



**NO SILENCE**  
Thoughts for Palestine



James Diamond, August 2024

Free  
Palestine

# NO SILENCE

In Montreal and around the world  
we stand with Palestine

The movement taking place around the world to support the Palestinian people is massive.

In Montreal alone there are countless thousands directly involved in organizing protests, cultural events and diverse community actions that articulate opposition to the Israeli government's ongoing genocidal war against the Palestinian people of Gaza.

Palestine solidarity actions in Montreal have also focused on challenging the Canadian government's complicity, targeting both the political support, on the part of the Liberal government of Justin Trudeau, for the Israeli state's military actions, while also calling for an end to Canadian arms exports to the Israeli state. Despite the Canadian government eventually shifting to a pro ceasefire position due to the relentless protests in Montreal and across Canada, there has been no consequential diplomatic or political action on the part of the Canadian state. For example the Canada Israel Free Trade Agreement (CIFTA) continues at full force despite genocide in Gaza.

The voices in this zine are grassroots ones, all people who have stepped up to refuse silence in the face of genocide in Gaza. A major idea that has driven this zine has been a simple one, to create a community arts project illustrating some of the artwork, ideas and

reflections of voices who have joined the Palestine solidarity movement in Montreal in the past year. This zine is focused on a handful of creative works from folks who make up the movement for Palestine at grassroots levels.

It is our honour to share these voices with you. I hope that the zine can create a window of understanding around the beautiful folks who make up the Palestine solidarity movement. It has been wonderful to have the trust and collaboration of two awesome local artists on this project, Raphaël Foisy-Couture from Small Scale Music and musician Rickie Leach, who I worked with as co-editors and coordinators of this project.

In this city the people involved in rising up for Palestine come from all over the place and are involved for many different reasons. It is lovely to get a sense of a beautiful handful of those voices through the submissions that we are sharing here in this zine, NO SILENCE.

In engaging with this process of working on the zine I always held in my heart a remembrance and active awareness of what is happening on the ground in Gaza, also now for what is happening in Lebanon. The neo-colonial violence of the Israeli apartheid state is horrendous and genocidal, it is this fact that underlines why we must stand with

the people of Palestine and Lebanon with all the energy and love that we can.

There is a complex and beautiful grassroots process of solidarity taking place within the collective actions for Palestine in this city, which is mirrored in diverse and beautiful ways in cities literally all over the world. Let us remember this and the fact that there are millions who today are refusing silence.

Thank you for reading and see you soon on the streets.

Love and solidarity.  
**Stefan Christoff**



Sophie F Chartier, 2024

# Gregarious

It's about losing.

It's about losing myself in a sea of others.

Others who like me want nothing but change.

It's about losing.

Losing my voice to the urge to scream

In a space where it is allowed.

Where it is expected.

A place where I'm celebrated

For a voice loud enough to shake a building.

Instead of being seen as

This.

A monstrous aggressive violent person.

Unable to control himself.

Unable to control his feelings.

Unable to control the anger.

I lose it.

I lose sight of the anger.

It stops being mine.

It stops being my rage that I confront the world to.

A rage felt by a select few.

One that feels like the waves created by heat  
Coming out of cement on extremely hot days.

But here the streets are different.

Perpendicular and Parallel,

Alienating Boulevards,

Order towers over us.

And once a week, with a flock of others

We flood the same streets which suddenly feel different.

I don't know if the anger I'm feeling is mine or someone else's.

We all feel it together.

We, the uncivilized.

We, accused of hatred.

Making sense of this barbaric cruel reality we can't stop.

This frustration.

9 months of action. 9 months of demonstrations.

They see us. They know we're here.

They hear us. They know what we're asking.

They, who built the apartheid wall we're talking to.

They, who I dare not describe.

So I'm lost.

I'm lost in thought

Desperately wanting not to give up.

Knowing full well my individual self won't change much.

We scream like it's in front of us.

We march like we're getting closer.

Every step in any direction is a step forward.

This is how it feels.

I'm lost. I'm not sure what to do.

I'm not sure where to go.  
 So I follow the echo of voices  
 Propulsed by a mass of people.  
 What an incredible feeling.

So I lose myself.  
 Trying not to think of myself  
 No longer a mere person  
 with limited resources  
 Screaming my lungs out.  
 My recently asthmatic lungs out.  
 Lungs hidden by ribs I have recently fractured.  
 I lose myself in this sea of others.  
 I lend my voice so it's no longer mine.  
 It's free Palestine to our dying breath.



K. E. Z., September 2024



Sydney Bhalla, 2024



Filmmaker and researcher Zahra Moloo selected these two poems to read at a gathering of artists, authors and educators expressing their support for the student driven Gaza solidarity encampment at McGill University.

In presenting these poems to the crowd gathered Zahra mentioned that it was particularly important to read the work and share the work of Palestinian poet Hiba Abu Nada, killed by the Israeli military during this genocide against the Palestinians of Gaza. Here are the poems that Zahra selected drawn from the POEMS for PALESTINE publication released by Scorched Earth Press.

Thanks for reading.

## Sunbird

By Fady Joudah

I flit  
from gleaming river  
to glistening sea,  
from all that we  
to all that me,  
fresh east to salty west,  
southern sweet,  
and northern free  
there is a lake  
between us,  
and aquifers  
for cactus  
and basins  
of anemone  
from the river  
to the sea,  
from womb  
to breath and one  
with oneness  
I be,  
from the river  
to the sea.

# I Grant you Refuge

By Hiba Abu Nada

Translated by Huda Fakhreddine

## 1.

I grant you refuge  
in invocation and prayer.  
I bless the neighborhood and the minaret  
to guard them  
from the rocket  
from the moment  
it is a general's command  
until it becomes  
a raid.  
I grant you and the little ones refuge,  
the little ones who  
change the rocket's course  
before it lands  
with their smiles.

## 2.

I grant you and the little ones refuge,  
the little ones now asleep like chicks in a nest.  
They don't walk in their sleep toward dreams.  
They know death lurks outside the house.  
Their mothers' tears are now doves  
following them, trailing behind  
every coffin.

## 3.

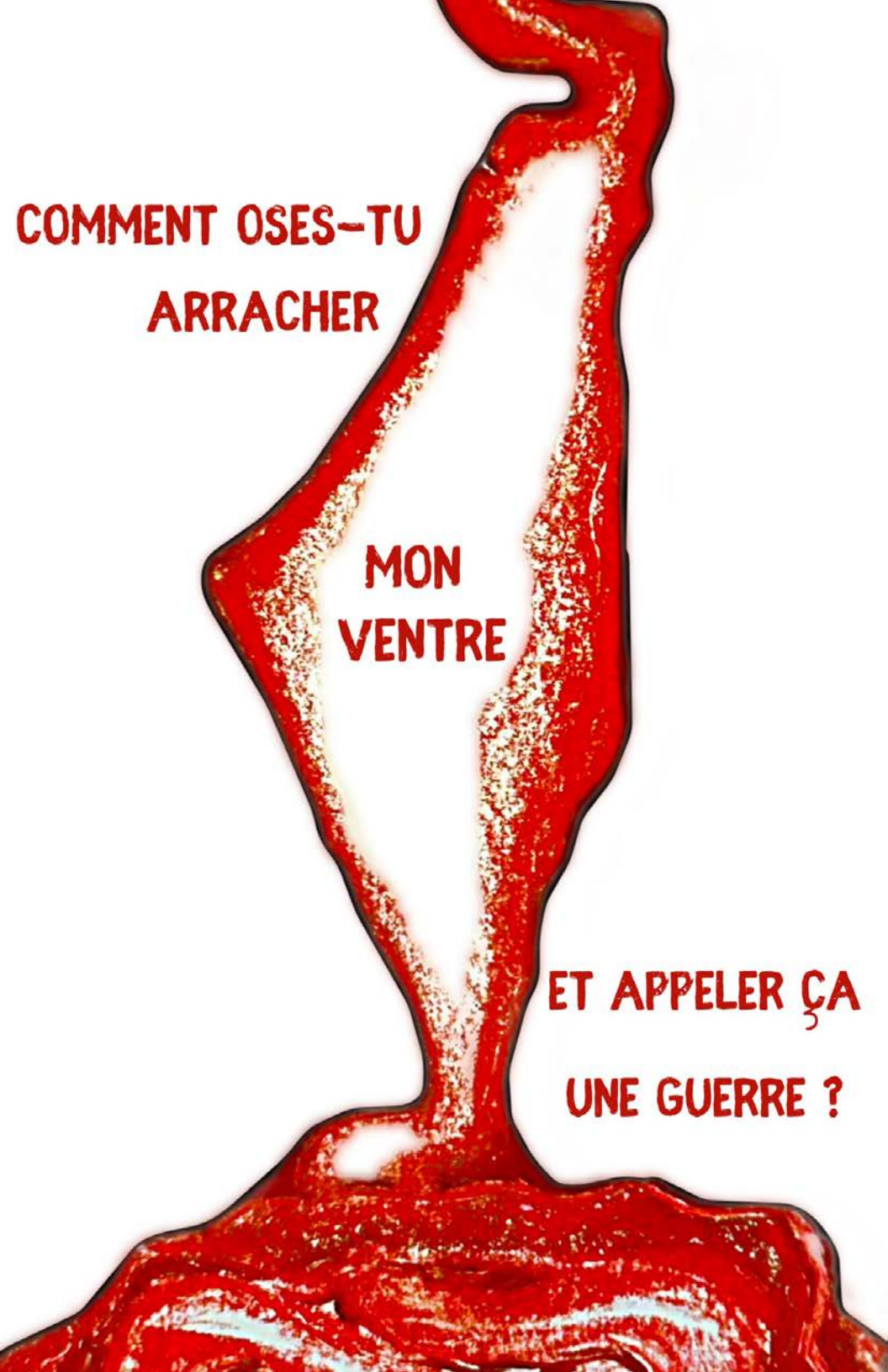
I grant the father refuge,  
the little ones' father who holds the house upright  
when it tilts after the bombs.  
He implores the moment of death:  
"Have mercy. Spare me a little while.  
For their sake, I've learned to love my life.  
Grant them a death  
as beautiful as they are."

