

“All the Consent
That’s Fit to Manufacture”

The New York ^{WAR} Crimes

The Messengers Edition
To the brave journalists
exposing the occupation’s crimes
التغطية مستمرة

VOL. III ... No. 14

© The New York Crimes Company

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 2024

FREE

‘THIS MESSAGE MUST REACH THE WORLD’



A journalist in northern Gaza simultaneously records and escapes an airstrike in November 2023. Still from a video by the photographer Mahmoud Abu Salama.

Stand With Fadi!

A Plea from Anas Al-Sharif and Hiba Al-Wahidi

On October 9, Fadi Al-Wahidi, a cameraman for Al Jazeera, was shot in the neck by the Israeli Occupation Forces while reporting on the Zionist invasion of Jabalia Refugee Camp in northern Gaza. Fadi was injured half a kilometer from Jabalia’s Al-Awda Hospital but, due to the Israeli siege on the facility, his colleagues were forced to transport him to the more distant Al-Ahli Arab Hospital and then to Gaza’s Public Aid Hospital. Fadi arrived at the hospital with shrapnel lodged in his skull, his brain bleeding. The doctors said they did not have the expertise or equipment necessary to treat him and were only able to stop the bleeding. He is still at the Public Aid Hospital almost two months later, paralyzed and awaiting medical evacuation.

In protest of the Israelis’ repeated refusal to grant Fadi an urgently needed medical travel permit — a decision that amounts to a death sentence — his

family announced in mid-November that they would begin a hunger strike. His mother has also suspended her cancer treatment until Fadi’s release.

In an interview done for The New York War Crimes, Islam Badr, a journalist present during Fadi’s attack, spoke to Fadi’s colleague and friend, Anas Al-Sharif, and his mother, Hiba Al-Wahidi. Their conversations have been edited for length and clarity.

The Attack: As Told by Al Jazeera Correspondent Anas Al-Sharif

On October 9, with the escalation of military incursions in parts of northern Gaza, Fadi Al-Wahidi, myself, and other colleagues were going from place to place to document what was happening. At around 3:30 in the afternoon we were near the Jalaa intersection, far away from any combat or occupation presence. Suddenly, a quadcopter ap-

peared and started firing at us. It was clear we were being targeted.

Fadi was hit in the neck. He was only a few meters away, but we struggled to reach him because of the constant gunfire. We thought he had been martyred. There were no ambulances available, so we had no choice but to transport him to Al-Ahli Arab Hospital in our broadcast vehicle. When we arrived, the medical staff could not handle his condition because there were no specialized doctors available. With great difficulty, we were able to get him a CT scan to understand the size and the extent of his injury. Since that moment, Fadi has been confined to his deathbed. And it is a deathbed.

Fadi and I have been covering this war together for Al Jazeera since it began. We have documented the Occupation’s crimes under active bombardment. We faced death together. Despite the danger, Fadi never stopped reporting. He had ambitions to travel and see the world. He wanted to become an international photographer and to capture images as they were, truthfully. He dreamed of getting married, settling down, and finding some sense of security. But in Gaza, Fadi’s primary concern during this war was procuring treatment for his mother, who is suffering from cancer.

Fadi Al-Wahidi is a Palestinian journalist who tried to convey the image and deliver the message from Gaza. He is one of a kind — a cheerful spirit, who loves to joke, bring joy, and entertain those around him despite our immense suffering

Continued on page 7

‘WE ARE A PEOPLE UNSHAKEN BY THE WIND’

Transcript of an interview with an unidentified Palestinian woman, conducted by Palestinian journalist Hossam Shabat in North Gaza, July 8, 2024.

We are strong. We are a people unshaken by the wind.

We are the Palestinians, those who were told “Here, your enemies were torn apart!”

By Allah, if I had a gun, I would go out with [the fighters].

We will not be defeated.

We are like the revolution of ‘36 in Algeria. They tried to erase Algeria but Algeria remained. We are like the Algerians.

We are Palestinians, nothing will shake us.

And so what if we die, there will be others who come after us, and others and others.

All of us are Hamas and all of us are Fatah.

They say, a Palestinian mother bears children like branches of molokheya.

When one is martyred, a thousand and one hundred are born, who come out and fight the zionists!

We are Al-Qassam, and we will not turn away from our rights.

By Allah, we will take what is ours! By Allah, we will be victorious!

No matter how they try to expel us, no matter what they do to us.

This is my land, this is the land of my father, this is the land of my ancestors.

And I will remain here, I will die here.

By Allah, even if no one remains here [in North Gaza], I will not leave.



Hiba Al-Wahidi tends to her son, Fadi, at Al Ahli Baptist Hospital on November 22, 2024.



GAZA

Learning the Word ‘Kill’

Abubaker Abed on being forced to report on the genocide of his people.

PAGE 2

WEST BANK

The Crime of Journalism

Moath Amarnah reports from the West Bank on his detainment by Zionist occupation forces.

PAGE 2

LEBANON

The People Remain

Roqayah Chamsedinne reports on the unbreakable spirit of resistance in south Lebanon and Dahye.

PAGE 3



FROM THE ARCHIVES

Reasons To Live

Photos and words from the Lebanese journalist and film director Jocelyne Saab.

PAGE 3



MEMORIALS

Glory to the Martyrs

Palestinian and Lebanese journalists remember their martyred colleagues.

PAGES 4-5



newyorkwarcrimes.com

DISPATCH FROM THE WEST BANK

Nine Months in Zionist Prisons: "Israel's" futile attempts to silence journalists

By **MOATH AMARNEH**

I am Moath Amarneh, a Palestinian photojournalist in the West Bank. Five years ago, the Occupation, bothered by my presence and my work, took one of my eyes. The other remained, as did my wife and my three kids: Mais Al-Rim, Ibrahim, and Basel. We live in the Dheisheh refugee camp, south of Bethlehem. Originally, we are from the village of Ras Abu Jammal, west of Jerusalem. I am 37 years old.

This story begins with a moment that defines both my professional and personal life, since there is little distinction, in any sense, between the professional and the personal in the life of a Palestinian journalist working in the shadow of a brutal and stubborn military occupation, an occupation whose annihilatory view on the entire native population becomes, when turned toward the journalists among them, an even harsher glare. Our mere presence under continuous targeting by the Occupation is the kind of venture that puts the soul (or in my case, my eye) into the palm of the hand. In all our coverage, the possibility of a direct assault awaits. This requires us to remain vigilant not only with every step or movement we make, but every word we speak. A Palestinian journalist thinks a thousand times before saying a word or taking a picture.

On October 7, I woke up around 6:30 in the morning to the sound of sirens and explosions. Rockets were

dominated. We knew with certainty that heinous massacres were going to be committed against Palestinians in the besieged Gaza Strip, and that the brutality of the Occupation was going to escalate in the West Bank as well.

In the early hours of October 16, at around 3:30 am, a special forces unit surrounded my home and placed explosives at my door. When I asked them to open the door quietly, because there were children and women inside, they blew it open. They stormed into my house, tied me up, and took me to my bathroom. I tried to talk to the officer in charge.

"Tell me what you want," I said. "I will give you what you need."

He did not care. "We won't beat you here," he said, "but we will deal with you outside."

They told me I was being detained on charges of "incitement against the State of Israel." I asked him how I could be "inciting" when I am a journalist reporting what is happening.

"What you report bothers us," he said. "We'll show you what it means to be a journalist."

Outside, in the camp, clashes had broken out between the Palestinian youth and the occupation soldiers. I felt very scared, because the soldiers were shooting madly, and the ones who caught me were pointing their weapons at the youth, as if waiting for a chance to kill me under the guise of "a clash."

Half an hour later, we arrived at the Etzion prison camp. As one of the officers handed me over to the guards, he thanked God that I had somehow gotten there alive. After being strip-searched in the interrogation room, I was put in a filthy cell — unsuitable for human use — with other prisoners. Most of us were unable to stand, sit, or sleep due to the severe beatings we endured during arrest. We did not know what was coming, and could only wait for our fates to be decided.

The next day they transferred us, handcuffed and shackled, to Megiddo Prison. When we arrived, we were again searched naked and beaten repeatedly. Whenever I thought that the beating would stop, as there was no more pain I could possibly bear, it continued. Finally, I lost consciousness. When I woke up, I was in a room with prison intelligence officers, and I was being taken to section 8 of the prison.

This was one of the hardest phases of my life. I lost control of my body and was unable to move. All I could think was that I was on the brink of death,



Amarneh is greeted by friends and family after being set free from administrative detention at the Al-Dhahiriya checkpoint in the West Bank.

that I had no hope of survival. When I arrived at my cell, I found a group of detainees sitting in the dark. The electricity had been cut off. They told me they had been living in this darkness since the beginning of the war, and that the power was only restored for two hours each day. I had already gone more than 12 hours without food or water, enduring beatings, insults, and threats. That night I immediately fell asleep from exhaustion. It was a sleep like death, or like an escape from it.

