

Nobody's Free Until Everybody's Free. Nobody's Free Until

Nobody's Free Until Everybody's Free. Nobody's Free Until Everybody's Free.

S
T U
A R T



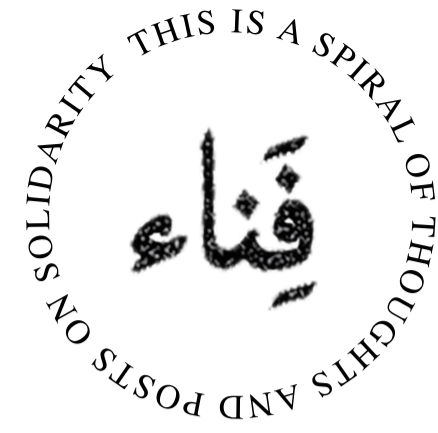
Solidarity is beautiful in deep, meaningful ways that can banish the flat darkness of nihilism. Solidarity is the boundless mess of the imagination put into action — sometimes it can feel frictionless and safe, but sometimes it also demands risk. Though the beauty of solidarity is that a group can come together and find safety and strength collectively, to effectively hold power to account.

TAI SHANI

Everybody's Free. Nobody's Free Until Everybody's Free. Nobody's Free Until

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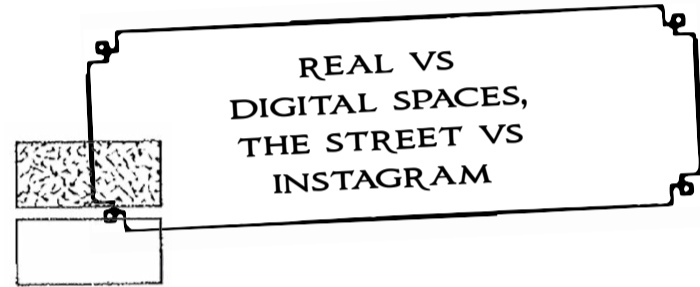
FANA'



Text on Solidarity
This text is inspired by real numbers.

10934 454 2907 982 2570 2510 2151 1053 605
6409 3100 244352 101479 3272 5535 7071 624
1598 5013 3142 2145 4941 1294 1600 2531 143
1157 985 4554 55939 125376 181353 42254 55
5324 290992 211104 167626 372326 233075
279807 251114 288086 380418 396770 25715
349439 245372 48627 369677 248014 265665
343762 307979 320923 124647 168914 35107

*I am comfortable where I am
Do you want to give me a gun?
To maybe die?
Or keep 'RESISTING' in the name of SOLIDARITY*



CLASS SOLIDARITY

*Why should I go to the REAL spaces when I'm comfortable here?
If I go to the streets, I'll throw a rock that will hit my friend
in the front lines of the protest. I am a bad thrower, but maybe
I want that temporal feeling that omits class structure for the
time being, cancels my background and every critical voice in
my head telling me, what do you add by being here?*

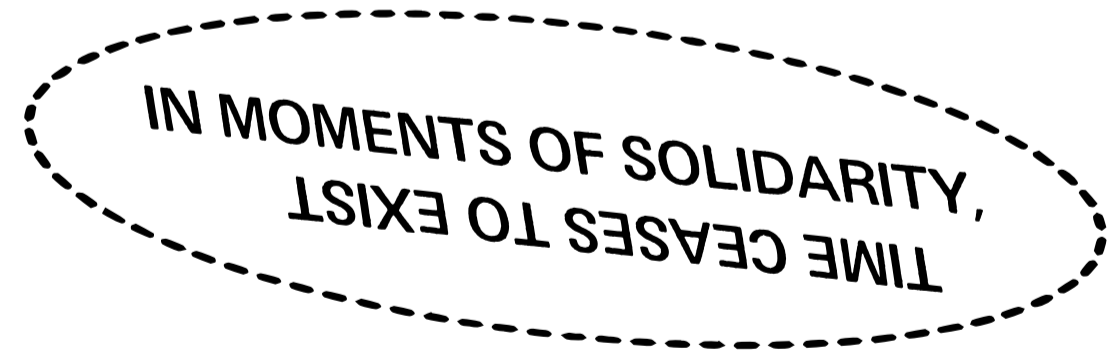
I AM SELFISH!

OR MAYBE I AM TOO ANXIOUS TO BE SITTING AT HOME?

DO I NEED SOME ADRENALINE?

DO I WANT TO FEEL LIKE I'M PART OF SOMETHING BIGGER?

I was at a funeral yesterday for a lovely Palestinian poet, and a heavy toll takes over the room, the love turns into sorrow and quiet. I was confined between my chair → date → coffee ⇌ and water.



That feeling of SOLIDARITY stops being between me and protesters, but between myself and I. Just like on Instagram.

I get the same feeling when there's a martyr on Instagram. My 'for you' page and non-Palestinian followers become extremely irrelevant. All I can do is reshare that photo to feel like I'm contributing.

INSTAGRAM IS A DIGITAL FUNERAL.

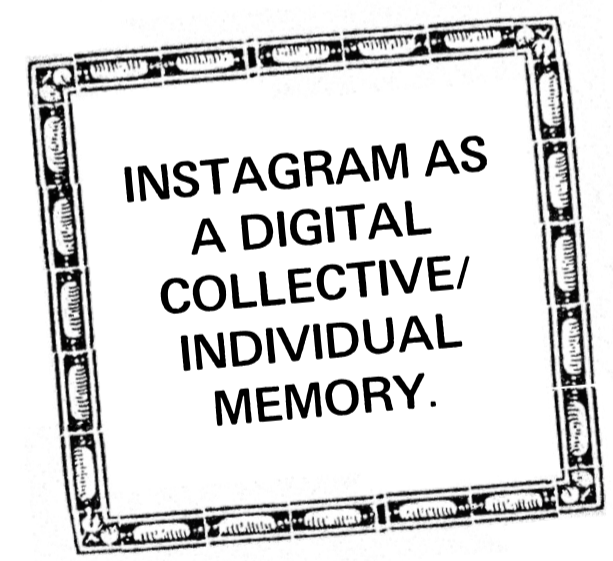
It's hard for me to go about the word SOLIDARITY, I keep going back to RESISTANCE. Is RESISTANCE an act of SOLIDARITY? I think of solidarity as global and resistance as local.

The Watermelon Flag is a symbol of RESISTANCE, we are banned from raising the flag in Jerusalem so why not re-invent to something that would ridicule our oppressors and call it art for the sake of RESISTANCE? Is the Palestinian flag banned on Instagram? Both the flag and the watermelon are symbols, but the watermelon reposted and regenerated on Instagram is alienated from its contextualised meaning. Does it become an act of SOLIDARITY then? Why does the act of RESISTANCE suddenly become a symbol of SOLIDARITY.



IS THIS A REFORM TO KEEP US OUTSIDE OF REAL SPACES, CREATING THE ILLUSION OF SPACE WHEN ACTUALLY THE STREET AND THE FLAG ARE NOT OURS?

One year passes, instagram reminds me its been a year for dear Shireen Abu Akleh, now I haven't forgotten but in five years I probably might. I remember I kept sharing her video being shot, and her voice I listened to as I grew up, scared of the moment that the bearer of news will become old news. Scared that that temporal feeling will go away.



If I share a post on Instagram, I might get views or get banned, maybe I want that temporal feeling that omits my individuality for a second, cancels my personality and every critical voice in my head telling me, what do you add by being here?

AM I SELFISH? AM I TOO ANXIOUS TO NOT BE ON MY PHONE?

WHERE DO I GO TO RESIST?

DO I NEED AN ANTIDEPRESSANT?

DO I JUST WANT TO EXIST?

WHERE DO WE GO?

I decided to delete my cute pic in bed because I felt guilty, I reshared this post and continued masturbating.

Text on Solidarity

This text is inspired by real numbers.