## 4.

I grant you refuge  
from hurt and death,  
refuge in the glory of our siege,  
here in the belly of the whale.  
Our streets exalt God with every bomb.  
They pray for the mosques and the houses.  
And every time the bombing begins in the North,  
our supplications rise in the South.

## 5.

I grant you refuge  
from hurt and suffering.  
With words of sacred scripture  
I shield the oranges from the sting of phosphorus  
and the shades of cloud from the smog.  
I grant you refuge in knowing  
that the dust will clear,  
and they who fell in love and died together  
will one day laugh.



**COMMENT OSES-TU  
ARRACHER**

**MON  
VENTRE**

**ET APPELER ÇA  
UNE GUERRE ?**

**Pas assez de rues**

Il n'y a pas assez de rues pour ma rage.

Pas assez de rues pour mon deuil.

Il n'y aura jamais assez de rues pour mon peuple.

Seulement la terre tout entière qui réclame: Palestine.

---

**C'EST UNE AGGLOMÉRATION**

des cellules guerrières dans mon corps

voici le sens du mot communauté

Elissa Kayal, Septembre 2024

# Small acts of change are revolutionary

At certain moments the most simple ideas can mean a lot. Although it seems obvious to underline this point, I am going to write it down and reflect on it here. Every person who joins grassroots protest movements are playing a small, but important role, within a broader collective process that is challenging the erasure, injustice and marginalization of oppressed peoples.

Movements for justice are challenging to be a part of for many reasons, but one specific reason is because mainstream narratives often tell us that these grassroots movements don't matter, but they do and this is sometimes easy to forget.

Social movements have changed our societies profoundly, have overthrown unjust governments and also profoundly changed the countless individuals who make up these movements. I feel that one key element to social change is the fact that by being a part of these efforts we are changed just by making the dive, by deciding to risk being a part of a grassroots process that can at times feel intangible.

Even for those who have been involved in protest movements throughout their lives, a reality that has been a central part of my experience for twenty years now, I do sometimes get lost in main-

stream media narratives that attempt to cynically undercut the importance of protest movements in reshaping and reframing debates and the politics of our world today.

I am thinking of a short clip that I saw recently on Al Jazeera, Jeremy Corbyn was speaking outside of the International Criminal Court in The Netherlands as the South African delegation delivered opening arguments for a legal case against the Israeli state for the genocidal military actions in Gaza over the last months. Jeremy spoke on the idea that each time someone goes outside to join a protest to support Palestinian life, or waves a Palestinian flag, that this small action does make a difference.

I love this idea and the feeling of it. I also think that it is a truthful statement in many ways. At times it can be very challenging to hold on to this feeling of contributing to a larger process of change, to larger struggles for justice, a contribution to movements that are way beyond you. There is an intangible that is present here, an emotional feeling of hope that such small actions can help to create change. At times like this it is important to remember that our actions do matter. Jeremy was totally right here.

As the power infrastructure globally, including US, EU, Canadian and Australian military industrial complex corporations, continue to enforce unspeakable violence and war crimes against the Palestinian people by supporting the Israeli states actions of genocide against the Palestinian people, let us always remember to keep finding ways to act together.

I think of the work of radio host and journalist Sonali Kolhatkar, who I first got to know in the context of Sonali's work to support Afghan women in the difficult and violent years in Afghanistan after the US

military invasion in 2001. Sonali recently published an important book, *Rising Up: The Power of Narrative in Pursuing Racial Justice*, and speaks widely about the importance of narrative change in various contexts. I think here about changing the narratives around the real power that social movements play in changing course in challenging injustice at major levels.

I think that a part of changing that narrative is changing the narrative inside ourselves also. I also think about the important work of activist scholar AK Thompson who encourages us to think critically about our actions collectively within our movements. I see AK's work as sounding the alarm about the ways that simply appealing to power to be moral doesn't work.

Movements that have created real change historically have also physically and collectively challenged power but confronting the machinery of military and political infrastructure. These collective militant tactics were part of the role that the radical labour movement played in making gains for organized labour in the late 19th century and early 20th century.

I really share these notes for us to go in deep at this time. To find ways to contribute to movements that challenge power and to see our little roles as making up a bigger whole. As people around the world have mobilized for Palestine in unprecedented ways this past year, let us continue to do that and continue to find ways to act together in millions of small ways. The power here is real.

The movement for Palestine is challenging the frameworks of power that aim to silence the existence of Palestine as a whole. The Palestinian resistance movements are holding space in a way that challenges the colonial march toward erasing the Indigenous Palestinian nation.

This story is one of many, but all of these stories are connected across geographies and across time. The small movements and actions we take are a part of this process to make change. This includes the challenge to big oil and gas companies who are turning this planet into a space that is uninhabitable for many.

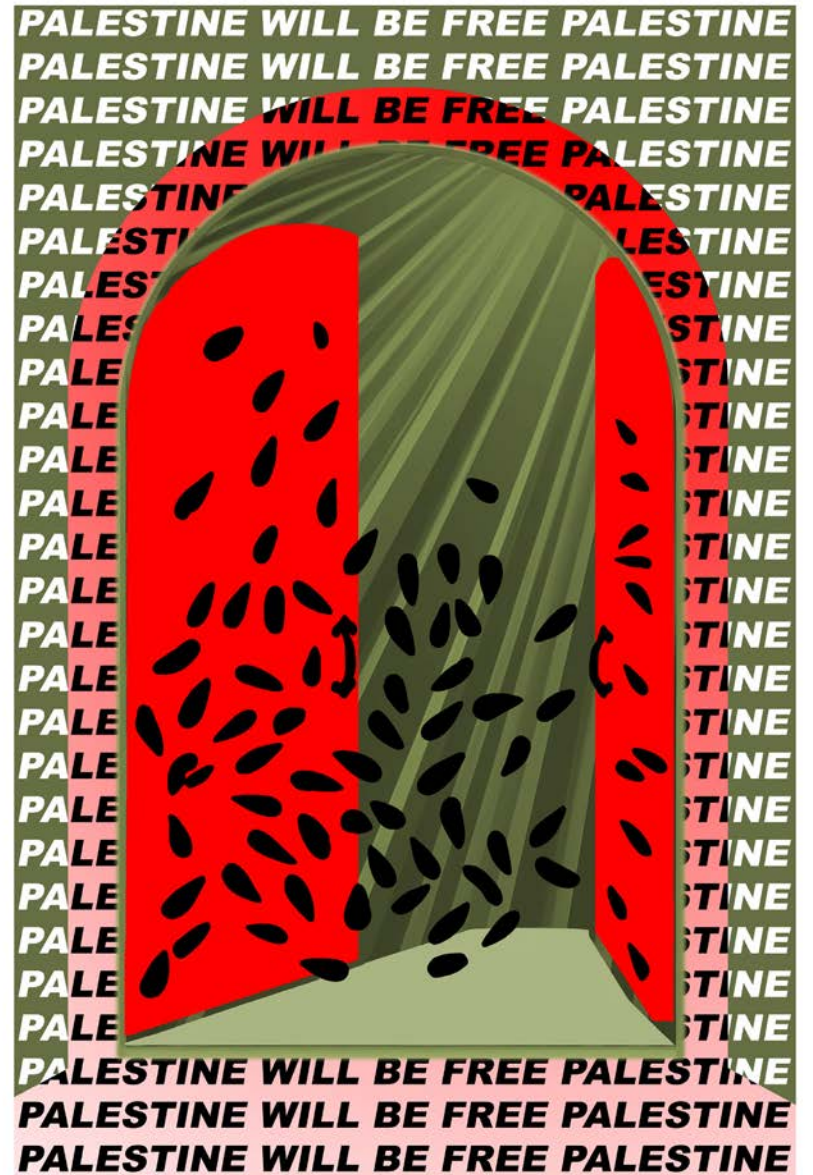
The oil and gas corporations emerge from the exact same colonial machinery that originates largely in western Europe and also is the basis for the colonization of Palestine today.

The dots are being connected and the actions are being connected across borders, we are living in an incredibly unjust time but also an amazing time of awakening and potential for revolutionary change.

**Stefan Christoff, January 2024**



Soledad Coyoli, 2024



The Door Only Swings One Way, Johnny Nawracaj, Summer 2024

1 July 2024



on this land what deserves life  
we create life sir, wherever we are!  
this is the legacy of a  
PALESTINIAN

That phatass raccoon came and stole shit off the table at door. Totally unbothered. He was crunching really <sup>loudly</sup> on some crackers and then just walked through the door into camp. He hissed at me but I gave him some peanuts and now we're good. He is huge. I think he lives in one of the trees.