On the fourth morning, they informed us that we were going for interrogation at Ofer Prison, about three hours away. The interrogation lasted ten minutes. When the interrogator asked me if I was happy about what happened on October 7, I told him that no one finds joy in the act of killing in itself. He threatened me with rape and more severe beatings. Eventually he compelled me to sign some papers I hadn't read, and I went back to Megiddo.

A few days later, I was formally charged with incitement. During one of the court sessions, the judge ordered that I be given medication for my diabetes. But the medication I received was unsuitable, and when I said so, the prison guards mocked me. They did anything they could to humiliate the prisoner and remind him of his inferiority, making it clear that his entire life, to say nothing of his dignity, was of no consequence to them.

The "evidence" presented against me in court was so ridiculous, even the judge laughed. Nevertheless, my detention was extended by six months.

In mid-April I was transferred to the Negev Prison. There I found myself in a cell with nine other prisoners, all of whom showed severe symptoms of one or more mysterious skin diseases. The administration, unconcerned with the spread of infection, showed no interest in treating them. Each case seemed different, there was no cure, and confronting the symptoms created a dev-

astating psychological state among the captives. There was very little food and barely any blankets to face the cold that seeped into our bones as our weakened bodies withered.

Ten days in, I developed an infection that began on my big toe and spread across my entire foot and up my leg, making it so that I could no longer stand or walk. I requested daily to see a doctor or get painkillers, but to no avail. Even prisoners with open sores oozing pus received no treatment. The overwhelming feeling was that the guards were waiting for us to die. My psychological state deteriorated rapidly, especially as I observed the condition of older prisoners — some of whom had already spent more than 20 years in prison. I felt helpless in front of them, and then ashamed, knowing I would be released in two months.

Negev Prison was unlike any place I had seen, and the kinds of torment I endured and witnessed there were unlike anything I had ever heard about.

Perhaps they took pleasure in this form of systematic torture, watching the bodies of Palestinians wither and waste away. The officers and the guards behaved in ways that were not alien to the occupier, but reached new, astonishing levels nonetheless. We were all there without charges or a fair trial, with no distinctions made between journalists and other types of prisoners. The prison was a place completely devoid of humanity or hope, except for that which I drew from the resilient older prisoners, despite their suffering.

On the day I was finally released, a guard woke me suddenly and said, "Get ready, you're leaving today." After several hours of waiting, blindfolded and shackled by my hands and feet, I was released at Al-Dhahiriya checkpoint.

That moment of release, as desperately as I had longed for it, was more difficult than anything I had experienced in prison. I had dreamt of the moment I would reunite with my family and hug them: my mother, my wife, and my children. But the skin disease that had attacked my body while in prison robbed me of what I needed most. I could not even get close to them so as to avoid spreading the infection. I was instead taken to the hospital where I was diagnosed with scabies and gout, diseases caused by the poor quality of the food in prison.

To this day, I am still being medicated for some diseases and the effects of prison. Despite all the difficult circumstances, the prisoners continue to have high morale, challenging the isolation imposed on them and their deliberate severance from the outside world. Meanwhile, little attention is paid to journalists wasting away in Occupation prisons, despite the necessity for the local and global journalistic community to make the calls for their immediate release a priority. These demands are crucial given the ongoing Israeli assault on Palestinians wherever they exist: in the West Bank, Jerusalem, and the Gaza Strip where the genocidal war continues and which is witnessing one of the largest massacres in modern history. Tens of thousands of martyrs have fallen. One-hundred and ninety-two journalists and their families have been directly targeted. And still, the Occupation continues its futile attempts to extinguish the eyes of journalists and silence all their voices.

A Palestinian journalist thinks a thousand times before saying a word or taking a picture

falling on Bethlehem and around Jerusalem. We began to see images of what was happening around us, images that appeared as if from a fantasy film. For me, as a Palestinian living under occupation, the moment of realization carried with it a great pride, a sense of breaking free; yet in the same moment, I felt an intense fear of what would follow. Particularly in my professional capacity as a journalist, fear

DISPATCH FROM GAZA

Documenting Genocide at Twenty Years Old

By **ABUBAKER ABED**

Born and raised in Deir Al-Balah, central Gaza, I have lived a life laden with wars: 2008, 2012, 2014, 2021, and now. The first four were minigenocides. This one is the grandest; Israel has displaced and starved a whole population, dismembered and disemboweled women and children, wiped out entire families, and leveled entire neighborhoods and squares. I live in fear every day. The thought of being killed or bombed never fades from my mind. The trauma only grows inside me and nightmares chase me all the time.

I had never used the word "kill" before, but now, after my very dearest friend left the world and my aunt's entire family was wiped out, I use it every single day. I was once a student and a football journalist. I forged my love of language through football and literature and so the English words I knew first were: incredible, amazing, fabulous, phenomenal, live, love, dream, and hope. I never came across words like: atrocious, terrible, die, kill, bomb, destroy, and despair. I was suddenly plunged into a bleak world where all there was to write about was heartbreak and tragedy.

I have been trapped in an open-air prison created by the crippling Israeli siege for the past 17 years. All that I've known is a life where I couldn't go further with any dreams; there has always been an endpoint that blocked my desires and ambitions. And I know I am not like any 21 year old across the globe; I am worth less simply because I am a Palestinian. I breathe, hope, and dream, so why am I not a human?

I have not seen that light since the war

I grew up as an avid football fan, particularly of Chelsea Football Club and the English Premier League. My dream has always been to be a football journalist and commentator. I promised myself that I would pursue this dream no matter the cost. Football taught me English, built my personality, and instilled in me hope and determination. I have had many opportunities to study abroad and participate in international football commentary contests, but Israel's siege on Gaza always denied me the right to explore them. Now, since October 7, I have been forced to become a war correspondent. But as all who know me can say, this was an accident. When this war ends, I'll take off the press vest and throw it away. I

never want to see it again.

Before the war, I could have my breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I could eat okra, my favorite meal, play football on nearby courts, and visit my uncles and aunts. My family and I used to go to restaurants, relax on the beach, and eat all the snacks and drinks we desired. We celebrated birthdays, relished those nights we stayed up watching football, sitting in peace and calm under the lights. I have not seen that light since the war.

Now, what little we had before Israel's genocidal war on Gaza has vanished. The birds singing in the morning, the beauty of the sun over the sea waves, and the flowers and roses

When this war ends, I'll take off the press vest and throw it away. I never want to see it again

against our homes' walls. Now we can just dream of living. Nothing more.

I don't sleep these nights; I watch over them. Each seems to be my last, as Israeli warplanes and drones keep hovering overhead. They are hovering now as I write this. I don't know what to do or where to go. I am stranded in a room where I always talk to myself.

Our conversations now reflect the deep anguish inside my heart. I couldn't complete my education due to the current war and I dream of the day I can be a student again. I crave the day I can sit with my family on a beach and talk to them about my future.

Today, I would be lucky to stay at home. All my friends' houses were razed to the ground. Some were killed, others were displaced. We no longer live out our days; we are fighting to survive them. All day, I labor for a sip of water or a bite of food. There have been no days since the war began where I have had a good meal or slept with a full stomach. I have been sick many times. I feel utterly inhuman. Before, I was told that the West is home to the most civilized people on earth. But what this war has taught me is that they are the most racist people on the planet.

For Western media, only Western lives matter

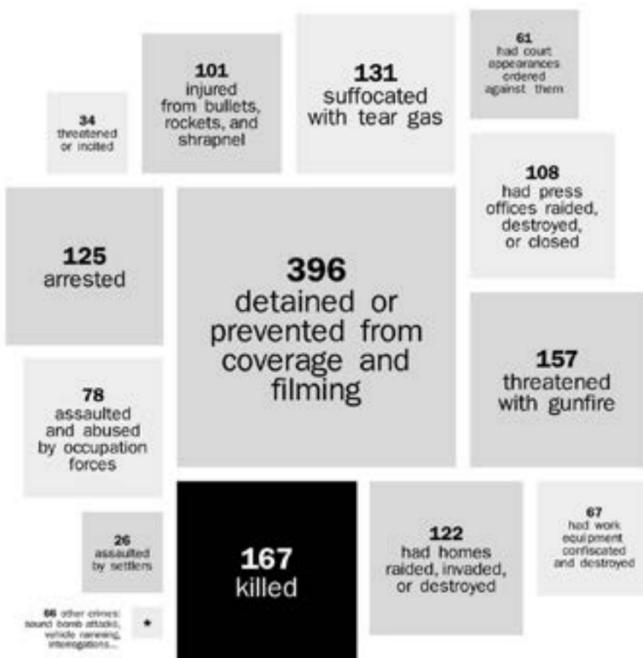
Western media is responsible for my suffering. Inwardly seething, my days are disconcerting. I am forced to do horrific reporting on the terrifying war crimes perpetrated against my people every day. I persevere only by reminding myself that this is not who I am and that I'll go back to reporting on football very soon. But the events are developing every hour in this besieged strip and I am only twenty-one years old.

