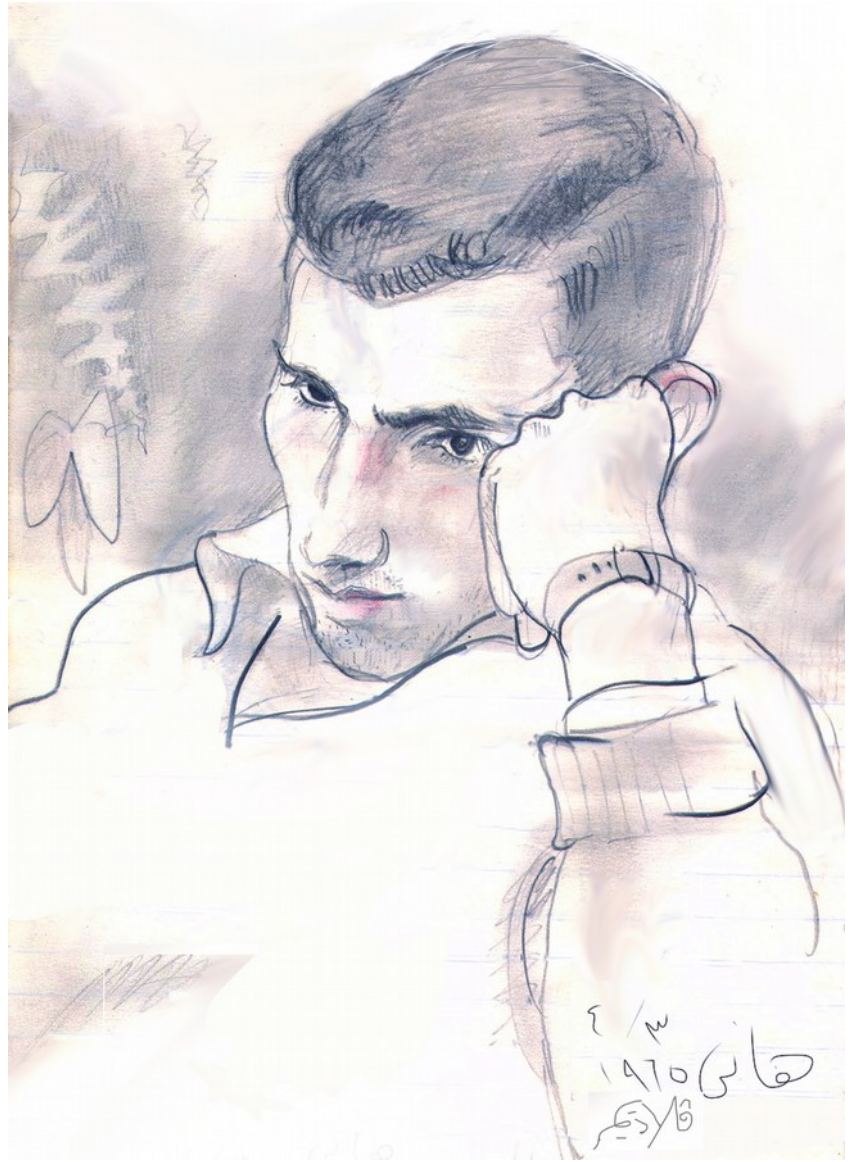


Vladimir Tamari remembers his friend Hani Jawharieh

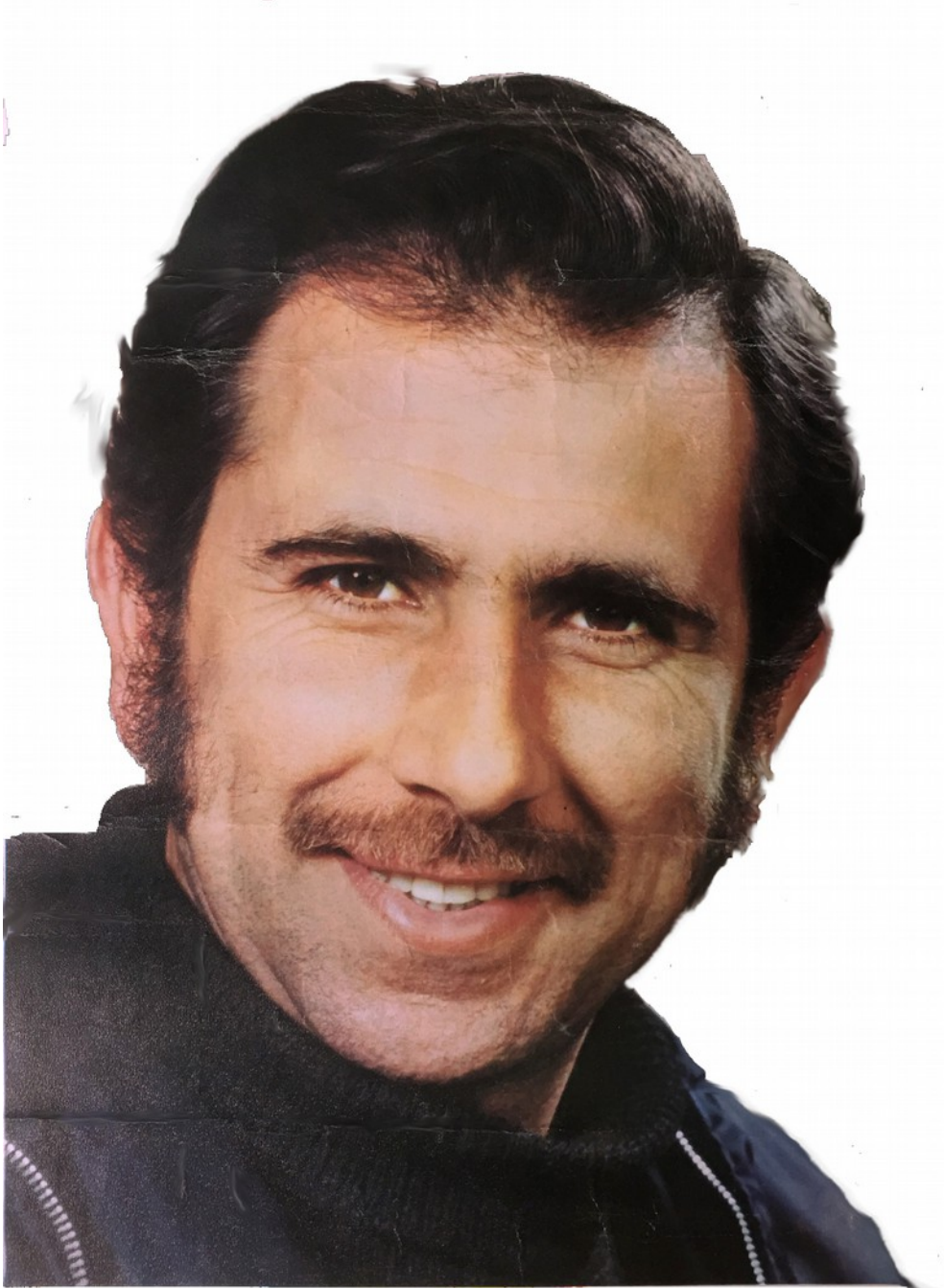


Tokyo, July 30, 2016

vladimirtamari.com

Drawing by Vladimir of Hani drawn on April 3, 1965 either in Ramallah or in Jerusalem. Pencil and colors on paper.

Forty years have now passed since his death and before that about twenty years of friendship between us, a friendship which began in the days of our childhood in the 1950's, there in Arab Jerusalem as we breathed its air, little knowing we will lose it in a few short years. Here are a few short word-pictures about Hani which I present unapologetically. I say that for they may seem to some to contradict the myth of the mantle of heroism and idealism that his colleagues in the revolution have bestowed on him - and deservedly so- after his martyrdom. Yes Hani did eventually become a real hero, but I knew him before all that, I knew him as a wonderful ordinary human being - extraordinarily ordinary, so to speak, and I do not want to lose that Hani, the friend and the dear brother.