FALL IN LOVE WITH A REVOLUTION  
Free Palestine  
END THE EMPIRE

I'm still happy to be here despite it ~~meaning our demands have not been met~~ <sup>meaning our demands have not been met</sup>. This has taught me that people can come together and do something - that we are capable of making something happen. There is a lot to despair of in the world right now but I have never felt this hopeful or truly this ready to continue to fight and that is because, despite everything, I have witnessed true acts of solidarity here. Imperfect though it may be, it is so much more than the nothing that is made infinitely possible in the face of imperialism, colonialism, and capitalism. I will always be proud of us and always be proud of our time here. I will always be proud that there is truly an "us" to be referred to. I love that the word comrade is for real here. I hope that this is the beginning of something bigger - a possibility greater than we can even collectively imagine ~~now~~ currently.

Fuck McGill, Fuck the cops, Fuck Israel, Fuck the United States, Fuck concordia, Fuck canada, Fuck every aider, abetter, and committer of genocide, Fuck the rising tide of fascism, and very personally Fuck you ~~the~~ Deep Sanni. long live the Resistance -

# Untitled

By W.A. 'Fuzz' Lewis, September 2024

I tried to write a poem  
To express some humanity in the face of the inhumane  
The inhumane horrors.  
To write a poem to respond to the genocide  
To resist being dehumanized myself by the violence  
But the roar of the bombs, the roar of death; it was hard  
to find words  
And the words I already had down  
Were they beautiful words, worthy, were they heartfelt?  
Would those words be strong enough to face hellfire?  
Would they be strong enough to honour & respect the people  
of Palestine?  
The living and the murdered.  
Would the words ever find the meaning they sought  
“the world is made of words”, I read that recently, it offered hope  
But my words had no form, no place, I was writing with smoke  
& I had to close my writing book  
Or the wordsmoke would all be blown from the page  
by the windblown ashes  
The windblown drifting sands and dried blood  
And all the pages be consumed by fire.  
I turned away from the poem, from the book,  
“maybe it will grow in the darkness, if I leave it aside for a while”

Because there is so much darkness now for it to blossom in,  
if that was how it would grow  
But the bombs bursting in air  
The bombs bursting in people's pockets and homes and schools  
The bombs bursting through families and towns and hospitals  
The unrelenting inhumanity of it all.  
The smoke of the bombs and the rockets glare,  
The acidity of the real,  
The horrors of the daily slaughtering burst through that darkness;  
When I turned back to my poem, there was only a dark stain.  
Smoke and blood. The words stained beyond reading,  
beyond meaning.  
I was reflecting on the olive trees, as the poem began.  
The olive trees of Gaza.  
They can grow for generations, thousands of years even  
I thought of all the lies from the leaders of the west,  
These 'olive branches' offered, from time to time  
All my life  
Before my life even began  
And now it seems like every tree  
That could offer an olive branch,  
Those gestures incanting hope for peace,  
all the olive branches turning to ashes in the incinerating maw of  
the genocide machine  
The genocide; the beast that can only find form through a humanity  
abandoning itself  
to the worship of the powers of death.  
The colonial monster mentality mind poison superiority complex  
With teeth made of steel and flames and human evil.  
Rapacious horrors; the worship of ultimate darkness.  
How do you reprogram those in thrall to such horrors,  
so they will understand

What words can the Empires hear that will lead them to understand :

No more families need to be torn into pieces

No more babies need to turn the cold grey of concrete and dust  
as they die dismembered

in a collapsed bombed building,

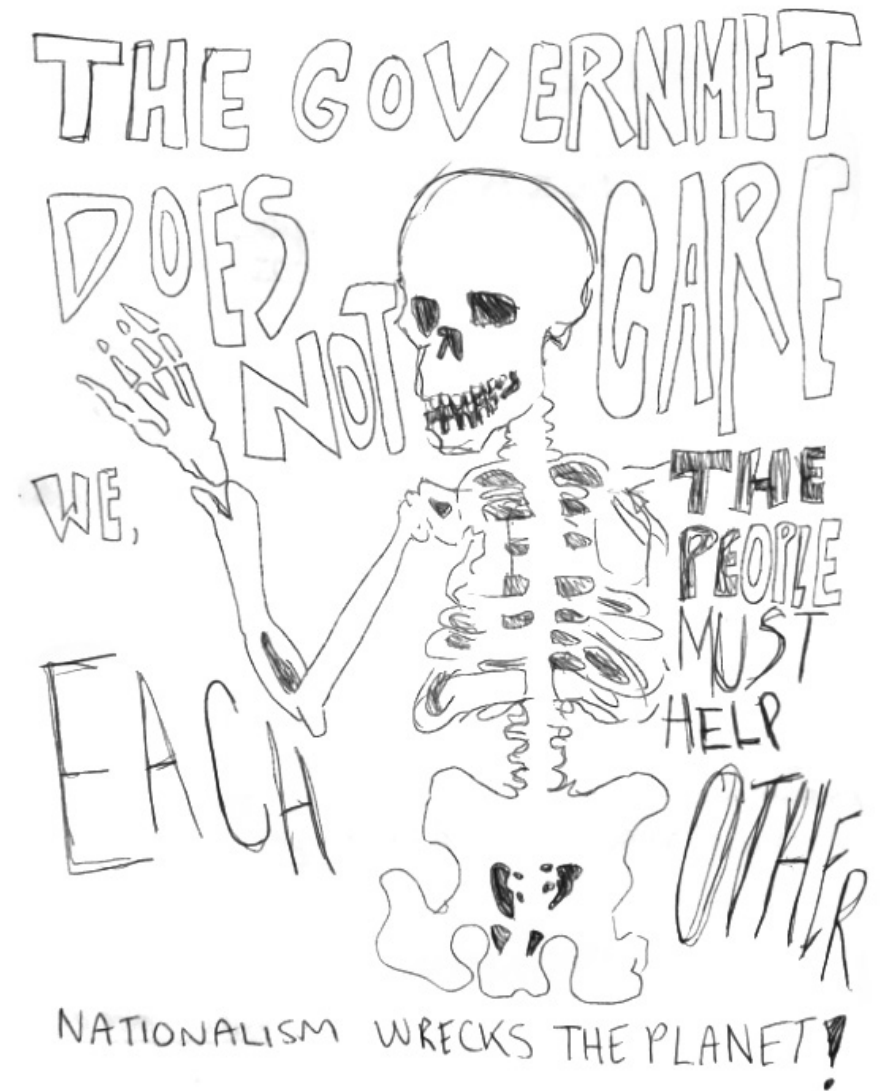
No more villages or towns or cities or refugee camps  
or concentration camps

Need to be blasted horribly to pieces by imperialist bombs.

The fires keep burning. New fires start burning every day.

The empire is so hungry and it feeds on horror.

I pray for peace, for solidarity, for the resistance, with whatever  
is left of my poem.



# Birds over McGill University

By Alejandro Saravia, Montreal, May 2024

In order for me to write poetry that isn't political,  
I must listen to the birds  
and in order to hear the birds  
the warplanes must be silent

Marwan Makhoul

Pieces of flesh, bone fragments  
become the loved ones.  
Pools of black blood reflect a distant sun.  
War planes, sent by the land thieves,  
drop bombs on women and children  
still surviving in the rubble of Gaza.

What do we write after the burning of Troy?  
What do we write after the genocide in the Americas since 1492?  
What do we write after the meat grinders at Verdun and Bakhmut?  
What do we write after the famine caused by Churchill in India?  
What do we write after the chimneys of Auschwitz?  
What do we write after the napalm in Vietnam?  
What do we write after Operation Condor?  
What do we write after Operation Desert Storm?  
What do we write after the machetes of the Interahamwe?  
What do we write after the IDF bombs fall endlessly in Gaza?

Our tears turn into sulfuric acid.  
Our fists become hand grenades.  
Every cell in the body turns into an angry bullet.

Yet we must resist,  
not to become the children of hatred.  
It is better to banish the thirst for revenge—  
too much blood has already been spilled.  
You can't defeat the monster  
by becoming a monster.

Tears are the balm, the sigh of the soul.  
Fists are open hands, the embrace of hope.  
Because every corpse under the bombs and rubble  
has a story that must be told.

They have guns, bullets, tanks, and warplanes.  
We have the deceased, the victims alive in our memory.

A word is always more powerful than a bullet.  
That's why they murder journalists and poets,  
grandmothers and old uncles,  
because they know all the stories.

They remember the streets and villages  
where their homes once stood.  
They remember the fields where olive trees were planted.  
They know the places where children used to play.  
They know where the keys are kept for the return.

We have their words.  
We have Mahmoud Darwish and Fadwa Tuqan,

Sahar Khalifa and Edward Said.  
We have Refaat Alareer's poems—  
those who know  
that every last breath in Palestine  
is a call to resistance everywhere.

From South Africa to Bolivia,  
from Gaza to Montreal,  
their silence will speak in our words.  
Their memories will be preserved.

If we must live,  
we must live  
to tell their stories,  
until their Palestinian land is returned,  
until the children of Gaza  
see the backs of the occupiers  
walking away, never to return.

