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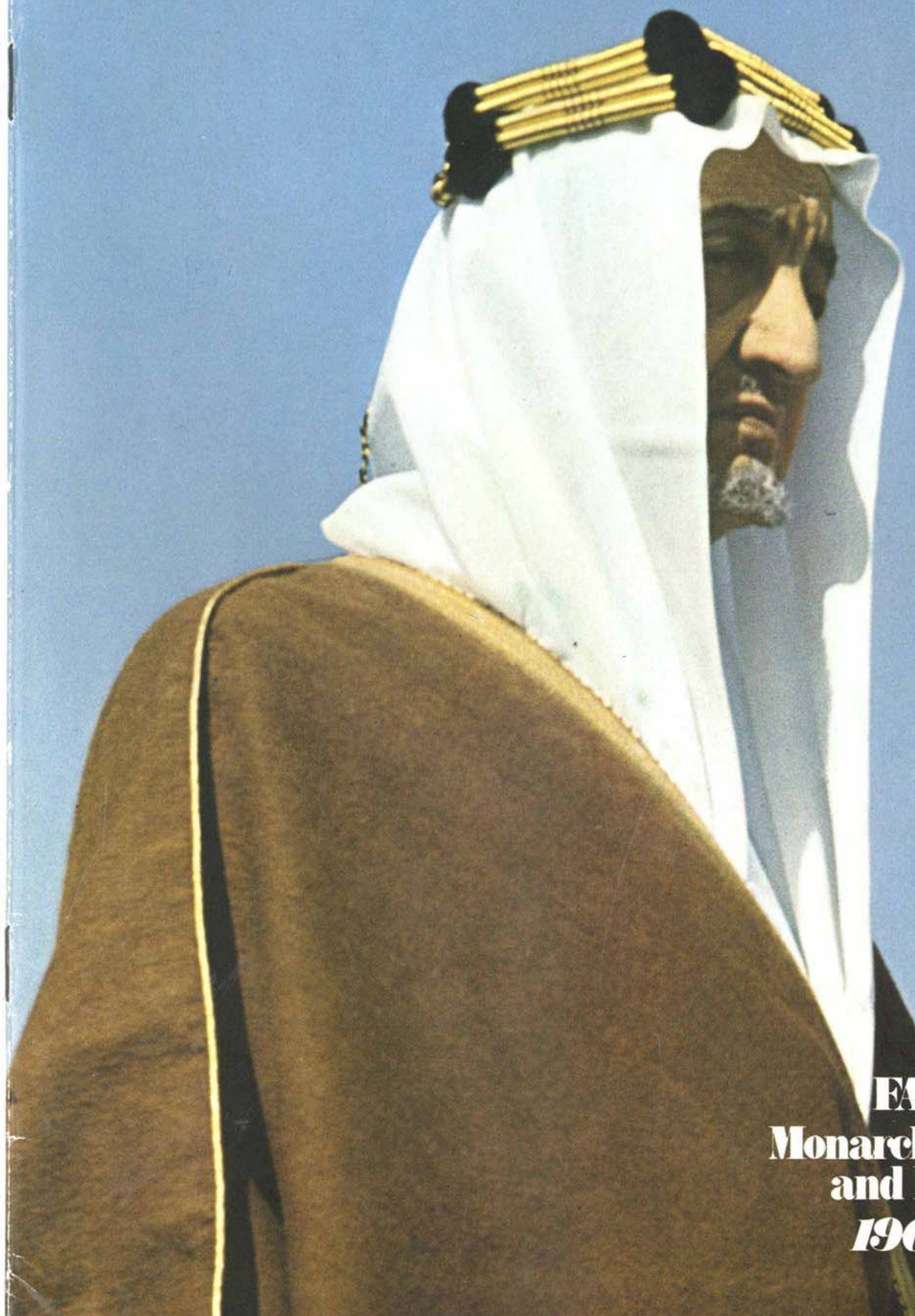
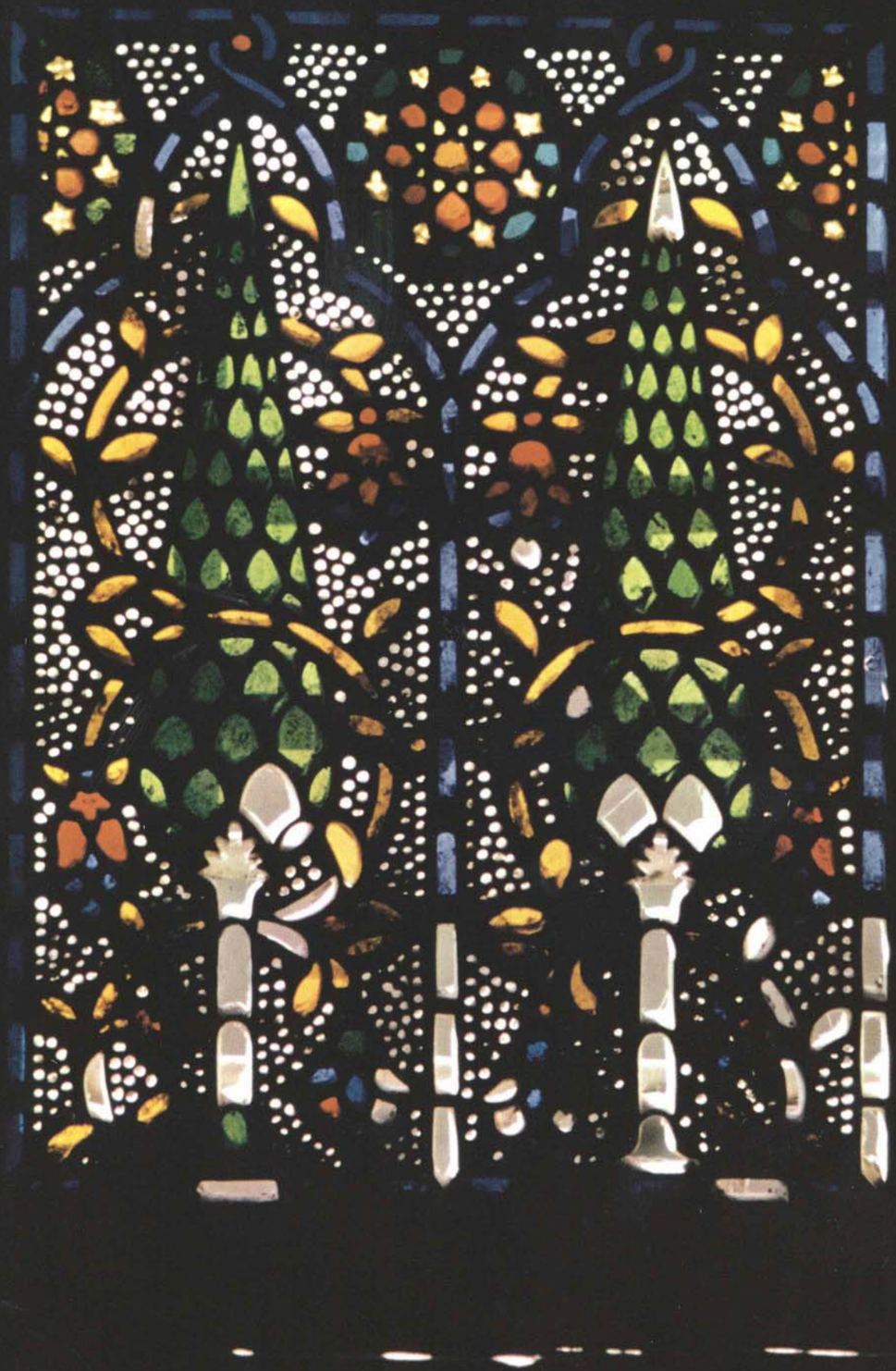
JULY-AUGUST 1975



FAISAL: Monarch, Statesman and Patriarch: *1905-1975*



ARAMCO WORLD magazine

VOL. 26 NO. 4 PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY JULY-AUGUST 1975

FAISAL: Monarch, Statesman and Patriarch: 1905-1975

Equally at home in the Bedouin tents of Arabia, the chanceries of Europe and America, and at the conference tables of the United Nations, the late King Faisal ibn 'Abd al-'Aziz Al Sa'ud, third ruling monarch of Saudi Arabia, brought his country into the twentieth century of balanced budgets, universal education, free medical care, modern communications and rapid industrialization, without sacrificing the traditions of Islam and the Arabian heartland.

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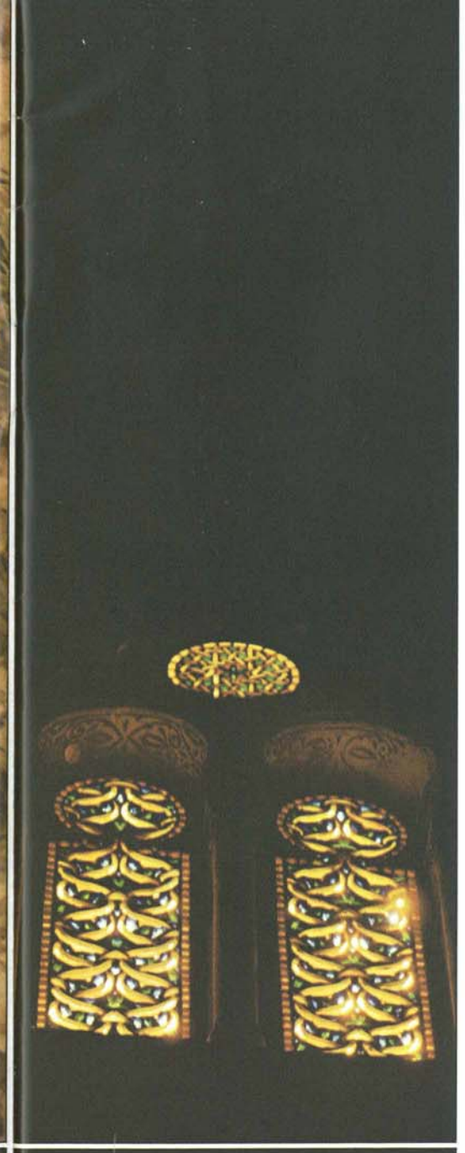
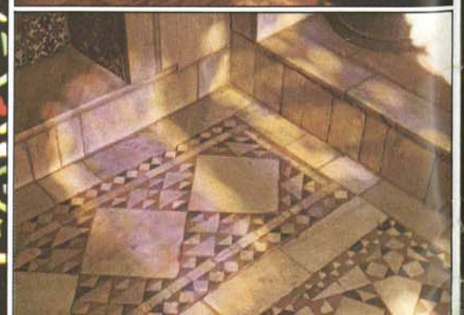
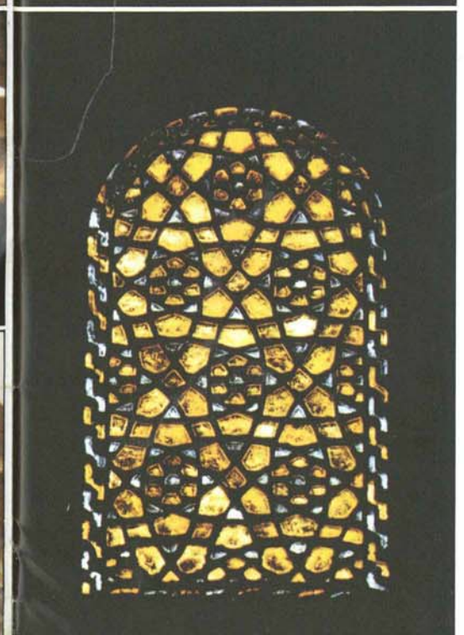
← Inside front cover: In Cairo today, Egyptian craftsmen are still making the jewel-bright **shamsiya** and **qamariya** windows, composed of colored glass, stucco, and light.







WINDOWS OF THE SUN

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED
BY JOHN FEENEY

Cairo's **qamariya** windows — also called **shamsiyas**—must surely be among the most beautiful windows in the world. Each morning as the sun comes up and touches the gloomy domes of mosques and dark walls of castles in the hidden corners of the city, they spring to life like masses of tiny jewels and splash pools of exquisite color across the shadowed texture of the mosaic floors below.

Like much art in the Arab East the qamariya, meaning "moon-like," and shamsiya, meaning "sun-like," had a purely practical origin. They were designed, in some cases, to keep out the intense heat of Egypt while admitting some light and in other cases to keep heat in while admitting light. But in adapting them to either use the craftsmen who designed them created an exquisite if little known art form which is still practiced in the Arab East but which reached its apogee about 200 years ago in Cairo.

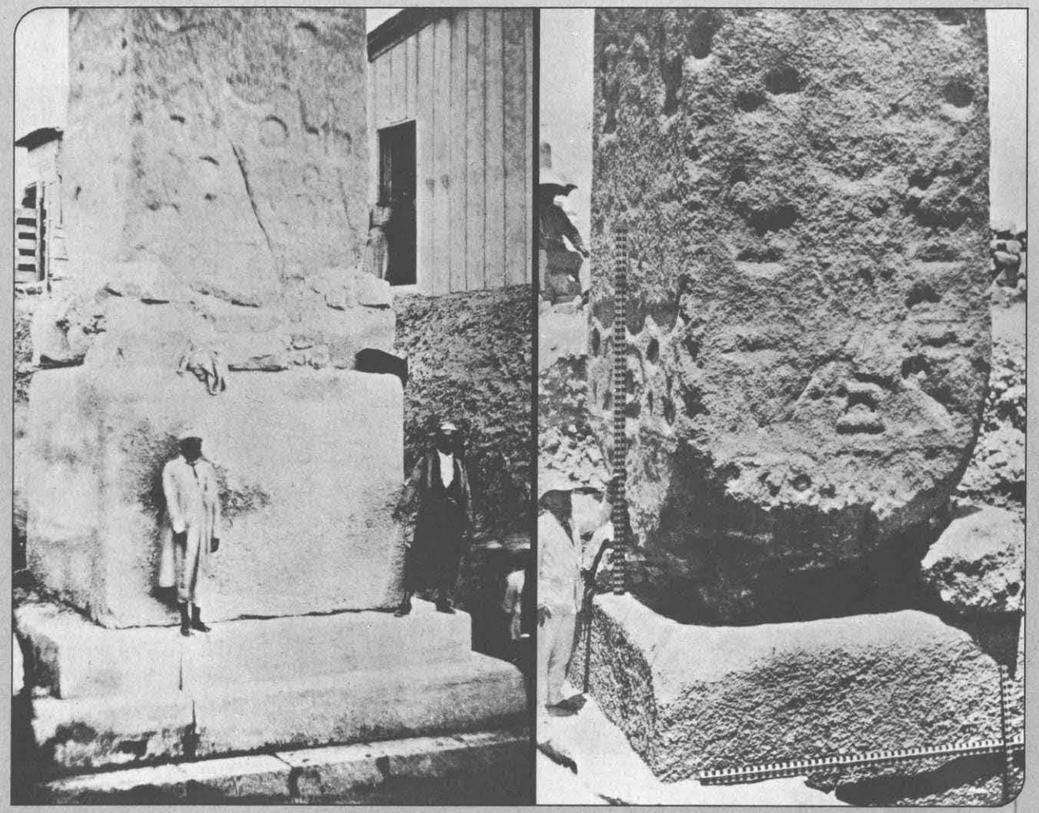
In one sense this is not surprising, for the making of glass is as old as Egypt itself; Pharaonic glass, dull, green and opaque, is the oldest glass in the world. And yet the making of qamariya and shamsiya windows is not so much the making of glass—indeed any bits and pieces will do—as it is the skillful use of three simple elements: fragments of broken glass, fresh stucco and sunlight.

