

# Mapping a Pilgrimage: The Accounts of an Armenian's Travels to the Holy Land

George Hintlian

*In 1721, Zvar Jiyerji, a married Armenian clergyman, left Constantinople for the Holy Land. During his nine-month stay, he chronicled his experiences, describing in great detail the life of the pilgrims, local conditions, and the economic life of Jerusalem. The 70-page manuscript was first published in instalments in the Mekhitarist Armenian journal Pazmavep between 1867 and 1869. In this new translation, I have selected passages that contain*

*descriptions that are original to the author.*

*In the first selection, Jiyerji describes the journey from Constantinople to Palestine:*

We passed by Tekirdagh, Gallipoli, and on September 18<sup>th</sup>, we landed at Rhodes, where we stayed for 15 days and had our papers verified. On the eve of our voyage, there was a sudden roaring of the sky. The sailors and the captain were not on board; we ran to the deck. Because of the storm, all the ships returned to harbor. We thanked the Lord and St. James.

We had to stay another seven days. We visited the Greek Metropolitan at Rhodes, who made the Greek captain of the ship promise that he will take us to Jaffa and nowhere else. (Metropolitan Ignatius was fond of birds, and he had many kinds in cages.)

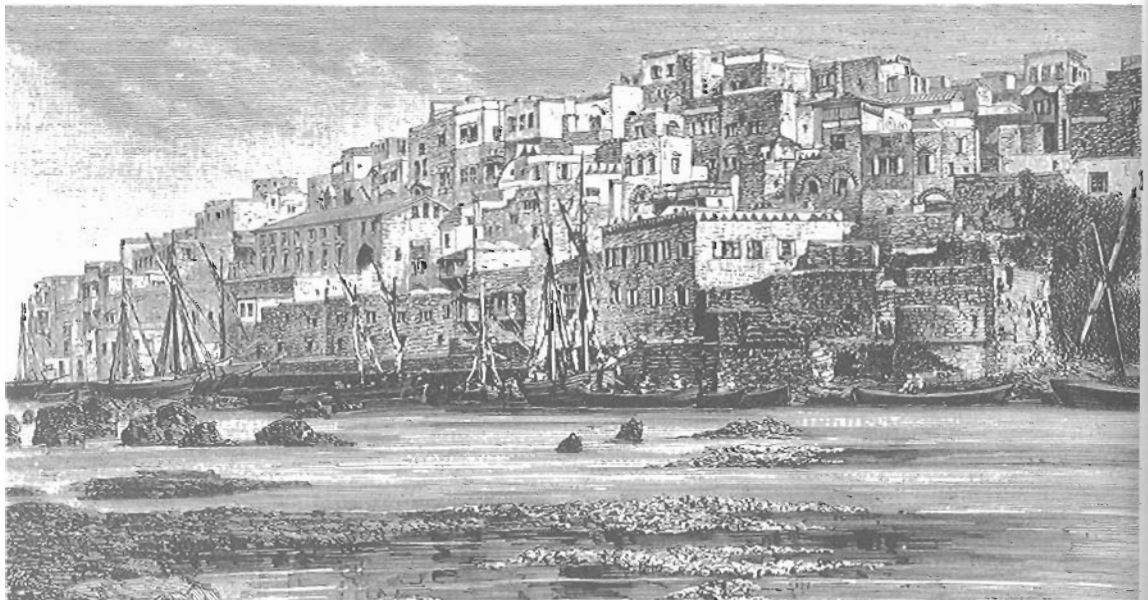
The next day on October 15<sup>th</sup>, accompanied by the clergy and the congregation, the Metropolitan went on

board and blessed the ship. There were two artillery volleys, and we set out - on 17 ships destined for Jaffa.

On Sunday October 21<sup>st</sup>, we arrived in Jaffa, where we kissed the thin sand and prayed because the Lord had deemed us worthy. It had taken us seven days from Rhodes.

On Monday, the Agha of Jaffa died. We wanted to go to Jerusalem, but there were no camels. (The fortress of Jaffa is full of cannons.) At midnight, the Janissaries came with camels, so we all woke up and placed our loads on the camels. Our papers were verified once more and we set out, surrounded by armed Janissaries.

