

“All the Consent
That’s Fit to Manufacture”

The New York Crimes

Two Years
“Our land is a hell for the
invader and heaven for every
loving brother.”
—Habib Qahwaji

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TWO YEARS OF GENOCIDE

WHO WILL RISE FOR GAZA?

NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

TO KEEP THE WILL

Gaza has been turned into a killing field. Families flee from rubble homes to tent camps engulfed in fire. They are starving, and men dig ditches. Jewish-American teenagers run target practice on children’s faces; their dogs and their drones hunt the emaciated and afraid. A nation of youth forced to watch their fathers break into tears vows a revenge to be dispensed by God; a nation of heroic ambushes by mujahideen, of makeshift classrooms, of nighttime forehead kisses, burning clearings, and cratered faces, all of this, at once: a huddled and exhausted and imprisoned Palestinian people, who will not fly the white flag of capitulation.

Every word is an obscenity. Save the martyr’s will, every word falters in the face of this misery and bravery. This, then, is where we return, two years into the liquid mirror, two years since the war of extermination in Gaza began — to those martyrs’ wills, which we keep. In a labor of deep love, the *New York War Crimes* editorial collective worked with fifty family members and colleagues of Gaza’s martyred journalists, transcribing and translating their remembrances of their loved ones. The words reach us from all corners of the Strip: A daughter of Jabalia mourns Anas al-Sharif; a son of Shuja’iyya mourns Mohammed Qreiqeh; a wife, the husband she lost two weeks into the genocide; a cousin, a cousin. Eight of those tributes are printed in these pages, with a furious introduction by Abubaker Abed. Together, they are fragments of Gaza’s testimony.

Said testimony radiates outwards, pooling at the ankles of the Arab comprador. The elites of Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, the Emirates, the West Bank face down a new rhythm of people on foot, land aflame. In two commissioned essays, our contributors take stock of the shatter-scape of forcible de-development, containment, and normalization across the Arab-Iranian region that has birthed the current holocaust. The pieces are accompanied by a translation of a letter written by the Lebanese revolutionary Georges Abdallah during his 41 years in French prisons. Today, he has returned home to his people; draped in yellow at the one year commemoration of the martyrdom of Sayyed Hassan Nasrallah, he joins the choral demand — ringing out from the streets of Sanaa and Dahiyeh — to the rest of the Arab and Muslim people: *Where are the millions?*

By way of answer, we bring dispatches from the folds of a marked absence, testimonies from those who have shouldered the greatest cost in resisting the U.S.-Zionist campaign of annihilation. In a haunting photo essay on southern Lebanon more than a year into its occupation, firebombing, and war of attrition, Fatima Joumaa confronts her own camera: “I had wanted my images to resist death, but the birth of every image is an implicit acknowledgement that what was captured has ended.” She converses with Alaa Alqaisi, now departed from Gaza’s “white deserts of wasted flour,” crossing checkpoints and bridges into an “interval without meaning,” and yet finding herself even more tightly bound to the city that she could not protect.

Here, in the imperial metropolises, another set of contributors declares a different set of intents: The world must stop. In these pages, we tell the stories of those who have struggled to ensure that “not a single nail leaves from our ports, airports, and rail stations,” as a comrade writes to us in a dispatch from Milan. After extracting millions of dollars in financial damage to Israel’s Elbit Systems, Palestine Action takes to our pages to publicly address their terrorism proscription by the Labour government of Keir Starmer — which, this month, ‘recognized’ the very Palestinian state it has spent a century dismembering. Elsewhere, a declaration of people’s war against *The New York Times*, while the Palestinian Youth Movement chronicles its campaign against the shipping giant Maersk that has aided unions, governments, and popular movements to enact blockades of Israeli arms, fuels, and settlement goods all across the Mediterranean.

Who will rise for Gaza? This is a question that has been answered, in part. It is the question that headlines our issue, the spirit of the times, the only question worth asking in our schools and streets. In effect, it is the challenge to culture, of culture: to meet obscenity with steel, cowardice with commitment, death with life — to make the image an act, to make the word a will.

THE BIRDS’ CATALOG

Batool Abu Akleen

*When we stopped crying
and were about to explode like cans of expired food
the plane approached
and with the tip of the missile’s wing it split open
our heads
No one blamed it
for it was sincere: it feared
we would explode*

*The ravenous plane consumed us
The world turned upside down
The ground above us
We were completely submerged in the sea
The three of us flew together like that
and for the first time, everything seemed logical*

*The mountains carried empty cans of beans
pursued by the mouse that had devoured
the last triangle of yellow cheese in the city
The sharks lay on top of the planes
Roared in their faces
Broke their wings if they rose above ours*

*The yellow roses fled from the earth’s embrace
Their stigmas kissed the mouths of bees
Such that they couldn’t buzz*

All of the fish appeared as mermaids

And for the first time, we weren’t afraid

*The sky was biting its tongue the whole time
warning everyone
not to reveal the secret
and reminding us that
only a moment ago
we were dying.*



THREE ROADS, ONE PATH, A HUNDRED YEAR NAKBA: The dismembered buildings always look the same. When blasted apart, the concrete produces a gray dust that settles over everything, draining the streets of color. It is the material of what was. Viewed from above, our rubble cities and towns appear as dioramas, replicas. We move through them as specters, checking our pulse. This world, ours, is already lost. Underneath the rubble, another awaits.

DISPATCH FROM GAZA

Until the Sun Passed Beyond Other Horizons

By ALAA ALQAISI

I can measure my life by the number of times I walked the streets of Gaza alone. Each time felt like writing another chapter on my own skin. I remember the days when I reached out to touch the rough walls, as if to steady myself — my fingers grazed the city as though it might slip away if I let go. There were hours spent wandering the pavements in fear, hours when I walked, reconciled with whatever it had to offer, and hours when astonishment seized me because the city revealed itself as something I had never fully seen. I remember the long waits that stretched into eternity. I remember scattering my dreams across those streets as though they were seeds no one else could see. I remember the quiet indifference, the calm surrender to the passing of events. I remember the pride of small achievements, victories so fragile they could only belong to Gaza. I remember silence thick with supplication, nights when the air itself seemed heavy with prayer. I remember joy so fleeting that it disappeared as quickly as it came. And I remember sitting at the edges of my own spirit, hurling stones at the world from behind Gaza’s unseen walls. Everything outside Gaza has felt like an interval without meaning, a pause between attempts to find myself and that one patch of earth where my soul never fell.

The city had been gutted, its familiar outlines torn into something unrecognizable. What was once streets of sand-dusted children and vegetable carts had turned into dunes, burned carcasses of cars, piles of rubble leaning into the sea road. Everything I had carried in my eyes — the small gestures of survival, the stubborn beauty along the coast — was undone. Yet when the sea itself appeared, unchanged in its restless blue, something inside me cracked. I cried against the window, cried until I could not breathe, because the sea was the last witness that still knew me, and it felt like it was waving goodbye.

*I was forbidden from surrender on the day of parting,
so I bid farewell with my eyes, though they brimmed
with tears.*

*I was silenced from giving an answer, yet who has seen
a heart bidding farewell through the weeping of the
eyes?*

*Upon you be the peace of God, my greeting,
until the sun sets from the place where it rises.*

—Qays ibn al-Mulawwah

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كتالوج العصافير

بتول أبو عقلمين

حين توقفنا عن البكاء
وأوشكنا أن نفجر مثلما تنفجر المعليات بعد انتهاء
صلاحياتها
أتت الطائرة
وبطرف جناح الصاروخ فتحت رؤوسنا
لم يلمها أحد
فهي صادقة
خافت أن نفجر

بعدها هضمتنا الطائرة الجائعة
انقلب العالم
الأرض فوقنا
نحن تحت البحر تماماً
طربنا ثلاثتنا سوياً
وللمرة الأولى بدا كل شيء منطقياً

الجيال تحمل علب الفاصولياء الفارغة
تلاحق بها الفئران التي التهمت آخر مثلث جبهة
صفراء في المدينة

القروش تفتش الطائرات
تزمجر في وجهها
تكسر جناحها إن علا على جناحنا

الوردات الصفراء تهرب من حضن الأرض
تقبل مياسمها أفواه النحل
تشغله لكي لا يظن

سمكات البحر كلهن بَدَوْنَ حوريات

ونحن للمرة الأولى
لم نخف.

كانت السماء تقضم لسانها طوال الوقت
محذراً الكلّ
ألا يفشوا السرّ
ويذكرونا بأننا
منذ دقيقة فقط
كنّا نموت.

Alaa Alqaisi reflects on leaving Gaza

Continued from page 1

The bus lurched southward through sand-buried roads. At Nezarim, where fear once kept me from passing, we broke through that invisible wall. Behind the glass, Gaza stretched in fragments: tents hunched against the wind, laundry lines snapping, smoke curling from makeshift fires. Entire families lived in stitched plastic, the horizon sewn with nylon and torn canvas. I thought of travelers from another world arriving here — how they would believe they had slipped into another century, maybe another planet. Children stared at our bus as if it were a vessel to another life. Their eyes pressed into us, wide with questions that had no language.

Five hours of waiting inside the bus before Karem Abu Salem. The air heavy, our bodies pinned into the seats. Hunger and thirst made silence a second skin. Outside, flour sacks burst open along the Rafah road, spilling into the sand such that the earth appeared blanketed with snow in the middle of August. White powder stretched in mounds, food once meant for hungry stomachs dissolving into

dust. It was enough to feed thousands, yet it lay rotting. Soldiers had turned hunger itself into a trap: starving men who rushed forward were shot down as if their desperation were sport. In that whiteness, in that cruelty, the world's order collapsed. The rage settled in my bones. Humanity was absent here. Conscience absent. Only the logic of our slow undoing remained.

Still, life insisted on showing its fragile pulse. A violet flower forced its face between stones and parched soil, trembling in the wind. I could not decide if it was nature's resistance or God's warning, but the image lodged inside me. Above us, black crows circled and cawed, their wings dark blades across the sun. They carried a weight of omen, as if rehearsing the deaths not yet arrived.

Crossing into the Israeli side was like entering a stage set for humiliation. We were ordered to strip ourselves of belongings, to become bodies reduced to ID cards and the clothes on our backs. A man in his fifties called my name, directed me into a curtained booth, and instructed me to face a camera. I stood in the blue glow, seconds stretching into hours. My breath faltered. I had never felt myself so small, so vulnerable to the gaze of a machine. Then the command came: "Move."

We shuffled in groups, hands raised, pressed against walls under the scanning eyes of soldiers. The Hebrew-accented Arabic rang like broken glass: "Cross." On the other side, my name was called again, then repeated with a question: "Ireland?" I answered yes. A yellow sticker with a number was pressed into my hand. Later I learned



Three Palestinian children overlooking a displacement camp in Gaza City. September 2025. Majdi Fathi

this was the mark of a migrant. I carried it as if branded, a symbol that my place had been recast: not citizen, not exile, but migrant.

Hours blurred. Embassy staff finally greeted us with warmth, their voices a sudden shift, almost unbearable in their kindness. We were escorted into

another bus, one that felt less like a cage. Still, as it pulled away, my body was shaking with tension. I had not unclenched my muscles since leaving Deir al-Balah. At three in the afternoon, we began the next passage toward the Allenby Bridge.

Through the window, the land

opened in ways I had never seen. Hebrew street names. Settlers moving easily, tanks rusting on roadsides, flags multiplying across rooftops. The sight split me. I had lived all my life in Gaza and yet had not seen Palestine like this. The landscape mocked the borders that had strangled us. For the first time

in my life, I watched the sun sink behind hills instead of the sea. The sight was so strange, so final. I wept again. That sunset told me what words could not: Gaza was behind me.

The night stretched into hours of waiting at the bridge. A fluent Arabic voice shouted my name, took my passport, and herded me toward another bus. The repetition of movement — down, up, wait, move again — hollowed me out. By the time Jordan's side received us, the clock had slipped past midnight. Officials guided us to stamp our papers. My body was numb. The streets outside pulsed with neon signs, cars gliding, restaurants alive with chatter. The world continued here, lit and unbothered, as if Gaza's hunger and smoke were on another planet entirely.

The evacuation never felt like a passage from one place to another. It was the slow tearing of a fabric that had been stitched into my skin. Gaza did not remain behind as a memory I could revisit at will. It stayed inside me as something raw and unfinished, a voice that interrupts my breathing, a presence that refuses to be silenced. I carry the streets where I once walked alone, the walls rough under my hand, the nights when prayer thickened the air, the brief laughter that flared like sparks and died just as quickly. I carried them through white deserts of wasted flour, through corridors of checkpoints and cameras, through sunsets swallowed by hills I had never known. Leaving did not release me. It bound me more tightly to the city I could not protect, the city that still walks within me, step for step, refusing to fall.

SHATTER-SCAPES

Two Years in the Arab–Iranian Region

Two years after the October 7th al-Aqsa Flood Palestinian resistance operation, the Arab–Iranian region's molecular composition has been rapidly reshaped, as though the raid were a catalyst. Among its effects: mass shifts in popular consciousness, the incubation of populist anti-Zionist armies, the remolding of U.S.–Israeli strategies, and the erasure or disfigurement of the enemies of Western imperialism.

It has been a mainstay of Palestinian revolutionary thought since the 1960s that Palestinian popular mobilization was a "capsule of an effective and enormously powerful mine planted in the heart of this vast Arab continent," in the words of Ghassan Kanafani. That was the perspective from the guerilla's gun. It was also the perspective from the optical bombsight of Washington, which warned in 1975 of "the growing strength" of "rejectionist" groups, including the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP) and the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine (DFLP), and cautioned that "should Syria switch from a moderate to a radical mode, the combined strength of Saïqa and the 'rejectionists' would probably be enough to capture virtually all of the Palestinians, including Arafat." Indeed, the U.S. was well aware that [Hafez] al-Assad's Syria was a mercurial agent, a point to which we return in evaluating the current shatter-scape of U.S.–Israeli state fragmentation.

Stability was never the goal in itself: Violence and political remolding of regional enemies have always been central to U.S.–Israeli policy

Before and after October 7th, shifts in U.S. policy must be seen within the broader U.S.–Israeli strategies for the Arab–Iranian region, strategies which are not static but formed against or through history. As the Egyptian political scientist Anouar Abdel-Malek writes, imperialism is not a "functional-structural system of blind hegemonic-dependent interchangeable units," but is instead "a genuine dialectical pattern in which the inter-relations between hegemonic imperialism and anti-hegemonic national liberation movements unfold in a wide spectrum of modes."

On a world scale, the U.S. has led a war against nationalism, integrated, and articulated development — that is to say, of rival blocs able to resist the imperial structures of dependency, through sovereign industrialization, through agricultures produced for their peoples, and through trading flows delinked from the vampiric Western system.

The Arab–Iranian region is rich with oil — a delicate commodity to profit from, given that historically there has been too much of it, not too little — which has required particular political engineering to keep its price just so. That engineering, furthermore, has

had to deal with the balky peoples of the region whose occasional radical nationalizations and land reforms have destabilized long-term imperial planning. Chief among its priorities was the need to ensure that oil states remained undemocratic and under Euro–U.S. and later U.S. suzerainty, and that the oil profits could work to the benefit of U.S. capital — Bechtel, Kellogg Brown & Root, Halliburton, Lockheed Martin, Raytheon, Chevron, Exxon — a slush fund flowing into the U.S. financial system, treasuries, and stocks. In other words, a world system as Möbius strip.

U.S.–Israeli strategic options have always seesawed between containment — fewer land reforms rather than more, further U.S.-integrated industrialization and trade rather than less, détente through profitable arms build-ups — and wars to sow defeat, allowing for the ascent of more pro-capitalist and more pro-Israel forces within targeted states.

In a period of Soviet ascendance, the U.S. sought to bridle the regional resistance, but only rarely attempted to break it, aware that they could not usually directly overthrow Arab nationalism. They sought, furthermore, the demoralization of popular classes within the republics, stripping development of its working-class content, and pushing states toward normalization and accommodation of U.S. hegemony.