10934 454 2907 982 2570 2510 2151 1053 605 405 9332 32334 73030 27140 22420
6409 3100 244352 101479 3272 5535 7071 6244 14326 4212 7732 41354 46484 2234
1598 5013 3142 2145 4941 1294 1600 2531 1431 2367 4026 8643 58434 2127 925 2537
1157 985 4554 55939 125376 181353 42254 553 63881 82921 991123 112311 235934
5324 290992 211104 167626 372326 233075 372621 211606 729 322066 276878
279807 251114 288086 380418 396770 25715 13875 243532 86003 353856 244827
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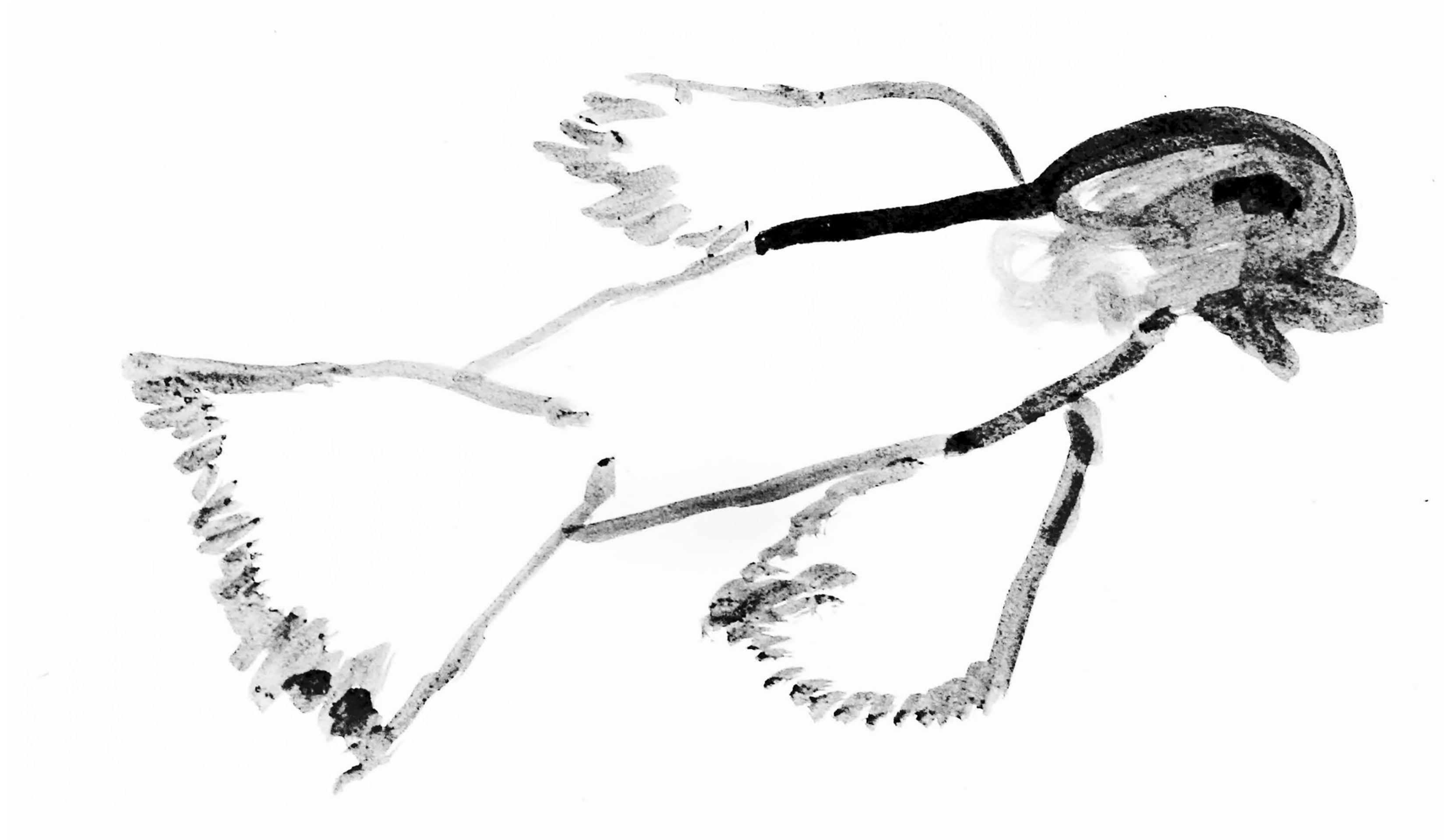


MOTHANNA HUSSEIN

فلسطين
PALESTINE



A well of water reaches to my toes, I am as tall and as wide. What is this about? It is about the water speaking through us, and the 'us', and the 'us', and the 'us'. A bird Perches on my head Screeches in my ear A she-snake this way and that, And this is how my hands grow back. Again, Just as they were before. Or maybe more, My feet grow back Again, Taller, higher. Are these my old feet, the eyes looking, ask.



Our world of darkness, illuminated by a bird's song. illuminates our dreams, penetrating. Come nearer, go far. Come close, again. Suckle at my breasts as I sleep, There, you become dearer to me than my own children. They hide their eyes in jars, Jars left behind for the thirsty. Ring. Ring. Tight around my finger Rub it, Make this all go away. In, jinni, djinns, jinx, jx, n. Signed, x, with love. P.S. When seeds fall from your mouth during your flight, don't look down or else you may fall.

