

Dear Visitors,

Welcome to the Palestinian Museum and our new exhibition, *Printed in Jerusalem: Mustamloun*.

Hosting *Printed in Jerusalem* as the first guest exhibition at the Palestinian Museum was motivated by our belief in the importance of continuing the journey we began with our first exhibition, *Jerusalem Lives*, and in highlighting Jerusalem as a centre of Palestine's modernity.

In this exhibition, you will see Jerusalem through the publications, knowledge, and culture it produced at different historical periods. Adopting an analytical and documentary approach, *Printed in Jerusalem* seeks to discern interactions among the city's social structures and compose a fact-based portrait of life in a vibrant Jerusalem, while amplifying the voices of ordinary Palestinians as narrators of their own story.

We also invite you to visit the Museum's Glass Gallery, which has been converted into an interactive space with educational games and activities designed for children and families, inspired by the exhibition's themes and publications.

We look forward to your participation in the wide-ranging public events and activities to be held in the Museum and its gardens, and online, organised by our Public, Knowledge and Educational programmes in partnership with various arts and culture institutions.

We are heartened as you join us in fixing our gaze upon Jerusalem, hopeful that we may transform our dreams of the city into a living reality.

Adila Laïdi-Hanieh, PhD
Director General, the Palestinian Museum
#Palestinian Museum #Printed in Jerusalem #Mustamloun



المقدون

خريطة فلسطين وسائر الاراضي
القياس ١ : ٥٠٠
كيلومتر
١٠ ٢٠ ٣٠ ٤٠ ٥٠ ٦٠ ٧٠ ٨٠ ٩٠ ١٠٠

المملكة المتحدة

برية التيه
قلعة الجبل

برية التيه

العرش

شددود

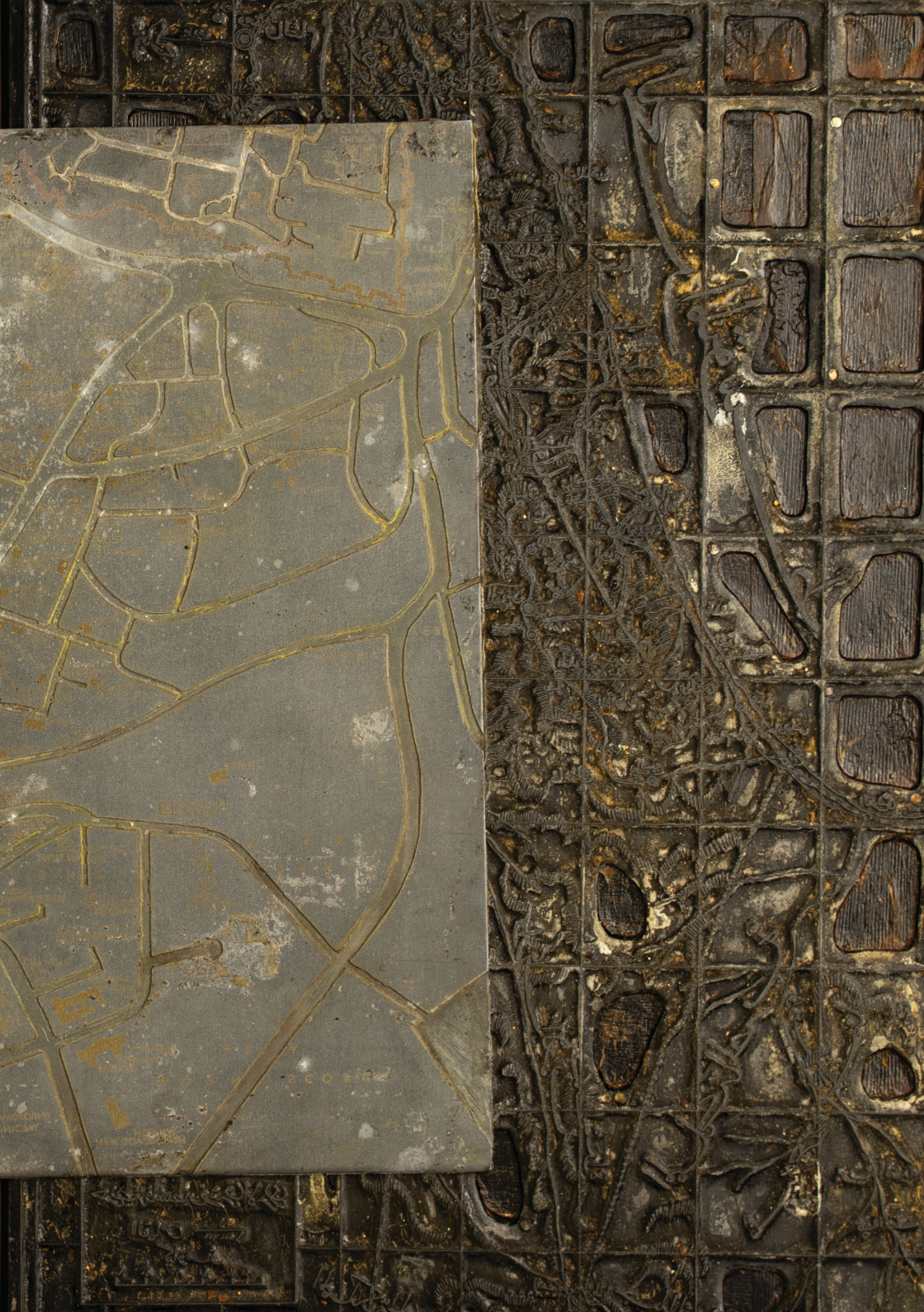
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PRINTED IN JERUSALEM

