

“All the Consent  
That’s Fit to Manufacture”

BRICK BY BRICK WALL BY WALL



A boy walks through Jenin refugee camp, razed by the occupation’s assault on the northern West Bank. Maen Hammad

DISPATCH FROM NORTHERN GAZA

‘The Land Remembered Them’

By  
OLA AL ASI

I have always felt a longing for looking, for gazing straight into the moments encased by the walls of my ancestors’ homes. To look at them from afar, to listen to their sounds, to live through the sweet and sour moments and those suffused with fear and pain. To see my grandfather returning from work, welcomed by my grandmother, father, aunts, and uncles. I see them gathered around a simple dining table, splitting a loaf of bread baked from shafts of earthly wheat, kneaded by my grandmother over the clay oven — the tandoor. They assemble to eat dinner off of one, plentiful plate.

I like the idea that the home embraces not only those inhabiting it. It holds the laughter and tears of my ancestors. The walls carry their voices. The closets distinguish their smells. The doors await their clenched hands. The tables are elated at their gathering. The beds prepare to receive their bodies with a mixture of familiarity, love, warmth, and delight contained within the word ‘home.’

It is quite common for people around the world to express their love for their home and their land. When a Palestinian speaks of such an attachment, they speak of a submerged presence, seeped

in power, steadfastness, and love that can neither be stripped nor deterred by death. Those who have tried — and there have been many — to erase the identity of the Palestinians, especially their love for their homes and land, haven’t been able to break the bond of attachment cultivated over years. In keeping with long-held customs of inheritance, many families across historic Palestine, and specifically in Gaza, inhabit the homes of their ancestors to this day. Despite their simplicity, these structures stand strong against the weathering of time, sheltering grandchildren atop the spaces of their forebearers. Many old homes feature open spaces, front yards, or small gardens. The oldest may also have a humble basement used to store provisions.

Knowledge of the architecture of homes before the Nakba was bequeathed to me secondhand. My mother would sit me down and narrate these stories whenever she yearned for her mother — my grandmother — whom I’ve only encountered through photos and memories. I learned that my grandmother endured the dual oppression of being a woman and a mother through the Nakba and its wake. Still, she contained enough kindness and generosity to fill the entire universe.

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TEHRAN HOLDS THE LINE

On Saturday, June 28, hundreds of thousands of Iranians filled the streets of Tehran to mourn the victims of the Zionist entity’s 12-day, U.S.-backed assault on Iran. Graduates from Sharif University of Technology, the top science and engineering university in Iran, wore caps and gowns to salute the coffins of assassinated scientists. A band performed a symphony around the Azadi Tower. The mood of the mass funeral procession was one of mourning and defiance.

In the days between Israel’s initial attack on Tehran and the ceasefire established on June 24, the entity carried out airstrikes on over 200 locations in the

city, destroying more than 120 residences and critically damaging 500 more. During the initial rush to evacuate, traffic slowed to a crawl. Intensified by fears of supply shortage due to attacks on oil infrastructure, gas lines stretched around city blocks as residents scrambled to refuel for long journeys out of town. Internet access was in near blackout. The lack of air raid sirens and the glitches in emergency broadcasting capability amplified the uncertainty.

Yet in the face of the “shock and awe” campaign by Israel and the U.S., the Iranian people remain unshakable. Zionist aggression has united Iranians in support of Iran’s economic and military

independence. The U.S. used its most powerful weapons — short of nuclear bombs — and still failed to achieve its objectives, while the Iranian military responded to Israel with missiles that pierced both its Iron Dome and the myth of its invincibility.

Collective attempts to find humor in wartime suffused WhatsApp chats. Viral videos showed stereotypical Iranian nonchalance — a man calmly drinks tea amidst the rubble of his home; parents refuse to stop watching TV long enough to evacuate. Memes help dissipate the frustration of finding

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NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

WHEN A  
HOUSE IS  
DESTROYED

A HOME REMAINS

“We have seen so much since October 7th. These scenes are devastating enough to make stone weep.” Ahmad, a member of Gaza’s Civil Defense, gave this testimony over the phone between internet blackouts. He described using menial tools like rope and pickaxes to excavate bombed-out residential buildings for signs of the living. Every rescue mission comes in the wake of another shattering — one more house or high-rise destroyed, one less place of shelter in the besieged Gaza Strip after more than 20 months of Zionist genocide.

This issue of *The New York War Crimes* is about the structures that sustain individual and communal life in the midst of a 76-year campaign of ethnic cleansing and extermination in Palestine. Since October 7, 2023, Israel has rendered uninhabitable over 70 percent of the residential structures in Gaza, and over 82 percent of Gaza-wis are currently under displacement orders or living in a militarized zone. What does it mean to put together a volume on housing while most of Gaza’s people are without homes, forced to trek from tent city to tent city under the constant buzz of murderous drones? When Gaza’s people weigh starvation against the killing fields of aid distribution sites?

Zionist terror knows no borders. In the occupied West Bank, Palestinians endure daily raids and rampant settler violence. The Israeli Occupation Forces (IOF) push deeper and deeper into the Syrian Golan Heights, bulldozing homes and razing farmland. In southern Lebanon, homes are decimated by artillery shelling. With its barbarous assault on Iran, Israel tried to extinguish a wellspring of endogenous resistance to Zionism and U.S. imperialism, aided and abetted by the reactionary leaders of Arab states. And in New York City, Zionist developers host auctions to sell off stolen Palestinian land, while slumlords invest in Israeli bonds to empty neighborhoods of their long-time residents.

The home is a site of attack because it is a site of resistance. Across these pages are stories of Palestinians who refuse to die, even as the Occupation Forces seek to eradicate all forms of refuge. A paramedic in Jenin weaves through the rubble to tend to the wounded. An artist from Jabalia documents her people’s efforts to sustain mealtime under siege. The displaced keep making their lives, by any means necessary. From the north of Gaza, Ola Al Asi writes “as long as the land exists, so will the people.” For her, home is what remains when a house is destroyed; it is what guarantees the house will be rebuilt.



Tenants protest *The New York Times*, early 1980s.

Bring the Struggle Home!

By THE CROWN HEIGHTS TENANT UNION  
PALESTINE SOLIDARITY WORKING GROUP

After October 7, 2023, a handful of members of the Crown Heights Tenant Union established a Palestine Solidarity Working Group with the intention of taking action in our neighborhood in solidarity with Palestinian movements for liberated land and life. We dreamt of a portfolio-wide rent strike against Pinnacle, a landlord that owns at least one thousand apartments in our neighborhood and has extensive financial ties to the Zionist entity. But an honest assessment of our organizing terrain made it clear that we were not ready. Most buildings in the Pinnacle portfolio were not organized into tenant associations, and thus held no spaces in which neighbors could come together to discuss collective action. To build the conditions for a multi-building, neighborhood-wide rent-strike, we would need to go back to organizing basics and build bottom-up power from our homes.

5,676 MILES

The distance between Brooklyn and Gaza is approximately 5,676 miles as the crow flies. At a glance, the genocidal occupation of Palestine and the

gentrification of Crown Heights seem worlds apart, resisting comparison. But scratch beneath the surface, and the material connections that unite our struggles come into plain, devastating sight.

In the 1980s, Joel Wiener, the CEO of Pinnacle Group New York, began purchasing apartment buildings and making profit as a real estate developer and a landlord. He set his sights on working-class, predominantly Black and immigrant neighborhoods that had been subject to decades of state abandonment and capital divestment: Harlem, Washington Heights, Crown Heights, and the South Bronx. Pinnacle’s business strategy follows the classic slumlord playbook. They purchase rent-stabilized buildings and intentionally allow them to fall into disrepair, creating hazardous conditions in an attempt to force out long-term tenants. And if mold, freezing temperatures, and water leaks fail to push people out, the company unleashes a campaign of harassment: eviction notices, threatening letters, and lawsuits. Why?

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At least 118 civil defense workers have been killed by occupation forces since the beginning of Israel’s war on Gaza. Abdelhakim Abu Riash / Al Jazeera

‘We suffer with the people we serve’  
An interview with a member of Gaza’s Civil Defense

It took many days to get a hold of Ahmad, given the internet blackouts in Gaza. We wanted to talk to him, a member of the Civil Defense, to better understand the day-to-day efforts of the brave men who are pulling martyrs and survivors out from under the rubble of destroyed homes and civic infrastructure. Against the teetering sound of digging in the background, Ahmad shares a bit about his training, the extensive knowledge the Civil Defense has amassed across successive Zionist assaults, and the drive behind the heroic work undertaken in the most dire circumstances.

Can you tell us a bit about yourself and how you joined the Civil Defense?

My name is Ahmad. I have been mar-

ried since 2010, and I have four children. As a member of the Civil Defense, I have witnessed several wars and violent assaults by the [Israeli] Occupation Forces. I used to be a volunteer with the Palestinian Red Crescent since 2002, and I joined the Civil Defense following the Israeli invasion of Gaza in 2008.

I used to work as an EMT, an emergency medical technician. I worked in emergency services, and eventually joined the rescue team. With the beginning of this genocide, all members of the civil service, even members who previously worked in administrative tasks, joined the rescue teams. We work together around the clock. We developed rigorous expertise in civil defense, but there is a shortage of the

tools and heavy equipment that would speed up our humanitarian intervention in targeted homes, facilities, and buildings.

The war has persisted for 20 months and we face tremendous difficulties. Our crew is exhausted. We try to perform our services, however partial. The crossings are closed. We don’t have supplies or heavy machinery. The situation is complicated and catastrophic.

With the continued blockade and the lack of medical and civil defense equipment, we are unable to rescue the survivors and martyrs from the rubble of homes and the wreckage of the displacement tents.

