

**Boston University**

**OpenBU**

**<http://open.bu.edu>**

---

Seidman Research Papers

Workshops, Notes and Papers

---

# Letter about Israel trip

---

<https://hdl.handle.net/2144/29897>

*Boston University*

7 Dartmouth Place  
Boston, Ma 02116  
May 14, 1991

Dearest everyone:

I promised our grandchildren to take notes on my week-long visit to Israel, and thought I would send it along to you all in case you might be interested. I might mention that, when I passed through London, Annie Neo, Semane, and John Aldrich took me to see an exhibit about Ann Frank (who, you remember, wrote her diary about hiding from the Nazis during the Holocaust) -- as John pointed out, a fitting way to start a voyage to Israel, precariously settled on the edge of the turbulent Middle East. It made the contradictory story of the many-sided struggle to build a Jewish state -- really a microcosm of the struggle for freedom and development everywhere-- even more poignant.

My trip came about because the students in the Clark-Rehovot<sup>1</sup> program invited me to see and learn more about the problems about which they have been writing their theses; the program administrators agreed it was worthwhile and arranged the trip. From the beginning, everyone agreed I would spend about half my time talking with the Rehovot staff about their approach to development, and half the time travelling with the students to see their homes. The discussions with the Rehovot staff were fascinating to me, but probably less so to you all.<sup>2</sup> Here I will focus on what I learned during the time I spent with my students in their homes and communities. Since I had been working with

---

<sup>1</sup>. Rehovot Development Studies Center in Rehovot, a small town near Tel Aviv, that works with third world planners and policy makers in the area of regional planning. Together with Clark's International Development Program, it sponsors a small MA program, admitting four Israeli students, two Jewish and two Arabs, plus two Africans for a joint study of theory and practice relating to problems impeding regional development.

<sup>2</sup>. I'll only mention in passing that they generally share our problem-solving approach (Bob's and mine), although we have focused on different aspects. In particular, they have -- like most social scientists -- neglected an analysis of the state itself, although it remains society's primary instrument for consciously changing institutions to attain development. But they agreed that Israel's experience illustrates the necessity of examining that issue, especially since it's clear that, at key points, the Israeli state and legal order is becoming significantly dysfunctional to a rationally-planned development process. If all goes well, they have invited us both back to explore that issue with them next spring -- which is nice, because I really was sad to have made this trip without Bob.

them on their theses, I knew much of the background information, only a little of which I will summarize here as I try to tell their stories.

To make it easier for you to keep track, let me list the places I went, the students who took me, and the people to whom I talked. I can't describe all the details; there is far too much to tell. But I will try to tell some of the more illuminating anecdotes. It will help to look at the enclosed map of Israel to understand how we went to so many places in so short a time; you can drive from one end of the country to the other in less than a day, and across the country, from the sea to occupied territories, in little over an hour.

Monday evening: Yurim Schacher (whom we knew from his year as a visiting professor at BU, and who joined our Law and Development salons with the Chinese students here last year) and his wife invited me for dinner and we drove around Tel Aviv and walked through Jaffa, the old Arab city at the port.

Tuesday: Hagai, a Jew whose family came from India in the early 1960s, drove me down to the Negev to visit his family's moshav, (a cooperative village in which each family owns its own house and land, but sells produce cooperatively), where his mother and grandmother gave us a lovely Indian meal. On the way, we visited a Kibbutz (a cooperative in which everyone shares everything, all working for the same equal shares of income; and the children all live in childrens' homes instead of with their families), a Kibbutz-owned factory, a development town, and a Beduin (formerly nomadic Arab peoples) settlement.