MAJAZZ PROJECT A PLAYLIST

① *LAST SONGS* — GEORGE KIRMIZ

② *I'M FROM JERUSALEM* —
RIAD AWWAD

③ *PALESTINIAN BEDOUIN FIELD RECORDINGS* —
ATIF & QASIM SWAITAT

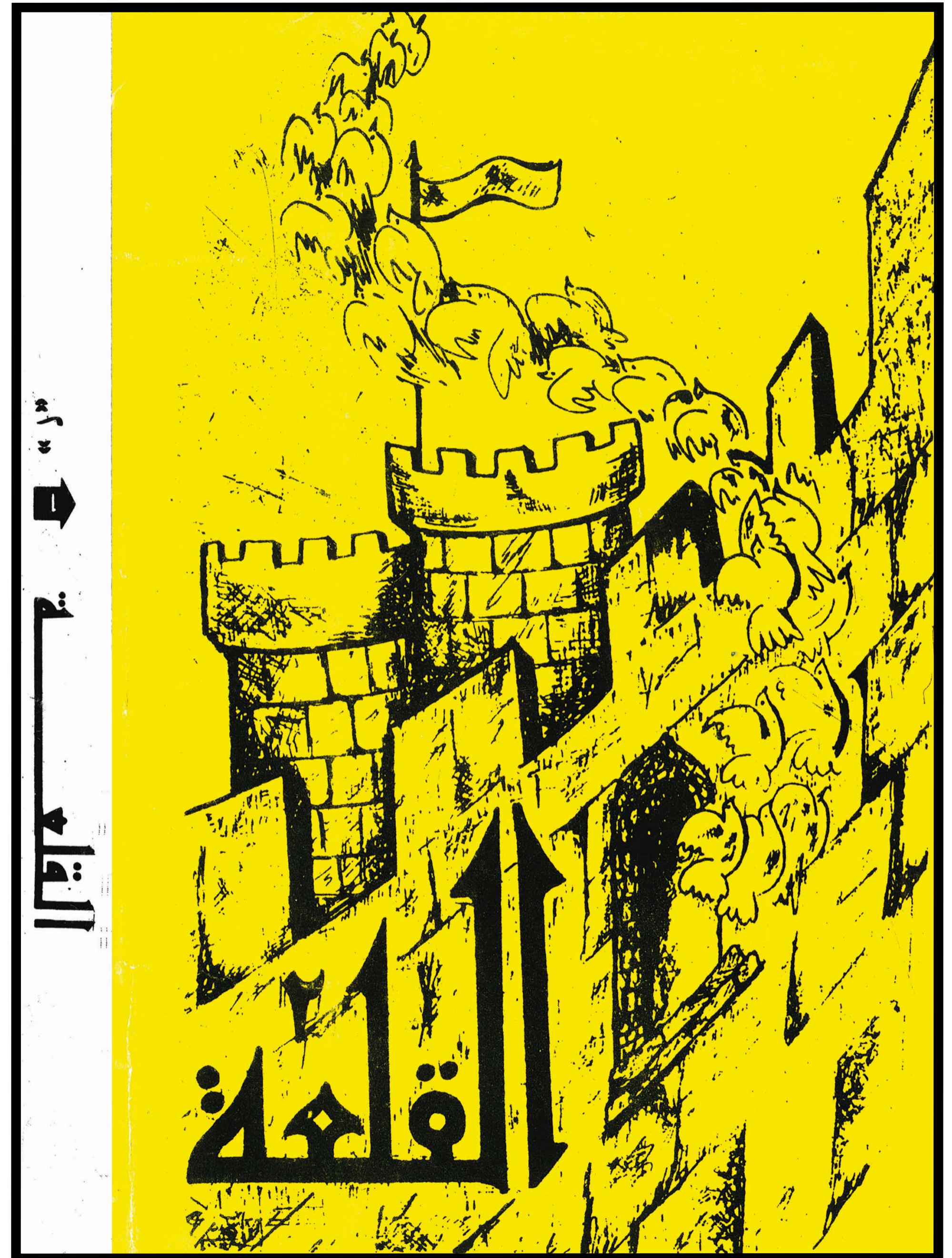
④ *RUBBAMA AL FAJER (THE DAWN)*

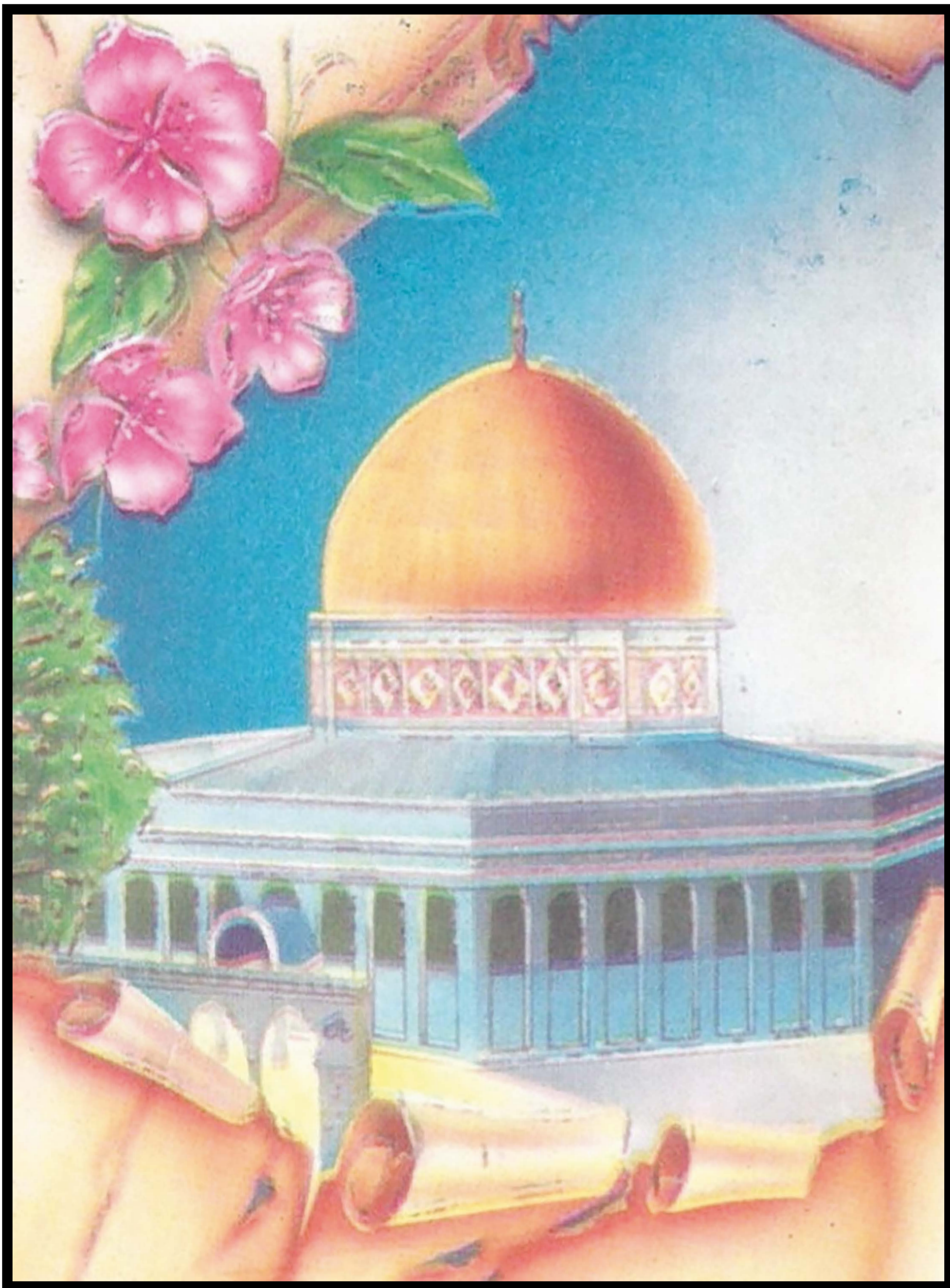
⑤ *THE URGENT CALL OF PALESTINE* —
ZEINAB SHAATH

⑥ *WHEN THE SINGERS GO SILENT* —
AHMAD AL ZAATAR. VOCALS BY KHALED
AL KHABER / WRITTEN BY MAHMOUD
DARWISH AND TOUFIC ZAYYAD /
COMPOSED BY ZIAD RAHBANI