Mustamloun

Printed in Jerusalem: Mustamloun explores the relation between Jerusalemites and publications printed in their city—be their content political, educational, commercial, cultural or touristic—by probing the profession of the *mustamly*. It seeks to analyse the emergence and disappearance duality that was inherent to the publications of nascent social movements within the city. Those movements contended with the governing institutions and tools of censorship they imposed on Jerusalem's urban fabric.

Printing tools and processes have advanced beyond the exclusive domain of individuals or machinery, yielding novel tools that have altered traditional, established conceptions. Paper

is no longer the sole medium for writing, while the process of editing, publishing and disseminating publications is subject to the advancements imposed by modern reality.

Has this reality yielded new *mustamloun*? What is their nature, and what forms do they take? In light of this reality, what do the new *mustamloun* dictate in their role as intermediaries between Jerusalemites and their publications?

This is the second iteration of *Printed in Jerusalem*, which first opened at Jerusalem's Palestinian Heritage Museum at Dar Al-Tifel Al-Arabi in late-2018. It presented a selection from Jerusalem's Modern Press (Lawrence Press) collection of printing clichés and tools, donated to the museum in 1998. The Modern Press was established in the early-1930s and continued to function until the 1980s.

A **mustamly** (plural: **mustamloun**) was tasked with dictating manuscripts to copyists and acted as an intermediary between author and the reading public. Historically, the transmission of content was merely one aspect of the role of the **mustamly**, the other being that of censorship. They were able to ban and omit, and to promote that which fell in line with their beliefs and intellectual inclinations. The profession of the **mustamly** is an ancient one that disappeared like others before it as modernisation replaced human voices with machinery's hum and grind.



A collection of lettering and numbering clichés used by the Modern Press in Jerusalem

The Palestinian Museum's iteration of *Printed in Jerusalem* expands on the original concept by exploring the city's political, touristic and cultural role and attests to Jerusalem's

leadership in printing, and in the development and publication of educational resources. This exhibition also sheds light on aspects of Jerusalem's cultural and social practices and examines its economic

and commercial activity by exploring the Modern Press and Islamic Orphanage collections as well as other archives, thereby apprehending the city's contemporary reality. ■

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

وَبِالْحَمْدِ لِلَّهِ

الْعَلِيِّ الْعَظِيمِ

الْقَدِيرِ الْقَبِيرِ

الْمُتَعَالِ الْعَلِيِّ

الْقَدِيرِ الْقَبِيرِ

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الْمُتَعَالِ الْعَلِيِّ

طُبِعَ فِي الْقُدْسِ

PRINTED IN JERUSALEM

Mustamloun مُسْتَمْلُون جُدُّ

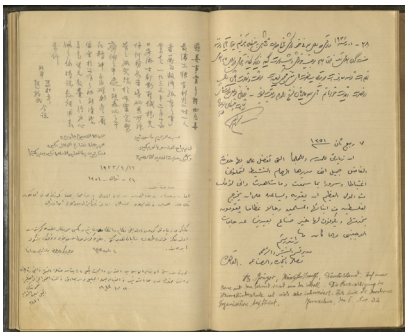
1 *Remnants*

Wide-angle lens video

The video documents the reality of one of Jerusalem's few remaining printing presses, which has operated since 1922. Since its founding, the Islamic Orphanage has printed many educational books, magazines and numerous local newspapers. Over the years, its apprentices have shared their expertise in printing and its associated crafts across neighbouring cities and countries. ■



Photo of administrative and teaching staff with students in 1926, from the Mission Statement of the Industrial Islamic Orphanage in the Holy City
Courtesy of the Industrial Islamic Orphanage