الشهيد هاني جوهريّة - شهيد السّينما النضاليّة

*"Martyr Hani Jawharieh- martyr of revolutionary cinema" Poster
issued by the Palestine Liberation Organization in 1976*

I first got to know Hani through our joint friendship with Samir Farah, my school friend. Samir became an amazing theater director and film-maker and I acted in some of his early comic films that Hani had filmed using an 8 mm camera at Samir's home in Jerusalem. They were slapstick movies - one I remember about a surgeon performing operations using carpentry tools. This friendship expanded to include in our own words the "four musketeers" of art in Arab Jerusalem of the late

fifties and the years that followed: Hani (photography and cinema) Kamal Boullata and myself (art and painting) and Ibrahim Sous (piano and music composition). Later, Samir traveled to complete his studies in New York and after his return we met again at the American University in Beirut before his tragic death in the early sixties.

During the walks that we took in those days in the streets of Jerusalem's Old City and during family visits, a warm fraternal camaraderie grew between us the four young men. We joked and laughed as though we were trying to erase the atmosphere of defeat and disappointment around us: here was Al-Quds our Holy City partly occupied and divided by barbed wire and a no-man's land planted with landmines. Beyond that was our looted Palestine now inaccessible to us yet alive in our imagination, full of stories that we have heard from our fathers of Palestine before the Nakba catastrophe of 1948. There were also the personal memories of what we have experienced in our first childhood in Jaffa and Jerusalem, and I do not know which other cities for the others. We exchanged visits, and my parents and my sisters really liked Hani. At his home, I met his younger brother, the artist and calligrapher Riad his father, aunt and uncle, the wonderful musician and diarist Wasef Jawharieh. I recall that they were related to the famous Palestinian musician Salvador Arnita whose classes I attended at the American University of Beirut. May God rest their souls.



Drawing by Kamal Boullata of a street in Jerusalem's Old City. The late fifties

What remains with me and what I remember most of Hani is his penetrating laughing compassionate look. He was not reckless in anything and perhaps one of his most endearing qualities was shown in his humility and in the pains he took in mastering the details of any work he undertook. For example in setting up his camera, as well as during photo printing. He dealt with people humanely and honestly free of any selfishness or malice to a degree I rarely experienced in anyone. Following his death, I wrote a text that is now lost, but I remember that in it I described Hani's hand holding an egg which he had taken from the chicken coop behind his home in Shu'fat North of Jerusalem, near the "kazzouz." soft drinks factory. I wrote how the egg appeared, brilliantly white, nestled in his hand, as if he was guarding it. Everybody loved him and still do.



Elia Adranly in front of his shop in 1952, before Hani worked there and before Gandhi's bust was displayed in the window.

Hani worked for a long time, perhaps for several years, as an assistant to the optician Elia Adranli in his shop in the Old City of Jerusalem, located at the top corner of the steps starting right from Khan al-Zeit souk and meeting the alley that led to the Christian Quarter and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The shop had a glass window boasting a white plaster bust of Mahatma Gandhi wearing the famous glasses of course. Mr. Adranli was an interesting intelligent man with a sweet smile and had a theory on the effect the Earth's rotation has on winds, which we discussed. In later years Hani and I would fondly remember this wonderful man.

Following Samir Farah's departure to study film in New York Hani continued his keen interest in cinematography. I was hit by the same virus too, and we spent a good deal of time discussing the films that we saw in the cinemas of Jerusalem. I do not know how we got hold of the theories of the Soviet filmmaker Eisenstein But we would discuss his theory of composing the image along a 45° diagonal. However busy we were in these

serious pursuits we did not stop joking and laughing, repeating what the Egyptian actor Yusuf Wahbe said in one of his films - "a maiden's honor is like a matchstick..." By a funny coincidence I watched an old US movie a few days ago in which the same thing was said!

One of our activities was filming a short comic film reflecting the state of repression that pervaded our conservative and to some extent hypocritical society which restricted the opportunities we had for free expression and creativity. I think it was I who wrote the synopsis for this film it went like this : Hani is reading the newspaper when a photograph on its page changes to a photograph of a nude woman moving between the printed lines of news. The reader is surprised and panics! In the early sixties, when the attention of the American media centered on sending a man to the moon, we in the Arab world were listening to the speeches of Abdel Nasser and were living a completely different reality that reflected our own concerns and national hopes.. In this atmosphere Hani and I made a voice recording parodying the interviews we heard from the Voice of America radio. Using a weird Arab-American accent our interview sarcastically discussed the subject of sending, garbage to the moon!