On arrival at Ramleh, we paid *ghafar* [pilgrim protection money]. From Ramleh to Jerusalem, it took six hours. On a bridge, we paid two zolatas. When we arrived at St. Abraham's Gate [Jaffa Gate] it was dark, and all the Armenian clergy were there. In the monastery, an old friend called Petros sent me a mug of blessed wine. That evening, after we slept a bit, the sexton



woke us up. We each lit two candles and then proceeded to the Holy Sepulchre, reciting prayers for our sins on the way. We lit our candles, came back, and slept.

*In the selection below, Jiyerji describes St. James's Monastery, where he stayed on his arrival.*

As you enter through the main gate, in a room in the corridor, there are big cauldrons for washing linen. Whoever desires goes to the garden and washes their clothes. The cauldrons are kept in an iron-grilled room, which is where they also imprison people. Beyond the room of Baba Minas, there is an elevated stone platform where notables tie their horses when they visit.

Near the big courtyard is the big *hoketoun* [the pilgrims' dormitory]. It has many arches, four pillars and windows, and five lamps. Newcomers are lodged there, until a new arrangement is made. Next door is the small *hoketoun*, which abuts a big stable with 21 arches, two cisterns, and a round stone in the wall, pierced with a hole for tying animals. Above the stable is the bachelors' building (two or three bachelors in a room), and next to this building is a courtyard where they keep chickens. Then, there is the room of the gardener and the *sharabkhane* [where they prepare drinks]. There is a place to produce arak, a big stable for the horses, and a place to milk the cows. Next, there is a workshop and then a room for fugitive pilgrims. Then there is the room of Joachim, a carpenter from Cesarea, who looks after the chickens.

*Jiyerji goes on to describe the Church of St. James, which is located within the Monastery:*

There is the door of Holy Etchmiadzin, which we took back to Istanbul. The present door is made by pilgrim Kandil, a

beautiful work of carpentry. They removed the old door and placed the new one in its place. In the Chapel of Etchmiazin, there is a painting of Christ, which was sent to the Church of St. Nicholas in Istanbul.

On the left, there is a container with a canopy holding three rocks. After Christ's Resurrection, the Virgin would sometimes go to the Mount of Temptation or the River Jordan or Mount Sinai. In her old age, an angel came to her as she sat one day and asked what she desired. The Virgin said, "Sometimes, I want to visit the Mount of Temptation, the River Jordan, and Mount Sinai and be consoled, but now I cannot." So the angel of God brought rocks from these spots so that the Virgin would look at them and be consoled. Every Tuesday after Mass, the officiating priest reads the Gospel, the priests process around it and then kiss the Bible, approach, and kiss the three rocks, followed by the congregation - men and women, old and young.

Outside the church, down the corridor and under the arch, is the room where they make arak; there are many jars covered with carpets. The winemaker sleeps next door. Opposite is his winery, where there is a winepress, 22 feet long and 16 feet wide, and high, wide windows on both sides. Outside, they weigh and press the grapes; the juice, which they use to make vinegar, runs into a well.

*Below, Jiyerji provides a detailed account of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, lingering over the Armenian section before sketching out the entire church complex.*

The first thing you see as you enter the Holy Sepulchre is the Anointment Stone, which measures 12 feet by four feet and is surrounded by a copper grille. You go in the

direction of the Armenian Gallery, where there is a four-foot wide circular stone, hung with three lamps. Climb 37 steps to the Armenian Gallery to the refectory. From one side, you look down on the Stone of the Anointment, and on the other side, the façade of the Church. There is a window without an iron grille through which they sometimes pull provisions up by rope that cannot be pulled through the hole in the door [a reference to the window on the southern façade of the Church against which a ladder is still propped]. Behind the refectory, there is a kitchen where they make *boreks* with a spinning rod. There is a memorial on the wall dated 1509 [Armenian calendar] commemorating benefactors from Aleppo, Georgia, Isfahan, and Tabriz who each contributed 50 purses or 20 purses to pay the debts of the Monastery; the memorial was put up so that passers by can say a prayer in their memory.