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DISPATCH FROM NORTHERN GAZA

# ‘The Land Remembered Them’

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My mother told me about the houses that were both big and simple; the unpaved floor covered with a thin layer of cement. The kitchen and bathrooms were separated from the living quarters and the main courtyard. There were rarely any concrete roofs, just sheets of corrugated iron (“Zinko”) as cover. The walls were made of large blocks of mud and ash — construction material that is both thick and heavy — with small seashells thrown into the mix. The various rooms give way to a large basement, accessible by a metal ladder. These spaces mostly stored the provisions. Since the Nakba, the underground shelters provided refuge to everyday people and fugitives seeking safety from the bombs and barrels of the Israelis. These covert spaces allowed for unseen flight towards adjacent agricultural lands, where people foraged food from the trees and subsist for long periods of time in hiding.

My grandfather built his home in 1968 to accommodate a growing family of three sons and three daughters. My father was the youngest of the children. The building featured certain urban architectural styles, most notably a concrete roof. The space was brought together with an open yard where basil, mint, tomatoes, parsley and leafy greens were cultivated. My favorite was the grapevine that provided shelter on the rooftop and copious grapes for the children and neighbors to pick on hot summer days.

Neither cowardice nor escape, the evacuations testify to the desire to preserve life.

Let me tell you a secret: Our greatest fortune is that my father was the youngest of his siblings, so we grew up in our grandparent’s home, forming a bond of continuity with its walls. My father took to renovating the place after his marriage. The home was divided: The garden was turned into a kitchen and bathroom, and two homes were then made to share one entrance. Time passed, my uncle and his family moved away, and the home was left to my father alone. The growing needs of our nuclear family demanded further modifications. Eventually, my eldest brother decided to marry, and his small family moved in, too. That little home embraced both its grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Certainly, our ancestors’ homes can stand for a million years, holding generation after generation, swelling with overwhelming love that welcomes each coming member.

As long as the Palestinians are alive, their history is thriving. The Palestinian is proud of the past’s historical glory and the land which is an extension of the self. What is a human without identity, without a past, without history! Many in Gaza reject immigration and permanent settlement abroad. Even those who leave to study return to invest in building, developing and advancing their communities.

The Palestinian people in the Gaza Strip have endured a series of assaults by Zionist aggressors since 2008. The onslaughts have led to the destruction of homes, year after year, and following each assault, the Palestinians recreate their homes as an act of refusal — the refusal of destruction and erasure. Over the course of 16 years, there have been homes that have been rebuilt several times, and this sends a message: Home



A family leaves Rafah and returns home following the January 2025 ceasefire announcement. Mohammed Salem / Reuters

means remaining firmly rooted in the land, refusing to die.

The current war and genocide is the deadliest, most gruesome attack on our lives, homes, and livelihoods. When the occupation forces announced their intention to clear Northern Gaza of its inhabitants, many families sought refuge in shelters in the South. Neither cowardice nor escape, the evacuations testify to the desire to preserve life. No one anticipated how protracted the situation would become. Still, thou-

sands of families remained steadfast in their homes in Northern Gaza and Gaza City. My family was among those that remained. Despite the intensified bombing, my father refused to leave the house. Tanks lined up against our home in Shujayya, and we were besieged for five full days in December 2023. My father’s refusal persisted until a harrowing silence overtook the empty neighborhood where we remained alongside only two other families. The sound of sniper bullets occupied the soundscape,

the visual field became populated with the bodies of martyrs strewn on the street. Those who perished didn’t know that the area had become so dangerous, deadly even, and we heard their last screams, which continue to echo in our nightmares till this day.

The warplanes and missiles bombarding homes and mosques in our neighborhood are loud. You cannot imagine the scenes of the siege, between the sounds of bombing that wrench the heart, and the smoke that

fills the homes, windows, and doors that explode from the intensity of collision. The scene is closer to fantasy than reality. What can I even say about the nights we endured under siege? They were the most intense. We sealed off the windows with black nylon, as people did during the Nakba, to block off light from the house. We heard the sounds of robots treading outside our home, surveilling the area. My older brother has two young babies. We were scared their cries and sobs would be detected, and

we would be bombed. Trying to calm the kids down was a challenge; the sounds of nearby shelling throbbed like piercing rain around us. The grueling days subsided with the withdrawal of the occupation forces. We left our home carrying with us whatever we could gather. In that last moment before leaving, my heart ached at the thought that I would never see my home again. I turned on my phone and roamed around one last time, documenting the details of the space: “This is my room. That’s the kitchen. That’s the corridor ...” With my heart aching, I left the home behind to embark on a long journey of displacement that lasted for days. During the ceasefire in January 2025, we returned to the home to find it still standing, albeit partially destroyed. It is still the home that we love, that we will rebuild and re-inhabit once more. I cannot describe to you the joy we felt spending Ramadan in our home.

Home means remaining firmly rooted in the land, refusing to die.

The loss of home may seem trivial in the face of losing one’s family. When I lost my eldest brother in the war, I understood this fundamental truth. Still, the loss of home is an experience that begets its own hardship. Throughout the war, the bombing and systematic destruction of Palestinian homes continues unabated with the psychopathic objective of erasing our people and rendering them mere corpses amidst the rubble.

In January 2025, the ceasefire inaugurated a new Land Day and a new chapter of steadfastness. The flood of displaced families returning to the North shocked the world. It even shocked the occupation forces. I walked out of our relatives’ home that day to bear witness to scores of returnees marching onwards, reciting silently in my chest, “Welcome back, oh, you have been missed, oh, how you left us alone in the North!” Their faces bore marks of exhaustion refracted from the earth; in their eyes one could make out the alienation of the universe. Still, the returnees were not strangers. The land remembered them. Its memory stretches back thousands of years. It withstands the occupation’s attempts to displace its offspring, to sever the connection between limb and earth, and to drive away the last child and the last breath. The land has been obliterated to the point that it is difficult to locate one’s home, but still, the memory of the inhabitants persists. There is no scene more beautiful than the returnees marching. Upon arrival back to the North, they set up tents upon the ruins of their homes. It felt as if they sang forcefully: “As long as the land persists, we will, too.”

The soul dies slowly when it departs from its homeland. The idea of the past — its preservation across history — withers away if it were not for the sons and daughters brought up on the love of their land and the rootedness of their identity. Return to the homeland is akin to coming home to a mother’s embrace after an arduous day. It recalls the warmth of the hands that caress a child. What force on earth can convince a young one that his mother’s lap could be easily replaced? The bosom that offers nurture in times of happiness and sadness, in sickness and in health. To the Palestinian, the earth provides a motherly embrace. To die clasping its soil is more honorable than living and thriving in faraway lands.



Dr. Ezzideen Shehab (@ezzingaza) | June 19, 2025

## Since yesterday morning, Jabalia has been receiving phone calls from the dead.

They speak through Israeli contractors with broken Arabic and clean hands, their voices thin as paper, informing residents, gently, almost with courtesy, that their homes are scheduled for demolition. The irony is not lost on anyone. Men who have not eaten in days are being asked to bring down the very walls that once sheltered their hunger.

The voice on the phone does not tremble. It says, “We have the permit. We are looking for workers. You know the buildings. You know where to start.” Then it hangs up, leaving behind a silence that sounds like the end of the world.

But this is not a beginning. This is a repetition. The same script was whispered in Rafah, like a curse that moved north with the wind. At first, no one believed it. Then came the machines. Yellow, relentless, chewing through childhoods like termites.

In Jabalia, the ground remembers everything. The streets are lined with ghosts who do not sleep. Here is the corner where a boy once flew a kite. There is the wall a young man painted with the name of a girl he never kissed. And beneath it all: pipes, bones, prayer rugs, and lullabies half-sung. This is not a neighborhood.

It is an archive of love and loss. Today, four buildings fell. Not to earthquakes or acts of God, but to something colder. Something bureaucratic.

The smoke still rises. The dust still tastes of sleep and burnt tea. No one has screamed for hours, not because there is no pain, but because Jabalia has run out of breath.

And yet, even now, people answer the phone. They listen. They consider.

Not because they want to. But because poverty speaks louder than memory. Because when a man is forced to choose between betrayal and death, he will try to convince himself that maybe, somehow, both are survivable.

But what they are asking is not survival. What they are asking is for a people to unmake themselves, to disassemble their own names, to erase the lines between birth and grave, and to do it politely, efficiently, quietly.

This is not war. This is not occupation. This is the slow, exact deletion of a people from time.

Dr. Ezzideen Shehab reflects on the circuit of dispossession and exploitation in Gaza: Palestinians are displaced, ejected, and bombed out of their homes. Starving and dispossessed, they are effectively coerced into jobs, recruited by Israeli contractors to level those homes and clear the land for Zionist expansion.



# Eternal Return

## How Palestinians practice the future

January 27, 2025. Day 477 of genocide in Palestine, during the temporary “ceasefire.”

Scenes of half a million people marching north towards Gaza City pierced through the fog of grief. For many months, grief had become our most intimate companion — always in the room, engulfing every thought, every feeling, and every word. One particular photograph taken from an elevation, maybe a small hill, showed a sprawling crowd of people moving along the coast in a continuous line almost perfectly parallel with the sea. They were heading north, returning to the city, undoing our fate of perpetual displacement. With every return, the grief withers, or perhaps it is replaced by another grief; one that entails confronting the magnitude of loss. Return to what? For how long? And under which conditions?