Craftsmen today make the process seem simple. They mix stucco powder with water, pour it into a frame, draw a pattern in the stucco as it sets, cut out the pattern with fine saws and thin files and glue bits of glass to the inside of the stucco pattern. As with all seemingly simple art, however, it is deceptive. From behind, for example, where blobs of plaster are applied to keep the glass in place, the window looks like an incomplete jigsaw puzzle; but from the front it appears as delicate white lace inset with flowers, spirals, rosettes, trees and, sometimes, abstract patterns of pure color. Furthermore the shape and slant of each segment is cut to a precise angle—an angle that will catch the rays of the sun and focus them into a dark interior. Because they are small—no more than a foot or two high by about 18 inches wide—and because they are usually installed high in domes and walls, they look to the viewer like clusters of jewels scintillating in the dark.

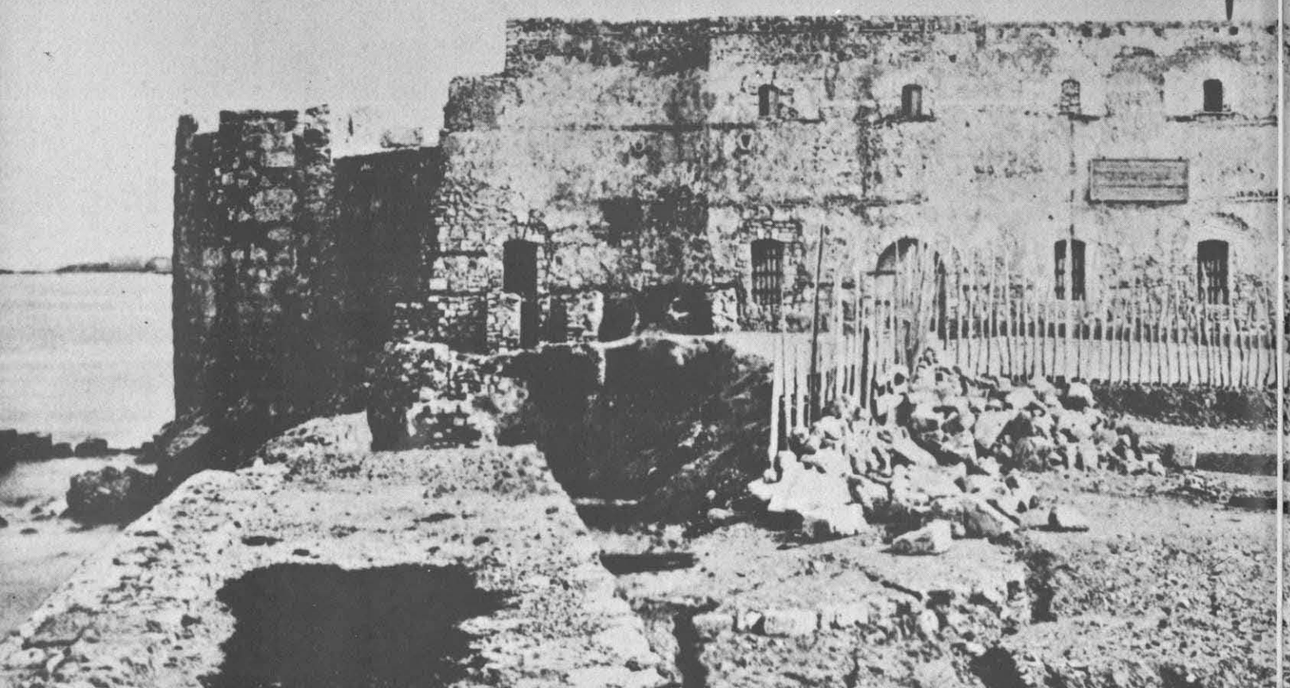
Qamariyas and shamsiyas are exactly the same, but as the effect varies according to placement they came to have different names. Shamsiyas are usually found, singly, or in twos and threes, in the walls of mosques and other great structures where the sun can penetrate. Qamariyas are more often found in residences where, by tradition, they were installed in lines of six or more immediately above the biggest and most finely carved **mashrabiya**, the delicate wooden screens which filter the sunlight but admit air. (**Aramco World Magazine**: July-August, 1974).

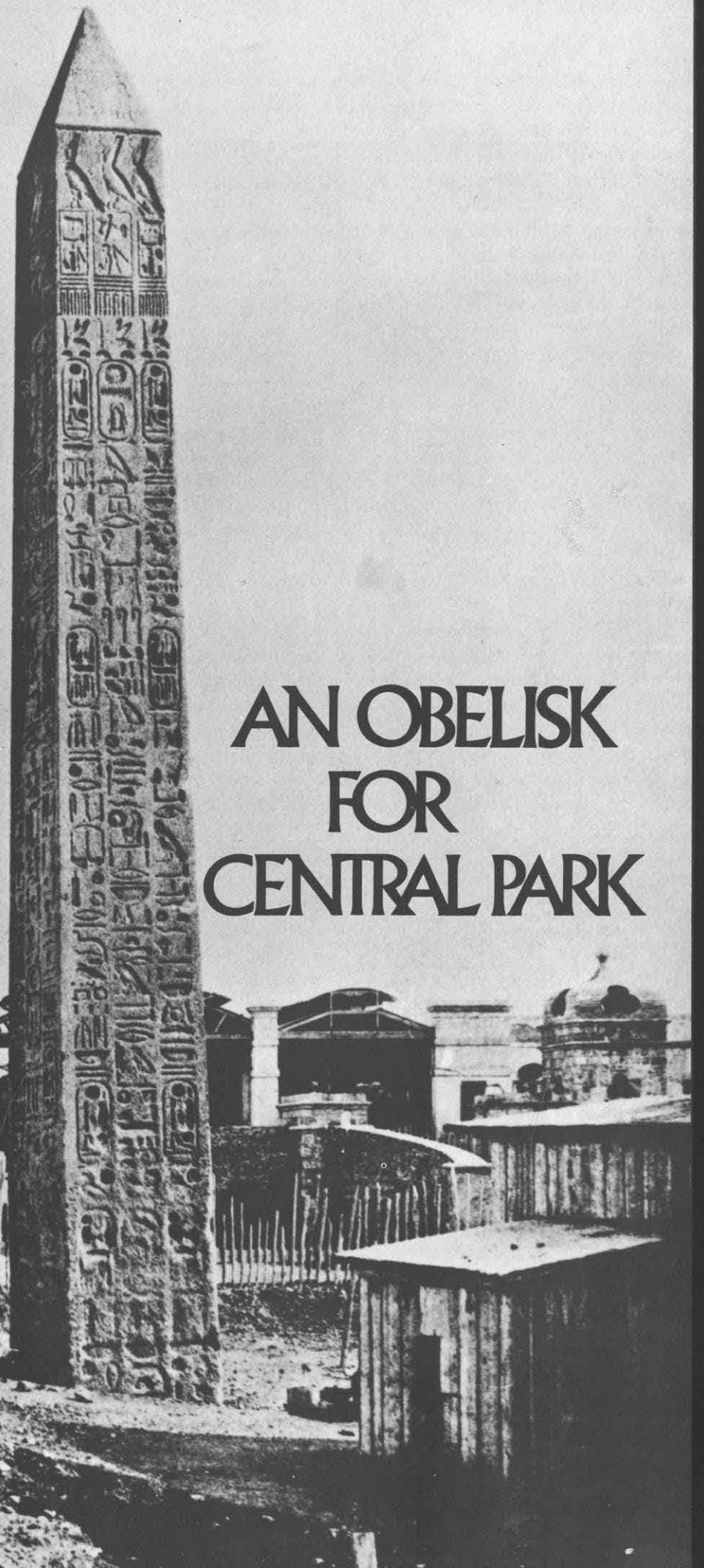
Together the effect is at once beautiful and mysterious: delicate patterns of the screen outlined in light and shadow and the equally delicate patterns of the windows outlined in pools of rich sunlit color. At night the effect is even more mysterious: the interior lights picking out the patterns of wood and glass in the darkness—perfect examples of a decorative art in which the Arab East once excelled and which it keeps alive to this day.

John Feeney, a resident of Cairo for 10 years, is a free-lance photographer and writer.



"Cleopatra's Needle," one of a pair of red granite obelisks (ancient Egyptian symbols of the sun-god), was originally carved and erected by order of the Pharaoh Thotmes III at Heliopolis in 1475 B.C. In 13 B.C. Caesar Augustus had it restored and re-erected at Alexandria. There it stood by the harbor until 1880, when it was shipped to America as a gift of the Khedive of Egypt. When the base was excavated prior to shipment, it was found that the lower angles had been worn away; the engineers of Caesar Augustus had replaced and strengthened the worn parts by four great bronze crabs, two of which were found when dredging the harbor in 1880.





AN OBELISK FOR CENTRAL PARK

"Forgive the pun, Your Highness, but any old obelisk will do."

WRITTEN BY EDMUND S. WHITMAN
ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Shortly after the Suez Canal Inaugural of 1869, the Khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, had a conversation with William Henry Hurlbert, editor of the New York *World*. Hurlbert was an ardent advocate of closer Egyptian-American relations and he knew that the Khedive was keen to move Egyptian cotton onto the markets of the West. With cotton production in the Southern States still paralyzed following the Civil War, this might be an auspicious moment for the Khedive's vessels to start moving cotton in New York harbor.

"A great way to open the harbor and the hearts of New York would be for Your Highness to present America with an Egyptian obelisk. After all, both London and Paris have been so honored."

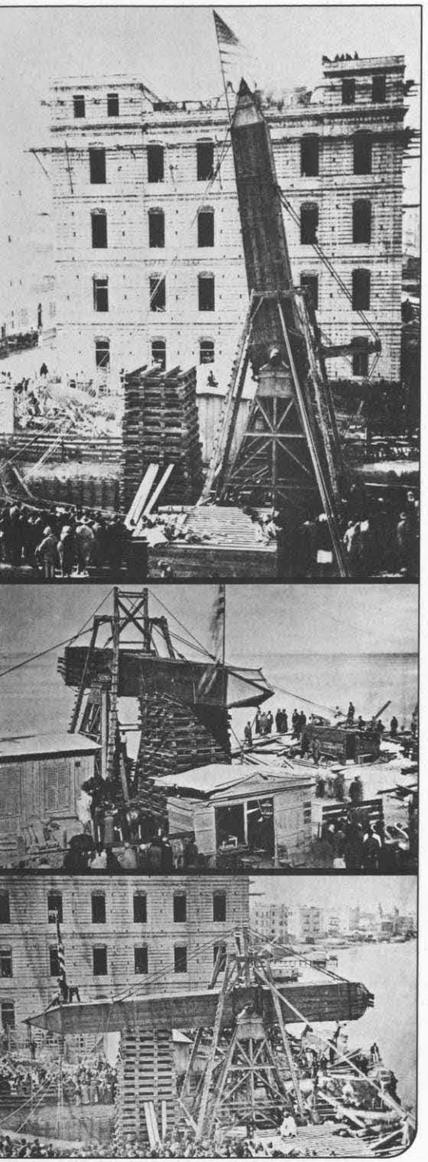
"There is no insurmountable obstacle to preclude such a gift. Have you a particular obelisk in mind?"

"Forgive the pun, Your Highness—but any old obelisk will do. There's one hanging over the seawall in Alexandria for instance. It could readily be moved."

"Ah yes. The so-called Cleopatra's Needle. Yes—I think it might be arranged."

So began a project that would spark a minor rebellion in Alexandria, cost philanthropist William Vanderbilt $102,576 and, in less than 100 years, do more damage to the misnamed obelisk than 35 centuries of wear and tear in Egypt.

The "needle" — a modern term for obelisks apparently deriving from the shape—had its genesis in the 15th century B.C. when Thothmes III dispatched a 120,000-man contingent 600 miles up the Nile to the Aswan quarry with instructions to provide him with a pair of red granite obelisks for the great Temple of Tum. As was customary, all the quarrying, carving and polishing was done right on location and the finished product—69 feet 6 inches high and weighing 224 tons—was barged down the Nile to Heliopolis and erected. But first the obelisk was sheathed in



The crated obelisk, flying the American flag, was hoisted into horizontal position preparatory to embarkation for the United States. Lieut. Commander Henry Gorringe, a veteran of the American Civil War, won the engineering contract for the job and obtained the necessary financial backing from the philanthropist William H. Vanderbilt.

electrum—one part silver to four parts gold—so that its facets would catch the sun's rays and reflect them like a heliograph. It is said that the Pharaoh had his only son lashed to the point, there to remain until the needle was safely in place. His workers knew full well what would befall them should the monument—and the son—fall.

This took place in 1475 B.C., and for more than 1,000 years it stood there, one of a pair standing guard before the great temple. Then came the Persian conqueror Cambyses, son of Cyrus the Great, who laid the needles low. Thereafter, for five centuries, they lay in the dust of the once noble but now ravaged City of the Sun ignored by everybody—including Cleopatra. She, last of the Ptolemies, was too busy with her friend Antony and her enemy Caesar Augustus.

Enter then Caesar Augustus, conqueror of Egypt who, in the year 13 B.C., learned of the desecrated obelisks in Heliopolis and decided that the one with its flanks incised with hieroglyphics might well adorn the waterfront entrance of his Caesarium—a great temple in Alexandria erected to commemorate the Roman conquest of Egypt. What did it matter that the inscriptions attested to the glory of Thothmes III and Rameses II? Neither of these rulers, dead for some 1,500 years, challenged the greatness of the mighty Caesar.

And so, eight to ten years after the death of Cleopatra, the obelisk was re-erected. As Caesar had placed it before the very structure where Cleopatra and Antony were lovers, it became known as "Cleopatra's" obelisk, despite the fact that she had never seen it and, indeed, may never have heard of it. As Secretary of State William M. Evarts put it, in accepting the obelisk in New York, "Cleopatra got more credit for this Needle, or rather this Needle has got more credit from Cleopatra than the fact justified."

Erecting the shaft in Alexandria proved to be a ticklish task for Pontius, the architect in charge. He discovered that the monument's lower angles were badly broken away and would have to be reinforced. The problem was complicated by the need to do so in a manner that would not offend the Egyptians to whom the obelisks were divine symbols. Pontius adroitly solved both problems by casting great bronze crabs with dowels fitting into both the pedestal and the obelisk. As the supports had the shape of a crab, a creature associated in Roman mythology with the worship of Apollo and the sun—and by extension the divinity of the Pharaohs—they were acceptable to the Egyptians. And as each of the crabs weighed 922 pounds they were strong enough to support the obelisk for the 1,880 years that elapsed before Hurlbert of the *World* visited Ismail Pasha and suggested that it be sent to the United States.