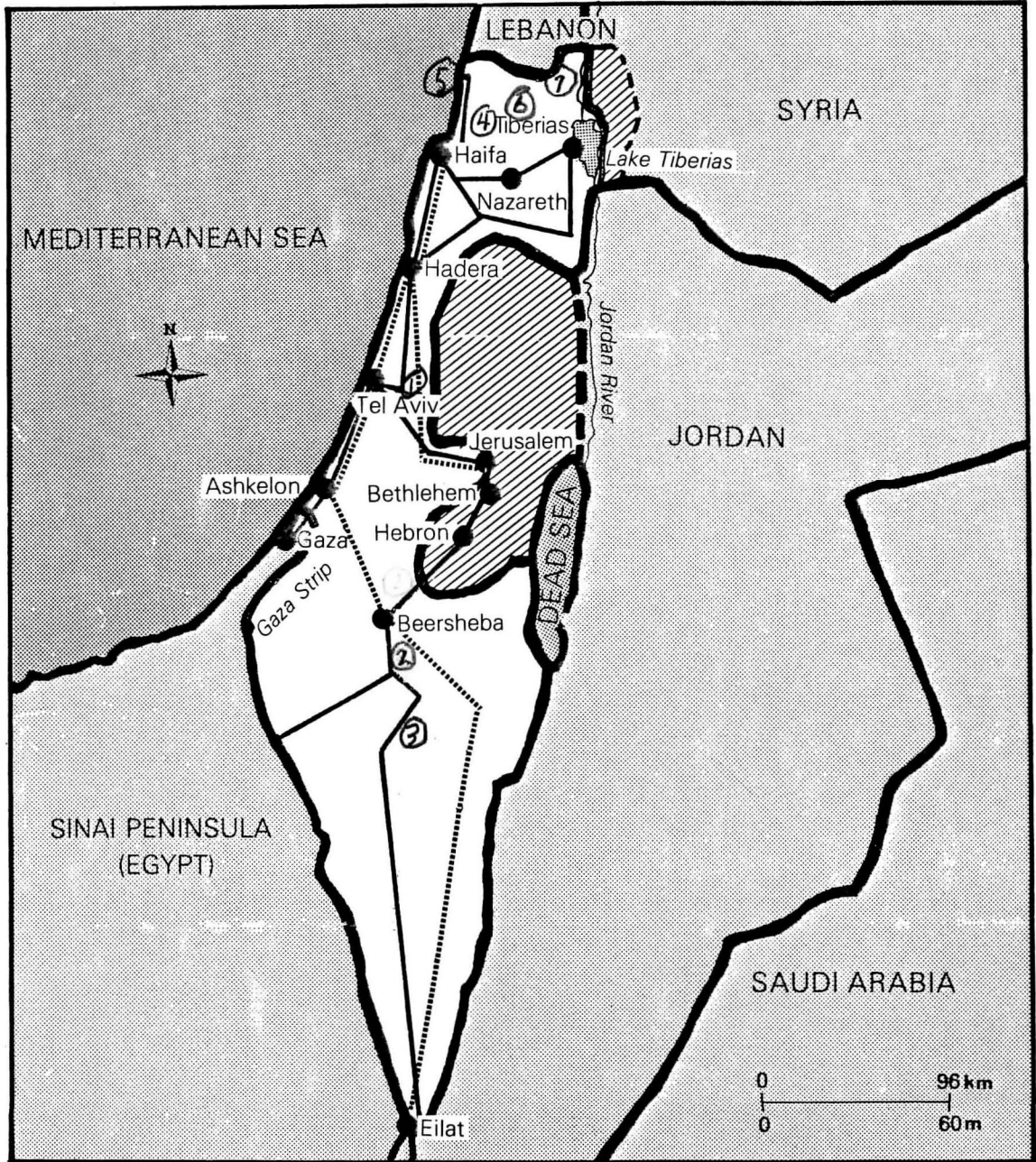
Wednesday: All the students (including some new participants in the Clark-Rehovot program, Phillip from Kenya, John from Ghana, and Svi from Israel) went for dinner to the moshav home of Yaron (a Jewish student whose family came from South Africa in the 1950s). Yaron drove me and Nissim (who had never before visited moshav near Tel Aviv; see Saturday below) around the six moshavim that in four decades have transformed this region from a sandy rocky area to a lush neighborhood of family farms with lovely homes and a quality of life as high as that of suburban Boston.

Thursday: Issam (an Arab student who lives in the Arab village<sup>3</sup> of Sakhnin) and I took the bus from Rehovot to Tel Aviv, then up to Haifa, and from there to Kabul (a village of 6000 people) where I stayed with Ibtissam for three nights, using her home as a base for travelling throughout

---

<sup>3</sup>. The authorities call them villages, although Sakhnin has 20,000 inhabitants, because if they were towns the government would have to provide more services.

ISRAEL



\*Israeli occupied territory

key re trips/places visited

- ① Rehovot
- ② kibbutz in Negev
- ③ Hagai's moshav
- ④ Kabul - Ibtissam's village
- ⑤ Acre port
- ⑥ Sakhnin - Issam's village
- ⑦ Nissim's moshav

them on their theses, I knew much of the background information, only a little of which I will summarize here as I try to tell their stories.