The act of returning to northern Gaza demonstrates what it means to be of a place, to belong, and to be Palestinian. This return restructured the power dynamics that had been meticulously and relentlessly designed by the Israeli-American genocide, making clear that the logic of genocide is not a totality. Despite more than a hundred years of colonialism and an ongoing Nakba, it cannot dictate everything, and it does not encompass the entirety of the world. Palestinian return not only derails the goals of genocide, but it shakes the *raison d'être* of Zionism. It exposes the ideology's misunderstanding of Palestinians and of Palestine. Return and the logic of genocide are not in a dialectic relationship. Genocide, through its eliminatory structure, aims to form conditions of no return. But return persists, despite the unspeakable horrors unleashed on the people of Gaza, because return is not a reaction, response, or a singular event: There is no “day” of return. There is no plan or structure for re-

turn. Return is a spatial practice; it is an enactment of a tradition that emerged from a learned sensibility, a tradition that can be spatialized through many forms: actions, movements, rehearsals, and experiments, which make return possible. That is to say, *spatial practices of return* do not have to be final, or total, or even temporally bound, but in their enactment and mediation, they reinforce the tradition of Palestinian return. They are spatial practices that suggest futurities outside the logic of genocide which is central to Zionism's survival.

### Return can happen even in the darkest depths of mourning.

Examples of these spatial practices can be found today across Palestine at varying scales and geographies — its mountains (جبال), coast (ساحل), and desert (صحراء) — and through the hundreds of imposed borders, zones, areas, and camps. The annual Land Day marches of Palestinians in the Galilee and the Triangle are *spatial practices of return*: Communities march towards lands that were confiscated from them, and for a few hours they inhabit these lands, connect with them, and pay them tribute. The weekly prayers at Iqrit's church and only remaining building are *spatial practices of return*: a congregation on lands and in buildings that the settler state refuses to return to its rightful owners. The sit-in tents, activated sidewalks and open houses in Silwan and Sheikh Jarrah are *spatial practices of return*: a sumud, an insistence on the right to stay

in one's home, to host, to gather, and to return to these daily practices. When Palestinians from Jerusalem go on walks throughout the ruins of Lifta or Suba, they rehearse their inalienable right to be on sites and lands that are central to their history and identity, and they insist on calling the sites by their indigenous names, not their state-sanctioned Hebraized labels. The walk on confiscated land is a *spatial practice of return*: an opportunity for temporary landedness, foraging, and knowledge exchange. Bedouin Palestinians continue to rebuild their village of al-Araqueeb even after it was demolished by the settler state more than two hundred times. From March 2018 to December 2019, Palestinians in Gaza marched towards the border fence every Friday in the Great March of Return. Despite the bodies gunned down and maimed by the settler state's forces, the marches were rehearsals for a future possibility in which the borders are gone and all Palestinians return to their ancestral lands.

Return can happen even in the darkest depths of mourning and can last for a generation, a day, even an hour. It is a tradition that was born and continues to grow out of this uncertainty; a lived reality in which anything can be eliminated at any moment. This tradition teaches us how to continue to practice return, regardless of the horrors of the world around us. In today's Gaza City, Palestinians who stayed put and those who returned work daily to rebuild. The very intimacies of coming together, sweeping rubble, cooking for each other, setting up tents, and of simply making do constitute *spatial practices of return*. In the return to Gaza, in all its intimacies and spatial practices, one finds a way out of the impossibility of life during genocide. A way forward; a way that, in enacting return, challenges the paralysis of profound loss and grief by rehearsing towards futurity.



## ‘KEEPING TIME OPEN’

Nasser Abourahme on the promise and threat of the camps

Nasser Abourahme's new book *The Time beneath the Concrete: Palestine between Camp and Colony* tells the history of Palestinian displacement and genocide through the prism of refugee camps. We spoke with Abourahme about the temporal and structural contradictions of Zionism and why the camps' persistence refuses the past, present, and future of the settler colony.

Can you speak broadly about the argument of your book?

Nasser Abourahme: The main argument of the book is about settler colonialism and time. Settler colonialism everywhere is about the conquest, first and foremost, of historical time, as much as it is about the conquest of land. The struggle over Palestine is where this conquest is felt most acutely.

Zionism has always been premised in one way or another on the elimination, dispossession, and replacement of the Palestinian people. Today, the Zionist project rules over some 7 million non-Jewish indigenous subjects. They are governed by very different technologies — formal apartheid, military occupation, siege, genocide, and extralegal discretionary capacity to dispense violence. My reading emphasizes how Zionism as a project is stuck at its foundational moment, and it is unable to transition or achieve self-realization. And in turn, I read Palestinian forms of refusal and resistance as operating by keeping time open, by refusing transition, and by keeping the project of Zionism in the state of impasse.

Can we return to the place of the camp? Can you help situate how Israeli policy makers have, for generations, thought about Palestinian refugee camps?

When you dig into the history of Israeli views on refugee settlements, you find that there is a sort of recurrence — an obsession, even — with the camps.

So we know that Israeli politicians were very concerned with stopping the return of Palestinian refugees. Return remains the biggest political anathema in Israeli state politics. It's the kind of master haunting of the state. If the refugees return, it means, from the Israeli perspective, the dissolution of the state.

But the vast majority of refugees don't live in camps. Of the about six and a half million registered Palestinian refugees, just over a million live in the 58 odd official UN camps. So why then were Israeli politicians so fixated, for a long period, on undoing the camps? I've found that, especially after 1967, once the Israeli state occupied the West Bank and Gaza and came to exercise effective control over the 27 or so camps that exist there, they produced a slate of plans, year in, year out, for the undoing of these camps. The proposals were either for the destruction and resettling of the inhabitants, or the incorporation of these camps into neighboring municipalities and the dissolution of their status as camps. In almost every Israeli government, there was a ministerial position for refugee resettlement. In the end, the most effective and comprehensive operation was camp clearance in the 1970s in Gaza. They demolished thousands of houses and cleared out tens of

thousands of inhabitants, most of them to cheap new housing projects in Gaza.

But what is it about the camps themselves that is so threatening? Is it just that they're sites of insurgent refusal and militancy? When I looked closely at this, it was clear that something else was at stake. And this something, which rose to the surface of the archival record quite easily, is that for the settler project, the camps incubate a certain kind of time and more so, a certain kind of temporal consciousness. This was fundamentally the problem. And in a certain sense, for Zionist state officials, undoing this time of the camps was connected to making normal the time of the settler colony itself.

There are these incredible statements that come out by Zionist military officers in the 1970s as they're doing this massive clearance where they talk about “teaching the refugees to wake up to the present.” One of them says something like, “We're going to teach them to wake up to 1971.” There's a sense here that camp refugees live in this temporal fantasy that's not a part of the present, that refuses the reality principle of Zionism. And the demolition, the work of the bulldozer, is a kind of temporal corrective that will work on their very consciousness at some level. So the bulldozer is a device of clearance in two senses. It's going to clear the camp, but it's also going to clear the consciousness of these subjects, to force them, if you will, to inhabit the “correct time.”

So the clearing of these consciousnesses relates to the whole temporariness of the camp; its existence in the past-future, and attempts to force refugees into the present as defined by Zionism.

Yes, I think the camp is seen by the Israelis as a site that incubates a temporal consciousness that connects the past with the future. It's not predetermined by the settler order.

It's common to hear the sentiment that “what's happening in the West Bank and Gaza is the future of the planet.” Can you elaborate how we can understand the global condition of encampment and dispossession through the colonial history of Palestine?

I don't know if people tuned into the speeches made by the Colombian President Gustavo Petro at the end of 2023. Early on in the genocide, he said, “Gaza is a rehearsal of the future,” and that the extermination of the Palestinian peoples is what awaits the peoples of the Global South. Those who are going to be fleeing climate catastrophe will be met with the same kind of exterminatory logic that's being deployed on Palestinians now. In my own thinking, I posit that Palestine preempts the questions and anxieties of inhabitation and mass disposability that are so definitive of the politics of our age.

In the first sense, the colonial history of the Palestinian camp converges with the broader emergence of race as a logic of separation. There's a history of racialization that traces race to anxieties around cohabiting physical and jurisdictional space with the dispossessed (the U.S. after Emancipation or the clos-

ing of the western frontier). The return of this refusal of cohabitation is one of the things that defines the border panics and far-right politics of the present. What we're talking about in essence is the global scale refusal of cohabitation: “I want to choose who I live with, and I don't want to live with people that I have deemed to be lesser than me.” This doesn't only share a similar underlying logic with the camp form, it also incites the camp as the solution to housing on a global scale.

In the second sense, in the history of Palestinian encampment, inhabitation can also become a mode of doing politics. And I mean this in ways not exactly analogous to the politics of space or the politics of housing, because those tend to both be grounded in a sense of ownership or a public sphere that you can petition. What I mean by inhabitation is a form of political claim-making that doesn't rest on ownership or permanence, per se. What is generative about the politics that emerge in camps is that they are politics defined fundamentally by the temporary. So for example, in the Palestinian case, this has always been the insistence on remaining in the camp, but only until return becomes viable, and that is something that only the inhabitants of the camp can adjudicate. So you claim a here and now, but only insofar as it is the basis of an elsewhere and an otherwise.

What are some of the challenges or tensions that you encounter when writing about Palestinian refugee camps?

Well, part of the tension and difficulty here is trying to come to terms with the political possibilities these lifeworlds demonstrate without lapsing into either a romanticization of camp life, or a relationship to camp life that is just extractive for academic purposes. Part of the work is in refusing the impulse to lionize or romanticize these forms of life, but at the same time insisting on them as instructive.

I had similar thoughts as I watched the images in February of this year. Right after the ceasefire in Gaza was announced, hundreds of thousands of people walked back to the North. In one fell swoop, in one day, they pushed back a 15-month war of annihilation that was designed to entirely obliterate and ethnically cleanse northern Gaza. These are really incredible images of people with nothing but their kids and their cats coming out of an unimaginable 16 months of hell, leaving rubble, going back to rubble, with the knowledge that the rubble will become rubble again, and just walking back with pure insistence. What does one do with that? What is our responsibility to this event?

