

## From The Diary Of An American In Occupied Palestine

October 24, 1988

Our visit to Nuseirat Refugee Camp in the Gaza Strip never really got off the ground. No sooner had we driven into the camp with the two women who had offered to guide us through the camp than the crack of gunfire, then the crackle of megaphones announcing a curfew, filled the grey dusk air. Jeeps zipped around, motioning us out of the way in every direction. Children playing in the sandy streets ran for home. Our escorts unrolled the window and greeted a youth just in time for him to re-grip the stone he was aiming at our windshield.

Although we had only met the two young women by chance minutes earlier, they refused to think of letting us leave. We would be their guests for as long as the curfew lasted. They guided us into a back alley where we parked the car, then rushed us down the alleyway and into their home. We were welcomed by their brothers, sisters, in-laws, and grandparents without introduction or questions. In a sitting room, dark but cozy, they ordered us to rest on mattresses lined up on the floor around the room in traditional fashion. A young man in the corner stirred, trying to raise himself up in greeting. He propped himself painfully on one arm and smiled a greeting. This, then, was 27-year-old M., whom his two sisters had briefly told us about while en route to the camp from Gaza town, where we had met.

The eldest sister, who had first met us, disappeared only to return minutes later. She had replaced her full-length gown (traditionally worn by Muslim women) with tight jeans and a sweater in the latest style. Her hair, which had been tucked underneath a head scarf, tumbled down her shoulders in stylish curls. It quickly became apparent that, in her mother's absence and her brother's bed-ridden condition, she was in charge of the household, although she was only 25. Assured that we were comfortable and being given proper attention, she stote back down the alleyway to our

car, which she covered with sheets to protect it from stones should there be any clashes with the soldiers. It is the women, we learned, who most often break the curfew to find needed goods, carry messages, or respond to emergencies. She was obviously at home moving secretly through the alleyways, which the military had just declared a forbidden zone.

In the course of the evening, over countless cups of tea and a huge but simple meal, conversation ranged from life under curfew, lifestyles since the intifada (the stricter dress



Chaining and Blindfolding Everyone in Jalazon Schoolyard  
(Abdallah Afif, 14)

# About This Issue

The following excerpts are taken from a journal kept by an American living in the West Bank.

The diarist at times has changed or omitted names, places and dates in order to protect the people from retaliation by the army of occupation. For that reason she has requested that her own name not be used. We call her "Mary."

The decision was also made not to use photos that might identify either her or those she mentions. Instead, because Mary's professional work is with children, we have selected from other sources drawings and a poem by or about the children of Palestine.

codes for women, absence of parties, even music and television above a very low volume), international politics, to gypsy belly-dancing. We also learned of the incident which had kept M. in his bed for the past week.

Exactly a week before M. was walking through a suburb of Beit Yam near Tel Aviv, where he had travelled to like thousands of Gazan workers. It was 11:30 in the morning and M., carrying his working clothes in a bag, was looking for work.

A jeep pulled up beside him and the border guards [an arm of the IDF—Israeli Defense Forces] inside called him over and ordered him to hand over his identity card. Seeing that it was blue [indicating the holder is a Gaza Strip resident], they didn't even bother to open it up. [All Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza Strip are required to carry Israeli-issued identity cards similar to black South Africans' passes. West Bank residents carry orange-covered identity cards and Gazans blue-covered identity cards.]

"You dirty, stone-throwing Gazan," he had been told.

Explanatory notes, added by the diarist, appear in brackets.

Our Book Review selection on page 13 is a question and answer book, *Facts & Fables*, by Clifford Wright. This and other books offered on pages 14-15 have been chosen because they make particularly fine gifts for the holidays.

Other gift ideas may be found in our Audio/Visual Section on pages 15-16, including a new poster entitled "Palestine," mentioned in the *New York Times*.

From all of us at AMEU, our very best wishes for the holiday season.

John F. Mahoney,  
Executive Director

The language had deteriorated from that point on and M. deferred from sharing the ensuing insults in the mixed company of his home.

Several men, who were clad in border police uniform, got out of the jeep and forced him into the back of the vehicle, face down in a crouching position so that his head was just wedged between the two front seats and the spare tire in the back of the jeep was jammed into his groin. Two or three of the border guards joined M. in the back of the vehicle.

He couldn't see what they beat him with. "Boots mostly," he thought. "They kicked me. And you know how the soldiers' boots are," he said referring to the heavy leather steel-toed boots with rubber soles. They beat him continuously as he was driven off to an unknown destination. M. lost track of time.

Finally the jeep stopped and he was thrown out of the jeep. He landed face down in a garden-like patch with trees he could not recognize. He had no chance to discern his whereabouts before the men were on him again. This time he saw that they had clubs.

They beat him all over his body. There was no way to turn in order to protect himself. He felt something snap in his spine and turned over to prevent continued blows to his back. But this also became too painful and he squirmed back onto his stomach to stop them from clubbing him in the face. At some point the pain became too great and he lost consciousness.

When M. came to he had no idea how long he had been beaten or how long he had been lying there. He could not focus clearly enough to figure out where he was. And he could not move. He spotted his identity card lying in the grass an arm's length away where the police had tossed it.

After some time an old man passed by. With his help M. was able to piece together his whereabouts well enough to send his rescuer off to a nearby factory where an uncle worked. His uncle arrived shortly with a group of fellow workers and took him to the factory. Fearing further repercussions if the "Israeli authorities" found out that he had been beaten by soldiers, they decided that it was best to say he had been injured while working in the factory. They were able to obtain a paper from someone in the factory confirming this. They sent for an ambulance and he was transported to a hospital.

At the hospital, he was x-rayed and his fractured left arm was set in a cast. The doctor treating him said that he should be kept immobile for three weeks because of serious back injuries. However, because he did not have insurance, he was not permitted to stay in the hospital overnight. [With a Gazan identity card, he could not stay overnight inside Israel without special permission.] He was charged 125 new Israeli shekels (NIS-US\$1.00 is approximately NIS1.7) for the x-rays and sent home with instructions to stay in bed for three weeks and not move his arm for seven weeks.

M. is not the only family casualty of the uprising. His 24-year-old brother

claims to be the first beating victim of the intifada, back in December 1987. He was hit by soldiers who broke into the house, smashing glass picture frames and wielding clubs at family members. The women of the household rallied forces. One of the girls doused a soldier in dishwashing water, and all chased the patrol out of their home. The youngest boy in the family, 19, has served nine months administrative detention and is now serving a three-month renewed order. [Detention for alleged "security" offenses without trial has recently been extended from six months to 12 months.] A 17-year-old cousin is currently staying with the family as well. He is hiding from soldiers who have repeatedly come to his own family home in search of him.

According to the family, everyone in the camp goes out when there is a confrontation with the Israeli troops—men, women and children. The spirit of communal struggle is strong and both brothers and sisters proudly describe the equal basis on which they operate.

#### October 25

In the morning, H., her sister, and my West Bank companion leave the house to see if they could sneak out of camp to get word to friends who had been waiting for us since last night. I stay behind because my foreign appearance will quickly attract too much attention. The sisters are obviously experienced at breaking curfews and are confident that they can sneak G. out. They are undaunted by the fact that, aside from breaking the curfew, G. is breaking the military order which forbids West Bank Palestinians from even entering the Gaza Strip at all without written permission.

Their mission is successful: enforcement of the curfew had apparently been lax in the morning. Not a single soldier stopped them and they returned with a car to escort us out under pseudo-official protection. But the soldiers were now out and ready to enforce the curfew again. A hasty good-bye and we were whisked off.



*Tear Gas in My Eyes*  
(Sahar Mansur, 8)

Roots

Stopped on the way out, we played dumb foreigners who had just driven unknowingly into a curfew. With several minutes of bewildered discussion concluded, we were waved through before they had time to notice that G. was not a foreigner.

Safely out of the curfew zone, we discovered that the car sent to rescue us had been decorated in national style. Threads of red, white, green and black were tied to the car and a Palestinian flag and the words "Liberated Palestine" had been scratched into the paint. In the fifteen minutes we had gulped down a farewell cup of tea and hurried down the alleyway to the car, some activists had quickly gone to work.