⑦ *EL - FUNOUN PALESTINIAN POPULAR
DANCE TROUPE* — MARJIBN AMER

⑧ *PALESTINIAN BLACK PANTHERS
MIXTAPE* — PALESTINIAN BLACK
PANTHERS GROUP





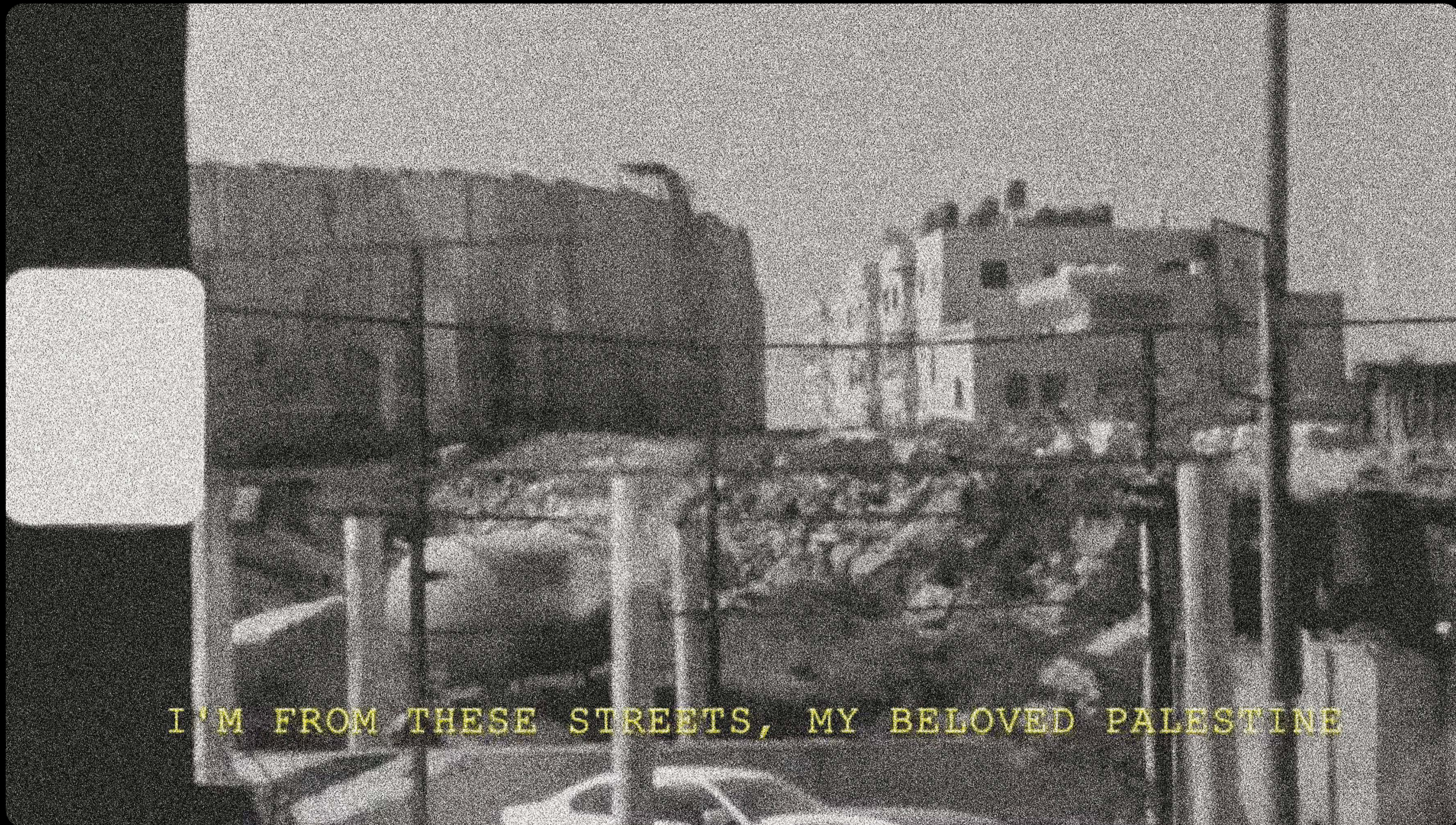
من أنصار الى عسقلان

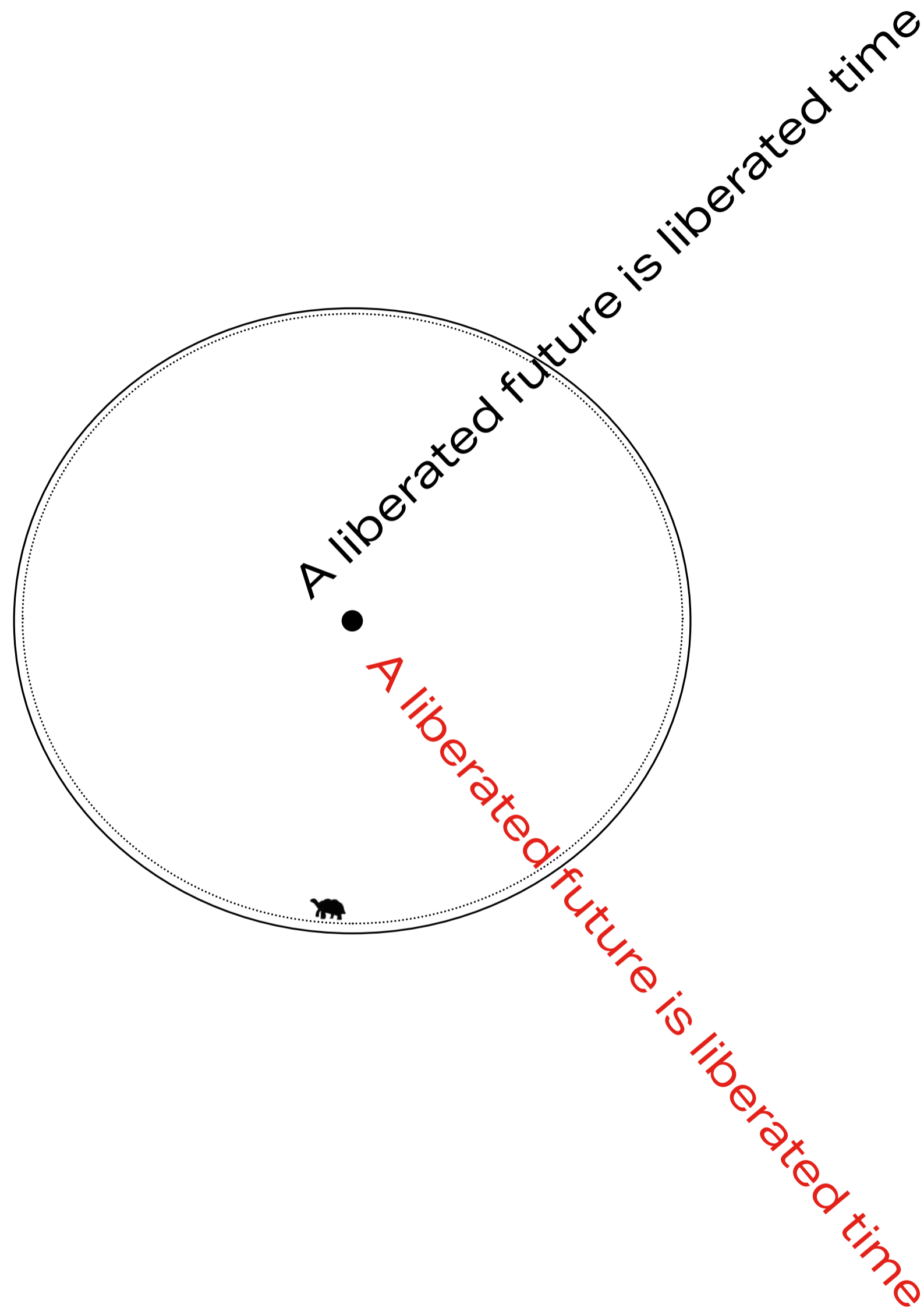


جورج فرمز

من انصار الى عسقلان جورج فرمز

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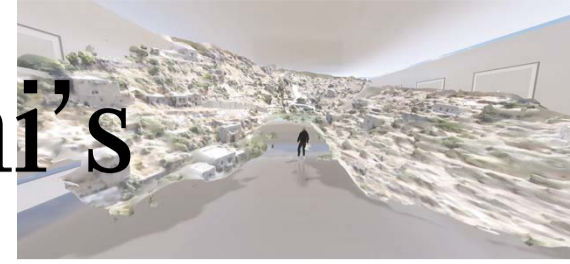




I held a torn edge of you for so long long after you slipped away, long after any memory of you did too. Before we fled and our horizon line went reeling. I leaned in and whispered: *Forgive these confrontations with life's jagged edges.* You shoved me closer to the shoreline. I tripped — and looked back. Then slipped again, this time into the gulf. You see, I would have stayed by your side forever, if only I could. I would have erased you by now, if only I knew how. Every night before bed I wash up to your shores and stay a while. Last night, I dreamt that you climbed in beside me and fastened our harnesses. *I am so glad you came to see me, you say: Because I remember and then I forget and then I remember again. But have no one to tell it to.*

Floating Lifta: On Hussein Barghouthi's

ISLAM SHABANA



'extinction of space'



.. وكان ذلك حين انقرض المكان وتوحش،
وطاردتني المساحة" - من نص "حجر الورد"
لحسين البرغوثي

المكان الزاحف هذا وجه آخر في ذهن
اللسطيني لـ "ظاهرة المكان المنقرض" فالمكان
المنقرض الذي يزيد انقراضا يدرك كمكان
محصور، خائف مطوق، منكمش ومقطع
"بانتوستانيا"

'...And that was when the place became extinct and
desolate, and space pursued me.'

— Hussein Barghouthi, Hajar al-Ward



والمكان المنقرض ليس مكانا بسيطا: انه
اناء هوية تفقد "مكانتها" ممكاتها، تمكناها،
رسوخها، ثباتها في "نظام الأشياء والكلمات".

من نصوص "الفراغ الذي رأى التفاصيل"
لحسين البرغوثي

Colonialism is a geographical presence that alters the
topography of a place ...

Settlement Encroachment: It's a creeping place,
involving land confiscation, closure, security barriers
both political and military, and even linguistically,
threatening the collective existence of the Palestinian
people through displacement.

This creeping place is another facet in the Palestinian
consciousness of the "extinct place" phenomenon. The extinct
place, as it dwindles, is perceived as a confined, fearful,
shrinking, and fragmented space, a "Bantustan."

The extinct place is not just a simple space; it is a vessel of
identity losing its "status," potential, empowerment, and
steadfastness within the "system of things and words."

I was the distance between the rainfall
and the blossoming of flowers
Upon a verdant hill beneath a rainbow.
Come nightfall, I shall emerge from the depths of the land:
A marble hand, cradling the newborn moon like a chalice.
Therefore, cleanse yourselves in the rivers
and await my arrival.

— Hussein Barghouthi, 'The Voyage to the Depths of
the Earth'

فلاستعمار حضور جغرافي يغير طوبوغرافيا
المكان..

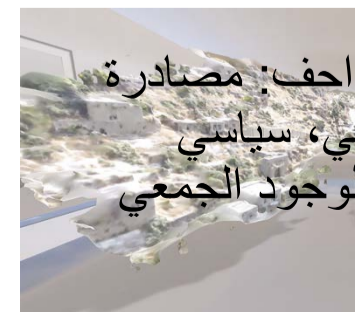
— Hussein Barghouthi,
Excerpts from *The
Emptiness That Saw
the Details*



يا أرض لم أسألك:
هل رحل المكان من المكان" - محمود درويش

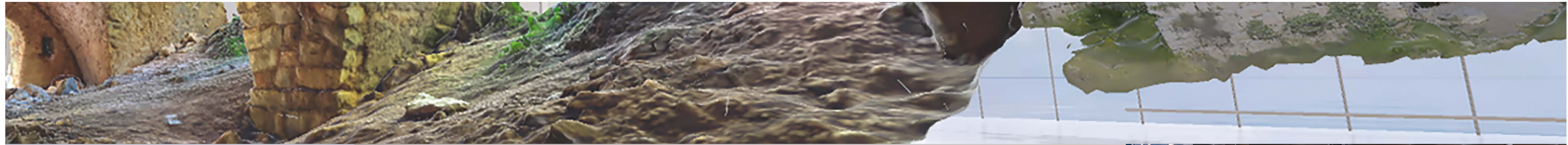
O land, I did not ask you: "Has place departed
from place?"