There is something incredible in people's capacity to refuse this order of violence. The only way I found to understand this is to recognize that the people of Gaza and Palestine don't inhabit the same historical time that the state order wants to impose on them. They don't inhabit a world in which Zionism is a historical given. They inhabit a world in which there is a time before Zionism and there will be a time after Zionism, too. The camp keeps that connection alive.



Dheisheh Refugee Camp, West Bank, 1973.



Palestine contains some of the world's best deposits of dolomitic limestone, sometimes called “white oil,” and is home to countless generations of skilled stonemasons. The stone quarrying, cutting, and masonry business is the largest employer in the West Bank, and the biggest contributor to its GDP. Palestinian-owned quarries are subject to regular fines and confiscation by military authorities, while Israeli and multinational companies expropriate over half of the excavated stone and sand, using it to build illegal settlements and exporting it internationally as an “Israeli” product. Like the destruction of native plants and trees and the widespread dumping of waste on Palestinian land, these quarries and their clouds of dust are visible evidence of the occupation's environmental destruction and resource extraction. To build its cities and construct its mythologies on stolen land, Israel depends on Palestinian artisanal knowledge.

In the words of one Palestinian stonemason, “They demolish our houses while we build theirs.”

A limestone quarry in Jemma'in, one of over 300 quarries in the West Bank. Photos by Abu Zook.



# GENOCIDE KITCHEN

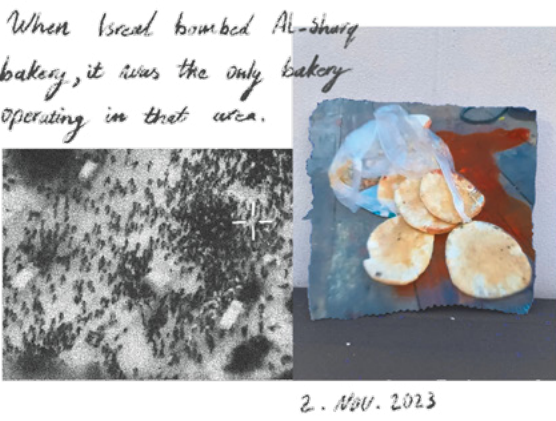
“Genocide Kitchen” is a diary from the earliest days of Israel’s campaign of extermination, documenting the occupation’s use of starvation and famine as weapons of war. In her collages, **Samaa Abu Allaban**, an artist living and working in Gaza, contemplates the efforts of her people to exercise agency over the means of their sustenance. Next to a picture of a makeshift mud oven or bread lying in a pool of blood, she writes in pencil about the challenges of finding basic necessities — like flour, gas, and wood — under conditions of war.

Since the beginning of the genocide, the Zionist entity has attempted to achieve by famine what it cannot achieve by military force alone. This depraved brand of warfare — mass death by starvation — has only es-

calated since Allaban made these images. And the occupation forces have seized on people’s desperation by turning aid distribution sites into killing fields. In the last month, at least 549 people have been martyred in daily aid massacres.

“Genocide Kitchen” is an archive of a besieged people’s efforts to preserve not only life, but a way of living. Even as the occupation bombs and poisons water reservoirs and weaponizes the delivery of flour, the people of Gaza refuse to be reduced to bare life. As we were closing this issue, we read that Gazawi community leaders have launched an effort to protect aid convoys and those seeking aid, and have already shepherded dozens of UN aid trucks and ensured safe access.

You can support the life-sustaining efforts of The Sameer Project, a grassroots organization that works to distribute aid and provide shelter to Gazawi families. Last month, the organization’s camp manager — Mosab Emad Ali — was martyred in a targeted airstrike. His work continues. Please give what you can to help save lives.



When Israel bombed Al-sharif bakery, it was the only bakery operating in that area.

2. NOV. 2023

Most people in Gaza associate the word “flour” or “bread” with blood. The trucks dropped the flour in a dangerous area in northern Gaza, but people took risks and went there to satisfy their children’s hunger. They were exposed to direct fire, the flour was mixed with the color of blood. Most of the bakeries were bombed and many were killed while bringing bread.



# No War on Iran! U.S. Out of the Middle East!

## UNITED, IRAN WILL NOT BE DEFEATED

Continued from page 1

accurate information and the anxiety of packing to leave. Even Iran’s state media participated after it returned fire to Tel Aviv. Mocking the entity’s fantastical visualizations of Hamas tunnels underneath Gaza’s hospitals, it produced a video showing F-35 planes, a rocket launcher, and even a submarine stored in a Tel Aviv residential tower block.

Ordinary people filled the gaps in overwhelmed official services, taking on roles as medics and rescuers.

But it was the actions of everyday people on the ground that demonstrated their resilience best. Cooperation and mutual aid networks sprung up across the country in the wake of the blasts. Hotels in Tehran and other cities opened their doors to the displaced, part of a nationwide campaign to provide emergency housing. Taxi drivers and private cars volunteered to transport the stranded to safer provinces. Residents of northern cities offered refuge to those fleeing, while volunteers delivered groceries and essentials to those who remained. Strangers shared tips and knowledge as much as resources. Iranians in Tehran and smaller cities helped firefighters clean up rubble and repair damaged sites. Ordinary people filled the gaps in overwhelmed official services, taking on roles as medics and rescuers. And networks of community defense have risen to ferret out Mossad infiltrators.

These communal efforts helped soften the grief and uncertainty of millions afraid for their lives, homes, and loved ones in the face of U.S. and Israeli bombing. Banding together and rallying behind the armed forces and the government, Iranians at home and abroad have recommitted to their love for their homeland and refused to turn their back on their countrymen. The result of this latest phase of imperialist aggression might be a resurgence of Iranian national identity not seen since the U.S. war on Iraq. As an elderly man interviewed by state media said, “We will eat the soil before we give up our lands.”



A mural of martyred Iranian nuclear scientists and military commanders overlooks a funeral procession held in their honor. Tehran, June 2025.



Demonstrators in Ramallah carry pictures of Nizar Banat at a rally protesting his murder by the Palestinian Authority, June 2021.

## NIZAR BANAT’S ADDRESS TO THE MERCHANTS OF SURRENDER

On June 24, 2021, Nizar Banat, dissident from the Occupied West Bank, was beaten to death by the Palestinian Authority’s security forces. In this address, Banat exposes the duplicity of those who cheer on the rocket showers over Tel Aviv but criticize Iran’s larger role in the region. As the U.S.-Zionist alliance expands its war of aggression against Iran, Banat’s analysis can guide us in understanding the current conjuncture. Originally published on The East is a Podcast, Banat’s speech has been edited for length and clarity.

To the Palestinians who disapprove of Iran: Where do you get your rockets from, darling? Don’t you applaud the rockets and cheer for them in support of the resistance? Where do you get the rockets that protect Gaza? You should be ashamed of yourselves! You say that Iran “exploits the Palestinian cause to spread Shiism.” Why would Iran bother? Forty-two years of sanctions, several hundred billion of dollars confiscated, yet Iran still takes from its people’s food to support and sustain the Palestinian resistance. They don’t have to do that! Iran is the only country in the world allocating a budget to support the Palestinian revolution regardless of its orientation, whether it was Fatah, the PFLP, the communists, anyone! There is no intervention in our ideological conceptions of resistance. They just give the money: Here you go, become a man, and fight.

Iran’s problem with America is not new. It did not start with the so-called Syrian Revolution, with all due respect, you bunch of dumbasses! Iran’s problem with America started in 1953, when America led a coup d’etat against the government of Mohammad Mosaddegh, and against the will of the Iranian people who kicked out the Shah. In cooperation with the Mossad, the US and Britain planned the coup and reinstated the Shah. Iran’s vengeance started a long time ago, but it is a nation with dignity and honor. Iran knows clearly that the American presence is the problem, that the Israeli presence is the problem.

The Iranians are your partners; culturally, historically, geographically, and religiously — whether you like it or not! They are our partners, and it is their right to lead the current phase of the struggle. Oh Arabs, you betrayed all your historical responsibilities, you betrayed your national responsibility, and your Islamic responsibility. You even betrayed your linguistic responsibilities, and now the Iranians speak your language better than you do.

So, you are not impressed by the Iranian project, right? What could possibly impress you? Where is the alternative? Lining up to sign the peace process? First we destroyed our relationship with Syria, then with Iran, and then we go: “Well, we cannot defeat Israel through war, war is futile and destructive, and no one supports us!” You are hypocrites! I swear on the blood of all martyrs. I swear on the blood of Wade’ Haddad the Christian, Suleimani the Shia, and Ahmad Yassin the Sunni... I swear on

the blood of all three that you are liars.

So please, as we say in colloquial Palestinian, cut the crap. Your job is to fortify society against the spread of defeatist thought and compradorism. Iran is a country that has been living under sanctions for forty-two years. Do you accept the American sanctions? It is enough that Iran and its allies even managed to drive out the Americans and the French from Lebanon in 1983. The mighty men of Hezbollah in Lebanon blew up the Marine base and killed around 400 American and French soldiers... the number was tremendous! They expelled every single one of them, and Hezbollah managed to focus their fight against the Israelis. This is manhood. These are a people who think, who know how to plan, who know exactly when to execute the deadly blow.

Iran has been successful in its battles and has been working for forty-two years to expel the Americans and the Israelis from this region. Not for the purpose of taking their place, but to deter their evil. And you still dare to speak of an “Iranian project”? It is actually more than enough that they’ve managed to protect themselves while living next to their moronic Arab neighbors. And then again, where is your “Sunni nation”? How many bullets did you receive through Jordan? “We want to topple Bashar Al-Assad...” who was not embroiled in any peace process. “We will topple him and then head to free Palestine!” Well you did topple him momentarily from Dara’a, the Golan Heights, and other areas bordering Israel. What was the result, oh fans of Al-Nusra Front? The result was that Al-Nusra Front militants received medical treatment in Israeli field hospitals.