To make it easier for you to keep track, let me list the places I went, the students who took me, and the people to whom I talked. I can't describe all the details; there is far too much to tell. But I will try to tell some of the more illuminating anecdotes. It will help to look at the enclosed map of Israel to understand how we went to so many places in so short a time; you can drive from one end of the country to the other in less than a day, and across the country, from the sea to occupied territories, in little over an hour.

Monday evening: Yurim Schacher (whom we knew from his year as a visiting professor at BU, and who joined our Law and Development salons with the Chinese students here last year) and his wife invited me for dinner and we drove around Tel Aviv and walked through Jaffa, the old Arab city at the port.

Tuesday: Hagai, a Jew whose family came from India in the early 1960s, drove me down to the Negev to visit his family's moshav, (a cooperative village in which each family owns its own house and land, but sells produce cooperatively), where his mother and grandmother gave us a lovely Indian meal. On the way, we visited a Kibbutz (a cooperative in which everyone shares everything, all working for the same equal shares of income; and the children all live in childrens' homes instead of with their families), a Kibbutz-owned factory, a development town, and a Beduin (formerly nomadic Arab peoples) settlement.

Wednesday: All the students (including some new participants in the Clark-Rehovot program, Phillip from Kenya, John from Ghana, and Svi from Israel) went for dinner to the moshav home of Yaron (a Jewish student whose family came from South Africa in the 1950s). Yaron drove me and Nissim (who had never before visited moshav near Tel Aviv; see Saturday below) around the six moshavim that in four decades have transformed this region from a sandy rocky area to a lush neighborhood of family farms with lovely homes and a quality of life as high as that of suburban Boston.

Thursday: Issam (an Arab student who lives in the Arab village<sup>3</sup> of Sakhnin) and I took the bus from Rehovot to Tel Aviv, then up to Haifa, and from there to Kabul (a village of 6000 people) where I stayed with Ibtissam for three nights, using her home as a base for travelling throughout

---

<sup>3</sup>. The authorities call them villages, although Sakhnin has 20,000 inhabitants, because if they were towns the government would have to provide more services.



the Galilee. (She's also in our program; she's the first Arab woman who became a university student from her village.)

Friday: Ibtissam and I travelled by bus to the ancient port city of Acre, and visited the crusaders' crypts, for centuries covered by rubble of cities built over them -- which archaeologists are still digging away. We met the editor of an Arab magazine, and his wife and daughter who work with him, in their small but lovely wood-panelled office, tucked away in the old city; and then talked with one of the leaders of an Arab-Jewish project working on involving mostly women in joint projects to provide essential services, mainly for the Arab community which receives far less than those provided by the Jewish Agency for the Jewish settlers. In the afternoon, we travelled by bus to Issam's village where his family, together with his relative, the Communist Mayor of the village, gave us lunch in their lovely hill-side home, and then drove us around the village, stopping to visit the new mosque and talk with the sheik. We climbed to the roof of the highest home in the village to look out over the village spread across the valley, and then up at the surrounding hills, each topped by a Jewish settlement. In the evening, we returned to interview another potential woman participant in the Clark-Rehovot program, Tahgreed, who wants to write her thesis on why Arab women seem to agree to and even perpetuate their own inferior status.

Saturday: Nissam (an Oriental Jewish student, whose family had come after World War II from Libya where his mother had been put in a concentration camp by the Italian fascists; he himself works with the Jewish Agency which is settling Jews between Arab villages and along the borders for defense) broke Sabbath to pick me up at Ibtissam's and show me several Jewish moshavim, Kibbutzim, and Jewish-owned industrial zones, ending up at his home in a moshav high on a hill on the border overlooking Lebanon. His wife, from Pittsburgh, gave me, his mother and their three children a lovely brunch. Nissam drove me back to Ibtissam's for a late lunch with one of her Haifa University professors and his wife (Henry Rosenfield, a former GI who after World War II went to Israel to conduct research and teach anthropology and sociology, focusing, in cooperation with Arab scholars, on the Arab communities.) Then Issam and two friends arrived to drive me down to Umafahin (sp?), another Arab village of 20,000, cut in half by the border of Jordan. In the evening, Ibtissam's family had a barbecue in their field of cucumbers: about 20 or 30 of them (with many children of all ages running around) next to the little hut in the field, their circle of faces lit up by an overhead electric light. And Mufid, another Arab student in the Clark-Rehovot program came to tell me about the participatory community organizing he has been doing in another village since he

finished his thesis on NGOs last year (He had wanted to show everything to me, but time didn't permit).

