

URGENT FILM FOR PALESTINE

This is an urgent film
for Palestine,
from Palestine.
This is an imageless film
because images can't represent history.
This is an urgent film
for Palestine,
about Palestine,
occupied territory,
occupied people,
occupied lives,
occupied future.
Clandestine Palestine,
illegal Israel.
This is a film without images,
this is a people without land.
Stolen future,
erased past,
occupied houses,
imprisoned people.
Imageless film,
images unable to represent history,
to recount the present.
"Tell your people we are not terrorists."
This is an urgent film against Israel,
illegitimate State,
unreal Israel.
This is a film
for a desperate people,
impotent against Israel's impunity.
Voiceless images.
Al-Nakba.
Ethnic cleansing.
This is the wall,
obvious anthropological assertion.
These are the walls.

The West is not responsible,
the State of Israel is not responsible,
Israeli citizens are not responsible.
Then, who is responsible?
What do you understand when I say
"Free Palestine"?
What do they understand when they say
"Free Israel"?
Free from what?
Free from whom?, you ask.
Policy of faits accomplis.

Instant citizenship for
any Jewish person from anywhere in the world.
Eternal exile for
the Palestinian people.
Al-Nakba,
third-rate citizens,
non-existent
non-citizens
imprisoned in their towns,
imprisoned in their houses,
forbidden to travel from Jericho to Jerusalem,
from Ramallah to Jerusalem,
from Nablus to Jerusalem.
Balata,
Hebron.
What is the ultimate aim of Israel?
To take possession of all of Palestine
regardless of the cost,
with impunity,
with the blessing of the world.
To occupy metre by metre,
house by house,
life by life,
like a virus.
To erase the history of Palestine.
New stars of David in the old lintels of old town Jerusalem.
To Hebraize Palestine,
home by home,
flag by flag,
like the Germans in occupied Poland:
to demolish Warsaw,
to destroy history,
to Germanize the rest,
Oświęcim,
Auschwitz,
on the grounds of history.
Al-Andalus.
Flag by flag,
on every corner,
on every roof.
Exclusive stars,
exclusive flags:
empire of signs.
One more Israeli house
means one less Palestinian home:
pure demography.

This is a film.
This is a pamphlet for Palestine.
A country cannot be created
at the expense of another.
These are soundless images,
this is an orphan people,
this is the wall built to confiscate lands,
crops,
olives.
These are the olive trees
on our side of the wall
burnt by the Israeli army.
This is the well three times dug
and three times destroyed by the Israeli army
in Susya,
anywhere in the desert.
Empire of symbols.
The law forbids building wells.
The law allows animals and people and crops to die of thirst:
To send them into exile.
These are the houses in ruins that Israel doesn't allow us to repair
under penalty of confiscation.
These are the homes you can't leave
under penalty of confiscation.
This is a man who lives 24 hours a day in his workshop
because any visit to the mosque,
to the market,
means returning to a new door,
a new lock,
a new Israeli family.
This is a man who could be a millionaire:
he proudly shows the key to his house.
Money is a powerful weapon.
Mass destruction.
Al-Nakba.
Never forgive, never forget.

Cinema is a lie.
This is the image of a lie.
Israel is a lie,
history is a lie.
God is responsible.
History is responsible.

This is a house stolen from a Palestinian family.
This is the tent where they resist,
several times torn down,
and just as many put up again,
in Sheikh Jarrah,
East Jerusalem.
The judge in person
presented the settlers with the keys.
This is the dog of the occupying family
which bites the Palestinian owner:
the Palestinian owner is arrested by the Israeli police.

This I don't know what it is.
This I don't know who it is.
The chosen people.
This is Silwan,
East Jerusalem.
This is a Palestinian neighbourhood about to disappear,
Palestinian homes destroyed
in order to create a beautiful garden.
A boy is run over by a settler during a protest:
the boy is arrested by the police.

These are images of history,
images of the present,
history of images.
Politics is history in the present tense.

This is a history of the most wicked political system on earth,
of the most wicked legal system.
A country for the chosen people.
Al-Nakba.
Ethnic cleansing.
This is a history without images,
without voices,
without words,
words.
Every word is a prejudice.
This is an Israeli map
in which the West Bank is not acknowledged:
just the few square kilometres of Gaza.
Poor Gaza,
shut in,
sequestered,
besieged,
bombarded.
Whatever happened to the Palestinian revolution?
This is not the description of a combat:
this IS the combat.

Whatever happened to the Palestinian revolution?
Where are all the dreams of freedom?
This is a pamphlet about the indignation of the Palestinian people.
Where are the Israeli indignant?
Palestine does not exist for Israeli citizens
because Palestine conflicts with the very existence of the State of Israel.
This is a pamphlet to denounce Israel's impunity,
the connivance of the West,
the complicity of Israel's citizenry,
as in the past of the German citizens
with the Nazi State.
They don't protest,
they can't protest,
because if they do they ought to leave their houses —being consistent,
they ought to return their occupied houses to their legitimate owners,
the occupied land,
the occupied jobs,
the occupied olives.
To wonder about the existence of the wall,
of the walls,
of the hundreds of kilometres of wall,
implies crossing over,
implies social ostracism,
the rejection of friends,
even family.
Better not to look,
not to see,
not to ask
why my existence is based on the inexistence of the other,
the enemy,
the terrorist,
subhuman,
with no legal existence,
my fellow man,
my brother.

This is a pamphlet,
this is a harsh outcry.
Belfast,
Berlin,
Sahara,
Colombia,
Kurdistan,
apartheid.

This is the army of the State of Israel.
This is not a State with an army:
this is an army with a State.

This is the Israeli army
which cut us off
arguing that we are crossing military grounds.
But it's just an Israeli settlement,
but any Israeli settlement is military grounds.
But Palestine children must walk past it
on their way to school
and the military are there to protect them from the settlers
that shout and throw stones at them.
And the military are there to protect the settlers
from the gaze of the children that go to school.
This is Tuwani
and this Hebron's market
in Hebron's old town
and there are Jewish families occupying both sides of the street
and throw every kind of rubbish onto the street.
This is a checkpoint we can't get through
because this is the entrance to a Jewish neighbourhood,
they say.
"Are you carrying a gun in your handbag?"
they ask the Palestinian woman that comes with us.
These are the Palestinian shops which have been sealed
because they are on the way to the Jewish neighbourhood.
Metre by metre,
house by house,
life by life,
like a virus.

This is a film about indignation,
about despair.
This is a pamphlet about our daily suffering,
this is a history of historical suffering,
imageless,
wordless.
A people with a sequestered future.
The dead,
the prisoners,
the exiles,
in every home,
in every family,
in every village.

This is the wall near Na'alín,
this is the weekly demonstration,
Friday,
Palestinian flag on the wall.
We don't want walls or flags.
We throw stones over the unwanted wall.
We shout "This wall is illegal".
A Jewish settlement on the other side of the wall,
military grounds,
Israeli army that responds with tear gas,
day by day,
week by week,
life by life,
house by house.
Imagine there's no countries.

This is a militarized country,
a police state,
a paranoid nation.
It's fear,
fear of the other,
of children,
of languages,
of thought,
of losing their privileges,
of having to return the war booty.
Palestine shut in,
every town fenced off,
every house walled in,
Old Jerusalem closed off.

This is a pamphlet for self-determination,
for the rights of the peoples,
for the right of return.

I must learn that the future is a habitable world.
I must learn that the future is a habitable world.

This is not a film.