*Drawing by Kamal Boullata of Hani in Jerusalem
around the middle of the sixties*

Such buffoonery and the normal problems of adolescence existed side by side with our deep consciousness and delicate awareness of the beauty around us in Palestine, particularly Jerusalem: its history, its churches, mosques the splendor of the Dome of the Rock, and the piety of the pilgrims who visited it. At that time Hani and I dreamt of producing a film about Jerusalem. Unfortunately the only thing that survived from that project, was my drawing of a porter carrying planks of wood; the rope securing the wood on his back slips, and for a fleeting moment the porter is transformed into the figure of Christ carrying the sorrows of humanity as one of the planks swivels and forms a cross. That was before the 1967 war and before Ismail Shammout's painting Palestine on the Cross,

and before the words of Mahmoud Darwish in his poem Writing with Charred Coal: "But I emerge from the nails of this cross , looking for another source of lightning", and before the the marvelous painting by my colleague Sliman Mansour The Camel of Burdens. As if all of us in different times were aware that Jesus the son of Mary, Palestinian-born , crucified and resurrected in Jerusalem was a symbol of human suffering and the victory over injustice, realized in Christ's resurrection from the dead as we Christians believe.

Hani helped me in the filming of a short experimental film realizing my idea for what I called "visual music": the colors and forms move on the screen to keep up with the rhythm of the music to one of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos. I took the project seriously and got sheets of the musical score, but our tools to coordinate and synchronize the music with the panels of different colors - each note corresponding to a certain color - were unfortunately insufficient to complete the project as envisioned.



A drawing of Hani by Vladimir Tamari, about the mid-sixties.

One day, I showed Hani a small folding model of cardboard, plastic and yarn and painted lines to explain the idea of my invention of 3 Dimensional Drawing (stereoscopic drawing) . Hani smiled and looked at me reproachfully and scolded me saying "it is a pity for you to remain in this country". I remember now that later the Japanese companies to whom I presented this project told me almost the same thing: "Take this invention to America", in the sense that if the invention succeeds there, then bring it back to Japan! But I missed my chance because the advent of home computers made digital 3D graphics easy for everyone, but not as I imagined and planned.

When Kyoko my wife heard that Riad had asked me to write these memories she told me: "I remember Hani was against your marriage with a foreign non-Arab woman, but when he met us and saw our harmony and love together, he changed his mind!"

The years pass and Hani travels to Egypt and Britain to specialize in cinematography. When the Arab-Israeli War of June 5 1967 occurred, I was in Beirut where I was working at the Audiovisual Department of UNRWA (the UN agency concerned with Palestinian refugees) as an assistant cinema technician. The war and the occupation of Jerusalem was a great shock. At the end of that year I married Kyoko whose wonderful character was shown when she came from Tokyo to Beirut despite the atmosphere of war and uncertainty. I traveled to Jordan with the UNRWA film crew to record the aftermath of the war and its impact on the hundreds of thousands of displaced people from Palestine to camps in the Jordanian desert, such as Baqa'a camp and a place called Wadi Dleel, 'The Valley of the Lost'. Soon I felt the contradictions between the Department that produced the films depicting the refugees just as poor needy people neglecting to tell the political and national background of the war and the revolutionary acts of resistance that had begun at that time. So I resigned my job in a decisive and sudden resolution as an act of personal protest.

On the other hand at that time I helped the sculptor and activist Mona Saudi to produce a book of the drawings and narratives made by the children of Baq'aa camp that told of their escape from Palestine under Israeli bombs and their impressions of the beginning of the heroic Palestinian commando resistance

movement. I traveled a second time to visit the camp, accompanied by Hani, to film a documentary about children. The season was winter and bitterly cold and everyone was saying, "Qatlatna al-saq'aa fil Baq'aa!" - the cold is killing us in Baq'aa. I remember that while I was walking in the camp with Hani I lost my shoes in the deep mud surrounding the tents! On another occasion I enjoyed visiting Hani's warm and welcoming home in Amman. Unfortunately we were unable to complete the film about the children at the time, but I supervised the printing and publication of a book *In Time of War, Children Testify* (Mawaqif & PFLP Beirut, 1970) which contained some photographs taken by Hani. I later learned that Hani did complete a film entitled "Palestinian Rights: In Time of War, Children Testify" in 1972. But most likely that film was lost at the time of the Israeli invasion of Beirut in 1982. Later Hiba, Hani's daughter, made a concerted effort to find the movie and photo archive of the Palestine Liberation Organization that her father helped establish and diligently maintained until his death. Unfortunately no trace of it was to be found.