Continued on page 7

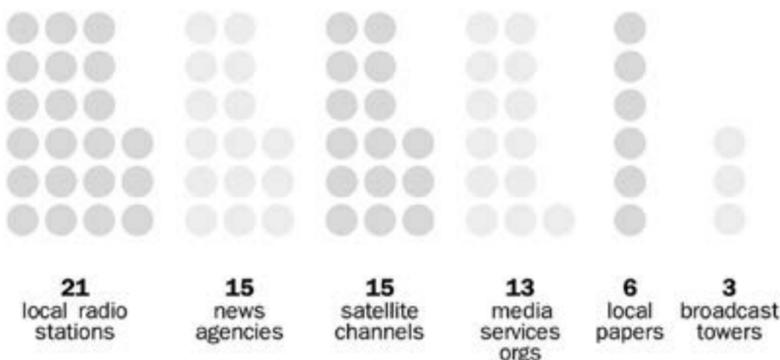


A pet parrot perches on the hand of AbuBaker Abed.

The Occupation committed at least 1,639 crimes against journalists in Palestine from Oct. 7, 2023 to Oct. 7, 2024



"Israel" also destroyed 73 media institutions in Palestine



Source: The Palestinian Journalists Syndicate - By The New York War Crimes

'Reasons to Live Multiplied a Thousand Times Over'

Jocelyne Saab on living through the siege of Beirut in 1982

From the archive Jocelyne Saab, the pioneering and prolific filmmaker, was born in Lebanon and trained as a war reporter for French television, becoming one of the few women to produce political documentaries in the Middle East.

During the Lebanese civil war, Saab directed a trilogy of films — Beirut, Never Again (1976), Letter From Beirut (1978), and Beirut, My City (1982) — depicting the ravages of Zionist occupation. "Everything was suddenly annihilated," she recalled in a 2013 interview with Olivier Hadouchi, excerpted below. "Our family's domicile, off the map, gone from the city, a mass of ruins."

In Zones de Guerre (2018), a collection of her photographs and film stills, we see Saab in front of and behind the camera. She is unconcerned with maintaining distance between herself and her subject. She, too, is subjected to the story she tells. She is unconcerned with the mirage of objectivity — it doesn't exist. This is where she lives, this is where she is from, this is — as she says herself — an act of resistance.

Olivier Hadouchi: What was your usual pattern during the day-by-day bombings during the siege in 1982?

Jocelyne Saab: To go out to film, to witness, as soon as the planes had passed over. To buy boxes of cheese like 'Laughing Cow,' to find gasoline, and water. To go get dinner from the two or three restaurants that were open. It was like we were telling ourselves a story. We created for ourselves the illusion that we were continuing to live a 'normal' life. To save people, to film, to find what remained, to find out what was going on, to assure ourselves that others were still alive. I had my car and I would spend every day at the headquarters of the PLO to stay informed about the situation. In the city there was hardly enough to eat, the misery of extreme poverty and hunger was pervasive.

Among our group, there were about fifty artists and intellectuals. One of us was assassinated. As we were leaving a restaurant, a car went into a fishtail spin, some guys came out and started shooting — our friend was killed in a barrage of machine gun fire because he had been distributing water to the entire city under siege.

Hadouchi: Despite the incessant bombings during the siege, you went out all the same?

Saab: We went out in the evenings. We were crazy. We went to one of the restaurants or to the Commodore Hotel, where journalists hung out. During the day, I got around on a moped. The Palestinian resistance made arrangements so that we could work and continue to witness as journalists. They knew who was who, and we were essential to them, so we were able to stay on the move. I went to get gas every day. We moved house four times during the siege. The Israeli army wanted to assassinate Arafat, thinking that they could get to him if they went on destroying entire buildings. Often, dozens of dead and wounded would turn up but there was no trace of the PLO leader. On one occasion an entire building was destroyed by a bomb, right next to ours.



Hadouchi: What an extraordinary period for you and your friends.

Saab: If you ask people who lived through the siege, they'll all tell you that this was the most beautiful period of their lives. At that moment, reasons to live multiplied a thousand times over, because if you'd chosen to be there, to stay put, you believed in your own fight for the cause. This was an act of resistance. 'By what right do you come and occupy Beirut and Lebanon?' This was the question that we were posing, to the entire world.

Reprinted without permission from criticalsecret.net.

DISPATCH FROM LEBANON

A Thorn In The Occupier's Eye

By
ROQAYAH CHAMSEDDINE

South Lebanon is a lesson in steadfastness — an obstinate and determined testament to the willingness of an indigenous people to confront their occupier and achieve absolute victory. Israel's war of attrition, which was meant to grind down the Lebanese Resistance and its supporters, is brutally evident across both the south of Lebanon, as well as the southern suburbs of Beirut, or Dahye. There, in the aftermath of this nearly year-long war, deep craters, downed buildings, piles of debris, and the smell of white phosphorus overwhelm the senses. The once densely populated suburb is unrecognizable, but people remain, testaments to the revolutionary condition and the prevailing conviction that to persist, against all odds, is itself an act of resistance.

"I will never abandon Dahye, because the suburb and its people have never abandoned me," says Abu Ali, a young father of four from the Chiyah neighborhood who remained throughout Israel's bombardment of the suburb. This raw devotion to the struggle for liberation is written across not just every banner reading "we will not abandon Palestine," but in every face I've seen in Dahye, in every head held high despite mounting devastation. "The basis of our present fight stems from the truth and our right to self-determination. We will write our stories, and our struggle will determine the future of not just Lebanon, but the region. It is not enough to see ourselves as singular — no — we are simply one hand, and one hand cannot clap alone," Abu Ali told me. "I've lost everything because of this present dilemma, but I swear I've gained more with my sacrifice, and it is all for the sake of the resistance."

What unifies the people of Dahye and other areas impacted by U.S.-Israeli aggression is an unwavering faith and a clear political line, with Palestine as its compass. What challenges Israeli colonization efforts and its imperial arrogance is not just the Lebanese Resistance, but the ever-increasing revolutionary vision of all the people of Lebanon. In the Dahye, it is not enough to glorify the gun; one must adhere to explicit principles of armed resistance

— dignity, unity, steadfastness, and conscious allegiance to the will of the people. Without the people, there is no resistance. "We are the resistance," Abu Ali stressed. "My children, my wife, my people wherever they are, we are all the resistance. And they can kill us and bring our houses down on our heads, but they will never strip us of our resistance because it lives on a plane of existence they cannot reach, not by bomb or by drone." Abu Ali pointed at his chest: "it is here."

The struggle in Lebanon, a nation still engulfed in the widening U.S.-Israeli genocide against the people of Gaza despite the fragile ceasefire, is part of the far-ranging revolutionary

The journey home has begun, but it is incomplete without the liberation of Palestine

battle against imperialism — a struggle which is not only a question of life and death, but a conscious endeavour to defy efforts to turn Lebanon into another U.S. vassal state. On the battlefield, the myth of imperialist invincibility is shattered with every resistance operation, every burning Merkava tank, and every defiant martyr whose blood has watered our land and prevented a single southern village from falling. Before his assassination on November 17 in an Israeli airstrike on Dahye, Mohammad Afif, Chief of Hezbollah Media Relations, spoke at a conference held on Martyr's Day. He emphasized that the Lebanese Resistance was succeeding in preventing Israel from achieving its political and military goals. Their sudden openness to diplomacy signaled the success of the Lebanese Resistance in thwarting Israel on the ground, and the recent November 27 "ceasefire" is proof of the resistance's triumphs. "Not resisting is defeat," he said that day. "But our understanding of defeat differs from yours. We do not deny that the price is high, but victory is but an hour's worth of patience. We have prepared for a very long battle, on every

level and for every battle, internally and externally." Afif lived by every word he spoke, and was killed, like Sayyed Hassan Nasrallah, while standing defiantly among his people. The main objectives of the U.S.-Israeli project in Lebanon — to break the people's will, dismantle the Lebanese Resistance, and exact a heavy toll on armed solidarity with Gaza — were met not with defeatism, but with revolutionary optimism. The equation remains the same: we will either die standing or live free.

