the hotel with her children and sister in law, but in veils.
Religion dominates, side by side with tradition, as long as they are within the country.
It may be freedom, but still highly frustrating.

Naim was in Kuwait and he came to see me.
He is a close friend since childhood. He still works for the CCC and has become well off.
Now he is nearing formal retirement.
His problem is, where do we go? Palestine is closed, Lebanon is in trouble, and in Greece
we are foreigners!
Many dislocated Palestinians are in the same boat:
And they find little comfort in explaining.

I am back in Davis, with full extracurricular activity: M.E. lecture series, UNA presidency,
and woodwork as well as teaching and doing research.

The celebrated Edward Said comes to lecture on critical theory:

Bright, lucid, and arrogant, with

Blind commitment to Palestinian causes.

He blames the US, Israel, and the world, but the Palestinians can do no wrong.

Even corruption is explained as necessary for Arafat to hold all factions together.

Edward Said had great advice for me: not to criticize Palestinian authorities in public--
even when they are wrong?

He also advised me not to invite Fuad Ajami to speak; "he is a hater of Palestinians".
"Instead," he said, "invite me".

With his unrealism, Said can be both an asset and a liability.

Getting ready to go to Israel--John and Martha.

Special treatment was awaiting us at the airport in Israel:

Interrogation, delay, and then apology.

John declared that he would never return to Israel, and he has not.

A conference in Tel-Aviv, under auspices of the Armand Hammer Fund, was the occasion.

Gideon Fishelson had dedicated himself to go on working on Arab-Israeli problems
until there is peace. His idealism dominates and his technical expertise obeys.

Haim Ben Shahr would fund research by Arabs if I agree to direct it.

Seev Hirsch is upset by my use of the word occupation: he calls it "liberation".

Why not end the occupation and then we will not use that word.

If liberation it is, why are the people unhappy?

Evidently the Arabs don't count.

Hirsch is satisfied that the liberation applies to the land, but not to the community.

A main theme of the conference was how much material benefit would peace realize.

Joyce Starr spoke about water; Fishelson modeled projects on energy, tourism,
manufacturing, etc.; others talked about trade.

I was skeptical: what can Israel offer the Arabs at better terms than they can get from
Europe, the United States, or the UN?

Why not seek peace for its own sake?

Some complained about my presence: Joyce Starr argued: Tuma at least came.

Finally there was Riad Ajami, brother of Fuad, and professor of business management:

Riad is bright, lucid, less arrogant than his brother, but also less realistic.
He wants Israel to help Lebanon; not just get out.
Evidently we Arabs have no unified agenda nor a single strategy--what we need is a strong
identity.

That feeling was reinforced after meeting Hanna Siniora in Jerusalem.
He is close to the PLO; we talked about terrorism, economic development, a Palestinian
state, and internal conflicts.
We agreed on most issues, but Hanna is a Christian and is unlikely to have a prominent
position or much influence with the Palestinian authority.

Israel was a pleasure to leave, especially when our next destination would be Spain--D and
I finally will have a vacation.

The Paradors of Spain were a great facility:
Big rooms, clean, well located, with good service.
The prices were controlled, not too cheap, but neither were they exorbitant, especially for
Madrid.
They also were a facility because similar lodges existed in other cities and thus we could
ensure a decent accommodation.

The cathedrals, the palaces, and the historic quarters were enchanting.
The Juderia district (for Jews of old times) was especially attractive.
Here Arab and Middle East culture seemed to dominate: big courtyards behind walls and
closed gates.
We managed to peep and take a look.
The old and the new were wed nicely.
And so was the food: European with a touch of the M.E. or Mediterranean.
Yet, we had to struggle a little: our Spanish--more specifically D's, was limited and we
had to depend on symbols and meager translation.

Granada was certainly a reflection of medieval Arab culture.
The architecture was preserved and almost successful in making me nostalgic.
Even so, there was a nagging question: If the Arabs were so great, why have they lost that
greatness?

Seville was equally or even more attractive:
Cathedrals, palaces, and people dancing in the streets.
Food was delicious wherever we went, although the chefs we talked to were perplexed:
How can one be vegetarian? And how can one eat dinner without wine?
These questions were another source of fascination.

We drove from Cordova to Granada to Seville and back after experiencing a mishap in
beautiful Seville.

It was there where a burglar proved his expertise.

With one movement of his arm he broke the car glass and snatched D's purse from the
back seat:
Money, passport, credit cards, driver's license, and all are gone and subject to cancellation.

The most lasting impression of the trip was the acres and acres of well-groomed olive
trees.

The trees were lined in perfect order, free of weeds, large but not old. Even though not
irrigated, they looked lush and healthy.

We drove for miles in the company of these trees, some with one trunk and some with
multiples.

I took one picture after another as if to convince myself that Spain's ability to compete in
olive oil was well deserved:
Not a bit of exaggeration.

Spain was a delight, though the lost passport entailed problems.
The US consulate staff were not surprised, nor were they in a hurry to help.
It is a routine matter and they must follow procedure.
It is ironic that I had to certify that D was an American and her request for a new passport
was legitimate.
Yet formalities matter, though sometimes they seem as an added complication.

The International Congress of Economic History was planned for Bern, Switzerland.
The M.E. had never had a session in the Congress. Why not, I thought.
I prepared a theme and it was approved and now comes the problem--whom to invite.
Israelis were anxious, French and British were willing. But Arabs, it was
impossible to recruit, at least among those I knew.

The session had good papers but the audience was sparse.
The discussion became hot when it concerned Palestine.
Nachum Gross, Ephraim Kleiman, David Landes, Paul Hohenberg, Irene Kostrowiska, and
Dr. Kotovsky were all there. These were friends and acquaintances with whom my
relationship was ripe to renew.

Nachum had a session on minorities.
Most presenters were applauding the "great achievements" of the M.E.
Which achievements, I asked.
Even in the US the Blacks are still treated poorly, Jews are discriminated against, and
equality is but a dream.
David Landes was excited: "I am proud to have been your teacher", he said, feeling the
relevance of my remarks, he being an American Jew.

The session on trade was almost a forerunner for the debate on globalism.
Its theme was integration through trade.
Speaker after speaker tried to show how trade had integrated East and West and
brought the world closer together.

All that seemed distorted.

That is why I asked: if there has been integration through trade, has the gap between East and West been narrowed? Have prices and incomes been equalized or brought closer to each other?

Or what has happened to the quality of life of the people?

The only answer was: we have been discussing the process but not the goals; that is left to another crew.

People came from Davis as well: Alan, Peter, Greg, and Mort--the cadre of economic historians at UCD.

Alan played host, evidently with IGA and Ag History funds.

I met them accidentally at a restaurant and Alan introduced me to his guests from Eastern Europe and the US.

Suddenly I was important: One scholar from Pennsylvania wanted to shake my hand because of my book on Economic History of Europe.

Another was an admirer of my book on Agrarian reform.

A third from Britain was excited to see me in person, having read my book on methodology.

Alan was proud and apologetic that he had not included me among the beneficiary few.

Bern is a delightful city: small, clean, rich with water (the AARAU river runs in the middle), bridges, greenery, churches with bells, and public transportation.

Walkways along the river for pedestrians and bikes are quite inviting.

Most interesting is the intensive use of the land: not an inch is allowed to be idle; at least not the areas I could view.

I did have a problem: vegetarian food was hard to find, especially because of my hesitation in speaking German, but I did manage.

The streets are clean and the cleaners are evidently foreign.

That should not be strange where the per capita income is probably the highest in the world.

What is strange is that they sweep the streets with straw brooms, manually, even though automation is sweeping the world.

It must be cheaper, cleaner for the environment, and a source of jobs for the needy outsiders.

Suddenly the old tool has become fashionable, even though from this some discrimination apparently grew.

Back in Davis I was again searching for an outlet for my thoughts.

Professional writing was continuing;

My President's Message for UNA was another, often published in the local paper.

But I wanted more. This signaled the birth of *AVP*, or *Another Viewpoint*.

I would write a monthly commentary in political economy, on one principle, or one cause.

It had to be brief, concise, and relevant.

Over the next six years I covered topics ranging from the Arab-Israeli conflict to the death penalty, discrimination, the status of women, food, poverty, and everything else that would go in a stew.

Invited contributors helped but the bulk was mine.
I mailed the publication to a limited number of individuals and institutions.
Again Arabs rarely paid any attention.
Jews and Israelis spread the word and wanted to be on the mailing list.
But my greatest support came from *Al Fajr*, a Jerusalem weekly edited by Hanna Siniora.
Though he did not always agree with my analysis he was ready to broadcast it to the many
and the few.

While I was cherishing my expanding horizon, irritations were bound to occur.
This time it was the American University in Cairo.
Their Press had contracted with me and my co-author to publish our booklet. Trees for
people in Cairo. They did not publish it.
We complained, pressed for an answer, and then the answer came:
There was no file or trace of the agreement.
Evidently the director had changed his mind and in the process simply made the file
vanish.
Even the University president did not care.
Why rock the boat, it seems, when you are in the comfortable pew.

A similar fate had met the Arabic version of my book, *Economic and Political Change*.
A rejection had come with a devastating critique.
Al Amin who had done the translation was upset:
His translation, he said, was excellent. The editors usually consulted two readers at least.
The lone reader in this case is a competitor who had his book to promote.
True or not I did not want to be involved.
This was Al Amin's baby and I had little to go on. Years later I discovered that he had it
published in his name, as a translation of my book. Why he did not tell me, I have no clue.

While these may be setbacks, there were positive accomplishments as well.
My lectures on the economics of war delivered in Kuwait were published in Arabic in *Al
Watan*.

My revised article on land reform came out in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.
The article on technology transfer was coming out in the *J. of Developing Areas*;
The article on the capitulations was to be published in the *J. of European Economic
History*.

A few others were in press.
Little reason did I have to complain against anyone, or to sue.

Another highlight was my association with Emil Mrak, former chancellor of UCD.
I was president of UNA and he a willing recruit to chair UN Day celebrations.
We visited schools, delivered UN flags, watched their marches, and sometimes delivered a
speech.

Emil was with me every step of the way.
He also helped to organize a conference: Food on the Table, on behalf of UNA.
Speaker after speaker talked about food for developing countries, the poor in this country,
and aspects of nutrition.

The conference was a great success, though Emil did not live to see it.
A massive heart attack took him away a week before the conference.
I dedicated the collected papers to his memory as a scholar, humanitarian, and a friend.
He had noticed my woodwork and suggested that I should be a professor of Art.
Events had overtaken us, events, which hardly anyone could preview.

“How can you not hate?” This was Rabiya’s challenge.
She had faced animosity by Israelis and their supporters on the Berkeley campus.
They distorted facts, she said. They are arrogant, aggressive, and selfish.
They hardly consider anyone else beside themselves.
Look what they have done and continue to do to the Palestinians and Lebanese.
How can you not hate!
It was a long debate and a valuable self-review.

But I am an educator and that is my hope: that I would reeducate those people to be more
humanitarian, more realistic, and more cooperative.
That is my mission as a peacemaker.
How else could I help if I simply echo the main ideologues and hate-mongers on one side
or the other?
That may be how the majority behaves, but I am myself, one among the few.

It is New Year’s Eve and we are at the Carmel Mission Inn.
D has fallen asleep;
The invited children would not come;
“You look sad most of the time”, D had said earlier.
Maybe so; even though I try to look for the positive in every situation, I end up
pessimistic.
Life at home is routine, almost exhaustingly so.
War, poverty, discrimination, hate, individualism--all these you encounter in everyday life.
The rhetoric for reform and change is just that.
Even child abuse has been more common than I had imagined.
The accused deny, or the victims are too scared to complain.
Let us hope the effects on the victims will be minor and not lasting, as if set with
superglue.

Joint Arab-Israeli projects have always had an attraction to Israeli
Peacemakers.

The Armand Hammer Fund, directed by Haim Ben Shahar formally, and by Gideon
Fishelson in practice, had money for such research.

Hanna Siniora came visiting in Davis--parts of his extended family are trying to emigrate
to California, because life in Jerusalem is no longer bearable for them.

Hanna was pessimistic regarding peace in the M.E., but still he would cooperate.
He would identify Palestinian researchers, but funds have to be dispensed through me.
That is how Samir Hazboun and graduate students were able to conduct a survey on
industrialization.

Nadia Takriti would also conduct research, but would take money only through me--no
direct contact with Israelis.
Evidently appearances still count most and she would not want it known that funds came
from Tel Aviv university.

We agreed; she promised to explore, outline, and submit a proposal.
Ten years later she was still in exploration.

Speaking of peace movements, 1987 has marked a major loss: Simha Flapan has
surrendered to a weak heart.

He was a co-founder of *New Outlook*, an activist for peace, and an author.
He finished his two volumes in which he challenged many of the myths on which Zionist
and Israeli policies have been based.
Soon after he finished, he collapsed.

Some say it was fate to die soon after the second volume's publication.

Unfortunately I could not attend his memorial in New York, but I did memorialize him:
I feel fortunate to have known him as a friend, a fighter in the cause of peace, and a
humanist and kind person.

Simha has left a powerful and constructive legacy;
His memory will be with us as a positive force in the struggle to bring about
peace and improve the conditions for both Israelis and Palestinians, to whose
peaceful coexistence he dedicated his life.

That was my personal loss too because he and I have worked well in harmonious
coordination.

Another loss of a different kind was that of Martin, my colleague, who had passed away
during my visit to Kuwait.

To memorialize him I had this to say and do:
An evergreen, this tree we plant in Martin's memory.
Friend and neighbor, his horse always mounting,
A run, a gallop, a trot, and a walk; it is time for parting.
It is the way we all go, choosing neither the step nor the timing.
The Olive grows slowly, my friend, to make its shade seem everlasting.

That long we shall remember you: trotting, energetic, and smiling.
Certainly death generates both simplicity and complication.

The M.E. and UNA were dominating my extracurricular activities.
While the “Food on the Table” project was a highlight, I embarked on a lecture series on
the M.E.

I wanted prominent Palestinians to come and tell their story.
Walid Khalidi apologized; Edward Said and Rashid Khalidi did not return my phone calls.
Ibrahim Abu Lughod condescended to say he would “accommodate” us during his visit to
Berkeley.

We set a date, reserved a lecture hall, and prepared the announcement.
Ibrahim was to confirm.

He neither confirmed nor showed up.
That is the story of the Palestinian (Arab) operation.

I invited an Israeli, Edy Kaufman.
My letter was forwarded to him across the ocean. He wired back to thank me and accept
the invitation.

The series was fairly successful--Judy Cochran was cheerful and energetic, but with little
substance.

Ann Lesch was giggly and pleasant, held attention and conveyed a serious message.

Peter Van Husen chose an historical topic that nobody cared for.

Leonard Binder was good but acted a little cocky and condescending.

Tayseer Nashef, from the UN, the most promising, read a paper, was somewhat dull and
too cautious in dealing with questions.

He simply was not well informed for our audience.

Overall the series drew small audiences, but it involved serious experimentation.

More interesting and audience pulling was the series of lectures by Charles Issawi, my
guest as a Regent’s lecturer.

Issawi was pleasant, lucid, humorous, well prepared, and easygoing.

He gave 7 lectures and all were well attended, even though his topics were not
controversial.

He surveyed the modern history of the M.E.

Absolutely nothing he said was controversial.

To his advantage, certain faculty required their students to attend: thus he was assured a
congregation.

I was his host. I met him and his wife at the airport.

He looked frail.

It felt as if we had known each other for years.

We hosted him at home, drove him around, and tried our best to make him and his wife
feel comfortable.

His *Issawi’s Laws of Social Motion* was quite useful in introducing him at each lecture.

He presented us with an autographed copy.

Even so, the interaction seemed mostly professional.

Once he had left, there was no further communication.

This was the year of Morocco. Intellectual Arab émigrés were on call. The Minister of culture, Mohammed Beneisa, had initiated a program to honor and attract back Arab intellectuals from the Diaspora.

A week in Morocco was like a year's course in Arab and North African culture.

Rhetoric: This is your home and we are your family--that was the rendition of most officials we came in touch with.

About fifty "intellectuals" had come, some with spouses, to interact, enlighten, or just to have a vacation.

Each had a topic to discuss and the program looked tight and well organized, but only so it looked.

Palestinians, Iraqis, Lebanese, Egyptians, Algerians, and on and on--they all came, each with his or her own interpretation.

The chair was a Tunisian poet, residing in France.

He kept strict order regarding time allowed for each presenter. Sometimes he reduced the allotted time without prior notice. My time went down from 35 minutes to 15.

Others missed their session. They were given time to deliver their papers, just the same.

Still others were invited to deliver a day sooner than scheduled.

And some were cut short and had to sum up with evident irritation.

I protested in the name of order and efficiency.

The crowd booed. How dare I protest against the ruling of the chair!

"We are not the army", the chairperson declared. The crowd applauded.

Obviously there was a misunderstanding.

I asked to speak and apologized, and they applauded.

I apologized again and they applauded again--unbelievable.

"That is a first" said Al Sayad of the Arab League.

"For a professor to apologize, that is unheard of".

"By example you give a good education".

Some papers were good and some were not, and some speakers simply improvised; once again rhetoric was in vogue.

The papers were to be revised and collected in a book under the auspices of the Minister.

To my knowledge they were neither revised nor set for publication.

The conference was in Assilah, home of the Minister, who also was the mayor.

Residence for us was in Tangier, in four different hotels.

Shuttle buses were employed, never on time.

The drivers were not concerned: "the meetings could not start without us!"

Assilah is the site of the summer university created under the auspices of the crown prince who is a candidate for a Ph.D. in history/politics.

The town is historical, cultured, and clean for the occasion.

I proposed establishing a library to be initiated with collected writings of the guests.

They heard my call and that was the end of the library initiation.

A tour to Fez was planned in our honor. A bus would come and take us.
We waited and waited but there was no bus, nor a warning.
I called the Minister around 10 am.
“What are you doing here? You are supposed to be on the bus. Now that you have missed
it, it is best to go by train.”
The fact that we were left behind did not cause him any agonization.

We hired a taxi with a knowledgeable driver.
That was fortunate: comfort, local guide, and enjoyment on the road.
We went by beautiful terrain, old towns and villages, some restricted, where only Muslims
could spend the night.
We ate at the Zeitouni restaurant, at the suggestion of the driver. That was a treat:
Arabic decor, authentic Moroccan food, extensive menu, and great service. The driver was
our guest, though the restaurant manager would have fed him as a reward.
He brings guests and they reward him in appreciation.

At Fez we caught up with the group and the bus driver who had left us behind.
He said he did not stop at our hotel because it was not on his way, and the group did not
want him to make a detour, the minister’s instructions notwithstanding.
Evidently he was not worried and the intellectual émigrés were unconcerned.
That seemed to be a reaffirmation of the expression often used to explain:
“We are in the Middle East”.
Once you are there, out go all forms of organization.

We were invited to a wedding; probably over 500 were in attendance, Arabic/French style:
Lots of light, loud music, abundant food, and genuine hospitality.
It was also an occasion for political networking.
We were extended many invitations to come back, though none seemed real enough to
warrant further investigation.

We visited a leather factory for which Morocco has fame.
The stink, conditions of work, and the inflated prices were all unique in this tourist trap.
We did purchase leather jackets for Mary and Rabiya, and both were pleased.
The quality was great and the material was totally free of imitation.

From Fez to Marakesh: another taxi and another driver.
Marakesh was the most genuinely Moroccan city or town we have seen.
Palaces, Mosques, and the market--all seemed genuine and fabulous in appearance and
design.
And so was the royal garden, probably a 200 acre, next to one of the King’s nine palaces.
The garden is irrigated from a reservoir fed by canals from the Atlas Mountains.
This is private property of the king.
Fresh produce year around, we were told.
And on occasion a floating platform is set up as a stage for the king to celebrate and
receive homage.

That is the tradition: the rich and poor, the order of disorder, and the name of Allah --all are here in full representation.

Casablanca was our point of arrival and departure.
A day and a half in the city were enough--it is not French, Arab, or Spanish; it is a mishmash of all three, and Italian as well.
It seemed to be the quintessence of confusion, diversity, and chaos.
Yet people congregate, business flourishes, and the city grows.
We had good meals, overpriced hotel services, and taxi drivers whose meters are always out of order for foreigners:
Of the order of disorder this was a true indication.

Woodworking has become an addiction, mostly late at night; by then all is quiet except for my chisel and mallet.

The chisel has no eyes and my left hand was in the way.
A big cut and a flow of blood needed attention.
I informed D that I was on my way to the hospital and was gone.
The doctor on call was irritated: what were you doing with chisels at midnight!
She even tried to avoid doing anything about the wound except cleaning it; it would heal by itself, she said.

Wouldn't the stitches expedite the healing and make it look more natural?
Yes they would, she had to admit. With a few stitches the problem she did lick.

J and M are in the process of purchasing a house, which is promising.
They are planning for the future and doing it wisely.
The prices are high and the bids often exceed the asking price.
I discouraged such bidding, but it is never certain that one's advice will stick.

Off to Baltimore I go, to MESA (Middle East Studies Association) and lecture presentation.

The good part is that Mary will join me for a couple of days.
We talked about all that counts.
Try a positive attitude, I suggested,
Or take leave from school, if you want.
That, somehow, was the option, which apparently did the trick.

A day of shopping ensued. A dress or a suit?
We searched and tried one outfit after another.
She finally found the right suit and she looked extremely elegant and beautiful in it.
The change was easy and quick.

Nadia called from Australia; she and Mohammed are afraid of going back to Iraq and his job.

For the first time her husband admits that she could be in danger as a Palestinian and a Christian.

In socialist Iraq these characteristics were supposed to be irrelevant. Evidently the rhetoric and the reality are at odds and are flammable like a wick.

Intellectually there is always a new departure.

While continuing to work on the IBM (*Inshallah, Bukra, Maalesh*) article, a new theme was emerging.

Now my pet topic is the economics of war and peace.

I lecture here and there, always hammering at the costs and benefits of these. Student groups, civic groups, and John Youngerman's class on atomic power were my platform.

As usual, this has become a mission and my response has been solid like a brick.

As I look back at the last few months it seems that little has changed.

I write, do woodwork, communicate with the children, and watch the days go by.

Life at home is serene, though it has never been alarming.

I enjoy what I do. The problems are under control. There is no call for an injection or a prick.

Serving on university committees has always been interesting:
 You meet colleagues and administrators; sometimes you deal with interesting issues; it
 makes you feel useful.
 But it also gives an insight into the inner workings of the system.
 And that often generates pain and a sense of bereavement.

It happened with the Affirmative Action Committee.
 Its cause was close to my interests and I thought I could help.
 As it went, we met to discuss what we should discuss.
 The next time we would discuss what we had discussed.
 We would invite an administrator to give a presentation, often a regurgitation of what that
 administrator had said the year before.
 Or one would come with statistics already in print.
 Little new, little progress, and little hope of change in the foreseeable future! I finally
 refused re-appointment in protest for the lack of evident achievement.

Problems at the university seem unending.
 We have more computers and more advanced technology.
 Yet less seems to be accomplished: Instructors now print most of their own papers,
 correspondence, and class work.
 The staff still complains that they are always too busy.
 Evidently the new technology helps administrative concealment.