Sunday: Ibtissam and I took the bus back -- along with many Jewish soldiers carrying their automatic rifles (as they do everywhere except in the Arab areas where few Jewish people ever go at all) via Haifa to Jerusalem for "Jerusalem Day," an official celebration authorized by the Jewish kneset (parliament) of the re-uniting of Jerusalem after the 1967 war; needless to say, the Arabs are less enthusiastic, and we were warned not to wander around on foot in the old part of Jerusalem. The many columns of Jewish school children -- each group wearing their own brightly colored uniform shirts as they wended their way down the hillsides to the valley where the celebration was to take place -- were accompanied by at least one security guard with a gun; and Jewish soldiers with guns were everywhere. Naomi Chazan invited me to talk with a number of Africanists at lunch at the University of Jerusalem, a beautiful campus on one of the hills overlooking the old city (although one of the Rehovot colleagues justifiably complained of its Maginot-line type architecture); and we stood on the roof of the Truman Institute (yes, it's named after the president) while Ibtissam and the others all explained to me where everything is located. We could look out and see the occupied territories beyond the hills, white sand, with a few scattered settlements, glittering in the sun, a stark contrast to the green of the trees and lush flowers tumbling down the hillsides, the birds twittering, in the newly-built university campus and among the blocks of new houses that compose the new sprawling city of Jerusalem.

And then back to Rehovot, a final dinner with Rafi (Rehovot director), bed and a 5:30 AM departure with Yaron who drove me to the plane.

To try to put some of the real life, the flesh and blood of the trip, on this skeleton, let me tell a few of the stories that may help you to understand a few of the many things I have learned, both from my past discussions/classes/research of my students and this trip. I guess I'll focus on two main aspects:

#### 1. The changing Jewish community:

The success of the Jewish settlers in transforming Israel from a third world near-desert area to a modern industrial society in a few decades constitutes a clear testimony to their dedication and struggles. You only have to drive through the tree- and flower-lined streets of block after block of new urban and suburban homes, past the broad rolling green of kibbutz and moshav fields that stretch from rock crest to rocky crest, punctuated every few miles by major industrial constructions, to become impressed. True, the international Jewish community, and other governments and donor agencies, have contributed a lot of capital; Henry

Rosenfield estimates about \$4-6 billion a year.

Nevertheless, the settlers themselves all have stories that highlight their pioneer efforts. For example, when Hagai's family -- coming "back" from India to Palestine to settle in the Negev, after saying for centuries "next year in..." -- theirs was the sixth attempt to tame that piece of desert. Now their lovely home, decorated with Indian motifs and surrounded by blossoming trees, reflects their years of struggle: they had to learn about farming (they mostly came from urban India; his mother's father was a tailor); they had to alter their lives to avoid the mid-day heat by working in early dawn and late evening; their children went to school and studied....Now, many in the second generation have become hi-tech agriculturalists: the family owns two greenhouses that grow roses, using computerized water-fertilizer injections; the main labor consists of picking the flowers and packing them to fly for sale in Europe. In the rush season, they hire two or three workers from the nearby settled Beduin communities. The family is quite well-to-do, with two cars (Hagai borrowed his father's to drive me about in because it was airconditioned). But, as elsewhere in Israel, the second and third generations can't find work on the moshav; the law prohibits division of the farm assets among the children. Most commute to Beersheba or beyond, where their rural ways don't fit in to Israel's rapidly industrializing society. Again, they find themselves at the bottom of the ladder.

Things are changing in the Kibbutzim, too. With a much higher degree of communal living and work inside the Kibbutz, and extensive supportive national networks, Israel's 264 kibbutzim, involving only about 2.8% of the population, multiplied their agricultural productivity to meet the nation's food needs at 25% a year in the early fifties, 12% in the late fifties-early sixties, and by the end of the latter decade at a slower rate of 4.9%. Highly mechanized, their farms require fewer and fewer people to plant and harvest their spreading fields. Many have established relatively small scale industries, but even these do not provide enough employment for the second and third generations, many of whom, with increasing levels of education, commute to or move into the urban areas.