Israeli and American terrorism, which aims to weaken the Lebanese Resistance — the assassination of Secretary General Sayyed Hassan Nasrallah, the sadistic pager attack — failed to deter Hezbollah from engaging on the Northern Front and maintaining its ties to resistance in Gaza. Before his assassination in September, Sayyed Hassan Nasrallah dictated the terms of any potential ceasefire: "In the name of the martyrs, the wounded, the ones who lost their eyes and palms, and in the name of every person who has taken on the responsibility of supporting Gaza, we tell Netanyahu and Gallant: the Lebanese front will not stop until the war on Gaza ends." This red line has remained the guideline for Hezbollah's confrontation with Israel, in spite of intensifying bombing campaigns and escalating massacres.

The Israeli killing spree across Lebanon's southern villages and suburbs, Beqaa and Baalbak, has resulted in over 3,000 martyrs and fueled a groundswell of support for the Resistance. During "Operation Formidable In Might," Hezbollah operations increased and reached deeper into the Israeli entity, including a direct hit on Benjamin Netanyahu's home in Caesarea and ongoing strikes against Tel Aviv. The Resistance inflicted heavy material and political losses, imposing the necessary conditions to bring about the withdrawal of Israeli forces from South Lebanon. Israel's "Operation Northern Arrow," designed to bring about the return of Israeli settlers to the occupied north of Palestine and end Hezbollah's fight on the Northern Front, resulted in further displacement of Israeli settlers, and growing casualties among occupation forces — surpassing 130 — who were unable to confront Hezbollah in direct combat. The highly disciplined fighters of the Lebanese Resistance,

described by Israeli occupation forces as ghost-like figures who appear on the battlefield out of thin air, proved themselves to be masters of hybrid guerilla warfare, and continue to threaten the U.S.-Israeli project in the region. The United States, which is overseeing the extermination campaign in Gaza and Lebanon, is now unable to regain its lost political and military thrust, despite the overflow of funding to its client state.

The price paid by the people of Lebanon is high — from civilian casualties, thousands injured after two waves of communication attacks, to forced displacement. As a result of the Israeli aggression against Lebanon since October, the number of displaced surged to 1.5 million before the ceasefire, mainly from the South and southern suburbs of Beirut. Among them is Fatme, a seventy-three-year-old woman from the village of Khiam, which has seen

and even our lives are a small price for the greater compensation of liberation. Even if freedom is delayed, we will be patient and we will return and rebuild."

Fatme held my hand in hers as we discussed the devastation across Lebanon, squeezing as she described the fragrance of her village and the memories of her life in Khiam, marred by nearly two decades of Israeli occupation that would come to an end as a result of armed resistance in May of 2000. "I want people in Gaza to know we are with them. Our hearts, our souls, our lives, all of this is for them as much as it is for us. We are honored that we could give something on this path. When the world was silent, we stood up with our heads held high, and we will remain committed to this battle. And we will be victorious. Our promise is our bond, and we will be victorious."

In Beirut on November 26, during a wave of Israeli airstrikes that reached



A banner reading "resistance is our path to Hussein" is carried through the streets of Dahye in July 1992.

intense battles between Hezbollah and Israeli occupation forces. Fatme is still displaced along with ten other relatives, including her son, who was injured in an attack on their village — her home and relatives' homes destroyed. But her resolve reflects the steadfastness of the people of Dahye. "The sacrifices we are making are worth it," she said. "For the sake of our resistance and our land, we are willing to endure and continue on this path because we will not be humiliated and we will not allow this occupier to continue the massacres in Gaza without a response. Our homes

Mar Elias, Barbour, and the outskirts of Hamra, people huddled across the city waiting for confirmation of a ceasefire with bated breath. At the entrance of the American University of Beirut Medical Center, hundreds gathered as drones hovered, and Israeli attacks continued. Suddenly, a delicate quiet took over as the ceasefire was confirmed for 10 am local time — and with that, a round of celebratory gunfire was heard. "We're going home, thank God! We're going home!" shouted a young woman, a smiling child held against her chest. Southerners who've faced a torturous,

nearly year-long displacement started to gather themselves, and within hours many were already on the road, heading back to their villages — photos of Sayyed Hassan Nasrallah, and Hezbollah martyrs adorned their vehicles, and Hezbollah flags waved across the highway. One family, from the village of Rab Thalatin, told me that the sense of triumph was overwhelming, despite the destruction that awaited them. "Our house is gone, but everything can be rebuilt," 34-year-old Nour tells me. "The [fighters] on the frontlines have given us a victory that can never be repaid. Our village, our home, it's part of this greater battle. We are returning with our heads and flags raised higher than before." Even in Dahye, which has been ravaged by Israeli airstrikes, people have climbed atop the rubble of their buildings and planted flags for Hezbollah, Haraket Amal, and images of Sayyed Hassan Nasrallah and current Secretary General Sheikh Naim Qasim, their faces beaming with pride. "I don't think this is over," one man from Burj Al-Barajneh tells me. "As long as Israel exists, as long as the Palestinians are not free, our battle continues. We will celebrate the sacrifices we've given, but this journey is far from over."

The land of South Lebanon, which has given hundreds of martyrs on the road to Jerusalem, remains a thorn in the eye of our occupier. The humble people of the South, who gave whatever they could in this fight — a struggle they understood to be far greater than themselves — are living testaments to the power of material solidarity with the oppressed. Liberation Day, celebrated every year on May 25, endures, and the indigenous people of this land are now embarking on a new, uncertain path, a path that is still linked to Palestine and its people. The return to the South is itself a promise fulfilled by the Lebanese Resistance fighters and the martyr Sayyed Hassan Nasrallah, who dedicated and gave their lives to the honourable people of this land and the steadfast people of Gaza. The journey home has begun, but it is incomplete without the liberation of Palestine; and so, our fists remain raised in defiant solidarity alongside them until our people can once again freely cross into each other's lands.

'ISRAEL' HAS KILLED 192 JOURNALISTS

محمد الصالحي • ابراهيم لافي • محمد جرجون • أسعد شملخ • سعيد الطويل • هشام النواجحة • محمد صبح • عائد النجار • محمد أبو مطر • رجب النقيب • أحمد شهاب • عبد الرحمن شهاب • حسام مبارك • هاني المدهون • عصام بهار • محمد بعلوشة • عبد الهادي حبيب • علي نسمان • أنس أبو شمالة • سميح النادي • خليل أبو عاذرة • محمود أبو ظريفة • محمد علي • إيمان العقيلي • محمد عماد لبد • محمد الشوربجي • رشدي السراج • محمد الحسني • سائد حليبي • جمال الفقعاوي • أحمد أبو مهادي • ياسر أبو ناموس • سلمى مخيمر • دعاء شرف • سلام ميمة • ماجد كشكو • عماد الوحيدي • حذيفة النجار • نظمي النديم • مجد عرندس • اياد مطر • محمد البياري • محمد أبو حطب • زاهر الأفغاني • مصطفى النقيب • هيثم حرارة • محمد الجاجة • يحيى أبو منيع • محمد أبو حصيرة • محمود مطر • أحمد القرا • موسى البرش • أحمد فطيمة • يعقوب البرش • عمرو أبو حية • مصطفى الصواف • عبد الحليم عوض • ساري منصور • حسونة إسلیم • بلال جاد الله • علاء النمر • آيات خضورة • محمد الزق • عاصم البرش • محمد عياش • مصطفى بكير • أمل زهد • مصعب عاشور • نادر النزلي • جمال هنية • عبد الله درويش • منتصر الصواف • مروان الصواف • أدهم حسونة • محمد فرج الله • حذيفة لولو • حسان فرج الله • شيماء الجزائر • محمود سالم • عبد الحميد القريناوي • حمادة اليازجي • حسام عمر محمود عمار • علا عطا الله • دعاء الجبور • نرمين قواس • محمد أبو سمرة • عبد الكريم عودة • أحمد أبو عبسة • حنان عياد • سامر أبو دقة • رامي بدير • عاصم كمال موسى • علي عاشور • مشعل شهوان • حنين القطشان • عبد الله علوان • عادل زعرب • علاء أبو معمر • محمد خليفة • محمد أبو هويدي • أحمد جمال المدهون • محمد عبد الخالق العف • محمد يونس الزيتونية • محمد خير الدين • أحمد خير • أنغام أحمد عدوان • زيد أبو زايد



Wafa Al-Udaini on the Martyrdom of Ismail Al-Ghoul

In a protest against the deliberate Israeli murders of their colleagues Ismail Al-Ghoul and Rami Al-Rifi in the Gaza Strip a group of journalists threw their vests emblazoned with "PRESS" down on the ground before a podium, proclaiming that the supposedly protective attire is useless when the Israeli occupation airstrikes intentionally target media workers, blatantly flouting international law. Ismail Al-Ghoul, an Al Jazeera correspondent, and the cameraman Rami Al-Rifi, were assassinated while on duty by the Israeli air raid on their car that was clearly identified and marked as a media vehicle.

