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The market in the old-city was an all important resource: During the day, the crowded narrow streets descending to via Dolorosa were teeming with long embroidered ,hippie‘ dresses, flare-sleeved shirts with string-collars from India, local ,Jesus‘ sandals made of coarse cowhide, patchouli oils, incense sticks and, later on, according to a persistent rumor that David and I were determined to verify, dark ,Lebanese‘ hashish, sold by the ,finger‘ or ,sole‘.

With that aim in mind, my friend and I strolled to the old city one wintery afternoon. Our faces were crimson and burning; we both had two-hour ,facials‘ in the salon of a bottle-blond Rumanian beautician who, following my mother’s instructions, steamed, scrubbed, pricked and creamed our pimply skins. We emerged light headed into a glorious sunset that painted vivid shades of orange and pink on the roughly cut local stones which gave Jerusalem its unique appearance since antiquity, and set out excitedly for our mission. After passing the graceful facade of Terra-Santa, where the Hebrew University was moved during the War of Independence, we turned downwards towards the majestic fortification Suleman the Great built around the city in the 17th century and entered through Nablus Gate. A lanky shady-looking Palestinian teen spotted us immediately and signaled us to follow him at some distance as he climbed up the steep stairs carved into the cavity of the wall. On top of the so-called David’s Fortress, our guide motioned us to wait; we could see his silhouette against the darkening skyline, two fingers stuck in his mouth, whistling to another figure who darted, suddenly, from the shadows, snatched the money from our hands and disappeared after awarding us in return a small, cellophane-wrapped parcel and an instant claim to membership in the global youth revolt.