Before the day was out there were a half dozen other tragic stories to crowd out the escape from the curfew—an everyday occurrence rather than an adventure for a Gazan. A visit to Naser Hospital brought a doctor's detailed account about the death of a mentally and physically disabled youth due to excessive tear gas inhalation. Tear gas was thrown into his family's house twice and several other times outside their compound. In the Zeitoun quarter of Gaza town, a mother told us how her ten-year-old

son was shot dead on the doorstep of the mosque, around the corner from the house. He had left the house just minutes earlier to get a homework assignment from his friend. His three-year-old sister, with him when he was shot, was still badly shaken nearly a month after the incident. She clung to her mother and cried continuously.

And there was the view of a pair of jean-clad legs hanging limply out the back end of an army jeep racing though the town toward Ansar 2 detention camp. A wooden club thrust up between the legs and into the groin reminded me again of M., his story, and his energetic welcome and attentive hospitality, even in his immobile condition.



*Mother* (Rushdi Shaheen, 11)

Roots

A full moon rose as we drove out of Gaza and wound our way home to Ramallah. Half an hour after arriving home, friends came by to ask if we could come to the hospital to give blood. In the nearby village of Bir Zeit, someone had been shot through the back by a M16 from a three meter distance during clashes there. He was in critical condition and needed blood. We went. The youth had been in the operation room over four hours and he had already used 25 pints of

blood from 12 ready donors. Community blood-typing for such emergencies had mobilized dozens more who were ready to donate. The room was filled with people anxious to give their blood. We waited our turn.

#### October 28

On Thursday soldiers raided a private school in Ramallah and stopped teachers from passing out home assignments and books for home study to parents of students. Teachers and students were ordered to leave.

The next day the school's principal was called in to military headquarters where the military commander threatened him against continuing a home study program. The message was clear: "We don't want alternatives."

The void first felt with the absence of school children flocking to the streets every morning is close to being forgotten. Prolonged school closures by military order have kept students in the West Bank out of school for seven of the last nine months. No one expects to see the streets filled with school-bound children anymore.

The full implications of this policy are hard to grasp, let alone express. Over 300,000 school students and some 18,000 university students have been denied their right to come together to share in the process of education, forbidden to enjoy all the laughter and struggle through the demands of this essential process. They can do no more than wonder when, if ever, they will be free to finish their studies.

Thousands of parents who have struggled to provide their children an education, something they might not have had themselves, now watch their children forget, lose the discipline and desire to learn. Every attempt at alternative means of gaining an education are outlawed and participants are threatened with punishment for "terrorist" activity.

Students struggle to express their sense of loss, rage and determination:

"We have been denied our education,

## From the Diary of an Almost 4-Year-Old



Rasha Houshiyyeh of Ramallah, blinded by a rubber bullet.

Beverly Orr

Tomorrow the bandages will come off,  
I wonder, will I see half an oven? Half an apple?  
Half my mother's face with my one remaining eye?  
I did not see the bullet  
But felt its pain exploding in my head.  
This image did not disintegrate  
The soldier with the big gun and steady hands  
And the look in his eyes I could not understand  
If I can see him so clearly with my eyes closed,  
It could be that inside our heads  
We each have one spare set of eyes  
To make up for the ones we lose.

Next month, on my birthday  
I'll have a brand new glass eye  
Maybe things will look round and fat at the middle.  
I gaze through all my marbles.  
They make the world look strange.

I hear a nine month old has also lost an eye,  
I wonder if my soldier shot her too,  
A soldier looking for little girls who look him in the eye.  
I'm old enough, almost four,  
I've seen enough of life  
But she's just a baby  
Who didn't know any better.

By Hannan Mikhael-Ashrawi, Dean of Arts, Birzeit University.  
[Reprinted from Middle East Justice Network.]

a right that every individual on earth has to pursue....All the plans that I set for myself are shattered."

"When I was in the United States I was taught that the U.S. Government values and protects rights—like everyone's right to education, freedom of expression, self-determination. I can't understand why the U.S. is helping Israel deny us these rights. Do people in the U.S. not want me to go to school?"

"The Israelis want us to remain ignorant....they know that education is our most powerful weapon."

"They know how much we value education. They want to make the cost of the uprising so high that we are forced to say 'Enough, we'll accept the occupation, just open our schools.'"

"They want to force us to choose between our struggle for freedom and our right to go to school. But we won't stop until we have both."

#### October 30

The sound of gunfire from the direction of Tيره [just down the road from old Ramallah] shattered an otherwise quiet evening, just before 7 o'clock.

Minutes later on the main street of Ramallah two soldiers jumped out of a white Mercedes with blue license plates [indicating ownership by a West Bank resident] and a "hatta" [traditional Arab head scarf] on the back window ledge. [Car license plates issued by the Israeli authorities are color-coded for quick identification. Cars owned by residents inside the 1948 Israeli border and East Jerusalem bear yellow plates. Cars from the West Bank have blue license plates and those from Gaza have white plates.] They stopped two unsuspecting young men and lined them up face to the wall, spread eagled. The two youths were ordered to remain in this position as the soldiers examined their identity cards and gave them a "lecturing to."

It's the third time in just over two weeks that I've seen soldiers using commandeered Palestinian-owned

cars to carry out military "operations." A week ago a handful of soldiers emerged from a tan-colored van with blue plates just past Kalandia Refugee Camp and proceeded to set up a military checkpoint. Several days earlier a patrol of soldiers cruised through the old quarter of Ramallah in a blue-plated white station wagon. The people there said this had become a regular phenomenon.

The number of stories of soldiers commandeering blue-plated cars to get into areas without being discovered increases daily. The latest communiqués issued by local popular committees and the UNLU, the Unified National Leadership of the Uprising, warn against such operations. [The UNLU is the underground leadership which emerged in the early days of the uprising to coordinate activities of local popular committees and voice the unified demands of the uprising.] Secretly-distributed leaflets report that several people have been killed by hit squads using commandeered cars, and dozens more have been arrested by soldiers (often disguised as civilians) travelling about in such cars.

People are urged to resist soldiers' demands for cars. Many people are now driving with near-empty gas tanks, hoping that this will discourage soldiers from taking their cars. Neighbors sold their jeep after repeated attempts by the military to

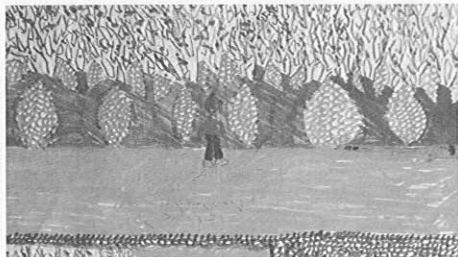
commandeer it; they'll buy a car less adaptable to the soldiers' purposes.

#### November 2

The uprising continues to demonstrate a remarkable creativity; people are still—after eleven months—coming up with ingenious means of declaring their resistance to the occupation. This morning people brought Nablus to a complete standstill for an hour. Everyone simply stopped their cars in the middle of the street at a pre-arranged time, and between 9:00 and 10:00 no traffic moved in protest to the occupation.

Soldiers, unable to move the cars or find the drivers, who simply got out of their cars and disappeared for an hour, worked themselves into a useless frenzy. There was nothing they could do to enforce orders for traffic to move normally.

By 11:15 this morning, when we arrived at Ittihad Hospital in Nablus, six people had been brought in with injuries. [Although the majority of injury cases in the Nablus area are taken to Ittihad Hospital, there are two other hospitals in Nablus, both of which treat intifada-related injuries.] Just another day at the hospital according to the staff. We saw a 13- or 14-year-old boy and a girl of the same age who had been shot in the leg yesterday as they tried to return home from olive picking after a curfew was imposed on the village.