Similar problems arise when asking student groups "why problems don't go away."
 Financial interests, honesty on the exams, commitment to programs, or relations with the
 administration--all seem to have recurrent problems that never go away.

Why?
 Intellectual laziness, lack of understanding, or vested interests, usually mean the end of
 any attempt to solve the problems.
 All they try for is immediate gratification and appeasement.

Problems arise in private life as well.
 The news of my brother Khalil's death was disturbing, though not as much as I thought it
 would.
 His son, Monder, wanted to travel to Israel to attend the funeral. I discouraged him, and I
 did not go.
 It was not only a waste of money and time I wanted to avoid, but also because of the lack
 of remorse, and the futility of pretending.
 Khalil's life was full of unhappiness, especially because of his personal behavior and his
 addiction to alcohol.
 His death was probably a relief and no reason for aggrievement.

Strangely enough I felt more sorrow for the passing away of Violet.
She was still young, a firebrand in public affairs, and a longtime friend, whose absence
would leave a gap.
Evidently social relations count more than blood relations, to my surprise and amazement.

I saw Joyce Starr again in Washington.
Water problems in the M.E. still preoccupy her, but Jewish issues do so too.
She has contracts to write books on both.
Where does she stand is not clear: Is she a democrat or a republican, a Zionist, or an
internationalist, a peacemaker or a troublemaker?
Somehow all this fits one or another of her behaviors.
I had expected closer "intellectual" relations, but she is hard to pin down, except when it
comes to her own entertainment.

"Future Finance Minister in Palestine" was the headline of a write-up on me in *Yediot
Ahronot*, the largest circulation paper in Israel.
Moshe Ronen flew over for an interview. Why? I asked.
"I don't know, they told me from headquarters in Tel Aviv to come and interview you."
And interview me he did.
For five to six hours he was on my trail or in my company--in class, in meetings with
students, around the campus, and at the office.
He had read some of my papers and now he wanted details of my life.
The result: a long and flattering article with pictures (March 1988).
Friends from Israel sent me copies and many in the village bought the paper (though in
Hebrew).
And some made complete translations into Arabic.
The Palestinians were still lukewarm, though one paper in Nazareth published a section of
the interview.
Israeli Jewish intellectuals, in contrast, were most supportive, with evident vigor and
admiration for my attainment.

You win a few and you lose a few.
Ed Rabin is a colleague and a neighbor, and a Zionist with whom I had debated often.
And now a showdown time has come.
At the Capitol Discussion Group, another debate is underway.
He on behalf of Israel, and I on behalf of peace--though the organizers considered me a
representative of Palestine.
We argued back and forth on how to bring about peace. He kept hammering on the issue
of security.
But to my delight and for the first time he admitted that a state of Palestine
is in order, if only security can be guaranteed by a solid Palestinian attempt for terror
containment.

Off to Israel with D I go, to speak, console, and entreat.
Following the usual ceremonials at the airport, we joined the family in the village.

Khalil was gone and therefore a visit with Rose was in order.
Strangely enough she was not as depressed as I had feared.
Tears would come down almost as a duty, but to me that was a relief.
However, the family stay was a mix: the pleasant and the unpleasant.
Mother is slowing down, but would not settle down:
"I am a refugee", she complains: they try to keep me in as a prisoner at home.
Apparently wanting to protect her, my sisters hold the sway.

The siblings nag at each other:
Julia and her family are greedy and never feel they have enough.
Jiryis and his family are poverty cases but they do little about it:
Jiryis comments on everything and says little positive about anything.
Works part time because of heart problems, so he says.
Yet he would not allow his wife to work--tradition!
Sami drinks and acts silly. He becomes rude, abusive, and unpleasant.
And yet, they are my family and from them I can hardly stray.

Planted trees at Khalil's and the family graves.
Members of the family came along and responsibility was assigned to volunteers for tree
care.

This was a novel idea. The cemetery is like a junkyard.
Anyway it was educational, I thought, in an indirect way.

Off to meetings in Tel Aviv I go, at the Pinhas Sapir's Economic Policy Institute.
The panel discussion was accompanied by paper presentations on economic relations
between Israel and the Occupied Territories.
The panel was active and I was the target.
In brief: other panelists see occupation as a positive economic force--I emphasized
poverty, low wages, and discrimination.
They see economic growth; I see stagnation.
They see advantages of free trade with Israel; I see danger of free trade imperialism.
Even so, they want me to cooperate. Gideon Fishelson made it clear that same day.

This was the period of the *Intifadah* and Children of the Stones.
Arab children and youth throw stones at Jewish soldiers and civilians. The soldiers
answer with bullets, arrests, and bone breaking, by order of Yizhak Rabin.
Arab children miss an education and grow up in hate.
Sami Geraisy thought the *Intifadah* was futile because the Arab countries were not
supportive.
Father Ibrahim Tannous thought the Palestinians were rebelling against their own
leadership--a lesson they have learnt from Israel.
Within Israel little danger is felt; I did not even try to go to the Occupied Territories.
Facing stones and bullets was not my kind of play.

Ephraim Kleiman and the Adars are on my list of visitation.
These were pleasant gatherings, but uneventful, though Ephraim spilled some beans.

I had been nominated for a professorship at the Hebrew University, but it fell through, he said.

He did not know why, or he chose not to say.

Back to the States--two days in New York with Mary, who is still searching.

Her abode is gloomy, though to her it is home.

We talked, walked, ate, and enjoyed.

But in substance there was little new.

She is growing and her personality is being molded slowly in hard clay.

It was UN Day and I was the speaker: UN, Peace, and You.

The UN has made a difference, as much as its powerful members would allow.

We as individuals have a role: to impress on governments to cooperate.

We meet, we talk, and we hope,

But it is actions that leave impressions that stay.

By September another highlight was in the making: A trip to Washington, D.C. as keynote speaker on Food and Development in the Middle East.

BIFAD has called and I said yes.

And so D and I to Washington we go, a couple of days before the meetings, for vacation.

We visited the homes of Jefferson, Monroe, Monticello and Ash Lawn.

Shenandoah National Park, and the lush greens everywhere, cheer you up, enough to be willing to pay.

But talking about international food security is why we came, though all seems a formality.

The World Bank had its standard bearers, especially in the body of John Mellor.

People who disagreed with him seemed intimidated.

They want grants and he can prevent approval, or delay.

His theme is simple: developing countries can assure food security through trade, small farms, and labor intensive farming.

These bring jobs and trade will bring in the balance of food needed to consume.

But why should developing countries not adopt advanced technology and efficient farming?

Why should they not try to create jobs outside agriculture to absorb the surplus labor?

Why should they remain dependent, in a one-sided way, on foreign producers, for food?

John Mellor would have no answer except the efficiency of free trade, as if political boundaries and nationalism no longer play.

And here is Paul Findley--celebrated rebel in Congress.

He wrote *Dare to Speak*, and as a result he was blacklisted by the Jewish lobby.

That is how he explains his defeat, but his book has sold hundreds of thousands of copies, though it is uncertain how many Arab owners of the book have read it.

They know what he said and they agree.

Free publicity for his book! Woe to those who dare disobey.

More sightseeing: Smithsonian National Museum; Dinner at Joe and Tareys; Concert at the Kennedy Center, and a scare.

D had 18 hours of coughing blood, for no reason that we knew.

Visited Congress buildings and the White House, with special tickets in honor of D's connections in government.

D was excited and even nationalistic, proud of her Capitol and Government.
And justly so: From immigrants to super power, super producer, and from the top down they bless and pray.

The meetings were an eye opener once again:
The Arab countries are heading in the wrong direction.
Without industry, underdeveloped they remain.
Without self-reliance and independence from the World Bank and the USA, neither development nor industry will be there.
When will they wake up and face the challenge?
We hope it will happen, come what may.

Awareness of discrimination has been a constant.
But for me it is only a beginning.
A freshman seminar seemed timely.
"Economics of Discrimination" is the theme.
A select group of about 15 enrolled and here began an intellectual journey, which would go on for years.

Students were diverse by ethnicity, race, and gender.
Self-selection was the mechanism.
They had in common their own motivation, for the course was elective.
We began by self-examination: "My experience with Discrimination" was the topic each had to address.
And they did; they discussed, debated, befriended, and sometimes totally disagreed.
They acted fully like respectful peers.

The course was well appreciated and therefore repeated again and again.
I dug deeper and deeper in teaching and research.
A lecture here and a chapter there;
However, my activities dwindled with my formal retirement six years later.
In the meantime two new books saw the light: *Cultural Diversity and Economic Education*, and the *Persistence of Economic Discrimination*.
Both were parts of the intellectual journey, which brought knowledge, depression, hope and despair, but rarely any tears or sneers.

As an Arab in California I had my own experience.
The Arab community in Sacramento has been disturbed.

Textbooks endorsed by the Board of Education are biased, so they declared.
An Arab American Committee for California Education was formed and I was asked to be
on it.

Sahtout, Qazzaz, Bisharat, Wardani, and I were to approach the Board.
State Superintendent of Education Honig would only say NO. Staff members heard our
story.

Their answer: We cannot make any changes until the next edition.
Even then, we cannot promise, for once we agree to make a change, every small ethnic
group will want the same.

Our experts, they said, must have the last word.
Try and try again but all in vain; you may disagree, they said, but the books are free of
ethnic smears.

Being senior faculty has its rewards, and responsibilities.
Now I am engaged in a review of the Dept. of Political Science, as chair.
Interviews, reading of documents, inviting comments, and meetings:
We talk, debate, and try to agree.
And we did it--almost in a record time.
We recommended changes in curriculum, like staffing of certain areas, including the
Middle East.

A thank you note from the Chancellor was in the mail.
As to the impact, who knows! it takes a long time for having to shift gears

To change or not to change is always a debate at home.
The deck wood is rotting, but can be repaired. Should we repair or totally remove.
Back and forth with D--it is slippery, she said, after 18 years in place; it is old; it has
cracks; in effect: I don't want it.
In place of wood came concrete; smooth, easy to clean, but stark out of place.
D was happy; it was her wish, but our daughters were nostalgic.
It is sad to see the deck go, said Mary, with moist eyes, and from that sight she quickly
steers.

Once again the Palestinians are in turmoil.
 The second *Intifadah* (uprising) is on and the PLO has owned it.
 The attack on Israelis is primitive and erratic.
 But so it is also toward fellow Palestinians.
 Elias Freij had, as mayor of Bethlehem, felt the damage caused by the *Intifadah*.
 He proposed seeking a way to talk rather than throw stones.
 Arafat was incensed: Anyone who suggests stopping the *Intifadah* is a traitor, he declared.
 Freij is being silenced.

Not so threatening has been the attack of my prostate.
 Signs of cancer are appearing, though there is no certainty.
 From now on I am to be under the watchful eye of an MD.
 Scary? Of course, even though the symptoms are lacking.
 Yet, the growth of cancer can come quietly; it does not have to be licensed.

Negotiating the illness is hard, but it is the uncertainty that is truly disturbing.
 When will I know? The doctor cannot say.
 All I know is that I have to keep an eye on the symptoms.
 Soon I adjusted; accepted the news as a matter of fact, and that has been helpful.
 Face the problem and do what you can.
 Accept reality and don't feel you need to be bribed or paid.

Out of the blue comes a call--Harvard wants you.
 Actually it was not Harvard, but the Kennedy School of Government, which is more
 concerned with applied political economy.
 A program on economic cooperation in the Middle East is underway.
 Israelis, Palestinians, Jordanians, and others, but I would come there as an American.
 I contemplated briefly and said Yes, I would participate.

Two months later we conferred in Cambridge, MA.
 They came from Israel: Ephraim Kleiman, Gideon Fishelson, Eitan Shechinsky who had
 called me to invite, Baruch Raz and others.
 From Palestine: the most prominent were Hisham Awartani, Mohammed Rabie, Atif
 Kubursi (a Palestinianized Lebanese), Izzel Din Aryan and other wealthy business people.
 Leonard Hausman directed; Anni Karasik coordinated.
 Jews and Arabs paid the bill.
 From the beginning it seemed Zionism was on the march; something not too difficult to
 anticipate.

The rich Jews contributed to enhance a settlement and guarantee Israel's hold on its war
 gains.
 The rich Palestinians and Arabs financed as a way, they thought, of helping Palestine.

It is a comic situation: Palestinians are in dire need, and Arabs, including Palestinians,
send their money to Harvard on a silver platter.

The Jews know they are helping Israel to solidify its position.
Arabs think they are helping by being recognized, as individuals.
One gets the real benefits and the other the appearance of benefits.
It is an old story, too old to contemplate.

Though I came as an American, I found myself deeply involved with the Arab delegation.
What do they expect with no unified viewpoint.
Could I reconcile, and remove misunderstanding?
It was not easy but doable.
A sort of agreement was reached and all I had to do was to facilitate.

The participants represented juxtapositions:
Arab economists hardly did any research on the Middle East; they wrote reports based on
their opinions. Awartani was an exception.
All the Israelis came prepared.
Arabs were concerned with organization and nationalism.
The Israelis brought professional knowledge and ideas to the table.
They were better organized, and more in tune with the workings of western society.
A major difference was evident in the ability to communicate.

The interaction was educational; a plan of action did result and I am to take part in all
eight planned meetings.
I said yes because I had no reason to hesitate.

Awartani, Kleiman, and Fishelson were to me most interesting.
Awartani brought back memories of my first job ever--as an office boy in the District
Commissioner's Office in Haifa.
His uncle Mohammed was a senior clerk who was kind to me then. He loaned me money
when my parents were in a crisis, even though I was just a boy.
This Awartani is charming, fast thinking, and entrepreneurial.
Eventually we became a trio--Awartani, Kleiman, and Tuma, trying to guide the proposed
study forward.
The theme: Economic Cooperation and Peace in the Middle East.
However, it was not possible to convince the Arabs to conduct joint research with Israelis;
that defined "cooperation".
The problem: every one is a chief, and from cooperative research every one is ready to
abdicate.

Leonard Hausman is an operator; he teaches at Brandeis University and directs the
Institute at Harvard!
He plays the role of objective coordinator-director, but Israel's interests always stay in
view.
He is able to bring donations from wealthy Arabs and Jews; in that capacity he is a
sophisticate.

The session was over and a vacation in New England was in order.
From Massachusetts to Maine we drove, on highways with trees, by the ocean side. Going
through little towns, for hours, was a boring drive.
Why go to Portland? Because it is there, so said D, happy in her new adventure.

Briefly in Maine and then off to Sugar Hill, New Hampshire--long hours in the car in
silence, except for the radio to entertain.
Sugar Hill Inn was comfortable, picturesque, and well placed for walks, views of the
wilderness, and a place to rest.
Rest? What is that but a conjecture!

Off to Mt. Washington, highest among the White Mountains;
We asked ourselves why, we had no reason to climb. Each of us thought the other wanted
to do it.
At least now we communicated and changed direction, up to the Flumes--a long hike and
climb of steps to where the view was breathtaking.
Nature and people have created an impressive and beautiful structure.

Back on the road, we visited Mt. Washington Hotel--home of the Bretton Woods
Agreement of 1944.
It created new terms of trade, which would bring nations closer together.
The Agreement was commemorated in 1984--some considered it a success and others a
dead document.
For some it represented the imperialism of free trade.
None of these descriptions was fully acceptable. Each party considered the Agreement a
sort of cure:
General in effect, as if it were Chinese acupuncture.

Back at the Hilton in Boston, by Logan Airport, we spent the night;
An evening with Jackie brought back memories of Egypt.
However, the hotel had lots of noise, a small room, poor service, and high expense.
The vacation was almost over, but the hotel experience was a real spoiler.
Though in a negative way, staying at that hotel was a real venture.

Eccles by Sydney Hyman was an inspiration.
A self-made banker, public servant, economist, and creative thinker, he advised presidents
and became wealthy.
I rarely read books any more: chapters, articles, etc. are what I explore.
However, this book, because of its contents and general presentation left on me a great
impression.

Eccles anticipated Keynes regarding the role of government and the role of demand in the
economy.

He never made an issue of that, held on to his principles, advised FDR, stood up to Harry Truman, the Catholic Church, and to Mormonism, to which he formally belonged, especially on the issue of population.
He opposed Lyndon Johnson on Vietnam, and successfully protected his depositors against the depression.

While Marriner Eccles was inspiring, the home burglary was demoralizing.
In broad daylight they broke in, carried a moveable safe to the Green Belt, crow-barred it, took the jewelry and scattered the documents.
That was in Davis, the University town, where incomes are high, the level of education is extraordinary, and people are supposed to be friendly.
Much of that was true, but some of it no doubt was mere fabrication.

Eccles' self-made character should be familiar to me, but other achievers are all around.
Now it is Martha's turn: Works full time during the day and goes to school at night.
That is in addition to her commute, but she can do it.
With no delay or complaint, she completes the Masters program and succeeds in her matriculation.

Her self-discipline, hard work, and intelligence have come to her aid, in her work and in her attempts to learn.
From one job to another, always rising, by invitation she goes.
From one step to another, upwards she runs fast.
And when Apple Corp. becomes disappointing, Intel opens its doors ajar for her.
But only briefly for Apple Corp. repents and offers her all it takes for harmonization.

Jenise Englund (Javaher), all of a sudden, springs up in my life.
At Redlands she was a beauty.
I remembered her face but not the close interaction we had in the international club that she remembered.
Now she is a teacher, smart, delightful, though no longer as beautiful, but her spirits are still enchanting.
We are back in touch and at my request she is a member of the Arab American Committee for Fair Education in California, hoping for curriculum reformation.

From conference to conference we go, always with the hope of making a difference.
Off to Pittsburgh and the Carnegie-Mellon University, American Jews and Arabs are there in concert.
I even discovered a Tuma, probably originally a To'ma, because he is a Muslim and the Tuma name is Christian.

We called each other cousin and we immediately felt an affinity.
The group was a mix of high power people--Palestinian officials and private Israelis, since the govt. of Israel would not communicate publicly with the PLO.
The mix was good enough for fruitful deliberation.

Nabil Shaath came with greetings from Yasser Arafat.
Aba Eban came because American Jews paid him \$5,000.
Shlomo Gazit, former administrator of the Occupied Territories, came because he is retired
and can go around and give paid lectures.
Others came as part of the entourage.
And still others, the academicians, came because it is their business to go around lecturing
and educating, the low material reward causing no frustration.

I wrote the "Two-State Solution" paper, which became the title of the volume containing
the conference papers.

Models of the future Palestinian economy, debates of basic issues, and speculation on
what should come next--these were the topics under discussion.

But not under discussion was the cozy relationship between Shaath and Gazit.
Shaath was begging for "respect" on behalf of the Palestinians, as if respect can be given,
not earned.

He was compromising, as in predicting that no more than 750,000 refugees would be able
to return--thus putting an upper limit and constraining future negotiation.

Gazit was shocked that the Palestinians did not offer any concessions, though this was not
a political meeting or a forum for compromising.

I asked why should the Palestinians offer any concessions when Israel is grabbing,
expanding, and insulting the Palestinians and the Arabs.

Power and wealth are on Israel's side.

Hence the audacity to demand concessions as if to inflict more acts of humiliation.

From certain standpoints the meeting was a success, in spite of the bomb scare, the
begging of Shaath, and the fact that few will read the book when it eventually appears.
Patience, persistence, and understanding: the tide may change, and the survivors will be
spared further confiscation.

Life is work in different forms. Thus my life has become
Teaching and research during the day, woodwork in the evening, and my monthly AVP
filled the rest of my time.

These do compensate, sublimate, and sometimes fascinate.

Sculptures of people have become almost an obsession, and my carving skills have
become respectable (so I am told).

Why do I say all this? To convince myself that life can take different forms: I enjoy
several, even though any one of the above would generate adequate gratification.

A weekend in Monterey is always pleasing.

More so when it is with people you like, as this one has been.

Maria and IP came along at Maria's suggestion, apparently to talk; what are friends for!
IP is lonely; early retirement is taking its toll; no teaching; consulting is not successful;
import-export is faltering; but he goes on boasting. He needs a friend.

Maria is not in a better situation.

Having been catapulted in rank at Pacific Bell, now she has been dumped as "surplus", but
with good severance pay.

She wants to talk, what are friends for.

She is a Chicana woman, intelligent enough apparently to be threatening to her male
colleagues and superiors.

Hence, the surplus status is a proxy for discrimination.

We talked, walked, dined, and talked again.

D searched for new restaurants; I bosh enjoyed pampering by Maria.

Maria got all the attention she wanted.

I sort of presided, enjoyed, rested, and re-cemented an old friendship.

Yes it is my love for people that dictates my moves and reflects my deep appreciation.

Tides do change and circumstances alter.

Pleasures of one may turn into tortures of another.

Smoking a pipe was my pleasure for twenty years, ending in 1970.

And now it is time for reckoning: roughness at the top of my mouth.

Roughness in that area is dangerous and the doctors were concerned.

We consult, listen, and submit because we are afraid.

We tell ourselves the doctor should know best.

EM, M.D., at Kaiser, became my ear, nose, and throat specialist.

She is a Syriac from India, married to a Syriac from India, with same specialization,
employed in the same unit.

She observed, medicated, and then decided: laser surgery, and you be my guest.

A time was set and an hour later I was on my way home.

However, weeks went by before full healing.

Even then, cancer might develop, and that is the concern of the M.Ds.

For cancerous cells the rough spot could be a great nest.

EM and I became friends, in a way.

We discussed religion, philosophy, social issues, and the pleasures of cooking and eating.

She was pleasant to converse with and she often was candid and open in her observations.

Discrimination was on her mind, both as a woman and as an Indian in America, first in
Chicago and now at Kaiser in Sacramento.

Would she talk to my Freshman Seminar?

Yes, she would.

We set the date and she agreed to have lunch with students: What a way to invest!

She came and she spoke, was lucid, but controlled.

Apparently one must be careful outside of private talk: fear reigns.

She would hint, suggest, but not state.

The shock was mine, for I thought she was progressive, brave, and secure.

Little did I know how frightened people are when they face the real world,

Or when they deviate from the rest.

Mrs. Ardekany is on the phone--unusual happening!

Yes, it was: her husband Tawfik has died.

A massive heart attack made his departure swift and "painless?"
Deep condolences I offered, but she wanted more: Would I say a few words at his
memorial?

A kind gesture, and I did not protest.

Most Bahais of Davis were in attendance--about thirty of them.

A few spoke: actually they read from the Book of Bahaism.

My turn came: the last.

Tawfik was my friend; we both once lived in Haifa; we spoke Arabic with each other; I
recruited him for a UNA office; he agreed and recruited one of his sons with him.

Tawfik the Jeweler was a great human being, but not as good a businessman.

Apparently he earned just enough to live on and had little left over for later.

Now his family has to cope, with sorrow and no treasure chest.

Another mishap of the season was the death of Michael Anthony, a student and advisee of
mine.

An athlete runner, he collapsed on the track field and died, two months before graduation.

I thought for a while and then asked why not a posthumous degree.

The Dept. Chair and the Dean, the Registrar and the Chancellor were in agreement; and so
was the Academic Senate.

Finally it happened. A degree was conferred in the presence of his parents as a symbolic
Anthony Fest.