So please... our beloved supporters of all factions, Haj Fouad Shubaki and Captain Omar Akkawi are still in Israeli prisons. The heroes of Karine A, the arms ship that was sent by General Suleimani to Fatah during the Second Intifada at a time when every single Arab regime helped in besieging Arafat, except for Syria. Be ashamed of yourselves. Our condolences to this great nation for the martyrdom of its heroes. Together, we fight for the emancipation of the land and the human. But to achieve that, the Arab nation has to be cleansed of this class of compradors who are overrepresented in society. The compradors of idiocy, the compradors of NGOs, the compradors of sectarian strife, and the compradors of defeatist thought.





Abdelhakim Abu Riash / Al Jazeera

# ‘DEVASTATING ENOUGH TO MAKE STONE WEEP’

Continued from page 1

### How do you train for civil defense?

Before the war, we underwent rigorous training. One thing we focused on is rescuing people from the upper levels of residential apartments. We used ropes, traditional ladders, and personal protective equipment. We trained to use hydraulic ladder lifts, under the guidance of specialized engineers. We even watched training videos on YouTube. We had training sessions inside hospitals, where we learned to work with the injured.

The continued assaults and violence in Gaza have given us field experience and training. To be honest, our means are very simple, even primitive. We use handheld pickaxes to dig through the rubble. We own no bulldozers, excavators, or earthmoving equipment necessary for clearing the destruction and opening the roads.

The municipality of Gaza received some bulldozers from the Egyptian authorities in January 2025, during the ceasefire. These were small, second-hand, and their performance was not optimal. Still, the occupation forces destroyed our bulldozers in one go. So we're back at square one, with no bulldozers. We're back to pickaxes. We have chainsaws, spotlights, and handheld instruments.

We have to walk on foot, carrying our equipment, to reach the rescue sites. We work with our hands. Our vehicles cannot navigate the urban terrain; all the roads are destroyed. There is no market to repair our vehicles, no spare parts to maintain our worn out equipment, the prices are outrageous. Whatever limited supplies we receive, such as fuel, need to go through humanitarian organizations like the International Committee of the Red Cross or the United Nations.

I repeat: Our equipment is exhausted. Our vehicles are destroyed. Rafah has no ambulances.

Do you remember the massacre of the paramedics in Northern Rafah last March? (On 23 March 2025, Israel murdered 15 paramedics and emergency responders. They were killed at close range and their bodies buried in a mass grave.) In that same incident, the occupation forces destroyed a fire-truck.

Today, the Civil Defense is not working in Rafah. As you know, Rafah is completely besieged, isolated from the rest of the Gaza Strip. The Civil Defense of Rafah works today in Khan Younis, offering humanitarian services to the displaced who reach out to us through our hotline.

Our situation is very difficult. I'm not trying to pull on your heartstrings.

Do you understand or know what weapons are being used in the massacres? What means of destruction, what bombs?

This is the nature of our work: We are the frontline humanitarian response. We can intuit a sense of the destruction's

scale from the mushroom clouds and the sounds of bombs. We have a calculus for how we understand specific catastrophes, such as the collapse of an entire neighborhood. There are many weapons used by the occupation forces including the Apache helicopter, the drone, the quadcopter, the F15, the F16, and the F35. The Apaches and the drones release hellfire missiles that cause the burning. The F16s drop 2000-pound bombs that destroy entire neighborhood blocks.

Through our work and observations from the ground, we can safely say there is a new type of weapon being used against us in Gaza, causing an unprecedented level of destruction. These weapons cause the evaporation of martyrs' bodies. Not the splintering and splicing of corpses, but their total evaporation. Imagine. There are no remains for the martyrs.

This is how it goes. When we get to a rescue site, we talk to the survivors and the neighbors. We tally the number of people who are missing. In certain cases, we search for the missing for days and days. Sometimes, the only evidence we find is small shards of an individual, pieces of hair, and so on. The rescue teams from Jabalya have also reported this. When we cannot account for someone at the site of destruction, they are moved to the list of the missing. Nine thousand to 10,000 people are reported to be missing.

### How do you persist? Where do you find the will to continue despite the exhaustion, the hardship and the pain?

Since the beginning of the war, the Civil Defense teams, alongside the medical teams, took an oath to continue to serve our humanitarian duty. We are there on the ground, and we give people hope. If we backed down, if we didn't cling to our persistence and hope, would people totally lose hope of life? Who else is there to support the people?

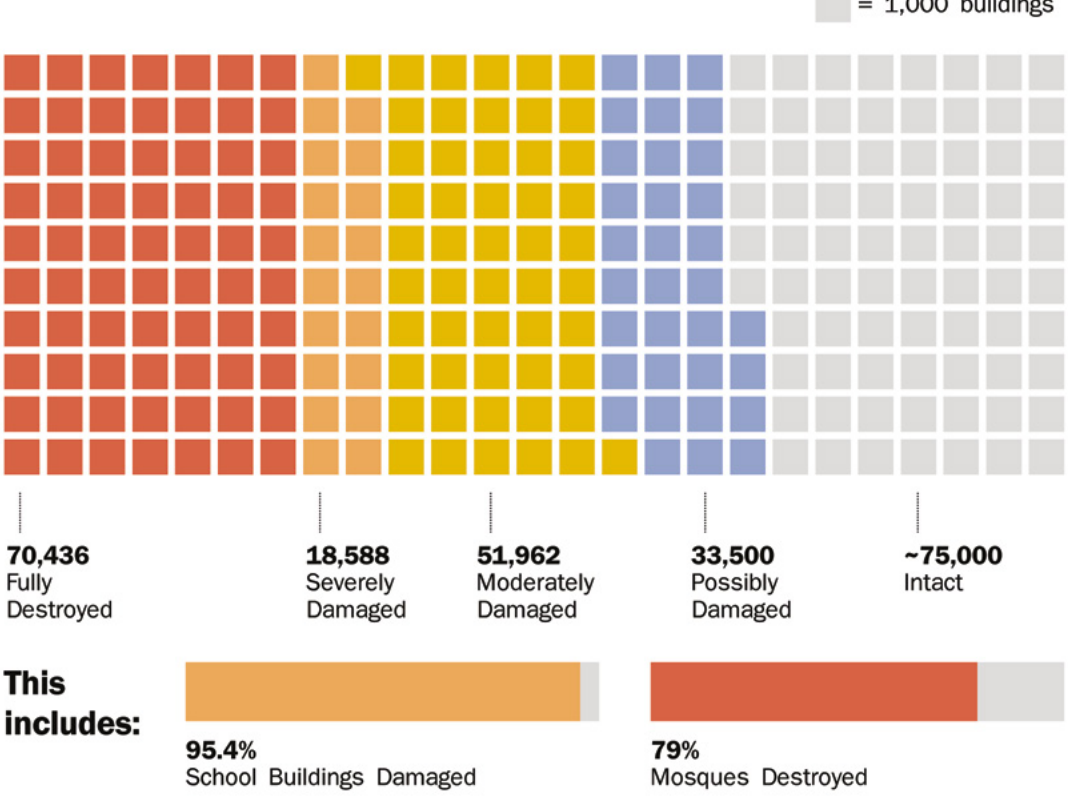
We face challenges and tough conditions. We suffer with the people we serve. We have no food, no water, no money, no equipment, no logistical support. We work daily. We are exhausted. We are dying a slow death with the people. If we don't die of hunger, we will die from being targeted. We live in tents like everyone else. But we don't have a choice; this is our duty.

We will not abandon our humanity, our national belonging, our religion, or our morals. However long this genocide persists, and whatever hardships are still to come, we will continue. We have seen so much since October 7th. These scenes — of martyrs buried alive, of splintered corpses of children — have broken our hearts. They are devastating enough to make stone weep.

But still, we derive our energy and commitment from the people who depend on us. We derive our energy first and foremost from God, because we are Muslims after all. We motivate each other. When someone calls and says, "Please follow us," we carry the burden of the request.

These weapons cause the evaporation of martyrs' bodies. Not the splintering and splicing of corpses, but their total evaporation.

Since October 7th, Israel has damaged or destroyed roughly 70% of all structures in Gaza



Sources: UNOSAT Gaza Comprehensive Damage Assessment (May 2025), UNOSAT Verification of damages to schools report (May 2025), Gaza Ministry of Endowments report via Anadolu Agency (Feb. 2025).

## Home

**From the Archives:** The Palestine Liberation Organization grew tired of the capitalist junk fed to children. Owing to U.S. cultural imperialism, markets across the Global South were flooded with the likes of Disney cartoons, which sold unattainable consumerist fantasy to children. The PLO decided to establish its own publishing house, Dar Al Fata Al Arabi, to produce literature that would nurture a generation of young militants. Reproduced here are illustrations from a children's book called "Home," along with our translations of the original text into English.

The rabbit has a home.  
The home of the rabbit is called a warren.



The bird has a home.  
The home of the bird is called a nest.



Who is the enemy of the Palestinian?  
The Palestinian's enemy is the occupier, who has stolen his home.



The horse has a home.  
The home of the horse is called a barn.



Every human has a home.  
The home is the place that offers respite and happiness to the human.

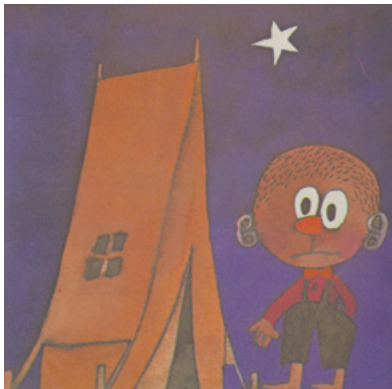


How will the Palestinian get back his home?  
Only by taking up arms can he reclaim it.