— Mahmoud Darwish



الزحف الاستيطاني: انه مكان زاحف: مصادرة
للأراضي، اغلاق لها، طوق امني، سياسي
وعسكري، وحتى لغوي، يهدد الوجود الجمعي
اللسطيني بالاقتلاع.





".. وكان ذلك حين انقراض
المكان وتوحش، وطاردتني
المساحة"

من نص "حجر الورد" لجسبنة
البحراني

A LIVING MEMORIAL

تذكري حية

In the Northern Galilee, prickly pear cacti trace the landscape of Al-Kabri, standing tall in the remains of a once thriving Palestinian village. Before the 1948 Nakba, these cacti—known as *sabr* in Arabic—would have been planted by the villagers as hedges to mark their lands, fence in their animals, and bear fruit for their community. Today, the *sabr* stands at the edge of an avocado farm, established by kibbutz settlers who have colonised the site. Despite persistent erasure by the Zionist colonial project, the villagers' *sabr* remain an enduring fingerprint on the land. However, the recent spread of the false carmine cochineal is threatening the *sabr*'s survival. In Al-Kabri and all over Palestine, *sabr* are dying due to a new species of cochineal beetle that live and feed off the plant, slowly killing it as they grow and multiply.

في الجليل الأعلى، يتتبع نبات الصبر حدود أراضي الكابري. يقف راسخاً بين ركام القرية التي ازدهرت ذات يوم. قبل نكبة عام 1948، زرع الفلاحون الصبر كسياج لتحديد أراضيهم، لاحتواء حيواناتهم ولتزويد أهل القرية بالثمار صيفاً. ينمو الصبر اليوم على هامش مزرعة أفوكادو أنشأها متستعمرو الكيبوتس الذين استوطنوا المكان. على الرغم من محاولات المحو المستمرة من قبل المشروع الاستعماري الصهيوني، بقي صبر فلاحي الكابري صامداً على الأرض. إلا أن الانتشار الأخير للحشرة القرمزية قد يهدد بقاء الصبر. في قرية الكابري وفي شتى أنحاء فلسطين، يتعرض نبات الصبر لنوع جديد من الخنفساء القرمزية التي تعيش وتتغذى عليه، فتقتله ببطء أثناء نموها وتكاثرها.

مجموعة الواحات

Al-Wah'at Collective

During our travels to different sites throughout Palestine in early 2023, we collected pads from *sabr* plants that appeared unscathed or had regenerated from the cochineal's damage, hoping that these individual plants might have cultivated some form of resistance to the insect. We brought these back to Sakiya—a centre for art, science, and agriculture based in Ein Qinya—where, we had learned, there was a need to protect against raids from nearby Israeli settlements. Their intention was to grow a living fence in place of the temporary metal one, using the *sabr* and other plants with spikes to form hedges. With the local community, we mapped and planted these *sabr* pads along the stone wall perimeter of Sakiya. As they grow, these hedges will not only protect the site but will also serve as a living memorial, paying tribute to the destroyed and depopulated villages from which they came: Lifta, Suhmata, and Al-Kabri. In remembering the dead they will protect the living, as well as those to come.

في أوائل عام 2023، خلال رحلتنا إلى مواقع مختلفة في جميع أنحاء فلسطين، جمعنا الواحات من الصبر قد بدت سليمة أو تجددت بعد تعرضها للحشرة القرمزية، على أمل أن تكون هذه قد شكّلت نوع من المقاومة ضدّ الحشرة. أحضرنا الألواح إلى ساقية، وهو مركز للفنون والعلوم والزراعة في عين قينيا، حيث كنّا نعلم بحاجتهم لحماية الموقع من الاعتداءات المستمرة من المستوطنات الإسرائيلية القريبة. كانت نيتهم بناء سياج حي بدلاً من السياج المعدني المؤقت باستخدام الصبر ونباتات أخرى. قمنا مع أهالي المنطقة برسم خريطة للسياج وزرعنا ألواح الصبر هذه على طول محيط السور الحجري لمبنى ساقية. مع نموه، لن يحمي هذا السياج الموقع فحسب، بل سيحيي معه ذكرى القرى المدمرة والمهجّر أهلها التي ينتمي إليها: لفتا، سحماتا والكابري. لعلّ ذكرى الموتى تحفظ الأحياء، والقادمين كذلك.

Lifta
لفتا

Ein Qinya
عين قينا

Ein Qinya
عين قينا

Jordan Valley
غور الأردن

Suhmata
سحماتا

Ein Qinya
عين قينا

Ramallah
رام الله

Meilya
معلبا

Suhmata
سحماتا

Lifta
لفتا

Al-Kabri
الكابري

Suhmata
سحماتا

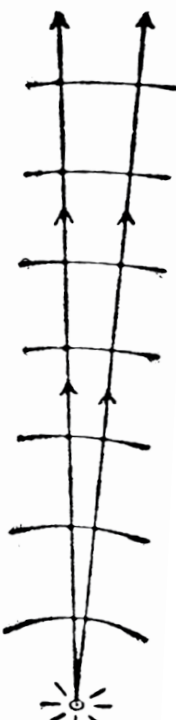
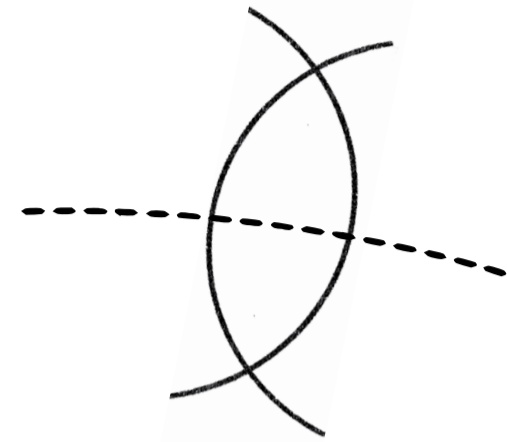
Meilya
معلبا

RESOLVE

COLLECTIVE

[WITH RADIO ALHARA]

This year, ^[2023] our alignment with Palestinian liberation as Black artists working in the context of British institutions has prompted us to reflect on what it means to be *visible*.