And now they want to memorialize their son with a gift to the university, in my presence.

I did recall his interest in medieval architecture as expressed in building cathedrals.

His parents and the Dean were pleased that I remembered him closely.

A gift was institutionalized (\$25,000) for a scholarship fund in his memory.

The parents give and now it is for the university to invest.

Language is important as a major form of communication--and miscommunication.

Leonard Hausman called: he had written to Dr. Imadi, minister of economy in Syria,
inviting him to the Harvard Group meeting.

Imadi was ready to come, with the ministers of finance and oil.

Hausman was perplexed. Would I call to clarify what he did say?

I called Damascus to converse in Arabic.

Dr. Imadi was pleasant, cooperative, interested in coming to the US--he has a son at the
American university--but no other minister will come.

What does it all mean? Involving others at the start, with the knowledge that they would
not come.

He is anxious to come as a relief from life in Syria, even for a cabinet minister!

Whatever it might mean, I had a promise of cooperation, an invitation for me to visit, with time to stay.

I had an appointment with Elizabeth Mathew.
I came 15 minutes early and she had no patients waiting; now it is 15 minutes past the appointment and I am still waiting.
I asked and was told to wait.
I complained and she came out.
She was apologetic but had no excuse. Why keep the patient waiting?
Evidently that is part of the ethic of medicine: sustain your power and self-importance.
The patient will wait: arrogance, monopoly, power, or stupidity?
Inefficiency bothers; it does not convince or sway.

It is my birthday and John is delivering:
A ceramic lamp for me of his own making!
He is good with his hands, especially with clay.
What a pleasure to have the lamp.
This is the second--Rabiya had made a wooden lamp for me, and Mary made a rug and a handbag.
The crafters are crafting, and it is up to me to enjoy.
They are great performers and I love the play.

What plans do the Palestinians have for their state?
"Hardly any" said Mohammed Rabie', who ought to know.
Why not prepare a plan? He and I agreed and talked it over with a few others.
I even prepared an outline, which he carried to the PLO in Tunis.
Weeks went by and a few months more, before I heard from him again.
The PLO liked the idea, planned a conference, but with a different theme.
I saw the list of invitees and I was not on it.
Forget research and planning, it is enough to pretend and talk.
It appears that little has changed: the PLO has its own sterile way.

The Palestinians have yet to learn that most of the time the world laughs at them.
Bob Montel told it all.
A gentleman from Stockton, former professor in a California State University, is anxious to help solve the refugee problem.
Bob called and we met to discuss a conference.
Whom should we invite, what topics to discuss, and what to expect.
Bob manages foundation money for the purpose.
He had to be careful. He consulted Harold Saunders, the State Dept., and others, all from the "establishment."
In the end naught came out of it.
Evidently the purpose was not to solve the refugee problem, but to make it go away.

I visited Toronto once in 1962/3 and was disappointed--little attention or cooperation from the faculty I met with.
Then I was a junior faculty member and now I am a senior professor.

MESA was meeting and I went. Toronto was still uninviting but I met people I liked. Ahmad Hasan Yousif, former president of Aleppo University and his wife, who were my hosts in 1978, were there.

He saw my name and came looking for me.

It was a great reunion, for they and I shared more than a pleasant day.

We recalled Aleppo and dinner at their home, and how their children still remember me. Now he is retired, has more than one business in Canada, and is preparing a history of Arab technology for UNESCO.

I listened to his lecture with great interest, and disappointment.

He surveyed a number of inventions, which he attributed to the Arabs.

But were these Arab inventions or Arab adaptations?

What does the evidence say?

That question was not to his liking. Accept on faith or conviction, and some nationalism.

Why, I don't know.

The scholar has turned into a publicist, and the truth was hard for him to convey.

A big surprise was Najwa Makhoul from Buqui'a, Israel.

He father Hanna was school principal where I once taught.

Now she has a doctorate, and is a good speaker.

We met and she was excited because Asma, my sister, had been her teacher and friend.

Najwa had no paying job, was writing, and living austerely.

I offered to help and suggested meeting Leonard Hausman.

To help, Leonard asked if she would write a paper on Arab labor in Israel, for a fee.

Najwa felt insulted. How could he tell me what to write on!

I am a "better intellectual than he is," she exclaimed.

I wondered: Bragging, exaggerating, self-deceiving, all in one!

That is why we remain stagnant and our hopes tend to fray

The Toronto experience was rich with novelties.

Here was Roger Owen of Oxford, having been invited by MESA officials to address "State and Society in the Middle East."

He was little creative, pontificating in the tradition of the Orientalists, and the audience applauded.

Why can people be so easily fooled?

Probably they were not, having been brought up in the tradition of Orientalism, which they practice, come what may.

And then it was Christmas and the Party was at our house.

D's mother, we learned, was rushed to the hospital.

Would that interfere with the party? It depends.

As it turned out, it did not. The mother died as the guests were arriving, as if the mother wanted to punish the daughter.

The daughter wanted nothing to do with the mother.

And so it happened.

Both got their wishes.

Neither of them had love for the other, nor tears or emotions to display.

Ambition hardly ever fades away as long as a glimpse of hope exists.

D's obsession with building a new house has surfaced again.

Her face lights up when there is a mention of a house.

Otherwise stillness dominates.

I have resisted because I like to stay put, in a nice home, quiet neighborhood, and close to my office.

Simply, I am not ready for uprooting.

Peace at home is essential and the key to peace is searching for land on which to build a house.

A hill, a view, and at my insistence, extra space, are required.

And now the search is on: from Vacaville to Jackson, from Placerville to Auburn, and all the areas in-between.

Real estate agents are busy.

They hardly know my disdain for commuting.

You reflect on one thing, others pop out.

It is the fate of AVP that is ripe to reconsider.

Do people read my AVP before they file it away?

Few make remarks, but the majority say nothing.

You ask and wait for answers that never come.

Why write, publish, and mail if it is ignored and forgotten?

Why not stop and refrain from polluting!

The Middle East remains on my agenda and now is a busy time.

Jerusalem is calling and the do-gooders are active.

Harvard's ISEPME, the Truman Institute, and the Arab Thought Forum--all these are calling, and I am to coordinate

A round table to discuss the future of Palestine, but not of Israel.

Awartani, Kleiman, and Dakkak are waiting.

Anni Karasik holds the light.

We talk and talk but make little progress. The invitees had not read my outline, probably because each has an agenda of his/her own.

Even so we meet, hug, and promise to persist in cooperating.

I try to be optimistic as often as I can. As I had predicted, a breakthrough in the Arab Israeli search for peace is on the horizon.

And then on the screen comes the "Faces of Arafat".

Arafat the diplomat had lost his temper.

He was angry, shouting, and warning the "probably" blunt interviewer: Remember whom you are talking to.

I am the head of the PLO, the President of Palestine; you should be careful, thus ending the meeting. Am I still optimistic?

The Great Diplomat! How many supporters he has lost tonight?

That is worth calculating.

Going to Jerusalem means going to my village and family.
There you eat, drink coffee or tea, and listen to the stories of occupation, prejudice, and
hopelessness.

The Arabs in Israel feel exploited, repressed, and discriminated against.
You hear, you question, and you end up investigating.

But even within the family you see the seeds of ethnic prejudice and potential
discrimination.

D was not willing to discuss real estate matters with a caller. Why?
He is Asian; he probably does not know English.
She seemed convinced with no attempt at communicating.

One of my sisters was mad at some Israeli policies.
She said it would have been better had Hitler sent them all to die.
"I cannot believe what I am hearing," I said to her.
She repeated what she had said.
However, moments later she did reflect and repent.
"I did not mean what I said. It is only that the Israeli policies toward the Arabs are harsh.
One tends to lose hope and indulge in exaggerating.

That reminded me of my mother's "curse" on that "Jew",
the dentist I had introduced her to. He had advised against and refused to make false teeth
for her.

The gum and the jawbones have deteriorated too much to support false teeth. She would
not believe it.

She cursed "that Jew and his family" for what he had done to her.
I reminded her that she was religious and her religion calls for forgiveness and charity, but
all was in vain.

She believed his ill deed deserved reciprocating.

You think these are isolated instances, but they are not.
Arabs and Jews and all other ethnic groups share a pattern of behavior: prejudice,
ethnocentricity, and ethnic discrimination.
They deny, criticize discrimination, and play innocent until you catch them red-handed.
Even then they deny and charge that such stories you are fabricating.

The mood among the Arabs in the village and elsewhere seemed threateningly pessimistic.

War is imminent, they insisted, but who will fight whom, they could not say.

I listened, debated, and tried to revive optimism.

In retrospect, I was correct.

A year later the signals of a breakthrough were obvious.

Madrid and Oslo were vigorously calling for peace.

Political contact between the adversary Palestinians and Israelis was on the increase.

Now it is to the Netherlands--Nijmegen near Amsterdam.
I will be there, "formulating."

My theme: The economic conditions for a Palestinian state.
Shaath reported on a meeting of Palestinian academicians and business people.
His objective was to mobilize investment capital, reconcile Palestinian outsiders with the
insiders, and develop the economy.
How, that was not made clear; the tone was deep contemplating.

I discussed the conditions necessary for a viable economy, mostly theoretical-analytical.
Awartani emphasized the need for cooperation between Palestinians and Israelis.
Not much new, but for me, this meeting was almost a first: the Palestinians have finally
started to pay attention to what I say.
Not only my ideas, but I too, am circulating.

From Nijmegen to London for the Economic Cooperation conference.
Hausman and Karasik at the helm.
The focus: To raise funds for sustaining ISEPME projects, though this was the unspoken
target.
Arab and Jewish wealthy people were in attendance--these are the potential sponsors.
All others were roughly the same people who were in Jerusalem and Nijmegen.
These seem to be the professional travelers, the hopeful peacemakers, though not the
policy makers.
Yes we can plan and propose, but we have no say in any undertaking.

I met Munib al-Masri, Zein Mayasi, Ezzel-din-Aryan--all rich Palestinians who had
already made contributions.
The theme was cooperation as a vehicle for peace.
I made recommendations for a depth study: how to remove administrative restrictions on
economic activities, create financial intermediaries, and formulate a blue print for the
Palestinian economy.
These were approved and the future was being charted for more travel and congregating.

Other guest participants included Edwin de Rothschild who had consulted with Haseeb
Sabbagh about a Marshall Plan for the Middle East.
Talk is cheap, so it seems.
George Abed and Yousif Sayegh, the former as head of the Welfare Committee, and the
latter as a senior Palestinian economist, came to warn:
No true Palestinian would participate in the proposed study unless it is preconditioned on
the creation of an independent Palestine .
Sayegh went into the history of the conflict, until he was told the time was limited; he
promptly stopped pontificating.

Once again the Arabs were disunited.
Each tried to promote his/her own ideas as the center of the universe.
Abed and Sayegh determined the qualifications of a good Palestinian.
Mohammed Rabie expected others to consult him before making any serious statement.

And Sabbagh and *others* of the rich Palestinians, give money, avoid risk, and go on celebrating.

You see the children grow, usually with gratification.
Each new achievement seems to be a triumph.
It brings excitement, and now Rabiya is high on a cloud.
Seattle and Madison are courting her for graduate study.
She welcomed their offers and compared.
Seattle won with a fellowship for five years to earn a doctorate.
Biochemistry is her field. Certainly the future looks glowing and bright.

Another pleasure in too short a time:
Martha is expecting our first grandchild.
We wanted to celebrate and hence to the shop we go.
A maternity outfit for the mama seemed in order.
I think the baby was happy too.
The pleasure of the parents, written over their faces, was sheer delight.

On the world stage Gorbachev dominates.
At least temporarily, as he officiates over the end of the Soviet Union, which made him
President.
Nikita Khruchev started the downhill process of Soviet hegemony, and Gorbachev
finished it.
In the meantime, corruption, greed, and doubt regarding the principles of Communism
were in vogue.
The powerful Soviet Union was simply losing its might.

Gorbachev, of course, had some help:
The young Soviet citizens, not well indoctrinated in Communist ideology, found self-
interest more rewarding.
The Soviet economy was in decline, though the fabricated statistics said otherwise.
The market system was approaching, for the United States that system was ardently
promoting.
And their apostle was enhancing: Yeltsin was the standard bearer for traditional religion,
free enterprise, and imitation of the West.
He wanted to be president and, for that, would bomb the Soviet Parliament.
What glory and what sight!

The Soviet Union was finally disintegrating.
Yeltsin became president.
Gorbachev, through American sponsors, joined the wealthy American elite.
The United States triumphed in sowing the seeds of capitalism in Russia and the East.
However, the evil side of capitalism is already encroaching: from social security for all, to
a widespread social and human plight.

Elias John is born and mother and child are in good shape. John is ecstatic; Mary and Rabiya are cheering: it is a boy! whatever happened to their "feminism?"

I am happy, but cannot feel any pride.
After all most people have newborn babies.
Yes it is exciting, but not a cause to be proud.
I would rather cherish and enjoy the occasion upright.

I saw Elias and his mom on my way to the airport. I was heading to Belgium and the International Economic History Congress.
Leuven is a small lovely town, clean, but not as clean as Nijmegen.
The Irish Institute for European Affairs is my austere abode, with more space than I could use.
The town is old. It has cobblestones, a Catholic university with a bell tower, which plays a "Carrillion" concert in the evening--it did when I was there.
And here I could see no homeless or beggars, at least not any on my way.

A highlight of the Congress was the participation of the Crown Prince of Japan, as historian, but with the pomp and formality of royalty.
Good attendance and discussion characterized my organized session.
More exciting, however, was the outdoor concert--even in the drizzle.
Beethoven and Shuman's music was just beautifully played.
The excursion to Bokjork was equally exciting: an open-air museum of models of old towns and villages on 550 hectares of public land.
How people lived in the 16th-19th centuries made the theme of the show. Strange how much you can do if you had the resources!
The Belgians have the resources and the results are on display.

Friends and colleagues came from Egypt (Nagwa Khashaba) for whom I had arranged a fellowship; Nachum Gross from Israel, and David Landes from the United States. All were a pleasure to see.
Others came from Eastern Europe including several who use my books in their teaching.
My time I did enjoy, and on my research others had much to say.

I am now thinking of Mary:
She has started graduate work at about the same age I did.
She did well in the first semester, as I did.
She changed fields right after, just as I did.
And she is struggling financially, almost as much as I did, even though our circumstances differed.
I had more discipline; she has more vulnerability.
I hope she has as much confidence in her abilities as I did.
The future will tell; now no one can convey.

These thoughts of Mary transpired while I was on a shopping excursion for baby Elias.
A little sculpture faced me in one of these shops: mother and babe, and Mary came to
mind--artistic, compassionate, and loving.
The sculpture seemed appropriate for her and to her these reflections I should relay.

The pursuit of learning is embedded in the family.
Now Rabiya is on the go.
Researching for others was not satisfying: why not research for myself!
Off to Seattle she goes, fully funded, courted, and well received.
I am glad and confident.
She has the ability and the will, and there is no reason to delay.

Once again I am on the road. This time with D to San Antonio for my
edification--MESA meetings were calling.
It is also for vacation, Samir and family in Houston are waiting.
San Antonio is lovely, at least what we have seen of it.
The river walk is picturesque: side walks on both sides of the canal, metal and concrete
bridges, twisting flights of stairs, and cafes and restaurants to enjoy.
And for the first night, as mere tourists, that is what we were.

The meetings were productive, at least for me.
In "Analyzing the Middle East Economies..." I produced my new scheme for analyzing
the general process of economic development.
The chart has been instrumental and widely utilized.
Another of my topics for this conference was economic discrimination in the Middle East,
its costs and benefits, with rigor and measurement to enhance understanding.
Some agreed and some supported, and some argued that my conclusions were biased and
quite rare.

In a session on demography, Israel's land needs always seemed to supersede those of
Palestine.
I objected: Palestinians are not responsible for the welfare of Israel but for their own, and
that should be the basis of analysis.
Furthermore, I asserted that Israel/Palestine has large unused land capacity to
accommodate both.
The Palestinians cheered; Walid Khalidi, who a few years earlier would not see me, now
came to shake my hand.
The Palestinians may have learned to think before any judgment they declare.

Judy and her daughter Jodiey (Cochran) were there. The mother is single having been
divorced. Jodiey, four years old, acts as fatherless. She and I, soon became friends.
Judy, Ph.D. in education, is still struggling for a permanent job with security of income
and employment.

The reasons, as speculated, include being a woman with more research products than those of the men she worked with.

Hence envy, discrimination, and mistrust led to a negative vote.

The quality of the research does not seem to enter.

Poor Jodiey; Mom seems to be on the move again.

She accepts, with little conception of moving, and nothing else with which to compare.

From San Antonio to Austin to meet Mona Tuma:

Mona is a relative, a psychology student at the University. We had not seen since she was six.

Lovely, intelligent, good manners; she is a real delight.

She lives away from home, but still feels bound to home, as in Middle East tradition.

Dad dominates, no dating, must marry a Palestinian to be selected or approved by him.

She accepts with little complain; he funds her study and to protest she does not dare.

The Lyndon Johnson Library is impressive--what we could see of it.

It brings memories of Johnson and his presidency.

He passes social legislation, but John Kennedy gets the credit.

Eisenhower and Kennedy embark on the Vietnam War, but Johnson gets the blame.

His battle for the Great Society gets tainted because of the Vietnam debacle.

Though one of the great presidents of the century, he finds it necessary to retire before a second term.

The Oval office must have become a snare.

From Austin to Houston: across a long expanse of rolling hills, and open territory.

We drive for over three hours with little to see or explore.

And then it is the giant Houston.

Large space, high-rise buildings, crowded roads, and lots of noise; what a change from our city of Davis.

Samir and Grace and their children were waiting. Mona had told them we were on the way.

For me it was a pleasure--it is family again.

Yes as in Kafr Yasif, they were waiting, with the big meal they did prepare.

Samir is in medicine (nephrology) and has his own clinic, in addition to being a professor at the university, for no salary.

Smart, clever, hardworking, and a good manager, he has become wealthy.

Grace is lovely and sickly. Even when she smiles she complains of ill health; medicine simply cannot help.

After dinner came entertainment: the painful viewing of a portion of a video recording of Samir's 50th birthday party.

He called it the golden anniversary: pompous, show-off, vain, superficial, just wanting to be recognized--still in the tradition of the old country.

Evidently, neither wealth nor education has made much difference.

He will neither assimilate nor real American values share.

Samir was generous with his time.

From NASA to his clinic, to his physicians' club for lunch, to a drive through Houston, he
was always ready.

They gave us their room, also in the tradition of Arab hospitality.
That, however, triggered a new challenge: to buy a big house and avoid embarrassment.
Eventually they did buy a mansion, which I have not seen, but am sure, to him it is
extraordinaire.

Imad and Mary, 7 and 4, were still at home, with Noha too, who was a senior in high
school.

Noha has classic beauty, subtle, but not appreciated among the family.
She is darkish--not white or blonde; brown eyes, not blue; and compared with Mona, she
is "not the beautiful one", so they say.

But she is the rebel in the group, questioning tradition and father's domination.
She quickly became my friend.

Our friendship remained dormant for years but eventually it burst out with warmth and
affection, of which I have much to spare.

The Middle East never ceases to surprise.

Saddam Hussein ended the war with Iran triumphantly.

He gave back all the gains, while all the human and material losses he did sustain.
And now he is on his next adventure: Invasion of Kuwait, which he claims, is a part of
Iraq he must regain.

Why he thinks the world would let him absorb Kuwait and its oil, no one knows.

International forces have already gathered and relieved him of his new trophy.
Again the mounting losses he has to defray. He insists that he is a victim of US policy and
its meddling in this "uniquely Arab" affair.

There is cheer and hope at home.
 The saga of a new house is on again and D is excited.
 Yes I gave in and a serious search for land is on.
 In fact it has almost succeeded.
 The land has been located and the Tahoe house has been sold.
 And now it is for finding a good deal: our resources are limited, but the pressure is not.
 We have to come up with the money and so it is time to be as sharp as a dart.

The foothill location is enchanting.
 A low hill, with a
 view that you never get tired of enjoying.
 And, enough space to meet my expectations.
 If we can make it, D and I will both be winners, though the material taste is a bit tart.

I had to scrape for funds.
 Savings, equities, and all else went into the land till.
 And to my pleasant surprise we did it.
 Evidently we were more endowed and liquid than I had thought.
 We put the funds to good use.
 We bought harmony and peace of mind, which seemed to be good and smart.

That, however, is only the beginning.
 Now an architect we have to find to help make the design.
 A contractor is as important to guide the construction according to plan.
 And it is a search for a banker to help foot the bills.
 We try to sell our house and, from the city of Davis, depart.

Where there is a will there is a way, quite true in this case!
 Where profit is expected, a corporation will be waiting.
 You interview an architect, talk to a contractor, or seek a banker.
 All turn up, their vested interests to serve.
 You negotiate, anticipate, argue or debate.
 And finally the pieces begin to fall in place.
 You wonder: how did we do it?
 Will it continue to be easy, as we push the new apple cart?

The Harvard project on economic cooperation is making limited progress.
 Arabs and Israelis are not optimistic.
 Nor is the fate of the papers that have been prepared assured.
 But then enters Stanley Fischer of MIT, at the invitation of Hausman, to coordinate, edit,
 or facilitate.
 He surprisingly agreed, putting many other responsibilities aside.

Stanley is bright and full of vigor, and has been chief economist for the World Bank.
Therefore, here he comes with an entourage:
Economists who believe as he does, and who are willing his policies and those of the Bank
to promote.

Dani Rodrik of Harvard will also participate.
And I am invited to form a triad, to balance, or to suggest a shift in the tide.

Fischer has with him Said El Naggar, Ishac Diwan , Victor Levy, and Radwan Shaaban,
among others.

All are happy to write, earn a little extra, and please Fischer, the great market fan.

The promise was fulfilled and a book was in the making.

The Economics of Middle East Peace is on its way from the printer.

But, alas, the World Bank model and the push of Stanley Fischer, were too sterile for any
sweet fruit to provide.

The theme is Arab Israeli cooperation and the benefits of a peace agreement.
One paper after another idealized cooperation, promotion of the market, competition, and
free trade.

All would come to the same conclusion:

Peace, wealth, and prosperity for all.

As if a magic wand were in hand.

They all delivered the prescription as expected.

Though there was little hope that Arabs and Israelis will by the recommended measures
abide.

Two papers were somewhat unique:

Rizkallah Hilan of Syria wrote a philosophical paper: What does genuine cooperation
mean!

Being in French, it needed a translator and in the translation much of Hilan's thinking was
lost, or so he claimed.

Ibrahim Dakkak wrote a political paper, which did not fit.

Regardless of how much I tried, he would not revise enough to meet the scholarly plans
and standards.

He would not let his paper become sterile and benign!

He would rather take it back and so the editors let it glide.

The Fischer-World Bank theme has taken hold at the Harvard Institute: from economics of
peace to economics of water, trade, and refugees.

Everything has a price, let the market decide, and the conflict will presumably go away.

Fisher of Harvard made the strategic water of the Middle East a tradable commodity.

Competition and free trade are the one and only key to prosperity.