Following my resignation from UNRWA in 1968 I wrote a detailed text in English about my ideas and hopes for the establishment of a Palestinian Cinema that presents our cause to the world. I copied everything in the UNRWA film archives concerning Jerusalem and despite my lack of experience, completed a documentary film called *Al-Quds* (Arab Jerusalem) narrated in English which was distributed globally. In spite of its shortcomings it won the admiration of the great Palestinian writers Ghassan Kanafani and Jabra Ibrahim Jabra, because it was one of the earliest committed Palestinian films completed after the 1967 defeat. I took this film to Amman, showed it to the staff of the film section of the Jordanian Ministry of Information under the supervision of Ali Siam, where Hani worked on the production of newsreels. *Al-Quds* was screened three consecutive times. With the escalation of the Revolution Hani, Mustafa Abu Ali and their colleague the cinematographer Sulafa Jadallah established the photography and cinema section of the Fatah guerrilla group of the Palestine Liberation Organization P.L.O. I watched *Al-Quds* recently on YouTube and despite its sincerity was rather ashamed of its primitive technical standard!

The unfortunate civil war in Jordan had begun in 1970, but I had to visit Amman to say goodbye to my family ahead of what later turned out to be my emigration to Japan. We visited Hani and his wife in their home in Amman and suddenly while there, a fierce battle erupted between the resistance and the Jordanian army with a violent exchange of fire. We could not leave, so we spent the night hearing and watching the bullets tracing lines of light of light drawn in the space between the adjacent mountain and somewhere behind Hani's home. Hani tranquilized us saying "its nothing really - no problem!" But the next morning Hani acknowledged that the bullets came dangerously close!

I bade my family and friends goodbye and traveled with Kyoko to another world. We carried the refugee children's drawings, held exhibitions and gave interviews on radio and television to explain our just Palestinian cause in Japan. Years pass. We lived in a tiny house in Tokyo packed with the necessities of my family, my wife and

two young daughters in addition to painting tools and the devices I invented and built to draw in 3 dimensions. One day I received by post a parcel sent by Mona Saudi without a covering letter or message. It was Falastin el-Thawra (Palestine Revolution), the official magazine of the P.L.O. dated April 18, 1976, and on its cover a photo of Hani entitled "The Combative Camera". Fabulous! But after browsing the magazine and reading the articles one by one talking about Hani in a hushed tone of awe and appreciation, the story slowly emerged and became clear to me: Hani joined guerrillas and the revolution, left his job and photographic studio in Amman, left his home where his beloved wife and two children a girl Hiba and boy Fakhri lived, and went to Beirut.



Falastin el-Thawra (official magazine of the Palestine Revolution), issue of 18 April 1976, containing Hani's obituary and many sincere and moving articles by his wife and comrades in the Resistance

There he helped establish and maintain the photo and cinema department of the PLO, and on April 11, 1976 he died a martyr... I remember when I absorbed what happened. A grim silent moment I remember to this day. I became very angry. I do not know why that anger turned toward those toys with which I amused myself in

exile while Hani lived and died in the homeland: I took the three wooden 3-dimensional drawing instruments that I had built with all love and meticulous care in Japan, smashed them and threw them the trash! In the coming days and months I calmed down and drew a 3D drawing entitled Palestinian Still Life featuring the P.L.O. magazine with Hani on its cover, surrounded by the treasures of Palestine to be found around our home,: camels carved from olive wood, a round decorative plaited straw mat, and a traditional Palestinian embroidered dress.