Their ideologies are changing, too. In the Kibbutz we visited, I talked with one of Hagai's future cousins-in-law, a woman who worked at the communal laundry. She took us with her to feed her five month old girl, already staying at the children's home during the day. She and the other women, all there to nurse their babies, said they were pressing for a change in the rules; they wanted to keep their children at home -- as increasing numbers of Kibbutz members do.

In the Kibbutz factory, which produces plastic crates for packing agricultural produce, the engineer (who had lived in the US for six years or so) told me he and his wife had really returned to live on the Kibbutz primarily because they wanted to raise their



children with Kibbutz values. At the same time he explained that he was urging a change in policy to enable factory workers to receive pay differentials as incentives to work harder. Apparently, that idea is spreading as Israel's government adopts IMF-like policies of opening its economy to "market forces." He said the factory's 30 workers were invited to weekly discussions of the factory's operations, but they didn't really have enough information to participate effectively (it's a highly mechanized project, using imported chemical materials with local coloring), and only about half attended regularly. This kind of participation, he claimed, provided insufficient motivation to increase their effort.

Nissim explained that similar tendencies exist among the moshavim and kibbutzim in the Galilee. In fact, some of the Jewish settlements, set up in the last decade or so, have no agricultural land, and mainly serve as residential areas for skilled Jewish workers whom the government encouraged to come as part of its efforts to reduce the relative preponderance of the Arab population in the region. Nissim showed me the larger mostly hi-tech industries the kibbutz associations had built there, and explained that they sometimes hired Arabs to do the less skilled work. Some of the younger generations of Jewish settlers, however, preferred to work in more urbanized settings, something the government is trying to discourage. Few of the moshavim have been able to build successful rural industries because the individual settlers fear risking their capital, and the moshav associations are not as united as those of the Kibbutzim.

From a regional planning perspective, one of the major problems is how to plan balanced industrial-agricultural /rural-urban development in the Galilee which the State has so chopped up among the moshavim, kibbutzim, and Arab villages. Nissim plans to write his thesis about the disfunctionality of the legal order, both in terms of the internal rules governing the moshavim, and the external laws that fail to take into account the need for integrated regional development.

Of course, government's declared motivation for building Jewish settlements in the Galilee is defense, inevitably an over-riding concern: to prevent a united internal Arab opposition from disrupting the nation or uniting with the Palestinians in the occupied zones, and protecting the nation from attack from outside. A very real concern: a rocket recently hit Nissim's brother's house, doing some damage without hurting anyone, but scaring the children very badly. Nissim's mother, who is quite old, suffered a heart attack in the fearful period of the Gulf War, and has lost part of her memory.... Hagai and Yaron both had to serve during the Gulf War in the occupied territory, an experience which Hagai said he found very up-setting (he's dark enough so Arabs sometimes take him for Arab who are not drafted and generally -- with the exception of the Druse who sided with the Jewish forces in the 1948 war -- do not serve in the army;

the Arabs look at those who do serve as traitors). Many Rehovot faculty members whom I talked with have children in the army (boys are drafted for 3 years, girls for 2), and are deeply aware of the defense concerns, though they themselves feel the government should work harder for peaceful solutions.

Ibtissam's friend, Professor Henry Rosenfield, describes the government as ruled by a new industrial class, dominated by the military, which he feels is playing an altogether inappropriate role in relation to US imperialism in the region.

## 2. The changing Arab communities:

I stayed with Ibtissam's family in the Galilee village of Kabul for 3 days, living in the home of her mother (her father died some years ago): A big square stone, two storey house, with probably twice as much floor space as our Boston house; running water, electricity, sewerage. On each side of the courtyard in front of her house, two of Ibtissam's brothers, with the help of the family, had built two more equally large houses, one of which has a small store on the first floor which her brother's wife ordinarily minds -- though she now has a two week old baby, her third child, so one of the many cousins was doing that task (I gather the husband does the ordering of goods, etc.) Ibtissam's mother, who is 3 years older than I am, bore about 15 children (I lost track of them all), and has 31 grandchildren. (She's obviously a very strong women, although in Arab tradition, now that her husband is dead, she must submit to her grown sons' decisions. Anyway, I see where Ibtissam acquired her determination to go to school, and not to marry at 17 or 18 which more common -- a determination, I gather, her mother supports with some misgivings.) I visited a number of Arab homes, and from what I could tell, Ibtissam's is much like the others, although some were more elegantly furnished. Presumably, others are poorer. There is clearly increasing stratification in the village, but in general the living standards remain far above rural conditions I have seen elsewhere in the third world.