*A Walk in Grandfather's Olive Grove* (Tha' ir Ibrahim, 12)

Roots

Interference in the olive harvest was the main topic of discussion among patients and visitors. Half a dozen villages have been prevented from harvesting their crops by prolonged curfews or military order. The military has imposed new permit fees for transporting and marketing olives and imposed taxes of 1000 to 3000 Jordanian dinars [JD 1.00 is just under U.S. \$2.00] on village olive presses. A woman from Burkeen village, one of the largest olive processing villages in the West Bank, escaped when the curfew there was lifted for an hour. She reported that the military demolished her family olive press, because her son, wanted by the Israeli authorities, refused to turn himself in.

### November 3

I remember K. as the jocular youth who zoomed about in the old station wagon, always ready to give his friends a ride. I didn't recognize him under the long beard and lines of age which covered his face, after six months of detention in Ansar 3, the notorious Israeli detention camp in the heart of the Negev desert.

It was he who recognized me first, reminding me that I knew him as K. and not simply as the uncle of the four-year-old who had been shot dead two weeks before in Nablus. These visits are never easy, especially when it's children who have been killed. This one was markedly so. It wasn't simply the tangible changes which Ansar 3 had worked on K., but the extent of his hero-like stoicism that made me ache.

The outside of the house was still decorated with wreaths and greetings and praises to the martyr from all different political factions and popular committees. Inside, the air of mourning still hung over the silent house. But when we offered our condolences, K. rejected them explaining that it was congratulations that we should offer—his young nephew had died a martyr. He told us the story of D.'s death with a noticeable lack of emotion.

It had happened the morning after

K.'s release from Ansar 3, when he had just made his way home. The little boy, D., was among the throng of cousins and relatives who arrived at the house to celebrate his uncle's release. He was shot two or three times from an army lookout post some 400 to 500 meters away while walking down the driveway beside his uncle. All was quiet in the area when the family heard three shots ring out. [The driveway itself is off the main road and away from the likely scene of incidents.] The family did not even see the soldier who fired.

As K. rushed off to the hospital with D. in that old battered station wagon, three more shots bounced off the store wall on the main street, just missing the car.

An army investigation concluded that D. was killed by a stray bullet. The family and Israeli journalists on the scene at the hospital, however, say he was hit two times. Military authorities came to offer their apologies for "the accident." On their visit they also congratulated K. on his release from prison.

The details K. offered us made it clear that he knew what we were afraid to ask: Could it be only coincidence that he had just been released from prison and that he just happened to be standing next to D. when a soldier, a quarter of a mile away, shot into the quiet alleyway beside their home and left his nephew dead? He let us draw our own conclusions, but the circumstances were clear. The accident had not been in the shooting incident, but only in their victim.

He brought us photographs from that day showing the tears of joy of family members hugging him in greeting. Just hours later, they fell again in grief at D.'s death. The four-year-old child was posing on the couch with the victory sign for his returned uncle. Hours later he was photographed wrapped in a blood-stained flag. The contrast of life and death so clearly captured there in photographs was haunting.

### November 5

Soldiers raided the old quarter of Ramallah again last night and rounded up residents. Elderly grandparents were permitted to stay behind to watch the youngest children. All others were herded to the nearby outdoor bus station where they were forced to sit in the cold until 1 a.m. Soldiers, filling half a dozen jeeps and army trucks, were there to guard the 50 to 60 residents, where they received an officer's lecture on stone throwing to pass the time.

"If stone throwing continues, we'll do this every night. And we will take all your men away."

### November 7

Soldiers have been busy in the old quarter of Ramallah the past week. They have changed the whole landscape of the area by sealing off the widest entrance into the center of the quarter with cement barrels. The monument to 19-year-old Abdallah Atayah, who died last spring when, according to the official military version, a soldier "tripped and accidentally set off his trigger" and shot him twice in the head, is also gone. The small stone memorial, built by community members before the bloodstains on the pavement in the small alleyway had dried, and fastidiously adorned with fresh flowers, was smashed and swept away by Israel's defense forces.

To emphasize their determined presence, troops have now taken over the roof of the highest building in the old quarter of Ramallah, just across from the mosque. They've set up a lookout post, complete with a rain and sun shield, and are making full use of the vantage point. They are there daily, from dawn to dusk. Undaunted, the children fill the streets with laughter and screams—busy at marbles, hopscotch and tag. These are the children who are too dangerous to be permitted to assemble at school. Authorities in the Education Office of the Israeli Civil Administration are hinting that they will again extend the school closure order, repeating their claim that they "have no choice" due to the

"security threat posed by student disturbances." These are the same children who sometimes "so threaten" the security of armed soldiers that soldiers are forced to shoot and kill them.

#### November 10

The extent to which the Israeli authorities are creating economic sanctions as a means of breaking peoples' will to resist, and thus squashing the uprising, is often lost in the hills and wadis which keep many villages in the West Bank geographically isolated from one another. The hundreds of villages scattered across the West Bank depend largely on agriculture and are particularly vulnerable to sanctions imposed against agricultural production as a means of collective punishment. The scenario of hundreds of armed soldiers laying siege to a small village of several thousand unarmed farmers and workers is hard to imagine no matter how many times I hear it.

Til, a picturesque village nestled in the hills some ten kilometers west of Nablus, is one of the hundreds of villages in the West Bank you would never know existed, unless you had a particular invitation to go there. Most

of Til's 3,000 residents make their livelihood through some form of agriculture. Many villagers own livestock and the village is renowned for its yogurt and fig harvest.

Israeli military forces laid siege to this village from August 4 to September 14. The 40-day siege directly coincided with the fig season, which normally lasts only 50 days. For over three weeks the village was placed under 24-hour curfew; the villagers were restricted to their homes while the fig crop spoilt in their orchards. Military authorities told the population that the curfew was a punishment implemented to prevent the fig harvest; the village usually produces about six tons of fresh figs per day. During the siege, which followed the curfew, the army continued to interfere with farmers' attempts to harvest figs and restricted the movement of yogurt and other produce out of the village and the entrance of supplies into the village.<sup>1</sup>

Statistically, the siege meant the loss of one 14-year-old's life, the arrest of over a dozen villagers, 27 days of curfew, over a dozen more days of movement restrictions, the impounding of all village tractors and 25 don-

keys to further hinder harvesting, a loss of over JD110,000 in figs (75 percent of the harvest), and JD80,000 in yogurt products.<sup>2</sup>

In the voices of the villagers even these tremendous figures paled.

There was M., the mother of 14-year-old A., who was shot in the head on August 12 and died days later in hospital without ever regaining consciousness. Telling the story of her son's death leaves her weeping. Her elder son reprimands her for crying, as he wipes tears from his own eyes. There is that peculiar combination of unabsolved grief mixed with the sense that one must be proud and strong as the parent of a martyr.

"If I had known he would be killed, I would not have let him leave the house.... He reprimanded me for wanting to keep him in the house and then he left. He wanted to see what the soldiers were doing with the bulldozers at the entrance to the village.... How will the pain in my heart ever be soothed?... Thanks be to God I saw the suffering of other people when I was with him in the hospital and I was strengthened to bear my own suffering. God comforts me for the loss of my son in the presence of all the Palestinian children still living...."

A.'s father recalls the dismal days following his son's death, the village still under siege. The family depends on the sale of "leban" [yogurt] to nearby Nablus for their livelihood. They own thirteen cows and produce 70 to 80 jars of leban a day.

"In mid-September we were desperate to sell our produce so I took my son and two other men from the village and set off for Nablus, carting our leban by donkey. We went through the hills, avoiding the roads and entrances to the village where soldiers were posted to stop us from bringing produce in and out. We were discovered after about five kilometers and the soldiers took us to their military camp, where they held us for three hours. It was dusk when we were released and they refused to return our donkeys to us. They also confiscated the 90 jars of leban we were



Women at the Village Fountain (Ahmad Zaiti, 13)

Roeth

carrying and the 90 jars our neighbors had with them."

M. continues the saga.

"I went three consecutive days to their camp asking for them to return the leban. They released the donkeys, but refused to give us back our leban. Instead they dumped the leban on the ground and into dirty clothes to spoil it and to humiliate me. In the end I asked that they just return the containers, but they responded by smashing them on the ground in front of me and lining them up for targets and shattering them to pieces with their gunfire. When the soldiers left, we went back to see if we might rescue any of the jars, but they were all gone."