The fish has a home.  
The home of the fish is the sea and river.



The Palestinian has no home.  
The tent he inhabits is not his home.



The Palestinian will return to his home.  
The home of the Palestinian is Palestine.





INTERVIEW WITH A PARAMEDIC

A Son of the Camp, the Son of a Martyr

The Israeli colonial project in Palestine has excelled at destroying urban landscapes and targeting spaces for forced displacement. Since the Second Intifada, Zionist forces have enacted a campaign of destruction across the camps and cities in the West Bank — demolishing houses, ruining critical infrastructure like roads, wells, and power generators, and routinely invading private homes.

In response, Palestinians have forged an intimate understanding of urban destruction, and learned to thrive in West Bank cities and camps, even as Israel attempts to render urban life unlivable. If the camp is Israel's intractable political problem, that's because it is understood as the breeding ground of the resistance. The camp and its people exist, perpetually, in struggle.

As Ahmad explains in the interview excerpted below, the 2002 invasion of Jenin mirrors what is happening in the war against Palestinian refugee camps in the northern West Bank today. Ahmad does not see his work as a paramedic as separate from the broader resistance and sacrifice of Jenin, but as an integral part of it.

This interview was originally released in Arabic on Shorfat Podcast. It is published in English for the first time here, and has been edited for length and clarity.

As I was coming to Jenin, I noticed the street you had told me about. The occupation forces continue to plow through the asphalt, to deepen the holes and the ditches.

Ahmad: Yes. My relative is one of the people who paves the roads. He goes down immediately every time the occupation destroys the pavement to clean up the paths, lay down new asphalt, so that people can circulate. The Occupation wants to arrest him — they keep looking for new accusations. They just arrested him on charges of blocking the checkpoints, hindering access to the streets, and “challenging the State of Israel,” as they call it.

You were born in 2002, at the beginning of the forty-day invasion of Jenin?

What happened the year I was born and what is happening right now seem to be very similar conditions. The difference is I was young then, and now I'm older. I was four months old when my father was martyred, in 2002. Since then, nothing has changed. The occupier is still the same.

I was born to a humble family. We all live in one neighborhood in the camp. We are displaced; both my parents come from inside 1948. My father was displaced from Umm al-Fahm, my mother from Zar'een, Haifa district. I lived my life without a father, but this is a pride and honor for me. It's not just my father: My uncle was also martyred. This is our life in the camp, we live a simple but fulfilling life.



Jenin refugee camp after the 2002 invasion by occupation forces. *The Palestine Red Crescent Society Collection*

How did you learn the details of the invasion and the martyrdom of your father?

I learned the details from everyday life. My father's friends would tell me about him. My grandmother, too, may she rest in peace. When I was young, she described the harrowing scenes of the invasion, when the Apache [missiles] would target us. “On the ninth or tenth day of the invasion, your father, alongside a few other militants, set up an ambush that killed 15 soldiers,” she would say. You feel a tremendous pride for the people who have sacrificed everything to defend God, to defend the camp, to defend this nation. Whenever people see me, they welcome me with a smile and they start to recall my father: “Your father always did this, always did that.” Since I'm a volunteer paramedic, I spend time during the invasions and sieges of the camp with older men who tell me about the earlier invasion of 2002. “The Apache would shoot here, we had no one to rescue the injured.” 2002 was more difficult because the whole camp was destroyed and everyone suffered.

As you were growing up and forming an awareness of the world, did the streets and alleys still bear markers of destruction?

I grew up playing in the alleyways of the camp. The traces of 2002 are etched everywhere. 2002 is inscribed in me not only because my father is a martyr, but because my grandparents' house was also demolished. The homes destroyed in 2002 are distinguishable in their

color and building style. These effects are etched in our memories. We were at my grandparents' house when it was destroyed. My mother laid on top of us to protect us; the glass shattered everywhere. I have some scars from when I was an infant.

You are a recent graduate. Did you study medicine in college?

I graduated this year. I studied speech and language pathology and started working immediately. Before I started university, I spent a year and a half in prison. I was incarcerated when I was 16 years old. Throughout my time in prison, I knew that I needed to pursue my education ... because they took me away from my studies. I always had a sense that I need to serve my people ... so they do not feel that they are just dying and are left alone. If I'm a son of the camp, and I don't feel this sense of responsibility, who would feel it?

I am the son of a martyr. My father died in service of the camp, and I feel the need to offer something, however small, to honor my father's great sacrifice, his soul. Everyone has a role model in life. Mine is my father. He was an intelligent man, someone attuned to life, someone very simple. A man who takes initiative, who is motivated to work in service of the camp. The stories of my father, the process of getting to know who he had been, all drove me to become a volunteer paramedic.

Paramedic practices differ from one place to the other. In the way you practice it in Jenin, you don't just sit on the

sidelines and wait for the decisive moment to rescue the injured. You're on the battlefield, under active fire.

The spark for our volunteer paramedics group came two years ago, in 2022. The occupation forces invaded the camp to arrest someone. That day, there were a few injuries, and the occupation blocked ambulances from entering. I have some background in first aid. We went around the camp looking for supplies, some gauze and bandages from here, a stretcher from there. We found and recruited a nurse, and we started working. I recall how we reached people who were injured, who just laid there in waiting. There is nothing more satisfying than being asked, “Where did you come from? Did you come from the sky?” Simple responses like this make me forget everything: the sleepless nights, the endless worries of my mother, the real danger. The idea started to develop from there, to take hold within me.

Your mom is naturally worried, but what about you? Are you not scared?

Let me tell you, it's not that I'm not afraid. Of course I was afraid the first time I was injured, and the second time, too. It's not that I'm not scared. It's just that, if I were to be afraid, I would stay at home like everyone else. If I were to be afraid, the team and I would not remain — the only people roaming the streets of the deserted camp. In this line of work, you can't look back, you can't hesitate, you can't overthink it. Fear is everywhere. But we've found ways to overcome this fear, to get beyond it.

Are you not afraid? Don't you have a moment when the survival instinct kicks in? The anxiety?

One day, there were three martyrs in the camp, countless others injured, and the occupation forces were stationed at every corner. We have these small tuktuks, and we went to rescue someone. The alley was completely dark, the electricity was cut off, and the IOF was right above us. When you see the injured laying there on the floor, you don't think, Will the IOF shoot me? Will they continue the shelling? When encountering the injured directly, everything in your mind disappears. The only thought remaining is, How will I rescue this person? How will I sustain his life?

Some of the people you rescue are probably acquaintances.

Of course. Some of them are friends. Some we are able to rescue, others are martyred. One of my friends, every time I see him, he tells me, “I will name my son after you. You rescued my life.” This is my duty.

After the rescue operations, when the quiet is restored, do you reflect on everything that you've seen?

We don't give ourselves time to think or reflect. Everyone is working all day; during off hours, we barely sleep. We don't give ourselves the chance to think. If you spend just one moment with yourself, thinking about things, you will fall. You will not be able to continue on this path. If you want to do this kind of work, you need to set aside

your feelings, your personal life, your instincts for fear.

I hear you Ahmad, but this is a heavy burden. Even if you put it aside, you will bear its consequences later.

The burden is heavy on those who endure, not on us paramedics. We bear the burden only when we stand idle, unable to help someone. The heavy burden would be for me to leave the camp while the IOF is still here. This is up to God. Everyone martyred or injured, their salvation is with God. We hope that the sacrifices are accepted in the afterlife.

Were any of your friends or acquaintances martyred while you were far away, outside the camp?

I have two close personal friends, friends who I'm with 24/7, friends I grew up with [and] travelled with. They were like my brothers. Yazan was martyred when I was in prison in 2020. This was a moment of heightened feelings: having a friend that I didn't see, that I couldn't bid farewell to. He was martyred and was buried, and I didn't see him. The second, Nidhal, was martyred after an operation in Marj Ibn Aamer. We were closer than brothers and had been together since preschool. He's also the son of a martyr. Even in prison, we were in the same cell. One day, the special ops were in the camp, and I was coming back from university and heard everyone screaming, “Nidhal is martyred, Nidhal is martyred.” I went straight to the hospital. I arrived, and he was already martyred — he had already given himself. I said goodbye to him. It was very hard to know that my friend was there on the floor, and I wasn't the one to pick him up and to save him. He was one of the people who wanted revenge because of his father, because of the camp. All the people we rescued, or tried to rescue from the alleyways but failed, have their own stories. Each is dear to the heart. We recall them, but we can't stop and think about it.

What's your life like outside of the camp? Are the paramedics targeted by the occupation forces?

I am barred from traveling, and I try not to leave Jenin. When I travel places, I avoid the main roads with checkpoints, because they always interrogate me in very arbitrary ways. Two of our colleagues from the volunteer paramedic group are currently incarcerated without charge. They are held in administrative detention. Once, our entire team was subjected to harassment and intimidation by the settlers. They came to insult us, to degrade us, to try to interfere with our hope and perseverance. We actively avoid being stopped and interrogated [by the IOF]. We know these people do not make distinctions, they don't care. When I was injured, I was wearing the paramedics vest.

IN THE NAME OF SEKOU ODINGA

Bridging the Bronx and Palestine



Sekou Odinga addressing a 2021 Bronx rally for Palestine.

In 1968, 24-year-old Sekou Odinga helped found the Bronx and Harlem chapter of the Black Panther Party. When the FBI implemented COINTEL-PRO, forcing Odinga and other Panthers underground, he helped form the clandestine Black Liberation Army (BLA). A fierce defender of the Palestinian Resistance, Odinga even trained with the Palestine Liberation Organization in Algeria. He credited this training with helping develop the skills required to free Assata Shakur from the Clinton Correctional Facility in November 1979, and to usher her to asylum in Cuba shortly after. In 2014, Odinga completed a 33-year prison sentence for his revolutionary activity.

