



Joe Sacco

Palestine

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Dedicated to

Kenji, Erlis, Jamileh, Jad, Jemal, and Shafeek

Fantagraphics Books
7563 Lake City Way NE
Seattle, WA 98115

Art Direction by Carrie Whitney
Editorial co-ordination by Kim Thompson
Published by Gary Groth and Kim Thompson

The material in this collection first appeared in Palestine #1-9.
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First Printing: August, 2001
Second Printing: March, 2002
Third Printing: June, 2002

HOMAGE TO JOE SACCO

by Edward Said



Comic books are a universal phenomenon associated with adolescence. They seem to exist in all languages and cultures, from East to West. In subject matter they go the whole range from inspired and fantastic to sentimental and silly; all of them, however, are easy to read, to pass around, store, and throw away. Many comics are like *Asterix* and *Tin-Tin*, a continuing serial adventure for the young people who read them faithfully month after month; over time, like the two I mentioned, they seem to acquire a life of their own, with recurring characters, plot situations, and phrases that turn their readers, whether in Egypt, India or Canada, into a sort of club in which every member knows and can refer to a whole set of common assumptions and names. Most adults, I think, tend to connect comics with what is frivolous or ephemeral, and there is an assumption that as one grows older they are put aside for more serious pursuits, except very occasionally (as is the case with Art Spiegelman's *Maus*) when a forbiddingly grim subject is treated by a serious comic book artist. But, as we shall soon see, these are very rare occasions indeed, since what is first of all required is a first-rate talent.

I don't remember when exactly I read my first comic book, but I do remember exactly how liberated and subversive I felt as a result. Everything about the enticing book of colored pictures, but specially its untidy, sprawling format, the colorful, riotous extravagance of its pictures, the unrestrained passage between what the characters thought and said, the exotic creatures and adventures reported and depicted: all this made up for a hugely wonderful thrill, entirely unlike anything I had hitherto known or experienced.

My incongruously Arab Protestant family and education in the colonial post World War Two Middle East were very bookish and academically very demanding. An unremitting sobriety governed all things. These were certainly not the days either of television, or of numerous easily available entertainments. Radio was our link to the outside world, and because Hollywood films were considered both inevitable and somehow morally risky, we were kept to a regimen of one per week, each carefully vetted by my parents, certified by some unrevealed (to us) standard of judgment as acceptable and therefore not *bad* for children.

Not quite thirteen, I entered high school just after the fall of Palestine in 1948. Like all the members of my family, male and female, I was enrolled in British schools, which seemed to be modeled after their story-book equivalents in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and the various accounts of Eton, Harrow, Rugby that I had gleaned from my omnivorous reading of almost exclusively English books. In that late imperial setting of a highly conflicted world of mostly Arab and Levantine children, British teachers in largely Muslim Arab countries themselves undergoing turbulent change, where



— which were instantly banned by parents and school authorities — burst like a small typhoon. In a matter of hours I was illicitly awash in a flood of Superman, Tarzan, Captain Marvel and Wonder Woman adventures that boggled and certainly diverted my mind from the stricter and grayer things I should have been addressing.

Trying to reason why the ban against this pleasurable new world was so strict and seemed so rigidly enforced at home got me absolutely nowhere with my adamant parents except for the explanation that comics interfered with one's schoolwork. I have spent years trying to reconstruct the logic of the ban and have concluded over time that the prohibition very accurately grasped (certainly more than I did at the time) what it is that comics did so well and so uniquely. There were first of all such things as slang and violence which ruffled the pretended calm of the learning process. Second, and perhaps more important though never stated, there was the release provided to my sexually repressed young life by outrageous characters (some of them like Sheena of the Jungle, dressed far too skimpily and sexily) who did and said things that could not be admitted either for reasons of probability and logic or, perhaps more crucially, because they violated conventional norms — norms of behavior, thought, accepted social forms. Comics played havoc with the logic of $a+b+c+d$ and they certainly encouraged one not to think in terms of what the teacher expected or what a subject like history demanded. I vividly remember the elation I felt as I surreptitiously smuggled a copy of *Captain Marvel* in my briefcase and read it furtively on the bus or under the covers or in the back of the class. Besides, comics provided one with a directness of approach (the attractively and literally overstated combination of pictures and words) that seemed unassailably true on the one hand, and marvelously close, impinging, familiar on the other. In ways that I still find fascinating to decode, comics in their relentless foregrounding — far more, say, than film cartoons or funnies, neither of which mattered much to me — seemed to say what couldn't otherwise be said, perhaps what wasn't permitted to be said or imagined, defying the ordinary processes of thought, which are policed, shaped and re-shaped by all sorts of pedagogical as well as ideological pressures. I knew nothing of this then, but I felt that comics freed me to think and imagine and see differently.