Ismail is an incredible loss for Palestine. He was a dedicated and reliable journalist. I contacted him several times for reports from the north and he was always helpful.

A week before his death, I interviewed him about how journalists cope in the north of Gaza amid the continuous Israeli atrocity and starvation war. He told me that people are starving, that many have died in silence from lack of medicine or food without anyone knowing about them, and he impressed upon me the importance of continuing to talk about the famine in the north, because the crisis is ignored and not reported upon in the media. He mentioned that people asked him for food but they did not realise that he was starving like them. The Israeli occupation army is weaponising food by closing all the crossings, preventing any international aid to the north. The extremely few trucks which are permitted to cross are just a drop in the ocean of need.

The 27-year-old journalist lived and grew up in Al-Shati' Refugee Camp. He was father to one little daughter whom he had not seen since the ongoing genocide was unleashed in October. He joined Al Jazeera recently as a Gaza correspondent.

Ismail's dedication to his craft is evident in his comprehensive field reports, which provide a full picture of the humanitarian situation in Gaza City. His news reports compelled global audiences to confront the harsh realities faced by Palestinians, yet the brutality of the stories he reported on severely impacted him. In a heart-wrenching message sent to one of his friends, Ismail wrote that he is tired of the horrible scenes that he had to cover on a daily basis and that he cannot sleep. The bodies of children and the screams of the injured and their blood-soaked images never leave his mind, and he could no longer endure the sound of children's voices from beneath the rubble of their destroyed homes.

When I asked him why he would not move to the south and report from there, he said, "I will never leave the north and I will keep reporting the continuous Israeli carnage, even though most journalists left following Israeli orders. I have to live the same way the people live, to feel them, to be able to speak for them. This is what journalism is for."

Text excerpted from an article by the journalist Wafa Al-Udaini, titled 'There is no such thing as protective attire for journalists in Gaza' and published by the Middle East Monitor on August 7, 2024. Seven weeks later, Al-Udaini was martyred in a targeted airstrike in Deir Al-Balah.



Images, clockwise: 1. A bloodied press vest is displayed at the funeral of martyred journalists Ismail Al-Ghoul and Rami Al-Rifi. 2. Mourners read the Quran at the funeral of photojournalist Issam Abdallah in Khiam, his home village, in southern Lebanon. 3. A scene of unbearable grief from the funeral of Palestine TV journalist Mohamed Abu Hatab, who was martyred along with 11 of his family members in Khan Younis.

BUT THEY CANNOT KILL THE STORY

CHRISTINA ASSI ON THE MARTYRDOM OF ISSAM ABDALLAH

It was six a.m. on October 12, 2023 when Dylan and I headed to Lebanon's southern border for what seemed like just another assignment. The sun was shining, and we both happened to be wearing white t-shirts, matching without even trying. We played music along the way, enjoying the serene views.

Little did we know that the day after, we would be attacked by the Israeli Military and we would lose Issam, while I would suffer severe injuries to my legs.

In an instant, Israel shattered the life I once knew. No one has taken accountability. The killing machine continues silencing journalists and burying the truth. And all of this for what? How much more can we endure while the world turns a blind eye? Injustice thrives in silence, and they know it.

I keep assuring others, perhaps more myself, that it will pass even when deep down I know these scars will forever linger. I've suffered violation in every form, but I remain deeply grateful to be alive today.

I know for a fact that Issam wouldn't want me to give up. I want to walk again and experience life to the fullest. Words can't express how much I miss him. Today I choose to share our joyful moments, cherishing the fun we had. Issam didn't deserve to die like this. He had big dreams and plans.

Foreign journalists ask me if I'm happy. How could I be? My soul is shattered. How can I sleep when I see colleagues and civilians murdered live on TV? How can I find joy when everything I once believed in turned out to be a lie?

I've never felt rage like this before. I'm angry at the world. Angry at the international community that has betrayed us. We are asked to be silent in the face of our pain. But despite everything, we still hold onto our land, our memories, and our dignity.

Text taken from posts by the photojournalist Christina Assi on her Instagram account (@christinaassi) on November 13, 2023, January 13, 2024, and October 13, 2024. Assi's injuries from the October 13, 2023 attack were so severe that her right leg was later amputated. She is still in a wheelchair, waiting to be fitted with a prosthetic.



WAEAL AL-DAHDOUH ON THE MARTYRDOM OF HIS SON HAMZA

It is true that one feels sadness, is hurting, and is in deep anguish. Like I've said, nothing is as difficult as the pain of loss. How much more so when the loss is of the eldest son? A piece of my liver. Not a part of me, Hamza was all of me, the soul of my soul — and everything. When we mourn... The prophet, peace be upon him, used to cry and be sad. These are tears of sadness and parting. Tears that separate us from our enemies. We are saturated with humanity, and they are saturated with bloodlust and hatred. We cry and we shed tears, that's correct, but they are tears of humanity. Tears of generosity and magnanimity. Not tears of despair, fear, and submission. And this leads us to say that we are moving forward, we are working live, and there is nothing we are ashamed of. It was once said that freedom of expression — the work of journalists and the access to information and images to ensure they reach their rightful audiences and recipients — it was said that this was guaranteed by international law and humanitarian charters. 107 journalists have fallen and their blood shed on this land. It's as if no one has heard about these news. As if no one has seen what is happening. We call on the entire world to put a stop to this massacre that is claiming the lives of journalists one after another. I hope that my son Hamza's blood will be the last to be shed among journalists, the last to be shed among people here in the Gaza Strip, and that this massacre and carnage will come to an end. But, no matter the cost, we are moving forward.

Al Jazeera Gaza Bureau Chief Wael Al-Dahdouh after the martyrdom of his son, journalist Hamza Al-Dahdouh, January 7, 2024.

محمد رسلان شنيورة • محمود مشتهى
 • محمد تشرين ياغي • مصعب أبو زايد
 • محمد خضر سلامة • محمد الريفي
 • عبد الرحمن صايمة • محمود عماد
 • عيسى • عبد الوهاب • عوني أبو عون
 • محمد عادل أبو سخيل • محمد السيد
 • أبو سخيل • طارق السيد أبو سخيل
 • محمد بسام الجمل • مصطفى عياد
 • بهاء عكاشة • هائل النجار • محمود
 • محمد جحجوح • معتز مصطفى الغفري
 • آمنة محمود حميد • إبراهيم محمد
 • الغرباوي • أيمن محمد الغرباوي • عبد
 • الله أحمد الجمل • أحلام عزات العجلة
 • دينا عبد الله البطنجي • محمود
 • قاسم • سليم الشرفا • محمد محمود أبو
 • شريعة • سعدي مدوخ • فتحي ناجي
 • أمجد جحجوح • وفاء أبو ضبعان • رزق
 • أبو شكيان • محمد منهل أبو عرمانة
 • محمد عبد الله مشمش • محمد سعيد
 • جاسر • معتصم محمود غراب • حيدر
 • إبراهيم المصدر • إسماعيل ماهر الغول
 • رامي إياد الريفي • محمد عيسى أبو
 • سعادة • تميم أحمد أبو معمر • عبد
 • الله ماهر السوسي • إبراهيم مروان
 • محارب • حسام منال سعدي الدباكه
 • سالم حسني أبو طيور • حمزة عبد
 • الرحمن مرتجي • علي نايف طعيمة
 • محمد عبد الفتاح عبد ربه • عبد الله
 • شكشك • وفاء علي العديني • حسن
 • عبد الرحيم علي حمد • محمد روجي
 • مصطفى الطناني • أيمن محمد رويشد
 • سائد رضوان • حمزة أبو سلمية
 • حنين محمود بارود • نادية عماد السيد
 • عبد الرحمن سمير الطناني • بلال
 • رجب • براء علي دغيش • خالد أبو زر
 • أحمد محمد أبو سخيل • زهراء محمد
 • أبو سخيل • يزن الزويدي • وائل رجب
 • أبو فنونة • كرم أحمد أبو عجيرم • إياد
 • أحمد الرّوّاغ • عصام اللولو • محمد
 • عبد الفتاح عطاالله • رزق الغرابلي
 • نافذ عبد الجوّاد • آلاء حسن الهمص
 • شريف عكاشة • هبة العبادلة • فؤاد
 • أبو خمّاش • محمد الثلاثيني الدين • جبر
 • أبو هدرّوس • أكرم الشافعي • حمزة
 • وائل الدحدوح • مصطفى ثريا • علي
 • سالم أبو عجوة • عبد الله بريص • محمد
 • أبو داير • أحمد بدير • ياسر ممدوح

‘We Do Not Fear Death’

Yahya Sinwar on the Great March of Return

Yahya Sinwar was born in the Khan Yunis refugee camp among families expelled from Palestine during the Nakba, and lived his entire life under, and resisting, occupation. He spent two decades in the Zionist prison studying the enemy, writing his novel “The Thorn and the Carnation,” and organizing hostage exchanges, including the one that freed him. After his release, alongside more than a thousand Palestinian prisoners, Sinwar ascended to the leadership of Hamas in Gaza, a position he held from 2017 until he became the overall leader after the assassination of Ismail Haniyeh, in 2024.