Other family members join in:

"Once they confiscated two trucks loaded with figs valued at JD1000. When the trucks were returned three days later, the figs were all spoiled."

"I feed my cows 200 kilos of feed everyday and I had to throw away everything they produced during the siege."

"In the end there was nothing left to feed our livestock because they would not let us bring in feed or permit us to graze our sheep and goats."

"I saw soldiers tramping on ten cartons of figs which they had spilled onto the ground. What do they want with figs? Figs don't talk and they don't throw stones."

The voices of children, who watched soldiers drag their father away, before they themselves fled the house to escape the tear gas grenade the soldiers hurled at them, followed me as we wound our way through the hills back towards Nablus. Five-year-old J. plans to steal a bike from the soldier and "steal" his father back. Three-year-old M. has saved NIS2.5 to pay the soldiers to give him back his father.

#### November 14

Soldiers remain everywhere. Red berets particularly are in abundance. [Red berets, named for their head attire, are paratrooper patrols known

among the Palestinian population as particularly brutal in their treatment.] The road to Jerusalem was opened yesterday—amazing the feeling of release one has of small freedoms once taken for granted. The commute from Ramallah to Jerusalem is suddenly a pleasure after three days of being sealed in. [The West Bank and Gaza Strip were sealed off by the Israeli military forces for three days during the PNC Conference in Algiers. No traffic was permitted in or out of the occupied territories, or within the territories between villages and towns.]

Passing by al-Amari Refugee Camp, passengers in the "service" [public taxi] attempt to glean a superficial sense of the situation inside the camp before traffic sweeps you off to Jerusalem. A third level has been added to the cement barrel barricade constructed by the army to block off the main entrance to the camp, hindering quick passage and stone-throwing. Corrugated metal extends the barricade to 15 feet and partially cuts off our vital glimpse. We ride on feeling short-changed.

Beyond that barricade, some 15 meters further, lies a second wall of barrels. Those are the barrels from behind which 12-year-old Naheel Na'im el-Touki was shot and killed by Israeli soldiers, her brothers explained over a traditional cup of coffee one afternoon last week. The visit was short. Soldiers in the area had beaten a number of people in the neighborhood the day before; escorting foreigners through the camp is more and more a risk. We slipped through the narrow winding alleys of the camp, left the young men behind, and continued on the main road accompanied by several young women. Soldiers glared, but the women marched us onward.

Back in the taxi, passengers exchange "intifada tales," with strangers drawing communal comfort and strength in swapping horror stories they or their family, or their friends, have suffered at the hands of the occupiers. The tale-swapping is itself a hard-

earned victory. Just a year ago, one would not dare to talk politics in a public place; any stranger was a potential collaborator.

We sweep past Kalandia Refugee Camp as a mother expels a string of curses at those who have imprisoned her two sons. The cement barrels blockading its main entrance keep the camp residents completely out of view and rob us of any glimpse of what's happening behind the walls.

#### November 15,

##### *Palestinian Independence Day*

Beautiful sunny day, perfect for festivities. An air of excitement and anticipation. News filters in that we are, once again, sealed in; no movement in or out of the territories, or even within the territories from one town or village to another. No one seems to mind—everyone wants to be home for the celebrations anyway.

In Ramallah, Palestinian flags adorn the streets, flying from electric wires, television antennae, signposts and rooftops at scattered intervals. Testimony to stealthful activities in last night's darkness.

All of the Gaza Strip is under curfew; all other towns in the West Bank are under curfew. But in Ramallah soldiers refuse to make it clear whether there is actually a curfew or not; they simply order people inside.

Curfew or no, a program of festivities is passed around by word of mouth. At 10 a.m., the church bells begin ringing, first at the lower edge of town, then in the old city, then up on main street, echoing from one side of town to the other, heralding in the newly proclaimed independence. People wander to their doorways, climb up onto their roofs, peer into the streets. It has been a long time since there has been a public celebration.

The church bells continue their clanging for a quarter of an hour as soldiers race to find the culprits behind the belfry antics. They charge into the courtyard of the church near the old city as people watch from nearby



windows. They drag in a few small boys and order them to tear down pictures of Arafat and Habash, placed there by unknown celebrators.

At 11 o'clock, dozens of women and children gather at the Ramallah bus station, bearing homemade Palestinian flags and bursting the silent anticipation with nationalist songs. The children shout and whistle and the women fill the air with joyful ululations. Soldiers, stationed in the area since morning, move in quickly, dispersing with tear gas the "demonstrators"—but not their jubilant mood.

At dusk, sounds of people whistling, ululating, and shouting in celebration mix with the occasional explosion of fireworks through the dark streets. Electricity is cut off from dusk until nearly midnight. Army jeeps creep through the streets without lights, hoping to surprise anyone who dares to go out. Inside, people lucky enough to get a copy gather around candlelight to read the Declaration of Independence.

Army forces, unable to squash the celebratory community spirit, resort to all-too-familiar patterns of random harassment. Five or so unlucky youths, stopped near the outskirts of al-Amari Refugee Camp, are lined up, faces against the wall, hands behind their heads, by nearly twice as many soldiers who are free to do more or less as they please on the isolated street corner where the chilly day has given way to dusk. A soldier slaps a youth, his peer in age, across the face.

#### November 17

News of celebrations throughout villages in the West Bank are still filtering in. Despite efforts by military authorities to preclude them, then cover them up, celebrations triumphed, particularly in the villages where the military had to resign itself to cleaning up the aftermath. Palestinian flags and nationalist slogans, which have adorned the streets of hundreds of villages throughout the West Bank and Gaza Strip during the intifada, multiplied on Independence Day.

Today's visit to the village al-Mughayer, between Ramallah and Nablus, was an exciting glimpse into the explosive celebrations that "didn't take place." Checkpoints still stopped traffic at intervals along the way, but we, in a yellow-plated car, were passed on with a casual wave.

Turning off the main road which continues on to Nablus, we passed through the villages of Turmus' Ayya and Abu Felah. Flags still flapped freely from telephone wires throughout the streets. In Abu Felah not a bit of wall was left free of graffiti painted in bright red, heralding the newly declared independence. Where old graffiti had been crossed out by soldier orders, new graffiti replaced it. The battle of graffiti had clearly been won by the villagers here. At least for the moment.

On a small hilltop, old men sat basking in the afternoon sun amongst a garden of a dozen Palestinian flags—a simple, but hard-earned freedom which would last only as long as the villagers could keep the military out.

The road to al-Mughayer is a long dirt track which winds through a wide wadi adorned by incredible hills on every side. How easy to forget that a war is raging when everything disappears but the warm sun and the sparse desert.

A huge banner stretching across the road eases us back into human society with its friendly, yet defiant greeting: "Welcome to the independent village of al-Mughayer." Children in a house on the hill proudly wave their slingshots in greeting rather than warning. Another 100 meters down the road a string of flags hangs across the road. Flags and pictures of Arafat are pasted on the telephone poles along the main street. Someone has even turned the local bus stop sign into a Palestinian flag.

Inside the town there are flags everywhere. A young man stops us to check our identity. Once we produce the name of the villager we wish to visit, he is thus assured that we do not

threaten the security of the village. He invites us to look at the forest of flags marking the town center. He suggests that we drive around the main square of town for a full view of the flag display—there are dozens of them. Then he gets in the car to guide us to our friend's house.

He also tells us that Kufr Malik, the village on the next hill, which looks so sleepily peaceful at a distance, had been raided by the army again that day. Troops invaded the village with the aid of helicopters, which swept down to shoot and/or arrest villagers who tried to prevent the raid by throwing stones in a hit-and-run fashion. [These sieges, in which troops arrive en masse to make arrests and force residents to remove flags, nationalist graffiti and other symbols of resistance, are reported daily and sometimes last for days. The village of Kufr Malik, for example, was under curfew for 17 days and then immediately placed under military siege, which continued for weeks. The military daily declares areas as closed military zones, restricting all movement in and out of the area, preventing entrance of needed supplies and access to journalists. In December 1988, food and military supplies were cut off to Turmus' Ayya and Abu Felah. In the first year of the uprising, at least 16,000 curfews were imposed, and thousands of military sieges were carried out, over 150 of them lasting more than a week. ("Summary from the Arab Press," JMCC, 1988-89.)]