Under republics gradually disfigured by war and their own problems of mass participation, "stability" was preferable to the "instability" of a 1963 in Syria or a 1969 in Libya. Yet stability was never the goal in itself: Violence and political remolding of regional enemies have always been central to U.S.–Israeli policy. And while order has been most important in the more U.S.-aligned states, the pursuit of an even more favorable "order" has never been off the agenda.

Within this framework, the Israeli and U.S. states have had their disagreements. That is to say, the personnel at the service of a partially overlapping ruling class, each with different compositions vis-à-vis staffing, with different institutional histories — vulgarly, the Mossad versus the CIA, the IOF versus West Point — and with different pressures from their social bases — whether the settler movement or the minority anti-Israeli Republic voting bloc — have had their disagreements. It is precisely because capital is increasingly pooled, but state institutions remain separate, that this type of bickering occurs, but, fundamentally these differences have been tactical, still fitting within the overall goal of dispersing strategic obstacles.

After the fall of the Soviet Union, however, the U.S.–Israeli strategy rested on the full-scale de-development of their enemies, alongside their economic sanctioning either after initial and further assaults (Iraq), or when assault was unfeasible (Libya, Iran). The result was a region that grew poorer; state sovereignty and regional security arrangements would become internally identified with repression, while the shimmering achievements of past periods dimmed to a dull reminder. (Not uniformly, it must be said, as with the Arab Maghreb, where sovereignty has remained a central axis of popular concern.)

As the "Arab Spring" emerged, the U.S.–Israel weaponized discontent and used it to melt apart strategic obstacles through a combination of war, sanctions, and partition. Throughout, the U.S.–Israeli advance met the obdurate resistance of popular mass mobilizing forces — above all in Palestine and Lebanon, and later in Yemen, all back-

stopped strongly by Iran and partially by Russia. Syria, too, was a critical logistical and political hub, which is why the U.S. and Israel sought to destroy it.

In the non-sovereign states, the U.S.–Israel attempted to crystallize defeat through alliances with aggressively pro-capitalist, pro-normalization forces that would express their fealty through permanent peace treaties with Israel. This would become the Abraham Accords project, a toxic wind that swept out to the United Arab Emirates, Bahrain, and Morocco. Morocco, which remains a particularly useful

occupation," as put by the Palestinian writer Bahaa Shahera Rauf.

The U.S.–Israel created a regional landscape of perforation and striation where possible, usually through proxies and almost always bolstered by imperial force multipliers: specialized units and aerial bombardment. From 2014 onward, while the U.S. engaged through proxy in certain "hot" wars oriented to burning up foreign states — Yemen under Ansar Allah — it often opted for "turbulent order" through its funding of sectarian proxies in Iraq and Syria, providing enough money



Poster in Lebanon that reads: "Between us and them / Mountains of corpses / Rivers of hatred / Blood and wailing / And a long revenge"

warehouse for skilled and unskilled labor power alike for Europe, has experienced aggressive clampdowns on its people by the government, amidst recurrent working-class and pro-Palestinian mobilizations.

Meanwhile, Iraq and Lebanon remained vulnerable due to post-war sectarian engineering, with popular militia unable to extend beyond the bounds of sect in their composition, even if within that sect, in Lebanon and amongst Hezbollah, in the words of al-Amjad Salama, was "comprehensive mobilization ... of resources in all aspects of life surrounding the communities in which these forces operate." The war against the remaining statist forces behind the anti-U.S. project was a microcosm of the larger strategic logic of war itself: war targeting state sovereignty, war pointed to "the creation of a disfigured being, one stripped of identity, dignity, and agency, who is incapable of resisting or confronting the

and weapons to destabilize and draw resources from the remaining Arab–Iranian states and standing armies, but not enough to burn what was left of the states to the ground. That decision for a "turbulent order," in turn, was conditioned on the awareness of the Islamic Republic of Iran's support for the Syrian Arab Army, the Popular Mobilization Forces in Iraq, in addition to Ansar Allah in Yemen, Hezbollah in Lebanon, and guerrillas in the Gaza Strip.

Because of the military capacity of the al-Qassam Brigades and its cousins, Gaza, in this period, was able to join the rest of Israel's regional opponents in forcing the Zionists to bet on containment: Israel's attempt to prevent development of the productive forces, maintain political control over monetary transfers via Qatar, and disrupt the entire regional Axis defensive infrastructure through constant bombing. This is what the Israeli Jerusalem Institute for Strategy and Security

(JISS) characterizes as a "doctrine of deterrence and containment, assuming that adversaries — particularly non-state actor terror armies like Hamas and Hezbollah — could be managed through calibrated responses and a focus on cost-benefit analysis."

The previous period of "containment" was punctuated with only periodic conflict, constant peppering and degradation, and partial semi-colonialism — the U.S.–Israeli strategy in Syria from 2019 to 2023. But now, post-October 7, the U.S. and Israel seek to successively raze the base from which regional populations may resist or organize to resist these policies. We must understand the dual nature of their program: oil revenues, financialization, and military positioning in the larger Arab East, paired with population warehousing, service and industrial subcontracting and export, unequal exchange in the Arab West. Meanwhile and as a result, Israel remains central to U.S. concerns. Its advanced economic and technological sectors are nearly inseparable from those of the U.S. ruling class, as evidenced by the cross-listing of shares on the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange and the NASDAQ, and the endless joint research-and-development projects from Microsoft Israel to the Technion. (This is to say nothing of the innumerable joint passport-holders, including Israeli soldiers.)

Indeed, the recent raids on Iran took place using an Israeli variant of the F-35, itself a manticope with body parts from NATO and non-NATO states alike. Israel Aerospace Industries (IAI) has been delivering the wings of the machine to Lockheed Martin. Israeli warmaking, which is costly from the perspective of the public relations wing of U.S. capitalist gangsterdom, helps pay for itself by being also a lab experiment for the high-tech batons needed to enforce that gangsterdom.

The Israeli security strategy — one which the U.S. fully supports and is a senior partner to — is now based on the elimination of the will and capacity for resistance, by forces which JISS, with characteristic racism, glosses as "the ideological and religious motivations of jihadist decision-makers who are willing to incur immense costs." Instead, writes Israeli military analyst Efraim Inbar, "Israel must also abandon the policy of restraint which was primarily intended to prolong periods of calm along the border and conserve blood and treasure. This approach has proven counter-productive. Over time, containment conveys weakness and an aversion to military confrontation."

In Gaza, after two years of genocide, the problem remains that Israel is unable to eliminate al-Qassam and its allied resistance factions. After two years, massive ambushes continue against Zionist mechanized forces, and American intelligence has suggested that Hamas has recruited 15,000 fighters, or twice the number Israel has murdered. Against its inability to murder fighters, it murders non-fighters. This genocide — through bombing, starvation, and spreading plague — is not an alternative to war. It is war by other means.

Despite the openly admitted failure of direct military engagement, the war continues. The EU remains disinterested in sanctioning Israel sufficiently to put real pressure on the regime. Further, the EU and U.S. continue to provide unlimited armaments and intelligence. Indeed, this rises to self-identified American Crusader mercenaries in the so-called Gaza Humanitarian Foundation.

The war also continues because significant battles, what the American

scholar Patrick Higgins calls "two major breakthroughs," have been won by the U.S.–Israeli axis of extermination. The Hezbollah strategy of a support front, in their case depopulating northern Israel and tying down extensive garrisons, met a decapitation strike through the pager attacks. As Amer Mohsen writes, "the 'first blow' that the resistance in Lebanon was subjected to was not ordinary. They are not exaggerating when they say it was the kind that causes armies to collapse. ... Who holds firm under such impossible circumstances? This is precisely what happened in the South."

Israeli security strategy is now based on the elimination of the will and capacity for resistance

Even more severe has been Hay'at Tahrir al-Sham's (HTS) final destruction of the Syrian state, armed by Turkey and fed by U.S.-chartered humanitarian organizations. Syria, then, has been subject to the Iraq model at light speed: the Israeli eradication of its industrialized defense system, wide-scale sectarian massacres, theft of Syrian territory, and critically, erasing Syria's historic role as an arms transshipment point for the Lebanese resistance and as a political safe harbor for all the resistance factions.

A further bonus of the "opening" of Syrian airspace to U.S.–Israeli freedom of action was the use of Syrian flight paths to attack Iran. Zionist fretting over the failures of "containment" is also the fruit of U.S.–Zionist awareness that when one "contains" something in a box, that thing is in fact a collection of beings: a mobilized force, or a state with industrial and manufacturing capacity, filled with women and men who can think and learn and armor themselves to resist U.S.–Israel aggression, and even more so, subject it to devastating riposte. Iran, surrounded by sanctions and U.S. military barracks, has yet managed to produce a high-tech missile capacity capable of hitting out hard enough to force the U.S.–Israeli extermination axis to sue for peace.

Containment has its price, as does war. It is from these axioms — and, we can speculate, the interlinked fear of what a population subject to genocide might do once the extermination ceases — that the strategy congeals. Disarming Hamas from its generational accumulation of the means of resistance; disarming Hezbollah through the collective punishment of the popular cradle through devastated terrain warfare and financial torture — these have become the only path to victory in this critical Arab heartland for the imperial and settler-colonial forces which cannot understand defeat. The current checks on this process of disarmament are, first, the capacity to impose enough violence to collapse the imperial armies before they collapse the Gaza component of the Axis, and second, the seeming unwillingness of an international system to accept annihilation by starvation. For now, the war continues.

No Opinion: Expanding our boycott of *The New York Times*

By
**WRITERS AGAINST THE
WAR ON GAZA**

“Language is important. Language makes genocide justifiable. A reason we are still being bombed after 243 days is because of *The New York Times* and most Western media... *The New York Times* is complicit in this genocide. *The New York Times* has the blood of 15,000 Palestinian children on their hands.”

Hossam Shabat wrote these words in June 2024, months before he was assassinated by Israel. Now, well over one year later, the very lowest estimates place the number of martyrs from this escalated phase of the genocide at 65,000. *The New York Times* now has the blood of tens of thousands more children on its hands — and that number rises with each passing hour.

Narrative revisionism sets the groundwork for and retroactively justifies Israel’s crimes; *The New York Times* has long been Israel’s most faithful media ally in this regard. For years, the paper has worked to bowdlerize the truth in service to the Zionist entity, a state founded by overwriting thousands of years of Palestinian history with a

new mythology to enable extermination and dispossession.

Israel’s 1982 massacre of thousands of children and other civilians in the Shatila refugee camp and the surrounding Sabra region in Lebanon threatened to break through the Zionist narrative’s stronghold on the West. Echoing what Palestinians had known for decades — that Zionism is Nazism — even Ronald Reagan, in a phone call with Menachem Begin, described the event as “a holocaust” and demanded Israel end its campaign. Terrified to lose their grip on Western discursive hegemony after this defeat, Zionists established media watchdog groups like the Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting and Analysis (CAMERA) to paper over the truth of their crimes by pressuring journalists and executives for ‘corrections’ and editorial standards that toe the Zionist line.

The current executive editor of *The New York Times*, Joseph Kahn, learned to read and analyze the news with his father, Leo, who sat on the board of CAMERA; Leo was still on the board when his son was first hired at the *Times*. Today, Kahn is the highest ranking journalist in the paper’s newsroom, continuing his father’s legacy of propping up Zionist lies under the banner of ‘journalism.’

This is but one of the many links that bind *The New York Times* to the Zionist entity — to apartheid, occupation, and genocide. Many of the *Times*’s top-ranking editors, reporters, and executives have served in the Israeli Occupation Forces and have close family members who have; they have worked or still work directly for Israeli think tanks; they live in stolen Palestinian homes.

These are the people the organization reveres for their neutrality. These are the people the organization accepts as having credibility on the subject of Israel and the land that it occupies. *The New York Times* hires Zionists, rewards Zionism, promotes its sycophants, and purges its critics.

The *Times* has made its practice of everyday revisionism clear, changing the story in real time. It prohibits its writers from using words like “slaughter,” “ethnic cleansing,” and even, “Palestine,” while publishing articles that obfuscate and at times outright deny Israel’s occupation, blockade, and siege. It obscures the racist, imperialist, and capitalist roots of the Zionist project — a land grab built on 100 years of slaughter and displacement. It produces distortions of syntax that put the subject out of reach of the object and the object out of reach of critique.

In the past few months the scale of the catastrophe Israel has wrought on Gaza has broken through to the public again like it did in 1982. The *Times* has conceded to present “famine” as a natural disaster or humanitarian catastrophe rather than a Zionist strategy of collective punishment. Similarly, the *Times*’s reports frame settler violence as an extremist exception rather than the rule of Israeli society. Finally, it has sequestered writing that designates Israel’s recent annihilatory campaign as a genocide — clear to Palestinian journalists on October 8th, 2023 — to its Opinion pages, where Israeli scholars debate liberal Zionists and Islamaphobes like Bret Stephens about the appropriateness of the term. The *Times* has turned the genocide into a subject for debate, distracting and delaying any kind of action to stop it.

The first edition of *The New York War Crimes* (November 2023), conceived in response to the *Times*’s utter rejection of the principles of newsmaking, printed what the paper would not: 2,260 names of those among the first Palestinian martyrs of this war.

Each passing month, as the groundswell rises in solidarity with the Palestinian people, more and more are coming to recognize the *Times*’s narrative

collusion with Israel and are joining our ongoing work to expose its revisionism, reveal its material ties to the Zionist

well as the message “NYT LIES GAZA DIES.”

With a coalition of solidarity organizations, we will soon expand our Boycott, Divest, Unsubscribe campaign to target and break tangible economic ties with the *Times*. To take on this multi-billion dollar company, we will need your support. Genocide is not a matter of opinion.

Israel continues to assassinate journalists in an attempt to hide its crimes from the world. But the silence that marks the absence of Hossam Shabat and the hundreds of other martyred journalists is palpable; we can feel its weight. Unlike these journalists, who gave their lives to expose the truth, those who write for the *Times* have no claim to the title of ‘journalist.’ To write for the *Times* is to give away one’s commitment to accuracy.

Our campaign is not just a takedown of the media. It’s about exposing the gears of the current genocide and the Zionist project itself. *The New York Times* is the paper of record — and on the record we find decades of racist obfuscation and outright lies, a safeguard of Zionist violence. We must work to undermine their prestige and legitimacy so that the *Times* no longer has the power to change the story.

The New York Times hires Zionists, rewards Zionism, promotes its sycophants, and purges its critics

entity, and ensure that there are consequences for its journalistic malpractice. Actionists have blockaded its Long Island printing plant, hacked New York City subway ads in a détournement of its signature font, staged pickets outside Kahn’s West Village apartment, occupied its Manhattan headquarters, and doused its facade with red paint as



The New York Times headquarters in New York City after being redecorated by autonomous actionists. July 2025. Alexa Wilkinson

‘IT IS ONLY OUR MEANS THAT DIFFER’ *We will continue to fight with our words*

By **ABUBAKER ABED**

In Gaza, everyone is a resistance fighter, but our means are different.

Since Israel placed a severely restrictive and suffocating blockade on Gaza in 2006, we lived in pain, never making headway in our lives. Dozens of patients with cancer and other chronic illnesses died after the occupation denied their travel permits. Many lived with inadequate housing. Amid skyrocketing unemployment rates, young people with degrees found themselves on the streets behind makeshift stalls. International agencies, particularly UNRWA, became the Strip’s lifeline.

We begged international human rights organizations and the global community to look at our intolerable existence and provide us with the most basic human rights. But our misery was willfully ignored. Some of these aid organizations even tried to subtly

teach the younger generations that we have no right to fight our occupiers. In fact, the right to armed resistance against illegal occupation is enshrined in international law.