JULY 12<sup>th</sup>

SO... ITS BEEN LIKE, TWO DAYS SINCE CAMP WAS DISMANTLED.  
THIS BOOK WAS THANKFULLY KEPT ALIVE, BASICALLY A HISTORIC KEEPSAKE  
HOLDING SO MANY PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS.  
HONESTLY, IDK IF I'M THE RIGHT PERSON TO BE WRITING IN IT RN,  
IT KINDA FEELS WRONG TO BE THE FIRST ONE TO PUT SOMETHING HERE  
AFTER THE "END" OF CAMP AS WE KNEW AND LOVED IT.  
IG I GOT A LITTLE EXCITED WHEN I SAW IT HERE, STILL ALIVE.  
SO HERE I AM.. GIVING MY MESSY UNORGANIZED THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS.  
(W/ I'm writing in caps because my writing is terrible and caps IG is more readable)  
I STARTED GOING TO CAMP MIDWAY THROUGH MAY AND IT LEGIT FELT  
LIKE HANGING OUT AROUND THE BEST THAT HUMANITY HAS TO OFFER.  
I'VE MADE SO MANY FRIENDS, MEMORIES, AND HONESTLY I WOULD WANT  
NOTHING MORE THAN TO RE-EXPERIENCE THESE PAST TWO MONTHS  
ALL OVER AGAIN.

BUT HONESTLY, I'M NOT SAD THAT IT'S "OVER" AT ALL.

I HAVE TO EMPHASIZE THOSE QUOTE MARKS BECAUSE I DO NOT THINK WHAT  
WE STARTED THROUGH THIS CAMP IS ANYWHERE NEAR OVER >:)  
BUT YEAH, ALL THE (WHAT I HOPE WILL CONTINUE TO BE) LONG-LASTING BONDS  
I'VE BUILT THROUGH MY PARTICIPATION AT CAMP MAKE ME FEEL SO GRATEFUL.  
A GRATEFULNESS THAT TRUMPS ANY OTHER, MORE NEGATIVE, FEELING TOWARDS  
THE DISMANTLEMENT.

I'M NOT SAD THAT IT'S "OVER". I'M GRATEFUL AND HAPPY THAT IT HAPPENED.  
I FEEL SO SO PROUD. THIS WAS THE LONGEST STANDING PRO-PALESTINE  
ENCAMPMENT, PERIOD. THAT'S INSANE. AND WE WENT, PUTTING THESE  
FUCKING LOSERS IN SERIOUS LEGAL AND MEDIA TROUBLE. <sup>OUT</sup>  
HOW COULD I NOT BE PROUD MAN? HOLY SHIT, WE FUCKING KILLED IT.

I REALLY DON'T KNOW HOW TO END THIS. SORRY FOR TAKING UPON  
MYSELF TO WRITE THIS BIG ASS TEXT. I LOVE EVERYONE WHO HAS  
WRITTEN HERE SO DAMN MUCH AND I REALLY HOPE MY BONDS WITH THESE  
PEOPLE LAST AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.

AND I REALLY FUCKING HOPE WE ALL GET TO FINALLY WITNESS  
PALESTINIANS LIVING FREE, IN THEIR HOMELAND, TOGETHER..

FREE PALESTINE ♡

At first, I had a hard time verbalizing why I was here. It was a pit in my stomach, a need to do something, anything. I found myself walking back every day, my voice speaking up every day, myself placing myself in situations of danger to keep others safe. It took me a while to figure out the why. I just acted.

Now I know. I am the daughter of war. A different war in a different continent, in a different decade. I am still at heart a terrified 4 year old, that a couple of decades ago prayed on her knees for war to end, for her family to stay safe, for her family to live. No child should ever have to grow up in war.

I have felt rage and powerlessness my whole life. This is the first time I felt I could do something tangible.

On camp:

I have seen the most radical acts of love and compassion during my time here. What I thought would be hard: placing myself in harms way to protect others, was easy. Instinctual. What I thought would be easy: hearing others perspectives and coming to collective decisions

was really hard. I learnt more over the past 40 days than I have learnt over my whole life. Through our many failings and shortcomings we did something beautiful and compassionate. Endlessly proud of everyone's hard work. I commit to continuing to work towards a free Palestine, until liberation,



# THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY OF GAZA

Week 2 Day 3  
June 26, 2024

The Nakba (as part of this week's  
theme: The ongoing Nakba)

L-taught by [redacted]

Activity ♥

Village: Deir Yassin

District: Jerusalem

Subdistrict: Jerusalem

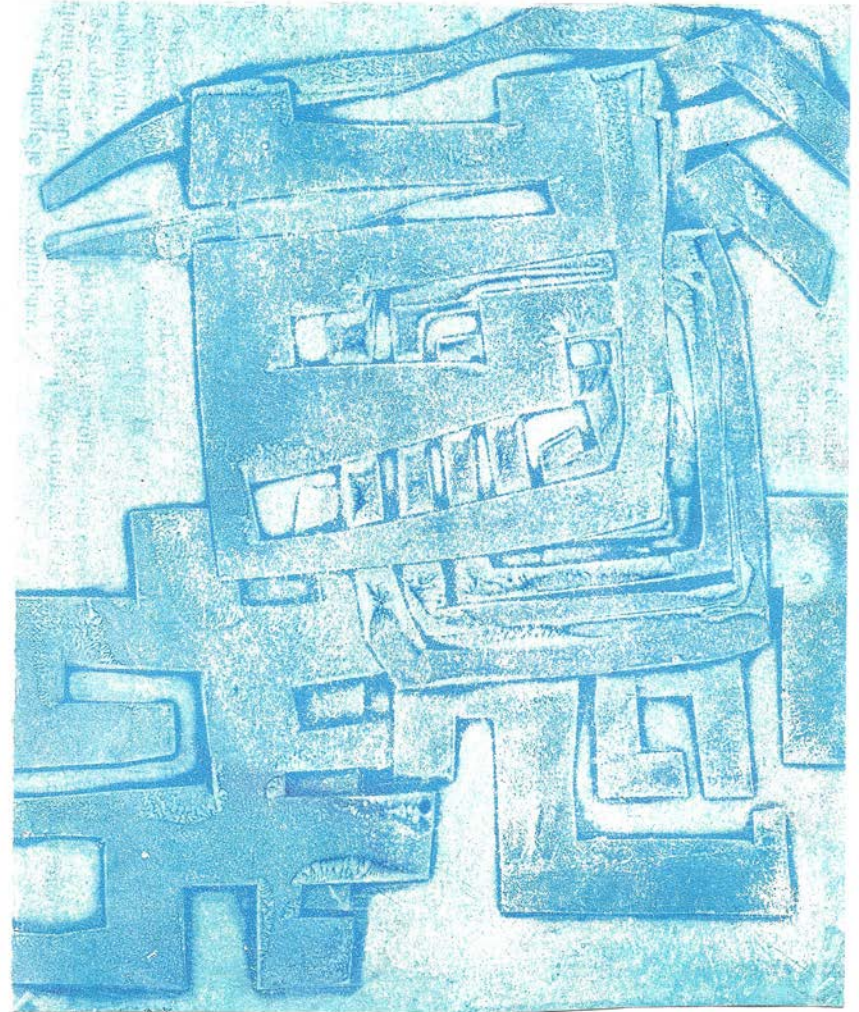
Village before 1948: Village built on eastern slopes, terraced  
valley planted w/ fig, almond & olive trees. ~~1948~~ Inhabitants  
were Muslim.

- used to set precedence
- cut off Deir Yassin to scare Palestinians May 15

★ Almost half of the ppl displaced were displaced before the Nakba date! (when it's commemorated)

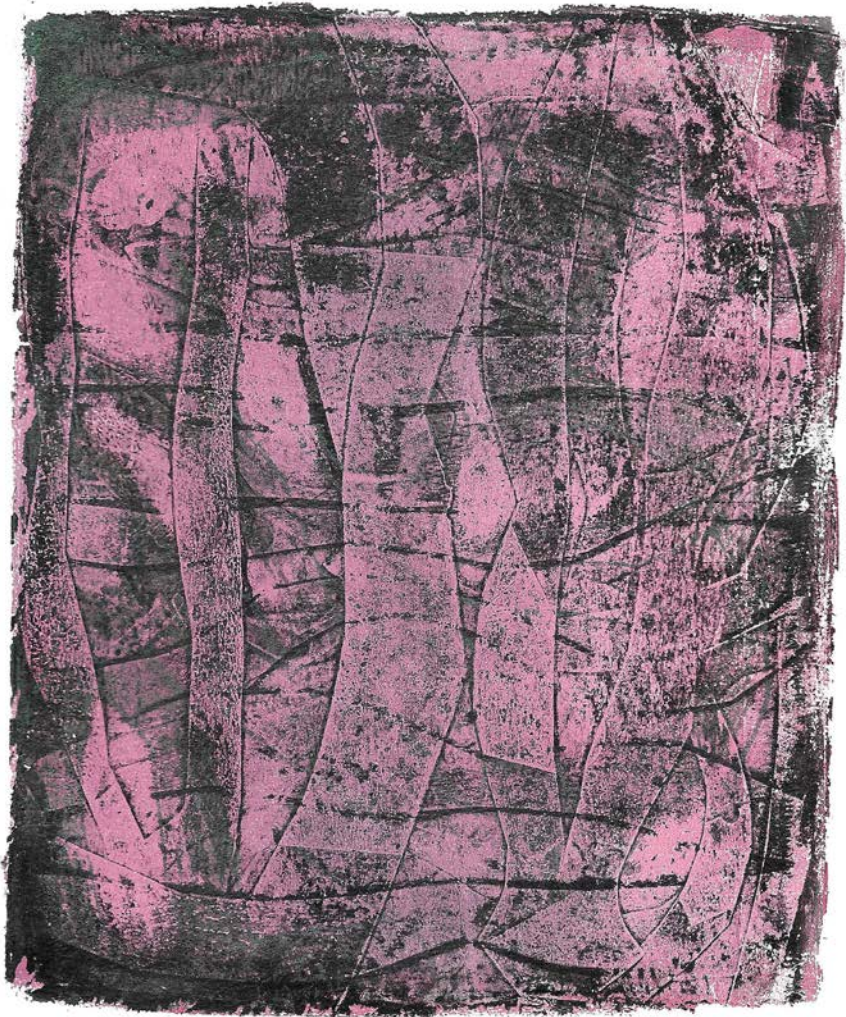
operation name: Haganah's *whisper warfare*: psychological warfare, telling some ppl in village about coming massacre.