There is a window, on the right, overlooking Calvary and a cross, a lamp, and an altar that is called the second Calvary. On the side are seats overlooking the Holy Tomb, where the Armenian monarchs Hethoum and Leo sat. The new gallery built by the late Patriarch Grigor Baronter is on the left and the old Gallery is opposite the altar. This six-arched gallery originally only had three arches that were taken by Baronter, who gave the garden altar of Mary Magdalen. In the new Gallery is the symandra [wooden clapper], called the inner gallery, where Armenian pilgrims from Istanbul wait to be first to receive the Holy Fire.

Opposite the Tomb of Christ is an altar to the three women who brought the Holy Oil. It has a beautiful picture of crucifixion that was brought to Istanbul from Izmir for

framing and then sent to Holy Jerusalem to be placed here. Then there is a Frankish Chapel of the Holy Virgin, which contains the pillar to which Christ was tied. In it is a roundstick, with a rounded head like a ball, that they put through the hole, rub against the pillar, and then kiss.

In the Rotunda, the Latins have 11 arches, with each arch decorated by nine lamps with false ostrich eggs made from wood. You descend into the Latin refectory and kitchen and then climb 25 steps into the courtyard; here are the living quarters of the Franciscan Fathers and a partridge in a cage. From there, you go down 18 steps from the Calvary; at the bottom is a church belonging to the Greeks [Chapel of Adam]. As you enter, on both sides, you find tombs on four columns of the same size as the master builders of the Holy Sepulchre [a reference to the Tomb of the Kings]. Many people rub against the tombs because it helps to heal waist pain. Behind the altar is the Tomb of Adam, which was torn on the day of Crucifixion.

Visit the main Greek Church [the Katholicon]. In the middle is the heart of the world, on which stands a chandelier with eight branches and 16 lamps. There is a canopied throne where the Patriarch sits whenever there is no mass. His *wakil* [deputy], the Patriarch's brother, sits on the farther throne next to the canopy. Opposite to that is a canopy where the Greek Superior of the Holy Sepulchre, a bishop, sits, next to many paintings from Poland. On both sides of the Church are 21 chairs. The iconostasis is a great work of wood sculpture, all gilded in gold. At the back, they perform the ordination; on both sides, there are paintings and, on the iconostasis, a cross the size of a human being.

There are 42 paintings opposite the Tomb of Christ - many paintings of angels, their body in golden colors and silvery wings. There are also paintings of the Prophet David with his harp, Abraham sacrificing Isaac, the Transfiguration, and the three martyrs in the Garden. As you enter the Tomb, there is a painting of the miracle of the multiplication of the fish. In the Tomb itself, there is always a Franciscan father, who lights a candle for you. There is a painting of the Resurrection and 43 lamps. The edicule has a canopy and 12 marble pillars.

On Holy Thursday, the Latins hung a wall carpet in front of the Holy Tomb portraying the Last Supper, along with five other carpets. There is a wall carpet of the Virgin, a painting of Mary Magdalene pleading with Christ, and another of her and the three oil women. There is a large painting of the Resurrection above the door of the Tomb and a painting of the three women, carrying oil and a box of incense as they gaze upon the angel sitting on the rolled back stone. There is another wall carpet with Christ and the apostles: Thomas is kneeling while Christ holds his finger to His side. I cannot describe the beauty of these wall carpets - the colors, their effect, the dresses and appearances, the beards, the eye-lashes, the flowers, the angels and the seraphim, the gardens, and the palaces in the garden. They are indeed works of masters.

When you come out of the Holy Sepulchre, on the door is a high arch with a woven image [a reference to the Crusader lintel presently at the Rockefeller Museum]. On the left is a raised seat, where the *mutevelli* and the *kateb* [secretary] sit on a carpet to collect entry fees. As you go on, there is a small door that leads to the Coptic