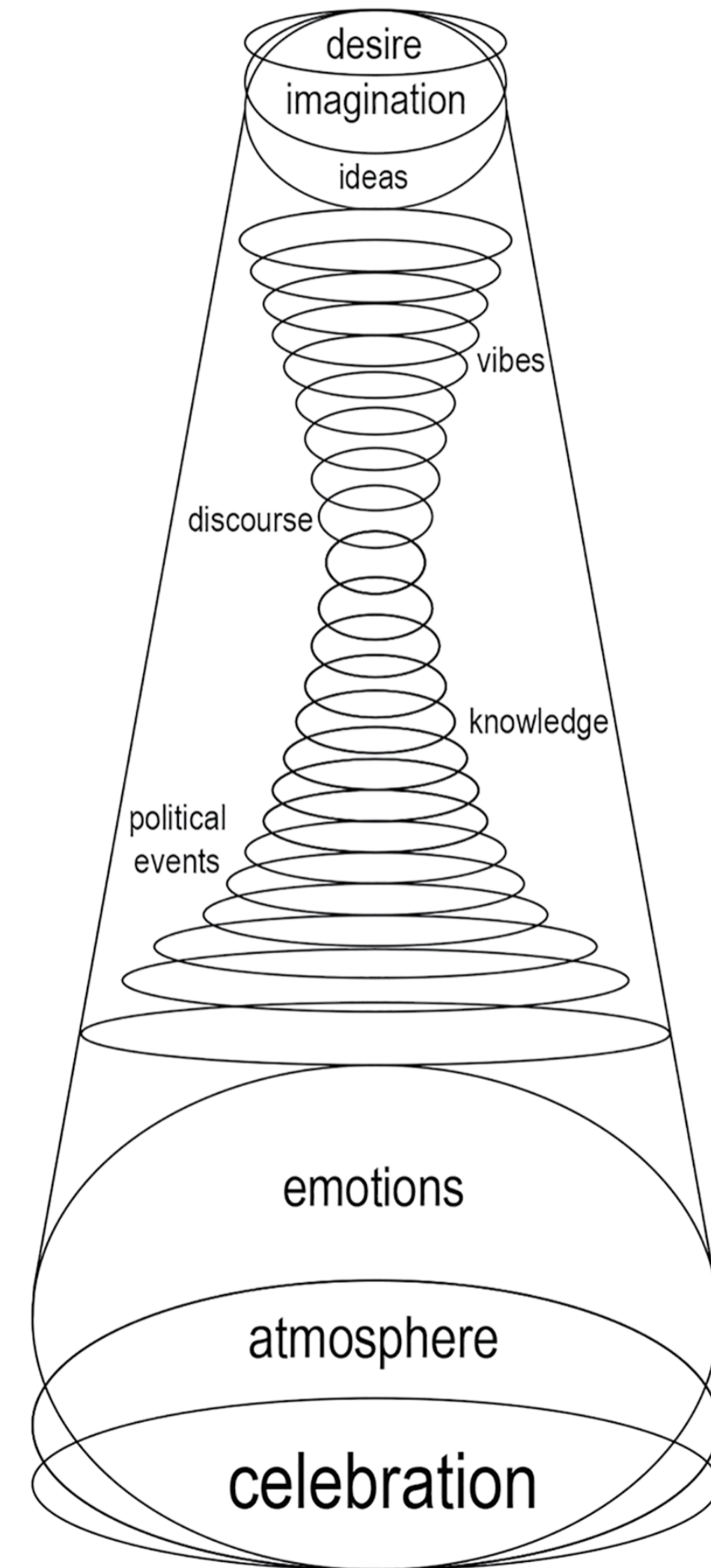


For some time, we have been able to work within our current institutional landscape with access to a desirable *invisibility*; in but not of these environments, focused towards our communities outside them and co-conspirators within them and so always with one hand on our invitation and an eye on the exit. But the importance of *visibility* for both Palestinian liberation and Palestinian artists in global cultural institutions relies on how we, the aligned, navigate institutionality in both receipt and refusal.

We hoped that our decision to end our exhibition in response to the B*rbican's anti-Palestinian censorship of Radio AlHara during our exhibition programme earlier this year worked to highlight this importance and also offered some transparency around our own hostile experiences whilst working as the B*rbican's [Curve Gallery] artists. >> It was only after speaking with Radio AlHara, and particularly the cautionary words of Yazan Khalili whose work, 'The Institution as an Ideology', has been a consistent underpinning of our own work on institutional space, that we found the tools to articulate this response.<<

It was an attempt at *solidarity* in recognition of our heterogenous responsibilities and visibilities in this latest atmosphere of cultural hostility.

CELEBRATION AS RESISTANCE



TRANSFORMATION ORBIT

God is Change
All that you touch
You Change.
All that you Change
Changes you.
The only lasting truth
Is Change.
God
Is Change.
 $\infty = \Delta$
Octavia Butler

We battle our existence through life to transform it into a better place for us and for the others, and in this fight we are transforming things and being transformed, in this process we are living in a constant state of transformation, until we become transformation itself.

It's like we are a square piece of paper, that can be transformed (folded) into anything you can want or imagine, but no matter what shape, model, state, or forms the paper is transformed into, the paper is in essence still paper. No matter what form we are transforming into, our essence, too, stays the same, and we keep transforming from one shape into another in a constant process.

Empty space is not empty
Hussein Al Barghouti wrote that
he was the emptiness in the flute
not the flute
his form is created by the flute
player / by his breath
The wind is playing him
And he is the wind transforming
into a human.
Why does it feel sad?

Our bodies are instruments
Our only choice is to own our bodies
to own the vibrations
our bodies are the instruments
we will become what we want to be by
knowing what kind of music we are
here to play.

AL NAKBA / DIASPORA ORBIT

We are one and we are many.

I keep asking myself, what makes a Palestinian Palestinian? As everyone is scattered throughout the world?

What are those connections that make us Palestinians?

How do Palestinian people connect?

How can we live and use the Palestinian diaspora as a way to connect with ourselves, with each other, and with the world, in an endless process of transformation? How do I/we give the diaspora a different meaning, a different feeling? How to experience the diaspora?

We lack the basics; a homeland, a country, a place to get back to when there is no other place to hold us. Like an orphan, we go on in life like something is missing, we keep looking for a home, and wherever we are we feel that here is not the final destination.

Al Nakba is a constant circumstance that we are forced to live by and in until now, wherever we are.

*The city of the purple moon
was turning into liquid
Everything was floating
The moon was becoming more
and more purple.*

PAL-FUTURISM ORBIT

"Imagination is the magic carpet"

– Sun Ra.

How to define or explain Pal-futurism*?

It's inspired by Afrofuturism, it's a trial to adopt Afrofuturistic imagination into our own struggle.

It's a wormhole that we use to transform while moving between the imagination and what we call reality.

It's to use our own magic carpet to imagine life outside all the systems of oppression.

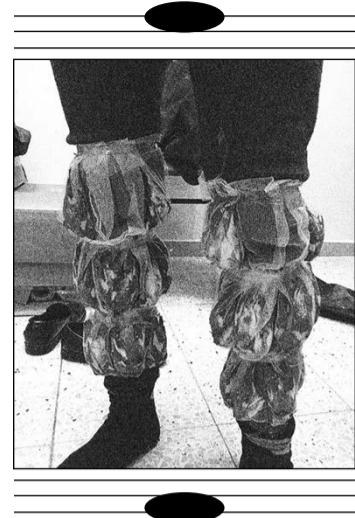
Pal-futurism is a memory box. In this box, memories communicate with each other, and they have their own lives and awareness of themselves. They keep growing and becoming more complex until their awareness starts to leak outside of the box, and then the borders between the imaginary and the real are no longer recognisable.

It's to experience how we are becoming more powerful, generation after generation, even though our circumstances are getting worse.

It's a way to have the ownership of our own lives, and to have the confidence to hope and dream.

It's to live and act in the now, and in this space we can create or recreate the past and the future, as our imagination is our limit.

Pal-futurism is a way to connect the oppressed in a joyful context, and to bring things back on track; time, space, nature, people, and joy.



DINA MIMI

How to call a bird with a tongue tied?

The crows were chirping loudly today, early on. I woke up with the urge to understand what the crow was saying. In my half-awake state I thought: Why not learn to become fluent in bird language? As if it is a book that I can just read, and since in this world almost everything is possible, why not? I went back to sleep after the sound had stopped and the thunder had started. For a sec I was happy. They had tried to warn me about the sound of the thunderstorm. I suffer from sonic trauma, and one of the sounds that makes my whole body freeze, that feels like a complete shutdown, is when I hear thunder. Three weeks ago, a sudden thunderstorm blew over Amsterdam. I was walking trying to grab my bike and get home just before it started, but then it hit. I was in the street, my whole body in panic mode, my hands covering my ears, my eyes squinting, and I screamed while a white Dutch man was walking slowly next to me with an obnoxious smile on his face. Whilst I witnessed every part of my body in unrest, waiting for the larger sound to come, I recognised the confused gazes of others, some of them even laughing. Meanwhile, inside I was in real chaos.
I guess this is why

-----<----- I appreciate crows over people. ----->-----

Learning the language would be poetic, an invitation to a flight of new metaphors, but how do we practise such a language? With zero access to time, in Palestine your day is not yours, you always end up in different corners of the city and of neighbourhoods if you are open to moving with the fluidity of time and space. It is fascinating compared to the life I live in the Netherlands, where there is no such thing as travelling to other cities without a prior plan. Even though the freedom of movement is not comparable or even desired in the same way, here I am talking about routes and streets, because if a Palestinian wants to learn the bird language it would be on the bus from Jericho to Amman, and that it would be impossible because it's the most hated route by Palestinians from the West Bank.

This takes me back to Palestine in July, when we discovered a pigeon nesting on our kitchen window. It was the first time I saw a hatchling and I was amazed at the size and the care from the mother, also that they kind of knew us, and were unbothered by us moving back and forth. The third morning I went to check on them and I found a crime scene: no baby, the nest very messy, and the mother absent. I ran towards my father, asking, 'What happened?'