operation dates: 10-11 April





Nina Drew, 2024



Sophie F Chartier, 2024

## Speech made at the McGill encampment 2024

As we gather here in the safety and peace of our campuses,  
where the buildings of the university are still standing,  
and the infrastructures are in place and functioning,  
let us remember that there is no university left in Gaza.

And by university, I don't only mean the buildings  
but the peoples and the commons.

As students, staff, and scholars are being arrested and murdered  
in, what Palestinian scholars called, scholasticide.

---

We peacefully gather here today because in another part of the  
world – in Gaza -- there is mass death, debilitation, and disabili-  
ty-making, weaponized starvation, and complete destruction of any  
form of liveability.

During the past 8 months of Israeli states' ongoing genocidal vio-  
lence in Gaza, there have been over 35 thousand people killed,  
over 78 thousand people wounded, and many more under the rub-  
ble who will likely be never counted.

We peacefully gather here today because in another part of the world – in Gaza -- there is mass death, debilitation, and disability-making, weaponized starvation, and complete destruction of any form of liveability.

During the past 8 months of Israeli states' ongoing genocidal violence in Gaza, there have been over 35 thousand people killed, over 78 thousand people wounded, and many more under the rubble who will likely be never counted.

Add to these numbers, and I am quoting from medical testimonies from Gaza, "all the non-communicable diseases that remain untreated and without a health system in place to treat them will end up killing more people than genocide-induced diseases".

Add to these numbers, countless other people who will experience disease, impairments and traumas that will haunt their lives and the generations to come. And yet, as we count for all of these lives, let us also remember Palestinian poet Mosab Abu Toha's words:

"Palestinians are not numbers"

As the whole world is "scrolling through a genocide in HD" to quote Palestinian academic Steven Salaita's description there should be no pretending, there should be no business as usual.



Photos taken on first day of the McGill Camp, April 27<sup>th</sup>,  
up to it's raid by the SPVM on July 10<sup>th</sup>, 2024

Renown organizations like Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch have documented and reported on Israeli state's "Apartheid practices". More recently, International Court of Justice has ruled that Israel is "plausibly" committing genocide in Gaza.

Given these facts, it is incumbent on our universities to divest and to break their complicity in this ongoing genocide.

All that our students are asking for are:

1. "Transparency from investments" and disclose all investments in companies complicit on the genocide of the Palestinian people".
2. "Divest from all complicit companies and cut ties with Israeli institutions".
3. "Stand by your students and do not take any disciplinary charges against them for having the courage to speak out against genocide".
4. Publish a statement condemning the ongoing genocide.

How hard are all of these things to do?  
They all are doable!

Many other universities around the world, including Seventy-six universities in Spain, Trinity College in Dublin, Evergreen college, Rutgers and Brown university in the US and many institutions, have shown us that all of these are doable.

As we gather here today, let us remember that Universities need to be sites of critical engagement.

For instance, we at the access in the Making Lab, have been doing a collective, durational reading project called RFP. Since October, we, as AIM members, our kins and allies, have done over 35 readings, lending our voices to texts on Palestine, recording and transcribing them on our website.

Taking our cue from bell hooks, we as the AIM Lab, think of the classroom as a "radical space of possibility", and in line with our anti-ableist and anti-colonial commitments, we want to liberate the classroom beyond the ivory tower of the academy and make knowledge accessible to a broader public.

This is also what the Popular University of Montreal is doing, by accessibilizing the university, knowledge-making and learning. Popular University of Montreal is bringing university down to earth, by making it grounded, and connected to life, livelihood and the commons, by standing against genocide.

As the entire world itself is becoming an increasingly militarized, ruthless, and careless space, You are teaching us each day about world-making, and creating spaces of hope, care, and liveability.

And for that you deserve nothing less than applauses and a big heartfelt thank you.

**Arseli Dokumaci, 2024**



## Silence for Gaza

By Mahmoud Darwish

Translated by Sinan Antoon from Hayrat al-'A'id.

The Returnee's Perplexity, 2007. (1973, excerpt)

This poem was read by researcher and activist scholar Claire Begbie at the Gaza solidarity encampment that took place at McGill University in downtown Montreal in May 2024.



"We do injustice to Gaza when we look for its poems, so let us not disfigure Gaza's beauty. What is most beautiful in it is that it is devoid of poetry at a time when we tried to triumph over the enemy with poems, so we believed ourselves and were overjoyed to see the enemy letting us sing. We let him triumph, then when we dried our lips of poems we saw that the enemy had finished building cities, forts and streets. We do injustice to Gaza when we turn it into a myth, because we will hate it when we discover that it is no more than a small poor city that resists.

We do injustice when we wonder: What made it into a myth? If we had dignity, we would break all our mirrors and cry or curse it if we refuse to revolt against ourselves. We do injustice to Gaza if we glorify it, because being enchanted by it will take us to the edge of waiting and Gaza doesn't come to us.

Photos taken on first day of the McGill Camp, April 27<sup>th</sup>, up to it's raid by the SPVM on July 10<sup>th</sup>, 2024

Gaza does not liberate us. Gaza has no horses, airplanes, magic wands, or offices in capital cities. Gaza liberates itself from our attributes and liberates our language from its Gazas at the same time. When we meet it – in a dream – perhaps it won't recognize us, because Gaza was born out of fire, while we were born out of waiting and crying over abandoned homes.

It is true that Gaza has its special circumstances and its own revolutionary traditions. But its secret is not a mystery: Its resistance is popular and firmly joined together and knows what it wants (it wants to expel the enemy out of its clothes). The relationship of resistance to the people is that of skin to bones and not a teacher to students. Resistance in Gaza did not turn into a profession or an institution. It did not accept anyone's tutelage and did not leave its fate hinging on anyone's signature or stamp.

It does not care that much if we know its name, picture, or eloquence. It did not believe that it was material for media. It did not prepare for cameras and did not put smiling paste on its face. Neither does it want that, nor we.

What is beautiful about Gaza is that our voices do not reach it. Nothing distracts it; nothing takes its fist away from the enemy's face. Not the forms of the Palestinian state we will establish whether on the eastern side of the moon, or the western side of Mars when it is explored. Gaza is devoted to rejection... hunger and rejection, thirst and rejection, displacement and rejection, torture and rejection, siege and rejection, death and rejection.

Enemies might triumph over Gaza (the storming sea might triumph over an island... they might chop down all its trees).

They might break its bones.

They might implant tanks on the insides of its children and women.

They might throw it into the sea, sand, or blood.

But it will not repeat lies and say "Yes" to invaders.

It will continue to explode.

It is neither death, nor suicide. It is Gaza's way of declaring that it deserves to live. It will continue to explode.

It is neither death, nor suicide. It is Gaza's way of declaring that it deserves to live."

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The late Palestinian poet Mahmoud Darwish, whose words continue to resonate, marking the ongoing Nakba, is also known as the Poet of the Resistance. I chose an excerpt of his poem "Silence for Gaza" (1973) to read at the artists & educators speak-out for Palestine at the McGill student encampment on 13 May, 2024. Words cannot replace the material struggle fought by the Palestinian resistance on the ground; yet they can call for a moment of reflection and silence, and remind us why we must continue to do what we can, in whichever geographical, political and social context we find ourselves, to change the conditions that enable genocide and sustain the occupation of Palestine—such as direct university investments in the Zionist entity.