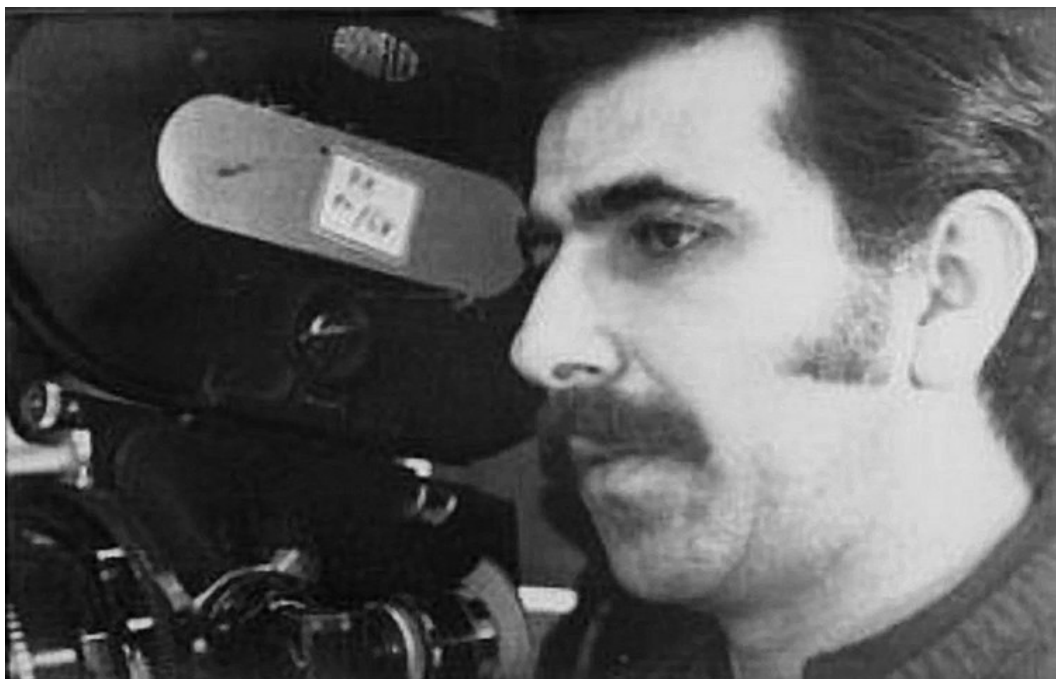


Palestinian Still Life, by Vladimir Tamari drawn in April 29, 1977, using a 3-dimensional drawing instrument. The lines appear floating in space only when you merge the two images using a stereoscope. Hani on the cover of Falastin el-Thawra magazine surrounded by handicrafts from Palestine.

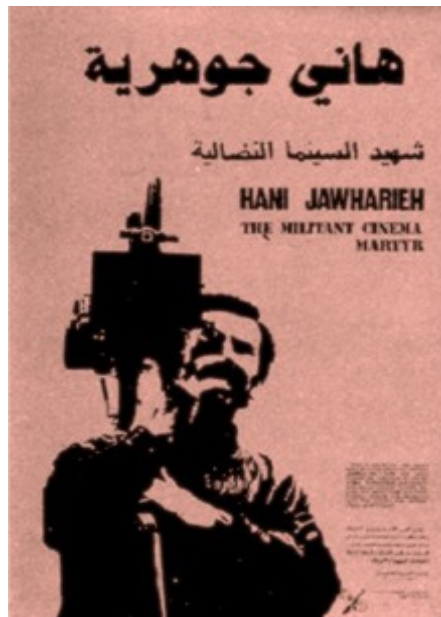
A few months before or after that - I do not recall - I traveled with Kyoko and our young girls to Jordan planning to visit Ramallah according to a permit obtained by my father from the Israeli occupation authorities. On the bridge (Allenby Bridge) however, I was arrested and taken with my family to Jerusalem handcuffed and, blindfolded in an Israeli military vehicle. In prison, I climbed to peer from a narrow window near the cell's ceiling to see our beloved Jerusalem, in which I with Hani and our friends used to wander in so freely, now seen for the first time after so many years in exile. The city was so beautiful, its domes minarets and churches glowing pink in the light of dawn. They interrogated me about the children's drawings project and so forth, and after three days I was released and went to Ramallah and stayed in my childhood home for three months that could not be extended. We went back to Tokyo. I remember that Hind, Hani's wife and daughter Hiba, who was suffering from toothache, visited us that summer in Ramallah. I forgot how we talked about Hani... But I remembered what he had told me at one time, that looking on his baby daughter was the most beautiful thing he ever experience in his life. I remembered his words when I looked at my own daughter Mariam when she was born in Japan.