Cut now to the final decade of the twentieth century. As an American of Palestinian origin, I have found myself necessarily involved in the battle for Palestinian self-determination and human rights. Sidelined by distance, illness, and exile, my role has been to defend this most difficult cause, to defend and attempt to portray its complicated and often suppressed dimensions in writing and speaking in public, all the while trying to keep up with the unfolding of our history as a people in places like Amman, Beirut, and then finally, when I was able to return to Palestine in 1992 for the



saying that the Palestinians did not exist. Much of my work as a writer and lecturer was concerned with refuting the misrepresentations and dehumanizations of our history, trying at the same time to give the Palestinian narrative — so effectively blotted out by the media and legions of antagonistic polemicists — a presence and a human shape.

Without any warning or preparation, about ten years ago my young son brought home Joe Sacco's first comic book on Palestine. Cut off as I was from the world of active comic reading, trading and bartering, I had no idea at all that Sacco or his gripping work existed. I was plunged directly back into the world of the first great intifada (1987-92) and, with even greater effect, back into the animated, enlivening world of the comics I had read so long ago. The shock of recognition was therefore a double one, and the more I read compulsively in Sacco's *Palestine* comic books, of which there are about ten, all of them now collected into one volume which I hope will make them widely available not only to American readers but all over the world, the more convinced I was that here was a political and aesthetic work of extraordinary originality, quite unlike any other in the long, often turgid and hopelessly twisted debates that had occupied Palestinians, Israelis, and their respective supporters.

As we also live in a media-saturated world in which a huge preponderance of the world's news images are controlled and diffused by a handful of men sitting in places like London and New York, a stream of comic book images and words, assertively etched, at times grotesquely emphatic and distended to match the extreme situations they depict, provide a remarkable antidote. In Joe Sacco's world there are no smooth-talking announcers and presenters, no unctuous narrative of Israeli triumphs, democracy, achievements, no assumed and re-confirmed representations — all of them disconnected from any historical or social source, from any lived reality — of Palestinians as rock-throwing, rejectionist, and fundamentalist villains whose main purpose is to make life difficult for the peace-loving, persecuted Israelis. What we get instead is seen through the eyes and persona of a modest-looking ubiquitous crew-cut young American man who appears to have wandered into an unfamiliar, inhospitable world of military occupation, arbitrary arrest, harrowing experiences of houses demolished and land expropriated, torture ("moderate physical pressure") and sheer brute force generously, if cruelly, applied (e.g., an Israeli soldier refusing to let people through a roadblock on the West Bank because, he says, revealing an enormous, threatening set of teeth, of THIS, the M-16 rifle he brandishes) at whose mercy Palestinians live on a daily, indeed hourly basis.

There's no obvious spin, no easily discernible line of doctrine in Joe Sacco's often ironic encounters with Palestinians under occupation, no attempt to smooth out what is for the most part a meager, anxious existence of uncertainty, collective unhappiness, and deprivation, and, especial-



Japanese photographer Saburo (who seems to get lost at one point), Joe is a listening, watchful presence, sometimes skeptical, sometimes fed up, but mostly sympathetic and funny, as he notes that a cup of Palestinian tea is often drowned in sugar, or how perhaps involuntarily they congregate in order to exchange tales of woe and suffering, the way fishermen compare the size of their catch or hunters the stealth of their prey.

The cast of characters in the many episodes collected here is wondrously varied and, with the comic draughtsman's uncanny ability to catch the telling detail, a carefully sculpted mustache here, overly large teeth there, a drab suit here, Sacco manages to keep it all going with almost careless virtuosity. The unhurried pace and the absence of a goal in his wanderings emphasizes that he is neither a journalist in search of a story nor an expert trying to nail down the facts in order to produce a policy. Joe is there to be in Palestine, and only that — in effect to spend as much time as he can sharing, if not finally living the life that Palestinians are condemned to lead. Given the realities of power and his identification with the underdog, Sacco's Israelis are depicted with an unmistakable skepticism, if not always distrust. Mostly they are figures of unjust power and dubious authority. I am not referring only to obviously unattractive personages like the many soldiers and settlers who keep popping up to make life for Palestinians difficult and deliberately unbearable but, especially in one telling episode, even the so-called peaceniks whose support for Palestinian rights appears so hedged, so timid, and finally ineffective as to make them also objects of disappointed scorn.