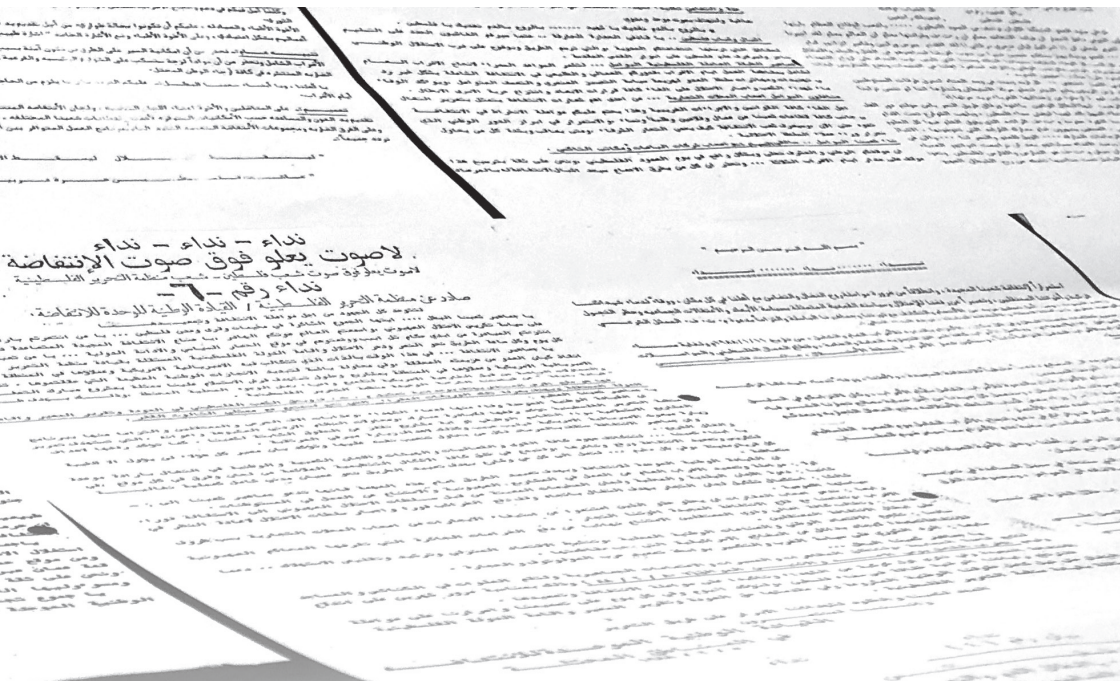


Visitors book of the Industrial Islamic Orphanage School, 1927. Courtesy of the Industrial Islamic Orphanage





Still images from *Remnants*, filmed by Meshal Qawasm



communiqués in print with specific directives for mass action.

The Sixth Communiqué seeks to understand the relation between political content and the means by which it is communicated. During the first Intifada, those caught with

political publications were imprisoned and banned from practicing any profession linked to printing. Paper itself was damning evidence in those days, while today, censors fix their gaze on the more efficient, complex, multi-layered and private media of our age.■

IT'LL CIRCULATE

Abdel-Rahman Shabaneh

Writer and curator

Ibrahim's story is based on factual events that activists in Jerusalem experienced through their involvement with the first Intifada's communiqués, whether by printing, disseminating or merely possessing them.

Ibrahim stands in silence, feet apart as ordered by the soldier who alternates between speaking Arabic and Hebrew. A number of residents of Silwan neighbourhood, south of Jerusalem's Old City, stand beside him.

He does not see their faces or what they are wearing. He gazes point-blank instead at the cinderblock wall, aware that if he were to stand further away, he would make out a phrase that his brother Musa had scrawled there days earlier: 'Fatah was here'. But for now, he faces the letter 's' and observes its curvature and immediate surrounding. On the surface of the concrete block he discerns miniscule trenches in which he wishes he could hide at this moment.

* Translated by Omar Odeh

He fears that if he were to move his head, he would receive a rifle butt to the cheek or a strong kick that would make his knees buckle. He listens in silence to the nearby murmurs. There are five detainees for sure; their subdued muttering reveals their presence.

A few soldiers and an officer approach.

Ibrahim had been on his way home from work in the western part of the city, his clothes, hands and face still stained with grease from the Israeli-owned vehicles he repaired. His fluency in Hebrew did not spare him from being detained with the others. At the intersection, Israeli soldiers stop anyone with a hint of defiance in their features.

Lurking close to Ibrahim is the aura of a soldier whose limbs move machine-like and devoid of humanity as he approaches. Ibrahim tries to intercept the soldier's hideous and lifeless thoughts, only to be surprised by the incoherence of his stride. The closer the soldier comes, the further away everything escapes Ibrahim, everything that has a soul.

Those wielding the rifles have no souls; their camouflage uniforms hide them well while revealing all the rest. Their faces are far-removed from those of the neighbourhood. Between them lies a metallic clatter and the cruel correspondence of the soldiers' matching boot prints.

Their mechanical arms search the bodies of the detainees meticulously before humiliating them for two wasted hours during which the soldiers would laugh at whoever's arms are first to tire.

Ibrahim thinks to himself, 'I hope to God he doesn't find it, I hope he doesn't find it. Why did I keep the paper on me?!' As the soldier approaches, Ibrahim shuts his eyes and wanders into the blackness of the dark that he now sees. He slowly sinks into it. The darkness now obscures the soldier's camouflage patterns and liberates his voice from his image.