He was so upset. He had been on his way to the hatchlings to give them water, only to witness a crow carrying the hatchlings away, and then the mother, who discovered that there was nothing left, never returned.

I went downstairs to rescue them but instead I encountered the pigeon hatchlings, severed and bloodied. A few days later we cleaned out the nest. The window was empty until it once again became the space for the usual short visits; pecks that knocked on the window, so my mom could feed them rice and water.

How to locate a bird or learn about the death of a bird? I learned this from my older brother, who kept birds by turning an empty space into a bird habitat with the required temperature. One winter he completely transformed the room at the top of our house, we only learned about it through the sound; and when I entered the whole room contained over 50 birds. It had become one big cage, with blankets to warm his canaries and fins. That was a moment of awe for me.

He made sure never to leave the room of abundance empty, instead turning it into a nest for pigeons, canaries, fins, and other kinds of birds.

And if he was not nursing birds, he was sitting outside for hours on his plastic chair watching them. I was always jealous of his relationship to his birds, because I didn't have this kind of relationship with almost anything. His curiosity and interest were always beautiful to me, almost like a house that I wasn't able to enter.

I remember looking at photos where men place and hide birds on their bodies by creating clothes out of nets and fabrics with holes so that the birds can breathe: little pockets in their underwear, on their arms, legs and bellies. I remember seeing a particular bird: the goldfinch. I went to my brother, the bird expert in my family, and asked what was so magical about these birds. Why were they hunted and smuggled in so many different places? I asked naively if it was the song that they wanted, he replied very calmly 'no, it's just business and money. There is nothing extraordinary about goldfinches' he continued insistently, "they don't even have vocal cords to make a unique sound." The conversation left me with a lot of questions.

What was so unique about the goldfinches?

I went on the Internet searching for the goldfinch in special blogs and found what I was looking for — an article in bold with glitter in the background, written in Arabic:

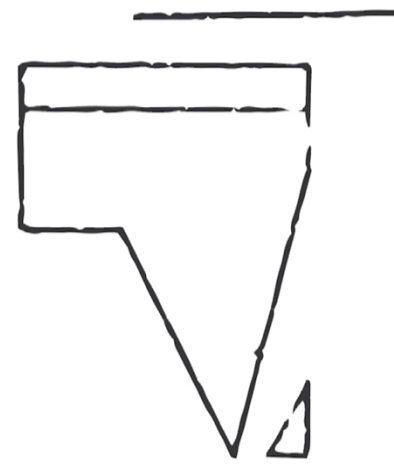
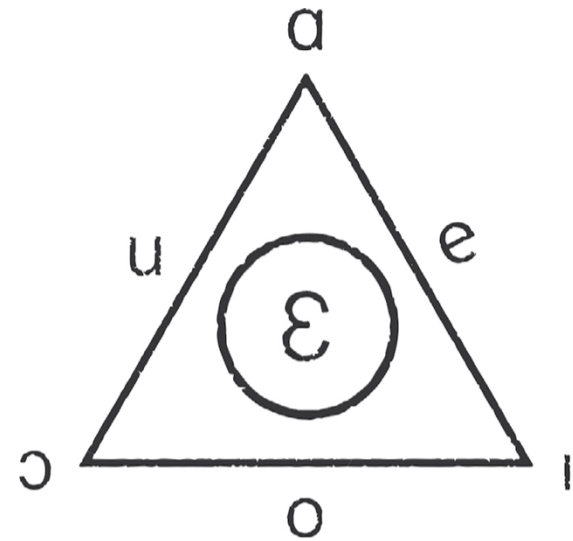
-----<----- "the goldfinch and the addiction to it." ----->-----

I was satisfied by the clichés and rumours and exaggeration in the article, emphasising the oddity of the bird singing in the house, and how you will forever be addicted to its sound because of the rhythm. In the Netherlands, I met some middle-aged men from Suriname every Sunday in the park where they train their birds in singing and hold a tournament at the end of every summer.

I met the man who competed with last year's winner, and he was very proud of his birds. Another man came, took me aside, and whispered in my ear 'All his birds have disabilities, that's why they win' adding 'You know he is a smart man; he has been in this sport since he was nine.' I was amused by all the whispers and calls I had been receiving. The man continued, saying,

'If you want to hear the good songs go to the back; it's where the rich are. The front is middle class, it's raspy.'

SCHOOL OF MUTANTS



I live and Die

*I am a foreigner in this world
And think in it as a foreigner thinks
There is a mind
That fixes the circumference
In which I live, speak and die,
So it is.
I must sit (down)
And balance things
To the point
When the scales
Become still.*

> *Kumi Attobrah
Akrokerri*

Miyi na Mifua

*ye emegeni en ki ewiasi
zata en yo da emegeni zata
rai akili
na kaza ni ekori
ikena miyi, vos na fua
yo'ε
lazima ta (shi)
limbi ukin'u
n ondu
na ni ansenia
na kimya.*