That is the game of nations and you win or lose the game, with pride.

The Middle East rarely experiences dull moments.

Whether it is in Algeria or in Syria, in Palestine or Lebanon, or in Saudi Arabia and Bahrain, the drama is always on.

And now it is in Iraq and its main character is Saddam Hussein.
Saddam must have been intoxicated with self-deception to believe that he had won the Iraq-Iran war.

Such false victory evidently was addictive; hence his new adventure:
Restore Kuwait to Iraq as part of the Ottoman Basrah Sanjak (province); that at least is what he thought.

Little did he know what was for him in store.

In no time Kuwait was his, and that was confusing: what to do next?
Saddam and his aides had no plans for the aftermath of an easy victory, just as the Syrians and Egyptians had none after initially defeating Israel in 1973.

Nor apparently did he prepare for the echoes of his triumph around the world.

Little did he know that the oil of Kuwait was his enemy.
The protectors of oil wasted little time to organize a coalition and dash to the fore.

Saddam, they said, you misbehaved.

Out of Kuwait you must go.

No loot, no prisoners, no annexation, and no victory. Out, out, you must go.

But Saddam was a "man of honor" and a "liberator".

Kuwait he must liberate, though how, he did not know.

The protectors of oil would show him the way.

A consortium of armies from different nations was on the march.

Saddam is now in trouble for they are set to tip the balance, and reverse the score.

Saddam accepted the challenge and declared, as an honorable leader: we shall wage the "mother of all battles."

And so it was, but exactly the opposite of what he had predicted.

His armies were routed, his country bombarded, and his economy strangled.

Little did he know that they would beat him so hard till he cried: please no more.

Saddam might have learned that the bully can last only just so long.
Even Arab countries rejected his claims and sent token armies for the deciding moment.
That moment came fast and his supreme power to shreds they tore.

He called for sympathy, but who would aid a bully and a sore?

Strangely enough, the powerless Palestinians and Jordanians did.

They cheered and would have liked an encore.

But the Security Council came forward to pacify, stabilize, and humiliate.
For that was the punishment of the aggressor, at least, as by the United States it is told.
Saddam was now under the gun: after defeat, horrible sanctions were imposed.
You shall have no mass-destruction weapons, they said, nor would you sell oil, trade, or your own air space control.

The UN will enforce; the US has said so.

You may shout, scream, and complain, or you may be quiet, repentant, and a bore.

The sanctions were costly and the losses were accumulating.

Saddam is still bragging, though his people are in pain.

They have little food, medicine, freedom of communication, or of trade.

From rags to riches, to rags again:

The people pay the price, while Saddam still feels glorious, as if on a "throne."
Only when he goes, as the motto of the US says, will there be peace, and only then, will prosperity be possible to restore.

The Gulf war has had echoes in California as well.

I am much in demand these days: TV reporters, newspapers, and radio stations are calling.

What do you have to say?

From one interview to another, and from one teach-in to another I go.

Yes, I am busy responding, but it is not something I enjoy.

Saddam did an awful thing, which reflects on all Arabs, in deed and in word.
Even here in our "civilized, intellectual" Davis, people of Middle Eastern origin might be in danger.

So said the Chief of Police, who offered protection should any threat be at the door.

Even in defeat Saddam still rules as if he holds all the cards.

Embarrassed and ashamed he may be, but is still ready to boast and declare:

We faced the most powerful country and its 17 allies.

We fought for our honor, and our glory we shall retain.

Empty words and empty stomachs--nothing new, for that seems to be the story of the Arabs in the modern world.

They suffer poverty and pain, but they still raise their voice in a phony uproar.

The Gulf war and antagonism to Saddam were good business: at least rhetorically.

I had occasions to lecture: Rotary Club, high school, the university, were all inviting.

I even initiated a weekly teach-in over a bag lunch to discuss issues of the region.

The attendance was limited but it was dynamic.

Alas, there is little to admire in that war and much to deplore.

However, the casualties of war were not limited to the Gulf:

Three hundred thousand Palestinians lost their jobs and, like Jordanians, were forced to return home.

Attention is shifting to the Gulf area.

Poor Palestine: even its own sons jump on the bandwagon, in vain,
and the real issue they seem to ignore.

My public lecturing in this period went beyond the Gulf war.

But the highlight was my lecture at the University of Redlands on Military Victory and Peace Victory.

Saddam had been defeated and his adversaries are victorious, but whence the victory of peace?

That is the irony and that is the tragedy, on land as it is on shore.

My visit to Redlands, however, was a pleasure and an honor.
Esther Mertins was a delight and Henry Dittmar seemed cheerful and upright. He
introduced me, as Marilyn Bonney came with a surprise in hand.

Professor Dittmar bestowed on me
A Career Achievement Award.

Pleased? Yes I was; even more so in view of the evident interest of the crowd.
They listened, asked, debated, and cheered.
It was a great pleasure both on the surface and at the core.

The University of Redlands, following the Career Achievement Award, nominated me for
membership in Phi Beta Kappa, the meritorious Honor Society.

Yes I accepted the honor, but without any fanfare.
The tide may have changed for me, but the world's misery is not less now than before.

I am now on another intellectual and persisting trip: a study of prejudging, in theory and
practice.

My freshman seminar was an eye opener: how deep prejudice was in the hearts and minds
of these young people, though of it they were not aware.

They came with problems but also with interest in finding solutions.

They opened up and faced each other and themselves, as they examined their own
behaviors and beliefs.

They debated, disagreed, and taught each other, and in the end most became friends.

The purpose of the seminar was achieved: self-awareness and a healthy education.

I too became more sensitized to the phenomenon of prejudice.

Leaving the house one day with D, we saw a black man in a parked car not far from the
house.

We had not gone a little distance before D expressed her worries.

Would you be equally worried if he were not black?

Probably not, she admitted, adding that the statistics suggest more risk with blacks than
with whites.

The statistics evidently contain an inherent prejudicial accusation.

Another surprise came when a colleague described another colleague as "to the right of
Yizhak Shamir," for accusing

President Bush of "declaring war" on Israel. The President was tying a promised \$10 b.
loan to Israel to a freeze on building settlements in Palestinian territory.

How would you like Israel to treat its Arabs as the blacks have been treated in South
Africa, I asked that Rightist Colleague.

"I can live with that." He said proudly, even though he knew that my family and I are
Arabs in Israel.

He did not even blink as he made his bigoted annunciation.

Prejudice, however, is not the monopoly of any one in particular.
Samir speaks of "those Mexicans" who make his neighborhood unsafe. He would not
allow his daughter marry her Hispanic lover.
Shukri, another cousin, is happy to live where few Jews live. However, to avoid charges of
prejudice, he goes out of his way to help Israeli Jews come to Harvard.
Why people discriminate? My study is underway.
Until it is finished I shall not say, but the results are bound to be a fascination.

Life at the University has changed--new blood has started to dominate.
Programs have been deleted and others instituted.
Math and stat are taking hold.
Exams have become less demanding, and grades have been inflated.
This has been apparent at all levels, even at the Ph.D. orals.
J. O. was being examined and I was the chair.
The examiners, in turn, gave her advice; none raised questions, nor her capabilities
Investigate.
She was happy; they heard themselves speak and then report:
She is a great success and that is the end of the examination.

Speaking of graduate schools, Mary is back in our news.
She is hesitant, but not giving up.
Off to Tucson she goes and with her we do too, as if on an elegant well planned vacation.

From Tucson to the Petrified Forest, to the Grand Canyon, and to Las Vegas we went.
We saw the desert, the Canyon, and the glittering city.
Yet the trip was little enchanting.
I was too concerned about Mary's dedication.

In the meantime John accepts a job at UC, Berkeley.
The pay is good but the atmosphere is not.
He feels reverse discrimination has blemished the behavior of those at the top.
Even so he continues, but evidently he is not cut out for work in a prejudicial environment.
Right or wrong, he was wary of the potential complication.

Off to MPR he goes, to consult, research, and advocate.
From toxic waste to educational policy, his analysis seems to satisfy his employers.
He sees something wrong in government policy towards schools and junior colleges.
He is critical within the framework of his research.
His conservatism has come to the fore: against government, as if it were the one and only
villain.
Prejudice? I asked, but my views receive little consideration.

Once again I am not surprised, as if experience makes no difference.
 The Keren Ecological Evaluation Project (Joint Israeli-Arab) is calling:
 Would I work with them as a member of a small team toward protecting the ecology?
 At first I thought Yes, until I discovered a disturbing clause:
 Whatever is recommended must be within the existing "structure of decision-making" in
 the Middle East region.
 That, of course, I would not do, given my views on Israel's withdrawal and the creation of
 a Palestinian state.

The pattern is repeated again and again.
 Joyce Starr was planning a water conference in Turkey.
 I am invited as a facilitator.
 However, the Arab countries would not meet with Israel, and without Israel, Joyce Starr a
 conference will not convene.
 Joyce made it clear: Israel's interests must dictate.

And it is so with Harvard's water project.
 Professor Fisher coordinates for the ISEPME and he has the answer.
 LET THE MARKET SAY.
 Water is a commodity and every commodity has a price.
 Hence, let the people transact and he who pays will get the ware.
 Not only did Professor Fisher forget the "strategic" nature of water and the national
 boundaries.
 He also forgot that the market favors the more powerful over the less powerful.
 It serves the wealthy at the expense of the less wealthy, and the more developed against the
 less developed. Or may be he did not forget.
 Israel would win and that apparently is the plan—it is far from fate!

We are approaching a crisis at the university; trouble is growing in gravity and space.
 Cut costs or else you lose more, the State administration warned.
 To cut costs you take major steps: get rid of the old folks.
 Bribe the old timers, and into retirement they will go.
 Their rewards will come from their pension fund and the university budget will be spared.
 Even better, replacements would be young, lower paid, more professionally up to date, and
 possibly less prone to agitate.

Retirement, therefore, had to be on my mind, at least for now.
 I feel sadness for the institution, though for me it would be a financial boon.
 The temptation is too strong: the right age, the right reward, and retirement into the
 country and fresh air.
 Yes, it is a temptation, and an opportunity to build an estate.

I resisted for two years; by then the expected benefits had grown and resistance had
 weakened too.

Staying on would also entail unpleasant situations: less choice of courses and less freedom
in electives.

The time has come and I should say farewell.

After 29 years, I am about to let go.

Finally I decided to leave, capitalize on the rewards, and avoid any further debate.

After all we now have land, and I am set on tree farming.

I would plant trees for sale, help the environment, and myself entertain.

I started with six hundred trees, and then two thousands and then another three.

By the time I took a breather, three years hence, close to ten thousands trees were dancing
in the field.

The trees are in place and I am a licensed tree farmer.

It is hard work, but full of joy.

I did it all in a rush, though I should have taken time to investigate.

It is ironic that just as I plan to formally retire, I am promoted.

The next step is distinguished, but the department was divided in its vote: not enough
rigor, not enough specialization, not enough math; not enough distinction.

They discussed voted again negatively. But there is always a silver lining.

The Vice Chancellor for academic affairs decided favorably.

Tuma has earned it, she said, and him we should congratulate.

Retirement, however, was not the end, but another beginning.

First came the promotion and then a call from Washington:

Would I be key speaker at a National Science Foundation conference on Economic
Development and Political Liberalization in the Middle East?

And then to Cambridge, Tucson, and Rome!

I accepted them all and decided to be well prepared, not one minute late.

I spoke in Washington, but the audience was, for my presentation, little prepared.
I questioned tying economic development to political and trade liberalization, for these are
neither sufficient nor necessary.

I questioned efficacy of the market in general and in the Middle East in particular.

Efficient market institutions are hardly in evidence.

Market approaches have negative side effects, skewed distribution of income among
others.

The audience listened; many shook their heads in protest.

After all, structural reform and democracy are at the top of the priority list of the
Washington Consensus.

Make sure you remember this before you recommend or communicate.

The program in Cambridge was a continuation, and now we are about to finalize.

Economic Cooperation and Peace is on its way to publication.

Alas, the prospects of its being significant are too low.

The formula of the World Bank is well known and country experiences are telling:

The problems, unfortunately, may be too difficult to mitigate.

Much more exciting was the conference in Rome.
The Arab Studies Society and the Truman Institute are Co-sponsors: one pays my fare and
the other expenses.

The theme is Economic Conditions for a Palestinian state.
Many PLO officials and many prominent but unofficial Israelis were in attendance:
Nabil Shaath, Mohammed Ishtiya, Samir Huleila are in the lead.
Except for Shaath, all are young, bright, ambitious, but lacking in experience.
Sari Nuseibah, philosopher and scheduled panelist, did not show up:
He landed in Rome, but no one was waiting for him.
How could they neglect to receive him!
Off to Paris he goes, with no apology or regret, but many to irritate.

The PLO representative in Rome hosted a reception at his lush apartment.
Whisky flowed and big drinkers, such as Libya's Ambassador, were there to entertain.
Drinks made him talkative, though he had little to say.
Apparently Islam allowed drinking in a non-Muslim country.
I watched, questioned, wondered: how easy it is, for these people, backwardness and
underdevelopment to perpetuate!

Feisal Hussein did not come because of trouble in Jerusalem: he was too important to be
away!

Hanna Siniora came, playing middle of the road, though few heed what he has to say.
Shukri Abed apparently came to complain about Israeli policies--as if nobody knew.
The Palestinians almost ganged against me: they insisted that no development was
possible under occupation.

Emile Nakhleh was there, and his presence was a breath of fresh air.
He spoke of false democracy in the Arab world.
To him, it was "Shurocracy", or just talking and consulting among the leaders (from *Shura*
in Arab history).

The concept was good in name, but hollow and useless when you come to articulate.

The Rome conference was not enlightening.
The Israeli participants, as always, acted with arrogance and "we know it all" attitude
Treatment at the Rome airport was as bad as it usually was in Tel Aviv.
I suspect the security officers in Rome were hired from Israel.
Even so, the experience was valuable, if only to see the two parties in action, what goes
on, and what to anticipate.

Ephraim Kleiman was ready to argue for more permanent cooperation.
Palestine cannot generate enough employment on its own.
Ephraim Ahiram brought his models and numbers to encourage the idea of a Palestinian
state.

Naomi Chazan was sympathetic and anxious to push peace forward.
But all in all, it is Israel's advantage they all tried to stimulate.

Now I am deep in research and analysis of discrimination in society and education: why does it not go away?

From teaching courses to lecturing and researching, *Cultural Diversity and Economic Education* has been born.

It is not mathematical, abstract, or benign; hence few economists are likely to use it. The study is depressing but the results should cause the readers to contemplate.

Discussions of diversity have brought an invitation to a one-week workshop on Enhancing Economic Education.

Robin Bartlett and Susan Feiner are deep in feminism. Susan invited me to come as a resource.

Williamsburg is a small sleepy town.

The College of William and Mary is the site.

Around 50 economists from around the country had come to learn.

A lot of interaction, few pointers, but feelings of affinity came home with me.

Why? It is hard to state.

The program was unique of its kind.

Run by feminists, it did not ignore interests of other "power" minorities.

The participants had to apply and bear a part of the costs.

The purpose: To sensitize the participants to minority (gender) issues while teaching economics.

The attendees shared experiences, listened to lectures, simulated problems and formulated solutions, and felt sensitized.

A week of intensive interaction might make a difference, but there is a catch.

The participants were converts already. Presumably they will set examples for others to emulate.

However, ironies never cease to exist.

We have come from throughout the country to discuss education and discrimination.

We are at one of the oldest elite institutions.

Even here discrimination dares to show its ugly head.

For that is what happened to Vern Dixon, dean of his college, and a guest lecturer at the conference.

Vern is black, jogs every evening, and on this campus he does the same.

The police stopped him three times during the week for identification and questioning.

Not a single white person reported a similar experience.

I asked him why he puts up with such treatment; "I am accustomed.

It happens everywhere and there is little I can do," he said, "with little to justify or advocate."

Discrimination, however, is not unique to the States.

Sami Geraisy, my friend for over 45 years, has now come out as "international" on that issue.

The Christian minority in Israel is a "minority within a minority", he says.

They need help, though how, I am not sure.

The fact that he complains is itself significant, for he always comes with facts to back his claims and let society agitate.

Mary will be an accomplished artist, as Gayle would say.
Gayle is a good teacher as her students are ready to declare.
With Mary off to the desert around Tucson we go.

What seems missing is vigor and zeal.
There is little of that I could see: all are relaxed, as if education would grow on its own.
Or, may be, I expect too much, as Mary would say, being a novice at the gate.

We did see Mark and Carlene and their daughter Ryan. They accompanied us to the park where we saw a shrub identified as the mesquite.
Carlene is a resident in medicine and Mark is a computer expert with American Express. Young, ambitious, and achieving, it was a pleasure to see them. It was a pleasure the nice brunch to partake.
Even they seem too relaxed, for me at least, but may be that way of life I should investigate.

While retirement signaled an end, Christopher's birth signaled a beginning.
Another grandson was born, as if it is time for my generation to pave the way.
Christopher is healthy and well, arriving smoothly as if on a fast train.
Mom and Dad are in cheers and Elias is happy to have a brother.
I am happy for them and trust that their efforts will bring joy, and happiness will their life penetrate.

A new life is born while a dear institution leaves the stage.
NEW OUTLOOK has ceased to exist.
Its peace mission apparently is no longer in vogue among the mostly Jewish supporters.
With poor management and few funds to spare, Chaim Shur wrote the eulogy.
An important forum for peace has been lost.
The time has come for another outlet, for me at least, my own *ANOTHER VIEWPOINT* (AVP), to think about and re-activate.

Another phase of our life is coming to an end.
We are leaving Davis after 29 years; we are also leaving the house we built there.
We saw the town grow from 15 to 50 thousand people, and the university triple in number of students and faculty.
Biking will give way to commuting on the highway.
From research and book writing I am moving to tree farming.
The foothills are inviting: the deer and pheasants will be our neighbors, and partners.
We hardly need any other factors, our new way of life to motivate.

Formal retirement ends a relationship, but not necessarily a function.

I am an educator and therefore I wanted to go on teaching.

To keep my office and privileges in the department, I offered to teach two courses a year
for no pay.

But management is not always wise or enterprising.

First they said yes and then they said no. The Dean has appropriated the space, and thus
has pulled the rug from under the Department Chair.

Whatever the reason, the deal is off and the University, I think, is the loser.

I did teach one course after retirement, for which I had to commute.

Being on the road, even though the hours were flexible and the routine limited, it was still
a bore.

And teaching as a visitor was not a feast either.

No continuity or certainty of return.

The students ask and all you can say is "I don't know."

I decided to teach no more.

I was lucky the deal was off and I am not in the least the poorer.

The Middle East Economic Association (MEEA) and Boston are calling.

A great evening with Shukri and Randa, at Biba's Restaurant, was a good start.

Both were friendly and cheerful.

Shukri had met Henry Rosovsky and in their conversation I was the star.

Evidently Shukri was impressed, for he still admires the leaders and all those whose
positions are high.

For him I was Henry's "protégé", and a successful scholar and explorer!

The MEEA meetings were a mix.

Sara Roy and Gil Feiler bemoan the fate of the Palestinians--what is new?

Galal Amin brings M.E. discipline to Harvard, which means no discipline in the meeting
he chaired.

Officers of MEEA celebrate Charles Issawi as the founder, though

He had little to do with the founding.

The credit should go to Morewidge and Parvin .

The myth persists because Issawi was the first president:

A figurehead, who is successful at stealing the show.

The Suez Canal and its impact were the topic of my research.

I concluded that the benefits of the Canal accrued mainly to Europe, though Egypt had
become a rentier state by default.

The Canal had little impact on technology or development, I insisted.

How much more would have accrued, had the resources been invested in
economic development!

Galal did not concur, accusing me of being a demurer.

A meeting of ECAAR, on arms reduction, was on my agenda.

The judges described the essays as superficial and disappointing: They are "gimmicky",
Robert Solow complained.
My disappointment was that no one discussed the reasons for armament and how to
remove the arms.
Apparently arms reduction may result from ideals, and none of these ideals might cause a
furor.

The meeting on diversity was more exciting.
Various participants relayed their experiences, asked questions, and provided answers.
How to spread feminist economics: that is the challenge.
Discrimination entails social costs and hence should be avoided.
"Are you a feminist"? The chair lady asked me.
You don't have to be a feminist, nor do you need a special model to combat discrimination,
I insisted. Applying economic theory and the principles of cost benefit analysis will do the
job.
That, however, was blasphemy! Feminism requires one to be committed,
pigeon-holed, and much purer.

After a little rest at home off we go, on to Israel.
D and I are on a sojourn for family affairs, though a lecture at the university is always a
boon.
As always the family was waiting, but for that, mother was too frail.
She had lost her energy and had to submit to nature's call for rest.
She looked good but her attention was far away.
To my distress, she knew we were there but could not recognize us.
I held her hand, messaged her forehead, and chatted with her.
Of all this she apparently was totally unaware.

Family members came and went.
Mother was the focus of attention, but also the source of strain.
Full time care was not easy and members of the family took turns.
She would come out of the haze, once in a while, to make a statement or to sing her song.
The end seemed on the horizon, but not imminent enough to prepare.

We went to Nazareth to visit friends and the market.
Neither attempt was successful. The friends were away and the market had little to offer
for which we wanted to pay.
The streets were jammed and parking was a torture.
Why not regulate parking, earn fees, and coordinate?
The mayor says NO; that is an Israeli/Western way, for which we do not care.

Jerusalem was more inviting.
My lecture seemed quite provoking to the audience: what can Israel offer in trade with the
Arabs that the Arabs cannot secure elsewhere on better terms?

The worshippers of free trade and the doctrinaires of economic cooperation were up in arms.

The discussion was lively!

A delegation from Gaza had come for the lecture, and they were "enchanted".
Would I visit them, they asked, but alas, the time was short with hardly any to spare.

Two weeks went by quickly and it was time to say good-bye.
This time it seemed certain: it would be the last good-bye to mother.
And so it was; and it was the last good-bye to Ami Al Khoury too.
But it was not difficult to say farewell.
All the signs were clear and little could be altered.
Her passport was stamped, her bags packed, she had paid the fare.

Mother's departure was imminent, but not yet a fact.
More obvious was the internal conflict among my siblings and their spouses: who was taking more care of the patient?
All took part but some wanted more recognition.
They argued in private but never in public.
Deep animosities were kept under control, though the reasons were not always clear.
Apparently there was a problem of real estate, which, of course, is not my affair.

One of the pleasantries of the trip was the apparent transformation of my brother Sami.
He had stopped drinking.
Now he was serene, pleasant, calm, and charming.
You could chat with him, though our interests are quite divergent.
I congratulated him and spent more time with him than ever before.
Hopefully his abstinence would last, but my understanding is that he occasionally revisits the beer keg to consume his share.

Once again to Boston and the new ISEPME venture: this time it is the fate of the Palestinian refugees to consider and modify.
"Experts" came from Jordan, Israel, Palestine, and the United States.
Awartani, Kleiman, and Klinov seemed like fixtures.
Hassassian gave me a hug as if we were old friends.
David Gil, from Brandeis, remembered our working together in the Israeli probation department more than forty years earlier.
Lester Thurow was the coordinator.