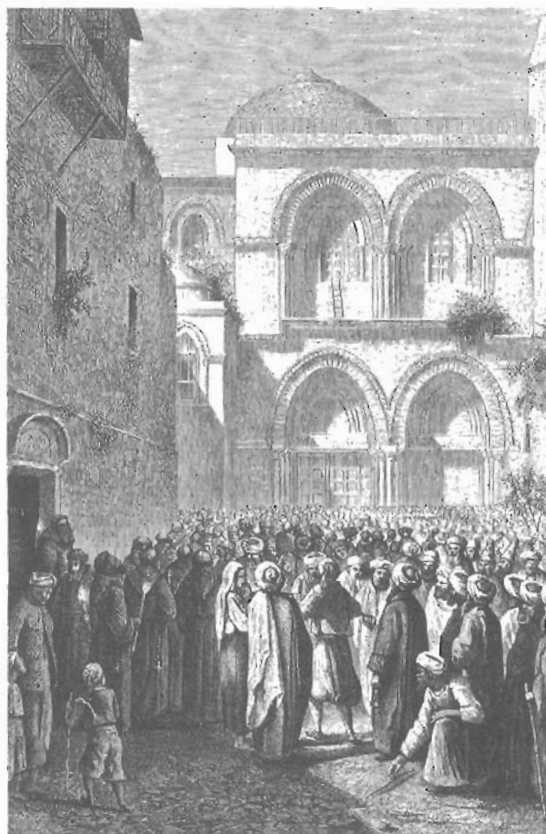
Church; whoever enters obtains a pray cane on which to lean. There is an altar with the painting of the Virgin and a painting of the four Evangelists. Near the altar is a closed door; Yacoub later arranged to obtain the key on our request. Then there is a courtyard with cherry trees imported from Istanbul.

In the courtyard of the Holy Sepulchre is the Chapel of St. John; in it is a marble column to which Jesus was tied. Every Friday, the Armenians say mass. Next to it is St. Abraham's Monastery; underneath is a cistern from which the leather dyers take their water. Also in the courtyard is a big bazaar where everything is sold - lemons, figs, raisins, bracelets, bottles, soaps, helva, rosaries, candles, belts, pictures, cloth, dishes, and carpets. There is also the glorious belfry that is seven stories high and has a crown-like top, 31 windows, and 134 thin marble pillars. Midway down the tower is the person in charge of the Greek Monastery laundry.

The courtyard is filled with women, old men, and boys. It is so full that there is no space to drop a needle. Beware of the pickpockets - they would even steal the pupil of your eye.

*In the following paragraphs, Jiyerji maps his journey through the walled city. He describes two separate forays, both starting from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and respectively ending at the Armenian Monastery and what seems to be the modern Chain Street:*

Sitting on the floor [of the Holy Sepulchre courtyard] are moneychangers, with lots of small denominations. Some change zolatas while others change gold. There are also vendors of bracelets, incense, soap, and rings. Fourteen feet away is the small door,



where poor people sit and petition the pilgrims in half Arabic and half Armenian.

As you emerge from the narrow door and out of the tumult, on the left is a cloth merchant's shop, belonging to a Greek man called Hanna. Next to him is the house of Sheikh Mustapha, then a barbers' shop, and then a sweetmakers' shop. Then there is a slipper shop, underneath a goldsmith where women sit without ever getting bored of waiting. Then, as you climb up to the right, in the corner is the door of the Greek Convent.

You go in the direction of the Convent of the Franks. On the left are the Coptic and the Greek shops; whenever fish comes from Jaffa, they sell it here. On the same row of shops is a public bath and the small Greek Convent of John. In front of the convent are

shops of glass-vendors, locksmiths, barbers, and a coffeehouse, which overlooks a pool fed by water flowing over an arch in the public bath opposite. Janissaries sit in the coffeehouse on the corner. Then, you find yourself in the big Meidan square and, passing the citadel, you go to the Armenian Monastery.

*The second walk through the city starts back at the Holy Sepulchre:*

As we come out through [another] small door from the courtyard of the Holy Sepulchre, there is a garden of cabbages on the right. Here, we find tanners. Go forward and you find the Church of St. Stephen, which is now a prison where debtors are held. In front of a big courtyard, there is an open door in the side of the prison. Nobody can come out. Only the creditors can come to release the prisoners.

You go forward as if going to the *souk*. On the left is the road leading to the Virgin's Tomb. To the right, enter the gate. Here, Armenians have shops of copper, pots, threads and wool. There are dyers, butchers, grocers, cooks, kebab-vendors, cradle-makers, saddle-makers, boot-makers, glass-makers, silk-makers and merchants leading up to the gate of the beautiful mosque. On the right, you enter the *mahkame* [the courthouse]; there is a hexagonal fountain in the middle and another fountain as you come out. Since there is no water in Jerusalem, the fountain is fed by water from Hebron. Near the fountain is a tailor's shop belonging to Petros, an Armenian from Ankara who is the tailor of the Mullah.