Throughout those long years of suffering, it seemed that the world had disregarded our right to self-defence and wished for us to die in silence. This extreme form of racism, marginalization, and exclusion locked us in a never-ending cycle of pain and loss, leaving us with no other choice but to take up arms. We were labelled terrorists and compelled to be genocided for simply resisting our occupation.

I have always considered it the highest honor to defend my country. The freedom of Palestine is a seed sown in our hearts and nourished by our blood. And Palestinian resistance fighters are gems who have sacrificed everything for the sake of our homeland. I once aspired to fight with the resistance, but over time, I discovered that I could de-

fend Palestine through different means — through my words.

In Gaza, journalism is genocide documentation. It is an act of defiance that requires unparalleled steadfast-

Before he was killed, Anas urged foreign press to protect journalists in Gaza. His calls were never answered

ness and resilience. Our words matter. They keep a record of our feelings and our memories, and as Palestinian journalists, we share a battlefield with our armed resistance fighters. We

convey our people’s grief and agony. We stand with them and amplify their muffled voices. We scream at the top of our lungs together, so that the world can see what Israel, under the auspices of the U.S. and other Western governments, is doing to us. We have not and will never back down.

Israel is the enemy of the truth — hence the occupation’s tactic of compiling kill lists of Palestinian journalists. Since October 7, 2023, the Zionist army has murdered more than 230 journalists in Gaza. That number may have been updated by the time I finish writing these words. I wish I could know the names on that list, so I could warn my colleagues.

Before I left Gaza in April, my family, especially my mother, was constantly worried that Israel would target me. Whenever I went to report on the ongoing genocide, she would pray to God to protect me from evil. On the contrary, I hardly worried about my safety and



The martyred journalist Anas al-Sharif.



Mourners pray during the funeral of Palestinian journalist Mohammed Abu Hatab, who was killed in an Israeli strike in Khan Younis in the southern Gaza Strip on November 3, 2023. Mohammed Salem

harbored an insatiable desire to sacrifice my soul for our homeland.

In the final days before my evacuation, my relatives woke up at midnight to check which areas had been bombed and to make sure I was OK. Every time my sister heard a quadcopter, she told me it was coming for me. My siblings advised me to stop going out, to halt my reporting. It shattered my heart. Israel had succeeded in planting panic in families for their sons’ “criminal” journalism.

After I left Gaza, the Israeli occupation murdered my phenomenal colleague, the renowned local journalist Hassan Islaih, while he was receiving medical treatment inside the burns ward in Nasser Hospital in Khan Younis. My heart filled with rage and sadness. More recently, on August 10, the Zionists assassinated Anas Al-Sharif alongside five of his colleagues in a tent outside Al-Shifa Hospital.

Condolences and mourning messages flooded social media. Before he was killed, Anas had urged international media bodies and the foreign press to provide Palestinian journalists in Gaza with unrestricted protection. His calls were never answered.

Throughout the genocide, Anas had balanced his duties as a father of two young children with his work as a journalist, posting on social media and reporting live around the clock. When did he have the time to commit acts of

“secret terrorism” or take part in political or military endeavours? Although they had no proof, Western media dutifully recited Israeli claims that Anas was a member of Hamas.

Anas’s weapon was his broken lens and his heartfelt words. His reporting captured dismembered bodies, mutilated and starved children, and the annihilation of entire neighbourhoods. The fabricated allegations that Western newsrooms repeated led to the murder

It honors, not shames us, to be resistance fighters

of Anas and dozens of our other colleagues like Hamza Al-Dahdouh. Had I not escaped the horrors of the genocide, I would have likely been one of them.

But even if Anas held a gun to defend his homeland, why should that be a mark of shame? It honors, not shames us, to be resistance fighters. Between a fighter and a journalist in Gaza, the goal is the same. It is only our means that differ.

DISPATCH FROM ITALY

‘Not a Single Nail Will Leave From Our Ports’

Monday morning. The sky over Milan won't stop pissing rain. I'm afraid this might discourage people from joining today's general strike called by USB. But I immediately realise I was wrong as soon as I reach the march at Cairoli. Thousands of people flood the streets.

"They've blocked the highway between Bologna and Florence!"
"They've shut down the port of Marghera!"
"Also those of Ancona and Livorno!"

"In Naples the protesters have occupied the tracks at the central station!"

News of what is happening in other Italian cities races through the crowd like a spark catching fire. "Se non cambierà, intifada pure qua!" For the first time, nearly two years since the genocide escalated in occupied Palestine, hundreds of thousands of Italian citizens are finally united and determined to grind the country to a halt — to strike, to block everything. The anger and pain felt by citizens in the face of the fascist Italian government's support for the Zionist regime is palpable. It has reached a boiling point and can no longer be contained.

I join the human wave pushing toward Milan's central station, moving to shut it down. My body fuses with the pressure of hundreds of others surging toward the main entrance, determined to break that passage open — to overwhelm and scatter the police trying to hold us back.

For a few minutes, in that breach, I see a possibility I've never felt so strongly. In the force of that collective push, it becomes absolutely clear: Something has changed, and there's no going back.

The tear gas makes us fall back — only to surge forward, stronger, more fired up, more determined.

This time police violence is forcing us to retreat; next time we'll be better organized.

Bloccheremo tutto — not a single nail will leave from our ports, train stations, or airports, to reach the Zionist regime.

Italy, September 2025



EXODUS WITHOUT DESTINATION

A chronicle of displacement and survival in Gaza

By
ZARIFA HASSAN

For days now, I have been standing at the crossroads of al-Nasr and al-Aqsa in Mawasi, Khan Yunis, observing the steady cadence of displacement. If I were to define this word, a word whose meaning no dictionary has been able to capture, it would be like this:

Displacement is gathering what little you have left, shuttering the doors of your home or tearing down the tent that sheltered you, and fleeing. This may happen when the tanks draw near or when the airstrikes begin thundering overhead and danger is within sight. It may be forced upon you with the press of a button: an evacuation order cast down by a pilot in the sky or a spokesman speaking through social media.

Those who have come to Mawasi have gathered their belongings in search of a plot where they might pitch their tent. They have come here with the understanding that though this place is not safe, at least it is not Gaza City, where an evacuation order can be issued for a twelve-story building. Where people can throw their belongings out

from windows only for missiles to turn it all to ash. And so it goes.

These towers once stood in Western Gaza, in neighborhoods like Tal al-Hawa, al-Rimal, and al-Mina. Before the war, they were a comfort, a picturesque skyline since demolished. They are now little more than an eye-sore — a reminder of chaos and disorder that imposes only despair. Count the floors of a tower, multiply that by the number of apartments on each floor, and you may begin to grasp the number of families who will be cast out onto the street. This is to say nothing of the neighboring tents and apartment blocks that will, of course, be battered by the debris of shattered concrete.

People came to Mawasi hazarding that the Occupation army would establish a "humanitarian zone" by the sea. That the Israelis would allow the construction of a place of refuge by the water. As always, it offered no safety. But the sea has now too become their target, and all those who live there have been forced towards Khan Yunis and the western parts of Deir al-Balah: cast towards the center of the Strip until calamity unfolds there too. And the question, as ever, remains, "Where do we go?"

A short while ago, before the bombardment of Gaza's towers grew so unrelenting, it was dread that held the people in Gaza City captive. Haunted by Hebrew media and the threat of a looming invasion, they did not know which patch of land might cradle their bodies and the bodies of their children—alive now, awaiting death. In fact, they walked the streets hallucinating, whispering to themselves. But there is no time now even for whispers, only for action, for desperately finding a few square meters that may hold a tent.

Those who finally fled began by contacting acquaintances who had left during the first wave of displacement. They then set off on foot, walking from Nabulsi Square in the south of the city all the way to al-Nuweiri Hill at the edge of Nuseirat in the center of the Strip. There were no other means of transport. What mattered, simply, was their arrival: The hope of shelter. All that remained between here and there was another perpetual question, "How will we carry the belongings we have clung to for two years with the incessant hope of a ceasefire?"

Once there — having "won" a place



Displaced Palestinians, leaving northern Gaza, traveling along the coast. September 2025. *Jehad Alshrafi*

in Mawasi — they pitch their tent (the cost of which sits at around \$1,000). They must then build a toilet. Can you imagine that here people must carry the burden of their own excrement? They begin by digging a pit a meter and a half deep, and placing the mouth of a thick pipe at the opening. They then cover it with a sheet of galvanized metal and pile sand atop the hole. The sides are enclosed with fabric and then, finally, one awaits the insects, who descend en

masse to greet you in this new land.

If you have made it this far—having scavenged a place in Mawasi, pitched a tent, and built your toilet—congratulations, the sound of bombing still awaits you. You have sheltered in another prison, where a five-minute walk can stretch to an hour.

You may return to al-Nuweiri Hill to watch those who have come after you wading like pilgrims in unending waves—no place for them, no space

here. Cry, or rejoice because you have at the very least found a spot in Mawasi. And hold on to your contacts, because, as always, another wave of displacement will come again.

This is the story of the expulsion towards Mawasi, towards the unknown. Those of us here do not know what we have agreed to nor what comes next. All we know is that there is no room for refuge here in the South, and that no stone will be left in the North.

MARTYRED JOURNALIST MARIAM ABU DAQQA TO HER SON

Gaith, the heart and soul of your mother. I want you to pray for me. Don't cry over my death so I remain happy. I want you to make me proud and be smart and be responsible. I want you to become a talented businessman. I want you to not ever forget me. I did everything I could to keep you happy, safe, and well. And when you grow up and get married and have a baby girl, name her Mariam after me. You are my love, my heart, my soul, my support, and my son that I am proud of, Gaith. I want to be proud by what people say about you. Please Gaith, remember your prayers, your prayers, your prayers, my son.

Your mum, Mariam.



A young Palestinian man at a barricade after leaving mass in Bethlehem, 1988. *Javier Bauluz*

The Killer Grief and the Fighter Grief

By
HUSSEIN MROUE

This article was first published in the Beirut newspaper al-Nidaa on June 20, 1982.

"On the beach at sunset, we see the sun and the sea meeting at the illusory line that marks the horizon. Do they actually meet?"

He said, "What do you want to say?"

"I want you, first, to understand the enormity of this illusion: We see the sun and the sea meeting, although it is impossible for them to meet. And I want you, beyond this, to compare this situation to the situation that we are in.

"You are grieving, no doubt, you are grieving for your country, your people, and your cause. Ever since the Zionist-imperialist invasion spread through the veins of Lebanese soil. And that young man we were talking about, he is also grieving for the same reason. But does

your grief and his grief coincide?"

He said, "I don't understand."

"I want you to understand that the similarity between your grief and his grief is an illusion, like the deception of the sun and the sea meeting at the horizon. There is no doubt that both are grief, but the name itself means nothing if the meaning differs, even contradicts, between one grief and the other.

—

Yesterday afternoon, I went to check up on him. I had anticipated his condition. I knew how the shock of the traitorous tyrannical occupation would affect his state of being. But I did not expect the shock to reach this level of defeat, disillusionment, and loss of balance on an intellectual, psychological, and physical level. I saw him rambling in national and ideological confusion without restraint.

The man is not a coward. I know the opposite to be true. He is courageous, and his courage has been tested. He is not lacking in patriotism, the strength of

his patriotism has also been tested. But the issue is, firstly, that his courage and his patriotism are built on a fragile intellectual foundation. Secondly, his experience in national labor hasn't taken him beyond the realm of office work, so it hasn't brought him to ordinary people who practice their patriotism naturally and practically, without pretense. It certainly hasn't brought him to practicing patriotism as they do.

Just now, upon my arrival, I asked about his relative, the young man, a fighter in the battles of the South against the invaders.

I learned from him that his relative, the young man, is still at the front lines. Then he pulled out a newspaper from his desk to show me a picture of the young man holding his weapon in an ambush on one of the hills of the South.

He said, "I've heard that he is grief stricken."

"You mean, like the grief I see in you?" He said, "There is no difference... grief is grief."

"How vast is the distance between the sea and the sun...and how vast is the difference between this grief and that grief?"

He said, "How do you know?"

"Does your state of defeat, disillusionment, loss of balance, your confused national and ideological ramblings, resemble the state of the young man, he who holds his position in battle despite the advances of the forceful, treacherous occupation, still gripping his weapon upon the rock, with eyes like an eagle, scanning the horizon, as danger surrounds him from every side?"

He said, "Grief is grief."

"No, this is like saying that the sun is the sea or the sea is the sun."

—

"The difference, my friend, is that your grief is the killer grief. It kills you first. It is, first and foremost, a killer sent by the killers on the enemy's side. It directs moral and psychological bullets at us in the battle of steadfastness, which is now the foundation of our entire national, pan-Arab, democratic struggle.

And the grief of the young man, from his position in this very battle, is the fighter grief. It is the sacred grief. It is the 'honorable hatred.' It is the most beautiful and honorable form of great grief."

BUILDING A GLOBAL PEOPLE’S ARMS EMBARGO

By THE PALESTINIAN YOUTH MOVEMENT

At the inaugural People’s Conference for Palestine in 2024, the Palestinian Youth Movement launched the Mask Off Maersk campaign — a transnational movement uniting labor, students, and everyday people against Maersk’s shipment of military cargo to Israel. Since then, we have transformed this campaign into a global movement for a People’s Arms Embargo, pressuring the highest levels of governance in states across the globe to implement a total arms embargo on Israel. And it’s working. This timeline is not just a chronology of our movement, but a testament to the real power people hold when led by their conviction. This is our attempt to historicize our struggle thus far, and illustrate our path for the fight ahead.

2024

MAY 26, 2024
LAUNCH OF MASK OFF MAERSK CAMPAIGN

SEPTEMBER 11, 2024
PALESTINE GENERAL FEDERATION OF TRADE UNIONS CALL TO ACTION

PGFTU call on workers around the globe to support the boycott, divestment, and sanctions movement and to refuse handling of military shipments bound for Israel, specifically citing Maersk as a key logistics company implicated in the Gaza genocide.

NOVEMBER 10 - 16, 2024
MOROCCAN CIVIL AND LABOR GROUPS REJECT HANDLING OF MAERSK CARGO

In Tangier, the Moroccan Front for the Support of Palestine and Against Normalization releases a statement against the docking of the *Maersk Denver* at Tangier Med Port. Mass protests erupt across Morocco in response, and activist Ismail Lghazaoui is arrested in Casablanca.

DECEMBER 5, 2024
U.S. TRIES TO PRESSURE SPANISH GOVERNMENT INTO COMPLICITY

The U.S. government launches an investigation into Spain for blocking Maritime Security Program and VISA-enrolled vessels, warning Spain that it would impose fines of up to \$2.3 million per voyage.

DECEMBER 16, 2024
MASK OFF MAERSK CAMPAIGN PUBLISHES SECOND RESEARCH REPORT ON U.S. AMMUNITION TRANSFERS TO ISRAEL IN VIOLATION OF SPANISH LAW

JANUARY 9, 2025
MAERSK ANNOUNCES THAT IT WILL STOP DOCKING ISRAEL-BOUND SHIPS AT ALGECIRAS, SPAIN

JANUARY 22, 2025
THIRD RESEARCH REPORT RELEASED ABOUT MAERSK’S ROLE IN FACILITATING EXPORTS FROM ILLEGAL ISRAELI SETTLEMENTS

PYM’s research into thousands of Maersk shipments to the U.S. reveals that Maersk facilitates exports from illegal Israeli settlements on behalf of businesses operating within them.

MARCH 18, 2025
RESOLUTION TO END TRANSPORT OF MILITARY CARGO PRESENTED AT MAERSK SHAREHOLDER MEETING

In advance of Maersk’s Annual General Meeting, shareholders present resolutions that addressed the shipping giant’s complicity in genocide, forcing Maersk to respond.