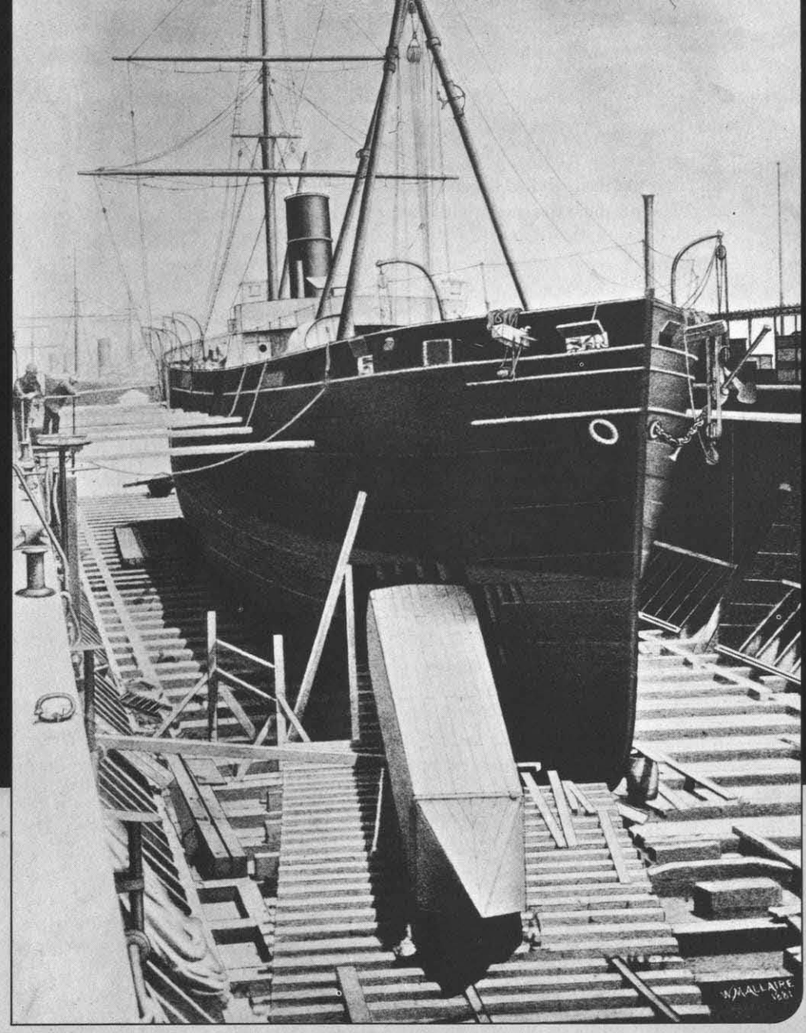
The Khedive, as we have seen, was willing. But it was to be another 10 years before the project got underway and in the interim, as Lieut. Commander Henry Honeychurch Gorringe wrote later, "The constant washing of the surf had begun to affect the foundation and for the last 15 years, the obelisk had been inclining more and more toward the sea. In a few years it must have fallen and almost certainly been broken by the fall."

Even worse, according to Commander Gorringe, some of the foreign residents of Alexandria were planning to build an apartment house around the obelisk "which was then to adorn the courtyard." In short, Commander Gorringe had arrived in the nick of time.

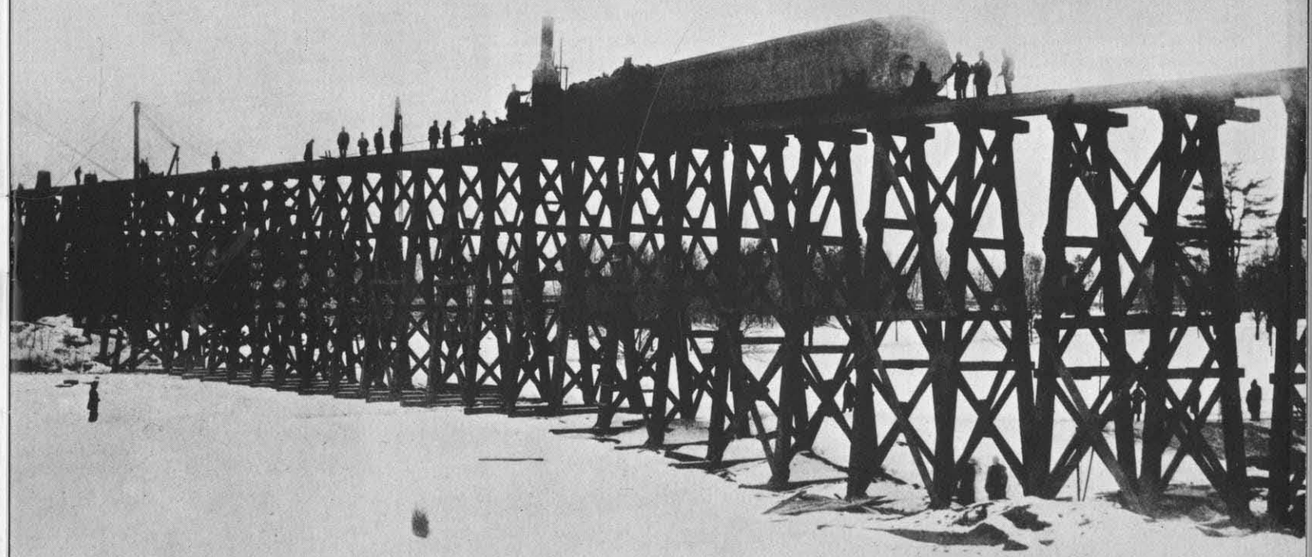
Gorringe, more than any one individual, was the moving spirit of the project. A veteran of the American Civil War, an author and an acquaintance of William H. Vanderbilt, who financed the project, Gorringe won the engineering contract, negotiated the financing and, eventually, overcame all the obstacles in his path.

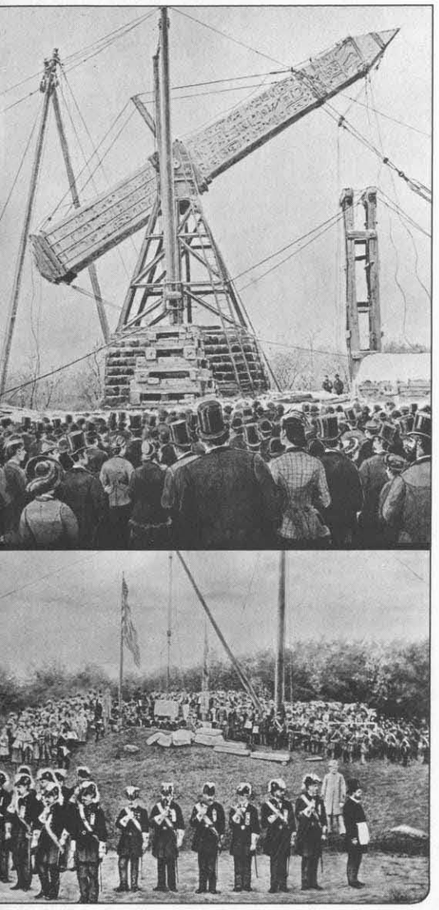
One of those obstacles was the animosity of the entrepreneurs who had wanted the obelisk to decorate their apartment house. The opposition was strong enough to preclude his moving the shaft through the back streets of the city and across a spit of land to the waiting ship as he had originally planned. This was a blow. It meant that Gorringe had to move the obelisk 10 miles by water instead of one mile by land, scrap specially designed equipment to haul it by land, and replace it with pontoons to float the obelisk to the ship. It also meant he had to find another $21,000—in those days a large sum of money.

In the meantime Gorringe also had to overhaul the *S.S. Dessoug*, a ship he had bought for the move right out of the



A hole was cut into the side of the S.S. **Dessoug**, a veteran of the Egyptian Postal Service, to load the obelisk for the voyage across the Atlantic. In New York, a donkey engine powered the move of the 224-ton obelisk on wooden trestles across a snow-covered Central Park.





A well-dressed crowd watches the turning of the obelisk into position in Central Park (above), while a military band and guard of honor attend the laying of the foundation stones at the site.

mothball fleet of the Egyptian Postal Service. The *Dessoug* only cost £6,100 but she was no bargain. Her deck planks had buckled, her hold reeked to heaven and her engines had not been overhauled since she came down the ways in 1864.

Gorringe, however, persevered. Although the ship was a wreck she was his to do with as he pleased—and what he pleased was to cut a hole in her starboard bow so he could simply shove the crated obelisk into the hold point forward and then seal the gaping aperture. And while floating the obelisk to the ship he found that the sea route was a blessing in disguise. Special divers, employed to clear away sunken temple ruins so the floats could come alongside the ship, located and rescued two of Pontius's massive bronze crabs that had fallen off the needle's pedestal. Gorringe took them along and they are now on exhibit in the Metropolitan Museum.

With the obelisk aboard, Gorringe discovered that no Egyptian seaman would sign on to sail with the obelisk. In desperation, he brought a Yugoslav crew to Alexandria from Trieste only to learn that no member had ever been to sea and that not a single one spoke any language but Serbo-Croatian.

Nevertheless, Gorringe prevailed. The S.S. *Dessoug* weighed anchor on June 12, 1880, just eight months after the resolute officer had first arrived in Alexandria, and, despite heavy seas in the Atlantic, docked at West 51st Street in Manhattan on July 20.

In New York there were further troubles. Gorringe got the 50-ton pedestal ashore where, slung on chains and hauled by 32 horses, it was moved to Central Park. But before he could offload the obelisk, functionaries in Manhattan imposed so many restrictions that Gorringe had to move the *Dessoug* to Staten Island for unloading. There, the ship's bow was lifted, the hole in the bow was reopened and the obelisk was raised, turned and eased onto a wooden landing stage built on piles. Afterwards it was rolled ashore, first, and ingeniously, on steel cannon balls and then, when the pressure became too great, on rollers mounted on top of flat steel bars.

On wooden pontoons the monument was then floated across the river from Staten Island to a slip at West 96th Street, hoisted to the dock and moved two miles by block and tackle to Central Park. In the park the obelisk and the pedestal were mounted on a bed with rollers and moved across a huge wooden trestle to a knoll chosen by city authorities as the site. To budge the massive weight of stone, Gorringe mounted a donkey engine behind the bed, anchored a rope some distance ahead on the trestle and then reeled in the rope on a drum attached to the donkey engine. As the load inched forward, the rollers over which it had passed were moved to the front and used over and over again. Altogether it took 112 days to move the obelisk from the river to the site.

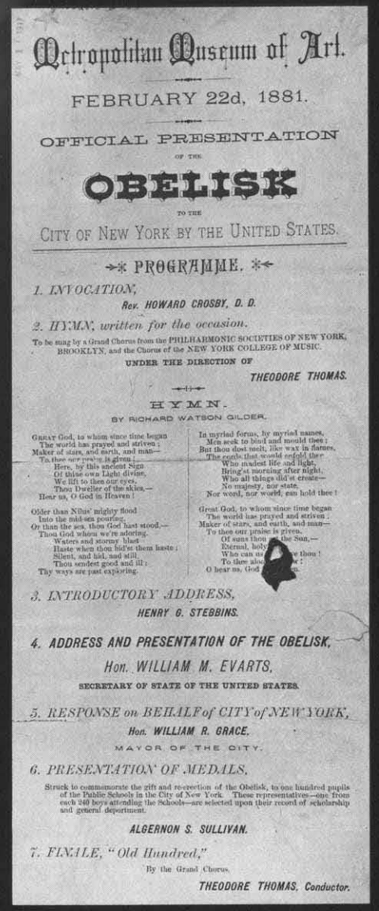
While all this was going on, the Brooklyn Navy Yard was casting replicas of the original four bronze crabs and foundation stones aggregating 87½ tons were being laid in Central Park—in the exact arrangement and position and with the same orientation to the sun, as in Alexandria. Gorringe also arranged to leave a space between the foundation stones to serve as a time capsule into which he placed lead boxes containing documents, records, obelisk data, coins and medals, the Bible, the works of Shakespeare, a dictionary and samples of various tools in common use.

All was in readiness then for the erection and on Jan. 22, 1881 it was swung into place.

At this critical juncture, Lieutenant Commander Henry Honeychurch Gorringe might have been seen wiping his brow with relief as he reviewed what he had accomplished and perhaps wondered if it had been worth it.

For New York it certainly was. The obelisk cost Vanderbilt a mere $102,567 compared to the $200,000 spent by the British for their needle and $500,000 spent by the French for theirs—and the Metropolitan got the priceless crabs as a bonus. But Gorringe himself, it turned out, netted a total of only $1,156. Furthermore his fame was short-lived. He died in an accident three years later. As for the obelisk it soon faded into obscurity and its lovely hieroglyphics, ravaged by New York's corrosive fumes, eventually vanished almost as completely as the civilization they represented for nearly 35 centuries.

Edmund S. Whitman, author of several novels and two children's books, is a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and a member of the Explorers Club.



Metropolitan Museum of Art.

FEBRUARY 22d, 1881.

OFFICIAL PRESENTATION

OF THE

OBELISK

TO THE

CITY OF NEW YORK BY THE UNITED STATES.

PROGRAMME.

1. *INVOCATION,*

Rev. HOWARD CROSBY, D. D.

2. *HYMN, written for the occasion.*

To be sung by a Grand Chorus from the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETIES OF NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, and the Chorus of the NEW YORK COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THEODORE THOMAS.

HYMN.

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

GREAT God, to whom since time began
The world has prayed and striven;
Maker of stars, and earth, and man—
To thee our praise is given.
Thou dost inspire the song we sing,
Here, by this ancient Sign
Of thine own Light divine,
We lift to thee our eyes,
Thou Dweller of the skies,—
Hear us, O God in Heaven!

Older than Nile's mighty flood
Into the fold-sea pouring,
Or than the sea, thou God hast stood,—
Thou God whom we're adoring.
Waters and stormy blast
Haste when thou bid'st them haste;
Silent, and lak, and still,
Thou sendest good and ill;
Thy ways are past exploring.

In myriad forms, by myriad names,
Men seek to bind and mould thee;
But thou dost melt, like wax in flames,
The cords that would enfold thee.
Who makest life and light,
Bring'st morning after night,
Who all things did'st create—
No majesty, nor state,
Nor word, nor world, can hold thee!

Great God, to whom since time began
The world has prayed and striven;
Maker of stars, and earth, and man—
To thee our praise is given.
Of suns thou [illegible] the Sun,—
Eternal, holy One!
Who can stay [illegible] thou!
To thee also [illegible]
O hear us, God [illegible]

3. *INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,*

HENRY G. STEBBINS.

4. ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION OF THE OBELISK,

Hon. WILLIAM M. EVARTS,

SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

5. *RESPONSE on BEHALF of CITY of NEW YORK,*

Hon. WILLIAM R. GRACE,

MAYOR OF THE CITY.