Sinwar died like the fighter he was — not in a bunker surrounded by hostages, but in a bombed-out apartment building in Rafah, throwing a stick at a drone with his remaining arm, the other blown off. The IOF released video footage of his final

moments, unable to comprehend that the images conveyed heroism and bravery, not weakness. Sinwar often said “If we fear death, then we fear dying in our beds, resting as a camel dies. We fear dying in traffic accidents, from a stroke, or a heart attack, but we do not fear being killed for the sake of our religion, our homeland.”

Sinwar helped organize the Great March of Return, a mass Palestinian demonstration that began in March 2018 and ended in December 2018 at the Gaza border fence, demanding the right to return, and protesting the move of the U.S. embassy to Al Quds. Two months after the Great March began, the Al-Mayadeen journalist Kamal Khalaf interviewed Sinwar about Hamas’s strategic goals, the entity’s crumbling image, and the revolutionary spirit of Gaza. What follows is an excerpt from that interview, edited for length and clarity.

Allow us to start with the Great March of Return — a large collective movement in the Gaza Strip. Have you made a strategic decision to continue the March of Return until all its goals are achieved? And have you also chosen for the marches to be peaceful and remain peaceful to prevent their escalation into a military conflict?

Yahya Sinwar: We have achieved a great number of our strategic goals.

The first achievement is that it recorded the testimony of the Palestinian people in the Gaza Strip. In the name of the Palestinian people, and the Arabs generally, on May 14, with the opening of the U.S. embassy in Jerusalem, and [the declaration that] Jerusalem is the capital of the Occupying Israeli Entity, our people in the Gaza Strip — the men and women, old and young — announced their stance and recorded, in public and for history, that they reject this decision and that they were willing to manifest this testimony with the blood of over 60 martyrs, over 20 who are seriously injured may become martyrs, and the 3,000 wounded.

The frantic rush towards concessions, normalization, and making compromises aims at liquidating the Palestinian cause. But our people, with their men, women, elders, and youth, went out to tell the whole world that this people is capable of asserting itself and placing its cause back on the world stage. On April 14th, our people forced all media outlets — both friendly and adversarial — to divide their screens into two parts: one showing the image of lies, deception, and falsification by broadcasting the transfer of the U.S. embassy to Jerusalem, and the other showing the image of heroism, sacrifice, and martyrdom of the defenseless people who took to the streets in peaceful demonstrations to express their rejection...

Israel is saying that Hamas is ready for a ceasefire after the threats made against senior leaders and you were at the top of the list of those threatened with assassination on May 14th. What is your response, brother?

YS: We, through this esteemed screen, would like to reiterate that our lives are not more precious than the life of any martyr who gave his soul cheaply for this homeland and for

these holy sites. Our lives are not more precious than the soul of the smallest martyr who sacrificed his blood and spirit for this land and these sanctities.

We do not fear death. We merely fear wasting away in bed like an old camel, dying from a heart attack, a stroke, a car accident, or any other death that befalls ordinary people. But we absolutely do not fear dying in honor of our religion, our sanctities, our values, and our homeland. We have been raised since our early childhood to love death as our enemy loves life. We do not fear death. We are ready to sacrifice our lives and everything we own for this homeland, for Allah, and for these sanctities at any moment, and we will not hesitate, God willing, to pay the price whenever we are called upon to do so. We are ready and our homes are known.

Is it true that you are planning to head a delegation to Cairo in the coming days?

YS: Let me tell you this: as for Gaza and its people, we have a revolutionary

We do not fear death. We are ready to sacrifice our lives and everything we own for this homeland.

spirit that will thwart all conspiracies and nobody can pressure us. We have a readiness to sacrifice and give more than anyone could imagine. As for the information about a delegation traveling to Cairo, there is absolutely no truth to this. To this moment, I have no knowledge of any such delegation nor am I aware that I am supposed to head it. This is just media speculation and I have said that some media outlets, and maybe some journalists who want to create headlines or stir attention, are making up stories.

The enemy, under immense pressure from the popular resistance and the ongoing movement, is attempting

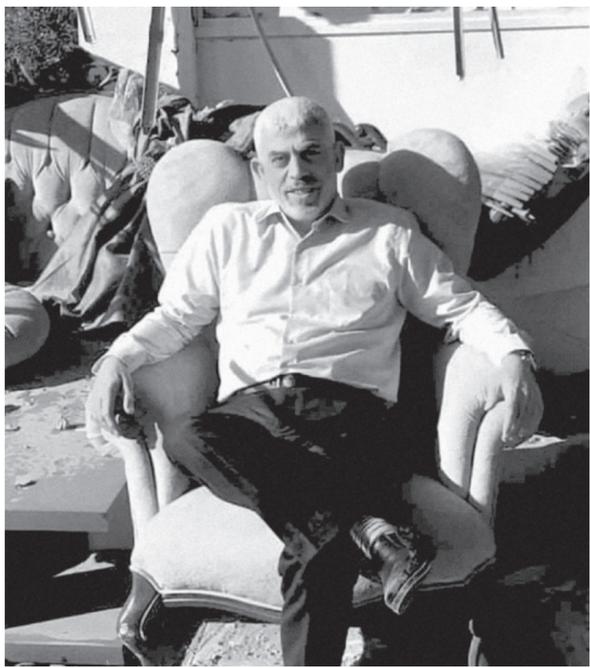


A Palestinian youth recreates Sinwar’s final moments.

to undermine this momentum. One of the achievements of this popular movement, which we haven’t mentioned before, is how it has continuously exposed and eroded the image the occupation tried to build for itself as a “democratic state” that upholds human rights and respects the Geneva Conventions. That image is crumbling daily. Today, we see that even politicians in the U.S. and in the Security Council, as well as Jews in America, are criticizing the policies of the occupation and its treatment of Gaza. This occupation and many of its supporters are under extraordinary pressure due

to the resistance. This pressure is becoming harder for them to bear and they are resorting to fabricating these rumors to try to disrupt the movement and sow division. However, our people are well-aware and the truth has been demonstrated through our people’s actions.

I assure you that the upcoming protests will be much larger. We will see hundreds of thousands of peaceful demonstrators and they will continue to march towards the borders until they achieve their goals, including breaking the siege permanently.



Sinwar sits in his armchair amid the aftermath of a Zionist assassination attempt in 2021. Photo by Omar Al-Qatta/AFP.

‘We Stand With Our Heads Held High’

Sayyed Hassan Nasrallah on defeating the Zionists in 2006

Two days after Abbas Al-Muwasi was martyred by the Israeli Occupation in 1992, Hassan Nasrallah assumed the role of Hezbollah’s Secretary General. He was elected unanimously then, and re-elected in every round of voting until his own martyrdom.

Nasrallah sought to construct *mujtama al-muqawama* — a society of resistance. A unity among the fractured sectarian groups in Lebanon built on the shared commitment to defeat Zionism.

The wider embrace of Nasrallah as that towering beacon, as the leader on the muddled path towards liberation, came in 1997. It was this year that his son, Al-Sayyed Hadi, was martyred while returning from a military operation against the Zionist entity, engulfed by mortar fire that blocked the path back home. He was eighteen years old; the occupation kept his body. The following night, to a crowd of tens of thousands who had come to mourn alongside him, Nasrallah welcomed the burden of sacrifice that would become essential to the permanence of the resistance, declaring:

“We pride ourselves when our sons

reach the frontline, and stand, heads high, when they fall martyrs.”

It was after this speech that Hezbollah’s place at the forefront of the resistance against Zionism gained a more cross-sectarian understanding. This clarity swelled with their every victory: the liberation of the South in 2000, the Zionist defeat in 2006. Resistance leaders are not supposed to hold their post for thirty years, as Nasrallah did. This seeming perpetuity made him the bedrock on top of which a nation built their belief in liberation. But, eventually his fate came as he thought it would. On September 27, the Zionist entity dropped 2,000 tons of explosives on the Haret Hreik neighborhood in which six buildings were razed and scores of people were killed, Nasrallah among them. He died as he lived, among his people.