Our friend lives at the edge of the village, perched on a hilltop. The family is cautious, uncertain of our identity, because our friend is not home. They check the work cards of my two male companions and question us. Reflecting the self-reliant spirit of the uprising, they are concerned about the protection of their village as well as their personal safety.

#### December 5

The neighbors finally got their car back, albeit smashed up, after over a month. It was the second time the soldiers had commandeered one of

their cars to carry out their sordid operations under cover. The day after soldiers came to their house and demanded their car, they reported to military headquarters to claim it as they had been instructed to do. The military, however, refused to return the car. The family found out from other sources that the soldiers had wrecked the car just five minutes after confiscating it, but the military authorities declined to inform them of the accident. After they received no response from the complaint they filed with the police station, they hired a lawyer. After that, Abu G. was summoned to the military headquarters and told he could pick up his car late one night last week.

The headlight was smashed, the hood and both sides of the car damaged. In addition, the radio, the jack and the floor mats had all been stolen. The family is now calculating how to pay for the damage, estimated at JD2500.

On top of the damage costs, there is the cost of newly imposed taxes which must be considered. The Israeli authorities have required all car owners in the territories to buy new license plates. The acquisition of the new plates (without which it is impossible to drive) require the payment of a newly imposed tax, the "intifada tax," which averages NIS1000 per car, depending on the model and year of the car. The decision whether or not to pay the tax is complicated. The family has just opened up a new factory producing local goods, in accordance with the UNLU's call for a step-up in the development of national industry. Without the car, for which taxes must be paid to the occupying forces, they cannot continue production and sales.

Just two days earlier, Abu G.'s brother's car was commandeered. Soldiers had stopped him about 30 kilometers outside of Ramallah and forced him to turn over the car keys; he was en route to work in Tel Aviv. He was forced to make his own way home in the pouring rain. The car was spotted in Beit Seera, the village near

where the car had been commandeered, at 9:30 in the morning. Abu G. himself saw the car with two men inside wearing hattas and a third disguised as a woman in a Palestinian "thob" [traditional Palestinian woman's dress] just outside Beitunia, at the edge of Ramallah. Soldiers returned the car at 7:00 that evening, without the car papers.

#### **December 11**

Yesterday Abu G. went a second time to attempt to retrieve the second family car, 24 hours after soldiers had taken it from T., when he had gone out to buy eggs. (Their other car is still in the garage awaiting repair, following the soldiers' accident in it.) He spotted the car; inside were two men wearing hattas and a young boy held prisoner in the back seat. He was told to return to military headquarters in two hours to pick up the car.

One person, who when stopped on the Tيره road and ordered by soldiers to turn over his car, took his keys and flung them into the valley rather than give up his car to them. But the opportunity for such resistance is slim.

#### **December 14**

S. came by last night to report on Arafat's speech to the United Nations. Everyone heard it despite Israel's refusal to cover the event. Jordan TV broadcast the speech in its entirety. He seemed in need of company and consolation. He kept returning to the speech: How Arafat talked about the children in occupied Palestine...organized state terror... how he is far from his homeland and no longer knows it like the children of the uprising....

There was lots of small talk over a cup of tea, but the returning point was always the speech. Somewhere in the course of conversation S. confessed that he had cried three times during the speech.

#### **December 16**

The United States has agreed to open talks with the PLO. People are wary.

While the world talked of the latest diplomatic developments, soldiers and armed settlers raced through al-Bireh at 3:00 this morning, slamming their horns, shouting "Arafat is dead," and terrorizing local residents with the unexpected noise and confusion. Soldiers killed four Palestinians and injured 20 others in Nablus today, when they attacked a funeral procession for another Nablus youth who died of injuries sustained on November 25. [Three others in the Nablus area died later of wounds sustained that day.] Military authorities deported three Palestinians from the Gaza Strip yesterday, bringing the total number of deportees during the uprising to 35. In the last week, residents clashed with army forces in 145 locations; 246 Palestinians were injured in the clashes, 75 of them suffering gunshot wounds. Military authorities ordered the closure of 21 schools in East Jerusalem and Gaza Strip. Secondary students in the West Bank have yet to begin the new school year; elementary and preparatory schools were only permitted to reopen in the last two weeks.<sup>3</sup>

#### **January 22, 1989**

Twenty minutes in a "service" keep one close to the mood of the people. Among today's passengers was the sister of a young man who has been detained for four months without trial. She was riding with a relative she had not seen in some time because of the Israeli-imposed restrictions on movement in response to the uprising. They had met by coincidence in the lawyer's office. There was much catching up to do on friends and relatives. The focus was on who had been imprisoned and who had been released.

The man in the front seat was an acquaintance of the driver. As they swapped the latest tales of intifada incidents, it emerged that the driver's son was recovering well after being shot in the shoulder.

The boy had just begun kindergarten, after the military authorities had finally permitted the re-opening of West Bank kindergartens in October.

Now kindergartens, along with elementary and secondary schools barely open a month ago, have again been shut down. The pleasure of school children, dressed in their school uniforms, plaid, striped, or solid in color, toting book-filled school bags, swelling the streets with their giggles, shouts and squabbling, has again disappeared. [Elementary schools in the West Bank were not permitted to open for the 1988–89 school year until December 1, preparatory schools (seventh to ninth grades) December 11, and secondary schools (tenth to twelfth grades) on December 18, just 12 days prior to a week-long re-closure of all West Bank schools. By January 19, nearly 90 West Bank schools had been shut by individual military order. On January 20, Israeli military authorities announced the re-closure of all West Bank schools (more than 1,100 schools serving more than 300,000 schoolchildren) until the situation was suitable for study under “normal circumstances.”] There are scenes here which one is never allowed to take for granted.

With the mention of kindergarten, conversation turns inevitably to school closures; children have been kept out of school for nearly a year now.

“The other day I asked a ten-year-old to write his name and he couldn’t. He couldn’t remember how to write his name...”

Outside, a child of three, sitting on the street railing at the entrance to Kalanidia Refugee Camp, waves at our passing car. One wouldn’t expect it to be such a striking image. Except here. No victory sign. No scrambled mimicry of the political slogans his older siblings (all of seven or eight years) might chant. Just a wave and a child’s innocent smile asking greeting in return. One forgets what once seemed so natural in children, the appeal of generous innocence. I wonder when the children will be free to wave unthinkingly. When a small child on the roadside, completely caught up in the pleasure of waving at strangers (as opposed to reporters), won’t be an oddity.

### January 29

Watching Israeli road construction development, one begins to understand that there is more than one way to take a village off a map (and rekindle that never quite abandoned Zionist myth about the non-existence of a people).

The trip to Gaza (or the airport in Tel Aviv) has been transformed almost overnight. The unknowing traveller is swept suddenly onto a major highway without realizing that the small two-lane road on the right, which winds up through the hills, past some of the most picturesque Palestinian villages in the area, was, until a few weeks ago, the main road north.

The new highway puts Palestinian villages more than a stone’s throw away. But more than that the road keeps Palestinian villages, as much as possible, out of sight. Travelling the new road, one can see Palestinian villages scattered across the hilltops and valleys.

Dozens of uprooted olive trees, victims of bulldozers paving the new road, still lie at the road’s edge. Sometimes overturned soil extends as much as one hundred meters beyond the newly finished road, leaving deep scars gouged out of the carefully groomed terraced groves of olives, figs and almonds which remain.

The construction of highways has long been used by the Israeli authorities to establish de facto sovereignty over the occupied territories, despite its contravention of international laws. These roads lead from settlement to settlement along routes which skirt Palestinian villages, even though the roads almost parallel old village roads, deviating only to avoid views of the villages.