Ibrahim cringes as the soldier's hand touches his right shoulder. He gets a hold of himself as the other hand touches his left side. At this moment, and out of nowhere, Ibrahim imagines that the soldier is leading him in a dance with these moves. He lets a muffled chuckle escape in response to the illusory vision. The romantic scene is out of step with the nuisance of detention. Ibrahim imagines the soldier dancing with him, a bizarre image: hands raised and palms to the wall as the soldier tenderly places his



hands on the perfect spots to lead a dance.

Perhaps it is fear that spurs Ibrahim to mockery. But the soldier is clearly irritated as he pushes Ibrahim away from him and yells, 'homo, homo!'

As the soldier re-evaluates the situation, he is reprimanded by his superior and ordered to continue searching the detainees.

'I'm not the only one feeling uneasy, this soldier is in some predicament!', Ibrahim thinks to himself.

The soldier approaches him and strikes his torso with both hands. Ibrahim holds another chuckle down as he imagines another style of dance. The soldier searches him thoroughly, or so he thinks; given the sexual tension, the search is done quickly.

The hours go by smoothly for the detainees, as though they were watching a comedic film, whereas

for the soldiers, the hours pass them by in silence, as though they were watching a boring drama.

Ibrahim arrives home, and after dinner, he drinks a cup of tea as he reads through the Intifada leadership's Second Communiqué, this time more thoroughly. He expresses his admiration for the communiqué's authors to his wife, Nelly.

'Who's in this United National Leadership anyway?', she asks.

'I'm not exactly sure but I like what they have to say. I'm going to find them and see what they need', he replies.

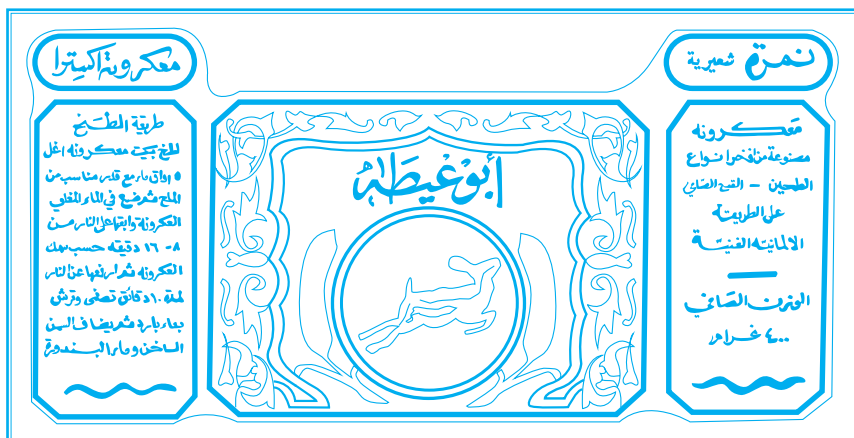
'What have we got to do with all of this? We're barely making it, and this can ruin us', she objects with concern.

'We've suffered enough humiliation', he answers before reading the

communiqué over again while recalling the day's events.

Ibrahim walks the streets of Silwan with an air of principled resistance after having embarrassed that soldier, even if it had been merely imagined. He does not need a rifle, nor a camouflaged uniform. He does not throw stones at the enemy nor does he veil his face with a keffiyeh. He walks silently to and from work without commenting or adding to the scenes of daily clashes.

Ibrahim unwittingly carries some of the Intifada's dignity and beauty with him to the western part of the city every day. In doing so, and without caution, he raises the ire of the soldiers that are stationed at the entrances to the Old City. His new stride and demeanour do not please the military officer in charge of the area, and his defiant gaze does little to spare him from the soldiers' suspicion.



Unusually, the officer does not punish or insult Ibrahim in the typical ways. He opts to give the punishment time to ripen, to rot even, so as to match the Silwani's mocking grin.

The first Intifada sustains itself and grows into the social fabric of the city, as it does in other cities, towns and villages. Ibrahim's actions complement the nature of the uprising organically and continue to do so until he is contacted one night by al-Mufti (a local activist's nom de guerre). He asks Ibrahim to smuggle prints of the Third Communiqué into the Old City. Ibrahim does not hesitate in his response to al-Mufti and assists him in transporting the documents from Anata, where the United Leadership prints its communiqués in a house basement, to Silwan, crossing several checkpoints in the process.

Ibrahim's ability to handle tense situations with mockery is what allows him to outmanoeuvre the soldiers

manning the checkpoints.

His dignity grows more visible with every drop of ink he transports or news that he relays, with every printed paper or stack of blank sheets he carries. He brings materials from Ramallah to Anata and sometimes buys them from the western part of the city directly.

He takes pride in doing everything he is asked, and his cool demeanour allows him to get along well with the others. His work in the western part of the city earns bread for his family while his work with the printing press earns the family its pride. This is how he lives.