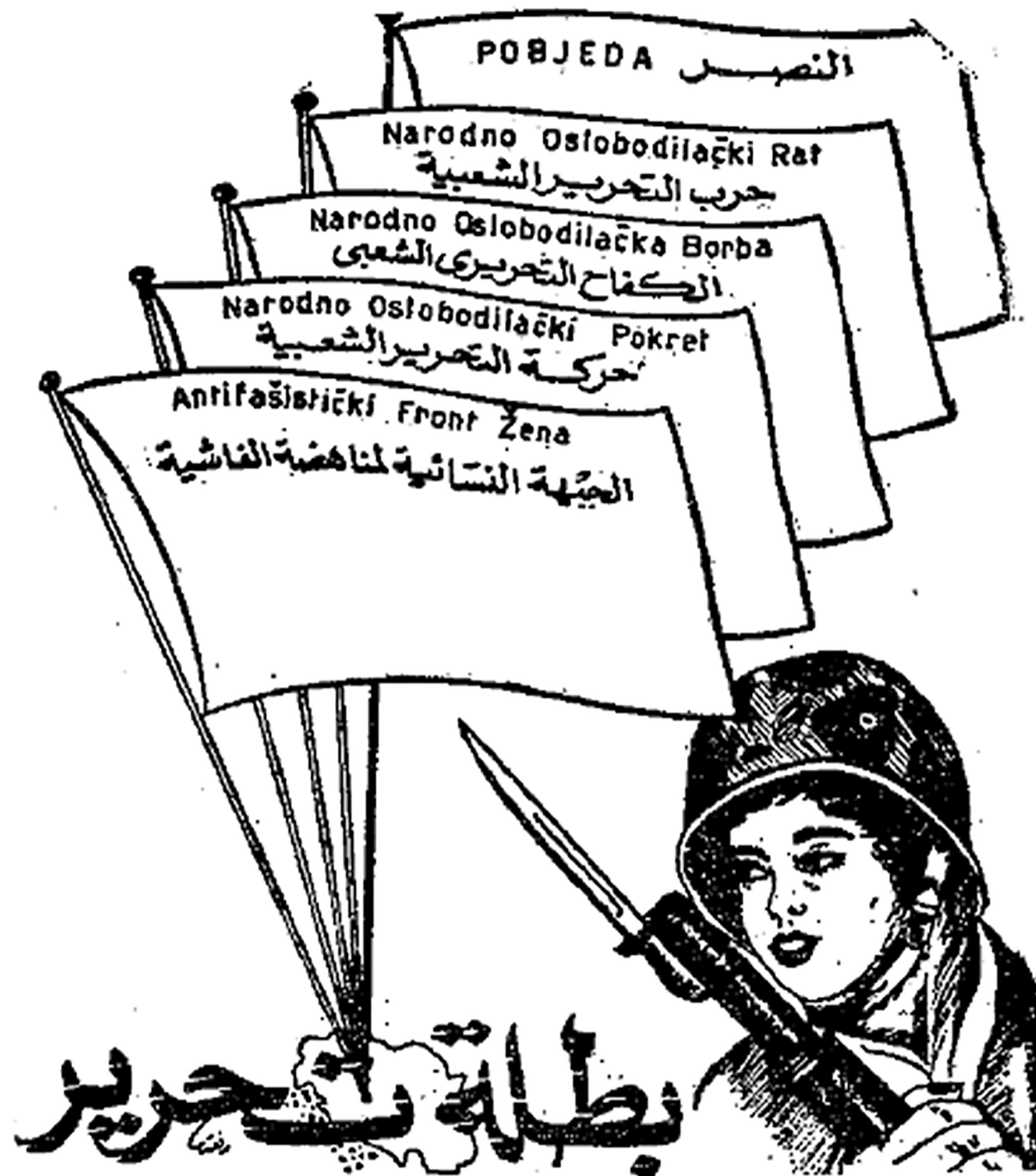
> *Kumi Atobra
Akrokeri*

ELIAS WAKEEM



wax

doctrine



*Naslovna strana brošure o Vahidi koju je napisao
El Helou Mohamed*

U pismu Vahidinoj sestri Munibi (supruga narodnog heroja Fadila Šerića) naš osvjedočeni prijatelj ističe da je brošuru napisao u želji »da Vahidin lik žene — heroja služi za primjer ženama Palestinskog oslobodilačkog pokreta«, u čemu je uspio, jer se »brošura čita masovno i sa izuzetnim interesovanjem... Čitajući o Vahidi zavoljeli su je i muškarci i žene i osjećaju je bliskom kao da je rasla s njima i kao da se bori zajedno s njima. Uzimajući je često za primjer, ime Vahida sa divljenjem izgovaraju« — završava svoje pismo el Helou Mohamed, čestiti čovjek iz daleka, sin borbenog naroda koji je legendu naše Vahide utkao u svoju borbu, u svoju istoriju. Mlade Palestinke i Palestinci sa imenom naše Vahide na usnama jurišaju za sopstvenu slobodu, što samo potvrđuje veličinu i trajnost njenog primjera.

بطلة تحرير

In a letter to Vahida's sister Muniba (wife of the People's Hero Fadil Šerić), our convinced friend said that he wrote the leaflet with the desire 'that Vahida's character as a female hero should serve as an example to the women of the Palestinian Liberation Movement', in which he succeeded because 'the leaflet was read with great interest ... Reading about Vahida, both men and women fell in love with her, as if she grew with them and was fighting together with them. Often taking her as an example, they pronounce the name of Vahida with admiration'. This is how El Helou Mohamed ends his letter, himself a virtuous man from far away, the son of a fighting people who wove the legend of our Vahida into his struggle, into his history. Young Palestinian women and men with the name of our Vahida on their lips are rushing for their own freedom, which only confirms the significance and durability of her example.



The embankment tells her that what will come has to be better than what was yesterday. Every stone of the embankment believes in social justice.

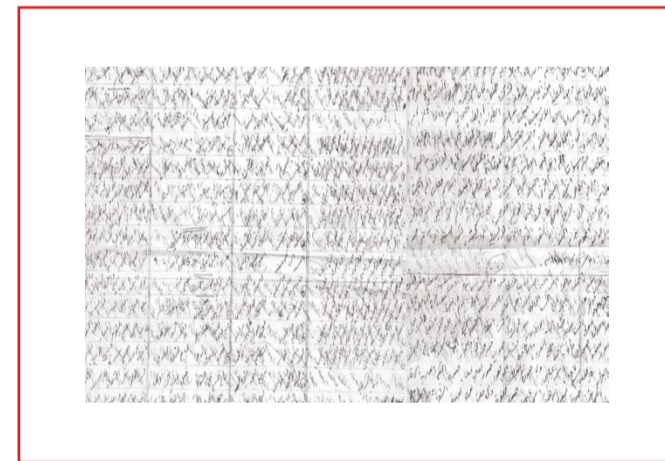
ROUZBEH SHADPEY

A TALE OF TWO (2) PILLS

A tale of two pills, formalized as a graph, modeled after the randomized controlled trial (RCT):

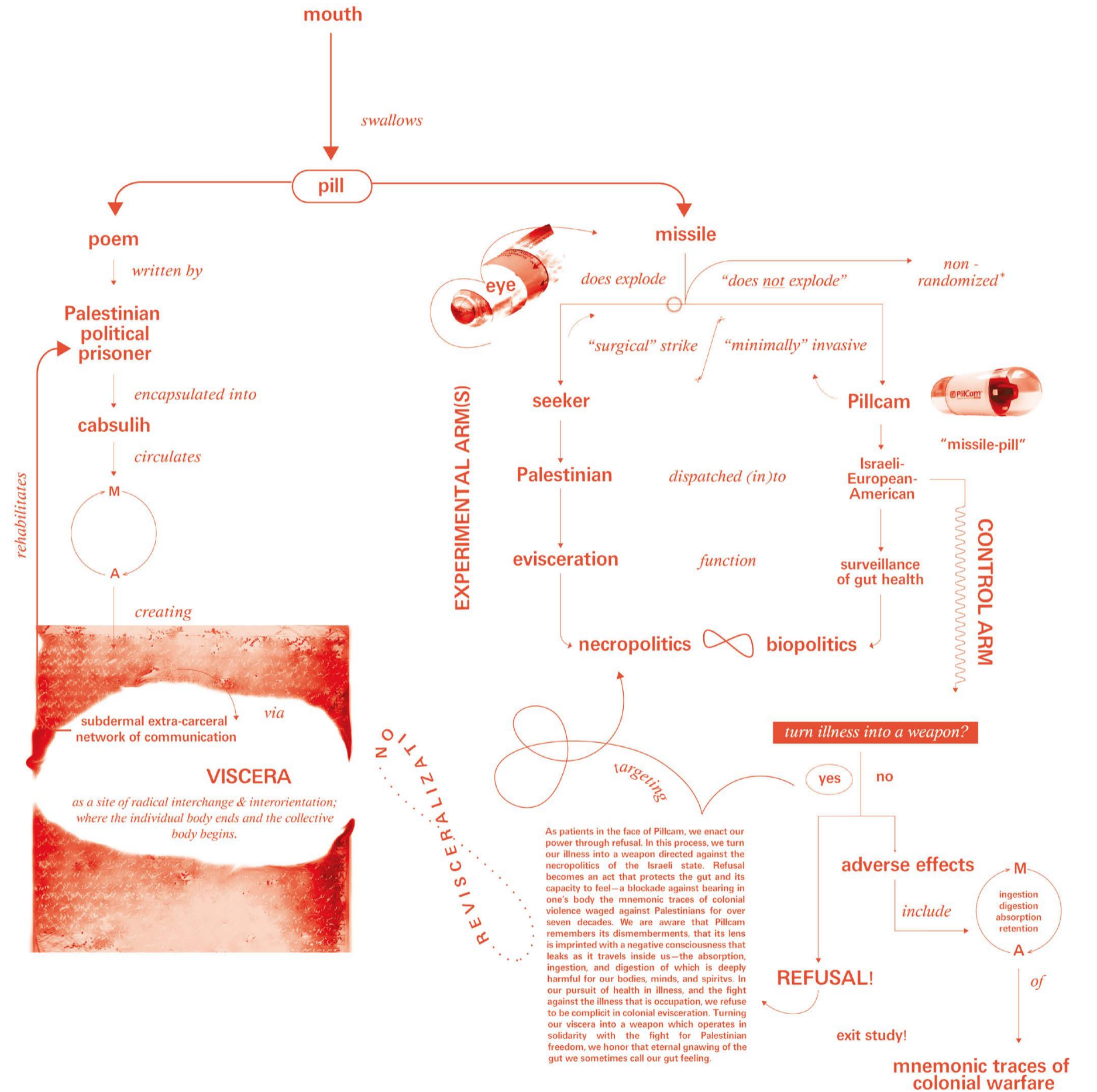
One is a “missile-pill;” inside it, a camera invented by an Israeli military engineer to steer missiles within and across occupied Palestine. In 2000, this camera was recycled by American-Israeli biotech to guide video capsules in diagnostic expeditions across viscera—and was rebranded as *Pillcam*.

The other, a makeshift pill, contains poems, letters, or books written by Palestinian political prisoners. Swallowed by prisoners and their comrades, the pill’s plastic film shields its written content, allowing it to circulate across carceral borders under the protective cover of intestines. Named *cabsulih*, it is a technology of anticolonial resistance.



A tale of two pills whose distribution—controlled, but never random—maps the entanglements of viscosity and evisceration, biopolitics and necropolitics, sickness and solidarity—sutured across national, corporeal, and carceral borders.

COURTESY OF ISMAIL NASHEF, PALESTINIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS: IDENTITY AND COMMUNITY (2010)





REVOLUTION
IS A FOREST
THAT THE
COLONIST
CAN'T BURN