APRIL 15, 2025
FRENCH & MOROCCAN WORKERS BLOCK MAERSK SHIPMENT OF F-35 JET PARTS AT FOS-SUR-MER PORT

Dockworkers of the General Confederation of Labor (CGT) refused to handle the *Nexoe Maersk*, a cargo ship en route to pick up F-35 jet parts for delivery to Israel’s Nevatim Airbase. After the dockworkers identified and refused to load the vessel, the *Nexoe Maersk* was forced to re-route to Casablanca. There, union workers called for mass mobilizations that drew thousands of Moroccans, who protested Maersk’s role and delayed the shipment by 39 hours.

JUNE 21, 2025
MAERSK CUTS TIES WITH SETTLEMENTS

Following mounting pressure, Maersk becomes the first global shipping company to halt the transport of goods to and from Israeli settlements. This decision sets a precedent for other shipping and logistics companies, marking the first time in history that a global shipping firm has committed to align with the UN Office of the High Commissioner for Human Rights (OHCHR) database. However, Maersk continues to ship military cargo to Israel.

JULY 2, 2025
BASQUE STEEL COMPANY SIDENOR SUSPENDS ALL SALES TO ISRAEL AFTER PUBLIC PRESSURE CAMPAIGN

PYM researchers expose a planned shipment of 122 tonnes of steel from Sidenor to Israel Military Industries (IMI), Israel’s exclusive light munitions manufacturer, through the port of Barcelona — violating Spanish law on military exports. Basque trade unions condemn Sidenor for “collaborating in genocide,” while organizations protest at the port and file a lawsuit. Under this pressure, Sidenor suspends all sales to Israel.

JULY 29, 2025
CANADIAN COALITION LAUNCHES ARMS EMBARGO REPORT

A groundbreaking report exposes hundreds of Canadian weapons shipments to Israel between October 2023 and July 2025, including on over 100 international flights. This reveals Canada’s deep complicity in genocide after two years of government lies claiming arms transfers to Israel had stopped. Under pressure from the movement, Calian GNSS suspends shipments to Elbit Systems after being caught red-handed.

AUGUST 27, 2024

MAERSK RETREATS FROM PUBLIC EVENT AMIDST GREENWASHING CAMPAIGN

Hundreds gather under the Mask Off Maersk campaign banner in San Pedro, California to protest Maersk’s greenwashing campaign, pushing the company to leave the Port of Los Angeles and cancel public viewings of the “green bio-methanol” ship.

NOVEMBER 4 - 11, 2024

FIRST PYM RESEARCH REPORT PUSHES SPANISH GOVERNMENT TO ACTION

PYM researchers release report reviewing 2,110 U.S. shipments on Maersk vessels listed as being shipped to or on behalf of the Government of Israel’s Ministry of Defense (IMOD). The research implicates Maersk in violating Spanish law by transferring military materiel destined for Israel through Spanish ports. Spain blocks a third Maersk ship from docking at its ports, the *Nysted Maersk*, which was en route to Algeciras to pick up cargo scheduled to be delivered by the *Maersk Denver*.

NOVEMBER 20, 2024

MAERSK OFFICIALLY CONFIRMS THAT IT IS SHIPPING CARGO TO ISRAEL AS PART OF U.S. FOREIGN MILITARY SALES

DECEMBER 12, 2024

FIRST INTERNATIONAL DAY OF ACTION FOR MASK OFF MAERSK CAMPAIGN

PYM mobilizes internationally at Maersk sites to put the company on notice for supplying the genocidal Israeli army with military cargo.

2025

FEBRUARY 5, 2025

FOLLOWING AN INTERNATIONAL ADVOCACY CAMPAIGN, THE MOROCCAN POLITICAL PRISONER ISMAIL LGHAZAOUI IS FREED

FEBRUARY 24, 2025

ACTIVISTS BLOCKADE MAERSK HQ IN COPENHAGEN

Over 1,000 activists from across Europe lead a weekend of marches, demonstrations, and teach-ins outside the Maersk headquarters in Copenhagen to demand an end to the company’s role in transporting military equipment from across the world for Israel’s genocide in Gaza.

MARCH 20, 2025

MAERSK LISTED AS AN OFFICIAL BDS TARGET

The BDS National Committee and PYM partner to update the official BDS Priority Targets for Institutional Pressure list to include Maersk, calling on people all over the world to take action in applying pressure on Maersk through local campaigns.

MAY 30, 2025

REPORT REVEALS MAERSK ROLE IN F-35 SUPPLY CHAIN

The Mask Off Maersk report *Shipments for Slaughter* reveals Maersk’s critical role in sustaining Israel’s F-35 program. The report documents how Maersk has shipped the wings for every Israeli F-35 delivered since at least March 2022, with commitments to ship wings for five more jets scheduled for delivery by 2028. Maersk has transported F-35 components directly to the Israeli military and its key contractors, while also handling nearly all maritime shipments of F-35 parts to Lockheed Martin and Northrop Grumman production hubs in the U.S. Without Maersk’s involvement, the global F-35 supply chain would come to a halt. In response, organizations worldwide mobilized against Maersk’s role in transporting F-35 components, with actions in Virginia, New Jersey, New York, Rotterdam, France, Morocco, Spain, Australia, and more.

JULY 14 - 18, 2025

12 GLOBAL MAJORITY COUNTRIES COMMIT TO ARMS AND ENERGY EMBARGO ON ISRAEL AT THE HAGUE GROUP EMERGENCY CONFERENCE IN BOGOTA, COLOMBIA

AUGUST 3, 2025

MOROCCANS REJECT MAERSK SHIPMENT DESTINED FOR ISRAEL

BDS Morocco and the Moroccan Front for the Support of Palestine and Against Normalization expose a Maersk shipment of F-35 wings containers bound for Israel through Tangier Med Port, sparking mass mobilizations. They declare a rejection of Moroccan ports being used for military cargo and call on workers to refuse handling such shipments.



IN MEMORIAM

Gaza’s Journalists Remember Their Martyred Colleagues

Isra al-Mudallal remembers *Anas al-Sharif*

Should I tell you why you must speak? It's because, unfortunately, Israeli media has succeeded in demonizing the image of the Palestinian person, whether journalist, doctor, or surgeon. You wouldn't believe the things we are living through right now. The world is silent because they successfully demonized Anas's image, the doctors' images, the children's images, even the women. They have demonized the image of all who are Palestinian and have made it permissible to kill them. They have made it permissible to kill them!

They have succeeded in their propaganda. They have succeeded with their public media, with their lobbying, with their social media, and they have succeeded with their money — millions of dollars spent to keep it going. The same money keeps their military machinery running so that they may behead more people. So they may behead us.

So what do you have to do? You must introduce Anas and others and others and more. Examples and portraits, people who are known and people who are unknown, those whom people know nothing about. These peoples' dreams were simple. They dreamed of eating food that was clean, of walking in their own streets.

Who told you that Anas wanted to leave Gaza? Anas never wanted to leave Gaza. Who told you that Anas was happy with his fame and renown? His fame meant nothing to him. Fame matters to the sycophants, those who are empty and living in the phony, suffocating spiral of capitalism and modernism. But it means nothing to real, honest heroes. The world imagines that there is a Batman or a Superman who could save their city. But Anas also tried to save his city, tried to make its voices heard. In the end, what happened to our Batman? They made him into a demon, deserving of death, and they celebrated his killing.

Anas was hungry and continued his coverage. He was besieged and remained steadfast. Anas, Anas, Anas — the campaign against him was so vicious, and he fought so hard. And the world wants to go on after he was martyred? I have messages Anas sent me while this campaign was ongoing. Two or three days before he was martyred, he sent me what Avichay Adraee was saying about him. He told me there was a campaign against him. He was so hungry, he needed food.

So, you see, the people outside Gaza are in one valley and he was in another. And they'd say to him, "Oh! We love you." Okay, that's nice, but who cares? In the end, what did I gain from this love? I have nothing to eat. I have nothing to feed my children. I'm famous and I have nothing to feed my children. And he'd speak to those in power and those who were famous. Many of them would speak to him once and wouldn't speak to him again. And now, after he was martyred, all these people want to share videos, photos, and notes.

This hurts. This hurts! I keep saying: Now you remember there is a struggle? That there is a Gaza? Now that he's martyred, you want to have a campaign for him?

There are another 60,000 martyrs whom people know nothing about. There is a genocide and there's a very dangerous plan to depopulate the Strip, to ethnically cleanse all of Gaza's population. Someone talk about that.

Will you talk about it? Or are you now used to this scene? This is the absolute humanity that people of Gaza have, that does not exist outside. Who are we speaking to? To walls.

Does a disaster like Gaza have to happen to them too, so that they know what Gaza means, what life in Gaza means? Like a tsunami, an earthquake, a tragedy, something to tell them: You dogs, sons of dogs, Gaza is not lesser than you. Do you not have children, families, homes, for example, which Gaza does not?

Do you know what it means for a nation to be buried? A nation with its culture, its history, its people, its soul? And we are witnesses. We are all watching. This means something. This means something enormous. We will be held accountable for this, trust me. The world will be held accountable. There will be a Day of Judgment specifically for what happened in Gaza. It will be a different Day of Judgment than the one that happens in the afterlife.

Shrouq al-Alia remembers *Roshdi Sarraj*

The journalist and filmmaker Roshdi Sarraj was my husband. Before he was my husband, he was my friend. I worked with him for about two and a half years. It was journalism that brought us together and it was journalism that separated us, too. We became partners and had a child together — a little girl named Dania. When the war started, we were outside of Gaza on a work trip. Roshdi's first reaction was: We have to go back to Gaza. So we cancelled everything and went back to Gaza. He was totally against me and Dania going too, but of course that didn't stop me.

It was just out of the question to leave him. For him, there could be no hesitation about going back. He felt the impact of these events both as a journalist and as a person from this land — as a person for this land. He didn't even take fifteen minutes to think about it. He was absolutely resolute that we should cancel our work plans and go back. I shared his conviction.

Roshdi's colleagues looked up to him. He was always looking to be of service to others, to help everyone around him. He never said no to any of his coworkers in need.

Roshdi was my most beloved and closest friend. I didn't always call him my husband. I called him my best friend because I felt that this was the closest I could come to describing our bond. Not all spouses love each other. I was afraid to describe him in a way that could diminish how much he meant to me. "My best friend" came closer to describing our relationship and how close we were.

Roshdi loved us so much... In the moments before he was martyred, there was the sound of heavy fire in our area. He was standing next to me, and I was holding his hand and carrying our daughter in my other arm. The sound of bombs was getting closer to us and intensifying. We started to feel like they might strike us at any moment. In an instant, he jumped from my side and stood in front of me and opened his arms to shield us. It happened so fast.

I reached out to put my hand on his shoulder, saying, "What are you doing?" I was totally caught off guard. Within seconds, he was struck. His body took the full force of the blow. I was completely unharmed. He was targeted by two missiles. I don't understand how it happened. It was surely God's will. But Roshdi took the hit fully, he blocked all of it. You can see how big his love was, how pure, profound, and clear it was. When he thought there was something that might hurt us, he stepped in front of us to protect us.

Our love language was things like, "Let me make you coffee," or little treats. So, if I was going to arrive home before him, he would tell me, "Don't drink coffee without me, wait for me so we can drink coffee together. I want to be the one to make it for you." He'd make it for me even if we were having a bit of a disagreement. Even as he was arguing with me, he'd make me coffee. We always drank it together. Once I said to him, "You didn't tell me 'I love you' today," and he responded, "I fixed you a cup of coffee."

Dania, our daughter, deserves to know her father. She deserves to live surrounded by both her father and her mother. I ask God to multiply all these good deeds and blessings for him in Jannah (Paradise), oh Lord. May God ease this trial. May God ease it. No child deserves to lose her father! There is no child in the world that deserves to live without her father, especially when her father is someone like Roshdi.

Hanan al-Reefee remembers *Bassam Hassouna*

I want to speak about a colleague, a brother, a dear friend in journalism and in community work, the late martyr Bassam Hassouna, may God have mercy on his soul. He was 50 when he was killed on March 18, 2024, which fell around the tenth day of Ramadan. Those days were unbearably hard. Famine was at its peak. The situation in Gaza City was extreme. There was an incursion and Israeli forces were destroying everything. They had reached al-Shifa Hospital.

Bassam had been displaced with his wife's family, the al-Shurafas, who live behind al-Shifa. He was there with his children and more than one hundred people from the al-Shurafa and Hassouna families. Gunfire was constant. Small quadcopter drones fired at anything that moved. People were starving. Some were eating animal feed. Even leaves from trees were out of reach and, when food could be found, prices were impossible.

Bassam stayed in Gaza. He refused to leave. Every day he and his eldest son, Mohammed, went out to search for anything to eat. They walked long distances because there was no transport, under bullets and shells and missiles. He had four children. On that day, March 18, there was a raid on al-Shifa Hospital. I must stop for a second and tell you that I am recording this now under the sound of Israeli aircraft fire. We remain at war. Gaza is living through a second famine. We are approaching two years of Israeli war and mass killing in the Strip.

That day the gunfire never stopped. Troops stormed the hospital. There were many dead. Bulldozers crushed bodies and pushed them into mass graves inside the hospital grounds. Homes around al-Shifa came under fire. At sunset, the family broke their fast with a cup of tea and a piece of bread, as there was nothing else to eat. It was a brutal night. They tried to turn on a small heater for light and, when the quadcopter saw a glow in the apartment, it opened heavy fire. A bullet tore through Bassam's ear and exited his neck. He died instantly. He was holding his cup of tea. When it fell to the floor, they knew he had been hit. He had been standing, trying to light the lamp.

Bassam was my brother. He was loved by everyone. He served as Director General and Representative of the Minister's Office at the Ministry of Culture in Gaza. He was widely admired. He was short in stature and would joke with us. When we asked, "Bassam, where are you," he would laugh and say, "I left my other half at home," meaning he made up for his height with spirit and grace. Every Ramadan he would buy me a fanoos [Ramadan lantern], just as he did for his daughters. I had been displaced to the south and he remained in Gaza City. He told me, "Hanan, I have not forgotten you. I bought your lantern, it is here waiting for you. We will meet soon. You are the best thing in the world." He encouraged me through my studies and difficulties. He always said, "I am proud of you. You are strong. You are generous." He was my greatest support.

By God, Bassam, you truly deserve martyrdom. I swear to God, you deserve it. You are truly remarkable, Bassam. May God have mercy on you, forgive you, and make Paradise your abode. Oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord.

Bisan Owda remembers *All martyred journalists*

Do you know the story "Men in the Sun" by Ghassan Kanafani, where Abul Khaizuran says, at the end, "Why didn't you knock on the sides of the tank?" while standing in front of the remains of the three young men? They were scared to knock on the sides of the tank, and so they died.