Joe is there to find out why things are the way they are and why there seems to have been an impasse for so long. He is drawn to the place partly because (we learn from an exceptionally weird earlier comic *War Junkie*) of his Maltese family background during World War Two, partly because the post-modern world is so accessible to the young and curious American, partly because like Joseph Conrad's Marlow he is tugged at by the forgotten places and people of the world, those who don't make it on to our television screens, or if they do, who are regularly portrayed as marginal, unimportant, perhaps even negligible were it not for their nuisance value which, like the Palestinians, seems impossible to get rid of. Without losing the comics' unique capacity for delivering a kind of surreal world as animated and in its own way as arrestingly violent as a poet's vision of things, Joe Sacco can also unostentatiously transmit a great deal of information, the human context and historical events that have reduced Palestinians to their present sense of stagnating powerlessness, despite the peace process and despite the sticky gloss put on things by basically hypocritical leaders, policy-makers and media pundits.

Nowhere does Sacco come closer to the existential lived reality of the average Palestinian than



iconic to the whole Palestinian experience: these are rendered with almost terrifying accuracy and, paradoxically enough, gentleness at the same time. Joe the character is there sympathetically to understand and to try to experience not only why Gaza is so representative a place in its hopelessly overcrowded and yet rootless spaces of Palestinian dispossession, but also to affirm that it is there, and must somehow be accounted for in human terms, in the narrative sequences with which any reader can identify.

If you pay attention therefore you will note the scrupulous rendering of the generations, how children and adults make their choices and live their meager lives, how some speak and some remain silent, how they are dressed in the drab sweaters, miscellaneous jackets, and warm *hattas* of an improvised life, on the fringes of their homeland in which they have become that saddest and most powerless and contradictory of creatures, the unwelcome alien. You can see this all in a sense through Joe's own eyes as he moves and tarries among them, attentive, unaggressive, caring, ironic, and so his visual testimony becomes himself, himself so to speak in his own comics, in an act of the profoundest solidarity. Above all, his Gaza series animates and confirms what three other remarkable witnesses before him, all of them women, have written about (one of them Israeli, another one American-Jewish, a third one an American with no previous connection with the Middle East) so unforgettably: Amira Hass, the brave Israeli *Ha'aretz* correspondent who lived in and wrote about Gaza for four years, Sara Roy, who wrote the definitive study of how Gaza's economy was de-developed, and Gloria Emerson, prize-winning journalist and novelist who gave a year of her time to live among the people of Gaza.

But what finally makes Sacco so unusual a portrayer of life in the Occupied Palestinian Territories is that his true concern is finally history's victims. Recall that most of the comics we read almost routinely conclude with someone's victory, the triumph of good over evil, or the routing of the unjust by the just, or even the marriage of two young lovers. Superman's villains get thrown out and we hear of and see them no more. Tarzan foils the plans of evil white men and they are shipped out of Africa in disgrace. Sacco's *Palestine* is not at all like that. The people he lives among are history's losers, banished to the fringes where they seem so despondently to loiter, without much hope or organization, except for their sheer indomitability, their mostly unspoken will to go on, and their willingness to cling to their story, to retell it, and to resist designs to sweep them away altogether. Astutely, Sacco seems to distrust militancy, particularly of the collective sort that bursts out in slogans or verbal flag-waving. Neither does he try to provide *solutions* of the kind that have made such a mockery of the Oslo peace process. But his comics about Palestine furnish his readers with a long enough sojourn among a people whose suffering and unjust fate have been

Author's Foreword

to the complete edition of *Palestine*



This book collects all nine issues of a comic book series called *Palestine* under one cover for the first time. Previously, the series had been collected in two volumes. I wrote and drew *Palestine* after spending two months in the Occupied Territories almost ten years ago in the winter of 1991-92. Since that visit, a "peace process" was initiated, culminating in a number of agreements or near-agreements — some highly touted as "breakthrough" — and the installation of a Palestine Authority headed by Yasser Arafat in some areas from which the Israelis have withdrawn. While Nobel Peace Prizes have been awarded, no major outstanding issues — the return of or compensation for Palestinian refugees, the illegal Jewish settlements, the status of Jerusalem — have been resolved. (As far as the settlers go, they have continued to add to their number by the tens of thousands.) But even if you skip over those difficult points — and you can't — the "peace process" has not provided the Palestinian people living in territory conquered by Israel in 1967 with many tangible benefits. In fact, their land is still expropriated, their dwellings are still bulldozed, their olive groves are still uprooted. They still encounter an occupying army, as well as the settlers, who are often the armed adjuncts to the occupying army (or vice versa, it's hard to tell sometimes). Through closures and the lasting effect of long-term strangulation by Israel of the Palestinian economy, the lives of Palestinian workers and their families have been made even more wretched than they were when this work was first published. One must add the mismanagement and corruption of the Palestine Authority into the unfortunate mix.