6. *PRESENTATION OF MEDALS,*

Struck to commemorate the gift and reception of the Obelisk, to one hundred pupils of the Public Schools in the City of New York. These representatives—one from each 240 boys attending the Schools—are selected upon their record of scholarship and general deportment.

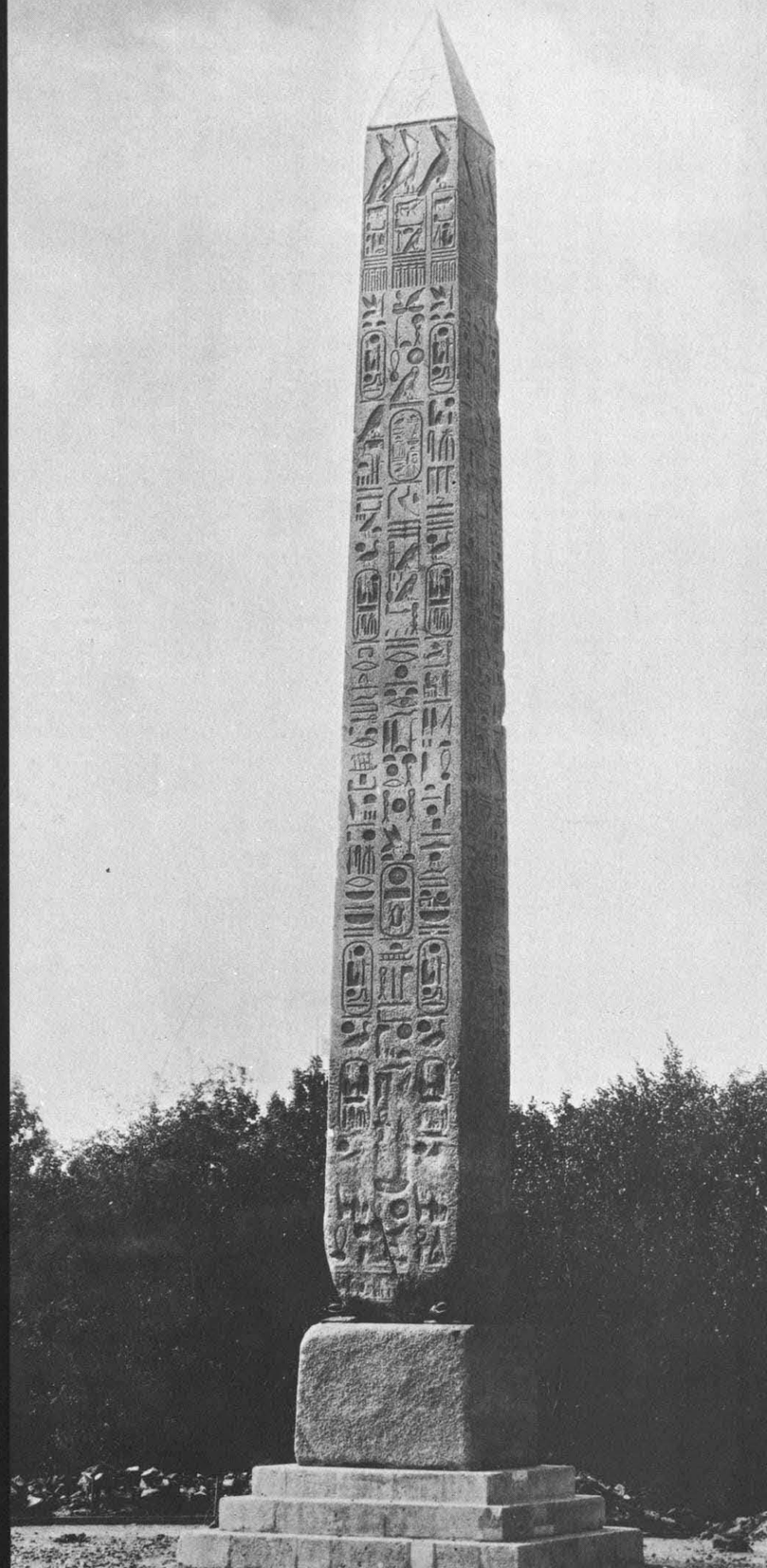
ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.

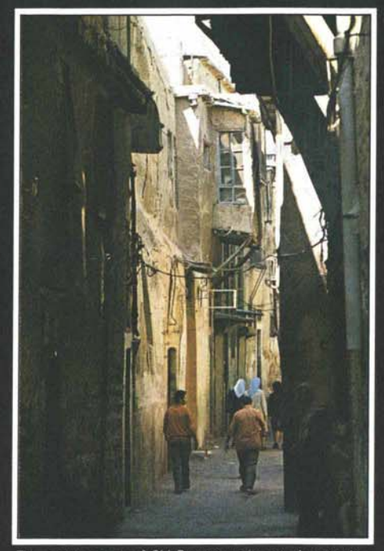
7. *FINALE, "Old Hundred,"*

By the Grand Chorus.

THEODORE THOMAS, Conductor.

The program of the presentation ceremonies featured addresses by the U.S. Secretary of State and the mayor of New York, as well as a specially written hymn, which hailed the obelisk as "this ancient sign" of God's "own Light divine." **In situ** in Central Park, the obelisk has the same orientation towards the sun as it had at Alexandria and rests on four bronze crabs, replicas of those used in the Augustan restoration of 13 B.C.



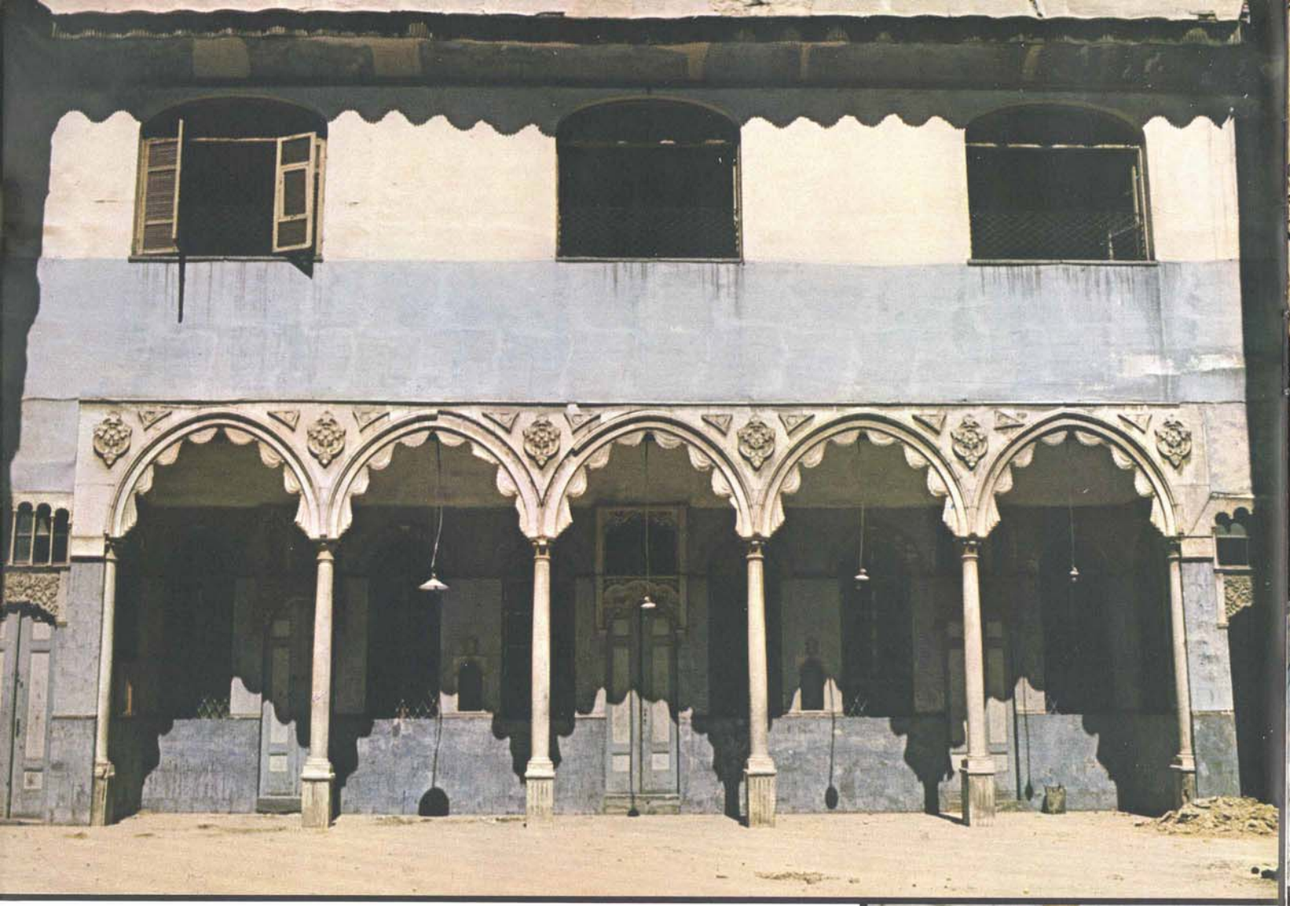


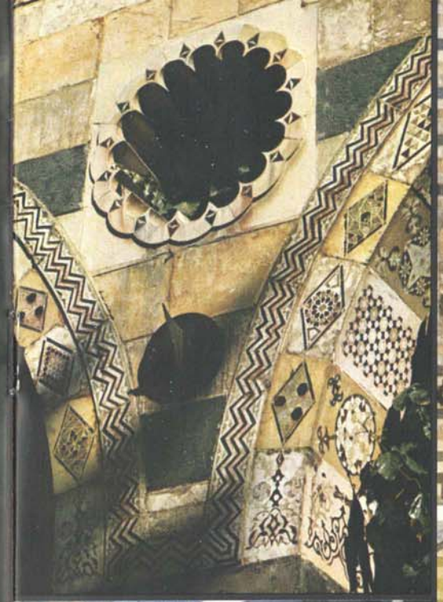
The narrow streets of Old Damascus give no clue to what lies within. It may be a shaded garden cooled by water.

Behind noncommittal walls–
a secret world of
luxury and beauty.

THE HIDDEN PALACES

WRITTEN BY GENEVIEVE MAXWELL
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KAY BRENNAN



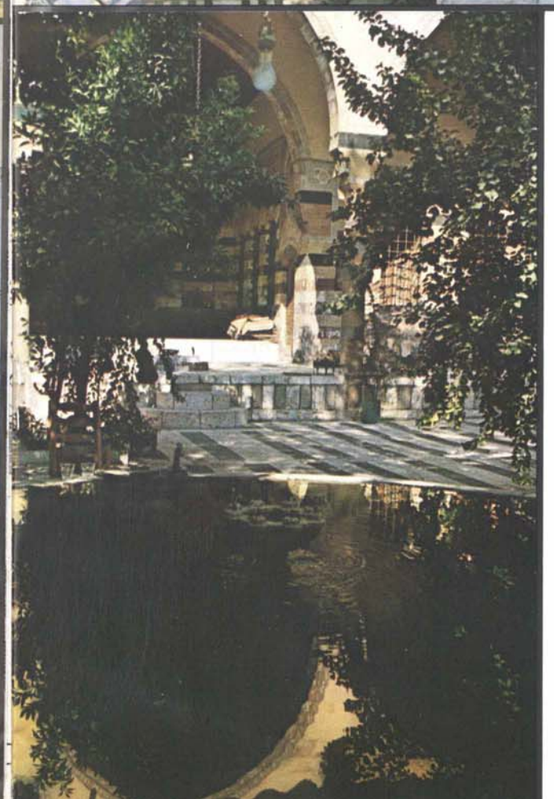


The noncommittal walls and rows of anonymous shops that line the narrow streets of an Arab city give little inkling of what lies beyond. Arab buildings have no outsides, it is sometimes said, meaning that they often merge with their neighbors and do not appear as distinct and isolated forms. The architectural interest is concentrated on the interior, including the enclosed courtyards that are an integral part of the traditional Arab residence.

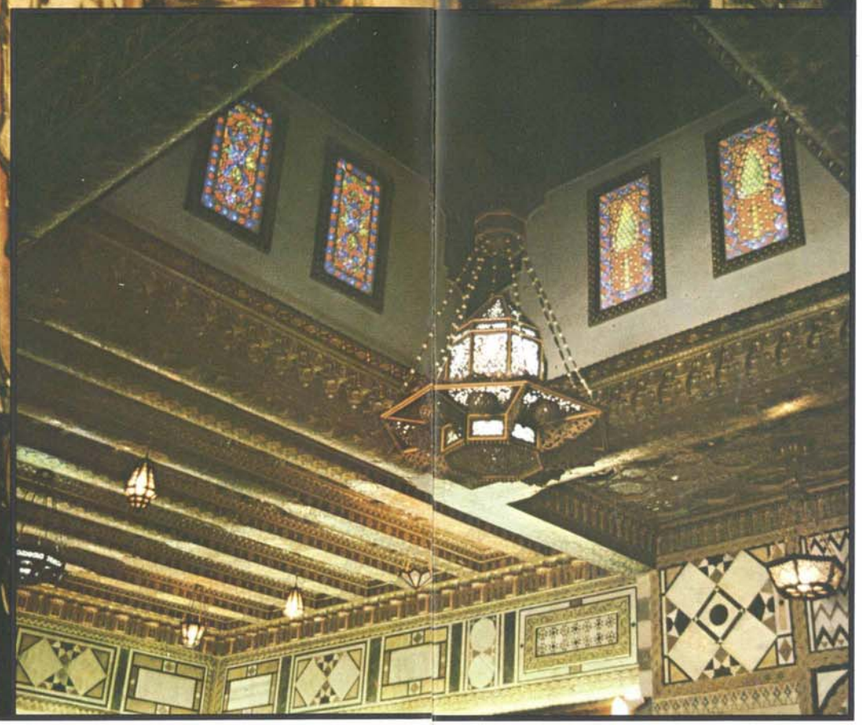
The streets of Damascus conceal many an old house or palace, some still lived in, others abandoned and boarded up, still others restored and brought back to a new and more public life. Many of them contain a rich compendium of the Arab decorative arts: walls of horizontal stone stripes in subdued natural colors, inlaid marble floors of symmetrical patterns, ceilings of natural logs painted and gilded, polychrome wood and stucco panels, hanging translucent glass lanterns or metal mosque lamps which throw their filigree across worn pavements. There are ceramic tile fireplaces, prayer niches in golden mosaics, Koranic texts carved or painted, medallions, arabesques, stalactites, rosettes, carved stone or marble columns, arches, and fountains.

Above all, fountains. For Damascus is an oasis town, created and made livable by an abundance of underground water. The enclosed courtyards are refreshed with basins and jets and channels of running water, dappled by the leaves of trees and climbing plants, and sparked by colored flowers—secret gardens with all the enchantment of the unexpected.