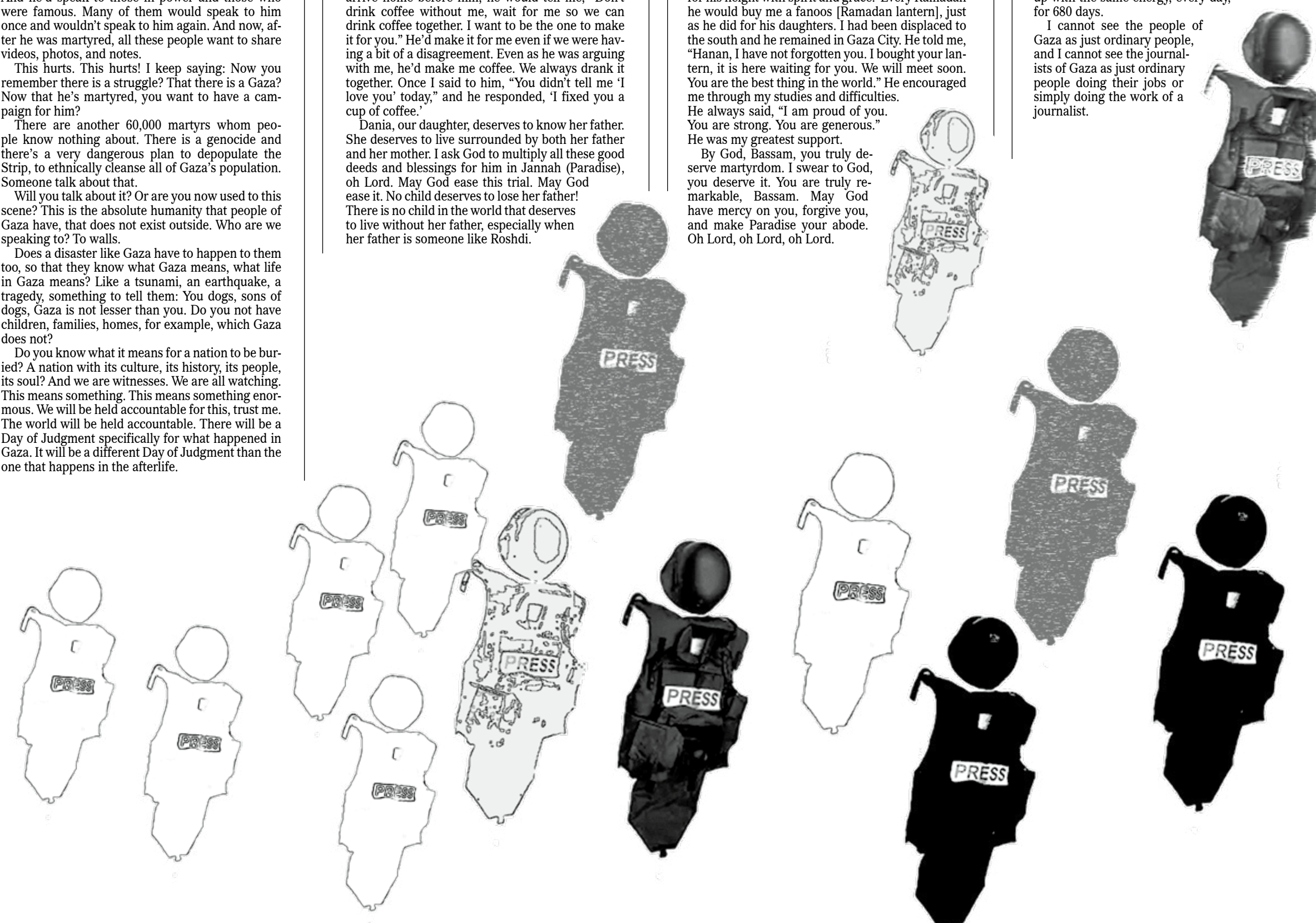
And you know in Tamim al-Barghouti's poem, "My Soul as Ransom for Every Sorrowing Victor" (نفسي الفداء لكل منتصر حزين), when he said something along the lines of "Gaza's sky would collapse were it not for the hands of the good," and then he says, "Oh people of Gaza, no more lies upon you now. By God, were it not for you, no sky would remain to shelter the world?"

For me, this is the role being carried out by the journalists in Gaza today. It is the knocking on the sides of the tank, it is presenting a case to the world who listens and witnesses, yet does not act sufficiently or quickly enough to stop this genocide. And they are the hands that have kept every standard of humanity from collapse, that have kept the world from transforming entirely into a dark, oppressive, savage world. A world like a jungle.

But goodness still exists, in its small place, in the small square beneath the journalist's feet, fighting this evil that pervades the entire world. For me, these are the journalists of Gaza today. For me, these are the more than 250 martyrs, the most recent of whom is a young man called Islam, martyred two days ago, and before him, the six who were martyred at al-Shifa [Hospital], among them Anas, Mohamad, Abu Yahya, and others. And those before them, and the many after them.

This is how I see them, the men and women journalists of Gaza, and I can't see them any other way. I am incapable of seeing them just as ordinary humans doing their jobs because they are not just ordinary humans doing their jobs. We sleep in the streets. We sleep in tents. We die. Our loved ones are targeted, they die. We are bombed. We live in schools. We live without water. Every morning, we search for food and, after we search for food, water, and a safe place to shelter, we provide for the young children who await us at home. Then, we go live and speak in front of a camera. Then, we go down to take pictures. Then, we post them on social media. Then, we go live again. Finally, we sleep for two or three hours inside a tent on the pavement by the hospital, the only place that has electricity, so we can charge our phones and our cameras and our equipment. And the next morning we wake up with the same energy, every day, for 680 days.

I cannot see the people of Gaza as just ordinary people, and I cannot see the journalists of Gaza as just ordinary people doing their jobs or simply doing the work of a journalist.



Mohammad Yaghi remembers

Mohammad Tishreen Yaghi

Mohammad Tishreen, Mohammad Tishreen, my brother. Mohammad Tishreen was an editor and a cameraman, working hard to become a filmmaker. He was my cousin and he was a good man. He would dance Dabke, he was a Dabeek. I was working on a project called the “Street Cinema Project,” where we screened movies for kids in the streets and taught them useful skills, like how to brush their teeth. It’s a community awareness project, so children have a chance to participate and be present in their community. Mohammad had a contract to film the entire project — to record and edit it.. He called me, saying, “I want to come and film and see what activities you’re doing.” So, I told him, “There’s an activity today, please don’t be late.” He said, “Okay, no problem.”

He loved children a great deal and I told him the kids were waiting for him, excited that he would film them. He arrived right on time and found the kids there waiting for him, laughing. We were painting the children’s faces; he filmed the whole thing, enjoying every second of it. Prior to the day, there had been an escalation by the occupation army and the kids were a little scared. But when Mohammad saw that the atmosphere was so positive, he immersed himself in the filming.

Afterward, he was so overjoyed with the activity that he came up close to me and said: “By God, we are a people who deserve life. Gaza is beautiful, cousin; it has so many great things.” Afterward, he told me, “All that’s left is to interview you.” I told him, “I’m not the kind of person for interviews, I’m more about sound. I’m a sound engineer, I’ve never even worn a mic.”

After about three or four days, he called me and said, “Come watch.” I went to his office and I saw the things he had worked on and filmed. It was beautiful. The children’s life and spirit showed so clearly. The games, the laughter, and everything we did — he had captured it so well.

He sent the video to the project’s sponsor, and the next day they replied that they had to interview me. He called me and said, “We must interview you, there’s no way around it. You need to talk about your project and your dream of having cinemas here. Even though this dream might not come true, you still have to talk about it, cousin.” I agreed.

It was the first time I felt I was doing something that truly mattered. Our family was incredibly proud of us, as we were the only two working in journalism.

Unfortunately, the war broke out just a week after we filmed and delivered the movie we had made.

I saw him only once after that, when he was displaced from Gaza City to the south of Gaza. He was with his relatives, our relatives.

He told me, “I don’t know... I have this strange feeling. For the first time, I feel like I’m floating, like everything is coming to an end. I keep smiling at everyone, laughing with everyone, but I don’t know what’s happening, it’s a dangerous feeling.”

Exactly one week after I saw him, on February 22, 2024, Mohammad was on his way back from al-Aqsa Hospital, where he had been covering events. He left the hospital around the time of the evening prayer. It was around 9:30 p.m. when he was heading home. He had been covering events at al-Aqsa Martyrs Hospital in Deir al-Balah.

He was just about to enter the house. The house was two stories, inside were about 70 displaced people — all of them our relatives. The house was targeted. A missile brought down the two-story building, one after the other, killing everyone inside. Mohammad was among them.

It was nighttime. The shock was overwhelming. The next morning, we went out to search for whatever bodies might still be under the ruins. Everyone was searching in one area and I searched in another. I was looking for Mohammad — searching, searching for Mohammad.

But sadly, until now, we still have not found him. What I did find was his camera. I found Mohammad’s camera — there was nothing in it. Mohammad had been holding it in his lap, but with the force of the explosion, the camera ended up in one place and Mohammad in another.

We found the tool, but not the witness. May God have mercy on Mohammad. And may God have mercy on all the martyrs.

Ahmad Abdelal remembers

Mohammad Qreiqeh

My beloved, my soul, Mohammad Qreiqeh, Abu al-Zain. He was a brother, a friend, and a beloved companion for nearly 15 years. I worked with him in several news agencies and channels. Again, he was not just a brother or a friend. I mean, I can’t describe what Mohammad meant. And, of course, all of our dear colleagues, Moomin and Anas, may God have mercy on them. But I’d spend the most time with Mohammad. We’d always be together. Whether it was at work or at home, we’d do everything together. And of course, as you know, his mother was martyred at al-Shifa Hospital. He had taken refuge there with her. When they targeted Mohammad and told him to go south, his mother was still in the hospital and she was martyred there. I remember speaking with him while he was searching for her body. I was always talking to him, we talked every day. I mean, I’m telling you, we’d share a bite of food among each other.

I cried for him, I cried blood for him. He was never short with anybody. I’d never asked him for anything where his response wasn’t, immediately, “Of course, my brother.” He’d never call me anything but “my brother,” “my heart,” “my beloved.” He’s left a legacy of integrity. In everything, among his loved ones, among his neighbors. I want to tell you that he was a son of Shuja’iyya: a neighborhood of heroes, a neighborhood of martyrs, a neighborhood of the honorable.

He would always claim the camp and, if someone from Shuja’iyya needed help, we would stand with them in an instant, see what was needed, and do it. He would help the people of Shuja’iyya, help the children of Shuja’iyya. His sense of honor was extraordinary and his attachment to Shuja’iyya was so deep.

I don’t know what to say. He was so close to my heart, truly, my beloved Mohammad. I’ll tell you this: we lost someone angelic, I swear to God. He was gentle, polite, shy. By God, we really lost you Mohammad. Everyday the pain of his loss follows me. I couldn’t even describe to you the depth of it. I cry out to him at night. I swear to God, every night I cry out to him. I open our voice messages on WhatsApp or on Instagram. He’d always say to me, “I’m here, sleeping in the street, sleeping on the sidewalk.” It was freezing, the rain was constant in the wintertime. He moved through these streets and alleys, between the shelling and the bombardment, carrying our message to the world.

You must understand, he lived as an orphan. His father passed away when he was four or five years old. His mother was martyred in the war, and now he has passed too. Truly, he was an angel. He was an angel walking on this earth. May we, God willing, uphold our pledge to him for as long as we live and may Allah, Glorious and Exalted, unite us with him in Jannatul Firdaus, by His will.

Abubaker Abed remembers

Hassan Matar

The genocide in Gaza — the bitter 18 months I lived there — meant pain, oppression, and suffering in every way. Every second, every moment, every minute was hard. But the hardest moment I went through was when I lost my dear friend Hassan Matar.

Hassan was always kind, smiling, cheerful, loved by everyone, he had a profound impact on me. I was always the kind of person who stayed at home and didn’t like going out. He would always tell me, “Come on, let’s go out.” He used to drag me out against my will and so he changed my personality a lot. Even now, when people see me—the journalist Abubaker, the contemplative, always-smiling Abed—and are struck by my hope and my smile, the main reason for it was Hassan Matar. I’ve known Hassan since we were kids, but our relationship became strong when we were together at university. I remember sometimes we would go to watch matches together and he’d cheer for the rival team just to annoy me. He was a great person, great in every sense of the word.

The day he was killed, may God have mercy on him, there was an attack on the Matar family. I called my friend Abdulrahman Ismail. He told me there had been an attack on al-Bi’ah Street. I was sitting at my laptop writing an article. When I heard that his family had been targeted, I jumped up, I was terrified, and ran to find out where he was. I ran to the hospital and told my family; panic broke out at home. My family loved Hassan — anyone who knew him loved him.

I went to the hospital and was searching among the bodies calling, “Is Hassan Matar here? Hassan Matar?” I couldn’t find him. I asked inside the morgue, I went to the refrigeration units,

I asked the man who buries and shrouds the dead; he told me to look in the refrigeration units. I opened the first one and read the names and looked at the faces. I didn’t see him. I opened the second — still nothing. The third — nothing. I read the names, the bodies in these refrigerators were mangled. The next day I returned to the hospital, asked in the tent for the dead, checked the refrigerators again — still nothing. I went to the reception clerk and asked him if Hassan had been martyred. He said, “Wait, I’ll look for you.” He searched for his name and later told me, “Hassan and Mustafa.” I asked, “Are you sure?” He said yes, Hassan and Mustafa Matar were killed.

I sat in a corner of the hospital and my heart shattered, like glass smashing against the floor: completely broken. Then I went home with tears in my eyes and told my family and they started to cry. Thank God, Lord of the Worlds, I didn’t show my family that I was sobbing, but I was sobbing inside. I pray for him everyday. I don’t know what to say. But since that day I feel something missing. Since that day I miss his laugh, his smile...everything. Everything. Hassan. Losing him hurt...it was the loss of everything.

I dreamed about him two or three times afterward, he was in a bright white bliss. He’s always on my mind. His loss will remain with me forever. And Abubaker is not the same Abubaker without Hassan, no matter how people see Abubaker.

Fayez Qreiqeh remembers

Mohammed Qreiqeh and Anas al-Sharif

Peace be upon you and the mercy of Allah and His blessings. I am the journalist Fayez Qreiqeh, a director and filmmaker from Gaza. I’m recording this message and I have never been in a worse state. We have not experienced anything worse in this war. The loss of our fellow journalists, our loved ones, our relatives, those we lived with — the hard moments that preceded this now seem sweet.

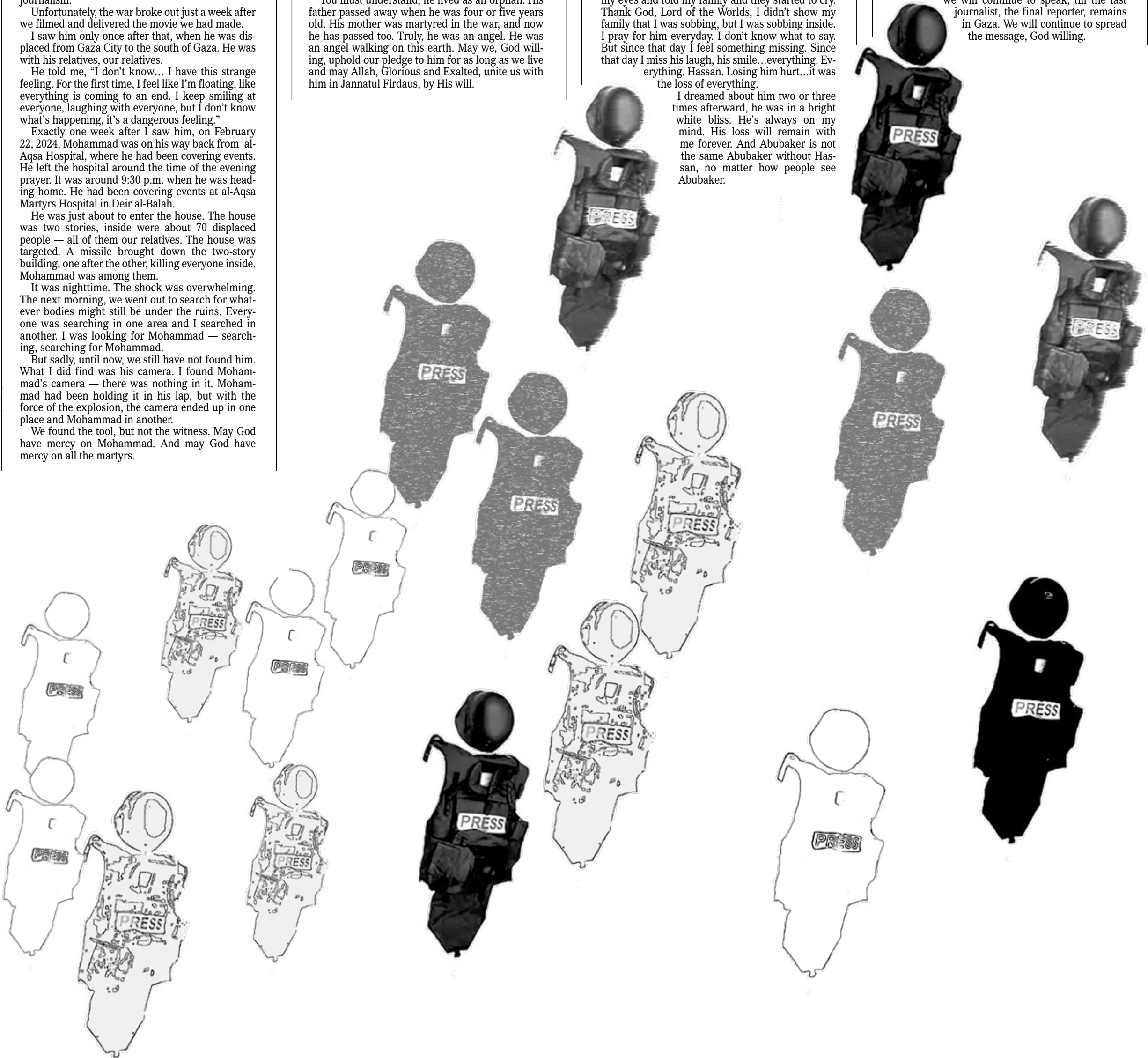
I don’t have words to describe the loss. We have lost so many giants of journalism. Anas al-Sharif and Mohammad Qreiqeh, Al Jazeera correspondents, as well as our colleagues, the Al Jazeera team. A terrible feeling. When we entered the morgue to check on the martyrs, we found Anas al-Sharif and Mohammad Qreiqeh; Anas al-Sharif was in pieces. We also found Moamen Aliwa. In the end, we found five of our colleagues, all martyred. It was indescribably difficult: You go to the morgue seeking two colleagues, two friends, and you end up finding five, and then a sixth from a different team.