*He then goes on to describe Bethlehem, where he says the Church of the Nativity is the highest building at that altitude.*



There is a big courtyard, with two big khans on the right side. The door of the Church of Nativity is small and low; if you wish to enter, you pay a para to a villager at the door. To the right is the Armenian Monastery, which you access by climbing 20 steps. At the top of the steps, there is an open courtyard, the kitchen, and the winemakers' room. Down 20 steps, there is a garden with a fountain, roses, pomegranates, and many wells. The monastery also has a bakery, a refectory where pilgrims dine, and 24 rooms. As you walk out and go down some steps, you find the site where the children of Bethlehem were massacred. There is an altar and a window, through which you can see a big cave with a lot of bones and an eternally burning lamp.

On the other side of the Church of Nativity, there is a school for village boys. Although by faith they are Frank, they speak Arabic. The Frankish Church has a beautiful, big organ, and, through a small door, in the vestry, there are four chests containing beautiful vestments, which the sacristan showed to us. The Latin Monastery has three guard dogs that are kept on chains during day and released at night. Who dares to enter? There is also a big garden with many wells. On the lead-covered roof of the church is a pillar atopped by a star that led the magi. On the other side of the church, you find the Franks' Cloister, which is 26 feet long and four feet wide. On both sides are the monks' rooms, which are very sunny and newly built, and in each room, there is a picture, three large maps, and, in the middle, a large glass window.

Then we gathered our animals to ride back to Jerusalem. The people of Bethlehem,

young and old, sit on the walls and watch the pilgrims. They accompanied us to the end of the village, where the Janissaries met us. On the way is Rachel's Tomb and St. Elias's Monastery, where pilgrims go in to say a prayer.

And very soon we see the city of Jerusalem in the distance. The inhabitants watched us from the hill of Zion that overlooks the bridge. They watched the pilgrims as they fell off their donkeys or were shaken off by their horses, while other relaxed on their camels.

We entered through Zion Gate and the Monastery of St. James. If you asked us how far Bethlehem is by horse, I would say two hours.

*The next trip Jiyerji describes is to the Jordan valley to visit monasteries and the River Jordan.*

On April 1<sup>st</sup>, a Tuesday, many pilgrims gathered - about 300. We got on donkeys, mules, and horses and headed for the desert of St. John the Baptist. We went out of Abraham's Gate [Jaffa Gate] to the Mamiia Pool, where all pilgrims assembled. Putting our faith in the Lord and His Godfather, John the Baptist, we set out on our way. On our left, on a hill, is the House of Simeon the Elder. As you go ahead, a village called Milhe [Malha] is on the right, where they produce salt; it is a prosperous village. Then the road gets bumpy and full of pitfalls. There is wheat on both sides of the road, and, at the bottom of the mountain, a herb called buhurmeyrem, which the pilgrims collected in bunches as we went on.

There were beautiful roses and then, at the end of the road of roses, there is a fountain called the Fountain of the Armenians. The name has a reason, because, before the local villagers took it, the fountain belonged

to the Armenians. There is also a marble pillar. After you pass it, you go straight to the Fountain of Apostle Philip. The fountain is at an elevated place; there are stone benches and water comes from under the stone. I baptized many brothers in the sweet waters, remembering that Philip baptized the eunuch here. There are beautiful trees all around and a narrow road and brook in front of it. They plant onions there.

As you follow the brook and climb, there is a village across the way called Beit Jallah. O my brothers, when we passed through the village, the *fellaheen* [villagers] - big and small, men and women - lined the roofs to watch us. In the village, they boast of a water source; we never saw a more fertile and prosperous village than this one. After resting in this village, we got off our horses because descending is quite difficult, and gave them back to the villagers.

We reached the desert of John the Baptist, where we saw the water source flowing from the mountain: we were thirsty and I drank a cup. Climbing up the cliff was hard, narrow, and high; the person who managed to climb had to hold the hand of the one behind. We entered through a hole, lit a candle, and burnt incense, and they sang hymns. The place can hold - at a squeeze - about 80 people. The strong could make it, but the weak begged to climb the narrow way. On the right is a window, facing the village of Tzouba.