He helps circulate the Fourth and Fifth Communiqués until one of his comrades is caught at a checkpoint while carrying several pamphlets. The flow of the network's travel is interrupted pending the release of their imprisoned comrade or any





news about his fate. During this period, Ibrahim carries out many small missions, ones al-Mufti tells him are essential.

Ibrahim's increased movement is perhaps what raises the ire of the military officer in charge of the area.

Neither Ibrahim nor any of his other comrades have been arrested (yet), but the officer is intent on 'teaching him a lesson' as he has told his soldiers on many occasions. He promised them that he would retaliate with Ibrahim's punishment on their behalf and restore the prestige they have lost as soldiers.

On a relatively tranquil day, at about five o'clock, a military patrol unit raids Ibrahim's home, terrifying his wife and many children. Contrary to their custom, which is etched in the neighbourhood's collective memory, the soldiers lead him outside with no violence to speak of. The butt of the rifle is ordinarily the retort

to any objections over the army's unwelcome visits.

With devious calm, the officer directs his soldiers to tighten Ibrahim's cuffs and secure him in the front passenger seat, as opposed to the earth-toned back of the military jeep. The soldiers carry out the order without hesitation and place Ibrahim's white wool-collared, olive-green jacket over his cuffed hands so that the scene is complete.

The officer knows full well that the traditional social hierarchy and the often repeated 'what will people think of us' are important tools of domination. Such tools tend to shake the confidence of anyone acting outside the law, whether the law is imposed colonially by outsiders or as a result of the dominance of any regressive local customs.

Nobody in town knows of Ibrahim's covert activity, and the officer likely does not know of it either. His behaviour has no defined political or security-related dimensions, it is a mere ordinary and recurrent relation between an Israeli officer and a Palestinian man.

The officer drives the jeep gently with Ibrahim seated beside him in handcuffs. He circles the streets of Silwan that are wide enough for his jeep more than once, avoiding the narrow alleyways for fear of being met with a hail of stones and boiling oil.

He speaks to Ibrahim as a close friend might, but he does so without looking at him or observing his attempts to undo his handcuffs. The officer first talks about his family who he says misses him, then goes on about his boredom with the monotonous days of the Intifada and their resemblance to one another, about the lack of security and about the last time he went to the cinema.

His deviousness paints a smile on his face every time a puzzled passer-by on the street recognises Ibrahim. He repeats this over and over until he is sure that every corner of Silwan has seen Ibrahim seated without any worry beside the area's military commander.

He thinks to himself, 'this arrogant man will not be able to convince all of Silwan of the existence of his hidden handcuffs. Someone will talk, and news will get around that this lowlife is collaborating with us.'

The jeep comes to a halt at Joret al-Innab northwest of Silwan and the soldiers drop Ibrahim off. He walks towards home.

The officer wants the people to see Ibrahim one more time before night falls on this short day.

He walks towards his home with dignity and pride, but he is unable to be his usual carefree self this time. He stops whenever he is questioned by someone about the strange incident and attempts to show his

indignance while offering the marks left by the plastic zip ties on his wrists as proof of his innocence.

Ibrahim arrives home at one o'clock past midnight.

Despite the darkness of night and the slumber of the city and its surroundings, people relay and amplify the story until al-Mufti himself gets wind of it. Al-Mufti knows most of the tricks and methods used by the colonisers to subdue activists, but he has not yet told Ibrahim of this particular trick for fear that it would shake his confidence. He sneaks apprehensively through the alleyways and across rooftops until he arrives close enough to Ibrahim's courtyard.

The lights are off. It is about four-thirty, nearly dawn.

Al-Mufti sees Nelly walking towards the bathroom outside the house. He calls out to her and tells her not to be afraid then whispers, 'I came to tell Ibrahim something important. That officer is a scoundrel.'

Reassured, Nelly moves a plastic bucket out of al-Mufti's way so that his jump into the courtyard is silent. Ibrahim is soon awake from his short-lived sleep and the three of them sit together as al-Mufti tells them all the tricks and stories he knows related to those methods of manipulation. Initially shaken by the incident, Ibrahim now grows confident and firm as he listens to his comrade speak.

He thinks to himself, 'Some town folk will talk, but that officer hasn't yet dared to creep through our narrow alleyways, and he will not creep into my head. His moves are obvious, even to the children among us.'

Ibrahim returns to his regular routine, between work at the garage and undertaking some covert missions as the need arises. That lasts two whole days.

On the second evening, a police unit, clad in a different uniform, raids Ibrahim's home. The men upturn the threadbare furniture until one of them finds some flyers titled, 'the Sixth Communiqué'. As Ibrahim is shoved out the door, head covered, and hands cuffed, the officer who stands at the doorway says, 'Now you've done it, you ****! You're done, we know everything about your group.' He grins derisively and continues, 'No more communiqués from now on.'

'It'll circulate', says Ibrahim with cool indifference without so much as turning towards the officer or his grin.