For several years now one has been able to travel the length of the West Bank on the main settlement road with barely a glimpse of a Palestinian village. The road winds through semi-desert hills, with occasional signs marking Israeli settlements such as Ariel, one of the largest settle-

ments in the West Bank. There is no sign for Bidia, a Palestinian village some ten kilometers beyond this massive settlement. Settlers from Ariel, built on land which once belonged to the village, raided Bidia several nights ago, stoning houses, smashing windows and terrorizing residents. They left behind leaflets terming the uprising a “terrorist action” and warning villagers against “stretching our patience in Ariel too far.”<sup>4</sup>

Neither is there a sign for Iraq Burin, near Nablus, where club-wielding settlers attacked three local shepherds this week. The three villagers were hospitalized for beating injuries.

It seems, however, that eight new signs will be appearing along the highways slicing through the occupied territories. Michail Dekel, Israeli Advisor on Settlement Affairs, has announced that the government will fund the building of eight new Israeli settlements.<sup>5</sup>

### February 10

An imposed curfew cut short a visit to friends in Jalazon Refugee Camp (just north of Ramallah) today. One should always take a good look at a place before leaving it here. Last time I returned to Jalazon after a curfew, the house I had visited was only a heap of rubble. It was back in November. We had gone to take pictures of the house because soldiers had forced their way into the house three times during a week-long curfew, on the pretext that they had seen a family member peering out of the doorway. Reason enough for them to club family members and rampage through the house? The remains of the last soldiers’ visit were still visible: smashed windows and mirrors, a cupboard toppled over, clothes spilled out and strewn across the floor.

Grateful that anyone cared enough to see what they had been subjected to, the father ushered us about the house. The matriarch of the household offered in a shrill, high-pitched voice an incessant narrative of the incident

which had left her home in shambles.

Already dusk, our visit was cut short. We hurriedly drank the required cup of tea, but were still only permitted to leave by promising that our next visit would include dinner and a night's rest in their home.

I would never take up their invitation. The house was demolished just one week later with several other houses in the camp. "Security" reasons. The explosion, which left the house a heap of rubble, also damaged seven other houses along the crowded camp street.

#### **March 14**

Rain fell heavily outside the "service" today. Inside, two passengers discover they are from nearby neighborhoods in Nablus. An exchange of mutual acquaintances quickly moves to an exchange of accounts of the recent two-week curfew, and the situation since. [On February 24, an Israeli soldier was killed by a stone block thrown from a rooftop in the old city of Nablus. The military imposed a curfew on the entire city, and troops carried out a massive arrest campaign. Maltreatment and vandalism were widely reported. Tax collectors and soldiers raided shops and confiscated sales records. By the end of the first week of the curfew, severe food shortages were reported among residents. Two houses belonging to the families of youths suspected of throwing the fatal stone were blown up. A number of adjoining houses in the area were damaged by the explosion. Twenty families were forced to leave their homes as a result.]

#### **May 17**

Settlers have declared war. Vigilante raids become more frequent and more violent. Dozens of villages, towns and camps have been raided in the past month. The settler militias, well-organized and operating with prior planning, leave behind a trail of destruction.... And in villages where residents dare to confront them, or the soldiers who may arrive at the scene, dozens are injured and even dead. [In late May, Israeli figures put

the number of Palestinians killed under circumstances in which settlers are considered responsible at 25 (*Jerusalem Post*, May 31, 1989). Palestinian sources put the figure much higher.]

Today settlers continue to rampage through the city of Hebron. They began their attack last night and continued throughout the day with the apparent support of the army. Settler patrols moved from house to house through the town smashing car windows and mirrors, house windows, solar heating panels and water tanks, with stones, gun butts and live ammunition. At least two houses were set on fire by settlers and soldiers. One house was doused in petrol by a patrol of 12 settlers. The furniture and carpet in a second house were destroyed when settlers and soldiers threw burning tires into the house. A shoe store was burnt to the ground in the same manner.

When residents attempted to stop the pillage, the settlers, accompanied by Israeli soldiers, opened fire on the residents. The number of injuries is as yet unknown. One 18-year-old boy is in critical condition with a gunshot wound to the head. A four-year-old boy was shot with shrapnel.

The trail of destruction varies. In Abwein, a village north of Ramallah, settlers entered the village shooting and made their way to the village mosque. By the time they left, the mosque carpets had been hurled into the streets, the glass bookshelves destroyed, and over 100 of the mosque's window panes smashed. In Ein Yabroud, northeast of Ramallah, settlers left behind a trail of uprooted olive and peach trees, destroyed vineyards, and the burnt remains of the office of the local agricultural committee.<sup>6</sup>

#### **June 17**

For the second time in less than a month, massive confrontations between residents of Rafah Refugee Camp and Israeli troops have resulted in multiple deaths. The May 19 clashes resulted in the death of four,

including a five-year-old girl shot twice in the abdomen. In that week alone 24 Palestinians were killed. In the latest attack yesterday three were killed.

The death toll seems to climb unnoticed. Last month, 51 Palestinians were killed at the hands of Israeli forces. According to Israeli Human Rights Information Center estimates, at the end of last month, 457 Palestinians have been killed since the beginning of the uprising. Twelve more have been killed since then.<sup>7</sup>

Schools in the West Bank have been shut for more than 15 of the last 19 months. Recent plans by members of the Israeli military's civil administration to reopen schools later this month now appear to have been rejected by the Defense Ministry.

Gunfire has filled the streets of Ramallah almost nightly since large demonstrations first broke out in the town again to mark Workers' Day on May 1.

There are frequent nightly visits from settlers to neighboring al-Bireh. On June 4, we were awakened by the sound of rapid gunfire. Armed settlers had attacked a house along the main road and taken custody of two children on the pretext that they had thrown stones at Israeli cars. Local residents, attempting to rescue the children, confronted the settlers, and violent clashes erupted. The army arrived to intervene, prompting injury of at least five Palestinians and the arrest of a large number of residents in the surrounding area.

The economic situation continues to deteriorate. The [Jordanian] dinar is down below three shekels now.

Economic warfare heightens, paralleled with an increasingly blatant policy of racism directed at Palestinians from the West Bank and Gaza Strip working in settlements and inside Israel. Only after considerable pressure from progressive Israeli groups has Ariel settlement dropped its demand that all Arabs working in

the settlement wear a badge identifying them as "foreign workers." In the Israeli town of Petah Tikva, plans for the special transportation terminal for workers outside the city go ahead. Employees are responsible for picking up and returning workers to the depot. According to the town's mayor, "All Arab workers who come to Petah Tikva will either be at work or at the terminal. We don't want them on our streets..."<sup>8</sup>

In a number of Israeli towns there is a strong movement to stop the employment of Palestinians from the West Bank and Gaza Strip altogether. Several municipalities have already adopted measures in support of this policy. The question of who will replace the cheap Arab labor, however, remains a bothersome obstacle.

In the Gaza Strip, the military authorities have begun to issue new magnetic identity cards. Those wishing to work inside Israel are forced to pay for them; they cannot leave the Gaza Strip without them. Needless to say they will not be issued to those who have been detained on security grounds, even though few of the

thousands this will exclude have been charged or brought to trial.

Authorities have released the last of the seven settlers arrested following the May 29 settler rampage in Kifl Harith [in the Nablus area], in which settlers shot dead a 13-year-old girl and seriously injured two other villagers. Five of the settlers were released last week. The presiding Israeli judge regretfully announced the two remaining settlers in jail, both Yeshiva students, would have to spend the Shavout holiday away from their families—even as he described the settler raid as "an indiscriminate, unrestrained pogrom."

A settler drives by, an Israeli flag waving from his antennae. An oversized watch dog thrusts his nose out the window, and the settler's Uzi submachine gun rests conspicuously in the empty seat beside him.

The service passes Kalandia Refugee Camp where the smoke of burning tires rises above the barrels blocking the camp entrance....

The occupation moves into its twenty-second year.

## Book Views

### Facts & Fables: The Arab-Israeli Conflict

By Clifford A. Wright  
Kegan Paul International, London,  
1989, 239 pp., \$39.95

#### Reviewed by Shaw J. Dallal

Not only those newly initiated, but also those who are seasoned observers of the Palestinian-Israeli conflict will find *Facts & Fables: The Arab-Israeli Conflict*, by Clifford A. Wright, a very useful work. Its effectiveness is enhanced by a multitude of particularly apt quotations.