Nobody knows how many old palaces lurk behind the reticent walls of Damascus. In 1953, the Damascus National Museum published a list of 50 privately owned palaces dating from the 18th and 19th centuries, but some of these no longer exist. The Museum of Popular Arts and Traditions maintains a current list of 75 palaces, 49 of which are said to be within the oval walls of the Old City, the rest in the histori-



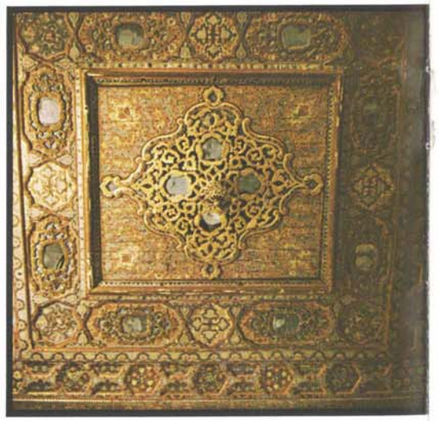
Opposite page, top: an arched portico in the courtyard of the Abu Rahman al-Yusuf palace, 1766, and, below, the courtyard of the Rashad Jabri palace reflected in a shell-inlaid mirror. Top of this page: five examples of details in the Assad al-Azm palace, 1749: scalloped bull's eye window and sun dial between mosaic-trimmed arches; octagonal fountain inlaid with colored marble; an arched **liwan** (a room with one open wall on a courtyard) reflected in a pool; horizontal stripes of colored stone meet at an iron-grilled window; double arched window flanked by bull's eyes. Left: a marble basin reflects the arch of a **liwan** in the Farhi Farhi-Georges Dahdah palace, 1775. Above: deeply carved floral design over doorway in the Abu Rahman al-Yusuf palace.



cal quarters beyond the walls. The Syrian Directorate General of Antiquities and Museums has acquired by purchase or legal will 15 palaces and *madrasahs* (traditional Koranic schools), which it is restoring and converting into museums or artisans' schools. Meanwhile, the destruction of ancient buildings has been prohibited by a law passed in 1963 to preserve all monuments of historical interest of whatever era.

Two of the finest 18th century Damascene palaces are easy to find and open to the public, while parts of two others are also on display in public institutions. The two *in situ* were built by members of the al-Azm family, who governed Damascus from 1732 to 1808. Khalid al-Azm built the earliest al-Azm palace in 1723, with its five courtyards and its magnificent painted ceilings, just north of the Old City, and now an artisans' school. The Assad al-Azm palace, built by the third of the line in 1749, occupies the site of the palace of the Umayyad Caliphs who ruled the entire Islamic world from their capital of Damascus. It now houses the Museum of Popular Arts and Traditions.

The main reception rooms of two other palaces have been removed and reinstalled in two modern public buildings. That of Jamil Mardum, 1737, is now on display in the National Museum of Damascus, while



Highly decorated ceilings are a feature of Damascus palaces. Far left, a ceiling of painted logs in the Farhi-Dahdah palace, 1775. Inset, stained glass windows in the clerestory of the Jamil Mardum palace, 1737. Left, below and opposite page below, central medallions carved, gilded and set with mirrors in the Khalid al-Azm palace, 1723.

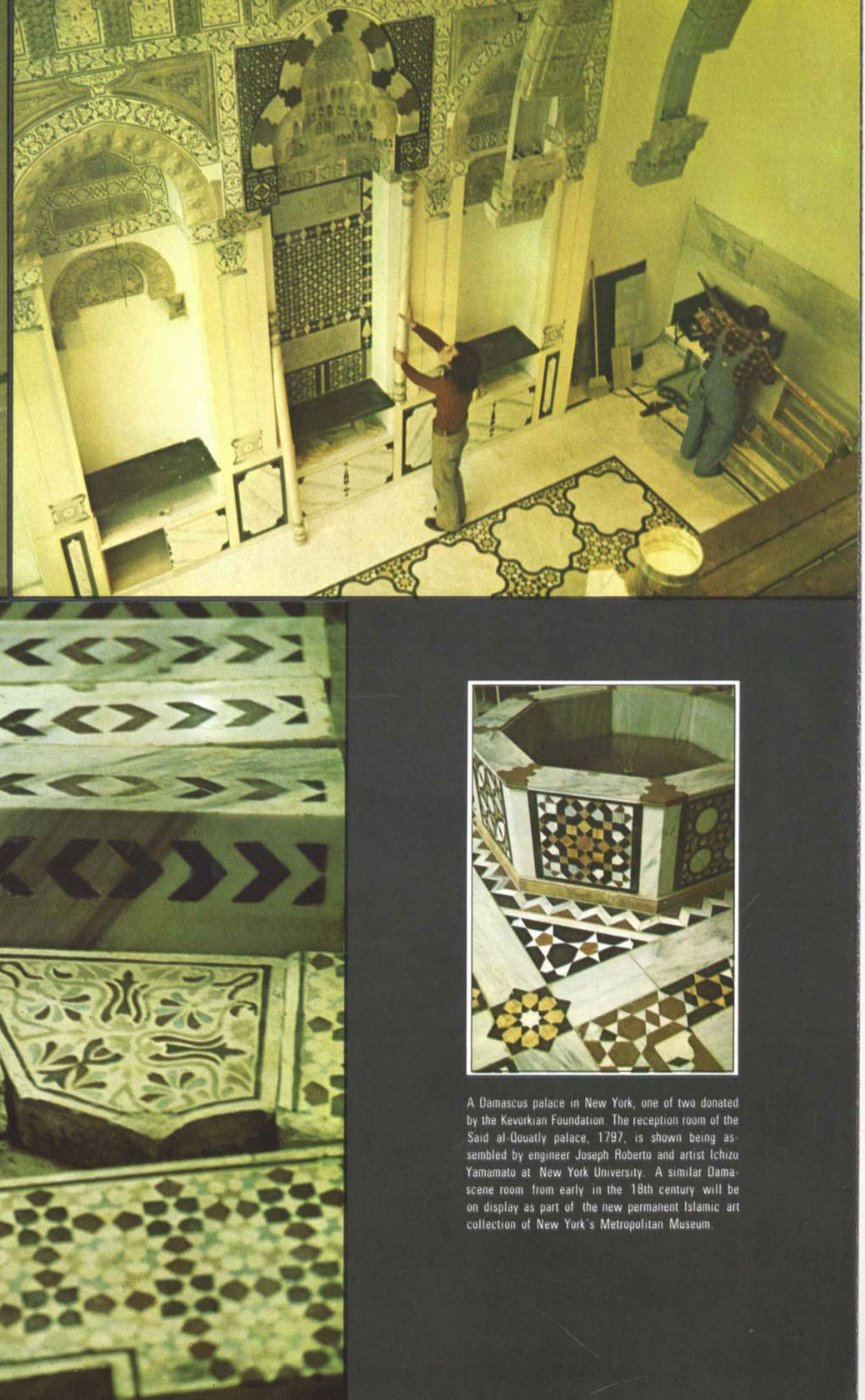
that of Saqqa Amini, 1796, has been set up in the Fijeh Water Authority Building. Other palaces are still in private hands, some of them having been purchased and restored by wealthy families within the last three generations. Several are currently used as antique shops and are therefore of easy access to shoppers in the great bazaar of Damascus.

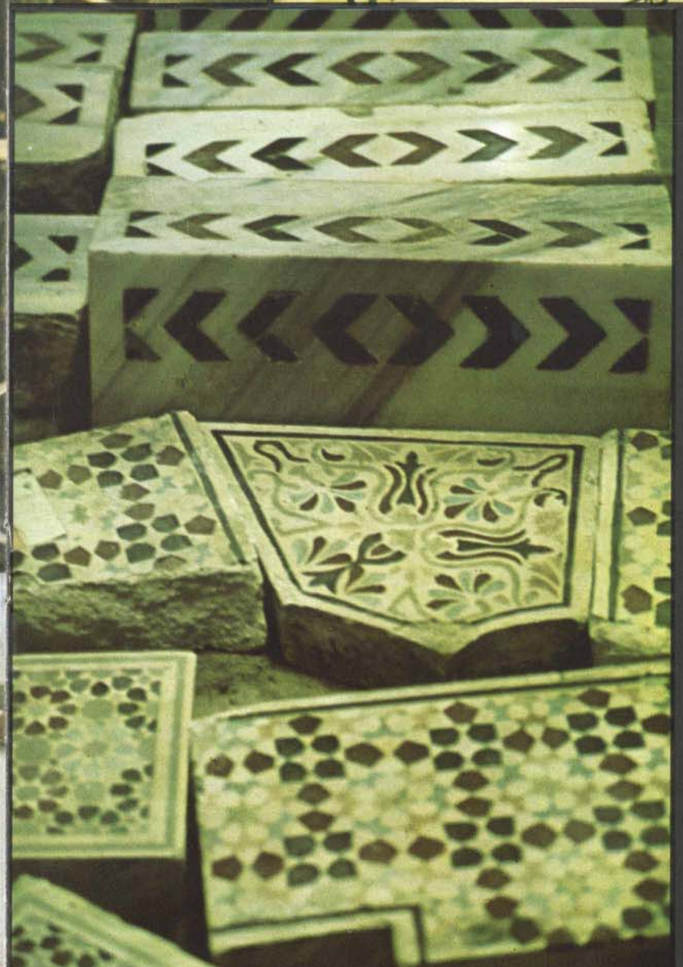
There is no substitute for seeing the Damascus palaces in their original locations. For Americans, however, there will soon be two fine examples of Damascene palatial architecture to be seen in New York City, one at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and one at New York University. Both are the

gift of the Hagop Kevorkian Foundation. Mr. Kevorkian, an antiquarian of Middle Eastern art who died ten years ago at the age of 90, acquired these artifacts in 1933. They consist of the interiors of two palaces of the al-Qouatly family, which has resided in Damascus for the last seven centuries. The older of the two palaces, that of Noureddine al-Qouatly (1703) has been presented to the Metropolitan for its projected Islamic wing. The other, of Said al-Qouatly (1797), is currently being installed in the Hagop Kevorkian Center for Near Eastern Studies at New York University.

In his 1970 annual report, Director Thomas Hoving of the Metropolitan Museum called the Syrian palace interior "undoubtedly the most spectacular acquisition in the last decade," adding that it is "a museum in a museum." Experts in Islamic art are now busy assembling the parts of the two palaces, guided only by a few old photographs and some incomplete instructions in Arabic. When the work is completed, however, New Yorkers and other visitors will be able to step inside those reticent Damascus walls and, as it were, enter a once-hidden world of luxury and beauty.

Genevieve Maxwell, a former columnist for Beirut's Daily Star, *is currently writing several guide books on the Middle East.*





A Damascus palace in New York, one of two donated by the Kevorkian Foundation. The reception room of the Said al-Qouatly palace, 1797, is shown being assembled by engineer Joseph Roberto and artist Ichizo Yamamato at New York University. A similar Damascene room from early in the 18th century will be on display as part of the new permanent Islamic art collection of New York's Metropolitan Museum.

FAISAL: Monarch, Statesman and Patriarch: 1905-1975

On a royal tour of oil installations at Ras Tanura in 1947, Amir Faisal walks behind his father, the late King 'Abd al-'Aziz Al Sa'ud (above). At right, Amir Faisal, accompanied by his brother Amir Khalid (now King of Saudi Arabia) greets a young lady at the Oakland (Calif.) Pier (top) and a group of U.S. servicemen at the San Francisco Zoo during his first visit to the United States in 1943.

Left, Amir Faisal and his brother Amir Khalid at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco in 1943 (top). The two Saudi Arabian princes were guests of honor at a dinner given at the Bohemian Club, San Francisco, during their 1947 visit to the United States (below). Amir Faisal was greeted by President Lyndon Johnson at the White House in 1966 (left.)

The grief is muted now and the sands of Riyadh sift gently over the grave —the grave of Faisal ibn 'Abd al-'Aziz Al Sa'ud, monarch, statesman and patriarch.

It is a simple, even austere grave. But a grave in keeping with his character and in harmony with his life.

The story of Faisal spans epochs rather than years. Epochs in which war and revolution swept whole continents. In which old empires fell and new ones rose to take their place. In which power shifted restlessly from the Old World to the New and on to the oldest world of all. In which an Arabian chieftain forged a kingdom that would, in the last third of the 20th century, suddenly emerge as a decisive force in the history of the Arab East and beyond.

The first chapter of that story had already been written when, in 1905, Faisal ibn 'Abd al-'Aziz Al Sa'ud was born. For by then the towering Ibn Sa'ud, Faisal's father, had launched the first of the campaigns which would weld the scattered tribes of Arabia into the nation that would bear his family's name. And the prologue had been written even earlier: in the 18th century when Muhammad ibn 'Abd al-Wahhab, a far-sighted Muslim thinker, had joined forces with the House of Sa'ud in a movement to reform Islam, a movement called, in the West, Wahhabism. Out of this union would come the uncompromising faith and the strong men on which the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia would be founded and ruled.

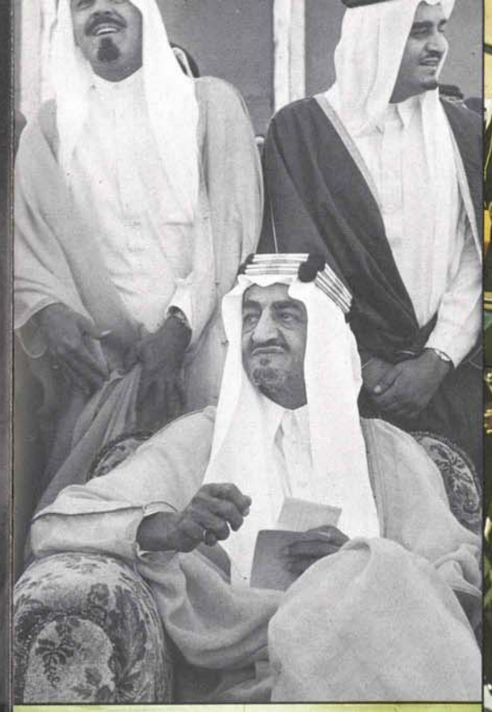
The emergence of Arabia, of course, would come later. Indeed when Faisal was born, the thought of Arabia as a world power would have been inconceivable, even to Ibn Sa'ud, one of the most far-sighted leaders in the Arab world. Ibn Sa'ud's goal was more immediate: the recapture of Saudi lands from the Rashid family which, years before, had driven the Saudis into exile in Kuwait. At the time of Faisal's birth Ibn Sa'ud had made his first move—by recapturing Riyadh—and by the time Faisal was 13 was ready to move again. Now, however, he had a new lieutenant: Faisal, his slight, delicate third son, of whom he would later say: "I only wish I had three Faisals."

In common with most young Arabs of that era, Faisal's first duty was to master the teachings of his faith. And under the tutelage of his maternal grandfather, Shaikh 'Abd Allah ibn 'Abd-al-Latif Al ash-Shaikh, a direct descendant of Muhammad ibn 'Abd al-Wahhab, Faisal did—so thoroughly that they would be the cornerstone of his character throughout his life. But as a scion of the House of Sa'ud he had other lessons to master too: the arts of war and the arts of peace.