The years and decades, the century and the millennium pass...there was little contact with Hani's family. Palestine in its entirety groans under a despicable occupation . Its heroic people struggle to exist and resist, bearing one calamity after another... but the motherland that Hani knew, and where I enjoyed his friendship is still alive in our consciousness. A Palestinian child who may be born to parents who never did set foot in the homeland, dreams of liberation and a Return. After Hani's death streets and cinema halls were named after him. Lovely. But what a farce, for I imagine how Hani , humble as he always was, would laugh long and hard at how life and history had turned out to be, how the entire, nation was disinherited and insulted, yet we are proud about a street and cinema house. God bless your soul, Hani, you were the best of your generation. Palestine will not forget you as long as new generations of Palestinian film-makers are born. All of them know the story of your great achievements and sacrifice.

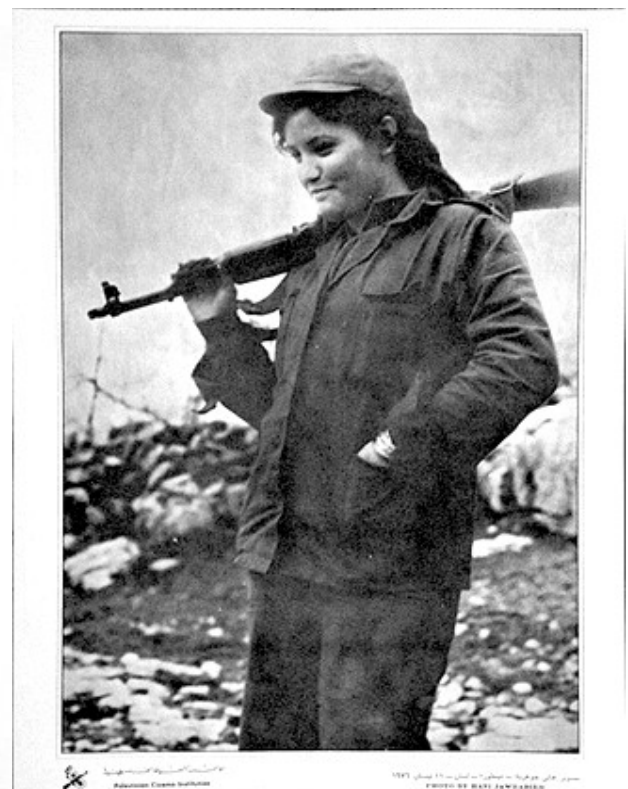
In Arabic the Palestinian guerrillas are known as the fedayeen, those who redeem. I cannot help but recall what Christ said concerning sacrifice - the words apply to all those who sacrificed their lives for their country - our homeland Palestine: «Love one another. No one has greater love than this: to lay down one's life for his friends. » (John 15: 12-13)



Hani Jawharieh with his Arriflex 16mm film camera circa 1971
at the PLO Photography and Cinema Section.



Following Hani's martyrdom, the photography and film section of the PLO issued a portfolio of 18 posters featuring selected photos taken by him. He photographed the fighters, men and women in the training camps and during the guerrilla operations across the Jordan River which he accompanied to record the heroic Palestinian resistance against the Israeli occupation. These posters are reproduced by courtesy of the the Palestine Posters Project palestineposterproject.org





المعهد الفلسطيني
فلسطين Cinema Institute

صور حلي جبرية - ١٩٦٦
PHOTO BY HANI ZAWHARTEN
١٩٦٦ - ١٩٦٦



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صور حلي جبرية - ١٩٦٦
PHOTO BY HANI ZAWHARTEN
١٩٦٦ - ١٩٦٦



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صور حلي جبرية - ١٩٦٦
PHOTO BY HANI ZAWHARTEN
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