Mohammed Qreiqeh is my cousin and my relationship to him is a deep one. Beyond just kinship and blood, we had a bond of collegiality, of love, of friendship, one that spanned many years. He was one of my best friends — aside from the fact that he was my cousin. We talked every day, along with our brother Anas al-Sharif, whom we’d both known for years and years.

The last time I spoke to Anas, I told him, “Anas, I dreamt about you and I felt something, please take care of yourself.” I explained the dream — it was a pleasant one. I asked him to be careful, to not go out too much. It shows you how deeply we cared about him. We saw it in his eyes, an immense dedication to getting the message out to the world. There was no rest, nothing — we were always so worried about him, that he would be martyred.

I’m speaking now because otherwise I might feel that I’m falling short. I know that if I don’t speak now, I may never speak. Because, truly, I feel as though I am unable to speak about anything at all. The loss is immense. The loss is so great. This situation is horrific. They killed our fellow journalists in their tent, our innocent fellow journalists in their tent.

They killed Anas and they killed Mohammed thinking that Gaza’s voice would be silenced. But we will continue to speak, till the last journalist, the final reporter, remains in Gaza. We will continue to spread the message, God willing.



By AMEED FALEH

September 13, 2025 marked 32 years since the signing of the “Declaration of Principles” between the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) and Israel. Back then, hopes were pinned on what was hailed as the “peace process”: The First Intifada would be halted — rather aborted — in exchange for the promise of a Palestinian state. It has been more than three decades since Yasser Arafat shook Yitzhak Rabin’s hand in Oslo. That promise has evaporated. Today, the Palestinian Authority (PA), established by Arafat and later reshaped by Mahmoud Abbas into an administrative, economic, and security machine, stands at a crossroads. Meanwhile, Israel is executing its plan to erase Palestinian presence altogether. Tel Aviv’s so-called “decisive victory” would crown the Zionist entity as the uncontested empire of the Arab region. To make sense of the West Bank, three key elements are important to highlight: (1) the social classes born of, and nurtured by, Oslo; (2) the armed uprisings in West Bank cities during the 2021-2023 period; and (3) Israel’s drive to dismantle the PA as a political body in the West Bank and replace it with a patchwork of mini “West Banks.”

Why Ramallah?

The PA is often referred to as the “Ramallah Authority.” And the choice of Ramallah was not incidental. Before the Authority’s establishment, Ramallah was just another town next to al-Bireh, Birzeit, and Kufr Aqab. Unlike Nablus or Hebron, it had no entrenched political or urban power. It was a “blank slate,” perfect for a social engineering project. Onto this “slate,” the PA was drawn as administrative apparatus by compradorized fiat. Therefore a middle class and a business elite flourished, fed by investment inflows and the expansion of a service public sector drawing from the peripheries of villages and towns. Ramallah became a mosaic of commuters, and displaying obvious contradictions of both class and politics present in the macro West Bank. Other urban centers in the West Bank differ only in degree of inequality, but Ramallah is above all the political epicenter. The distinction here between political centralization and economic enclavization is necessary. The PA relied on a class of administrators who had gained experience within the PLO bureaucracy in Beirut and Tunis, the so-called “returnees.” They were transplanted overnight to the West Bank and Gaza to build sprawling networks of public sector and security employment. Under Mahmoud Abbas’s leadership, these networks sank deeper roots, mainly after international calls for “good governance,” “anti-corruption,” and “counterterrorism,” on the one hand, and the Fatah’s internal battle on the other. On one side of the battle stood Arafat

loyalists, largely returnees working in public institutions and Fatah structures. On the other stood Abbas loyalists, often drawn from the local Fatah cadres. By expanding his circle to include a larger proportion of West Bank Palestinians across all government functions, Abbas killed two birds with one stone: He consolidated his rule while neutralizing dissent within Fatah. In doing so, he secured international support for an order built on dismantling Palestinian resilience, from armed groups to grassroots initiatives pursuing programs of self-reliance. This was Oslo’s illusion, that a post-colonial template of statehood — with its bourgeoisie, middle class, and ruling-party dominance — would somehow conjure a sovereign Palestinian state. Instead, nurturing a middle class and business elite only deepened the structural dependency on Israel, entrenched by a logic of quick profits at the expense of a political economy that seeks disentanglement from Israel. Strategic staples like wheat, chickpeas, and vegetables were abandoned in favor of cheaper Israeli imports, while Palestinian companies seized vast tracts of the Jordan Valley for date cultivation, exported not only to local and foreign markets but even into Israel itself. The service sector expanded while the productive capacity of the West Bank in terms of agriculture diminished greatly. In addition, without any regulatory or oversight framework barring merchants from trading staples, especially strategic ones, with the occupation, West Bank merchants supplied the settlers’ egg demand during Hezbollah’s 2023–2024 Support Front War, after Israeli production of eggs in the Galilee collapsed. The same profit logic dominated both public and private service sectors, now the main source of jobs in the West Bank. This has locked daily dependency on the status quo: no war, no peace. Traditional crafts and agriculture declined. Palestinian labor in settlements soared. Oslo delivered dependency in practice, and bound the structure of the Palestinian Authority to this dependency via the Protocol on Economic Relations (PER) signed in Paris, creating a legalistic framework that permits this structurally unequal relationship and binds the West Bank to it due to the lack of control over customs under the guise of a “customs union” with Israel. Armed Uprisings The second element is the wave of local armed uprisings after the 2021 Battle of Seif al-Quds. In Nablus and Jenin, uprisings emerged from disillusionment

with Ramallah’s political leadership. They grew out of peripheral places such as refugee camps and old cities, where a new generation alienated from the Oslo economy found no home. What motive lies in the continued crackdown on localized resistance groups in the West Bank? Besides the

war, no peace” was ideal. And any minor armed resistance threatened that arrangement. As youth flocked to resistance, both the PA and the localized resistances in the West Bank faced a dilemma: civil war or concession. Resistance movements kept their rhetoric fixed on fighting the

feared social unrest would undermine its security grip. The 2022 protests that followed Musab Shtayyeh’s arrest made the PA wary of “accelerating” its campaign against the localized resistances in the West Bank beyond the “appropriate” time. The Gaza genocide, Israel’s repeated raids, and joint arrests of resistance fighters by Israel and the PA paved the way for expanded counterinsurgency. Israel’s campaign went even further by erasing the Jenin camp as a physical refuge. In Nablus, the merchant class was pitted against the resistance after repeated raids and tighter restrictions at checkpoints, effectively cutting off Nablus merchants from their markets; checkpoints threatened the centuries-old circuit on which the periphery (the village) supplies the center (the city) with raw materials and consumers, while the center supplies the periphery with commodities. By disrupting this cycle, Israel turned the merchant class against Nablus’s localized resistance groups, boxing them in socially under the banner of economic interest.

The Palestinian Emirates Solution

The third element is Israel’s drive to dismantle the PA. Finance Minister Bezalel Smotrich’s “decisive victory” plan calls for total submission or forced expulsion. The idea traces back to the founder of Revisionist Zionism Ze’ev Jabotinsky’s Iron Wall doctrine that underlined the importance of Israel’s superiority over Arabs. By that logic, no Palestinian political framework, no matter how compliant with Israel, can ever be allowed to exist. Disagreements do arise between Israel’s governing coalition and the international community on this issue. But the debate is not whether to control Palestinians, but rather how to do so: maintain the PA as a hollow shell for the so-called “day after” plan, or dissolve and replace it with a patchwork alternative? The latter idea was revived in a paper by Mordechai Kedar, a researcher at the Begin-Sadat Center for Strategic Studies, published by Israel’s Defense and Security Forum: *Reimagining the Conflict: From Conceptual Stalemate to Realistic Vision*. Like his orientalist predecessors Amnon Cohen and Menachem Milson — the latter an architect of the Israeli-created Village Leagues project designed to uproot the PLO factions in the West Bank — Kedar views West Bank society through a colonial lens: patriarchal, lacking political and national bonds, in addition to being unsocialized. His prescription for this “illness” is to copy

the model of the United Arab Emirates, with tribal sheikhdoms federated under Israeli oversight. His vision converges with Smotrich and Ben-Gvir’s doctrine and with the broader genocidal calculus of Israel. In July, *The Wall Street Journal* published an interview with Wadee’ al-Jaabari, who declared himself the “Emir of Hebron” and called for replacing the PA with a system of Palestinian Emirates, within the framework of the Abraham Accords. This article was rejected by Hebron tribes and ignored by the PA. To some, it was a moment of dark comedy: an Emir of Hebron? Yet history shows that this is precisely how political projects are born: Habib Bourguiba’s 1965 call for negotiations with Israel was dismissed at first; the PLO’s 1974 Ten-Point Program, calling for the phasing of the Palestinian struggle and as such the abandonment of the One Democratic Palestine paradigm, was rejected by Fatah’s lower-and-middle-level cadres and the PFLP; and Anwar Sadat’s Egypt was boycotted by Arab states after the Camp David Accords, even as secret ties remained. The key point is not the initial backlash, but the slow normalization of the idea. Publishing such an interview in a major U.S. outlet shows the intention to put the “Palestinian Emirates” project on the table and move toward its implementation.

The current political economy of the West Bank only accelerates this plan. The PA’s room for maneuver is increasingly limited by Israel’s “piracy” of clearance revenues and dwindling international aid — despite the PA’s scenes of bravado after the recognition of a Palestinian state by European countries. Economist Raja Khalidi points out that “Palestinian economies” as a reality have long functioned as narrow urban enclaves fractured by class contradictions. The “Palestinian Emirates” scheme appears as a natural extension of occupation policies imposed since 1967 and reinforced after the PLO’s “return” to the West Bank and Gaza Strip under Oslo, where local and transnational Palestinian elites thrive in their own respective enclaves, while political representation is monopolized by Ramallah. Israel, as such, only seeks to cut off political representation in its bid to erase Palestine completely. An alternative to the status quo would require working towards a different political economy, but it is still a theory. There are immense obstacles: legal frameworks, debates over profitability and popular appeal of self-sustainability economic endeavors, management challenges, and above all, the structural dependency on the occupation. However, the West Bank is at a crossroads, and any fundamental change to stop a wider ethnic cleansing campaign would rest on analyzing the social classes of the West Bank and working towards an emancipatory project that centers political economy as a pillar of its analysis.



Mohammad Nohad Alameddine. *Al-Akhbar*

obvious answer of PA and Israeli surveillance and crackdowns, the question lies in the urban fabric carved out of Oslo’s grip and the political-economic clash it generated. For West Bank elites, “no

occupation, wary of alienating public opinion, since issues of revenge and bloodshed trigger family and clan feuds in the West Bank regardless of the legitimacy of the cause. The PA, meanwhile,

I Am the Funeral Procession and the Mourners

In that coffin lies a homeland

By SAADALLAH WANNOUS

Published in As-Safir newspaper in 1978, this essay by Saadallah Wannous captures the Syrian playwright’s anguish after the Camp David Accords, a series of normalization agreements signed in secret by Egyptian president Anwar Sadat and then-Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin following the 1967 Naksa. Rather than write off this string of defeats as historical inevitability beyond his control, Wannous declares his own complicity in the dispossession of Palestine. Without realizing it, the intellectual class — the leftist playwrights, journalists, and thinkers from Damascus to Baghdad — had built a “sandcastle” with their words. Had they been more attuned to “authoritarian conspiracies and practices of misinformation,” he wrote, perhaps they could have predicted their own vanquishment. Perhaps they could have done something to prevent it. But it was not enough to discern his own blame. Wannous believed that the work of the Arab intellectual was to transform word to action, to find a language in the silence of defeat, and ultimately, to revive the liberation struggle.

The funeral procession moves along, and we trudge behind it, dragging our tails. We are the funeral procession and the mourners together. Half of me is in the coffin, while the other half trudges behind, tail between its legs. The rhythm of the funeral procession is time — history. The days slip by, soft and slick, then sink into sand and sorrow like our footsteps. We do not wait. We’ve grown accustomed to walking behind the coffin. We’ve grown accustomed to forgetting that we are walking behind the coffin. We slide along with the days until the sand swallows us and erases us. If only the radio stations would stop their howling, if only the vocal cords of the mercenario singers were torn from their throats, if only the Arab rulers would show restraint in their speeches and ululations, then the solemnity of silence might bestow some

dignity upon our procession. O’ radio stations, O’ rulers, a little silence. In that coffin lies a homeland, a cause, and hopes of a lifetime.

The funeral procession moves along... Parts of me are in the coffin, while other parts trudge behind it, dragging tails. As stated in the second Camp David Accord, “[F]ollowing the signing of the peace agreement and completion of the temporary withdrawal, Egypt and Israel] agree that the normal relationship established between them will include full recognition, diplomatic, economic, and cultural relations, termination of economic boycotts and discriminatory barriers to the free movement of people and goods, and will guarantee the mutual enjoyment by citizens of the due process of law.” And Carter said: “It’s been more than 2,000 years since there was peace between Egypt and a free Jewish nation. If our present expectations are realized, this year we shall see such peace again” And Carter said: “The idea of Arab nationalism has become obsolete.” And Carter said: “The Palestine Liberation Organization is nothing but a terrorist gang, no different from Nazi groups or the Ku Klux Klan.” And when Sadat, in his speech before the People’s Assembly, saluted President Carter, the hall erupted in a storm of applause and cheers that lasted three minutes. And Lebanon is a bleeding wound. Its geography is torn between partition, internationalization, and Israel. Camille Chamoun asked Israel to intervene militarily to help the right-wing factions establish their own state within Lebanon. And the Syrian army abandoned the rocks of the Golan to drown in the labyrinth of Lebanon. And between northern and southern Yemen lies a ticking bomb sheltered by Oman with the help of Iran. Across the Arab Maghreb, rifles are loaded and fingers rest on triggers, and the queues outside baker-

ies stretch and grow, and the oil flows into American and European pockets. Television, radio, newspapers, speeches, all conspire, feverishly, to wash citizens’ brains and scrub their minds. ... And we do not wait...