Faisal's experience in battle was extensive: at 14 he rode by his father's side in the early, far-ranging raids against the Rashids; at 18 he led 5,000 men to 'Asir to quell a rebellion; at 20 he participated in the conquest of the Hijaz which planted the Saudi banner in the holy cities of Mecca and Medina; and at 29 he commanded the columns that pressed the growing kingdom's frontiers back to those of Yemen. But in later years Faisal himself would dismiss his role as warrior. To him, as to Ibn Sa'ud, the arts of peace were infinitely more important.

Faisal's first diplomatic mission was ostensibly to extend congratulations to the King of England on Britain's victory in the First World War. But for Faisal it was also the beginning of an extensive education in the ways of the West and his first appreciation of what lay behind the industrial and military might of the Western nations. As required he called at Buckingham Palace and saw the king. As required he held discussions with the statesmen of the day. But he went further too: he entrained for Wales and studied a Welsh steel mill; he walked the docks of London and thoughtfully observed the teeming merchant fleets of the world; he saw arms factories and an automobile assembly plant. In war-ravaged Europe he also tramped the battlefields, deserted trenches and cemeteries of France.

Later he would range even further and see much more. As the kingdom's first Minister of Foreign Affairs, he would travel to the



Above, Faisal, now King of Saudi Arabia, prayed at the Islamic Center, Washington, D.C., in 1971. Opposite page: King Faisal performing official duties, backed by his brothers Amir Khalid and Amir Fahd (top left) and flanked by the rulers of Bahrain and Abu Dhabi (top middle). Lower right: one of the last pictures of King Faisal before his untimely death.

capitals of Europe and drive calmly through blacked-out London as German bombs fell in the streets. He would also meet Churchill and de Gaulle and, in 1943, with his brother Khalid, now King of Saudi Arabia, confer with President Roosevelt—the first of six American presidents he would come to know. But as in Europe, the formalities were not enough. He also had to see the factories, farms, dams and the mines which, he soon realized, were the framework on which a nation's strength depends.

In these early years Faisal also assumed a growing burden of responsibilities within the kingdom. In swift succession, and sometimes simultaneously, he served as Viceroy of the Hijaz, President of the Consultative Council, Minister of the Interior, Minister of Commerce, Minister of Finance and National Economy. President of the Council of Deputies, Vice-President and President of the Council of Ministers.

These were the formative years in Faisal's life, the years in which he quietly polished the qualities that would mark his kingship: discretion, foresight, patience and a precise knowledge of the needs of his people. In which, furthermore, he shaped the philosophy of government that would mark his reign, a philosophy that embraced the teachings of Islam and the demands of the modern world.

The essence of that philosophy was the responsibility of a ruler to provide "... a better life for his people and a better future for his country." But it embraced other elements as well. One was the necessity for progress at a deliberate and careful pace. "Change," he said, "but change slowly." Another was the need to anticipate the rising tides of expectation. If there were more progress from the throne, he believed, there would be fewer upheavals in the streets.

In concrete terms this, for Faisal, meant the gradual development of a modern infrastructure: financial stability, public education for girls, schools for everyone, universities, hospitals, roads, airports, harbors, telephones, printing presses and television. It also meant the creation of an educated corps of leaders and the investment of the kingdom's swelling oil revenues in the massive programs of industrialization that were taking shape even as he died. It meant, in sum, the creation of a modern society in a land devoted to the past and the preservation of the past in a land needing the future.

And even that task was but a part of Faisal's story. For these were also the years in which turbulent political currents swept through the Middle East toppling one regime after another and in which war and revolution pressed hard against the kingdom's frontiers. They were also the years when the Arab oil states, and especially Saudi Arabia, emerged as a dominant force in world economics and when again Faisal walked with the leaders of the world.

As in the early days, however, Faisal was equal to the role. With the same methodical patience with which he approached the internal transformation of his kingdom, he quietly assumed the de facto *leadership of the Arab world and guided its policies into the channels of moderation which, he felt, could best serve the interest of his country and, as always, the interests of Islamic peoples throughout the Arab East.*

In the West, to be sure, this approach was not always seen as one of moderation. For in the West Faisal, even more than most Arab leaders, was a faintly mysterious figure. He was a desert warrior fully at home in the tents of his Bedouins yet a statesman moving with ease and dignity in the chanceries of Europe and America. A frugal, even ascetic, man who commanded wealth beyond imagining. A man steeped in the traditions of an ancient faith but a leader determined to reshape his kingdom in a modern image. A direct and open man skilled in the arts of discretion and compromise. An autocrat to the world, a democrat to his people. In sum, a paradox.

But there is no mystery. Faisal was, quite simply, a man of two worlds: the world of man and the world of God. It is the heart of his story and the legacy of his life.

The China Trade

Five hundred years before Marco Polo
Arab traders were swapping the perfumes of Arabia
for the silks of China.

WRITTEN BY NANCY JENKINS
ILLUSTRATED BY PENNY WILLIAMS

"... My soul longed for change and the delights of travel, and I was tempted anew by the love of skillful trading .... I bought a quantity of rich merchandise and took it from Baghdad to Basrah, where I found a great ship already filled with honest, goodhearted merchants of the kind who can live contentedly together and render aid when aid is needed. I embarked with them in this vessel, and we at once set sail, with the blessing of Allah upon our voyage ...."

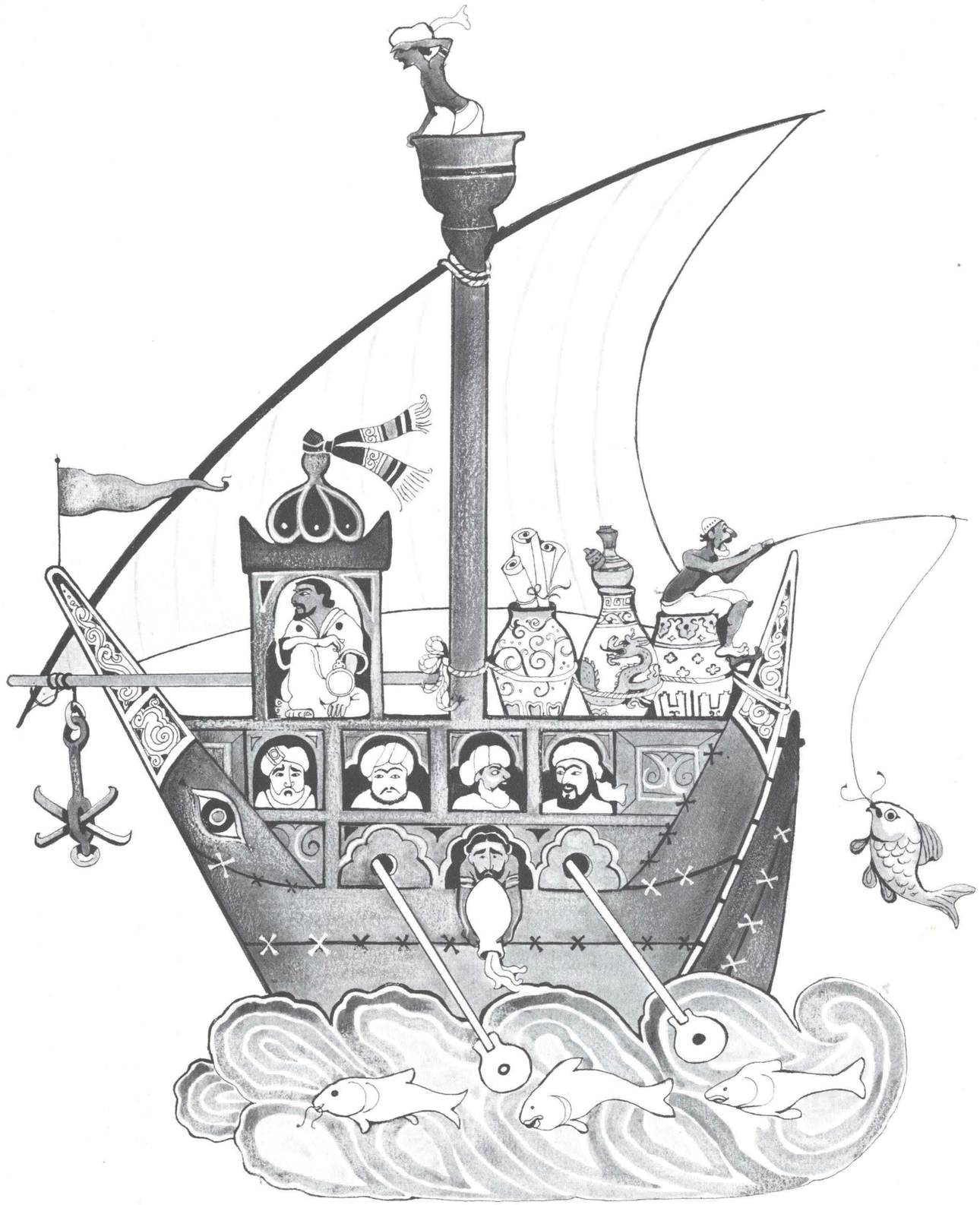
Thus Sindbad, that peripatetic Baghdad merchant, began his third voyage, cruising down the Arabian Gulf past Bahrain, through the now famous Strait of Hormuz, putting into Muscat for a supply of fresh water before setting forth into the perils, mysteries and terrors that confronted the intrepid sailors of the Arabian Sea.

Sindbad, of course, is a legendary figure and the lands to which he sailed are as mythical as the Roc, the great bird that carried him off in its talons. But the stories are not without a basis in fact. As early as the 10th century A.D. the tales of his voyages, mishaps and miraculous rescues were circulating widely among the traders and seamen of the Arabian Gulf ports, men who had witnessed things nearly as strange and wondrous in their own journeys to the East.

European tradition credits Marco, Maffeo and Niccolo Polo, the Venetian adventurers, with opening the trade route to China. In fact, more than 500 years before the Polos' expeditions to the court of Kublai Khan, Arab tradesmen were engaged in regular traffic with the East, exchanging the aromatics and perfumes of Arabia for Chinese silks, porcelains and, later on, tea.

Even earlier—from at least the first century A.D.—merchants from Saba and the towns of Aden and Muscat on the Arabian coast had been trading with India, riding the monsoons straight across the Arabian Sea to the Malabar Coast and then cruising down to Ceylon to meet the China trade. To feed Rome's insatiable appetite for Chinese silk, Arab merchants often carried cargoes of it from Ceylon up the Red Sea to Egypt where it was carried overland to Alexandria and then transshipped to Rome.

En route to Egypt, according to *Periplus of the Erythraean Sea*, a handbook for merchants and pilots written about this time, the Arabs apparently stopped off at the port of Mocha in Yemen. There, according to the author, a Greek living in Egypt,



the whole place was "crowded with Arab ship-owners and seafaring men, and is busy with the affairs of commerce; for they carry on a trade with the far-side coast [Africa] and with Baryzaga [on the west coast of India], sending their own ships there."

By the sixth century, entrepreneurs from all over Asia, Africa and India were meeting, haggling and trading in Ceylon, but it was the Arabs, according to the geographer Cosmas Indicopleustes, who controlled the sea trade between Ceylon and the Far East, as they did between Persia and Egypt at the same time—a monopoly that would only increase with the Arab conquests and the spread of Islam.

The first news of Islam was not brought to China by Arab traders, however, but by an embassy from Yesdegerd, the last Sassanian king of Persia, who in A.D. 638 appealed to the emperor of China for help against the conquering Arabs. The emperor permitted Persian refugees to settle within China's borders, but refused military help. Later, four different embassies arrived in China from Byzantium, obviously with the same idea, but again the Chinese refused.

At the time of the great Islamic expansion, China was ruled by the brilliant T'ang emperor T'ai Tsung, whose capital was in Ch'ang An (modern Sian), and whose 250-year dynasty provided the greatest years in China's endless history. But although the largest and most civilized country in the world at the time, China avoided conflict with the Arabs even when, a century after the death of the Prophet, Arab troops invaded Turkestan, converted many of the tribesmen there and brought Islam to China's back door. Ignoring the Turks who, like the Persians and Byzantines, appealed for help, the emperor was more disposed to accept Arab peace proposals which came in an embassy from the Caliph Walid in A.D. 713. The Arab ambassador was courteously received at the court in Ch'ang An, despite his proud refusal to perform the traditional Chinese *k'o t'ou* —kowtow—to the emperor. He prostrated himself, he explained, not to earthly kings but only to God.

In fact, with one disastrous exception, the T'ang emperors did nothing to hinder the Arab advance. The exception was the Battle of Talas in the Ili Valley near Tashkent, when Chinese troops confronted what they called the "Black Cloth Arabs" of the new Abbasid Caliphate and were routed. It was the only time in history that Chinese and Arabs did formal battle with each other and even then peaceful relations were quickly re-established. When the grotesquely fat court favorite An Lu-Shan rebelled against the T'ang emperor, the Caliph Abu Jafar al-Mansur rushed some 4,000 mercenary troops to China to help put down the rebellion. As a result, the grateful emperor gave the victorious mercenaries permission to settle in China as permanent residents. Many did and although they took Chinese wives, held firmly to Islam, thus founding, most historians agree, today's huge Islamic community in China.

In the great *Hsin T'ang Shu*, the official history of the T'ang emperors, we find the earliest recorded description of the Arabs in Chinese literature. The Chinese called them *Ta Shih*, from the Persian *Tarzi*, meaning an Arab. "The men have large noses and black beards," wrote the historian. "They carry silver mounted swords on a silver girdle. They drink no wine and have no music. The women are white and veil the face when they leave the house. Five times daily they worship the God of Heaven. Every seventh day their king seated on high addresses his subjects, saying: 'Those who die in battle will be reborn in Paradise. Those who fight bravely will obtain happiness.' Therefore their men are very valiant soldiers." He goes on to describe the land of the *Ta Shih*, and, in a curiously distorted story, how Muhammad received the Word: "A man of the western peoples, a Persian subject, was guarding flocks in the mountains near Medina. A lion-man said to him: 'To the west of this mountain in a cave there is a sword and black stone with white lettering. Whoever obtains these two objects will reign over mankind.' The man went to the place and found everything as he had been told. The letters upon the stone meant 'Arise.'

". . . Afterwards the *Ta Shih* became very powerful," the historian concludes. "They destroyed Persia, defeated the king of Byzantium, invaded northern India, attacked Samarkand and Tashkent. From the southwestern sea their empire reached to the western borders of our territory."

During those years Arab trade with the Far East was mostly in the hands of the southern Arabs. But when, in the eighth century, the Caliph Mansur established his Abbasid capital at Baghdad, trading activity shifted to the Arabian Gulf. From the union of Arab vigor and the Persian taste for splendor came flourishing trading centers like Basra at the head of the Gulf and Siraf on the Iranian coast. Above all there was Baghdad, where the flow of such precious goods as gold, ivory, wood and gems from India, Chinese silks and fine porcelains soon made it the most important commercial center in the world.