Hausman started his sermon about the need to do something for the refugees.
Arabs and Jews have made funds available and he has to spend it.
The objective: how to turn refugees into citizens.
Participants were asked to prepare outlines for synthesis and coordination.
The outlines came and debates followed.
In the end Lester Thurow submitted his synthesis in the form of empty boxes, to be filled by the researchers.
Les Thurow was anointed star facilitator.

The Right of Return was debated and neutralized.
The history of the refugees was mentioned and set aside.
Responsibility for the refugee status was hinted at, but laying blame was out of bounds.
Let the refugees settle where they are, with some assistance, thus ISEPME would rule, the
self-appointed arbitrator.

The Palestinian refugees are treated badly, so say the participants, though not in Jordan or
Syria!

But Lebanon is their hell, like Jews in front of the Nazis, so says Awartani.
The statement is false and speaks of his being an exaggerator.

Where does Israel enter into all this?
Nowhere, say the majority: Israel cannot take back refugees;
Israel will not pay compensation for that would be an admission of responsibility;
Israel has its own refugees to settle, with hardly any land to spare.
The Arab countries are vast with a large absorption capacity.
This group can be the mediator!

I questioned the logic of relieving Israel of all responsibility.
But PLO and PNA officials had already preempted by suggesting limited repatriation.
The discussion has been redirected: now the object is how to improve living conditions in
refugee camps.

How to make it attractive for refugees to stay where they are but to forfeit the title
“refugees.”

In short, how to melt the issue by a magician administrator?

Reflecting on this project over the next four years, little has changed.
Though Les Thurow has withdrawn, Dani Rodrik and George Borjas, both from Harvard,
have guaranteed that the same theme would prevail.
Tayseer Abu Jaber has come on the scene--a bright former Palestinian and former minister
of labor in Jordan, he barks more than he bites.

Tayseer and Munual are on the steering committee; Awartani is busy elsewhere, but Ruth
Klinov still prevails.

I continue to raise questions, and to them I am still a welcome agitator.

The refugee report, still to come out, can hardly be an improvement on the famous
Securing the Peace by ISEPME.
Anni Karasik was in charge; the chairs and group leaders were mostly Jews and none
Arab.
Stanley Fischer took the lead, with Rosovsky, Thurow, Schelling, and Perkins working as
a group.

The report tells how economic cooperation would secure the peace.
Let trade flow, cooperation grow, and all the problems would go away.
Thus decided the do-gooders. The Arab participants endorse and act as a consensus
indicator.

Securing the Peace contained a formula for transition, which Karasik adopted as Her dissertation topic and subject of analysis.

That the results are superficial and virtually irrelevant is hardly recognized.

How can free trade flow when the necessary conditions do not exist?

How can cooperation on equal terms be possible between unequal partners?

How can competition lead to efficiency when the initial conditions do not facilitate the role of the integrator?

Four years and three more trips to ISEPME and the refugee report is still pending. A draft has been circulated but the individual papers will not be published in tandem. The report is one of consensus, so they say.

Comments and suggestions have been abundant, but little improvement seems to have been effected.

The draft still concentrates on camp conditions, and limits repatriation in number and location.

It avoids the right of return for Palestinians, relieves Israel of all responsibility, and calls for permanent residence in host countries.

It even tells the Palestinians what they can or cannot do.

There is little new in the report and Israel's interests enjoy the most celebrated consideration.

The phone rings and a faint voice announces: The light went out; mother is dead. Jiryis was almost in tears. Mother had held on for four and a half months after our visit.

But then her body gave way and she was gone at age 97.

I talked to family members and friends on the phone and listened to their eulogies of her as a great lady, wise, a saint, and more.

I wondered about the saintliness, which I had never observed.

In fact I could hardly find any recollections of her as angelic or saintly.

She worked hard and struggled throughout her life, sometimes more than necessary.

She tried to dominate, with tragic results.

She had her biases: Kayed, her nephew, and Khalil, her eldest, were her favorites, and both brought disappointment.

She defended them, protected them, spoiled them, and echoed their wishes, if only faintly.

And yet, the news made a difference. What would I go to Israel for, now that both parents are gone!

Brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, uncles and aunts, cousins and friends, all count, but not like a parent.

The family unity is now dissolved.

The central home is no more.

Yes I shall miss her greatly.

From thinking of the dead to thinking of creative living.
Mary who had excelled at being a student is finally graduating, With Flying Colors.
Her Master of Fine Arts is a terminal degree, which she earned with distinction.
She also proved herself a distinguished teaching assistant, for which she received the
award of her school.

"One in a hundred stays in the field", Mary said, "and I intend to be that one!"
It is pleasing to hear youth and ambition speak out loudly.

And yet, Mary is controversial: Plans for the future? Not so far.
She plans to travel, but has not saved any money; she has accumulated debts.
She has no job at hand because she was too busy graduating to search for one.
She has little organization, but she always delivers on time.
Yes she has achieved her declared objectives, slowly but ably.

From Mary's graduation in Tucson we shift to Seattle and Spokane.
Rabiya is "almost Dr. Tuma", so she boasts.
Spokane is also calling, for next to that town, one of D's ancestors had given his name to
Marshall, the town.
At the town of Marshall D felt great and was well received.
As a descendent of the founder she was acting quite sanely.

People in Marshall are campaigning for a revival, though there is little to revive.
It is a hamlet with few houses, a post office, and a diligent activist.
The people are friendly, searching for roots and history.
D's visit was welcome to them, but the pleasure was hers mostly.

We spent time with Rabiya, but not much; she was too busy for us, rightly so.
We talked, walked, and sometimes argued--or discussed.
She had fun describing herself as "Almost Dr. Tuma", given that her Ph.D. was imminent,
but not yet in hand.

She still had work to do as well as stay on the good side of the advisor.
So much so that she would not want me to meet that advisor,
Afraid that I would antagonize him! How little she knew.
I make friends easily and I keep them.
But I am accustomed to being treated unfairly.

Seattle is a lovely city: clean, green, and well supplied.
Spokane, though arid, is also green.
It is small but rich in art, with a forest of people's sculptures on display.
They are jogging for fitness and in that capacity they are a good reminder.
A river runs in the middle and adds to the beauty and dynamics of this isolated
community.
Seattle in the West and Spokane in the East,
As such they complement each other superbly.

It is great to be a farmer, especially a tree farmer.
 You plant and see your trees grow from seedlings to "giants".
 You spend money and you call it investment.
 You are out in the field, sun, dust, and wind, but you call it fresh air.
 You attack the weeds and when they die you feel triumphant, but they don't always give
 you the pleasure.
 And then you try to sell, and hope it will happen, in time.

To make money should not be difficult, if:
 You start with a study of what to grow, for whom, how much, and at what cost;
 You start large, enough to afford the optimum overhead, fill large orders, and apply
 scientific methods;
 You need money to spare, yours or borrowed, but available to dispense, whether it is a
 nickel or a dime.

To be small in size and limited in variety is restrictive.
 To follow feelings, taste, or romanticism, rather than market analysis, is foolish.
 To do the work yourself, be generous with customers, and relaxed about profit making is
 commendable. You will accrue many rewards:
 You will get a backache, but you call it exercise.
 You see a customer once in a while, and you think it is a crowd.
 People admire what you do, and you feel triumphant again.
 And you are grateful for the privilege of subsidizing your farm.
 You feel good, look at the accounts, and decide to join the society of the mime.

My farm is still young and small.
 My inventory is on the rise, but it will still be tiny.
 My customers are increasing but they are still rare.
 My profits are non-existent, but my losses are still bearable.
 I feel triumphant again, both my farm and I are at a prime.

With age comes wisdom, so they say, but also come ailments and frailty.
 Frail I am not, but an ailment has come my way: A cancerous prostate has struck hard.
 Some seek a second opinion, others look for alternative cures, and still others check with
 veteran patients for wise guidance.
 Some do all these before treatment.
 As for me I wanted the shortest way.
 Surgery was the answer, said the doctor.
 "You are young and healthy, and the cancer is young too and should be removed.

To surgery I said yes, even though side effects were most likely.

The surgery went well--after 5-6 hours I was without the gland, and presumably without the cancer.

I lost the gland, but also the vessels that connect with it.
In short I lost the power of erection and my sexual urge was by the missing gland subsumed.

My surgery went well, so the doctor said.
He visited me the next day, but on the third he was dead.
Though young and healthy, apparently life was unbearable.
He took his life, so they said but why?
All they would say: the case was being reviewed.

In a few weeks I was on the way to complete recovery.
However, ups and downs are always likely.
My up was followed by a down: a fall on the hearth, and more health care.
Stitches on the upper and lower lips and a loss of a few teeth were the gain.
Plus a longer period of recuperation and reflection!
The hearth was unmerciful and my invincibility disproved.

The stitches have been pulled out and the missing teeth replaced with ones that are false.
Energy is back and the demands of the farm are teasing again.
But the ups are still followed by downs.
No erection meant no sex, and no sex meant forced deprivation.
And then it dawned on me: there must be a silver lining.
It took little thinking to find it:
No erection, no sex urge, or simply being out of tune. And thus my friend, always look for the silver lining.
Every down may have an up with myriad options at hand.
Peace at home has been a windfall, for without the missing nerve I hardly can complain.
I may and do think it, but as easily think it away.
The die is cast and I am fully attuned.

Retirement, operations, and stitches may have slowed my pace but not my brain.
Meetings of the AEA and MEEA were on, and off to Washington, to share my findings and greet some friends I go.
At the AEA session I focused on cultural diversity and economic education.
At the MEEA session I discussed the fate of the refugees as I see a solution.
I felt modest about the latter paper as I thought there is little that has not been said before.
To my delight, my discussant disagreed.
This is the first original, well thought out, logical treatment of the subject I have seen; that is what Ishac Diwan declared, and no apple polishing should be construed.

Finally, I had a reunion with Claudia.
Our intimate intellectual long distance interaction was to be crowned with a face-to-face encounter.

Dinner was great and she was all smiles, though off and on, her nervousness would emerge.

We talked, joked, and wished for more.

However, overworked, tired, and lonesome, the future was uncertain for her.

We had to say good-bye.

But I was staying over for a while and another meeting could be assumed.

Maya and Don were excited to see me: I had dinner at their house and an invitation to stay, but my hotel was comfortable.

Maya read Polish poetry she had translated.

We talked about food, California, the Middle East, but mostly about our long lasting friendship.

It seemed deeper than I had presumed.

I met again with Claudia. This time we were out for dinner with Maya and Don.

We had agreed that Claudia would pick me up to meet them at seven.

It was 6:45 before she called to say she would be on the way.

I said we were supposed to meet them at 7:00; she said "why do you tell me that? To make me feel guilty?"

I paused and said "because I try hard to dispel the stereotype of the Middle Easterners as careless about time".

There was no apology when she came late; our friends were waiting.

She did volunteer that she was upset because she misses her ex-husband who does not pay any attention to her.

Her worries and her behavior must be unintentionally diffused.

The friendship with Maya, especially, and Don has become stronger.

Communication has become more frequent and expressive.

Maya has sent me Polish poetry, and both have admired the many references to my work in the libraries.

Claudia's reactions have been quite different: our bond may have come unglued.

In Washington I had another function to perform.

As one of a dozen people, grouped in twos and threes, we were to evaluate and rank applications for Fulbright fellowships.

This was the second or third time I had done it, but this time was the worst.

Some did not show up and others loafed around.

Still others were too chatty and slow, as if to stretch the time for which they are paid.

My job was done in one day, but my counterpart did not show up.

To my surprise the coordinator was little perturbed.

"Your evaluations will do," he decided.

According to your ranking fellowships will be accrued.

I had no reason to complain.

The Federal staff are in charge and my service is virtually volunteered.

And yet, I wondered how many times the one-person evaluation was final say.

Candidates' fortunes and disappointments hinged on such rankings; how I would hate to be
of bias accused.

Do you have a flashlight?
 If you don't, do get one or more.
 My saga of the flashlight will tell you why.
 I keep several handy, by my bedside, by my easy chair, in my travel bag, and in the car.
 I give flashlights as gifts to children and grown-ups alike.
 For one reason or another the flashlight brings cheer and security.

The children laugh at me and D enjoys joining in.
 It is a fetish, they say, and so it may be.
 But, when needed, there is no better way.
 How many times have I lost my glasses around the farm! And as many times I have found
 them: the flashlight spotted them as an oddity.

The highlight of my saga came when D lost her Ring (1995).
 It sprung out of her pocket, somewhere in the green grasses of the farm.
 She searched and looked, and looked and searched to no avail.
 She kept the news for hours, with the hope that from embarrassment she would be spared.
 We traced back her steps, looked as carefully as one could.
 But the Ring was nowhere to be found. It almost seemed like a calamity.

And then darkness came and hid the light of day.
 The idea of the light flashed into my mind.
 Off with a flashlight on the hunt I went.
 I traced back her steps, gazing down at the grass, moving lightly, for the blades of grass
 might shield the Ring.
 Yes, one step at a time, I followed the beam of light, which pierced into the beds of grass
 and weed in a circular fashion.
 And like the first star at dusk, something glittered.
 I stopped, aimed the beam carefully, and the stones of the Ring beamed back, and so did
 the smile on my face.
 The Ring popped up, glowing with purity.

That is the saga of my flashlight.
 D has almost become a convert.
 If you don't have a flashlight, get one or more.
 For when you are in the dark, nothing serves you better, or with more loyalty.

I knew that farming has benefits and costs, but I was not aware of the
 hidden hazards.
 For instance, when customers say they will come at a certain time to pick up trees, don't
 believe it until they show up.
 When buyers ask you to hold some stock for them, don't do it without a significant deposit.

Make sure you calculate the value of your sales correctly; customers tend to ignore errors
that are in their favor.

And beware of share tenants and partners; put everything agreed upon down in writing.

Danna and her son, (neighbors on Mt. Vernon), sold my Christmas trees for a share.
The whole season went by and they had not put up the signs as we had agreed on.
John and Susan, who replaced Danna and her son, sold trees the next season for a share,
but they let death come to some of the trees.

The following season they declined to sell. They were too busy, they said. Both
Were unemployed!

Tom was my share tenant: young, healthy, talkative, and lazy!
He worked with me, though most of the time he watched me work.
He did sell trees for a share and our arrangement seemed to be working.

Within 9 months new symptoms were on the horizon.
Not keeping time was one of them; letting jobs remain undone was another; and
concluding costly agreements without consultation with me: That was the straw that broke
the camel's back.

The agreement was written clearly and he was in violation.
Warnings went unheeded and expenditure violations were mounting.

And then it became clear: he wanted out.
If that is what you want, so be it.
Suddenly he came up with an assessment of his share of the trees, at the selling price.
Wow, I said. Not only are the trees not sold yet, but the agreement says otherwise.
Your share will be in the form of trees; even his attorney could not argue.
Now Tom has his own nursery, and is one of my best clients. Isn't that surprising?

Our "Almost Dr. Tuma" is now Dr. Tuma.
Rabiya has made it and we are off to Seattle for the occasion.
The lecture hall was almost full; faculty and students have come to hear her give her
dissertation lecture.
Everyone was dressed and acting informally, especially Mark, her chair and master of
ceremonies.

Rabiya was in a bubbly mood, well organized, and she knew her topic.
Evidently she is a good lecturer, and that is gratifying.

From lectures to celebrations,
Faculty, students, and personal friends abound.
They all seemed happy for her and that is quite satisfying.

I am happy too for now all members of the family have completed their
desired education.
Each has pursued a goal and each has attained it in terms of educational level.
That, my friend, is the essence of a good education, and this requires no amplifying.

The Persistence of Economic Discrimination is out.
In this book I compared and analyzed the incidence of prejudice.
It all boiled down to this Discrimination persists;
The strong benefit from it at the expense of the weak, which is horrifying.

It was June 1996 and partying by the pool was most inviting.
We were enjoying company, food, and laughter. And here comes a phone call, long
distance, heralding a far-away tragedy.
My brother Sami is dead, with no forewarning, disease, or other prior encounter.
A massive heart attack, at age 60, was sufficient to take him away, not leaving him a
chance to fight back.
He had departed, without ceremony or a charter.

Sami was the youngest of seven; the second to die, following Khalil the eldest. Both had
consumed large amounts of alcohol.
They say Sami had no history of heart disease, but he drank enough to cause worry.
And by his own admission, he had grown a belly.
Sami was jolly and funny, especially when he had a few beers, but not hopelessly
intoxicated.
I have few remembrances of his adult life, other than those moments when I thought he
should be smarter.

Over life and death, one has little control.
When the time comes, one is awed, scared, and forced into obedience.
There is little negotiation, bargaining, or trade, whether for money or in barter.

Sami left a family of mourners.
A wife who would not allow him to undergo treatment for alcohol. If he does, people talk-
-as if his habits were a secret.
Sons and daughters, who had helplessly witnessed his outbursts of insults, while alcohol
determined his action.
Sisters and brothers argued, counseled, but made no difference.
Drinking was his own business and it hurt no one else, so he said.
How little did he know how much he affected others!
Even so, he will be mourned and missed. People will eulogize him generously; all it takes
is a good starter.

Going to professional meetings is not always fun, but it does open doors.
At the MEEA meetings in San Francisco were two people of particular interest: Jean
Claude-Berthelemy from OECD in Paris, and Peter Petri, from Brandeis University.
Both sought me after my presentation.
Jean wanted me to explore a research project for which we later headed to Paris.
Peter wanted me to visit and speak at his university.

My paper addressed the peace dividend in the Middle East: the case of trade.
I explored the hazards of counting on large dividends in view of inequality of
power between Israel and the Arabs.
Petri asked questions and I tried to answer.
Suddenly the chair ended the meeting, prematurely.
His concern, he later said, was his suspicion that that man, Petri, was heading toward
adversity.

I did visit Brandeis and did give a lecture.
The audience was small but friendly.
Peter was a good host and a good listener.
We met again in Paris, both professionally and socially.
All this tells how wrong impressions could lead to perversity.

It was around six in the morning when Mounir Kleibo called.
"I am calling from Jerusalem, on behalf of UNDP and the Palestinian Ministry of
Planning", he said.
"We would like you to come and help the Ministry for three to six months or a year, in a
volunteer capacity."
This is part of a program to benefit from the expertise of Palestinian expatriates, with no
salary but all expenses paid.
"They are anxious to have you; Minister Shaath is asking for you", he emphasized.

I am flattered, but I cannot leave my farm that long.
What about three months? We negotiated down to one month at a time, in the fall of the
year at the earliest, which he accepted and I was not surprised.

Soon the ball was rolling, though slowly.
However, as I later discovered, what seemed slow to me was rather fast in Jerusalem and
at the Ministry of Planning.
It took many calls and faxes to get arrangements underway.
I had said yes, feeling vindicated. The PNA has come to me, even though I have not
compromised.

Even better was the coordination with OECD, Paris and Jerusalem would be visited on one
trip abroad.

Still better, D would come along and we would visit Israel and the family.
This would be our first since the death of Sami.
We charged our batteries, set our sails, and were on our way, with zeal and high
expectations, fully energized.

Paris was inviting, though misty, cloudy, or raining.
 We did have one day of sunshine, which on the Seine we enjoyed: A great meal, no
 deadlines, and an enchanting atmosphere.
 The Versailles Gardens were D's target; it was raining but we toured any way.
 We even toured the Palace and listened to the story of Louis XVI and how many times he
 changed his clothes each day.
 And we visited a Jewish Quarter for lunch with the Petris family, in a little out of the way
 4-table vegetarian restaurant, myself being a vegetarian.
 It was cheap, tasty, and in good company; being in Paris was fun.

But there was work to do.
 I proposed a research project on trade and the peace dividend.
 My theme was not to take the dividend for granted, nor that cooperation between Arabs
 and Israelis is certain.
 Let us explore the feasibility, attitudinal, institutional, and physical, including the supply
 and demand factors of the prospective trade items.
 By doing so our job will be more effective and better done.

Logic and rationality do not always prevail, even among economists.
 For here in the audience were disciples of the World Bank, the IMF, and free trade.
 George Abed led the charge; Ruth Klinov played second fiddle; and Heba Handoussa was
 the standard bearer.
 Why do we need such a study? We know the effects of free trade, and we are sure of the
 feasibility.
 Does not market competition tell it all?
 George Abed was antagonistic; though he declared himself a friend.
 His behavior, however, was not surprising; we were always on opposite sides of the run.

As it turned out, Jean Claude-Berthelemy was moved to another section.
 His successor was not interested in the Middle East or in peace dividends.
 The project had a swift death; George Abed had carefully aimed his gun.

From Paris to the village we go, a place I still call home, just as I consider California my
 home.
 The family reception was warm and affectionate as usual, but subdued.
 Sami's death had left the family in mourning. D and I had to play the role.
 We had to follow tradition, especially because he was widely known and remembered.
 His family members were in tears, sometimes pouring upon request.

But one niece was in deep sorrow: Salam was in agony. She did not have a chance to say
good-bye to her departed father.
Now I was anointed as her father and into my arms she surrendered.

We visited Ami El Khoury's family for he too had departed since our last visit.
Here the sorrow was less acute: he was bedridden for a while, quite
Demanding, and too heavy to handle.
He evidently was a "burden."
He had lived well, to the age of 94, and it was time for him to go in peace, causing none to
be encumbered.

The most distinguishing feature of this homecoming was the frequency of condolence calls
I had to make.
Eight relatives and friends had died in the last year, and visiting their families seemed
most appropriate.
D and I made the calls and shared the sorrow of the bereaved, for which purpose my
sympathies were rarely ever unrendered

The experience, however, was rich because I also saw the younger generation: healthy,
cheerful, and friendly.
I saw hope, continuity, and the future.
My friends were aging, but that was expected, though we rarely admit it.
Generations go and generations come, even though there is little coordination between
them.
They do so because they are creatures of their own fate.
They make the best of life, even though they know they have already been conquered.

From the village to Jerusalem we go.
I am the expatriate who has heard his people's call for help and has come to offer the same.
There was excitement, a feeling of peace and confidence, despite the insecurity with which
the atmosphere was confounded.
Until then the Palestinians had virtually ignored me for no sin of mine.
I had followed my own thinking and would not blindly echo the sound and fury of the
leadership.
I tried to educate, but for them "he who is not with us must be against us."
Evidently they have woken up to make amends and benefit from my expertise and
dedication.

The Ambassador hotel was comfortable and our personal friends were hospitable.
Before D left we enjoyed the friendship of Ibrahim and Lilian in their lovely, over-
furnished home.
We also enjoyed a reunion with the Shqueirs, who live in the outskirts of Jerusalem, but
do not enjoy the freedom of Jerusalem.
The occupation forces come on a daily, unwanted visitation.

The UNDP representative, Mounir Kleibo, was my host until I reached the Ministry of Planning. He promised a lot and delivered a little.

Here in the outskirts of Jerusalem the offices occupied a new building, owned by an Israeli Arab, a personal advisor to Arafat, I was told.

The building is virtually bare: no landscaping, no paved road, and lots of dirt were in evidence.

This building served as home for the West Bank section of the Ministry of Planning and the Norwegian Urban Planning project.

In no time I was on an informal relationship with other members of the team, and that was a hopeful indication.