# He plays a flute

By Norman Nawrocki

He plays a flute  
in the rubble of his bombed-out home  
He plays songs of joy, love and hope  
for his children  
To dispel the fear  
To take them away from the ruins  
and sounds of war  
To remind them of the beauty  
To keep their spirits up  
To soar like birds  
far into the heavens  
To help them imagine another world  
where only music rules and children  
can always sleep in peace

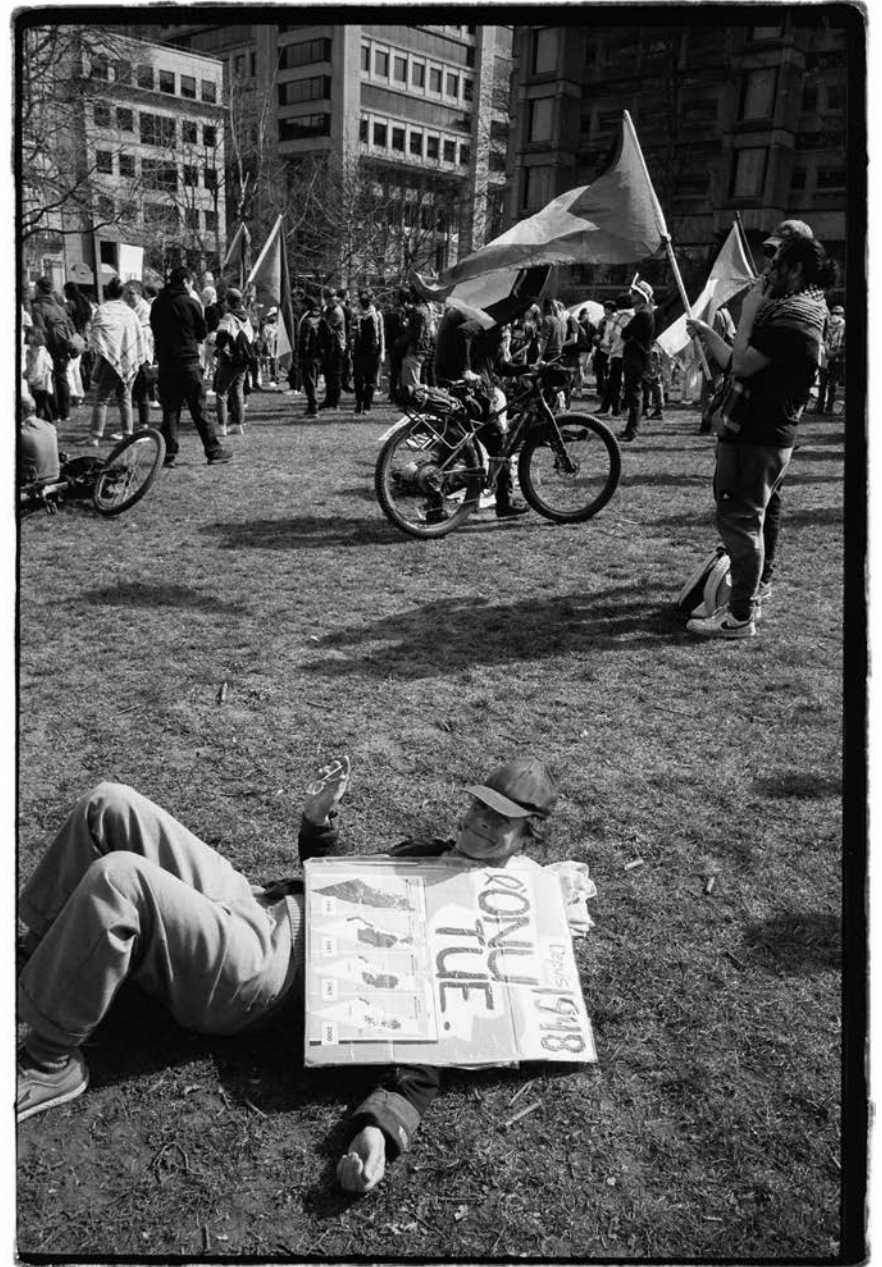
He plays day and night week after week  
never stopping, filling the sky  
with note after note  
so much beautiful music  
the wind carries it  
across mountains, valleys and rivers  
to every corner of this scarred  
weeping land

Everyone can hear it – even the invaders

And the music enchants them,  
moves them, reminds them  
of family, friends and home  
Of the love they have for their own  
and once had  
for the others  
and of their own humanity  
buried and forgotten  
in the lies of war

Ashamed they weep and refuse to fight  
They drop their weapons  
break them in two  
Climb out of their tanks  
and disable them  
Leave their war planes  
and disarm them  
Return home vowing  
to never wage war again

He keeps playing his flute  
to wash away the tears  
to mend the cracks in every heart  
to send a message  
one note at a time  
to anyone listening:  
End the violence everywhere  
so that my children, all children  
may sleep in peace.



Photos taken on first day of the McGill Camp, April 27<sup>th</sup>,  
up to it's raid by the SPVM on July 10<sup>th</sup>, 2024

A text delivered by educator and author Michelle Hartman at a solidarity gathering of artists, musicians, poets and educators who gathered to support the Gaza solidarity encampment at McGill University.

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I was asked to speak at the encampment today by my dear friend. I also see many more dear friends with us, and we are thinking about so many other people who are not here, but are with us either as spirits or in spirit far away.

We know who is with us and we know why we are here.

I'd like to start off by reminding us that this beautiful gathering happened in the face of adversity, in the face of the genocide in Palestine.

We are not here for camping, we are not here for art and music, though a community outpouring of art and music and more has happened because of it.

We are witnessing the genocide of the Palestinian people, who are our siblings, sisters and brothers ... the complete deliberate destruction of a people—art, culture, education, houses, food sources, their lives. And this is all trying to crush their spirit. But a spirit cannot be destroyed. What we know of Palestine and Palestinian people lets us know that art and culture, and even education, cannot be destroyed either—even if they bomb all of the schools, even if they murder all of our colleagues, and arrest all of our students in Palestine.

On university campuses worldwide, we have repeated:

There are no universities left in Gaza. This does not just mean that they don't exist anymore, but also shows the deliberate nature of the genocide, to remove generations, to remove education also removes hope and the means to resist.

This is a moment to reflect and remind ourselves of our colleagues in Palestine who are fighting this today, right now the arrest and detention of Prof Nadera Shalhoub-Kevorkian, a few months ago the targeted murders of our colleagues Refaat Alareer, and Ibrahim Taya, among so so many others.

We mention those people because they're people we know--they're profs like us, so they're in our email inboxes. We feel more sympathetic and can relate to people we have something in common with. It's difficult to understand death tolls that number in the 10s of thousands, what does it mean that 30 000 or 40 000 people have been murdered. That is more than the population of the Plateau. Murdered.

People have been murdered, eliminated, others are injured, suffering, starving.

We are talking to people we know who cannot find food.

This is why we are here.

The encampment is part of the global youth movement that is also a student movement. Those of us who are a bit older are proud of the students, what they have achieved, and we stand by them and with them in this struggle.

These young people in the encampment are taking a stand. They are using this space in many ways to do many things—they have focused on education, art, culture, and music of Palestine. They have set up prayer spaces, they have worked through religious differences, as well as ideological differences. This work is messy sometimes and it's not always easy.

For some of us, again some of us a bit older, it can be difficult to realize it is our turn to follow not to lead. We are being led by Palestinians, and here we are being led by youth. And we also take into account that it is not about us. It's not about professors. It's not about "grownups," and we have to remember at the end of the day it is not even about Montreal.

I was also asked today to speak on the student strike and movement of 2012.

This of course was a different time, a different movement, and a different moment. And we have to recall that there is a different weight and different urgency in fighting against tuition hikes and trying to stop a genocide.

There are important similarities, we eventually rose up as a society and in some ways that feeling is not dissimilar to the encampment today. We also saw at that time the intervention of state authorities and extreme police repression. And the students, as well as the people who stood with them, were very brave.

If we remember the time leading up to the student strike in 2012, here at McGill, there was in Fall 2011, a workers' strike, of non-academic staff, the largest union, with the racialized people and women. Many of the profs you see around the camp today met and came

together because of this strike to support it. We walked the lines, raised money, spoke on the mic, and worked with students to support the workers.

When students did a brief occupation on November 10, 2011, another small group of profs defended it, after a police riot on campus complete with tear gas and pepper spray. There were not too many profs left on campus that night, but one who was a passerby was attacked by a cop, and many students were injured.

Two thousand people stood on the lawn in front of the Administration Building the next day.

On that day there was a speak-out, I spoke, praising the bravery of students and also mentioning BDS—how the struggles are linked.

SPHR has voted for divestment over the years, many times. There have always been professors who have been there beside them. Sometimes it's small groups of professors, sometimes larger ones, but we have always been here.

And we must heed the teachings of the students, both in terms of the movement, and also in the way they are offering us ways to think about divestment and boycott. A student yesterday at the encampment broke it down for us simply:

Divestment is moving your money. You take your money from bad companies and move it to better ones. Boycott is about cutting your institution's ties to genocide, to those who support genocide.

My message to professors today:

Please reach out to your colleagues about boycott and divestment. On campus we are holding workshops, we are making suggestions of how you can do it.,

We are following the call from our colleagues in Palestine who have asked us here in the heart of Empire to implement BDS.

It's our duty to what we can here—the BDS call is a concrete call, with concrete steps—the students have made a big step in bringing attention to this and we all can push for this in the spaces we inhabit as academics.

In conclusion, I want to say an injunction cannot make a movement go away, police violence cannot make a movement go away. Students are tenacious, students are brave, and students are steadfast—like the Palestinian people.

We are here to stand up for the people of Palestine who are undergoing a genocide and a campaign for their destruction. We will not be swayed, we will not be deterred, and—as the song says—we will not be moved, until Palestine is free, from the river to the sea.