From Basra the Arabs, in lateen-rigged double-ended vessels, now known in English as "dhows," headed out to Quilon on the Malabar Coast and then to Ceylon in time to catch the summer monsoon and speed across the often treacherous Bay of Bengal, past the Nicobar Islands, through the Malacca Straits and into the South China Sea. From there it was a quick, if risky, 30 days' run up to the main trading station on the Pearl River at Canton (Arabic Khanfu).

The dhows were extremely flimsy craft, yet their very flimsiness gave them a flexibility and ease of handling that was denied to larger, more sturdy vessels. Their most distinctive feature was the fact that the hull planks were not nailed but stitched together with hemp or twine. Travelers in the Gulf today can still see some examples of these "sewn" boats, though they are fast dying out. Oddly enough, one of the few places in the world where a similar construction exists is in Vietnam's Tonkin Gulf. There too the craft are disappearing, but the river sampans of Hué in the 1950's still had stitched hulls with no ribbing—an echo perhaps of the fact that Haiphong, north of Hué, was one of the regular ports of call on the Arab route to China.

At the best times, the trip from Basra to Canton took 120 days of straight sailing or six months altogether, counting stopovers to trade and reprovision along the way. Not everyone aimed for Canton. Once through the Straits of Malacca, some sailed down the Sumatra coast to Java and Bali. Other traders put into the ports of the Champa Kingdom of Vietnam.

The Chams, as well as being traders, were shameless pirates who derived much of their income from constant attacks on Arab shipping in the Tonkin Gulf. It was but one of the many hazards that beset the China trade. Pirates out of Socotra, an island off the Hadhramaut, prowled the Indian Ocean from the Red Sea to Ceylon, and in later years Arab vessels carried special troops of marines to hurl Greek fire at their attackers. Those that survived, or bought off, the pirate threat might still disappear without a trace, sunk to the bottom of the sea, wrecked on some lonely, hostile coast, or blown completely off course into the Pacific where, the Chinese believed, the drain spout of the world's ocean sucked the unwary sailor into oblivion. The ninth-century merchant Sulaiman, writing his *Akhbar as-Sin wal-Hind*, on which many of Sindbad's yarns are based, reports that "the goods of China are rare; and among the causes of their rarity is the frequent outbreak of fires at Khanfu . . . . Another cause is that the ships are sometimes wrecked on the way out or on the way back, or plundered, or forced to make long stops and sell their goods in non-Arab countries."

Under the T'ang emperors, Canton was

continued on page 30

Sinbad

Travels Air. Roc

Mediterranean Sea

Black Sea

Rukk. Horse

Aleppo
Hama
Homs
Damascus

Beirut

Fustat

Mosul

Caspian Sea

Black Clothed Rock

Aral Sea

Tashkent

Batu's own Yurt
The Golden Horde

Battle of Talas

Samarqand

Bagdad

The Nile River

Jspahan

Herat

Basra

Shiraz

Bandar Abbas

Hormuz

Arabian Gulf

Qeshm

Red Sea

Jeddah

The Land of the Heavenly Square

Mecca

Medina

Muscat

Beware of Pirates

Mocha
Aden
Yemen

Pirates here too

Horses for Export

Where is Prester John?

Socotra
Beware of Pirates!

The Nitrous Sea Gabriel

1497

1498

Malindi

Ahmad ibn Majid, navigator for Vasco da Gama (devil of the Western Ocean) heads for Calicut, India

Zanzibar

Meets Nicolo, Matteo and Marco Polo enroute to visit Kublai Khan

India

Baryzaga

Teak for Hulls

Malabar Coast

Cannanore

Calicut
Cochin
Quilon

too shallow!

Ceylon

Maldives stop for Ship Repairs

with a summer monsoon

INDIAN OCEAN

元太祖 Chengis Khan

1206

Turfan

Hami

Karakoram

West Gate of Peking

Great Wall of China

Changan

Yellow Sea

Sea of Japan

Japanese Pirates

ARAB TRADE WITH CHINA

East River

Taiwan

Kublai Khan

(Zeytoun)
Ch'uan Chou

Canton
Macao

Siam Pirates attacking

Haiphong

Tonkin Gulf

more Pirates!

Hué

Champa Kingdom

Typhoons

Reefs

Shoals

Nicobar Is.

Malacca Straits

Malaya

South China Sea

Sumatra

Borneo

Java

Bali

PACIFIC OCEAN

continued from page 27

the main Arab port in China, but with the Sung dynasty, which succeeded the T'ang in A.D. 960, trading stations were opened up at Ch'uan Chou in the southeastern province of Fukien, and at Hang Chou near present-day Shanghai. No figures exist for the Arab population of these port towns, but it must have been considerable. Sulaiman says that the Muslim community of Canton had its own mosques and bazaars and a *qadi* who administered Koranic, not Chinese, law to settle disputes among them. "When the seamen come in from the sea," Sulaiman wrote, "the Chinese seize their goods and put them in the customs sheds; there they guard them securely for six months until the last seaman has come in. After that, three-tenths of every consignment is taken as a duty, and the remainder is delivered to the merchants. Whatever the Government requires, it takes at the highest price and pays for promptly and fairly."

Some idea of the foreign population can be gained from the report that 120,000 Arabs, Jews, Christians, and Zoroastrians were massacred in Canton in a rebellion against the T'ang dynasty. Abu Zaid of Siraf described the xenophobia of the rebels: "They raised their hands to oppress the foreign merchants who had come to their country; and to these events was joined the rise of oppression and transgression in the treatment of the Arab shipmasters and captains. They imposed illegal burdens on the merchants and appropriated their wealth, and made lawful for themselves what had not been practiced formerly in any of their dealings. Wherefore God Almighty removed every blessing from them and the sea became inaccessible to them, and by the power of the Blessed Creator who governs the world disaster reached the captains and pilots in Siraf and Oman."

The T'ang dynasty never recovered from the rebellion and the equitable system described by Sulaiman was destroyed. And meanwhile, the political center of the Arab world had shifted from Baghdad to Cairo. As a result the Gulf trade began to dwindle. The determined Arab seamen, however, were no more dissuaded by political revolution and massacre than they had been by shipwreck and piracy. They shifted their base of operations from the Gulf back to Aden and the Red Sea and their main market from Baghdad to Cairo where the Fatimid caliphs of Egypt were becoming the intermediaries for the European trade with the Far East. As no Europeans had yet penetrated Chinese territory, the merchants of Venice and Genoa flocked to Alexandria to buy, for the first time since the heyday of Rome, the treasures of the East: silks, spices, porcelains and, most important, gold. Fragments of the elegant celadon of the Sung dynasty, with its characteristic pale greenish-blue and off-white glazes, are scattered all along the Arab trade route from Hong Kong to Zanzibar. And it was probably about this time that a sculptor in the town of Raqqa on the Euphrates saw a Chinese figurine that inspired him to create the seated horseman in the Damascus museum who, with his sword uplifted against a dragon, looks as though he had stepped right out of a Chinese tomb—not so refined, perhaps, as the Chinese original, but a figure of great vitality and character.

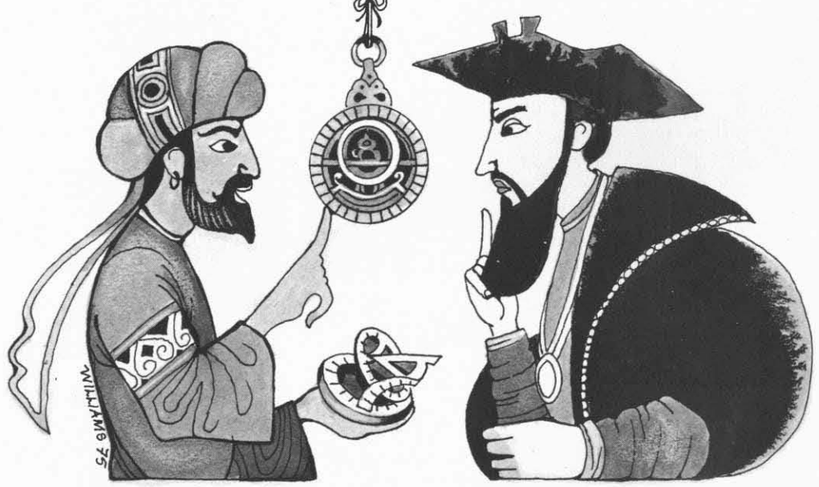
It was about this time too that the Inspector of Foreign Trade of Ch'uan Chou wrote a most useful geography called *All the Foreigners* (or perhaps *All the Barbarians* would be a more accurate translation) which was based almost entirely on information from Arab merchants and captains. He described Mecca, "the place where the Buddha Ma-hia-wu (Muhammad) was born," and the "Feast of the Prophet's Birthday," and he had been told about Egypt and the rising of the Nile: "With the beginning of cultivation, (the river) rises day by day. Then it is that an official is appointed to watch the river and to await the highest water level, when he summons the people, who then plough and sow their fields. When they have had enough water, the river returns to its former level." He lists the products that the Arabs brought to China, among them pearls, ivory, rhinoceros horns, frankincense, ambergris, cloves, soft gold brocades and "foreign satins." Not all of these were products of Arab countries, of course, but they were all transported in Arab ships and traded by Arab merchants, who had by now grown so numerous in China that they had their own "last resting-place for the abandoned bodies of foreign traders."

The Sung Dynasty brought centuries of peace and prosperity to China but in the 13th century the Mongols appeared, the Southern Sung Dynasty met its end and the great port towns of China were sacked and razed. With pirates from the Tonkin Gulf also terrorizing the South China coast the market for luxury goods waned. Trade continued sporadically, with Arab merchants meeting their Chinese counterparts in Ceylon and Malaya, but the heyday of the Arab trade with China was over.

Two hundred years later, Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese explorer, rounded the Cape of Good Hope and opened a new trade route between Europe and the East, effectively ending more than 700 years of Arab domination of the Eastern trade. Ironically, though, it was an Arab seaman who guided him on the last leg of his voyage: Ahmad ibn Majid, a great navigator, compiler of an invaluable guide for seamen and, above all, a seaman in the tradition of Sindbad.

Nancy Jenkins studied archeology in Beirut and now free-lances from Hong Kong.

1498
From Malindi to Calicut, India



A SWISS IN LEBANON

WRITTEN BY JACKIE DRUCKER
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KHALIL ABOU EL-NASR

One hundred years ago a remarkable Swiss named Theophilus Waldmeier was laboring mightily in the vineyards of the Lord in the mountains of Lebanon. A few years before he had been among a motley assortment of Europeans held prisoner by the mad Ethiopian King Theodore and rescued in the nick of time by General Napier and his British troops at the siege of Magdala. Now he was in "Syria" (as the whole eastern coast of the Mediterranean was then called) with his half-Ethiopian wife and his eight children, re-embarked on a second career of good works. Among the fruits of that career are two of Lebanon's most vigorous institutions — Brummana High School, which celebrates its centennial this year, and Asfuriya Mental Hospital, founded in 1894.

In the latter half of the 19th century, Lebanon was in a state of turmoil. In 1860, two religious factions, encouraged by the ruling Turks, fell upon each other in a tragic conflict that left some thousands dead. The last foreign group that had tried to establish a mission in Brummana about 40 years before had been literally thrown out of town, their books burned in the public square. Near the house in which the Waldmeiers settled stood the ruined remains of a house where 40 people had been deliberately blown up with gunpowder.

Modern education, however, was already beginning to penetrate the Middle East. The American-sponsored Syrian Protestant Mission founded a college in 1860 that was to grow into the American University of Beirut (*Aramco World Magazine*, March-April 1966). The French were opening schools and colleges. And the British School Mission, under the dedicated Mrs. Elizabeth Bowen Thompson, had already established more than 20 schools in Beirut, Damascus and the villages of Mount Lebanon. It was this latter organization that Waldmeier decided to join.

Nothing daunted by the failure of the previous mission to Brummana, nor by the reputation of the mountaineers for being hard people to get along with, Waldmeier moved his wife and family by horseback up the steep mountain path from Beirut to Brummana. He ran into immediate opposition: at first no one in the village would rent them a house to live in, and the local priest exhorted his flock to avoid the newcomers like the devil. Lacking outside support, Waldmeier had to use his own meager savings to support his family and to carry out his work. Even the weather was against him: the winter storms flooded the living quarters he had finally acquired. Gradually, however, he won over some of the townspeople. In 1874, he traveled to Europe to seek financial backing from the Society of Friends. After listening to his impassioned plea for aid, some British and American Quakers formed a committee which, from that time until today, has provided support for the Brummana School.

Returning in October 1874, Waldmeier purchased for £72 the land on which the school still stands—a hillside planted with umbrella pines and cypress trees overlooking the seacoast of Lebanon. But his troubles weren't over. A member of the family from which he bought the land contested the sale and Waldmeier was embroiled in a long and bitter lawsuit. It was finally settled and, at a feast of reconciliation, the site, previously known as the Spring of the Conqueror, was renamed the Spring of Peace—'Ain as-Salam. Working tirelessly on several fronts, Waldmeier soon had four schools going in Brummana and neighboring villages, but his aim was a permanent school in its own buildings. On August 4, 1876, the cornerstone was laid and about a year and a half later, the building was dedicated and opened. The school, at first called the Friends' Training Home for Boys, was in operation. In 1882, Waldmeier opened a girls' training home, with 15 courageous students, for in the cultural atmosphere of the time, female education was nothing short of courageous.