On the same day, the police confiscate all the printing equipment and 100,000 copies of the Sixth Communiqué, which were ready for circulation. But Ibrahim, now in solitary confinement, was right when he said that the communiqué would circulate. Another 100,000 copies were printed and would be distributed effectively in Palestinian cities and villages after his arrest. Despite his being cut off from his

comrades in the various factions of national struggle, they would carry the mantle.

Ibrahim was right but now finds himself in solitary confinement, vanished in the darkness of the military compound. He would remain away from home for twenty-four days, during which al-Mufti would take it upon himself to anonymously provide for Ibrahim's family.

After eight straight days in solitary confinement, Ibrahim is taken in for interrogation. His interrogator is silent as he probes Ibrahim's face for any sign of defeat. He approaches him and speaks patronisingly with the first Arabic words Ibrahim has heard since that officer spoke to him during his arrest: 'I want us to become friends.'

Ibrahim's face hardens, its features laden with tedium from the interrogator's speech before it has even begun.

'I don't need any friends, I'm married', he replies with disinterest.

'What does that have...', the interrogator begins before being struck by Ibrahim's cold sarcasm. He continues, 'The printing press was sealed shut, and we took all the paper, the ink and the machinery.' He looks Ibrahim directly in the eyes and says, 'There's no work for you at the press, and there'll be no work for you with us.'

'God brings relief', Ibrahim answers, then falls into a silence that would remain with him as he is led back to his solitary cell.

The charges against Ibrahim do not implicate him in any direct threats to the enemy's security. This leads the officer responsible for his arrest to make do with the charges as a tool to pressure Ibrahim and perhaps lead him to collaborate with him in the future. In the least, the officer would leave things open-ended, allowing him to detain Ibrahim whenever he wishes to do so. Ibrahim is not tried or charged and is released after what amounts to a disciplinary reprimand.

He is released back to the warmth of home and family, where he retreats to a room for an entire month, away from checkpoint soldiers and the faces of the people of his town. During this period, he takes a walk from time to time to buy some groceries or a pack of cigarettes. When he asks how much he owes, the grocer would

invariably reply, 'it's paid for', and without much in the way of argument, Ibrahim would walk back home.

His sleep and wake routine continues for a month, and after this predictable stagnation, he begins to regain some sense of purpose, taking a step forward whenever he deems there to be something of merit. He ultimately regains most of the energy he had lost and begins searching for work that is suited to his experience in the city's garages and printing presses.

It is a matter of days before a friend helps him find work in a new garage in Talpiot, owned by a Mizrahi man who cares little about politics or anything related to it.

A few more days go by and a stone is thrown into Ibrahim's courtyard, carefully wrapped with a piece of paper and the words 'The Printing Press' written on it in addition to a cryptic address in al-Issawiyah village. ■



3 *Inspection and Evaluation*

Lawrence Press Collection

Many books, brochures, and educational curricula were printed in Jerusalem, then disseminated across the city and the rest of Palestine.

Much of those materials was used by school children in the 1960s and 1970s.

Various types of commercial advertisements were printed in Jerusalem, including promotional materials for institutions, offices and shops, some which continue to operate to this day.



Printing Cliché: 'From Palestine'



Cliché of Khalil Sakakini's office stamp



Cliché of the book cover of *Gardens of Arabic Calligraphy* by calligrapher Mohammad Siyam

Tourism advertisements, some of them religious in nature, were printed in Jerusalem, sold in the city's shops and distributed on the Old City's stairs. Since the introduction of printing in Jerusalem, and due to the city's reliance on religious tourism, its printing presses produced a massive amount of materials to meet demand.

Many newspapers and magazines were printed in Jerusalem, and they played a central role in shaping Palestinian cultural and political consciousness.

Wedding as well as other social engagement invitations were printed in Jerusalem. They reflect the persistence of a vibrant and ordinary life in the city, despite harsh and unstable circumstances.



Cliché of the cover of a second-grade reading textbook, signed by Fatema Muhib

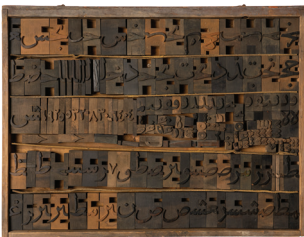
*Untitled***Schematic Maps**

This work features a series of schematic maps associated with a specific area in Sheikh Jarrah and Wadi al-Joz, north of the Old City. It illustrates how the delineation of Jerusalem has varied with every change of the ruling authority. The printing cliché on view documents a period in which that part of East Jerusalem was the city itself.