Samih Abed, the deputy minister, former dean at Birzeit University, is a planner--of what, I never could tell.

He is handsome, cordial, and dedicated, and of this there is no doubt.

But he also was insecure for the nature of the bureaucracy was overbearing: "You have to look over your shoulder for someone is always trying to take your job away from you," he told me.

Amin Beidoun, expatriate returnee, with a British passport, had left his wife and daughter in England to come and serve Palestine as Director General of Planning.

He seemed nervous, hardworking, not highly creative, but he had a doctorate and, with people in high places, he was in direct communication.

Samia Abdullah, an Israeli Arab, had graduated in engineering from the Technion, in Haifa,

Attractive, self-confident, proficient in Arabic, English, and Hebrew, she stood out in the team.

To raise her salary, she was appointed Assistant to the Director General of the Ministry by a stroke of the pen.

Amin, of course, had a foreigner's salary, which exceeded by far the salaries paid to local Palestinians.

That is also why Samih had two full time jobs: deputy minister and co-director of the Norwegian project.

Two full-time jobs entitle him to two salaries.

That apparently is neither uncommon nor a source of complication.

Intissar, the fourth member of what I eventually dubbed The Great Team, was the office manager, administrative assistant, typist, and everything else in the office, which had a staff of one--herself.

She was efficient, cheerful, and lovely, especially when in the company of her three-year old son.

The team seemed congenial, but to my surprise they had no plans how to use my services.

I spent a few days reading material that would acquaint me with their responsibilities.

Eventually a project popped out: How to evaluate competing requests for funding.

I suggested a rational, quantifiable set of criteria, ten in all, that would rank projects according to pre-assigned priorities.

Projects would be ranked on a scale of 1-5 on each criterion, though the weights would differ according to the declared priorities.

Here then was a rational approach for study and experimentation.

To gain support of other ministries, Samih issued a call for a meeting of deputy ministers, three days before the set date.

Of 30 deputies 16 (all men) attended; they came with no notebooks, had not seen the draft. They barely knew what they came for--most of them were armed with cell phones, which sometimes rang during the meeting.

The draft was circulated and I made the presentation, followed by questions and answers.

After an hour and a half the deputy ministers were asked to prepare comments and suggestions to improve the draft, and come back four days later for another convocation.

Of sixteen three showed up and one sent his comments.

The deputy from agriculture was proud that he had already applied the model, and it works.

He was elated and the Great Team was in jubilation.

Now we had to wait for evaluation of the model by the Gaza section of the Ministry of Planning, and by other ministries.

What do we do next, I wondered loudly.

Sorry, said Amin, we are going to Harvard on Monday.

Who are we? Apparently three members of the GT, with a horde of others from Palestine, Israel and Jordan, were to attend a workshop on Competitive Advantage.

What am I to do? Oh, you can go to Gaza and meet people. That is what Samih Abed said.

I came to help, not just to meet people; I left my farm and family to help you and you are going away. I would leave too..

To the ministry of planning, evidently the concept of planning is mere fabrication.

I could not blame the team for going: orders from above, and the trip should be relaxing and lucrative.

Harvard would pay each member \$4,500 for attending.

Even Minister Shaath was anxious to go; his, however, would have to be a bigger share. Therefore, Shaath decided that \$4,500 was too much for members of the team; each should surrender \$1,000 to go into his own account.

Could they say No? If they did they would not go and may lose their jobs altogether.

They had to agree, I was told, for there was no room for negotiation.

The stresses among the Palestinians were many: dealing with occupation forces; frequent curfews and closures; unemployment; insecurity; poverty; poor organization, and corruption.

Director General Amin asked a typist to give priority to a report he needed. she said no.

She was too busy.

He threatened to go to the deputy minister. She said GO.

But she left at two o'clock to her home without delivering the report, which she had it locked in her desk.

I finally typed it myself.
How could that happen? Apparently she had connections in high places and therefore has immunity in this administration.

Another disappointment: Palestinians and Arabs in general are described as generous and hospitable.

During my two weeks with them I saw no sign of either, professionally or socially. Most ministries were informed of my presence, but no one came to consult or greet as a matter of courtesy, or in appreciation.

Finally I played host and invited the GT to lunch.
All were happy to join. Samih, however, was attending a reception for Arafat, as command performance,.

The lunch was good and the company entertaining.
But I also wondered why they neglected me socially.
Could it be because I am an Arab? Was it the Khawaga Complex in action?
Or it could be envy, or some other irrational justification.

Samih left without saying good-bye;
The GT and I have kept in touch.
The draft has been revised and widely utilized.
Amin and Samia have married, and Samia has left the ministry to work for the British Consulate.
Since then I have not heard from any of them--though I sent a wedding gift to the newly weds.

Not even a thank you note from the Ministry or UNDP.
This also tells about efficiency, protocol, and coordination.

Amin wanted me back, as we had agreed before they left to Harvard.
However, Shaath has declined his request because he "does not like Tuma."
And why should I be surprised? I have never liked him either.
Yet, I wondered, how could a minister, because of his personal likes and dislikes, deny his country the benefits of an expatriate's experiences and badly needed professional sophistication?

Life in the US has undergone great transformation in more ways than one, beside what I
have parlayed.

My interest in music has evolved with great enjoyment.
Classical music came first and then opera, both of which have become part of my weekly
diet of entertainment.

Sibelius has been a great companion, and so has Beethoven,
As sources of pleasure and excitement.

Musicals and songs of the 1950s and 1960s have grown on me steadily and forcefully.
Though I play no instrument, I do enjoy the tunes.
And in most programs I find a message, for me if not for others,
As my consignment.

Through the years I have made many friendships.
And I have retained most of them, though some have faded through time.
But three friendships I have lost, for which I am not sorry, nor do I feel responsible.
John Z, after 33 years broke the friendship because I would not agree with his repeated
erroneous analysis of the real estate market.
While he paid homage to the market system, he wanted prices to fit his calculation of
costs, rather than reflect demand and supply forces.
My objections to his sustained complaining sent him away, rather than seek advisement.

John Z regretted and we reconciled. However, that was not so with SN, who broke a 30-
year friendship because it was no longer to his advantage.
Having turned into opposition to the government of Afghanistan, he embarked on studies
that would undermine it.

He wanted to survey fleeing refugees, which was admirable.
But to do so funding was necessary. Hence applications for grants became a
preoccupation.

And for grants to be approved he turned to me for recommendations.
My evaluations were always positive but conditional upon certain revisions.
That apparently was not to his liking:
He wanted full and unconditional alignment.

This virtually brings me to the present (Jan 1998) and the end of these recollections.
If I write any more, it would be to record events and reflections.
However, I would rather record what I did in retirement.

Appendix:

AND THEN I BECAME A FARMER

Elias H. Tuma

1. Getting Started

“How long have you been doing this? How did you learn farming? How many people work with you? You have done a great job in seven years. ” My customers have often asked these questions and I was pleased to answer. I had left the city of Davis seven years earlier, after having lived there for over 29 years. Actually I am not a farmer. I am a tree grower. I learned about growing trees from reading, asking questions for information from others who knew more than I did. I learned also by experimenting and making mistakes, as well as by enjoying successes. However, looking back it seems that I never broke away from the academic world, nor was the transition a totally new experience. I have continued to write, teach a course once in a while, and I did grow trees before, though not for sale. Now I am growing trees for sale, have a license to sell, and a nursery permit. I pay all the fees, observe all the rules, and do all the work. I also keep up with former students, and colleagues. I also read economic literature almost daily. I do not “I keep up with the economic literature” because it has become so abundant and redundant, and so technical that few can keep up except with their own specialty. Last July 23rd a customer expressed interest in the nursery. I asked him to offer a bid. He did and in half an hour we closed the deal. That weekend he came back with a flatbed-trailer gave me a check and took the nursery trees. The nursery was closed.

Growing trees and farming were not long in planning. The venture came true almost by default. My wife’s and my main objective was to live on a hill, enjoy a panoramic view, and indulge in a roaming space. It was easy for D to leave Davis, but not for me. She had never felt Davis was her town, but I make it home wherever I happen to be. We knew people in Davis, had built our house, and our children grew up there. I rode my bike to the office and to town, and the children biked to school as soon as they could ride. But Dory was not comfortable to be in Davis during her retirement. When we finally agreed to move, I stipulated that the new house we build, since she would not buy a ready-made house, must be located on a few acres. The search lasted for years, in part because I was foot-dragging in order to avoid the commute to the university. But when we located the new house site we were hooked: it had a hill, a view on 8.6 acres, all usable, even though it looked like a jungle. The seller of the land knew it. We ended up paying full price for the land. We also paid for drilling a well, to make sure there would be water

before making a final commitment. And it all happened just when I was reaching age 65. I accepted an early retirement package from the university, which would raise my retirement pension by 19 percent.

Leaving Davis was not easy for me. Commuting would not be attractive. Even driving a car was only a tolerable nuisance. As it happened, moving to the country at this phase in my career took care of those objections. Dory was not retiring then, but she never minded commuting or driving; actually she enjoys driving and moving to the country would give her the chance to drive even more.

The city of Davis is clean, relatively safe, rich in cultural activities, and, like most university towns, it portrays a certain degree of snobbery. The city council has always been proactive on rules and regulations. Where else would one be arrested for snoring? In Davis you may not smoke in the street unless you are moving. Toads and turtles have the right of way in some Davis fields. Jackrabbits are guided into safety before bulldozers are allowed to prepare the terrain for home construction. But our new place offers much more: beauty of nature, a view of the Sacramento Valley, and a safe haven for the deer, pheasants, jack rabbits, and even coyotes, all of which were there before us. It is a few miles from the nearest town where the population density is a luxury. The air is fresh, and the fog can only touch us from a distance. Below our house is a little valley with a creek, which runs all year round but only at a teasingly slow flow. Actually the creek feeds on the overflow of the irrigation water from the other farms, which depend on the Nevada Irrigation District. Beyond our land we can see other hills, which border the little valley, before our eyes can penetrate the view in the distance.

This natural beauty has been generously enhanced by the goodness of the people we have come in touch with, neighbors, business people, and others. Everyone seemed friendly and willing to help. In fact many did help when we needed them, as the unfolding story below will tell. This was also true of Davis, especially in the early years when the town was small and the university community highly informal. But Davis, in contrast, is much more progressive and liberal. In this region conservatism borders on reaction, and the majority are conservatives. John Doolittle is their hero in Congress and Rush Limbaugh is their major source of wisdom. To us this has been a challenge: how to be true to our ideas and concerns and still be friends and good neighbors with those around us. So far we have fared well and we can even tease and be teased about our deep differences.

On this piece of land we have built our house and initiated our farm. Here we have been able to cherish the pleasures and ecstasy of working on the land, of growing trees and vegetables, of harvesting the fruits of our labor according to the seasons. We have even been able to harvest wild vegetables, which we share with the wild life, though without its permission. But growing trees has been more than a hobby. It has been a business in which we have carefully invested and from which we expect a positive return. This explains the zeal with which we have embarked on this new venture as soon as we secured title to the land. Here I should

note that the farm and its responsibilities have been mostly mine. Dory's main interest was in building a house and landscaping it according to her long-cherished ideas of what landscaping should be. I lost no time before starting to explore possibilities for use of the land. I frequented visits to the library where I browsed through volumes of books and magazines. I also bombarded friends and colleagues with questions about small-scale farming. Fruit trees would produce perishable goods; grain would need more land than available; vegetables and berries would be intensive farming and would require more resources than I was willing to provide. Therefore, Christmas trees seemed most appealing, and these could also be grown as landscaping trees that would sell throughout the year. This was based on the mistaken assumption that Christmas and landscape trees would require less labor than other types of farming. To keep the farm small, we selected a variety of trees, mostly evergreen trees that grow in our agricultural zone. The selection followed an intensive study of the individual trees and the functions they would serve. We formulated a questionnaire to identify physical characteristics, potential height and width, nutrition and irrigation needs, and functions, especially whether each given tree would be a Christmas tree, a landscape tree, or both. Also early on a certain division of labor evolved: Dory would be in charge of the landscaping around the house, and I would be take care of the tree farm. The orchard sort of fell in-between, and so it became a joint effort. The landscaping, however, involved the planting of many trees, but someone had to dig the holes. I was nominated and I accepted. With time it became evident that neither of us would hesitate in violating that division of labor and encroach by asking for help, and neither would decline to offer it. The novelty of our adventure lies in the business aspect since even on the city lot we had in Davis we had an orchard and elaborate landscaping. Therefore the story of our new venture will focus on the tree farm and the joys and tribulations that came with it.

To select the tree we would grow, we made sure that it would function as a Christmas tree, as a windbreaker, as a hedge, and as an enhancement of the landscape. Redwoods led the list, both coast redwood (*sequoia sempervirens*) and the sierra redwood (*sequoiadendron giganteum*), because both of us loved the Redwoods. We also were warned that the sierra redwood would need higher elevation than our area. However, in our zeal for redwoods we thought that extra care for the sierra redwood might compensate for the relatively low elevation. Seven years later we discovered that extra care would not compensate for the natural needs of the living thing. That is why we had to chop down a few fairly large sierra redwood trees that had decided to obey nature and protest their new location. Experts also advised us later on to chop down all the sierra redwoods because they will not make it. We did not, and now, eight years later, several of those trees are large and look healthy. It just might have been a matter of natural selection; some die and others live. By contrast, the coast redwoods have flourished and some have reached close to a thirty feet height in these eight years we have been here.

Incense cedar (*calocedrus decurrens*), the lush green, fast growing tree has been another selection. Douglas fir (*pseudotsuga mensiesii*) and white fir (*abies*

concolor would serve as Christmas trees, landscape trees, and as hedges and windbreaks. Here too we let our visual admiration of the white fir prevail over the warning that our elevation is too low for it to grow and flourish. Eventually we lost most of the 200 seedlings we started with, for no reason known to us except the relatively low elevation. Scotch pine (*pinus silvestris*), by contrast, has been a success story: hardy, not demanding, serves all the relevant functions, and sells more for landscape than for Christmas, although it is a top seller nationally as a cut Christmas tree. One more evergreen tree joined the selection, the Arizona cypress (*cypresses arizonica*), whose story tells a lot about our venture into tree growing, with more zeal than knowledge. It happened when one of us saw a tree by the office of the Department of Forestry in Davis. The tree looked beautiful: blue/gray, almost a perfect cone as a Christmas tree, soft on the touch, gently bending its branches as if to communicate with the spectator. This observer, despite warnings from the forestry officials that this is not popular as a Christmas tree, decided to experiment and possibly make it popular, at least within our circle of friends and potential customers. The experiment involved planting one thousand trees within the first two years. The trees have grown large, dense, and still remain unpopular as Christmas trees. But they are lovely in our landscape, even though they look haggardly at the lower branches because of the density of planting and the lack of sun. But we do have a forest, which the deer enjoy, and so do the people who visit, especially since we have cleaned the paths between the rows of trees to make it look like mazes where playing hide and seek would be natural. However, the Arizona cypress has proved to be a fairly good seller for landscaping because of its color, rapid growth, and soft touch.

We decided on a different combination of trees. We chose trees for landscaping, in addition to Christmas trees. For this purpose we selected Oregon Ash (*Fraxinus larifolia*), Western Redbud, (*Cercis accidentalis*), and Big Leaf Maple (*Acer macrophyllum*). Before long we decided to limit our business venture to the evergreens. The deciduous trees we purchased ended up in our landscaping plans or targets of deer feasting, especially the Maple. Whatever they could reach they ate, even through the wire cages we put up to protect them.

2. Covering the Landscape.

The land we bought had been abandoned for a long time. The former owners had intended to build on it but changed their mind in favor of a location near water. However they held on to the property for capital gain and it paid off, even though they did nothing to improve it. They let the pre-existing orchard go wild, the thistles grow thick, and any passageways that existed vanish into hiding. The old pear trees bore fruit, but the fruit was neither sweet nor clean or worm free. The plum trees had died and new growth had appeared from below the graft to turn the orchard into a jungle. The apricot trees had much in common with the pear trees: negligence, the company of thistles, and thirst for attention far beyond redemption. The trees shared the landscape with Johnson grass, star thistles, and other wild grasses and weeds I could not name. At the low point of the land we saw a creek flowing north/south from the neighbor's property through our new land, but we could not see where it flowed because of an elongated canopy of willows, dense patches of black berries and grape vines, and some lonesome oaks. The oaks had hosted poison oak, which had crept up on them to great heights in search of the sun and light. On this land we planned to create our tree farm. This was the picture on west side of the creek. The land on the east side of the creek was fairly level to start with, sloping upward as you moved east/south-east, reaching a sort of a plateau, before it slopes down again toward our gateway on Buffalo Rd. It is not exactly a plateau except for the house site; however, north of the house site is a hill and sort of a decline to a depression making the landscape picturesque and enchanting. Below the house we planned to have a swimming pool and above it presided the challenge of growing flowers and shrubs, on a sloping hill that prided itself on the abundance of rocks and stones, and the scarcity of soil and moisture. We both were excited, determined, and anxious to embark. That was not easy for we could not even see the ground on which to plant. We had no farm equipment other than the garden equipment we used in our Davis garden. The shovel, the pickaxe, and the hoe were useful, but not sufficient. The land needed cleaning and disking or plowing before one can plant. That is where the good neighbors came in.

Oliver Quam, a retired dentist, is our neighbor on the North side above the sloping rocky hill. He was a good influence on our decision to buy the property. It took little time to discover how correct were our positive first impressions of him as a neighbor. While still commuting from Davis to prepare for planting trees, I came one day with Marci, a student/friend, to work on the land. We came through Highway 65, which then demanded drivers to turn on their headlights over a test section. We finished our work for the day and were ready to go home, but the car would not start. We had left the lights on causing the battery to die. Oli, as his friends know him, came to the rescue. First he tried to jump-start the car but in vain. I wanted to call the road service, which would have taken hours for them to come to a place so far away in the country. Oliver said no. He had a better idea. His friend Bill has an extra battery and he would loan it to us. Oliver went over to his friend's house, brought the battery, helped to install it in place of our battery, and took our battery to his friend to recharge it. He said when we come back next time your battery will be fully charged, and it was. That was only the beginning.

Now back to the land question. Oli heard of my woes regarding the need to clear some areas and ready them for planting. He quickly offered to plow the sections I would designate. By then Bill Roberts (owner of the battery) had become a friend and he had a bigger tractor than Oli's. We left it at that and I went to Davis to give lectures. By the time I was back in late afternoon Oli and Bill had cleared the marked area, piled up the brush and weeds, and plowed it frequently enough to make it ready for planting. I was delighted and began to thank them for their help when a third neighbor, Charles Young, startled me by saying that he too had come to the rescue with his tractor and helped in the plowing. I thanked him too. And then I began to hear stories about tractors in the neighborhood. Apparently one's reputation here depends on the horsepower of one's tractor and the number of rattlesnakes he had killed. Comparing with the three of them, I was at the bottom of the totem pole. I still had no tractor and had not killed any snakes. Since then I have acquired a tractor, smaller than theirs. I also have killed five rattlesnakes. Even so I am still at the bottom of the totem pole.

It was late in the spring of 1992 that I was ready to plant. The irrigation system was in place, but I had no seedlings since I had not ordered any months in advance, as one is supposed to do. The only seedlings I could find were left over from unsold stock at a Federal Nursery above Placerville. The first planting expedition included 200 each of Incense Cedar, Douglas Fir, and White Fir. These were bare root, 4-6 inches high and relatively easy to plant. To plant 200 seedlings a day was an easy target. In my zeal I did plant as many as 400 seedlings in one day, which included digging the holes in unplowed areas, and watering each individually before the end of the day. Now, eight years later, the trace of the White Fir is bleak, but the Douglas Fir and Incense Cedar have flourished, reaching 20-25 feet high. Overall, we have planted about 30,000 trees. Some did not make it, customers have cut and bought some, and others we put in containers for sale. In other words, we started a licensed nursery of evergreens, side by side with the forest. The forest we have created covers about half of the acreage we have, even though that was not the objective we started with. The idea was to sell cut trees, but the market was restricted by our circumstances. The by-laws of the homeowners association did not allow commercial activity that draws traffic and people into the development project. Therefore we tried to keep the business activity at a low key. But this was only a part of the problem. We also were reluctant to open the market to the public the way Christmas tree farms and lots do because we valued our privacy. We asked people to call for an appointment if they wanted to buy. Finally, breaking into the market proved to be more difficult than we had anticipated. As a result our trees grew too big too fast to dig out and sell them in containers; they became too big even for cut Christmas trees. And we have come to cherish the forested landscape enough to protect it. The number of trees in the forest however has dwindled because we did thin out the plantation by taking out every other tree to put it in containers while the trees were still manageable. Thus we increased the space between trees from three to about six feet. In the meantime this spacing has turned out to be too dense for the health of the trees, more on that until later.

After that first experience, our seedlings have come mostly from the California State Department of Forestry (CDF) nursery in Davis, or the CDF nursery in Magalia, which supplied the bare root seedlings. The CDF stock is excellent and the service, including advice, is superior. Lori and Bill at the Davis nursery have been especially helpful in answering questions, handing out relevant literature, and suggesting where to get information as well as seedlings, should their nursery not have what we want. Here I also discovered an interesting phenomenon. It is not only that the price of seedlings goes down as the quantity you buy goes up, but also that if you have a relatively large area for reforestation, you get a subsidy from the Federal government and the seedlings will be free. “The more you have, the more you get” is practiced fully in this business.

Another supplier of seedlings has been Fowler’s nursery, which is close to us and has been in this area for a long time. Actually the street on which the nursery stands is named after the Fowler family. However, Fowler’s stock was not uniform in quality. One year their Douglas Fir seedlings were superior and the next year almost a total failure. We lost most of them even though we followed the same procedure as the year before. It appeared that they sold the seedlings as ready for transplant before they actually were, and it is not easy to check because they are kept in closed boxes in the freezer until they are picked up. One of course could complain and Fowler staff is good in considering the complaints. However, given the small order I placed with them, it seemed too costly to pursue the matter, especially since the season would have been lost by the time the problem is discovered.

The first summer was an eye opener. Planting seedlings is easy, but keeping them alive is not. They need adequate and regular watering. Weeding is another necessary activity, and these jobs take time. Therefore, it became my routine to come from Davis three times a week to water and weed. That seemed inefficient. Under the pressure of time and the lack of experience, some of the seedlings were stressed and died. That ordeal, however, was over after the first season. By the beginning of the second season we had drip irrigation in place.

The hill on the other side of the creek was a jungle compared with the level next to the creek on the east side. We could not even walk through that part of the land. A bulldozer was in order. The bulldozer, operated by Mr. Smith, was busy for three full days, pulling out old apricot trees, scraping the berries and the poison oak, and removing all the willows that hid the water from our view, but not the soothing sound of this meek creek. Mr. Smith piled up all the dead trees in 14 separate piles for burning. We did save the plum trees, although they were growing from the roots, below the graft, and therefore the fruit was not worth picking. But grooming those trees made them into a canopy of shade over green grass suitable for picnics, siestas, and just mere relaxation. We call it the park area. The Park area is on the edge of the creek where the running water broadcasts its tunes, sometimes being orchestrated by the croaking of the resident frogs. The creation of the park and all the work associated with it was ours to do. Our 25-year-old chain saw came

handy. And my sister Julia and her husband Hanna, who were visiting us from Israel, proved to be a great help in collecting the debris of the chain saw. They worked with us for at least three whole days to finish that job, and they loved it.