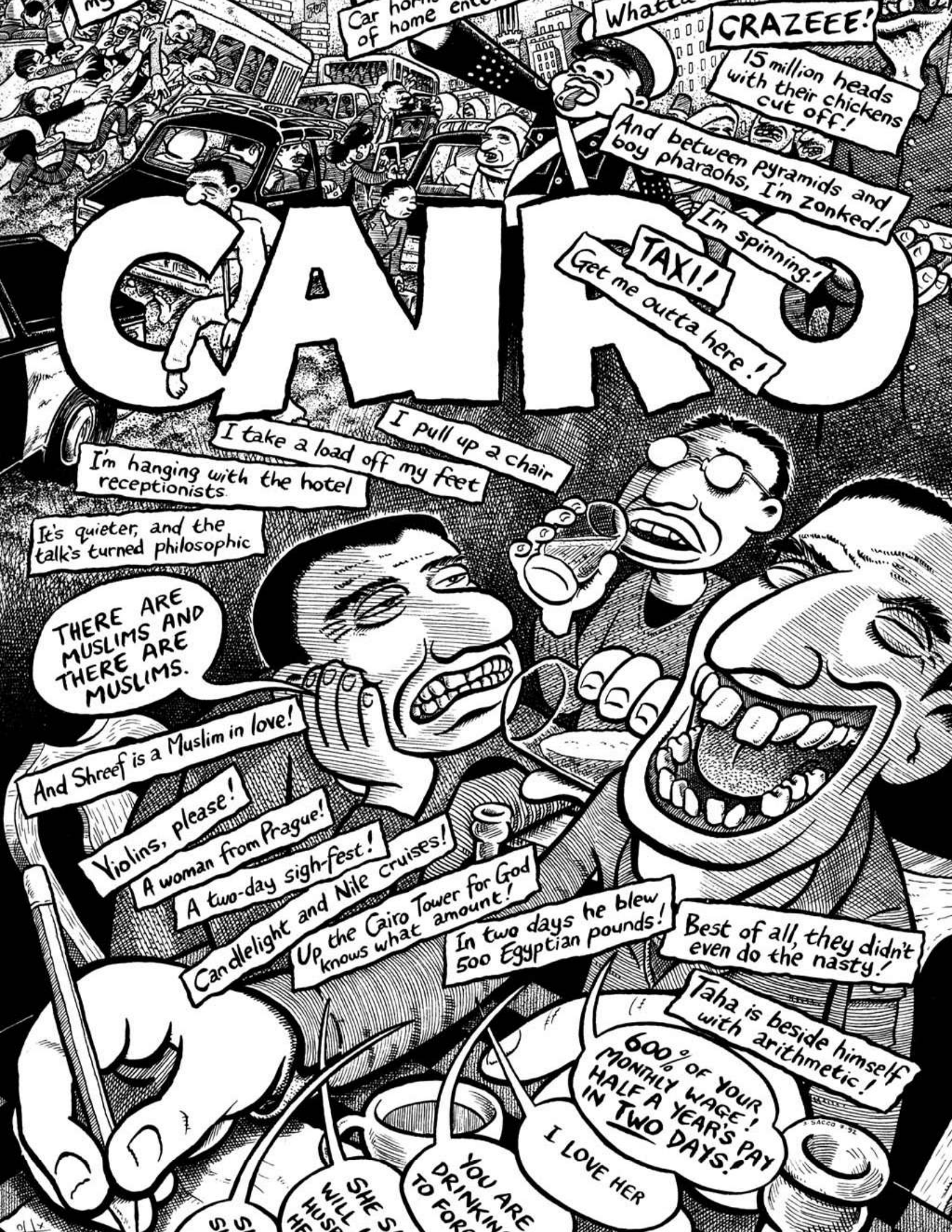
This book is about the first intifada against the Israeli occupation, which was beginning to run out of steam at the time of my visit. As I write these words, a second intifada is taking place because, in short, Israeli occupation, and all the consequences of the domination of one people by another, has not ceased. The Palestinian and Israeli people will continue to kill each other in low-level conflict or with shattering violence — with suicide bombers or helicopter gunships and jet bombers — until this central fact — Israeli occupation — is addressed as an issue of international law and basic human rights.

Joe Sacco

July 2001

Chapter One





Car horns
of home enco

Whatta

CRAZEEE!

15 million heads
with their chickens
cut off!

And between pyramids and
boy pharaohs, I'm zonked!