Michelle Hartman, 2024

June 28<sup>th</sup>

of my life!

One of my most vivid memories is of the thunder and lightning on the first week of this encampment. It was keeping me awake and I was positive I'd seen a strike while half asleep through the tent fabric. Also I remember waking up days later to the Hilton in the distance through my tent door flap. All this to say, some of these days and nights have imprinted on my <sup>Permanent</sup> memory. Seeing the trajectory of this encampment has been complicated, but I have nothing but faith that we will get our demands. I'm so exhausted right now that I don't really know what I'm saying.

Above all, I guess I want to say: I've loved meeting many of you. I'll always remember this.

Fuck Israel, Fuck USA, Fuck UK,  
Fuck Canada, Fuck NATO,  
Fuck the EU.

Free Palestine +  
Palestina Askatu

# Tour Diary

By jane Harms, November 2023

Someone said, “people like us never stopped a war before”, as we walked back from the liquor store. “But lest that lead to trying less, we can make it hard to win I guess.” We were in Saint Louis, Missouri. I’d read about some groups protesting arms manufacturers there. After the shows we stood around fires or in kitchens or on porches talking to our hosts or others about what it would take to end american complicity in the genocide. Some had zionist relatives. Some had recently joined IJV. Many were more informed than we expected. We went to a Palestinian restaurant in Kansas City experiencing a flood of support. I had had the faint, self important idea that carrying on this discussion in small midwestern cities might have some value. But we did not meet anyone who disagreed with us, not in Cleveland, not in Omaha, not in Minneapolis, not in Cincinnati. But these were small shows.

I passed through a town called Bethlehem in upstate New York weeks later, on my way home. The lamp posts were decorated with portraits of navy officers and LED snowflakes. I had already seen stories that there would be no Christmas tree in Bethlehem this December.

On our way to Chicago we talked about what we thought were the strongest anti-war songs. It seemed that many of them had lost their power over the years, repurposed as self-congratulatory 60s nostalgia, or sung poorly from podiums at rallies so small they felt

weaker than doing nothing. She played a version of Phil Ochs’ “No more Songs” by UK art rock group Henry Cow for me. The idea that songs would be a casualty of war bothered me. It seems that there are too many songs sometimes, or that songs are all there is, and little else. But at the same time, I see that song is a casualty, if the least grievous, of a state of affairs where it seems that to write one at all is pathetic in the face of the insurmountable horrors enacted every hour.

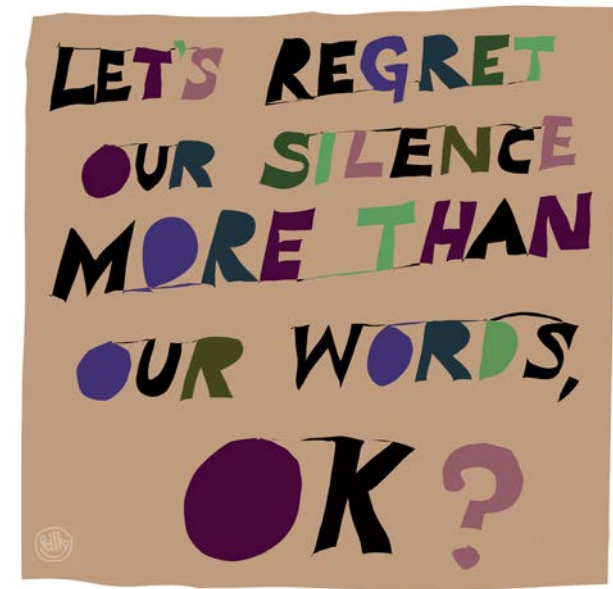
I thought about the Vietnam war often this year. I thought about how it is to get up every day knowing that your country is killing children and destroying homes in an effort to subjugate a nation, and to make choices about what to do with your life with that in the foreground, or in the background. I thought about how some in the 60s may have felt that participating in the counterculture set them apart from their representative warmakers. I thought about how hard it is to expect that now, knowing what we do about class and cultural taste and social fragmentation. And I thought with dread about how long it took for that war to be ended, and how much or how little the antiwar Americans may have had to do with it. How on the one hand, we understand it is the resistance on the ground that ends it but on the other hand how anything that can slow the flow of blood or arms in the meantime might bring that end sooner and lessen the destruction.

I heard that some of Nixon’s private tapes were declassified recently which showed him chiding Kissinger that he had to consider his electability in conducting the war, suggesting that the war’s unpopularity was a concern for him, after about a decade of unrestrained American mass murder. I still don’t know what conclusion to draw from this. Except maybe that there is nothing we shouldn’t stoop to, to stop the slaughter.

Before we left New York for our tour, there was an occupation of the New York Times building lobby, protesting their role in manufacturing consent for the genocide. A group called Writers Against the War on Gaza had created a mock newspaper which printed the names of the more than 5000 children already killed by Israel in the first month of genocide. Those of us in attendance alternated between chanting slogans, trying to hand out the papers to passersby or presumed NYT staff, and reciting the children's names and ages collected in the paper. The chorus of alphabetical names began in unison, and quickly became a cacophony, as people read them out at different speeds, volumes and intonations. I wanted to read as many as I could, as clearly as I could, in spite of my sometimes halting pronunciation and the small type. I realized that we would not get through all of them in order together, so I jumped back and forth through the pages. I found a rhythm, each name punctuated by an age, I found that rhythm bounce in and out of the rhythm of others around me, felt my voice growing against the security guard mocking us or the staff ignoring us as I tried to focus on each name. I tried to listen to the whole chorus at the same time. Knowing the names were too many to read, and yet trying to, and too many to hear, and listening to them, and knowing that this act was minute, was powerful. Knowing that for someone here this might be the thing that made the death toll real, and that that person might be me. It was a simple composition, and brutal.

Outside, I saw a police cruiser smashed up, and painted NYPD, KKK, IDF. I saw paint on the Starbucks windows. I talked to supportive passersby. And I saw the NYT staff clustered against their office windows a story up looking down at us, trying to appear casual, scornful, but looking more than a little bit nervous to leave.

It seems to me that there must be songs.



# Moirah

Anon., Summer 2024

To be sad in a happy way.  
To be happy in a sad way.  
To have two kitchens in one to keep kosher.  
To feel conflicted about the optics of wearing a kufiyah  
But to make the knotted bread for the demo anyway.  
To lead the ancient Hebrew songs  
Among the Arabs and the anarchists  
Raise your voice against a sickness that wears the tefillin  
In its own sobbing, enduring tongue.  
To hold an infant who smiles enormously  
Who trusts in all hands  
And wriggles and clutches with her fingerling feet  
As if ready to launch herself at the earth  
Like a payload of goodwill.  
To live in argument  
Yet work for agreement.  
To war within agreement until its zones of conflict  
Begin to shape something truer still.  
To find the home at the end of exile within yourself  
And open its numberless doors.  
You bear the pauper's tithe of this world's end  
In the rind of the melon which regrows its flesh.  
If the world to come will bring its own cruelties  
Let us have this at least for succor:  
Laughter, a bared breast, milk  
That quality of resistance that admits all  
And a love that gives complacency no quarter.





In the face of difficult situations, adaptability is a strength but it also has a side effect. After a certain time, it tends to numb, to push aside what is overwhelming, what one has no control over, it erodes one's will and attention. Human beings get used to things when somewhere inside, they don't feel specifically concerned by a tragedy, or when they feel powerless. They end up accepting things as they are, as messed up as they are, somehow against their will.

Or what do I know, I am not an expert of the things of the mind. When I am truly honest, I can observe this mechanism in myself every day, when involved in the mundaneness of life. I can picture my emotional life like a bubble. Some days, I barely have the energy and I see my bubble hovering a few meters around me. Other days, it includes my family, my friends, and then sporadically, for a few minutes to hours, it goes all the way to Palestine, to Sudan, to humanity, and when I am truly connected, it envelops the whole spectrum of living beings, human or not. That bubble is something I am conscious about, it's the stuff of my mind, and of my heart too.

There is another layer that the mind isn't always aware of, only sometimes, it is like a transparent string that ties me to everything in the world, a vast, complex web that connects every human being, more-than-human being, everything. It is beautiful and exasperating simultaneously. That is the stuff of the heart, it vibrates, it aches, it is deeply saddened and angry, it is scared and exhausted.

We know that what has been happening in Palestine goes beyond October 7. It has been and still is a glaring example of colonisation, of ethnic cleansing, and of strength, resistance and love by the Palestinian people. When I was growing up, the saying was « oh it's a complicated issue, a conflict that started a long time ago ». That was mostly (and still is) the discourse in the media, and until I discovered Democracy Now as an adult, I didn't even try to understand what was going on because I thought it was « too complicated ».