Below is an excerpt from an interview Nasrallah gave shortly after the end of the 2006 war for Maryam Bassam of Al-Jadeed. This interview has been edited for clarity.

Maryam Bassam: Sayyed, I want to end with one last question. I just want to ask, during these 14 days when you were listening to or

watching on television all the people whose homes were destroyed, or those who had lost a loved one or a martyr, and they were all saying “For the sake of the Sayyed,” how did you live these moments? And did you, at any point, feel that you might need to stop for their sake?

Sayyed Hassan Nasrallah: Of course, first of all, when I see these people, I feel ashamed in front of them. I am proud of their spirit of sacrifice. And, of course, I know within myself, and I tell them, they know that my feelings are like this and that I don’t deserve all this love and trust from them. Yes, this was emotionally very affecting, and I have emotions — sometimes my eyes would tear up, sometimes more, sometimes less. It’s not important, but it was very moving for me.

However, this didn’t mean that we would stop the war just like that, because their loyalty to their sacrifices meant that we preserve their dignity, that they emerge victorious, and that they return to their homes with their heads held high. And today, what I told you earlier, the story is no lon-

ger just about me, the leadership of the party, or the party itself. You saw it on television — the people who came to the southern suburbs, the south, and the Bekaa, whose homes were destroyed, some of whom are connected to the party and some of whom are not ideologically or intellectually committed to the party. They said that if the Sayyed accepts to surrender the weapons and accept Israeli conditions, he would be a traitor.

We do not accept that. We are ready to sacrifice for his sake, but on the condition that his death is not betrayed. In the end, these people in the neighborhood, yes, they are sacrificing for a cause, not for a person. In our culture and structure, there is nothing called people sacrificing for a person or for a leader. They sacrifice for the sake of God Almighty. For the sake of God. This is embodied in a cause — a cause that involves the liberation of land, dignity, honor, and existence. A cause that involves living a dignified life. And we are the children of a school that says: “In your death, you are victorious. And in your life, you are defeated.” If we have to live humiliated, oppressed, and starving, what kind of life is that? No, we would rather die, and we will be victorious. We will stand with our heads held high. This is better than this kind of life, which, in truth, is death.

So, these people are expressing their commitment to a message, to a cause. This is why they came to express it. Now, popular expressions, especially in our Eastern, Arab, and Islamic societies, might go toward the person as a symbol, a figurehead for a cause, for resistance, or for this message in the resistance. Now, if you ask me, I might have a certain influence. But today, all of us — me, the people, Lebanon, the Arab world, the Islamic world, and everyone who will be affected by the repercussions of this war — we are all indebted, after God Almighty, to whom?

To the youth who were destroying tanks while the bombing rained down on them like rain. To the youth who resisted, to the youth who are still on the borders launching rockets, to the youth who were not afraid of death. To the youth who stood firm despite everything. There is no war like this. The Israelis are talking about nine thousand airstrikes, 175,000 shells. Haha, the youth fought under fire, from under the fire and above it, surrounded by fire. They didn’t run, they didn’t retreat, they didn’t surrender. They remained standing. We are all indebted to them. And today, we have this cause. And I want to say that the repercussions and effects and blessings of this war — although it involved huge sacrifices — on Lebanon, Palestine, the Arab region, and our region in general, will be evident in the coming weeks and months. These

THE DELUGE AND THE TREE

By FADWA TUQAN

Translated by Naomi Shihab Nye and Salma Khadra Jayyusi

When the hurricane swirled and spread its deluge
of dark evil
onto the good green land
‘They’ gloated. The western skies
reverberated with joyous accounts:
“The Tree has fallen!
The great trunk is smashed! The hurricane
leaves no life in the Tree!”

Had the Tree really fallen?
Never! Not with our red streams flowing forever,
not while the wine of our torn limbs
fed the thirsty roots,
Arab roots alive
tunneling deep, deep, into the land!

When the Tree rises up, the branches
shall flourish green and fresh in the sun
the laughter of the Tree shall leaf
beneath the sun
and birds shall return
Undoubtedly, the birds shall return.
The birds shall return.

results have not yet fully appeared, but their blood and their fight, which is usually not spoken about by politicians, let’s speak about it now.

The importance of the battle that took place in Lebanon, particularly in southern Lebanon, is that these youth were not fighting for a party or for a leader. They were fighting for a sacred cause. They fought for the sake of God. There is no doubt. It is about honor, purity, the purest, the bravest, and the most. Now, I will tell you, there is a book — even they say it — that we are astonished by the resilience of the resistance.

We are also astonished by our youth. We trust our youth, but the performance they delivered was incredible — bigger than we expected. The Israelis were surprised by our youth. The whole world was surprised by our youth, but this youth was shaped by their faith, commitment, purity, loyalty, and sincerity. No one should come and interpret or explain it differently. Yes, we may have disagreed, but in the end, it has its effect. No one should come and explain the battle that took place in the south as being due to the Israeli air force, or that the Israeli air force is stronger than ever before in history. In all the Arab wars, the Israeli tanks are the best and the strongest in the history of the Arab-Israeli conflict. The elite forces, the most important

elite forces in the history of the Arab-Israeli conflict. There was never any fault in the air force, the elite forces, the tanks, or the plan — nothing. Of course, the fault occurred because they were surprised and entered the war without being fully prepared.

No one should go looking for the victory of the resistance and the defeat of Israel in Israel’s shortcomings. Of course, they looked for the reason in the youth who fought in Lebanon, and naturally, the Lebanese people embraced them, their families embraced them, and our political leadership helped them, but they are the martyrs, the youth, the wounded, and the steadfast. They are the real story. This is the value of what happened, and it will show. Tomorrow, we will see how the Israelis will digest this, and how it will impact the Arab world. I have said it, and it hasn’t happened yet, but in this interview, it’s an opportunity to talk a lot about this point. It is a strategic historical victory.

Certainly, there are people in Lebanon playing a small game, saying that Hezbollah was different before July 12 and after July 12. I tell them, no, not just in Lebanon, but in Lebanon, Palestine, and the entire region, in both the old and new Middle East. Yes, before July 12, it was different, and after July 12, it is different.



A woman holds a picture of Nasrallah at a protest in Tahrir Square, Baghdad following his martyrdom. Photo by Murtaja Lateef/AFP.

‘Tomorrow You’ll See What I Become’

Continued from page 1

I really miss having him by my side while reporting. From the moment of his injury, I haven’t been able to bear the situation. It’s incredibly difficult to see my colleague and companion in this work lying in front of me, paralyzed.

It is Fadi’s right to travel to seek treatment. Where are the international organizations and press institutions concerned with the affairs of journalists? Is Fadi being punished simply for documenting the crimes of the Israeli occupation? We appeal to the whole world to stand with our colleague and exert pressure on the occupation army to allow him to leave Gaza so he may receive life-saving treatment. Look at what is happening to us, to the people of our nation. This message must reach the world.

The Aftermath: As Told by Hiba Al-Wahidi, Fadi’s Mother, While On Hunger Strike

Fadi’s pain grows worse every day. New issues keep arising. For example, shocks have started in his hands and he hasn’t been able to sleep because of them. He can’t move and he needs painkillers that are often unavailable. He suffers from constant headaches. He feels pain in every part of his body that receives sensation.

Many of the treatments that Fadi has been prescribed are not available in Gaza. An injection might be available today, for instance, but in two days it’s either unavailable or can only be secured with great difficulty. The medications that could reduce the risk of blood clots forming are not available. Braces for his legs to reduce the swell-

ing are not available. Even the simplest medicine, cream for the sores on his back from laying in bed for so long, is not available.

Fadi often begs us to take him outside, saying, “I just want to go out in the sun,” but we can’t carry him. Even if we held him up for two minutes, he might lose consciousness and slip into a coma. We have been pleading for a wheelchair for Fadi, just so we can sit him down and take him out to see the sun. It is all he asks: to see the sun, to see the street, but even those most basic rights are not afforded to him.

Though we received approval about twenty days ago for Fadi to be evacuated on his own — meaning without a companion — we are still waiting. Two days ago, his colleague Ali Al-Attar, to whom, of course, I wish recovery and a safe return, was evacuated from the Gaza Strip. Fadi’s mental state and mine, as a mother, have been destroyed. I was hoping that we’d be able to help both Fadi and Ali, though Fadi still remains, waiting day after day to receive treatment.