We mounted our horses and went to the village of St. John the Baptist. In a high place on the right is the torn rock, where Elizabeth escaped with John and where the executioners, following close behind, were engulfed by the rock. Today, there is a small cave and an altar, up 27 steps, that belongs to the Armenians. Then you climb down to

find a fountain, many trees, and John the Baptist's Church. To enter, you pay *ghafar* of seven paras to the villagers; the monks and lay monks of the Armenian monastery do not have to pay. For the sake of seven paras, many pilgrims passed themselves off today as lay monks.

After climbing five steps, you find a small room and a courtyard. There is a door, on the left, that leads to a small room, with a door that leads to the cloister. Here, you find the small door to the Church, which is lit up inside. The Church is 31 feet long and 23 feet wide, with nine arches and four pillars - like St. James - and a big dome with eight large windows, made of blue glass, and a big chandelier.

We mounted our horses and went on to the Monastery of the Cross. The Monastery is a high building, originally built by the Georgian king but now in the hands of the Greeks. The floor is made of colorful cubic squares, decorated with cranes, eagles, and peacocks. Chairs stand on both sides of the church and in front of the main marble altar. (If you ask me, it is not marble. It is some kind of stone that I have not seen, even in Istanbul.) There is a big altar, in front of a window, and there is the cross, which is locked up.

I stayed a night. The cross was taken out and we said Requiem Mass. The Monastery has a high roof, with many rooms: We were received with much honor. The superior is from the same city as me; he was a goldsmith in Istanbul. When he saw me, he became very happy. We had good time. His brother, a grocer, was also happy to see me. They are both named Jorgo. We slept one night and ate two lambs. In the morning, arak was brought with mezze. Then we went to Church and prayed before leaving the



Monastery.

A donkey was prepared for me and a *kawas* and a *fellah* of the Monastery was provided to accompany me to the Mamilla Pool. After I gave both of them bakhshish, they happily returned to the Monastery. And I sat without a penny under an olive tree. I had a canteen of wine that I drank there, and then I returned in good spirits to the Monastery of St. James. On that day, the [other] pilgrims had gone to Bethany.

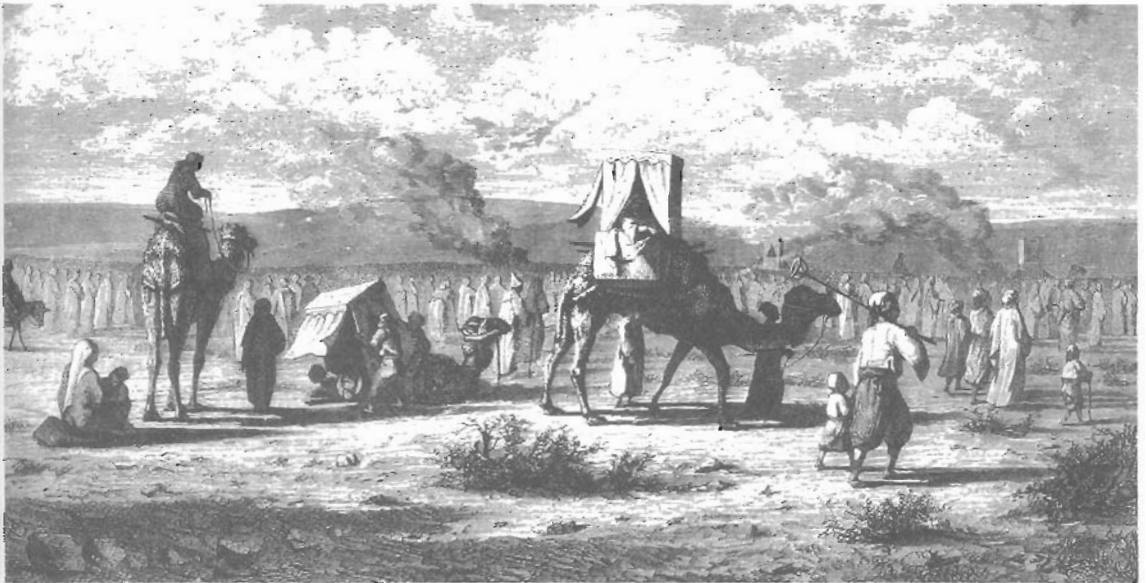
If you wish to go to River Jordan, already on Palm Sunday, *fellaheen* and pack animal owners begin frequenting the Monastery trying to convince you to hire them, even by casting lots. And on the morning of Palm Sunday, at the Gate of the Monastery, there are *fellaheen* from Bethlehem on one side and the Damascene muleteers on the other side, both sides are ready to take you. I came out of the Gate to have a look at the camels. Then I noticed that they had begun to fight with clubs. Camels fell into each other and stones began to rain. I found refuge under the belly of a camel and saved