In his thesis, Mufid presents what is probably a dominant Arab perception of the Israeli state's role in imposing internal colonial rule on the Arab population. The Arabs have lived in the Galilee for centuries, and view the land of the region as theirs, although they generally didn't have written title to it. After the 1948 war, many fled as the troops came into the region, and their homes were destroyed. Those who stayed in villages like Kabul and Sakhnin were allowed to keep the land they actually farmed. The new State declared the unutilized lands throughout the country as State land -- and, primarily through the Jewish Agency (Rafi calls it one of the largest non-government organizations in the world) turned it over on long term leases only to Jewish settlers organized in moshavim and kibbutzim. If Arabs, like Ibtissam's brother, want more land, they must rent it from the moshavim, kibbutzim, or local councils. Those who fled and returned to the villages remained

landless, dependent on renting land, sharecropping (1/3 of the crop for share cropper, 2/3 for the landowners, usually also Arabs), or finding wage employment.

Ibtissam's family, for example, has little patches of land in various places in nearby valleys and even as far away as the other side of Haifa, each of which has a little one room hut -- like the one where we had a barbecue Sunday evening -- where family members, sharecroppers or hired labor can stay when they are taking care of the crops. You can always tell when you come to an Arab farming area because the land is full of patches, with little shacks on the margins between; in contrast, moshavim and even more kibbutzim farms spread across whole valleys, right up to the edge of the Arab farm lands. The patchy land holdings make it hard to use mechanization so, even if Arab farmers have the money to buy or hire a tractor (and some do), it's hard to use them efficiently. Also, Arabs claim that, while the Jewish Agency and the government fund irrigation for the Jewish farms, they don't provide any for the Arabs who, if they can afford it, must pay for it themselves.

Many Arabs commute to work in Jewish settlements or the cities on construction, in various services, or as unskilled factory labor. They often commute by bus for an hour or two each way to work. However, Arabs with university degrees often cannot obtain jobs for which they are qualified. One Rehovot researcher explained the government refused to let them hold industrial jobs because many industries have military linkages. Whatever the reason, discrimination persists. Rehovot studies show that, as per capita Jewish rural incomes have steadily risen in the last few decades, Arab rural incomes have risen too, but have declined relatively from about 90 percent of Jewish rural incomes in the 1960s to about 70 percent in the late 1980s. Mufid cites several Arab scholars who argue that the State is deliberately proletarianizing these Arab communities.

Islamic tradition generally forbids women to work outside the home, but many nevertheless do so, either as wage labor on farms or in factories (several Jewish-owned textile factories, especially in Druse areas, primarily hire women) or as sharecroppers. The women usually work to supplement family incomes, but their husbands usually decide how the cash they earn will be spent. Ibtissam is writing her thesis on women who work on cucumber (the raw material for pickles) farms, showing that, despite the international system's penetration into the Arab rural communities, women workers receive very little and remain dependent on the men; while Arab families cannot bargain effectively with the larger Jewish firms that handle the purchasing, processing and export of the crops and obtain the larger share of the crop's value.

Ibtissam, herself, worked on a cucumber farm in order to earn enough money to start university. Her story illustrates the contradictory characteristics of Arab communities, as well as the

struggle an Arab woman must conduct to escape the semi-feudal bondage imposed by traditions. One of her many brothers, himself a Communist, apparently encouraged her to go to school, and arranged for her to attend a month long camp in the Soviet Union when she was 13, seemingly an unforgettable experience. But he died of cancer at 29 (her mother, she says, thinks he died partly because he was always involved in arguing with the family). Another brother, experiencing a religious conversion, took it on himself to forbid her to take part in Communist activities; once, after she had sneaked away to a meeting, he burst into her room, dragged her out and beat her, telling her if she ever went again she wouldn't even be allowed to attend school. She didn't speak to him for 3 years, but she stopped attending party meetings, although she resolutely insisted on finishing school, and raised the funds to start university by farming cucumbers (starting before dawn and working all day every day for several months). She convinced her brothers to let her live at the University in Haifa because otherwise she would have to come back late at night alone -- which they agreed was worse. She worked all the next summer on 3 jobs to earn enough to continue: caring for children in the morning, cleaning someone's house in the afternoon, and working as a waitress in the evening.