The funeral procession moves along... Parts of me are in the coffin, while other parts trudge behind, dragging tails. Life has withered away, and I dream of saying “no.” I wanted to, and I want to say no to the citizen [who says] “yes” to the homeland-as-prison, to the modernization of torture and domestication, to official speeches, to Arab travel visas, to fragmentation and division, to referendums of 99.99%, to performative development plans, to balloon-filled celebrations, to wars that empower the policeman’s rule, to victories that crown oil princes as leaders of the Arabs, that double the profits of merchants, and lead to the Camp David Accords. No to deception, to ignorance, to limpness, to starvation, to slaughtering, to massacres. No to “yes.” And yes is the authoritarian definition of the Arab citizen from the [Atlantic] ocean to the Gulf [of Oman]. I wanted to, and I want to say no. I search for my tongue, and I only find a froth of blood and terror. From my severed tongue, the defeat began, and the funeral procession commenced. From my oppressed “no” across the Arab world, the enemy invaded, poverty, hunger, prison, torture, and the modern Arab collapse. Had my “no” not been confiscated and muzzled, Khartoum’s “no’s” would not have been shattered, its fragments buried beneath the dunes of Sinai, and a man like Sadat would never have been able to deliver such devastating blows to the fate of the Arab world. Had my “no” not been confiscated and muzzled, I would not have been the shuttle with which Kissinger wove my shroud. I would not



Ocean, Kholoud Hammad, 2024.

have been torn apart by bullets and destruction for four years in Beirut, and the ground beneath me would not have shattered, fenced in by hostilities, disputes, and impossible visas. ... In short, had my “no” not been confiscated and muzzled, half of me would not lie in a coffin, and the other half drag tails behind. The confiscation of my “no” did not merely make me a victim and a spectator, nor a funeral procession and a mourner; it made me complicit. I feel now, with a searing mix of bitterness and shame, that I and millions with me have entrenched separation, squandered Palestine and the resistance, supported the machinery of repression, participated in the arbitrary withdrawal before the enemy, turned a blind eye to the Deversoir conspiracy, sent thousands to martyrdom for free, boarded the plane with Sadat when he visited

Israel, and carved the morsel from my own hunger to feast the masters, the parasites, and the diesel princes. Because my “no” was confiscated, I discovered in horror that within my wounded conscience lives a little Sadat, and that I am condemned to be a victim and a spectator, a funeral and a mourner, and above all, complicit.

The funeral procession is time — history; my personal and national history. And I say to you: no surreal image of bilateral or expanded conferences, consultations, and meetings will blind me from seeing my own funeral. And I say to you: my heart does not beat because there are official “Nos” still fluttering in scattered corners of this homeland. Sorrow has matured me and I have

come of age. From the hills of conferences and summits, I have harvested nothing but vertigo and mirages of declarations. And I know that if I do not reclaim my own “no,” then all the official “no’s” will be nothing but empty words. I say to you, “If I do not reclaim,” and beware that no one thinks I am pleading or begging for my right, I know full well that Arab thrones have meticulously arranged their list of threats, and on that list is the citizen who says “no,” a danger greater than that of Israel, a conspiracy more cunning than imperialism. That is why it is futile to demand and beg. What I dream of and what I want is to reclaim... ..and until I reclaim my muzzled “no,” the funeral procession shall move along and we shall trudge behind, dragging our tails.

This Is a Living Homeland

Photography and Text by
FATIMA JOUMAA



We take pictures knowing that all we can capture are flashes of time, moments lived, then gone forever.

I tell a story from southern Lebanon. It begins when our men refused to fold their arms, when we refused to be mere spectators. It begins on October 8, 2023. The people of the South declared the destruction of the border wall forever. Everything that happened afterwards must be linked to the decision made that day. For what does it mean to declare support for Gaza? To simply resign ourselves to the task of seeing?

The primary characters of this story are the people of the border region, the land closest to Palestine. Residents of Adaisseh, Houla, Kfar-Kela, Naqoura, and dozens of other villages were displaced from their homes for two years, returning only to bid the bodies of their loved ones farewell. I began to attend and photograph these funerals. At the time, I thought I was documenting the war; I did not yet know how powerless my lens would be before the beauty of our young men's faces.



The intensity of the fighting escalated in September 2024. That month, the enemy detonated the pagers of the resistance, and our men's extinguished eyes stared at us, refusing to simply see! We were displaced from our homes and my powerless lens once again began to photograph the people's exodus from the South, the displacement, the bombing of Dahiye, and the multiple massacres in al-Nuweiri. And after 66 days, 66 eternities... We returned to our Dahiye and our villages.

I remember a day... From the top of a hill in the village of Safad al-Battikh where the Husseinyya is located next to a graveyard that Israel bombed, I realized that the dead, too, had been displaced, and that the enemy fears them more than it fears us! After the war, many of the dead had to be buried again. At one funeral I attended, I saw a mother clutching a photo of three young men. I found myself trembling before her, and she looked at me and said, "Photograph! Are you not here to photograph?" Photograph! Then she said, "This is my son, and this is my son, and this is my son. My three children were martyred in these two months."

Without realizing it, she had summed up the whole story. She drew closer to the three coffins and cried at the top of her lungs, "If anyone wants anything from my children, come and ask me!" As the villagers lowered the three brothers into the earth, the woman insisted that her youngest be placed in the middle. That day, all of the village's dead were embracing the martyrs. I could see them in front of me, but my damned machine couldn't see! The mother said to us, "I was given three, but all the young men are my sons."



I returned from that funeral terrified. I didn't know what I had done. Were there other brothers in that cemetery? I quickly answered myself: Of course! Who were they? What were their stories? Who was their mother? Where was she? A terrifying thought washed over me: Will my son someday walk this land without knowing that three brothers had been martyred and buried here? I will burn all my photographs if he doesn't know. The fear stayed with me.

I had wanted my images to resist death, but the birth of every image is an implicit acknowledgement that what was captured has ended. The missile has violated my olive trees, and the bullet has pierced my child's body.

The image can immortalize our deaths, but not ourselves. The most that we can do as photographers is create the visible specter of death. It's as if, unable to manipulate the rules of the world, we give form to mortality. We will live and we will die — this is the only eternal rule — yet we refuse to believe it. Fearing the erasure of our existence, we take up an endless struggle for tools to inscribe our memory. We simply wish to prove that we existed! We write myths about our heroes; we draw our faces and sculpt our bodies; and we photograph ourselves. The image is caught between two contradictory desires, between documenting death and resisting its annihilation.



Images of war raise different questions: Do we wish to commemorate death out of love for our people or out of hatred for our enemy? Perhaps one of the paradoxes of genocide documentation is that it make us witnesses to the blindness of the world. Though the flood of our time was enough to make everything clear. According to legend, we will witness a flood that would leave no room for doubt. Only those who do not see it will be punished with blindness for the rest of their lives.

How can we produce an image that the enemy did not produce before us? How can we be its creators rather than its capturers? Only those who have experienced death can answer such questions. How did we forget to search for the answers in the words of our martyrs? I remember a martyr who said: "If some of these people become images — meaning they became images of martyrs — these people will gain life. This is a living homeland. For a homeland devoid of images of martyrs is a homeland without a place in the past or the present, and without a place in the future."



UNCOUNTABLE, UNBELIEVABLE, UNFORGIVABLE

The Zionist entity has killed between 65,000 and 680,000 Palestinians in Gaza since October 7th. The range is staggering, though the larger number is not necessarily the ceiling, just the one we know of. The first number comes from the Gaza Ministry of Health, collated by accounting for every single martyr's full name, ID number, age, place of residence, birthday, and gender. In a *Drop Site* interview with Dr. Zaher al-Wahaidi, the Director of the Information Center, he describes how the identity of each martyr is corroborated, counted by every hospital that receives the injured. Not included in the number are those trapped underneath the rubble of collapsed buildings or those that die "indirect deaths:" children that are starved to death, cancer patients who can't access treatment, or those that are killed by disease because of a collapsed health-care system. The only ones they count in the official toll are those killed by the impact of a missile.

680,000 is the new projected death toll, based on the rate, longevity, and intensity of Zionist brutality. Many have now assumed that number in their vocabulary, rightfully arguing that 65,000 is such a severe undercount that reciting it is itself a form of genocide denial.

The only confirmed fact is that there is no confirmed death toll in Gaza. We know that the statistic shared by the Ministry of Health is the minimum number. We have seen too many mass graves, children vaporized by Israeli bombs, and Telegram posts sharing daily lists of martyrs for the rate of killing to stagnate this much. We know that those that count our martyrs have been martyred themselves, that the targeted killing of journalists has created an information blackout, and that the infrastructure needed to account for the dead has been decimated. In November, only one month after the genocide began, the Israeli army invaded al-Shifa and al-Rantisi hospitals, which operated as the central data centers for the Ministry of Health — leading to a breakdown in counting the dead. Because of the extent of the violence Zionism has inflicted on the people of Gaza, we do not know how many Palestinians have been killed.

Statistics have become the measure of genocide, the means through which we have evaluated its scale and for our enemies to question its reality. In a particularly egregious op-ed, *The New York Times*'s Bret Stephens opines, "No, Israel Is Not Committing Genocide in Gaza," asking why the death toll isn't in the hundreds of thousands. Sixty thousand, he implies, is just the fate of being Arab, and the only way the Palestinian can live is if he dies prematurely.

Our stagnating death toll has forced a temporal shift in our statistics, displacing Gaza's suffering from an accounting of the past into a projection of the future. The 80 percent of Gaza's homes that Israel has bombed are now understood by the 100 years it will take to rebuild the coastal city. The extent of destroyed neighborhoods quantified by the 10–15 years it will take to remove the rubble. And rather than attempt to arrive at an accurate death toll, researchers are now predicting how many Palestinians in Gaza *will be killed* after the war's official end.

On June 19 last year, *The Lancet* published an article that attempted to



Palestinian grave digger Sa'di Baraka digging new graves in Deir al-Balah, Gaza. "Sometimes we make graves on top of graves," Baraka said. August 2024. *Abdel Kareem Hana*

account for all of Palestine's dead. In it, using a formula of 3–15 "indirect deaths" for every "direct death," the article projected that "without a ceasefire" over 186,000 Palestinians could be estimated to have been killed by the end of the war. I, along with many others, misread what these numbers actually reflected: I assumed that the *Lancet* was updating the death toll in Gaza and not predicting its fatal outcome if a ceasefire would not be reached. It wasn't that 186,000 Palestinians were now dead, it was that they *would* die.

Beyond the incomprehensibility of the report's framing of a six-digit number, I was troubled by it. For one, we know that there is no such thing as an indirect death. Starvation, disease, and the decimation of healthcare infrastructure are the technologies of violence deployed by Israel to directly eradicate Palestinians from Gaza. This is the logic of genocide: Destroy everything that sustains life, and the natural result will be exponentially more death.

More disturbingly, their projection began to function as a prophecy that forces a new distinction on the Palestinian: the killed and the not-yet-killed. The imprecision of our martyr toll puts us in a mor-

bid double bind: If we undercount our martyrs, we condemn them to a realm of non-existence. If we overcount, we condemn them to a predetermined death.

with Down syndrome who was killed after Israeli soldiers unleashed dogs on him. As they mauled him to death, Mohammed, who was non-verbal for

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But even if we possessed an accurate number we wouldn't understand the depth of its meaning. Can we conceptualize 680,000 martyrs when visualizing 65,000 is itself an impossible task? Statistics erase, blur, ambiguate, and rob. I think of how visceral my affective response to the individual stories of martyrs is that extrapolating it a thousand times over is an impossibility that will inevitably dull those feelings. Mohammed Bhar, for example, was the young man

the majority of his life, uttered his final words: "Khalas, ya habibi," enough my dear. Numbers are by nature deindividuating and reduce life to an arithmetic equation, to the cold sign of 1. Our martyrs become indistinguishable because of the way numbers homogenize life into a set of data points.

Figures cannot communicate the pain Mohammed felt, cannot communicate the permanence of death or differentiate between the Palestinian killed

on October 8 and the Palestinian killed today. They cannot relay Palestinian suffering as interconnected, how this number of Palestinians are not just displaced, and this number of Palestinians are not just sick, or just hungry, but that these Palestinians are sick and hungry and displaced and injured, or perhaps sick because they are hungry, injured because they are displaced.

Statistics cannot tell us anything about how the living are either grieving or condemned to die. A death toll cannot even count our dead. The number does not reveal the many lives destroyed, the love that now has nowhere to go, it does not reveal the grief, and rage, and heartbreak, and exhaustion and the many self-written eulogies that we read every day. It is painfully inadequate — yet we still count, determined to know how many there are.

We hear the defiant proclamation constantly: "We are not numbers." As Dr. al-Wahaidi says in his interview, "Each of these individuals is more than just a number; each one carries a unique story, a profound tragedy, a home filled with memories, and a family left grieving — don't they deserve to be remembered?" But Zionism has devastated Gaza to such

a degree that the number doesn't exist. The range of martyrs is so vast that we are forced to be imprecise. Such imprecision disappears the Palestinian, forces them into non-existence, and condemns them to death. This is Zionism's foundation and operating logic. Their colonial ambitions force a singular purpose onto the millions of Palestinians who have lived since the Balfour Declaration: to disappear and to die.

We desire to know the number even if it is incomprehensible, even if what it represents terrifies us or reminds us of our abject failure, and even if we are painfully aware that it is neither accurate nor fully encompassing. I understand our fixation on the martyr toll, though I'm not sure where it comes from. Perhaps it's a sign of respect or maybe it offers us a semblance of control over the narrative of the genocide. How are we to avenge our martyrs if we don't know how many there are? How will we stop the world from spinning and move masses to action if we don't possess an accurate statistic? Were we to be without a number, we might search elsewhere to prove that they were here, that they lived, and that they matter still.



Palestine Action activists target Permold, in Newton Aycliffe, England. June 2025.

Palestine Action on Making the Struggle Continuous

When we talk about our political prisoners, sometimes we forget to talk about their politics. It's understandable that we do this: Prison is intended to dehumanize the people inside, forcing us to plead in public, as a corrective to this violence, that such-and-such prisoner was a doting mother or a loyal son or a gardener. All these things may be true, but they are not as important as the fact that these mothers and sons and gardeners tried to stop a genocide. When we say that there are 24 members of Palestine Action currently being held without trial in UK jails, it's important to remember why these peo-

ple were politicized and why they are imprisoned.

These 24 people are in jail because they participated in a series of actions that resulted in the complete destruction of Elbit factory equipment, to the point that orders of weapons from the United Kingdom to the Zionist entity were unable to be fulfilled. These actions resonated, causing shock waves to ripple through the supply chain and unsettle the enemy. They also reverberated beyond the UK: There are five people in Germany, including a British citizen, who broke into an Elbit facility there and destroyed every piece of

machinery inside. That factory is never going to be able to operate again, or, if it is, it's going to take months and months to regain functionality.

This is the standard that we need to hold ourselves to in a time of genocide: How can we disrupt the enemy's plans from day to day, week to week, month to month, and, ultimately, to make them give up their plans altogether? We, as a movement, have not stopped a genocide, and I don't think we can unless more people are willing to disrupt not only the system for a day or two, but their own lives for a very long time. I think the last year should relieve any of

us of the delusion that we're going to be able to make any kind of change in the world without sacrifice.

When Palestine Action launched five years ago, defeating Elbit in court was part of our strategy. We did similar actions for years, none of which resulted in terrorism charges. Our operating model was based, in part, on a series of strategic actions taken against Raytheon in the north of Ireland in the early 2000s, during the Second Intifada and the war on Iraq. Raytheon had the nerve to build a factory in Derry, and direct actionists responded by repeatedly showing up to smash it. They didn't wear masks or balaclavas. They were caught on camera not once, but over and over again. Yet, time after time, the Crown Prosecution was unable to find a jury willing to convict people for doing the right thing. After a series of not guilty verdicts, Raytheon packed up and left town. The warmongers haven't been seen in Free Derry since.

Similarly, even in unfree England, we were starting to have field days with Elbit in court. Jurors were siding with us, refusing to convict. After losing two big cases against us in the spring and summer of 2024, the prosecution switched course and charged the next high-level action under the Terrorism Act.