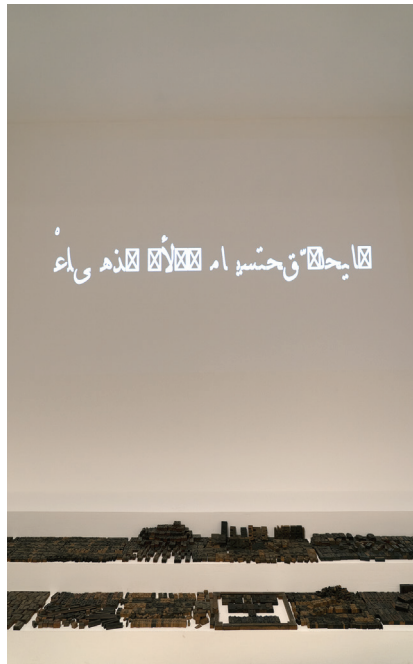
A Modern Press printing cliché of a tourist map, highlighting tourism, commercial, cultural, government and diplomatic landmarks outside the walls of the Old City. The cliché was likely produced in 1966 during Jordanian rule

*Untitled***Interactive installation**

Arabic script has evolved throughout history and now adorns a wide variety of spaces, including religious sites, palace entrances and book covers. As a conveyor of the language, has Arabic script kept up with the digital revolution, or has its form been confined by aesthetic considerations?■



A collection of lettering and numbering clichés used by the Modern Press in Jerusalem

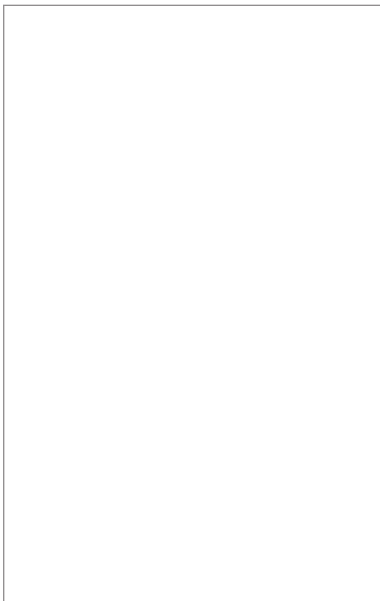


4 Leave a Trace Interactive Space

In the 1960s and 70s, Israeli military censors suppressed any material of which they disapproved. In those days, newspapers often appeared with blank gaps, marks of the censor's redactions. Those gaps left readers with a space in which to imagine and wonder about the censored item and about novel ways with which to manoeuvre around censorship.

What is the redacted news item? Are there ways by which to manoeuvre around today's censorship?

Leave your mark in this temporary space. 🎨



5 *Untitled*

Installation

Drawers and boxes were used by Lawrence Press to store lettering and numbering clichés as well as clichés of commercial advertisements, tourism flyers and text books.

Revival Biography

A printing cliché of artist Fatema Muhib's artwork is on view here, as well as brochures featuring her work and a short summary about her life and career. An image of the cliché is projected on the wall.■



Photo portrait of Fatema Muhib, from the Omar Jallad archive. The exact date of the photograph is unknown, but the owner of the collection, Muhib's nephew estimates that it was taken in the first half of the 1950s.



A third-grade reading textbook cover, signed by Fatema Muhib




Cliché of a third-grade reading textbook cover, signed by Fatema Muhib

طَبْع فِي الْقُدْس

PRINTED IN JERUSALEM

مُسْتَمْلُون جُدَّد

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Art Installation
 - 3 *Inspection and Evaluation*
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 - 4 *Leave a Trace*
Interactive Space
 - 5 *Untitled*
Installation

WHY 'PRINTED IN JERUSALEM'?

Baha Jubeh

Exhibition Curator and Palestinian Heritage Museum Registrar

The Palestinian Heritage Museum in Jerusalem holds a variety of valuable traditional garments, jewellery, manuscripts, and photographs in its permanent collection, among other elements of Palestinian heritage. It has accumulated a significant legacy collection, most of it amassed in the early-1920s and 1930s, a difficult period fraught with war. Ethnographic analysis confirms that most of its items are more than a century old. It is regarded as one of the most important Palestinian ethnographic collections and is referenced in virtually every publication on Palestinian heritage and traditional dress.

Since 1962, the Palestinian Heritage Museum has continually

sought to obtain valuable additions to its original collection. One such acquisition consists of the Modern Press (Lawrence Press) printing clichés. This collection reinforces the Palestinian Heritage Museum's adoption of an alternative, contemporary philosophy with respect to the methods and rationale employed in exhibiting popular heritage. It eschews traditional moulds of exhibition in favour of a renewed vision. It is a vision that considers content by delving into the nuanced connotations and significance of each exhibit and its mode of exhibition. It was by considering this new philosophy that the idea was formed for *Printed in Jerusalem*, the fifth exhibition organised by

the Palestinian Heritage Museum - Dar Al-Tifel Al-Arabi Organization in Jerusalem.