As the title of the book suggests, the author refutes several commonly held misconceptions about Israel and the Palestinians: Who are the Palestinians? Why did they leave Palestine? Is the "Miracle of Israel" real?

Does Palestinian terrorism match Israeli terrorism? Is Israel a racist state? Do the Palestinians have biblical and historical rights in Palestine? These and other vital questions are addressed in *Facts & Fables*.

"The foundation of the Jewish claim" to the lands of Palestine, writes the author, "is rooted in the Bible. The Palestinian claim is based on historical permanence and residence." Yet the Palestinians have biblical rights derived from "the son of the bondwoman," who is [Abraham's] seed." But Mr. Wright hastens to doubt that "an alleged promise to a wandering shepherd nearly 4,000 years ago (and not written down until 800 years later) in a book accepted as the word of God by a fraction of the world's population can or should have much legal or political relevance today." This is true with respect to Jews and Palestinians.

Raising H.G. Wells' famous ques-

## NOTES

1. "The Siege of Agriculture," Jerusalem Media and Communications Center, 1988.
2. *Ibid.*
3. *Attalia Weekly*, December 15, 1989.
4. *Al-Itihad*, January 26, 1989.
5. "Weekly Report," Jerusalem Media and Communications Center, January 30-February 5, 1989.
6. For further details on settler raids see *FACTS Weekly Review*, April 30-May 20, 1989, no. 42.
7. *Hadashot* as cited in *An-Nahar*, June 16, 1989.
8. *Jerusalem Post*, May 26, 1989.

## Notice

A special 1989 issue of the *Journal of Refugee Studies* offers 27 papers on the conditions of the Palestinians during the intifada. For a copy, send \$17.00 to: Oxford University Press, Journals Marketing Department, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016. Specify vol. 2, no. 1.

tion: "If it is proper to 'reconstitute' a Jewish state which has not existed for two thousand years, why not go back another thousand years and reconstitute the Canaanite state?" The author maintains that the Palestinians, who are descendents of the Canaanites, unlike the Jews, have for more than four thousand years always lived in Palestine without interruption.

Why did the Palestinians leave? Refuting Israel's deliberate misrepresentation [that the Palestinians left in 1948 because "Arab leaders stimulated the Arab departure with frightening radio broadcasts because they wanted to arouse the Arab world into a holy war against the Jews"], the author quotes Erskine Childers, who examined all American and British radio-monitoring records for all of 1948 and found that "there was not a single order or appeal, or suggestion about evacuation from any Arab radio station inside or outside Palestine

in 1948..."

Israel's claim that the Palestinian exodus was matched by a Jewish exodus from the Arab countries is challenged because the Palestinians' "exodus was involuntary and enforced. Jews of the Arab world ... came to Israel ... voluntarily ...." Mr. Wright documents the case of Iraqi Jews, whose flight out of Iraq was engineered by Israeli agents, who terrorized Iraq's Jewish community inside their native Iraq. In this way Iraq's Jews were driven by Israel's terrorist agents into a mad flight to Israel, abandoning their homes, businesses and heritage.

Did Israel "make the desert bloom?" Long before "the arrival of European Jewish settlers," Henry Gillman, the American Consul in Jerusalem, impressed by the superior grafting techniques developed by the Palestinian Arab farmers for their citrus industry, wrote his superiors in the United States in 1886: "I am particular in giving the details of this simple method of propagating this

valuable fruit [the Palestinian Jaffa Orange] as I believe it might be adopted with advantage in Florida."

Israel's terrorism: "Neither Jewish ethics nor Jewish tradition can disqualify terrorism as a means of combat," asserted Yitzhak Shamir in 1943, long before "terrorism" became "almost synonymous with 'Palestinian' in the United States."

Is Israel a bastion of Western democracy or is it a racist state? The law of return, one of Israel's fundamental laws, allows anyone born of a Jewish mother or converted to Judaism, to return to Israel. The Palestinians who were born in Palestine may not so return. The citizenship law, another of Israel's fundamental laws, grants Jews who return to Israel under the law of return Israeli citizenship automatically upon their arrival. The Palestinians who live in the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip cannot become Israeli citizens, even though they were born in Israel. Even Israel's Palestinian Arabs, who have Israeli citizenship, are classified as Israeli

citizens with Arab nationality under Israel's registration law. Israeli Jews are classified as Israeli citizens with Jewish nationality. Israel's status law gives Israeli citizens with Jewish nationality rights and privileges which are denied to Israeli citizens with Arab nationality. On their face, these Israeli laws are racist. They render the declaration of the "U.N. Resolution in 1975 declaring Zionism to be a form of racial discrimination" a valid declaration.

*Facts & Fables* does not presume to be an exhaustive study of the Palestinian-Israeli conflict. It is, however, a lucid thumbnail sketch, containing powerful refutations of several myths, which Israel has succeeded in disseminating in American society. It deserves to be widely read.

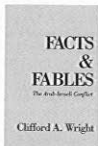
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Shaw J. Dallal is adjunct professor of International Law and Relations at Utica College of Syracuse University and author of the upcoming historical novel, *The Other Exodus*.

## Books and Audio/Visuals To Order

All AMEU prices include costs of postage and handling.

### Book Selections



□ Clifford Wright, *Facts & Fables: The Arab-Israeli Conflict*, London: Kegan Paul International, 1989, 239 pp., cloth. Handy reference for the most frequently debated questions on the Palestine/Israel conflict. Relevant historical documents and maps included in the appendix. List: \$39.95; AMEU: \$12.95. See review, page 13.

□ Abed Al-Samih Abu Omar, *Traditional Palestinian Embroidery and Jewelry*, Jerusalem: Al-Shark Arab Press, 1986, 144 pp., cloth. Beautiful full-color photos of traditional Palestinian dress. Wedding dresses highlighting embroi-

dery stitches and accessories for each region in Palestine. Accompanied by English/Arabic text full of local history. A perfect gift. List: \$35.00; AMEU: \$15.50.

□ NEW! Naim Stefan Ateek, *Justice and Only Justice: A Palestinian Theology of Liberation*, Maryknoll, NY: Orbis Books, 1989, 227 pp., paperback. If the state of Israel is justice for post-holocaust Jews, then a neighboring state of Palestine should be justice for the occupied and dispersed Palestinians. Such is the premise of this groundbreaking book by Canon Ateek of St. George's Cathedral in Jerusalem for whom reconciliation as well as justice form the liberation theology of the Palestinian Uprising. List: \$9.95; AMEU: \$6.75.

□ Inea Bushnaq, *Arab Folktales*, New York: Pantheon Books, 1986, 386 pp., paperback. From bedouin tents to the bazaar, these magical tales teach of life and love and the Arab world. List: \$11.95; AMEU: \$7.75.

□ NEW! Marc H. Ellis, *Toward a Jewish Theology of Liberation: The Uprising and the Future*, Maryknoll, NY: Orbis Books, 1989, 164 pp., paperback. Author has the courage to look to the future of Judaism as it relates to the suffering and national aspirations of the Palestinians. For him, Jewish liberation theology must go beyond the dialectic of holocaust and empowerment (the state of Israel) to reclaim its ethical witness of solidarity with the Palestinians. List: \$9.95; AMEU: \$6.75.

□ James Ennes, Jr., *Assault on the Liberty*, New York: Random House, 1979, 299 pp., cloth. The author was an officer on the bridge during the prolonged and brutal attack on the USS Liberty by Israeli planes and torpedo boats in the 1967 Arab-Israeli War. Thirty-four American crewmen were killed, 171 wounded. List: \$14.95; AMEU: \$2.95.

□ UPDATED! Paul Findley, *They Dare To Speak Out*, Westport, CT: Lawrence Hill and Company, 1989 edition, 390 pp.,

paperback. The former eleven-term Congressman from Illinois discusses how Americans have been victimized for opposing the Israeli lobby. New chapter, "America's 'Intifada,'" notes the recent groundswell of healthy discourse on Israel and the Palestinians in the U.S.A. List: \$9.95; AMEU: \$17.75.