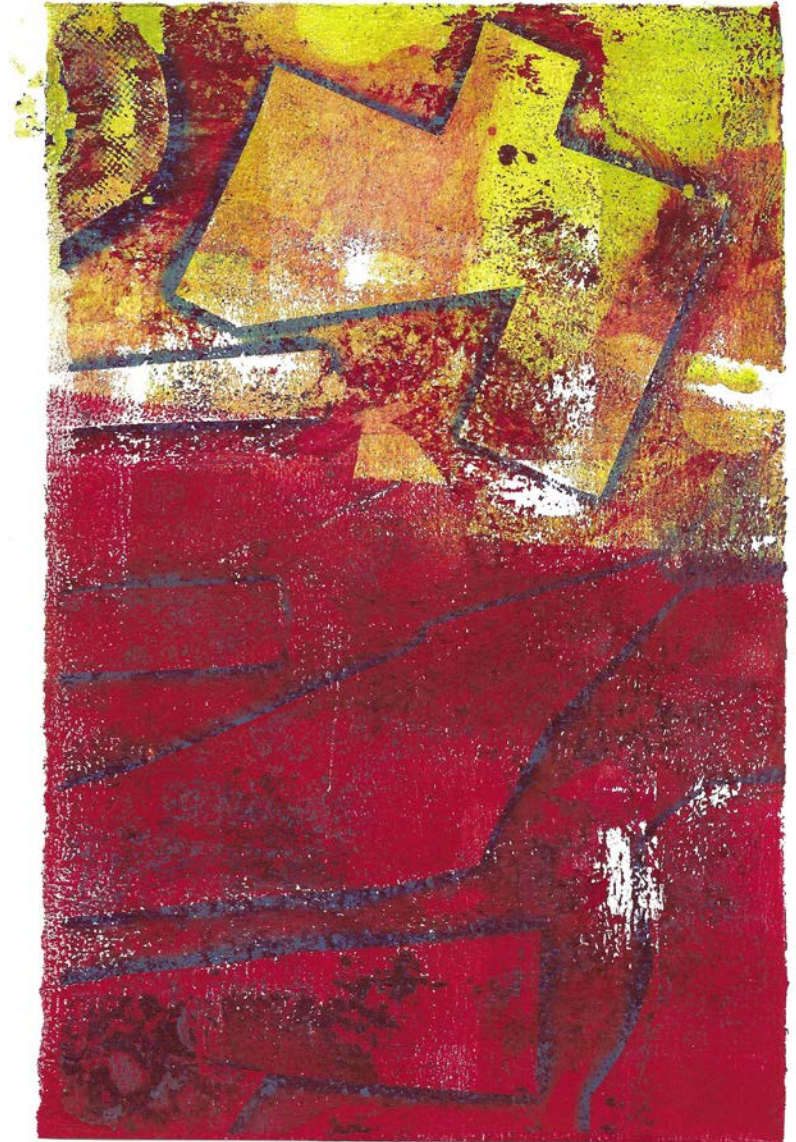
What is happening between Israel and Palestine is not complicated, it has never been. It has been obfuscated by Western media (and White Supremacy) to maintain things as they are, and to prevent exactly what is happening now and that is, a world-wide realization of how uncomplicated that issue is. It has been a long, cold, brutal dehumanizing process of ethnic cleansing and land appropriation. This is a genocide.

But who am I to talk about this? What can I even do? I've been reading the news like most of us and watching horrors beyond words on my phone, sharing them often, taking breaks to recuperate, talking about it with people. The scope of my actions is limited, a mix of energy, health, capacity and I do feel guilt about this. Even this text I am writing, it speaks about me, I don't have the capacity or words to talk from any other perspective.

I'm not going to justify why I care, why people should care. It's crucial to listen to Palestinian voices, my (white settler) voice isn't important in any other way. I've been asked to write something because I care, so I can speak to how I'm trying to maintain my focus on Palestine and combat numbness; how I'm trying to cultivate the sadness, and the anger, and the horror, how I tend to these feelings like a garden; how I try to keep my bubble as wide as possible to

keep Palestinian people in my heart as I go on with my day and how wearing the keffieh makes me feel more connected. Wearing it, I become a sign saying « this is still happening », « keep paying attention », « keep thinking about Palestine », and when I meet someone else also wearing one, that fleeting moment is full of energy and hope.

Catherine Debard, YlangYlang, September 2024



Sophie F Chartier, 2024

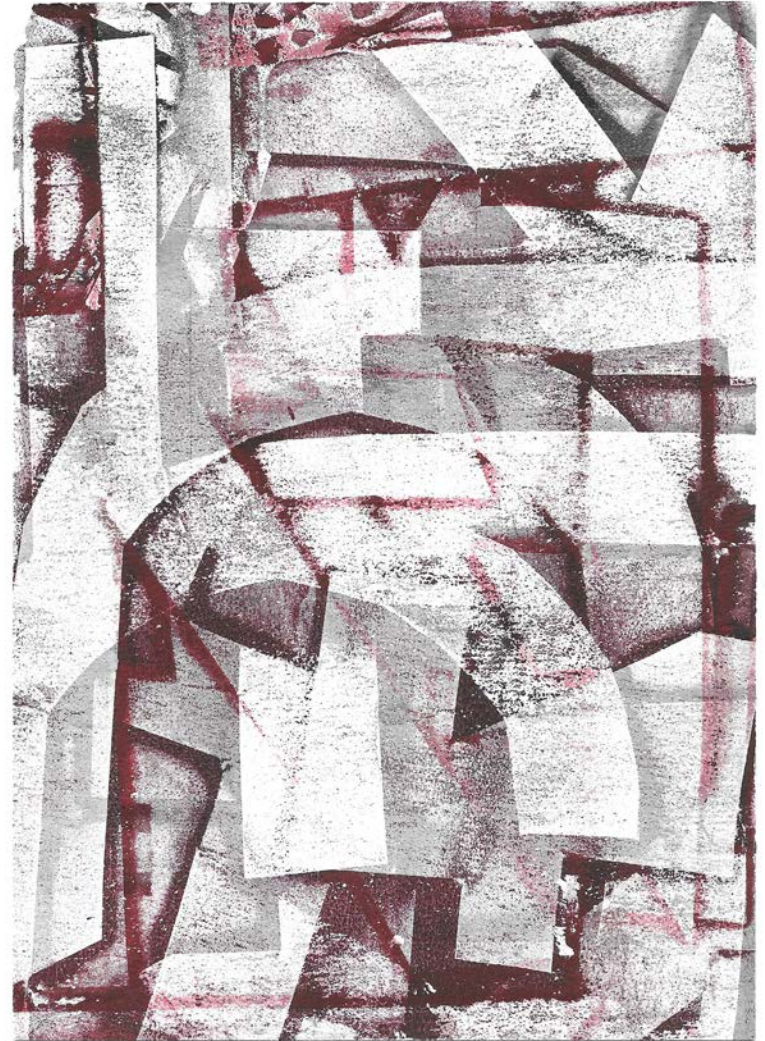


C'est Mahmoud Darwish qui revient toujours :

« This is the way they are. They commit the crime, deny it, and when the victim confronts them they sidestep the question by talking of peace.

“I gave you a land on which you had not labored, and cities which you had not built, and you have lived in them; you are eating of vineyards and olive groves which you did not plant.”

(...) A place is not only a geographical area; it's also a state of mind. And trees are not just trees; they are the ribs of childhood. »





Sophie F Chartier, 2024

**So, how long have you been interested in Palestinian issues?**

I'm Lebanese, it's been part of my DNA since birth.

**Okay. So have you more so since October the 7th, or even more so since October the 7th?**

It's definitely taking a new life. The problem was it was an issue that had been running for so long that there is that that fatigue exposure that can creep in, and we've seen multiple, activists, thinkers, teachers and whatnot progressively feel like there's nothing that could happen. October 7th basically said was a wake up call. It was a sign where the outside world felt like it was giving up and they didn't.

**Do you feel any of that coming in the last years? So, you know, any fatigue come in since last October?**

It does creep in, yeah. But, I'm going to the protests, finding better community. A community that's more diverse than ever before. This has been the thing that keeps revitalizing this energy, this feeling that this is not an isolated cause. This is, this is far expanding. It's intersectional. It's highly important. And as we decolonize our minds regarding Palestine, we progressively decolonize our minds regarding so many issues, right?

At least that's my hope. That's my vision of it.

### **Do you organize on a local level in your community?**

I don't feel like I do enough of that yet. I'm trying to find how I balance out my my own life. My job, my activism. At least participating in these protests just the way I am, I feel, is a way to give something to the people. Give them a reason to smile and and get a cheer in the time of horror.

### **Similar to Superman.**

I've loved Superman since I was a child. I came from Lebanon. There was a civil war. The idea is, especially as I grew up in Canada, the idea of this white passing immigrant who's bulletproof and who fights for the the small people, more so than anything else, has such a universal appeal. And it relays how, you know, these kinds of causes are not tied to one specific group or people. It's it's for all of us, really, I think.

**Khal'il, The Arab Superman, Summer 2024**



Released as part of the Flux Festival,  
Montreal, October 2024 - commemorating  
one year since the events of October 7th in  
occupied Palestine.

It is with immense honour that we share  
here some community responses to the  
events in Palestine over the past year.  
Mostly in and around Tiotake/Mooniyang/  
Montreal in so-called Canada, AKA Turtle  
Island, but also further afield. These mostly  
take the form of writing but happily these  
are also illustrated in the form of visual art.

Compiled in collaboration between Small Scale Music,  
Rickie Leach and Stefan Christoff

A benefit zine/compilation for Radio AlHara

Cover art Gaza, *Under the Rubble* by Asma Ahsan Khan

Back cover is an onymous photo from the McGill  
encampment, 27th April - 10th July 2024