Another problem we had to cope with was cleaning what looked like a swamp at the northwest corner of the property. The source of the swamp seemed to be a leak in the irrigation system of the west-side neighbors. That part of the land seemed unusable in its swampy condition. The neighbor, Larry, had a few heads of cattle and had divided his property into five pastures, which are irrigated continuously by rotation. Evidently some of the irrigation water seeps down to our land and makes a swamp. We approached Larry regarding the seepage and in the process I learned a good lesson about rural individualism as I experienced it. Larry has a tractor service and owns heavy equipment, which would make any necessary repairs a simple matter. He heard my story and shrugged it off as part of the situation to accept since he was there first, or simply because he did not care. We thought about the matter and explored the alternatives. The best alternative seemed to be for us to take care of the job. Accordingly, four days of digging made a nice canal to transport the seeping water toward the creek. The land became usable and we stayed friends with the neighbor. By the time the planting season began, the land was cleared, the drip irrigation was extended to the relevant areas, and we had purchased a tractor. Searching for a tractor, used or new, with no knowledge of machinery, was an experience in its own right. Visiting tractor dealers was an education if one is not embarrassed to ask simple questions. My questions must have seemed too simple and in a way indicative of my unlimited ignorance of the tractor and auto-mechanic subculture in general. Those who have grown up in the American mechanized automated society would be familiar with spark plugs, the relevance of the number of cylinders, the choke, etc. I was not familiar with these parts or their functions, although I had done a careful study of the history of technology. However, each specific car had its own features and each tractor its own specifics. Of course I drove a car but that meant nothing regarding knowledge of the engine and its intricate operation. I asked questions and received answers. I was handed pamphlets and I read them carefully enough to form an idea of what I would purchase, and also to ask relevant questions. A new tractor seemed too expensive for the amount of use awaiting it. A used tractor would do, especially if it had a relatively low number of use hours recorded on it— assuming the gauge had not been tangled with. A 25 horsepower tractor would be sufficient. John Deere, I was told, is the best, though Kubota is becoming a strong competitor. Bill Chancellor, a professor of agricultural engineering, was willing to help choose a tractor. Bill is soft spoken, knowledgeable, and candid. He came along with me to a tractor dealership in Vacaville. The sales person started to describe the great qualities of the tractors on display. Bill asked all the right questions, including why one tractor had some oil drops around it or something to that effect. The sales person had the usual favorable but unhelpful answers. Bill explored deeper only to find out that the tractor had some serious engine problems. He explained to the sales person what was wrong and how it could be repaired. We did not find a tractor Bill would recommend. He also emphasized that any tractor with less than 25 horsepower capacity would be little more than a toy. I made it a routine of mine

to check the paper advertisements for used tractors. And then it happened. Here was an advertisement for a John Deere 650 tractor, with 18 farm horsepower capacity, and only 50 hours of use. It had attachments including a mower, a disc, and a scraper. I called the owner and within the hour I had purchased the tractor. The seller was a building contractor who had invested in speculative houses and his houses were not selling. He had to liquidate some capital in order to secure liquid funds. For \$5600 I purchased an almost new tractor with implements. The package, were it new, would have cost \$15000. Now that we had a tractor, we needed to find a place to park it safely on the land. We still lived in Davis and were commuting to do the work on the farm. Oli again came to the rescue by offering to have it parked by his house and so it was. That of course had another advantage. Oli knew a lot about tractors, having owned more than one and having grown up on a farm in Minnesota, and he was willing to help in driving, servicing. He knew how to attach and detach implements to the three point hitch. Eventually he helped in buying a tiller that proved to be a great help in creating a garden. The tractor made it possible to keep the weeds under control, to level the bumpy grounds, and prepare the land for planting. However, the uses of the tractor were limited because certain areas had no road to drive on, especially the west side of the property. I had mentioned that limitation and evidently Oli had discussed it with Bill. A couple of days later I came back from Davis and lo and behold, there was a road on the west side of the land. Oli and Bill had cleared, scraped, and readied the road for us, without expecting any compensation for it. Bill, a former builder of elevators, likes to be left alone, but he is always willing to help if asked. He rarely volunteers his services but when asked he never hesitates. Although I did not ask, he considered the discussion with Oli as a request and he was happy to oblige. Bill and Oli were neighbors in their previous residences in West Sacramento, and their friendship has apparently been strengthened by the isolation of rural living. My relationship with both of them has been quite warm. My attempts to socialize with them as families have been unsuccessful. Both of their families do little socialization outside of their immediate family membership. They do not invite people to their homes, in contrast to us, but they do accept invitations. Even so the three of us have developed an informal visitation routine. We can visit each other unannounced, even though we differ greatly from each other in background, and interests other than amateur farming. Bill, like Oli, is a conservative, enjoys listening to Rush Limbaugh, who, in my view is a reactionary. Bill votes Republican by tradition. He is critical of the poor as lazy, unwilling to work, and therefore undeserving. However, he has mellowed in the last two years, enough to volunteer one day a week to serve in a food distribution center. At the center he collects stories about the finicky recipients who drive big cars when they come to pick up food packages. Oli and Bill have been a great amenity for me in our new surroundings. We even have reached a point of joking about our political and ideological differences. That is why it has been a pleasure to give them all the trees they want out of my stock, free of charge, enough to change the landscape around their houses. Fortunately both do a good job of landscaping and maintaining their properties in good shape.

During the summer of 1992 I watered the new plants by hand, moving hoses from one riser to another. I tried to water more than once a week but that was

not always possible because of the commute. Therefore, I decided that it was time to install a drip system. Going back to the library was a first step, and more in order to learn about the system and what would fit our tree farm. I also visited shops and talked to sales people. Mark and Kathy were most helpful. Mark installed the basic irrigation system for us from one end of the property to the other. Kathy helped by explaining various aspects of drip irrigation. She also supplied the hoses, emitters, punchers, and other supplements such as couplings, corners, and tees that made it possible to create a network of drip outlets. Gradually each seedling would have its own emitter, which would dispense two gallons of water an hour. Over the next three years I laid out over 30,000 feet of hose, with one emitter every three feet. The main objective was to have drip irrigation in every section of the farm by the time it was planted. At the end of the third year there were 34 water outlets, each irrigating between 150 and 200 trees, in addition to 14 other outlets in the orchard and landscape around the house. Now it became necessary to manage the water so as to irrigate every section at least once every 10-14 days, depending on the air temperature. We purchased 2 miner inches of water in the summer and one half of an inch in winter. (an inch miner of water equals 11 gallons of water in 24 hours). To be able to make the rounds, I would turn on four outlets simultaneously and let the water flow for three to five hours, only to find out later that it took about twelve hours to effect the necessary deep watering. Gaining the experience was costly, but it did come at last and the effects were obvious: a higher rate of survival among the seedlings. It also became clear that the amount of watering depended on the tree species, the terrain, and how level or sloping the planted area happens to be, the depth of the soil, and the age and size of the plant. Though it was recommended that the emitter should be at least a foot away from the trunk of the tree, it became obvious that such a recommendation would not apply to seedling that are 4-6 inches tall. Hence, the emitters had to be close at the start and moved outward from the trunk, as the seedlings grew bigger.

Drip irrigation took time to layout, but it saved time and trees in the long run. However, drip irrigation has its own problems. Emitters get clogged and have to be checked and cleaned during the irrigation process. Also alternating outlets meant that an attendant had to supervise to make sure all trees had their turn. I made a chart showing the position of each outlet, and numbered them consecutively. Another chart recorded the date and duration of watering from each outlet. The same applied to the orchard and the landscape around the house. Luckily irrigation water was available, delivered to the property by the Nevada Irrigation District (NID) at cost pricing. This access to water proved to be indispensable since our artesian well was too weak to use for irrigation, delivering less than two gallons a minute. The NID water comes from seven reservoirs managed by the District, which now serves about 120,000 people, who buy the irrigation water according to their needs, by the inch miner. An inch miner provides 11 gallons of water a minute for the contract period. By the time all the trees were in, the irrigation cycle required continuous irrigation day and night during the summer season, in order to reach all the trees as planned.

By the second planting season I began to wonder whether selling cut Christmas trees was our ideal objective. Live Christmas trees seemed more idealistic and possibly more lucrative. It might also be more convenient and efficient to sell live trees in pots rather than plant them in the ground only to cut them later on. Furthermore, it would be possible to sell live trees throughout the year for landscaping as well as Christmas trees in the season. However, this idea did not crystallize enough to implement before the third planting season. By then I had a few thousand trees in the ground. From then on the theme became clear that both objectives would be met: we would create a forest with a potential for cut Christmas trees, and a stock of potted plants to sell as live Christmas trees and as landscape trees. The theme would still be focused on evergreens, the operation would be kept small, and sales would be mostly wholesale, that is to nurseries and landscapers at wholesale prices.

Making plans is one thing; implementing them is another. Potted plants, started from seedlings, take time to be saleable, especially as live Christmas trees. Therefore, while I continued to plant seedlings in the ground at about three feet apart, I embarked on digging out every other tree from earlier plantings and potting them for sale as landscape trees. Thus almost immediately I created a stock of locally grown five and fifteen-gallon container trees, in addition to the one-gallon potted seedlings. Digging out trees and potting them might seem wasteful and time consuming. The evidence suggests otherwise: dugout trees are bigger and fuller than container trees of the same age, potted as seedlings. The difference was quite obvious, especially in the case of 15-gallon dugout trees, even though I fertilized potted trees, but not trees started in the ground. I did not fertilize trees in the ground on the recommendation of the farm advisor, since conifers generate their own food when planted in the ground.

3. Regulatory and Support Institutions

Starting a business, small or large, entails contact with various institutions, all of which proclaim their interest in helping the business. That is usually true in the sense that they do not want to cause you any trouble, especially the regulatory institutions. First among these is the county government staff. They help by licensing the business, for a fee of course, and they help to avoid violating the law. So far I have not felt that I have received any help from the county, or any service in lieu of the fee I pay. The only service I can recall is a visit from the agricultural commissioner in order to certify that I grow the trees locally and therefore I can sell at the farmer's market. Next comes the state government. The Department of Food and Agriculture issues a license to sell nursery products, and the Board of Equalization issues a resale license, which exempts the wholesaler from collecting sales taxes on commodities for resale. That simply shifts the burden of collecting the tax to the retail seller. The retail seller will have to charge the sales tax to the customer and pay it to the Board of equalization. The policy does create a temptation, namely not to record a sale and sell for cash at a lower price. Some customers have suggested this approach several times. However, I have stuck to the rule by charging the tax and transferring it to the Board of Equalization. It is interesting that one customer who had suggested paying cash and not paying the tax commented that I was right to comply with law, because he might himself be an agent of the Board. An interesting function of the state nursery license is that it allows one to sell beyond the county borders because the state supervises the health of the agricultural products moving across county limits. Luckily all the county and state services can be secured by mail, as long as the check is mailed on time. I started the farm business working alone, but at some point in the early years it seemed necessary to have some help, especially if we are to promote sales at the farmers' market. However, to use hired help I would have to secure a workman's compensation insurance policy, as required by the county. Such a policy may be secured from the California Farm Bureau, a branch of the national private association of farmers. The fees are graduated according to the expected payroll. The minimum at the time was a little over three hundred dollars annually. At face value, the fee seems reasonable, especially as protection in case of injuries in the course of working on the farm. The process of securing the policy was simple but time consuming. It was necessary to fill forms, have an interview with an agent of the Farm Bureau, and then wait. It took a few weeks before I received approval and had to pay the minimum fee. Fortunately I did not have to retain that policy for long, having quickly decided not to hire any workers. I would do the work myself. Thus I would avoid the paper work, and avoid having to deal with temporary workers, since the business was too small to justify any permanent workers. During the short experience I had with temporary workers, one phenomenon was evident: temporary workers can be unpredictable in terms of showing up when you need them, even though I always paid above minimum wage, and rarely less than the individual worker requested. But I was comfortable doing the work alone and by doing so making sure the scale of operation remains small and manageable. That,

however, was not the end of the insurance story. As a Christmas tree grower, one would expect buyers to come to the farm, cut trees, pick up trees, or just come and explore. What if one of these visitors suffered an injury? Hence we were back in the market for insurance of the farm. Strangely enough it was very difficult to find an agency willing to insure a farm as small as ours. The only feasible way was to combine our house insurance with insurance of the farm. An agency associated with the Farm Bureau was willing to underwrite our policy, if we combine the two and enroll as members of the Farm Bureau. The new policy doubled the premium in addition to the membership annual fee of \$60. A benefit of the membership is a 5% discount on purchases from the Farm Bureau Supply Store. The new policy has restrictions. The most important restriction is that customers will not be insured against injuries if they use power equipment, such as power saws to cut trees. Only the owner/operator would be insured while using power equipment. This condition was taxing a few times when I had wholesale contracts for cut trees and I had to cut all the trees myself. Luckily I like using the power saw and therefore the restrictions did not seem onerous or prohibiting. Another advantage of membership in the Farm Bureau is a discounts on certain purchases from other agencies, 50% discounts on staying in certain hotels, as well as on car rentals. We did use the discounts on hotels a number of times, making the membership worthwhile. Finally, the bureau issues a weekly publication, the AG ALERT, which discusses farm issues in California and sometimes nationally, advertises farm equipment and farming real estate, as well as seedlings and other farm inputs. These benefits are greatly enhanced by the pleasant attitude of the staff at the Supply Store, who truly treat one as a member and not just a buyer. The only limitation is that the Store caters mostly to ranching and field cropping on a much larger scale than our operation. The issue of scale seems constant in this business. Even so I appreciate the help of the Farm Supply Store. I remember when I took a big sprayer over for repair or replacement. Bill, an older staff member, tried to fix it and spent quite a while working on it. He finally suggested replacing the pump for one fifth of replacing the sprayer. It worked; his labor was free. On the other hand, the management and membership in the Farm Bureau tend to be politically conservative, in favor of the large farmers, even though the majority of farmers are small. According to the 1999 assessment eighty percent of the farmers in California earned less than \$20,000 in that year. The Bureau also tends to oppose the environmentalists, though the vast majority has little material benefit from exploiting the wilderness. The benefits go to the large farmers, lumber companies, ranchers, and developers. In fact I had to write in opposition to the Bureau's President's statements on the environment. In a way, the Bureau's position is similar to that of most of our neighbors— quite conservative.

The California Nurserymen's Association is another institution that seemed to be of interest. Membership fees are progressive, depending on the sales of the farm. The local chapter conducts the most relevant activities. These activities include a monthly dinner program, an annual Christmas dinner party, and the publication of a newsletter, with space in it for advertising, at a price. Again the scale of operations makes a difference. Our scale is too small to support travel to meetings, or regular advertising beyond the local community. However, I sustained

our membership for a few years. When I found out that the renewal notice requires the member to swear that the stated gross sales are accurate, I withdrew. Why they would require a member to take an oath that the information submitted is accurate? Who would go and audit the books to make sure the figures are accurate. And would they prosecute a member, even if they suspected under-reporting? Why do they mistrust the members who are choosing to be members? And should a hired staff member set policy for the membership, which suggests distrust of the members themselves? I sent in the renewal form without signing the oath statement. They rejected it and returned the fee check. We have had a dialogue in writing; the president called to convince me of the appropriateness of the policy by citing an illustration: one member had discovered that his accountant had underreported and he voluntarily made the correction and paid the correct dues. I thought to myself that he had proved my point. Evidently the management is carried away with the spirit of competition, profit making, and individualism. There is little trust of each other, even when the argument for trust is quite strong.

The Christmas Tree Growers Association seemed quite relevant to our Christmas tree business. I was quick to join and not too slow to quit. The monthly bulletin is very helpful as a reference, and so is the Buyers' Guide, which is issued annually at an additional cost to the interested member. The annual meetings and Fair display products most of the growers' need: advertising, brochures, and workshops and seminars relating to the care and trade of trees. I have learned about the pitch canker disease, which has hit the Monterey Pine; I benefited from observations of shearing and grooming the trees before they are up for sale. The attitude of the association staff was encouraging and helpful and I did attend one annual meeting. I even offered to help in facilitating research through experts at the university. Unfortunately that project did not materialize because the person in charge would not specify the objectives of the requested research in writing. Apparently they run the business quite informally, which seemed strange to me. How could I approach some of my colleagues at the university and ask them to conduct research on the basis of an informal conversation? After about two years of membership, which I enjoyed because of the friendliness of the group, it seemed that the main objectives of the association were focused on the sale of cut trees. By then I had decided to focus on container live trees, for Christmas and for landscaping. Hence our main interests began to diverge. I explained and ended our membership.

One of the advantages of farming in California is the great University of California Extension service, which is attached to the County offices. The Farm Advisor, as the extension official is called, is supposed to be knowledgeable in at least one major area of agriculture, but also be able to access help from other experts when needed. The representative is part of a large network of experts. Garth was the farm advisor when we started. His had an especially relevant experience, because his wife operated their Christmas tree farm. Thus we had in common our collegiality as University of California members and our Christmas tree ventures. Garth was quite helpful in a number of ways. When I noticed some branches of Incense Cedar dying he came over and inspected. He thought that the

cause was crown gall. This was later confirmed by experts from the Department of Forestry and the Pathology Department of the University of California in Davis. Garth was equally helpful in providing literature and directions regarding propagation from seeds and cuttings. It is particularly significant to know that the farm advisor service exists, at least to guide one through the process of finding the right help when needed. The Extension Service is augmented and enhanced by a cadre of volunteer Master Gardeners, (MG) who go through a fairly rigorous course in agriculture, with options for further study. Upon completion of the course, they offer their services to the public under the supervision of the Farm Advisor in the area of their expertise. Dory, my wife, became a MG and that gave me extra contact with the group.

Still another institutional benefit in this area is the Nevada Irrigation District (NID), which functions as a non-profit agency that collects and distributes irrigation and domestic water to farmers and households at cost. A water outlet was already on the property and all we needed was to install the irrigation network, purchase the water, and pay for it. Interestingly the cost of water is much higher in winter than in summer. The argument is that few people buy winter water and therefore the overhead expenses have to be paid by a smaller number of customers than in the rest of the year. Even so the irrigation facility is a boon to the farmers, and the bigger they are the lower water cost to them. Yet few people would do any farming at all in this district without the NID.

One more institution completes the web of entanglements we have had to cope with in establishing and operating the farm, namely the Cold Stream Home Owners Association. It includes the owners of the 30 home sites carved out of a privately owned 300-acre piece of land. Our house and farm stand on one of these sites, which are lined up along two private roads: Cold Stream Rd and Buffalo Rd. Every owner of one of these sites is a member of the Association. The Charter of the Association lays down the rules and regulations the members must observe with regard to the use of the property, appearances, safety, and comfort of the community. The Association maintains the roads and manages the irrigation water distribution. All the water bought by the members comes through one main outlet before it branches out to the individual properties. The Association makes sure users are paying for the water, and also dues for the organization. Since the Association frowns on commercial use of the property in a way that might disturb the neighbors, we declared our operation as a wholesale operation and customers are served only by appointment. Such an adjustment has kept us in good standing with the Association, but also protected our privacy. As it has turned out our farm operation is in full harmony with our institutional environment, almost as much as it is in harmony with the wild life that shares our space and its products. It is also a source of comfort to us, the pace being slow by design, even though it is at the cost of foregone sales.

4. Care of the Trees

We chose Christmas trees as our main product on the false assumption that once in the ground Christmas trees require little maintenance. The facts indicate the opposite. There is always need for watering, weeding, fertilizing at least the container trees, pruning, and watching for disease. The watering schedule was in place by the end of the second year. By then the overall plan for tree planting was complete. The drip system is economical; it conserves water, allows deep watering, and is not too time consuming. However, it needs attention: emitters get clogged and hoses get broken. We tried various filtering systems but none was dependable enough to be sure the trees would be watered when the drip system was on. The filtering systems that do the job are too expensive for our small operation. Therefore, it seemed that periodic and spot checks would be the best way to ensure that the irrigation system is working throughout the summer. Weeding is another job that is unavoidable. Weeds grow faster than the trees; they compete for nutrition and moisture, and they create a hazard while walking in high grass where rattlesnakes might be resting. Even more significant, weeds do corrupt the planned environment, interfere with its beauty and harmony, and thus detract from the magnetism of the farm. Even though we tried to conserve much of the natural appearance of the land, the weeds had to be reduced to a minimum to sustain that appearance. As long as it was possible to drive the tractor between the trees, the mower took care of the weeds. However, by the fourth year of operation the trees were getting big enough to block the six-foot passage between the tree rows. That is when I had to resort to spraying herbicide (roundup) two or three times a year to control the weeds. Weeding the containers was a different story. It is not easy to spray weeds in the containers and it is too time consuming to weed by hand, but it had to be done. A combination of the two methods became the norm: spray where possible and weed by hand when nature calls. Another fairly effective method was to spread newspapers under the containers to reduce the chances of weed growing between containers. That helps both to reduce spraying and reduce the need for hand weeding or hoeing. Furthermore, the newspapers eventually decompose and become part of the soil: From earth to earth they return. At the same time using the papers seemed to be a positive way of disposing of the continuously accumulating piles of newspapers. However, that became messy; we had to give it up.

Fertilizing the trees was somewhat controversial. Was it necessary to fertilize conifers? What kind of fertilizer? How much to apply and how often. Reading books and pamphlets gives only general direction, but application requires specific information. One farm advisor suggested that conifers in the ground manufacture their own nutrition, but what about container trees? Visiting the Farm Bureau Supply Store was helpful. Equally informative was a visit to the Sierra Turf Supply store, whose the manager seemed to be quite informative regarding the kinds of fertilizer that might be used. Once he identified a relevant kind, we followed the label for use guidance, since technically the manufacturer is bound to give detailed information about the contents, the measurements, and the recommended dosage to apply as adequate. The most convenient fertilizer seemed to be the slow-dissolving kind, which could take from 4 to 9 months to dissolve.

That meant that the trees were being fertilized continuously; that also meant that watering had to be kept up to avoid burning the trees by the fertilizer waiting to be absorbed. This became our choice: to fertilize twice a year, in spring and fall.

The trees were flourishing, but still some were dying. In retrospect it seems that I was not giving them enough water; two to three hours of drip irrigation every ten days was not enough for trees in the ground. A 12-hour shift seemed to be the minimum required. The container trees depended on sprinklers, but the sprinklers do not distribute the water evenly and they waste a lot of water that falls outside the containers where it only helps weeds to grow. Therefore, hand watering seemed to be essential. Unfortunately hand watering is time consuming and thus it raises the cost of production radically. A compromise seemed to be in order. Hence each container gets watered by hand about once a week, while the sprinklers do the job the rest of the time, about twice a week during the hot summer months. Fortunately hand watering has a positive external effect: it allows one to reflect, relax, and meditate or interact with nature as the water seeps down towards the roots of the trees. I often wondered how good does the tree feel as the water quenches its thirst and nourishes it enough to make it grow and prosper.