Printed in Jerusalem does not only depart from the archetype of heritage exhibitions in their classical forms and topics; rather, by probing the activity of the printing and publishing industry, it sheds light on the long history and rich legacy of Palestinian cultural and knowledge production. It also examines the role that this production had in Palestinians' ability to recount their narrative, knowledge, interests and concerns, in light of the introduction of printing in Palestine prior to the 1948 Nakba. One of the exhibition's primary objectives is to offer a broad horizontal view of social, political

and economic life in Palestine generally, and in Jerusalem particularly, prior to the Nakba and Israeli occupation of Palestine. In parallel, *Printed in Jerusalem* underscores the Nakba and the destruction it wrought, while revealing paths to re-emergence from the ashes of extensive and utter devastation.

It is here that the exhibition's focus shifts to the particularities of Jerusalem, especially in the wake of the loss of its western half, and the Israeli occupation's focus on building its own institutions there. The tragedy continued to unfold as Israel occupied East Jerusalem in 1967. In the aftermath of those losses, which represented pivotal junctures in Arab history and prompted the tumultuous birth of new intellectual movements amid a deep sense of estrangement, Palestinians in Jerusalem steadfastly persisted in employing all available means



towards advancing their intellectual, cultural and commercial life, among other aspects. *Printed in Jerusalem* highlights those aspects by showcasing printed materials and the printing tools used by the Modern Press, which was established in 1932 and continued to function until the 1980s. In 1998, most of its printing tools were donated to Dar Al-Tifel Al-Arabi.

The significance of the exhibition lies in those very aspects of life in Jerusalem. The availability of these items does not only give us a notion of the printing methods and inherent complexities of that era; it does not merely offer us a nostalgic tour of that period; rather, it illuminates a social, political, and economic landscape, which

can be inferred and interpreted through the stories underlying each printing cliché and the other exhibits on view.

The Palestinian Museum's initiative to host *Printed in Jerusalem* advances several objectives, namely the development of its partnership with the Palestinian Heritage Museum; the presentation of printing and associated concepts more comprehensively; the provision of an opportunity for novel and interesting modes of interaction with these obscured components of life in Jerusalem; and simultaneously, the ability to reach a wider public that is unable to visit Jerusalem due to the Israeli occupation's policy of isolating the city from its Palestinian surroundings. ■

DAR AL-TIFEL AL-ARABI ORGANIZATION IN JERUSALEM

Khaled al-Khatib

Director of the Palestinian Heritage Museum /
Dar Al-Tifel Al-Arabi Organization in Jerusalem

Dar Al-Tifel Al-Arabi Organization was founded by Hind al-Husseini in Jerusalem during the 1948 Nakba, in the wake of the Deir Yassin massacre. In her memoirs about the creation of the organisation, she writes:

The Palestine war of 1948 came as a surprise. It tore the country apart, and the work of associations was interrupted after the Deir Yassin tragedy, which displaced many of the people of Palestine who dreaded suffering the same tragedy of the Deir Yassin community. Refugees began rushing to Jerusalem, seeking shelter within its walls. Children from Deir Yassin, who were destined to survive

the terrible Zionist massacre, were faces of the greatest misery and despair.

Within a week, and with the help of Mr Adnan Amin al-Tamimi, I was able to gather 55 young girls and boys, whom we housed in two rooms in Souq al-Hasar neighbourhood in the Old City. At that time, I had only 138 Palestinian Pounds, but I made a pledge to live or die with those children, as I imagined that the Palestinian people would be erased and become extinct if those children were to die... How could I let our great people be erased and become extinct? No, and a thousand nos. That pledge was made on 25 April 1948.

*That is how the idea began, and a few months later, I founded Dar Al-Tifel Al-Arabi Organization in Jerusalem.**

In addition to caring for orphans and providing them with education to this day, the organisation, since its creation in 1948, has been keen on preserving the Palestinian people's heritage. It initially endeavoured to collect and assemble popular heritage with the intention of providing orphaned children and students with traditional Palestinian dress to wear on special occasions and during popular celebrations. Collection began in refugee camps, in countries hosting

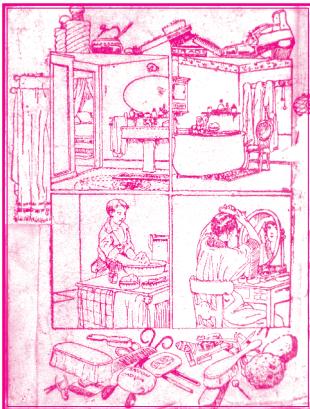
* Excerpt from Hind al-Husseini's unpublished memoirs, Dar Al-Tifel Al-Arabi Archives

refugees, as well as in the West Bank; and unique articles of clothing and jewellery were obtained.

With the passage of time, the organisation amassed a collection brimming with masterpieces, especially unique embroidered garments,

most of which date back more than a hundred years. Due to their uniqueness and historical value, these articles were no longer worn during celebrations. This spurred the idea of the establishment of a Palestinian popular centre in 1962 as a branch of this social

and educational organisation. That formed the nucleus of the organisation's current Palestinian Heritage Museum, inaugurated in 1978, and re-dedicated in 2012 after comprehensive architectural renovation and modernisation. ■







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