myself with the greatest difficulty. I just made it to the Monastery Gate.

Then the public crier arrived, got on a high spot and began to speak. There was a silence - everybody was curious to find out what he had to say. He said, "First, the Damascene muleteers will take the pilgrims to River Jordan with help from the Bethlehemites." I found a strong muleteer with good beasts: I held his hand and asked him "How many beasts have you got?" He answer "Eight beasts." I took four of them and brought him into the monastery. Then we mounted and sat on the road, group by group, while we waited for the last pilgrim. We went uphill and downhill, until we reached a flat plain with many tents and banners: I counted 27 *bayraks* [banners].

This was Jericho. I had a small tent, which the boys pitched. The villagers have a shop, where you can buy one chamomile for six piasters. There are high mountains on the left. At the top of the highest mountain - Mount of Temptation - is a church.

Then we got ready. The sirens were



sounded, we loaded our horses, and, banners in front, we went to Holy Jordan. The moon was 15 days old. Who needs a lantern? The road was wide and comfortable. Behind us was Pasha's Kehya [the Ottoman official who collected the pilgrim's fees of passage] and, in front, 27 *bayraks* and mounted cavalry. It was early. There were three *terjiman* [dragomen] with their Bedouin cloaks. Our muleteer, who was named Sayed Ahmed, was at the head of the group. At daybreak, they pitched the Bayraks on the mountain and the Janissary *mehterhane* [music band] played.

We approached the water, dismounted, undressed, and entered the water. I baptized five people, and then a priest called Gabriel baptized me and we filled our water canteen. We dressed immediately and got on our horses. There were about a thousand people. The Jordan River is not very wide, but it is deep and has sweet water. On our return, two rabbits were shot; there was a wolf that escaped. Then Pasha's Kehya came forth in a rush and pitched a tent at the mouth of the road. First the Franks, then the Greeks, and then the Armenians each paid four piasters to pass by.

Later, we returned to our place in Jericho. It was very hot and we drank endlessly from the spring of Elisha and retired to our tent. As evening fell, they started fires on all sides. People began whispering to me that the Kehya was going to make off because he had 10 purses of money and was afraid that the *fellaheen* may attack. I heard all these quietly; I did not make much noise. I went and brought the tent, put it in the *khurdj* [saddlebag], put the mattress and the water from Jordan on the other side, put on my boots, and mounted on my horse. Some

people said that we would get on the road at four; that night we did not sleep at all.

At five o'clock, we were on the road, but unlike the first night, [the music band] did not play music. [Bedouin] fires increased on all sides. [The pilgrims] set out from the plain; we kept climbing up quickly, as if we were fleeing. It was then that a villager stole my water canteen. At sunrise, we were already at Bethany, from where you can see Mount of Olives. Our monks were waiting for us on Mount Zion and the inhabitants of the city were on the walls watching us. We came to Mount Zion, where we paid one piaster each to enter the town, and went to St. James Monastery.

I also wish to inform you that, two or three days before Palm Sunday, Arabs from the villages come to Holy Jerusalem to go on pilgrimage to [Nebi] Musa for eight days. On our way to Holy Jordan, they turned right, on the road to Sodom, and when we came back from Jordan, they came with us and entered through the Lions' Gate. When we came from Jericho, they had not come - perhaps we moved earlier than they did.