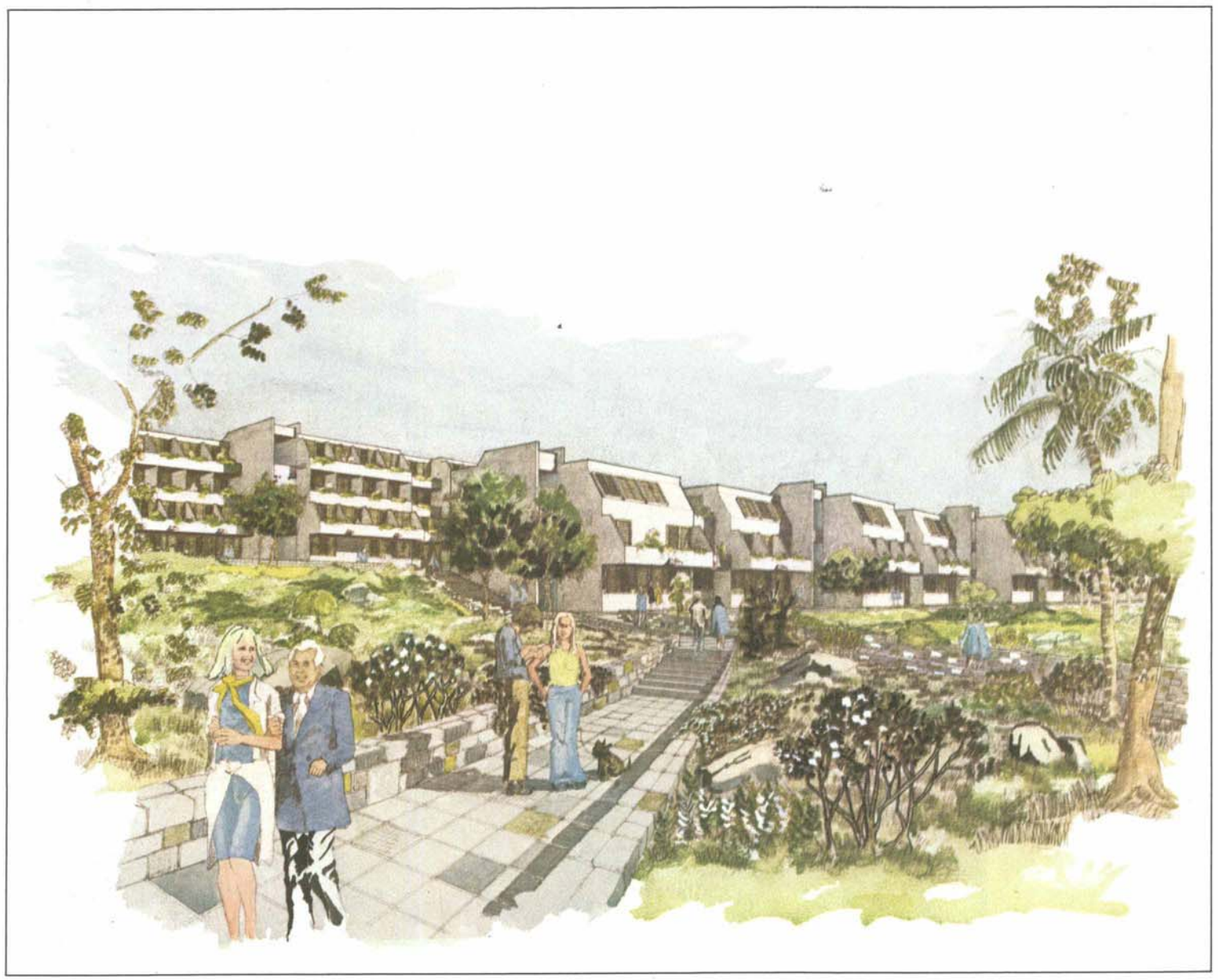
One hundred years later, the union of these two training homes is the co-educational, 780-student Brummana High School, which offers education from kindergarten to 12th grade in Arabic and English leading to the Lebanese baccalaureate or to the British G.C.E. examinations. The student body is composed of children from all parts of Lebanon and the Arab world, but it includes European and American boys and girls as well. The plant is one of the most modern in the Middle East, though it happily still contains the nucleus of the 19th-century hand-hewn stone buildings. In addition to traditional academic pursuits, the school emphasizes theatricals and sports, with an indoor and an outdoor theater, a soccer field, an 82-foot swimming pool, and three clay tennis courts on which both national and international tournaments are held each summer (*Aramco World Magazine*, Special Issue, Summer 1972).

Not content with planting the seeds of this long-lived institution, Waldmeier turned in 1894, at the age of 62, to the treatment of mental illness. Although medieval Bethlehem was renowned for its mental hospital—bequeathing its name to Bedlam Hospital in London and later to the world as a common noun—in the 19th century there was no modern asylum for the mentally ill in the whole of the Middle East. With his usual single-mindedness, Waldmeier turned the Brummana schools over to capable assistants and set out again for Europe and America, spending two years in pursuit of financial backing and information on the latest methods of treating the mentally ill. In 1898, he returned to Lebanon and purchased 34 acres of land on a hillside at Asfuriya above the city of Beirut. By 1900, an administration building, a ward for men and a ward for women were completed, and the first patient entered the hospital—a girl of 16 who had previously been kept chained in a dungeon, the standard treatment for insanity in many parts of the world at that time. The Waldmeiers—by this time his first wife had died and he had married a Lebanese girl named Fareedy Saleem—substituted loving concern and the latest scientific methods. The proof of their success is the survival of the institution and its transformation into the Lebanon Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disorders, soon to be moved from its original setting to a new complex south of Beirut housing a psychiatric ward for about 500 patients and a school for psychiatric nursing.

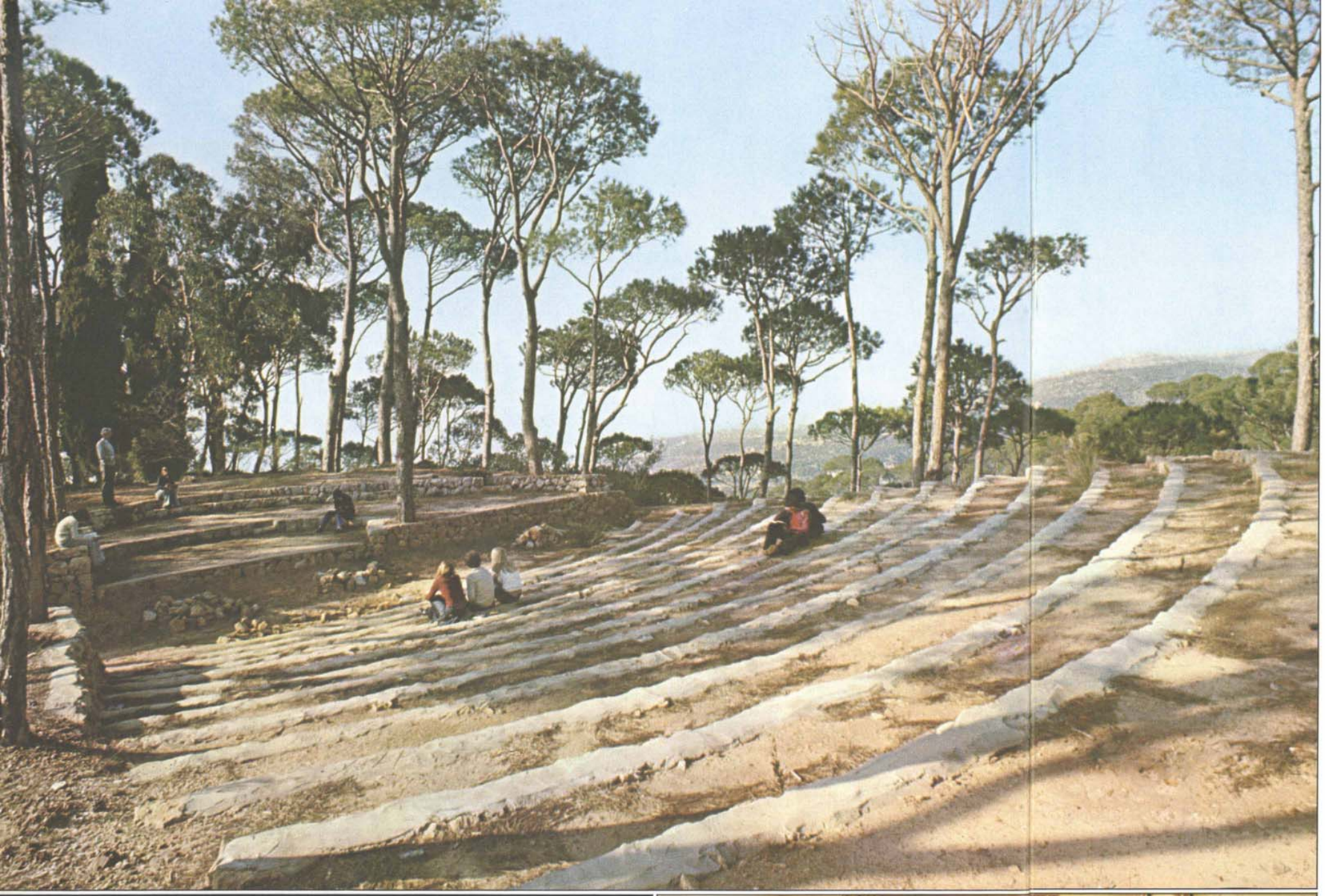
By their fruits you shall know them. Theophilus Waldmeier was one of those dedicated and energetic Victorians who, in small ways and large, tried to alleviate ignorance and suffering in far corners of the world and whose achievements endure to this day.

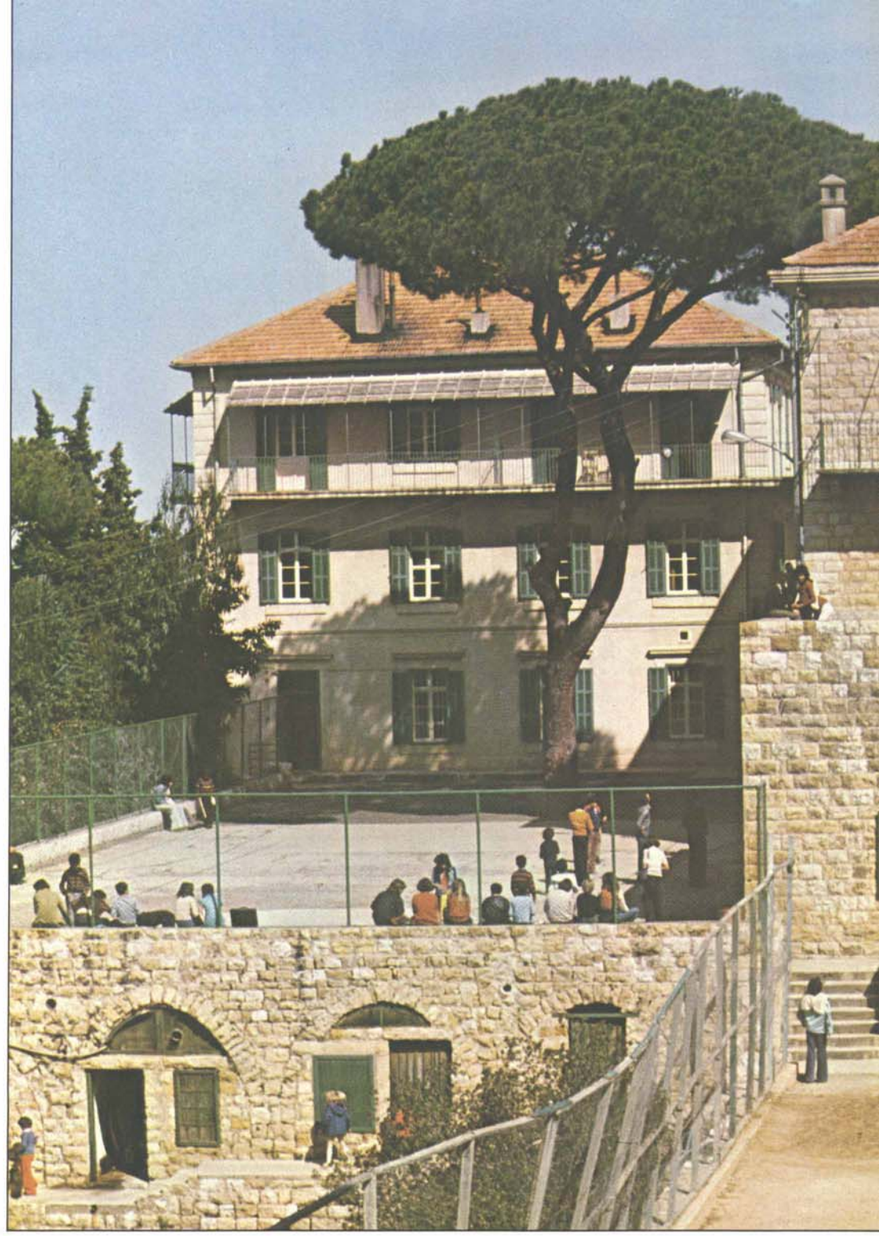
Jackie Drucker does free-lance writing in between tennis, archeology and scuba diving.

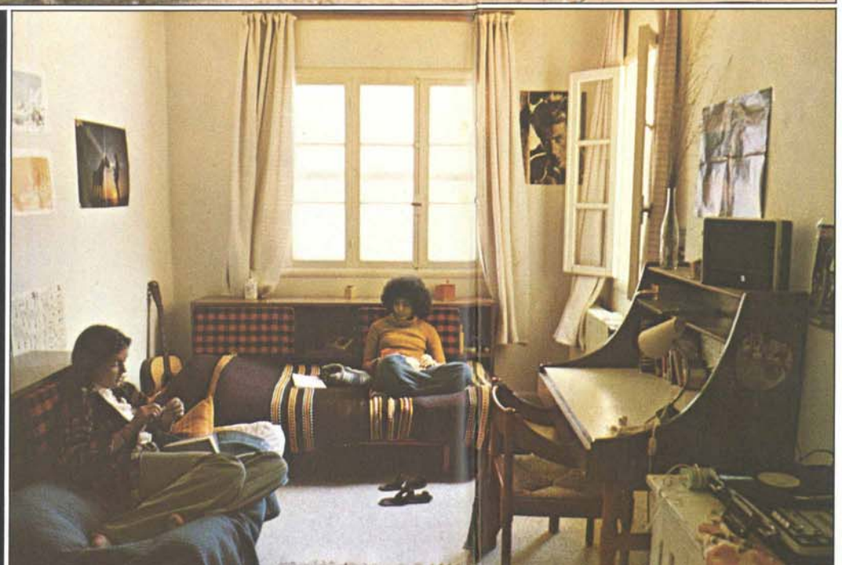
Theophilus Waldmeier opened the first modern mental hospital in the Middle East in 1900, at Asfuriya, a pine-covered hillside near Beirut (right). Now called the Lebanon Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disorders, it will soon move to a new, up-to-date complex south of Beirut, with school for psychiatric nursing, as drawn by artist (below).



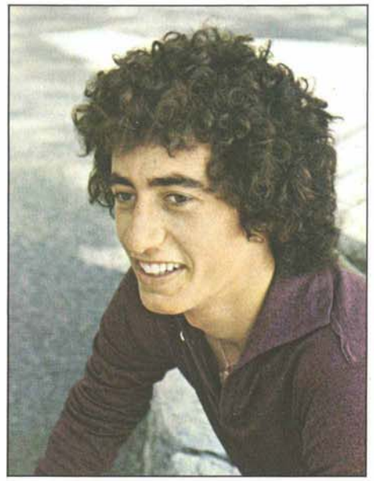
Brummana High School, the first fruit of Waldmeier's labors in Lebanon, now teaches an international, co-educational body of students, from kindergarten (opposite, above) through the 12th grade, as in typical science class (above). The school library inside and out (left) is a quiet place for study. Headmaster Barty Knight sits at desk in his comfortable office (far left).







The school has an open-air theatre (top left) under the pines, and an indoor theatre where the students stage shows like Gilbert and Sullivan's **The Gondoliers** (bottom left). The dormitory rooms (left) are bright and comfortable. The administration building (above) is typical of Lebanon's handsome stone architecture of a hundred years ago.



The student body is strikingly international, with boys and girls from Lebanon, Egypt, Sweden, Holland, Britain, Pakistan, the United States, to name a few of the countries represented. It is also strikingly co-educational—a far cry from the original separate Training Home for Boys and Training Home for Girls—as these pictures show.