A more complicated job is to watch over the health of the trees. Some died because I did not give them enough water in the first two years, due to my ignorance of the amount needed. Some died because they were the wrong species for our climate, especially the elevation. And some died because the deer bucks girdled them while trying to remove the fuzz from their own antlers. Most of the first 200 White Fir seedlings did not make it into adulthood. White fir mortality was worse than human infant mortality in the least developed country in the world. Another variety that has suffered, though less severely has been the Sierra or Giant Redwood, which likes to be at 3000' elevation or above. But the loss was mitigated by selling the inventory stock at a discount price, and ceasing to stock it for sale after that. The Sierra Redwoods we planted in our landscape have lost about 50 percent of their branches; hence we removed some of the trees and kept the rest because they seemed to meld into the landscape. The most serious problem of dying trees has been that of the Incense Cedar.

The Incense Cedar is lush, symmetrical, deep green, soft, and good smelling. But it is not native to this immediate environment. It also requires higher elevation. Even so, our trees have grown fast to impressive heights, according to the observations of experts from the Forestry Department and from the University of California in Davis. At about the fourth year of growth the Incense Cedar began to show signs of dying, a branch here and a branch there, sometimes near the top and sometimes near the bottom, and often around the middle. And sometimes the whole tree dies within a short period of time after signs of the problem became apparent.

I called Dr. Dave Adams from the Forestry Department. He came and brought with him a plant pathologist from the University of California, Davis. They looked, took samples, and weeks later reported that I may have been over-

watering the Incense Cedar. Over-watering encourages fungi to grow and signs of crown gall are evident. Their recommendation was to water less and clean the tools I use in Pruning, and removing the crown gall. I followed the recommendation for many months but the problem persisted. I went back to the University Department of Pathology. Dr. Douglas Gubler and his assistant Wally have come up with a different diagnosis: signs of pythium are apparent. Pythium nibbles on the roots and eventually kills the tree. To control for pythium one should keep the environment around the roots dry. Again I followed the suggestion, sprayed with gallax, as recommended by Dr. Gubler, and waited. Two years later, but the problem was still there. I called the new farm advisor, Cindy Fake, who came over and looked. She is an horticulturist, rather than a plant pathologist. She took samples and also contacted experts from the Department of Forestry in Sacramento. They came, looked around, took samples, and weeks later reported: You may have been under-watering, especially in view of the less than normal winter rain last year. Also the trees must have been stressed because of the density. Hence, water more, and remove some of the trees so that the crowns do not touch each other. Thinning that many trees is a long order. I did take out the trees that had dead branches. In all I cut over one hundred trees last fall, all to be burned, because they were too mutilated by the dead branches to sell them as Christmas trees. I have also started planning to water the big trees a little more during the summer, hoping to save the Incense Cedar in the forest. Again, this experience of the dying Incense Cedar tells one thing clearly: there is professional help when needed and all these services have been free of charge. At one point, however, the farm advisor suggested calling a private expert. I questioned the suggestion when we have the University of California Extension service, to which she belongs. Her answer: the University does not have a monopoly on knowledge. While this may be true, she gave no reason why the private expert would be more capable than the pathologists at the University from which she herself had graduated.

The only other menace that has faced the trees has been the herd of deer that inhabits our area. The number goes up and down ranging from a few in winter to about 25 during the summer. The lovely animals seem to feel at home. We have built a fence to protect the vegetable garden. We have also put cages around the individual fruit trees that are a good munching snack for the deer. The conifers are not that tasty and they do not munch on them, but they use their trunks as rubbing stands to remove the fuzz from their antlers, at least the bucks which have antlers do. By doing so they injure the tree or sometimes girdle it enough to kill it. Even if the tree survives it no longer sells as a Christmas tree or as a landscape tree. And you cannot sue the deer, and if you do they would most probably win. Hence we grin and bear it and say: they have no money to buy what they need, and they were here first. We still love them.

There is still a major operation that makes the tree a Christmas tree: Shearing. Some varieties look naturally as Christmas trees, such as the Sierra Redwood and the Incense Cedar. They have the shape of a cone and the tips are firm enough to hold ornaments. This is not true of Douglas Fir, Scotch Pine, or Arizona Cypress, and certainly not of the Coast Redwood. These have to go to the

beauty salon to look right or the beauty expert has to come to them. That is what I do by shearing them.

Shearing a Christmas tree is a technique and an art. The tree has to be shaped with a high degree of symmetry and uniformity all around. There is also a certain ratio to maintain between the diameter at the bottom and the height of the tree, depending on the size of the tree and its variety. Hence the ratio is relative and flexible, according to the shearer's observations and assessment of the market. Some small trees look beautiful with a ratio of 1: 2 between width and height, while the older bigger ones may range up to 1: 4 and beyond. One principle I have learned one year or two into the business is that Scotch pines can be sheared only during the Christmas season, while Douglas fir can be sheared any time during the year. Another observation of interest is that the less shearing the better, as long as a certain degree of harmony among the tree characteristics is maintained. My first experience of shearing the Scotch pine taught me a lesson. I sheared the trees before the buds had developed into new growth and that held the trees back almost one whole year. However, reading books about Christmas trees was the main guide, although the books give only general ideas that had to be interpreted into practice.

At first I used long blade loppers, going around the tree and up and down trying to make it look as perfect as possible. The job seemed to be easy, though time consuming. The difficulty became more evident days later as I walked between the trees and saw how imperfect the tree coning was. It was necessary to go over many of the trees to mend the errors, but that is dangerous since it has the potential of compounding the mistakes by misjudging where and how much to cut. I then experimented with the machete by trying to cut the tips at an angle from top to bottom. However, the machete was too heavy and tiring, but also ineffective with tender new growth because the blade is thick and the new growth does not offer enough resistance for the blade to cut through. I finally resorted to the shearing knife. I had tried to save money by using the tools at hand until I discovered that investment in the appropriate tool is the most efficient and economical approach. With my 18" thin steel blade knife I could cut at the appropriate angle from the top of a 6" tree to the bottom with one stroke. With care I would not have to go over it again. Thus going around the tree with well-planned strokes I could shear a tree in less than five minutes. But I did not always judge correctly, even after some experience I had to go over some trees again. This happened usually after working a few hours and getting too tired to concentrate, and too determined not to quit. However by the end of a shearing day my right arm would be aching severely. After a few days of shearing I needed a week or more for my arm to be comfortable again. Yet the ache seemed to be almost pleasant since it was the result of a productive strengthening activity.

Large farms have their experienced crew and most probably they have shearing machines operated with tractor power. The shearing blade could be six feet long, set at the appropriate angle to go around each tree to make it into a uniform symmetrical shape all around. A new version of the weed eater has also

been developed into a shearing machine, with a small blade, which has the same effect as shearing with long blade loppers, though faster and less tiring. The weed eater turned shearer leaves gaps here and there because the blade cuts narrowly, making uniformity rather difficult to achieve. Now I am experimenting with a gas-powered hedger as my shearing machine. The May 2001 experiment suggests that it will work.

The best soil for planting trees is the native soil, but it is common to hear nursery people and other advisors suggest special topsoil or soil mixes for planting. Some recommend adding sand, chemicals, natural manure, or bark. I have experimented with most of these variations. Native soil has proved to be best for conifer trees in the ground. However, a mix of top soil and bark is good for container trees because it is lighter than pure soil, and it is more porous allowing for better draining. The sand mix was inefficient because it increases the loss of water and also the loss of sand through the holes in the containers, and it has no nutrition value. I have followed this pattern even though our soil is mostly clay, with excellent results as far as the rate of growth and the color of the trees are concerned. Another recommendation is to have soil analysis, which I did not, partly because the land was used as an orchard and because the conifers are hardy and are said to be able to generate their own nutrition. Also Christmas trees would be cut in a few years, before the soil is exhausted. At that time the idea of a forest was still in incubation. As far as seems apparent, the trees have not suffered because we did not conduct a soil analysis. Actually the native soil seemed good also for container trees but it was heavy relative to the mix, and we would have to scrape the topsoil from the land to use it, which we would not do. Furthermore, the local native soil had lots of rocks in it. In fact we had a large amount of soil excavated to make room for a swimming pool. I could easily scoop dirt from this mount with my tractor to use in container planting, but to do so we needed to remove the rocks. For that purpose I constructed a sieve with relatively large eyes for the rocks to fall through. The experiment was successful as a technique but uneconomical because of cost in time and energy to secure enough dirt for our operation. Hence, we have continued to use the blended 60: 40 mix of soil and bark for the containers.

The potting soil is fairly expensive at least in cash terms. Workers from another nursery were over to pick up trees. They noticed the pile of top soil I had purchased. They were surprised at the cost and suggested mixing it with sand to lower the cost. I thought they had an experience and ordered some sand for mixing with soil. It was delivered at the same price as the topsoil mix. And, unfortunately the sand was not that useful in the plant containers. It had about the same survival rate as the topsoil without the sand. Also the sand remained loose around the roots and prevented the formation of a solid ball, which would be easy to take out of the container for transplanting. That, of course, slows the process of repotting and possibly increases the risk in transplanting. That is it for experimenting with sand and for listening to advice without verification.

Then there is the question of containers of various sizes. Wanting to save on cash expenditure I sought used containers. The landscaper of our front and back yards provided me with his recycled pots at a relatively low price, fifty cents for a 15-gallon container, 25 cents for a 5-gallon container, and 10 cents for a 1-gallon container. That carried me through for a while. At one point I felt that our inventory of used containers is low and therefore arranged to secure a supply of new containers. Tom, of whom I shall speak later and I went in his truck to Santa Clara to get a load to share. We traveled 150 miles each way and were able to carry only 140 containers at the rate of \$1.35 per container, plus the travel expense, and the use of a whole day for the two of us. Once again the scale of our operations made a difference. Had our scale been large, the supplier would deliver at probably an additional cost of 15 cents a container. That was the end of new container purchase. Soon I discovered Yamasaki's yard, which had a good supply of used containers. Yamasaki is a landscaper in Auburn who seems to have a good business. He was willing to see his recycled containers removed at the price I suggested. From then on, Yamasaki has been my main source, plus returned containers by my customers, for a price, and what our landscaper continues to bring every now and then. The used containers are certainly much cheaper than the new ones, but they do run a risk of carrying back a disease. Therefore, some form of fumigation, or at least exposure to the sun for a period of time seemed helpful. So far I have not encountered any ill effect because of recycled containers.

5. Marketing the Trees

For a small farm it is difficult to plan a big bang campaign of advertising. The overhead costs would simply not be justified. Hence I decided to do all I could myself. Dory and I started by designing and printing a flyer. The first flyer was actually attractive: a folding flyer with emphasis on each variety of trees, by including a sketch of a branch, and a very low wholesale price, in green color to emphasize our specialization in evergreens. Duplication at Kinko's was relatively inexpensive. The next step was to prepare a mailing list. The phone book was a good source of nursery and landscaper names and addresses, but it said little about the specialization of the enterprise. For example, some nurseries sold only little containers of flowers, or other decorative or nature plants. Some people listed as landscapers were actually maintenance businesses and did no planting, unless it is at the request of a contractor. A good source of potential customers was the Nurserymen's Association membership listing, and the State of California Nursery listings by county. Both of these sources give details of the nursery's specialization. All in all, I was able to put together a mailing list of about 100 names within a forty-mile range from our farm. With an occasional urge to help from Dory, we put these flyers in envelopes, stamped them, and mailed them. I should add that that was the only "sophisticated" advertising instrument we have used. Given the response, it seemed that a simple listing of variety and price would be sufficient to inform nurseries and landscapers.

Another form of advertising was to put up a sign, but that was not practical because the Home Owners Association might frown upon it, and because we wanted to protect our privacy. Therefore, it seemed appropriate to put a sign on the corner of our private road where it meets the main county road that is the meeting of Buffalo and Mt. Vernon. Accordingly I went to work on two signs, about 3' by 3' each, and put them facing the traffic from each direction of Mt. Vernon. People had some comments, mostly positive, but no one objected, except those who vandalized them twice around Christmas time by smearing the paint with other color paint. I did the repair with some disgust at what people do in a senseless way. Overtime these signs have been productive, bringing us customers who happened to be driving by and those customers brought other customers by telling them about our "high quality" trees and "low prices". Then there were the newspapers for advertising. The Auburn Journal is a daily paper, which is associated with five other papers in neighboring towns. One may choose to reach any or all of them for a graduated price. The Penny Power, later named the Trader, is a weekly. It reaches about 25 thousand people, according to its salesperson. I stuck with the Auburn Journal and its associated papers, except for once we advertised in the Penny Power. That was when Tom worked with me.

Tom worked with me for about ten months as a share tenant. I met him one day when he was doing yard work for our neighbor, the late Allena Miller. We got to talk and I suggested that he might join me as a partner. However, he had no capital and we owned the land. He pretended that he knew about landscaping. Therefore I suggested the idea of coming in as a share tenant according to which he

would put up no capital. He would work about three days a week for a 40 % of the gross income. He agreed and we put the agreement in writing, each of us holding one copy as a record. Soon it became evident that he knew little about trees and I had to train him from scratch. Another discovery was that he preferred talking to working. In no time I knew his life history, his troubles with his wife, his problems in early childhood, his previous history of alcoholism, and his limited education. None of this mattered as long as he did his work as agreed. He helped in potting trees, in watering and weeding, and in selling the trees. Often we would cooperate in digging out a tree for transplant and suddenly you would find him standing there watching me dig, and wiggle the tree to take it out of the hole, waiting until I ask him to give me a hand. He never seemed to think that the job would be easier if two worked on it rather than one. However, he was good at going to the Farmers' market to sell trees, where he also found occasion to talk to people at length. He also did advertising at the Farmers' market. That function was important since I was not willing to get up early and load trees on the pickup to go to the market for an uncertain number of sales.

Going back to advertising, Tom had the idea stuck in his mind that "you have to spend money to make money." I agreed but stipulated that one has to spend the money wisely. For example when you advertise in a medium once, twice or three times and get little response, it should be obvious that that medium must be reevaluated. Tom somehow did not feel that way and he would renew an ad for a third or fourth time even when we had had no response at all. Of course I carried the responsibility for capital expenditure and he shared the gross revenue. Gradually we started to have differences of opinion regarding the expenditure. He also started to slacken off on the job, water less thoroughly than usual, come late or not at all without letting me know, even when it was his responsibility to do certain jobs. And worst of all he began spending money without consulting me, though some of the expenditure was legitimate but not wise. We finally reached a show down. I faced him with options of either stick to the agreement or we would have to dissolve. He quickly opted for dissolution and presented me with a demand for over \$5000 as his share of the trees he helped to plant or transplant. Obviously he had been planning the separation but waiting until I suggest it so as to get a share of the trees as a right to them. I agreed to give him his share but in the form of trees. He said he would consult his lawyer. I agreed and reminded him to show him the written agreement. His lawyer apparently told him to take what I offered him and keep quiet lest I change my mind and go into detail as to what his share ought to be. Tom took about 500 trees of different sizes and immediately announced his plan to start a nursery. That apparently was his objective in expediting dissolution of the agreement. He did proceed to establish a nursery and has become one of my customers as a retailer.

Tom left me about 15 years ago. I have continued to care for the forest and sell nursery and Christmas trees. I had 12 kinds of evergreens, but with age, or as one friend says, with maturing I have decided to downsize the operation of the nursery. Now I have only two kinds, Coast Redwood and Scotch Pine, as well as Christmas trees in the season, mostly live Christmas trees. The nursery has been

one way to meet other people. Some customers have been returning for Christmas trees for many years. Some have become friends. While the income from the nursery is modest, the pleasure and satisfaction are great, and enough to cope with the disappointing aspects of the business.

Agonizing Experiences at the Farm

Relation with Tom

Customers who make an appointment but do not come.

Customers who come back with a dead tree (or trees) after the warrantee period and want to return the tree or exchange it for another.

Customers who want to avoid paying the sales tax by offering to pay cash.

Elias Tuma,
TUMA'S FOOTHILL TREES

GLOSSARY

AARAU River: In Bern, Switzerland
Abu Simbel: Two massive rock temples in Abu Simbel (أبوسمبل in Arabic) in Nubia, southern Egypt on the western bank of Lake Nasser.

AEA: American Economic Association

AFSC: American Friends Service Committee

AID: Agency for International Development

Al Ahram Iqtisadi: An Arabic periodical dealing with economics by Al Ahram Newspaper

Al Watan: An Arabic periodical in Kuwait

Arnabs: (rabbits, proliferation of millionaires in Egypt under President Sadat like rabbits)

AVP: Another Viewpoint published by Elias Tuma

AWACS: Airborne Warning and Control System

Baath Party: Renaissance Party in Syria and Iraq

Bey: A title conferred in the Ottoman period, which is higher than Effendi and lower than Pasha

BIFAD: Board for International Food and Agricultural Development

Board of Equalization: California Board in charge of sales taxes

Book of Bahaim: Religious Book of the Bahais

Braceros: Workers imported from Mexico by contractors to work in agriculture

British Mandate: Mandate over Palestine for Britain by the League of Nations

Buttman: Personal aide to a British military officer

CARE: One of the largest world private organizations that fight poverty

Carrillion: A stationary set of chromatically tuned bells in a tower, usually played from a keyboard.

CCC: Consolidated Construction Company, Palestinian owned

Capitulations: Privileges enjoyed by Western citizens and merchants in the Ottoman Empire

Children of the Stones: Children who threw stones at Israeli soldiers during the Palestinian Intifadah or uprising.

Churches Quarter: A district in Old Jerusalem

Copt: An individual belonging to the coptic denomination— considered one of the oldest Christian Communities

Crown gall: A disease-caused outgrowth on branches of trees

Druze: An esoteric, monotheistic religious community, found primarily in the Middle East. The Druze call themselves *Ahl al-Tawhid* (People of Unitarianism or Monotheism) or *al-Muwaḥḥidūn* (Unitarians, Monotheists) – the official name of the sect is *al-Muwaḥḥidūn al Durūz* (The Unitarian Druze).

EAP: Education Abroad Program

ECAAR: Economists Allied for Arms Reduction

ECUA: Emerald Coast Utilities Authority, tries to bring college education to rural communities

ESCWA: Economic and Social Council for Western Asia

Festschrift: A document in honor of an individual who had made major contributions in the subject matter

Flumes: An open artificial water channel, in the form of a gravity chute, that leads water from a diversion dam or weir completely aside a natural flow, also used to measure the rate of water flow.

Gallabiah: Gown or flowing outer garment commonly used in Egypt and Sudan

Gallax: Pesticide used to control tree disease known as Gall, which forms on tree trunks or branches

Girdle: debark tree trunks or branches, sometimes causing death of the tree.

Green Belt: Green grass area surrounding a development project

Hanseatic League: An association of German and Scandinavian seafaring merchants formed around the middle of the 12th century to protect its members.

IBM: Inshallah Bukra Ma'alesh: You will do it if God wills it, tomorrow or later, and if it does not happen, it does not matter. Or Indecision, Procrastination, and Indifference.

ICARDA: International Center for Agricultural Research in the Dry Areas

IGA: Institute of Governmental Affairs at the Univ. of California, Davis

IJMES: International Joournal of Middle East Studies

IMF: International Monetary Fund
Infitah: Opening the economy for free trade, as President Sadat did in Egypt around 1974

Jewish Haganah: Jewish militia in Palestine, eventually the Israeli armed forces.

Juderia District of Spain: Jewish quarter in Madrid

Khawaga Complex: The blind belief that what is foreign from the West is better, including professionals and products

Khomeini Islamic regime: The Islamic movement by Ayatullah Khomeini, which replaced the Shah of Iran

Kibbutzim/Moshavim: Collective and Cooperative farms respectively, in Israel. **KISR:** Kuwait Institute for Scientific Research

Knesset: Israel's Parliament

Kuwaitizing: Replacing foreigners with Kuwaiti citizens after Iraq's invasion of Kuwait in 1991

Luxor: The site of the famous city of Thebes, (Waset in ancient Egyptian) the city of a hundred gates.

MacArthur Fellow: Recipient of a MacArthur fellowship, considered genius, usually for five years with freedom to do what the individual cares to do.

Magalia: A town in Northern California where a state nursery exists

Marshall Plan: Proposal to establish a Marshall Plan to rescue Middle East economies the way the US applied the Marshall Plan to rescue European economies after WWII.

McCarthyism: The practice of making accusations of disloyalty, subversion, or treason without proper regard for evidence, as happened in the early 1950s, under the leadership of Joseph McCarthy

MEED: Journal of Middle East Economic Data and analysis

Melkite Catholic: A denomination of Catholicism, recognizes the leadership of the Pope, but retains Eastern rites

MESA: Middle East Studies Association

Mosque of the Ommayads: Mosque in Damascus built in the days of the Ommayd Caliphate and one of the oldest and largest mosques in the world

MPR: Consulting firm in education, educational policy, expanding access, policy-relevant research, etc. in Berkeley, California

Muslim Brotherhood: The Society of the Muslim Brothers is the world's oldest and one of the largest Islamist parties, and is the largest political opposition organization in many Arab countries

New Outlook: A progressive magazine in favor of peace between Arabs and Israelis

OAPEC: Organization of Arab Petroleum Exporting Countries

OECD: Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development

Orientalism: describes a prejudiced interpretation of the East as shaped by the attitudes of European imperialism of the 18th and 19th centuries.

Partition Plan: The UN 1947 Partition Plan for Palestine

PEACE NOW: A Jewish Organization in Israel that promotes peace between Palestinians and Israelis

Piaster: One hundredth of a Palestinian Pound

Pitch canker: A disease of conifers caused by fungus and eventually kills the tree.

PNA: Palestine National Authority

Pythium: Mostly a plant parasite

Rais: Arabic for chief

Rose El Yousif: A humorous Arabic magazine in Egypt

Sabra Jew: A native born Jew (in Palestine)

Shah's White Revolution: Land Reform program in Iran

Shiite: A member of the branch of Islam that regards Ali and his descendants as the legitimate successors to Muhammad and rejects the first three caliphs

Shura/Shurocracy: Arabic for consultation; Shurocracy is imitation of democracy— for fun

Soroptomist: An international women's organization for women's issues.

Suq al Hamidiya: The old market in Demascus

Syriac: Is the important branch of the group of Semitic languages known as Aramaic. The Syriac people have their own Christian church.

Technion: A university in Haifa, Israel, which specializes in scientific subjects.

Tuma Gate of Damascus: One of several gates to the old city of Demascus; my family thinks it is our gate to the City

UNA: United Nations Association is a voluntary organization, which serves national interests in the framework of the United Nations.

UNDP: United Nations Development Program

UNESCO: United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization

Ustadh: Arabic title of a teacher or Professor

Washington Consensus: Was coined in 1989 by the economist John Williamson to describe a set of ten relatively specific economic policy prescriptions for development, which turned out to be unsuccessful

Yarmuq (refugee camp): in Syria named after Yarmuq river.

Yehudi: Arabic for Jew

Zaballin: Arabic for Garbage Collectors

Zionist/Zionism: Believer in Zionism, which is the national movement for the return of the Jewish people to their homeland and the resumption of Jewish sovereignty in the Land of Israel