This had two effects. One, obviously it gets harder to recruit when your members are suddenly being held under the Terrorism Act. Two, it gave the UK a new legal remedy for what to do about the problem we posed. Palestine Action was extremely effective and we were starting to get grassroots popular support. Why would they hold our members for a year without trial, when everyone knows what the charge will be? To draw it out, weaken us, tire us.

But instead of being deterred, we set our sights higher. Some people want to forget that Zionism was borne out of imperialism. It's not materialist to isolate Israel, to say Israel is a 'rogue state' that can be cast out from empire, leaving the empire intact. During the course of this genocide, the British media has consistently and conveniently elided Britain's hand in the destruction of Palestine, from more than a century ago until now. That is why we undertook the now-infamous action earlier this year against the Royal Air Force base, which earned us our terrorism proscription. It also achieved in the discourse what mere advocacy for the Palestinian

cause could not, namely real coverage of British complicity in the media and the dawn of a reckoning in popular discourse.

The first trial of prisoners held on terrorism charges is coming up this fall. They're not going to plead guilty, nor will they express remorse. They're going to say that their actions were justified, that they had a duty to act under the genocide prevention laws. If the British regime is not going to uphold the laws they espouse, the people will take matters of life, humanity, and justice into our own hands.

The last year should relieve any of us of the delusion that we're going to be able to make any kind of change in the world without sacrifice

This is not merely a legal or publicity strategy. It's important for everyone reading this to understand that our prisoners not only know they did the right thing, but that they feel it is an honor and privilege to serve time for this cause.

But I think this feeling is conditional. The condition is that the work must continue — both outside and inside. The number one piece of news that our political prisoners request from their support networks is news about other direct actions. Because it feels like: *As long as people outside are doing what I would be doing if I was there, then the world is continuous to me, the struggle is continuous.*

The second-most requested piece of news is news about other prisoners. The state has taken great pains to isolate our prisoners within the system, preventing any interaction whatsoever with other imprisoned members of Palestine Ac-

tion. Letters are censored. Phone call lists are blocked. Even after the state locks us away, it is still manifestly afraid of us. There is a systematic deprivation of rights, a coordinated effort between prison administrators to make life inside as difficult as possible. For instance, each of our prisoners has experienced their number of visits restricted to three per month, which for someone held on remand should be six per week. They are being treated like they've already been convicted.

These people all really care about each other, they're all connected by this deep love and solidarity. Despite not seeing each other for a year or more, besides for a few one-hour Zoom court hearings, they need to know how everyone else inside is doing. That's why one of the main demands of prison resistance has been to end this isolation and allow free association between prisoners.

Recently, I went to visit some prisoners who are about to face trial. They are being held at London's equivalent of Rikers Island in New York City, which is a hellhole where the worst sorts of prison abuses happen daily. Every time I go I feel extremely emotional, because I think: *This is a wonderful, caring, vivacious person who does not belong in a cage.* Then I realize I'm exceptionalizing the person I know and relate to while putting all other prisoners on the other side of relatability and deciding who belongs in prison. But whether they're in for destroying a weapons factory or throwing soup on a painting or stealing a toothbrush, no one deserves to be in prison. I think it's impossible to emerge from being held without trial for more than a year and not come out of it as a real abolitionist.

If there is something our prisoners want everyone to know, it's that the problem of genocide is not overcome with marches and boycotts. People outside are realizing this too late: In the UK, the state is trying everything they can to stop Palestine Action, and yet it cannot be stopped, because it works. Direct action is the most effective tool in our toolbox right now. We want to be effective. We want to be brave, to do more than feel good about ourselves. We all have to ask of ourselves and each other in the movement: What have we been doing the last two years, and is it working? And if the answer is no, we have to do something else.

‘Never Fly the White Flag of Capitulation’

Lebanese revolutionary Georges Abdallah addresses the Palestine solidarity movement

On July 25 of this year, the Arab militant Georges Ibrahim Abdallah returned to Lebanon, after nearly 41 years in French prison. Europe’s longest serving political prisoner is now free. Some members of the New York War Crimes collective were there to greet him at the Beirut Rafic Hariri International Airport. There, the crowds thronged to the man as he gave a short speech before being whisked home.

Raised in al-Qoubaiyat in the north of Lebanon, Abdallah fought with the Palestinians and with a regional anti-imperialist bloc, first as part of Hizb al-Qawmi al-Suri (Syrian Social Nationalist Party, SSNP) and later with al-Fasael al-Musallaha al-Thawriyya al-Lubnaniyya (Lebanese Armed Revolutionary Factions, LARF), which he founded as a left, internationalist front during the civil war. In 1984, he was accused of complicity in an assassination of two Western intelligence agents in Paris. In the courts and the dungeons of Lebanon’s early colonial masters, Abdallah was met with quiet. He termed this the “criminal peace” of the metropole—the neat arrondissements of knowing indifference; the muddy pastoral contentment. This, he said, was the European birthright, this mercenary calm, all the while Sabra and Shatila were still smouldering.

Returning home this summer, Abdallah confronted a country disfigured by decades of civil war, reconstructed as a post-war pilferage state, and perforated by U.S.–Israeli martial assault. The changes were stark. And yet, in his decades, least of all today, Abdallah never wavered from the path of resistance, announcing to the Lebanese media that his return to the land had been secured by his people’s undying fight against Zionism. “With resistance, the road home is never lost, for me or for my imprisoned fellow comrades. Their resilience inside depends on our steadfastness outside.”

The following text is a translation of a letter written by Abdallah in 2024 and read out to supporters outside Lannezman Prison in France.

Dear comrades, Dear friends,
Your solidarity and your action leave no one here indifferent. See how the atmosphere in these sinister places, this atmosphere that reeks of a prison, how it changes when the distant echo of activity collides with the unspeakable monotony of deathly daily life in

prison... So my fellow prisoners discover, as if by enchantment, if only for a small moment, the beauty and power of human relationships without ulterior motives, the beauty of solidarity despite so many years behind bars... The prisoners survive cultural and emotional misery, some deprived of real relationships for many years—in them this awakening of enthusiasm and humanity is not unnoticed; you can read it in their eyes and you can hear it in their emotional outbursts, sincere, but unfortunately short-lived.

Comrades and friends, the echo of your slogans, your songs, and everything else, goes beyond these barbed wire fences and watchtowers, it resonates in our heads and transports us far from these sinister places.

Dear comrades, Dear friends,
At the dawn of this forty-first year of captivity, finding you here, in the diversity of your commitment, provides a scathing refutation to all those who were banking on the loss of momentum of your solidarity. It highlights that the change in the balance of power in favor of incarcerated revolutionary protagonists is always a function of the mobilization assumed on the terrain of the anti-capitalist/anti-imperialist struggle.

Thus we can say without the slightest hesitation that the most significant support that we can provide to our embattled comrades is our immediate and true commitment to the ongoing struggle. It is only by assuming solidarity on these grounds that makes keeping comrades in prison begin to weigh more heavily than the possible threats inherent to their release.

Comrades and friends, in this time of global crisis of globalized capitalism and the sharpening of all its contradictions, this time of war, of large-scale massacre, of repression, of fascism, of propaganda and manipulation, of great struggles and mobilization, and above all this exciting burst of mobilized youth against a backdrop of barbarism inherent to moribund capitalism.... for the first time in human history, millions of people are witnessing a genocide in progress. For more than 380 days, the genocidaires have continued to rage in Gaza and the West Bank and now they are expanding their field of war in Lebanon with the active support of the main imperialist powers of the West. However, thanks to the heroic resistance

of the Palestinian popular masses and their combatant vanguards, and above all also thanks to the massive solidarity mobilization almost everywhere in the world, Palestine is resisting and reoccupying, more than ever, its place at the forefront of the international scene.

This being said, Dear comrades, Dear friends, perhaps it would be useful to recall that active international solidarity proves to be an indispensable weapon in the struggle against the colonization of settlements still ongoing in Palestine and the genocidal war which is intimately inherent to it. It is always based on this active solidarity that we can participate in the changes in the balance of power here, in the belly of the imperialist beast, and elsewhere in the process of construction of the “Historical Bloc,” the global framework and potential subject of the Palestinian national liberation movement.

Dear comrades, Dear friends,
Certainly, it is urgent to do everything possible to counter and stop the Zionist barbarism underway in Gaza, the West Bank, and Lebanon. The fact remains that despite this large-scale genocidal aggression ongoing against Gaza, where in addition to tens and tens of thousands of martyrs and wounded, we see the terrible widespread destruction of the entire habitable space in Gaza, the resistance remains unshakeable, protected, and blessed by the popular Palestinian masses.

Gaza will never fly the white flag of capitulation. Neither the Zionists nor any other criminal force will ever succeed in breaking the will of the resistance in Gaza.

Shame on all those who, faced with genocidal Zionist barbarism, call us to look elsewhere!

May a thousand initiatives flourish in favor of Palestine and its glorious resistance!

Capitalism is nothing but barbarism, honor to all those who oppose it in the diversity of their expressions! Together and only together will we win!

Palestine will live and Palestine will win!
To all of you comrades and friends my warm revolutionary salutes.

Your comrade,
Georges Abdallah



“I took this photo because it tells me that even if they kill all the children, other children will be born, carrying these toys in their hands and living their childhood as it should be, one day.”
— The martyred photographer Fatima Hassouna

Two Poems by Nour Abdel Latif

A year ago Nour Abdel Latif, the writer, educator, and young mother of three, was living in a tent on the beach in Nuseirat Camp. She said she wanted to write something for our newspaper, but was not sure what, if anything, would come out of her. To her own surprise, several days later she filed a sprawling testimony, which she called a “genocide diary.”

“We wept as we dreamed of liberating all of Palestine and reclaiming the lands we had been denied from for so long,” Nour wrote in her recollection of October 7, 2023. “A few hours later, the bombing of my city began, and I realized the true cost of the freedom we had briefly enjoyed.”

Nour described the endless long-

ing she felt for her sister, martyred in the early days of the genocide; their days in a crowded shelter where the food supply slowly dwindled; and the informal school where she taught hundreds of Gaza’s children. Later, on the beach in Nuseirat Camp, “it became normal for sand to blow into our food, and we would chew and swallow it just as we swallowed our daily oppression.” Her details were lucid and heartrending.

In January, during the brief, doomed ceasefire, Nour filed a second testimony, this time recounting her family’s return to Gaza City. She described the congestion on the roads as thousands of Palestinians headed north, anxious to be reunited with their neighborhoods and families after the long months

of terror. What they found when they finally arrived, Nour wrote, was a world reduced to ash, the streets she once knew disfigured beyond recognition. The occupation again escalated its genocidal campaign, engineering a brutal famine in the Strip. Nour published a poem on her social media called “If I Must Starve,” after her martyred teacher, Refaat Alareer.

When we spoke, Nour told us that she would stay in the North as long as possible, but last month, as occupation forces pressed closer and closer to her family’s home, she made the excruciating decision to head south again. Back in a tent on the beach, she sent us another poem. It reads as a series of questions from the edge of the world.

IF I MUST STARVE

*If I must starve,
let it be with dignity in my children’s eyes,
not with my hands tied by silence.*

*Let the world witness
that I did not bow to the hunger
but stood, even as the sky emptied
and the earth closed her mouth.*

*If I must starve,
let it be while I still cradle my child’s hope,
not as a number lost in footnotes.*

*Let the sea carry my name
to shores that forgot my people,
and let the wind whisper:
she fed love when bread was gone.*

BETWEEN HERE AND GONE

*How can I press a city to my chest?
Embrace its streets, its homes, its windows?
How can my heart stretch wide,
To hold a longing this deep?
And how can I kiss its wounded ground,
Without my soul collapsing?*

*How do I hold a scream so deep,
In the alley where I used to play?
How do I wipe a silent tear,
On the stone where Dad once sat?
How do I bring our laughs once more,
To streets we knew?*

*And how do I say, I missed you so,
Without letting the heartbreak show?*

*How do I mend my shadow on her timeworn stone,
Where every crack once knew me as its own?*

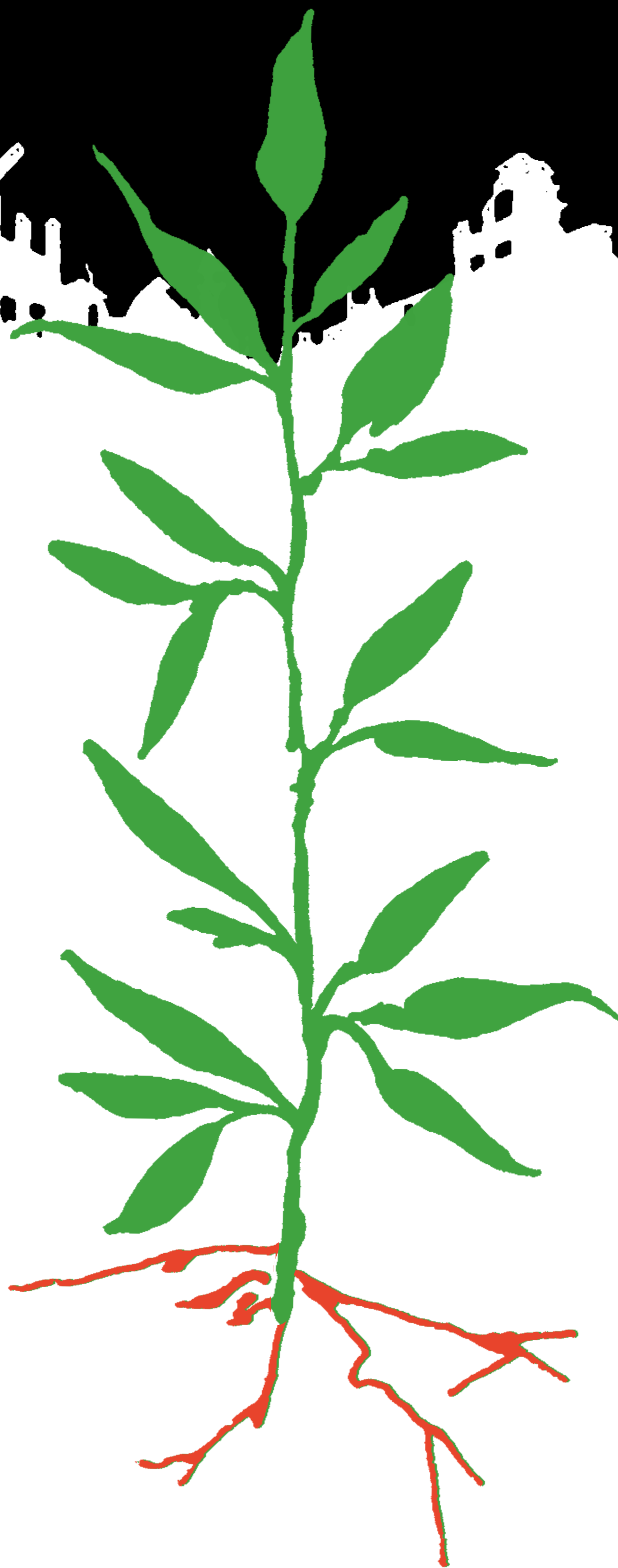
*How do I walk the same streets of my young feet,
Without the weight of all that’s lost, replayed?
How do I hear the rising call to prayer,
And not let tears betray my hidden cries?
How do I say, I had to go away,
When my soul never left?*

*Gaza...
How can one hug hold all your scattered cries?
How can my heart survive the loss each time your name goes by?
I walk your streets, yet I’m not there,
I search your face—it’s lost.
You break inside me,
Without a reason I know why.*

*Gaza still stands—but not the same,
A shadow walks where once burned flame.
And the ache left within my chest
Is deeper, harsher—
A grief beyond a single death.*



Georges Abdallah waves to the crowd after arriving in Beirut at long last. July 2025. Mohammad Yassin



TWO YEARS OCTOBER 7, 2025