□ Thomas L. Friedman, *From Beirut to Jerusalem*, New York: Farrar Strauss Giroux, 1989, 525 pp., cloth. Two-time Pulitzer Prize-winning correspondent for *The New York Times* writes of his ten years in the Middle East and, as a Jewish American, of his increasing disillusionment with the state of Israel. He concludes by calling for a two-state solution and for the U.S. to put economic/diplomatic pressure on Israel, if necessary, in order to get Israel to deal with the PLO for peace. Aside from a few historical inaccuracies, his eyewitness coverage is intense and exciting. List: \$22.95; AMEU: \$13.50.

□ Grace Halsell, *Journey to Jerusalem*, New York: MacMillan, 1982, 193 pp., paperback. Sensitive written memoirs of an American journalist's personal encounters with a wide array of Israelis and Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza. List: \$7.95; AMEU: \$2.95.

□ Grace Halsell, *Prophecy and Politics: The Secret Alliance between Israel and the U.S. Christian Right*, Chicago, IL: Lawrence Hill Books, 1989, updated, 210 pp., paperback. Renowned journalist explores the close relationship between American right-wing Christian fundamentalists and Israeli ultra-nationalists. List: \$9.95; AMEU: \$2.95.

□ Alan Hart, *Arafat: A Political Biography*, Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1989, updated, 560 pp., paperback. The definitive biography of Yasser Arafat, president of the newly declared state of Palestine. Exciting personal history of the PLO and its leaders up through the intifada by well-known British foreign correspondent. List: \$18.95; AMEU: \$12.95.

□ John Hayes, *The Genius of Arab Civilization: Source of Renaissance*, Cambridge, MA: M.I.T. Press, 1983, 260 pp., paperback. This handsome introduction to the classical Arab world highlights the contribution by Arabs to world civilization. Illustrated. List: \$12.95; AMEU: \$9.50.

□ Muhammad Husayn Haykal, *The Life of Muhammad*, U.S.A.: North American Trust Publications, 1976, 639 pp., paperback. Biography of the Prophet Muhammad and the early history of Islam by renowned Muslim scholar. List: \$12.95; AMEU: \$2.95.

□ Norman A. Horner, *A Guide to Chris-*

*tian Churches in the Middle East*, Elkhart, IN: Mission Focus Publications, 1989, 128 pp., paperback. Firsthand experience and careful research make this a valuable resource on the various Christian communities of the Middle East. Includes church histories and the state of today's Christians, photographs, maps and statistics. List: \$5.00; AMEU: \$4.50.

□ Israeli League for Human and Civil Rights, *1988-1989 Report: Human Rights Violations During the Palestinian Uprising*, Tel Aviv, 1989, 87 pp., paperback. Shocking human rights report consists of articles from the mainstream Israeli press which is more critical and enlightening than U.S. coverage. Introduction by Dr. Israel Shahak, renowned human rights advocate and survivor of the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp. Perfect for distribution to Congress and the media. List: \$7.50; AMEU: \$2.95.

□ Alfred Lilienthal, *The Zionist Connection II: What Price Peace?* New Brunswick, NJ: North American, 1982, 904 pp., paperback. Covers the Palestinian-Israeli conflict from the time of Herzl to Israel's 1982 invasion of Lebanon. Research involved is monumental. Contains much information of which most Americans are unaware. List: \$9.95; AMEU: \$6.95.

□ Rosemary Radford Ruether and Herman J. Ruether, *The Wrath of Jonah: The Crisis of Religious Nationalism in the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict*, New York: Harper and Row, 1989, 277 pp., cloth. Sensitive and thought-provoking study of the complex biblical and historical issues which underpin the ongoing Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Explores the historical relationship between Jewish and Christian Zionism. The authors highlight the need for theological tolerance and solidarity with the Palestinians. List: \$19.95; AMEU: \$12.50.

□ R. Marston Speight, *God is One: The Way of Islam*, New York: Friendship Press, 1989, 139 pp., paperback. The author, an ordained minister with a background in Christian-Muslim relations, presents the ideals and accomplishments of Islam to Christians. A great introduction to Islam with maps and black and white photographs and illustrations. List: \$5.95; AMEU: \$4.95.

□ George Stein, *The Palestinians: Oppression and Resistance of a Disinherited People*, Cologne, West Germany: Pahl-Rugenstein Verlag, 1988, 154 pp., cloth. Incredibly beautiful full-color photo collection of today's Palestinians under Israeli occupation and in Lebanon. Captures the confidence and spirit of the Uprising as well as the suffering of the Palestinian people. Short introduction in English, German, French and Spanish

outlines the historical development of the Palestinian-Israeli conflict. A perfect gift. List: \$29.95; AMEU: \$19.95.

□ Tekiner, Abed-Rabbo, Mezvinsky eds., *Anti-Zionism: Analytical Reflections*, Brattleboro, VT: Amana Books, 1988, 358 pp., cloth. Exciting selection of essays on topical issues: Christian Zionism in the USA; the "Who is a Jew?" controversy in Israel; the legal aspects of closing the PLO offices; Israel and South Africa; American peace efforts in the Mideast; and others. Authors include: Elmer Berger, Israel Shahak, Naseer Aruri. List: \$19.95; AMEU: \$11.75.

□ Edward Tivnan, *The Lobby: Jewish Political Power and American Foreign Policy*, New York: Simon and Schuster, 1987, 304 pp., cloth. A former reporter for *Time* magazine, Tivnan has thoroughly researched the history of the Zionist lobby in preparing this lively and cogent investigation of AIPAC. He argues that, by dominating U.S. Jewish opinion as well as general American debate on Middle East issues, AIPAC has damaged aspects for an Arab-Israeli peace. List: \$19.95; AMEU: \$2.95.

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Available in VHS at discount prices.

□ *The Forgotten Faithful*  
Video, 30 minutes  
Color, 1988  
Lois Pinneo and George Conklin and  
Annick Diocese of Jerusalem  
Bernadette Productions

Excellent introduction to the Christian Palestinians of the Holy Land, some of the oldest Christian communities in the world. Almost totally bypassed by pilgrims who came to see the holy places, these Palestinians reach out to tell of their efforts to maintain a living Christian witness in Israel and the Occupied Territories. This video is suited for all church groups. List: \$29.95; AMEU: \$25.95.

□ *Jordan's Stormy Banks: Toward Understanding the Middle East*  
Filmstrip Program on Video, 20 minutes  
Color, 1983  
David Graybeal and Jo Bales Gallagher,  
Presbyterian Church U.S.A.

Winner of Gold Medal in 1983 Houston International Film Festival. Even-handed introduction to the history of the Palestinian-Israeli conflict. Accompanying discussion leader's guide has background notes, questions and additional resources. Especially suited for classroom use up through college and church groups. At this price, it should be in every church library. List: \$25.00; AMEU: \$17.00.

**Palestinian National Costumes: Preserving the Legacy**  
*The Munayyer Collection*  
 Video, 70 minutes, Color,  
 English version — 1987,  
 Arabic version — 1989,  
*Farah and Hanan Munayyer*

One of the most extensive collections of rare antique Palestinian dresses, jewelry and accessories. Gracefully modeled to the accompaniment of traditional Palestinian music. Narrator explains the various styles and embroidery patterns from each region in Palestine. Includes a re-enactment of a traditional wedding dance. Makes a wonderful gift; also great for cultural events or classroom use. Available in English or Arabic. List: \$50.00; AMEU: \$45.00.

[PAL system also available: List: \$70.00; AMEU: \$65.00.]

**Truth, Justice and Peace**  
*Video, 30 minutes*  
 Color, 1988

*Lois Pinneo and George Conklin  
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Christian voices of the Palestinian Uprising speak of their suffering and hopes for justice and peace. Clergy, mothers, doctors, lawyers tell how they strive to maintain their faith in the face of Israeli occupation and the world's indifference. Particularly good for human rights groups, peace groups and churches. List: \$29.95; AMEU: \$25.95.

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