Everyone has shown immense solidarity with Fadi, which is why, as a mother, I wanted to do something for him, to stand by him. Fadi has always been my strength. He supported me so much during my illness. So two days ago I decided, as a cancer patient and as Fadi’s mother, that I would go on a hunger strike and stop my treatment until his evacuation. I’ve suffered health setbacks, of course. I’ve gotten dizzy and fainted, but I want to see Fadi out of Gaza and receiving treatment. He needs many surgeries, not just one or two. He needs many things. He needs a physical therapist, for example, who can come here and work with him even just on his hands — the

simplest things.

We made appeals for Fadi as a journalist. We appealed to basically every human rights organization affiliated with journalism. We appealed to Queen Rania. We appealed to Tayyip Erdoğan, we appealed to so many people and organizations. I feel that there’s no use anymore; we’re just living by the day and all this delay isn’t in Fadi’s favor. I once had in my heart a deep hope that when this war ended, Fadi would begin to make a home, that I could celebrate him, like any of the other boys, but I’ve lost all hope for the future I was trying to help build for him, the future I wanted to see him in.

I want to send a message to the Western world that we, the people of Gaza, have endured the most hardships and witnessed the most wars. I wish my voice, and the voice of all the mothers of Gaza, could be heard — the ones who lose their children every day, the ones whose children are here one day and gone tomorrow. I am sending a message to the entire Western world to stand in solidarity with Fadi, with the Palestinian people, with all the sick and the wounded. I hope my voice reaches all over the world: I wish you would stand with Fadi and with all journalists. They risk their lives to deliver the truth to the Arab and Western worlds, but, in the end, we can’t even secure Fadi his most basic rights.

He really loved the field of journalism. I opposed it, but he insisted, telling me “tomorrow you’ll see what I’ll become.” But in the end, this was his fate, God’s will. And our faith in God is great. By His will, Fadi will return and will stand on his feet again. Fadi will go back into the field and deliver his message, God willing, and Palestine will be free.

DISPATCH FROM GAZA

AbuBaker Abed On Western Media’s Complicity

Continued from page 2

What I am doing is not journalism. This is genocide documentation: a genocide against me and my people. Journalism cannot be journalism amid such hellish circumstances. I am already traumatized and exhausted. Every story I must tell, every tragedy I must report, and every agony I must convey only adds trauma of every type and shape to my suffering.

My documentation of Israel’s crimes has led me to many experiences with the Western press and I have been appalled to get to know their real principles and values. From November 24 to March 1, I was a regular contributor to the BBC. But as their complicity in the genocide against me and my people became clear, I refused to continue my work there. I confronted many of the BBC’s own journalists about the complicity of their corporation in

this war. One of them even confirmed to me that their bosses pressure and threaten them with punishment if they speak in support of Palestine. Although many of them admitted to the

What I am doing is not journalism. This is genocide documentation.

BBC’s bias, they still asked me, stone-faced, if I would appear on their television program.

As my colleagues and I continue to report from the ground, we have been ignored by the mainstream Western press. Even the sports media that I had consumed for so long has remained si-

lent as more than 530 athletes in Gaza have been killed and more than 64 sports facilities have been destroyed. This is a symptom of their racism and supremacy. For them, only Western lives matter.

Lately, I have seen Israelis themselves admitting that their army is committing a genocide in Gaza. Still, Western media and politicians continue to deny it. I will not forget that it is they who have given consent for the continuation of this genocide.

In the end, I still have hope that this war will end and that I will become the human I’ve always wanted to be, that I will become the football reporter I’ve always dreamed of. That I will one day change the structures of sports media and awaken the consciousness of people — especially those journalists who have fallen and continue to fall victim to the West’s so-called “humanity” and “democracy.”



Two journalists look for a signal in Rafah. Photo by Said Khatib/AFP.



Photojournalist Doaa Albaz walks smiling through the rubble in Khan Younis. Photo by Jihad Alshrafji/Anadolu.

“I hope my voice reaches all over the world: I wish you would stand with Fadi and with all journalists. They risk their lives to deliver the truth, but we can’t even secure Fadi his most basic rights.”

—Hiba Al-Wahidi, mother of journalist Fadi Al-Wahidi



Fadi Al-Wahidi takes an iPhone photo in the aftermath of an airstrike.

NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

Resisting on the Narrative Front

After the assassination of Hamas’s political chief, Ismail Haniyeh, twenty-seven year old Al Jazeera reporter Ismail Al-Ghoul and his cameraman, Rami Al-Rifi went to Haniyeh’s family home in Gaza City when an IOF airstrike hit a nearby building. The two journalists left for their safety, in clearly marked press vehicles, and, five minutes later, the IOF assassinated them in a drone strike. On air, standing behind the corpses of his two martyred colleagues and a congregation of mourners, Al Jazeera’s Anas Al-Sharif proclaimed that in Gaza, “Journalists are the people of a cause before we are the people of a message.”

The journalists whose work appears in this paper have said their greatest fear is not death, it is dying without their testimonies reaching the world. Without the Palestinians documenting the unrelenting horror of the past fourteen months, the Occupation’s narrative would go unchallenged. This possibility drives the journalists to report on the bombings, massacres, and famine, despite knowing their work makes them and their families targets for the Occupation. Their work transcends the Western conception of journalism as solely an act of witness. It is the annihilation of their people and homeland that they are reporting on. The photojournalist Moath Amarnah writes in his dispatch from the West Bank, “There is little distinction between the personal and professional life of a Palestinian journalist working under a brutal and stubborn military occupation.” Roqayah Chamseddine echoes this in her dispatch from Dahye, writing, “To persist, against all odds, is itself an act of resistance.”

The Zionist settler-colonial project is underwritten by the narrative

of a dispossessed Jewish people establishing an exceptional democracy in their God-given homeland, under constant threat from their hateful neighbors. The Palestinian journalists who document the Occupation’s daily crimes expose this narrative for what it is: a Jewish supremacist myth. These journalists, who refuse to die silently, are winning the narrative war. Khaled Oudatallah wrote that Basil Al-Araj — the revolutionary thinker who was martyred by the Occupation in Al-Bireh in 2018 — said that the goal was “to be true, that is all. If you are true, you will be revolutionaries and resistance fighters.” This is why “Israel” seeks to kill them.

Since October 7, 2023, “Israel” has murdered 192 journalists and media workers. It has hunted their families and destroyed their homes. It has accused whoever is still alive, reporting on the genocide, of being “terrorists” — signaling its intent to murder them, too. It has banned foreign press from entering Gaza, unless accompanied by the IOF. Western journalists, toadies of the Occupation, have been all too happy to ride into Gaza on “Israeli” Jeeps to take notes on the genocide from the perspective of its perpetrators. These prestigious Western newsrooms, from *The New York Times* to the BBC, have largely ignored the mass slaughter of their colleagues. The workers at these institutions — whether out of spinelessness, careerism, or moral poverty — have agreed to the terms of the game. Abubaker Abed, from Deir Al-Balah in central Gaza, writes, “I will not forget it is [Western media] who have given consent for the continuation of this genocide.”

Their language is contorted to present Palestinians as the aggressors, erasing 76 years of occupation,

siege, land theft, and apartheid. “Israel” justifies their genocide using the Western press’s fabricated tales of Arab savagery; all the while, the same newsrooms dutifully ignore the extensively documented torture and sexual abuse of Palestinians in Zionist prisons. Famine and airstrikes are presented as acts without actors; bombs “fall” from the sky while famine “stalks” Gaza. They refuse to name the perpetrators, intentionally obscuring their own complicity in the bloodshed, choosing instead to act as mouthpieces for U.S. empire.

The Palestinian journalists in Gaza are risking their lives to deliver the truth that Western newsrooms are refusing to confront. Al Jazeera cameraman Fadi Al-Wahidi was shot in the neck by Occupation forces in Jabalia on October 9, 2024. He remains trapped in Gaza, paralyzed, unable to receive urgent medical care because the Occupation refuses to evacuate him. Fadi’s story, as told by his mother, Hiba Al-Wahidi, and his colleague, Anas Al-Sharif, features on the front page of this paper. They have made an urgent plea: use whatever leverage we have, in our newsrooms and workplaces, to secure a medical evacuation for Fadi.

The journalists in this paper do not distinguish between documenting colonial violence and resisting it. Witnessing is not separate from dying for a cause, but part of the same continuum. The martyred resistance leader Yahya Sinwar, in a 2018 interview (page 6), collapses the distinction between the witness (shahid) and the martyr (shaheed). The “testimony of Palestinians,” he says, “is manifest in the blood of martyrs.”

التغطية المستمرة

THE COVERAGE CONTINUES

التغطية المستمرة