On January 6th, 2024, through a dictated message from his hospital bed, Sekou Odinga sent his final message of solidarity with Palestine. At the “Flood the Bronx for Gaza” march, Within Our Lifetime chair Nerdeen Kiswani stood on the Bronx's Rhineland Avenue, the central artery of the neighborhood known lovingly as “Little Yemen,” and read his words to hundreds of marchers in the frigid snow: “The one thing I always found while working with the [Palestinian people] is that the Palestinian situation was the closest to oppressed Black people here in America. More than any of the other revolutionary organizations that

I worked with while living in Algeria, Palestinian people have suffered years of oppression and occupation. We are now witnessing the deliberate genocide of the Palestinian people. We as oppressed people, as justice-loving people, as peace-loving, must take a stand against this genocide. We cannot just stand by and shout, we have to organize ourselves.”

When the march passed 883 East 180th Street, a building where tenants are organizing against notorious slumlord David Kornitzer, tenants chanted “viva viva Palestina!” Outside the Bronx Muslim Center, Abdullah Akl led a dua for shifa for baba Odinga. Six days later, Odinga passed on. In the Bronx and in Palestine, we say Odinga's name and strive to walk with his grace, courage, and steadfastness.

Organizers in the Bronx, tasked with honoring Odinga's memory, are zeroing in on the connection between the Zionist entity and the slumlords operating in our neighborhoods, and the opportunity for citywide collective action this connection presents. Across New York City, rent money is being leveraged to expand the occupation of Palestine. Our rent checks pay the city's slumlords' debts to Israeli financial institutions and lenders. Golden Bridge Funding, which financed at least twelve multi-unit rental properties in the Bronx from 2017 to 2020 alone, is the largest Israeli private direct lender operating in New York. The company is owned by Tandem Capital, Israel's oldest and largest global investment firm, whose website advertises financial support for newly arrived settlers on Palestinian land.

This is a prime example of the intersecting struggles of Palestinians and poor and working-class New Yorkers. The Bronx is one of the poorest congressional districts in the United States, and the alienation of its residents continues to produce barriers for weaving a social fabric required for exercising collective power. The task for organizers is twofold: to connect Palestinian resistance to material conditions here at home, and to uplift the legacy of Black resistance cultivated in the Bronx and Harlem. iPa'lante!

البيت قتيلا  
محمود درويش

THE HOUSE AS CASUALTY

Mahmoud Darwish, trans. Catherine Cobham

بدقيقة واحدة، تنتهي حياة بيت كاملة. البيت قتيلا هو أيضاً قتلٌ جماعي حتى لو خلا من سُكَّانه. مقبرة جماعية للمواد الأولية المُعدَّة لبناء مبني للمعني، أو قسيده غير ذات شأن في زمن الحرب. البيت قتيلا هو بئرُ الأشياء عن علاقاتها وعن أسماء المشاعر. وحاجة التراجيديا إلى تصويب البلاغة نحو التَّبَصُّر في حياة الشيء. في كل شيء كائنٌ يتوجَّع... ذكرى أصابع وذكري رائحة وذكري صورة. والبيت تُقتلُ كما يُقتلُ سكانها. وتُقتلُ ذاكرةُ الأشياء: الحجر والخشب والزجاج والحديد والإسمنتُ تتناثر أشلاء كاللُكائنات. والقطن والحبر والكتان والدفاتر والكتب تَتمزَّق كالكلمات التي لم يتسنَّ لأصحابها أن يقولوها. وتتكسَّر الصحن والملاعق والألعاب والاسطوانات والحفائِث والأنايب ومقايض الأبواب والثلاجة والغسَّالة والمزهريرات ومرطباتان الزيتون والمخللات والمعلبات كما انكسر أصحابها. وتُسحق الأثِيضَان الملح والشكَّر، والبهارات وعلب الكبريت وأقراص الدواء وحبوب منع الحمل والعقاقير المُنشِطة وجدائل النوم والبصل والبندورة والبامية المُجفَّفة والأرز والعدس، كما يحدث لأصحابها. وتتمزَّق عقود الإيجار ووثيقة الزواج وشهادة الميلاد وفاتورة الماء والكهرباء وبطاقات الهوية وجوازات السفر والرسائل الغرامية، كما تتمزَّق قلوب أصحابها وتتطاير الصُّور وفُرُشُ الأَسنان وأمشاط الشَّعر وأدوات الزينة والأحذية والثياب الداخلية والشراشف والمناشف كأَسرار عائلية تُشَتَّرُ على المَلأ والخراب. كل هذه الأشياء ذاكرةُ الناس التي أُوْرِغَتْ من الأشياء، وذاكرةُ الأشياء التي أُوْرِغَتْ من الناس... تنتهي بدقيقة واحدة. أشياءنا تموت مثلنا. لكنها لا تُدْفَن معنا!

In one minute the entire life of a house is ended. The house as casualty is also mass murder, even if it is empty of its inhabitants. A mass grave of raw materials intended to build a structure with meaning, or a poem with no importance in time of war. The house as casualty is the severance of things from their relationships and from the names of feelings, and from the need of tragedy to direct its eloquence at seeing into the life of the object. In every object there is a being in pain—a memory of fingers, of a smell, an image. And houses are killed just like their inhabitants. And the memory of objects is killed: stone, wood, glass, iron, cement are scattered in broken fragments like living beings. And cotton, silk, linen, papers, books are torn to pieces like proscribed words. Plates, spoons, toys, records, taps, pipes, door handles, fridges, washing machines, flower vases, jars of olives and pickles, tinned food all break just like their owners. Salt, sugar, spices, boxes of matches, pills, contraceptives, antidepressants, strings of garlic, onions, tomatoes, dried okra, rice and lentils are crushed to pieces just like their owners. Rent agreements, marriage documents, birth certificates, water and electricity bills, identity cards, passports, love letters are torn to shreds like their owners' hearts. Photographs, toothbrushes, combs, cosmetics, shoes, underwear, sheets, towels fly in every direction like family secrets broadcast aloud in the devastation. All these things are a memory of the people who no longer have them and of the objects that no longer have the people—destroyed in a minute. Our things die like us, but they aren't buried with us.





LEFT: Speculative development at the edge of Kufr 'Aqab in occupied East Jerusalem, 2018. Paul Kohlbry RIGHT: Poster advertising the ICON mall.



## DEFEND PALESTINE ACTION

By WRITERS AGAINST THE WAR ON GAZA

On Friday, June 20, two members of Palestine Action rode into the UK's largest military base on e-scooters, carrying a Palestinian flag and fire extinguishers filled with red paint. After spray-painting two military airplanes, effectively (if temporarily) grounding them both, the actionists escaped. This bold direct action forced the media to cover what it had long ignored: the continued participation of the Royal Air Force in the war on Gaza. Now, a humiliated and reactionary British government is attempting to proscribe Palestine Action on the basis that its activities constitute "terrorism."

The same moribund empire that first authorized the Zionist project in 1916 continues to support mass death and displacement in Palestine. The UK's F-35 jet fighter program supplies 15% of the components which make up Israel's war plane — including ejector seats, rear fuselage, active interceptor systems, targeting lasers, and weapon release cables. Its bases in Cyprus are likely waypoints in the transfer of arms to the genocidal state. And the R.A.F. itself flies planes over Gaza to provide the Israeli military with intelligence.

In the five years since its founding, and particularly over the past 20 months, Palestine Action has put the death-dealers on notice like no other political organization in the Global North. By strategically and systematically targeting Elbit Systems, Israel's largest arms company, they have already brought about the closure of several Elbit factories; forced dozens of companies and contractors to cut ties with Elbit; and helped bring about a "debanking crisis" for the whole so-called defense industry.

Proscription would endanger the whole of the Palestine solidarity movement, criminalizing word and deed alike. It would punish not only members but supporters of Palestine Action: To praise their brave acts would be to risk a 14-year prison sentence. We call on our UK readers to take this risk. The label of "terrorist" has long been wielded by Western powers seeking to project their sins onto those who challenge their impunity. In this way, it is an honor.

Read the full statement at: [newyorkwarcrimes.com](http://newyorkwarcrimes.com)

# The Two-Story Solution

*How large-scale housing development serves the occupation in Palestine*

In April of this year, a large, new shopping center opened in Ramallah. Called "the ICON," the 700,000-square-foot mall features 165 international retail stores, a movie theater, an escape room, a pottery painting studio, and a generally upper-middle class orientation. Its lavish ribbon-cutting ignited a controversy. Critics asked: How can we celebrate this when our family in Gaza is being murdered by the hundreds of thousands? The counter argument: Shouldn't we be allowed to live a little, to even aspire to normalcy?

The Palestinian political theorist Abdeljawad Omar described this aspiration in Freudian terms. For him, the ICON controversy revealed a "hidden desire for shamelessness," a psychology of accommodation and assimilation in line with the political aims of the Palestinian Authority to normalize the occupation. A piece by the American rightwing Zionist commentator Seth Mandel described the "crux" of the controversy like this: "Statehood and self-determination are not as attractive to these Palestinian activists as is mutual, perpetual misery. Who wants food and

jobs when you could have war?" It's a repulsive argument that hits on a larger structural truth by accident. There are opportunities on offer for Palestinians — for conciliation and class mobility scaffolded by debt and self-abnegation. The other path, presented as if it were a choice, is perpetual state violence and genocide.

It is no mystery why real estate development — including malls as well as large-scale housing — might be a central mechanism for narrowing Palestinian possibility within Palestine: It ties together land, ownership, distribution, and accumulation and deepens the geographies of occupation. It ties the Palestinian people to certain parts of their land in new ways, at the expense of other places and capacities, and it ties the world economy to Palestine.