Near the site of the Stoning of St. Stephen, just outside Lions' Gate, there is a hill where there were Moslem women of the town sitting. I swear by my pilgrimage that, without exaggeration, there were three thousand women and, in front and behind them, were a lot of men - all were watching [the Nebi Musa procession].

Arabs like any pretext to come out of their homes and picnic with food - men and women, old people and boys. When we went to Jordan, the *mussallam* [the mayor] detained people from almost every household. He released them later along with 28 prisoners from the *saray* [town-hall prison], making a total of 60 prisoners, in

return for money - some for six piasters and others for five and a half piasters - as if releasing goods from the customs, with some paying double custom rates.

When you come from Jericho, you are covered with dust and perspiration. You wash and then rest.

When the pilgrims approach Abraham's Gate [Jaffa Gate], there is a deep valley on the right, with a lot of olive trees and a big *birqe* [pool - a reference to Mamilla]. When you enter the town and dismount from your horse, there is a garden on the left that was once a Turkish bath. On the right is the Gate of David's Fortress. Past the outer iron door and the inner wooden door, you climb 28 steps on the right to a small room with a wooden door. You climb again up a narrow staircase of 12 steps to a square room with two wooden windows. Today, the musicians played music, trumpet, and drums.

Then, we descended and went through dark, narrow places. There is a big place with a cistern where we drank sweet, cold water. From there, we went to see the fortress's prison. It was dark. There were five *fellaheen* bound in chains, with more shiny thick chains around their necks. There are two doors that lock together - an inner wooden one covered with iron sheets with chains and an outer door of pure iron. The guard sits and sleeps next door. Then, we climbed on the ramparts from where you can see all of Jerusalem. There are three cannons and large rooms for weavers.

Outside the citadel is the *birqe* [Mamilla Pool], where, every Thursday, the Moslem women of Jerusalem pitch tents and picnic with food. The women sit row after row, smoking tobacco water pipes; some are covered with white sheets. All are there - the rich and the poor alike, even the most

humble are there. Men play tambourines while others swim. They hold a bazaar.

In front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a square, where a bazaar is held everyday. They sell lemon, figs, raisins, bracelets, bottles, soap, helva, rosaries, candles, belts, pictures, cloth, plates, carpets, silk, slippers and scissors, crosses, Egyptian cups, combs, scarves, towels, and shawls: you find anything you want. God bless the pilgrims: after Easter, the mouths of the vendors will be filled with flies.

And then we went to the Church of the Tomb of the Virgin. It was a Wednesday, and we went for the Armenian Mass. There was so much rain that all stairs were covered with water up to three feet. Twenty young courageous men emptied the water with buckets from the Church for three days.

When you enter through the Lions' Gate, turn right to find a Turkish bath, called Virgin Mary Bath. Past that is Pilate's Palace, where they tie horses, while further on is the Pasha's Bath. As you ascend, there is a soap factory, owned by a man called Shigimishi.

On Monday, January 4<sup>th</sup>, after we had Mass in St. Saviours on Mount Zion, we went to Silwan to the well of the Abbot. There was a cave and a kitchen there. We had a party, after which we climb up the hill, with the villagers - men and women - watching us.

My brothers, there is no running water in Jerusalem. This year, there was a lot of rain in Jerusalem and three to four feet of snow. The women and the men, young and old, [come to the well]. They bring carpets or mattresses or sacks or horse bags or laundry. All come to the water; some carry their loads, others use donkeys and others

mules. People sit row by row eating, enjoying themselves. They have tobacco water pipes in their mouth - men separately women separately. The sweetmaker is there, as well as the tobacco seller, the coffee vendor, the goldsmith, and the lemonade vendor. And not far from there is a place where water gushes from the ground through white sand; the Arabs call it Ein El Louz.

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REVUE D'ÉTUDES PALESTINIENNES

**82**  
N° 82  
hiver  
2002

**DOCUMENT**  
Un entretien d'Hussein Veldeh à Francs Inter :  
« Une lutte en avant dans la toile »

**REPORTAGE**  
L'Impératif arabe dans le monde, le choc  
**DANIEL BENSAD**  
Opération « Intifada Bulletin »

**JACK SAUTY**  
Une victoire décevante

**HENRI MAÏER**  
Médias en guerre

**SORJE CALMO**  
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