Incidentally, I met Ibtissam's brothers, including the religious fundamentalist one, with whom Ibtissam is now on speaking terms. I'll admit to being a little taken aback when, after shaking hands with several of the people in the room when I first arrived, I reached out to shake his -- and he stood back, raising his hand to signal "no." Ibtissam explained his religion will not let him touch any woman except his mother or his wife. (Because of that, I was surprised the next day when we visited Sakhnin's new fundamentalist mosque, and the Sheik, an ascetic looking man in white robes, did shake hands, and explained at length that he saw nothing wrong in it. When we returned home, Ibtissam asked her brother why he wouldn't shake hands with me when the Sheik said it was OK; he simply said the Sheik wrongly interpreted the Koran.)

Sakhnin's Communist mayor, with whom I talked for some time (he speaks excellent English), has a university degree in chemistry. He runs a pharmacy (he gets no income as mayor). He says he himself is religious (he knelt to pray at the mosque while we were there), but doesn't believe religion should be imposed on anyone. He says he has tried to cooperate with Jewish settlements to develop industry, but the existing laws hinder the cooperative planning essential to ensure that all benefit. Although Arab incomes have increased some, he says, their relative decline, as well as the fact that they are excluded from the key decisions relating to the regional economy, generates resentment. As we stood on the roof overlooking Sakhnin, Issam pointed to the Jewish settlements on the surrounding hill-tops, explaining that Arabs also objected because the Jews had been settled there "to control us."



Issam is writing his thesis to explain Umafahin's replacement of its former Communist mayor by an Islamic fundamentalist, part of an apparent swing to fundamentalism throughout the entire Middle East. He and his two friends drove me down to meet with the Islamic mayor's representative. We visited the four storey mosque the movement had just built, using voluntary labor and contributions (but the mayor's representative couldn't tell us how much it cost; he said no one kept account, although I can't really believe that -- if it's true, it surely leaves the door open for someone to siphon off some of the funds....), including a clinic -- one doctor for about 150 patients a day! They explained the government had previously provided no clinic for this village of 20,000. We also saw the new wall the movement had built around the sports field, the only one for the city. And we drove up to the new school, built in 9 months under the new Islamic council (it turned out the Israeli State had refused to build it while a Communist was mayor....) Then we sat down in the faculty room of the new religious college (for training teachers in the Koran, etc.) and talked for several hours with the mayor's man. First, we asked him about the Islamic movement's reputed ability to raise voluntary contributions, and he explained that, far from being voluntary, the local council had raised taxes 35% and jailed those who refused to pay. A few people had begun to object; voluntary contributions, for example those for the mosque, appeared be a relatively small fraction of the amount the government raised for its own expenditures. Then we asked him about participation. He said street committees carried on the movement's activities, but he made it quite clear that women were excluded from participating in them, except in voting -- and, he said, they always voted with their husbands or fathers. How did he know? Because those who went from house to house collecting the vote (no secret ballots) reported it. He said the movement leaders nominated the local council candidates, but he didn't know how the leaders themselves were chosen. All of which suggests a not very democratic, participatory, or open set of proceedings. Well, we'll see what Issam makes of all that. He plans to interview the former mayor, and to conduct a sample stratified survey of the village population to get views of the movement by class, gender, education, etc.

In general, I avoided discussing the Gulf War, although I did ask the editor of the Arab magazine to whom Ibtissam introduced me what he thought its consequences would be. He said he and his friends were "in shock"; they didn't know what was likely to happen as a long term result, but it would certainly not endear the US to the people of the region. I was impressed at how friendly everyone was to me, under the circumstances; the only negative reaction we encountered was when Ibtissam and I were in the bus on Sunday, driving back to Haifa on our way to Jerusalem. Three young men in the back started shouting at us to stop talking in English. Ibtissam turned to them and told them off in Arabic -- I'm not sure what she said. Nobody else on the bus seemed to support them. They stopped, and anyway got off the bus at the next stop....



\* \* \*

I think I'll end here. There is much more I could say, but this is already getting too long.

My love to you all,