Rawabi epitomizes this developmentalist strategy. In the works for 15 years, the massive, pre-planned suburb north of Ramallah will eventually house up to 40,000 "middle-class" Palestinians. It was conceived during a shift in global aid administration away from humanitarian or population support, and to-

wards the private sector. The project was envisioned by Bashar Masri, a billionaire Palestinian developer and aid subcontractor with experience in North Africa, along with his allies in the PA and the private sector. Construction has already cost \$1.4 billion by some estimates and is primarily paid for by the sovereign wealth fund of Qatar. To transform the geography of the West Bank, Rawabi has reconfigured land registration and tenure, and has relied on eminent domain to create and clear ownership titles in order to inaugurate a possibility for a mortgage market backed by international aid.

Palestinians have historically been loathe to take on long-term home ownership debt, both because of high rates of family and collective ownership, and because life in occupied Palestine is structured by insecurity, opacity, and instability. But new mortgages that underwrite new housing development bind Palestinians to new forms of home and homelife. They produce new geographies in Palestine, luring people to places outside of existing population centers and inventing new forms of

financial speculation in land. They recruit Palestinians into alignment with the PA, stratifying class distinctions and offering a form of stability that flows through the occupation and polarizes Palestinian people against resistance. Normalization is built on the aspiration for normalcy.

In this sense, engineering middle-class housing and possibility in narrow parts of the West Bank dovetails with Israel's goals and is inseparable from its current genocide. These narrow openings are part of the same project to control and eradicate all forms of Palestinian life. Well over a year ago, Israel had already destroyed or catastrophically damaged 60% of homes in Gaza, and the UN Special Rapporteur on the Right to Adequate Housing, Balakrishnan Rajagopal, deemed its campaign a "domicide." The leveling continues, while the Israeli cabinet officially names its goals: annihilation and ethnic cleansing.

Financial speculation is as bound up with Israel's genocide in Gaza as it is with large-scale mall and housing development in the West Bank. In Gaza, the

question of land rent — the difference between the current value and speculative future value, the same phenomenon at the heart of gentrification in American cities and elsewhere — is an outcome of destruction, displacement, abandonment, and murder, perpetrated by Israel and the U.S. "Think of it as a big real estate site," Donald Trump said of Gaza, "and the United States is going to own it."

As Israel expands its genocidal campaign to the West Bank, the connections between the spatial strategies deployed by soldiers and settlers become clear. The entity's territorial ambitions for the region require shrinking and isolating islands of stability within it. Fulfilling the fantasies of its revanchist cabinet, illegal settlers and the occupation forces have murdered and displaced thousands of Palestinians and destroyed as many homes, most prominently in Tulkarm and Jenin. Deprivation in Gaza and allowance around Ramallah — domicile and development — are parts of the same whole: to eradicate Palestinian life on Palestinian land.

## Fighting Displacement, from Crown Heights to Qalqilya

Continued from page 1

A rent-regulated building can lose its status in New York if it is demolished or "substantially rehabilitated." Allowing a building to crumble such that it *requires* structural upgrades enables landlords to raze homes and turn them into condos or hike up rents to market rate. The road to destabilization is paved with neglect. Landlords push working-class residents out of our neighborhoods through evictions and demolitions, rent hikes, or relentless harassment. Gentrification is their business model: "Displace and replace the poor for profit," as our comrades in the LA Tenants Union helpfully define it.

In occupied Palestine, Zionist investors are counting on the displacement of rent-stabilized tenants in Crown Heights.

Over the past three decades, Wiener has built an empire of subsidiary companies and LLCs. In 2001, Wiener's net-worth was already \$124 million. By 2017, he had hoarded 9,185 units across New York City, most of them rent-regulated. That same year, his net worth soared to such an extent that he appeared on Bloomberg's list of billionaires. How was this astronomical accumulation of wealth possible? To answer this question, we have to turn to the financial infrastructure undergirding the occupation of Palestine.

In 2012, Pinnacle became one of the first US companies to turn to the Israeli bond market to fund its schemes. By 2017, it had raised roughly \$500 million from those bonds, making it one of the largest American borrowers on the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange. The Israeli occupation's banks and institutional investors lend Pinnacle money to buy, demolish, and build new buildings in New York, and Pinnacle pays them back with interest on those loans. For example, in 2021, Pinnacle secured a \$66 million loan by putting four buildings across three New York City boroughs up for collateral (the company is listed as Zarasai Group on the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange). In presentations to its investors, the company boasts about

being able to pay back its loans — with interest — by converting rent-stabilized homes across the city into condos. As one Israeli real-estate investment analyst said, "Pinnacle, in particular, was a popular player on the market [...] The market really likes Zarasai."

What this means is that in occupied Palestine, Zionist investors are counting on the displacement of rent-stabilized tenants in Crown Heights to see a return on their investments. That money — the rent we pay — circulates back to the Zionist occupation in the form of interest to facilitate genocide, resource extraction, labor exploitation, and settler-colonial property development in Gaza, the West Bank, and post-1948 occupied Palestinian territories. While Israeli Occupation Forces murder and displace Palestinian people, tenants here face unsafe housing conditions, deregulation of their rent-stabilized apartments, and displacement from neighborhoods they have called home for years. The spoils of displacement here are siphoned into a war-making settler-colony *there*, and vice-versa.

**1,019 homes**

Members of the Crown Heights Tenant Union have been organizing buildings owned by Pinnacle for years, including 20 buildings during the early stages of the Covid-19 pandemic. Since October 7th, the Palestine Solidarity Working Group has heightened the urgency of this campaign in an effort to intentionally disrupt these connected processes of displacement.

We are not the first to fight back against Pinnacle. In 2007, a group of tenants called Buyers and Renters United to Save Harlem (BRUSH) led a class action lawsuit against the company. The group brought charges under the Racketeering Influenced and Corrupt Organizations (RICO) Act, citing many of the same issues that Pinnacle tenants in Crown Heights experience today — neglect, harassment, unlawful rent increases, and aggressive eviction attempts, to name a few. After a multi-year fight, the lawsuit was settled for \$2.5 million. But the settlement money went to supporting organizations, rather than the 60,000 tenants who had been victimized by Pinnacle's predation.

We are picking up this struggle. Our north star is to simultaneously defend the neighborhood and fight the settler state of Israel. Wiener and Pinnacle currently own 8,700 apartments in 136 buildings across Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx, largely concentrated in working-class, Black and Brown neighborhoods. The company is valued at \$1.6 billion. Here in Crown Heights, they own 24 apartment buildings — in total, 1,019 homes. In our neighborhood alone, thousands of tenants labor week after week, only to hand their paychecks over to

Wiener. Thousands of tenants are preyed on, living in buildings that are intentionally neglected so that a handful of landlords, developers, bankers, and investors can line their pockets.

We decided to start by focusing on rent-stabilized buildings, since Pinnacle's business model is centered on destabilizing them. For the first six months of the working group's organizing, we went door to door and had conversations in lobbies and lounges, on sidewalks and stoops. This was (and remains) a slow process that moves at the speed of trust, at different paces in different places. It took six months of consistent relationship-building before any of the buildings called a tenant association meeting.

**14 buildings**

Eighteen months on, what was once a handful of people is now hundreds strong. Tenants in fourteen buildings owned by Pinnacle in Crown Heights are now organizing. Each building is at a different phase: Some are in the early stages of forming tenant associations, others are taking Pinnacle to court, and one tenant association has been on rent strike for months. In March of this year, Pinnacle tenants held their first cross-building meeting.

We are learning so much in the process: Relationships of all kinds already exist in abundance between long-term neighbors. The task is to figure out how to transform what already exists into robust forms of political organization.

Our north star is to simultaneously defend the neighborhood and fight the settler state of Israel.

Readiness to take on collective risk is uneven, and this unevenness requires us to develop analyses and methods attentive to the unique social dynamics of every building.

Building solidarity between tenants with different relationships to the neighborhood is challenging but vital. In Crown Heights, this means connecting Black, working-class, elderly, and long-term residents with newer tenants, who are often higher-income and white (from 2010-2020, the white



A portion of the properties owned or managed by the Pinnacle Group in New York City. Data sourced from NYC Department of Housing Preservation & Development, Open Data, and the NYC Automated City Register Information System.

population in northern Crown Heights increased two-fold, while 19,000 Black residents were pushed out). Real estate developers and landlords want us to be socially divided along racial, class, and generational lines; through our divisions, they maintain their stranglehold on our lives. Building power across differences, working through intra-community antagonisms, and forming multiracial and multigenerational organizations is possible only if newer tenants commit to acting in solidarity with long-term residents.

Taking action against Zionism is connected to the immediate concerns of many tenants. If we have bubbles of

water in our walls, lead paint flaking off our ceilings, rats in our courtyards, mold in our bathrooms, or cockroaches in our kitchens, it is not an accident, and it is certainly not our fault: It's Pinnacle's business plan. The task of the tenant organizer is to make clear the connections between disrepair in Crown Heights and the occupation of Palestine, and show that we have power as tenants to intervene in both.

What Pinnacle treats as its property portfolio we know as our homes. Some Pinnacle tenants are now raising kids in the same apartments where they grew up. Between all of us, we have so much to fight for. We are neighbors who live

in intimate proximity to one another (when you flush your toilet, my bedroom is filled with the sound of water rushing through pipes). Neighborly love goes a long way in this work.

Capital thinks and acts globally, and we have the capacity to do the same: to engage in robust international struggle, building power from our couches and kitchens, our hallways and laundry rooms. We must reject the living conditions being thrust upon us here and the devastation of life and land in Palestine. We organize against our shared enemies to bring us closer to shared dreams: of self-determination, of liberation, of home.



OUT OF THE WRECKAGE

من بين الركام

از میان آوارها

مقاومت جوانه می زند

تنه‌های مقاومت

RESISTANCE GROWS