I'm spinning!

TAXI!
Get me outta here!

I pull up a chair
I take a load off my feet

I'm hanging with the hotel
receptionists

It's quieter, and the
talk's turned philosophic

THERE ARE
MUSLIMS AND
THERE ARE
MUSLIMS.

And Shreef is a Muslim in love!

Violins, please!

A woman from Prague!

A two-day sigh-fest!

Candlelight and Nile cruises!

Up the Cairo Tower for God
knows what amount!

In two days he blew
500 Egyptian pounds!

Best of all, they didn't
even do the nasty!

Taha is beside himself
with arithmetic!

600% OF YOUR
MONTHLY WAGE!
HALF A YEAR'S PAY
IN TWO DAYS!

I LOVE HER

YOU ARE
DRINKIN'
TO FORG

SHE S
WILL
HUSE
HE

S/S

I WILL MEET
HER IN EUROPE
SOME DAY.

He wants to leave
Egypt, so that makes
two of us

I want a visa for Israel

ISRAEL?

I HAVE NO
PROBLEM WITH
THE ISRAELIS

THEY ARE
LIKE
EUROPEANS

I WOULD
SMASH
ISRAEL!

Hoo boy! I'm in
the Middle East!

FOR THE JEWS TO
BE TREATED THE WAY
THEY'VE BEEN TREATED
AND THEN TO TREAT THE
PALESTINIANS IN THAT WAY!

AND IT'S
NOT THAT THEY
WANT TO LIVE
THERE! THEY
WANT TO GRAB
AND GRAB!

about
iz

Jerusalem?

am Begin?

me!



MAN WAS
ISRAEL WAS
THEN, BUT IN 50
YEARS...?

SADAT
HAD A
PLAN!

Taha unwinds
Sadat's plan

It's a little
convoluted

I don't quite follow
the tank tactics

...PINK FLOYD
...GEORGE MICHAEL
...DEEP PURPLE...

SEE
THAT?!

HE'S CHANGED
THE CONVER-
SATION!

THAT'S
WHAT HE
KNOWS HOW
TO TALK
ABOUT!

HOW MUCH
DO YOU SPEND
ON BOOKS?

I AM A
POOR MAN AND
I SPEND 30
POUNDS A MONTH
ON BOOKS!

AND YOU SPEND
500 POUNDS ON
HER IN TWO
DAYS!

SHE
LOVES
ME.

LOVE? HA! SHE
WOULD LEAVE
HER CHILDREN?!

A couple of days later I
get my visa and I leave Cairo

Across the Suez and into the Sinai

We pass tanks twisted and burned out since when?

'73?

'67?

'56?

The bus stops a lot, the bus drivers jumping
to have words with each other and the escort

Palestine and slow going

But I've been speeding, man

I've been speeding

I am in the Old City of Nablus and we both know I don't belong, now watch this...

SALAAM ALEEKUM!

'Peace be with you.'

He's got to respond:

ALEEKUM ES-SALAAM!

'And peace be with you.'

Now I've got him!

his country? I'm doing here, of his country...

And will I drink tea?

Tea!

Seriously sugared!!

Hospitality measured by the lump!

But I'm gracious...

LOVE TEA.

AND
D
R
A
T
E
S

THINK OF MY COUNTRY?

THIS OCCUPATION THING LOOKS PRETTY HARSH.

Back to that again, are we?

Okay okay...

THE HILLS!

It's not what he's fishing for...

THE OLIVE TREES!

...but I'm a charmer...

THE TERRACED FIELDS!

...a real innocent...

...and, by the way, not with Israeli intelligence.

Whamo!!

I've committed myself now!

I'm no longer beating about the bush!

I've hit his nail on the head, too!

YES...

BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?

Indeed!

My point precisely!

...and-

ain't much, say I'll give you my for instance from Berlin then I was in Berlin talking about Klinghoffer, and then I'd come far, I'd figured out Palestinians ought to have a state their own, you know, to fuck up for them like everybody else, and does his name ring

American Jew



On a pleasure cruise with his wife and their friends...

Genoa, Naples, Alexandria...

After Port Said he was shot in the head by the Palestine Liberation Front...

...dumped with his wheelchair into the Mediterranean.

And by the way I was in love with Claudia, I'd been swooning for months, bidding my time, too, I was bursting with the expectation of overripe Euroromance.

YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND THE AMERICAN MEDIA. THEY WANT HUMAN INTEREST, KLINGHOFFER GETS KILLED AND WE GET THE FULL PROFILE, THE BEREAVING WIDOW, WHERE HE LIVED AND WHAT HE PUT ON HIS CORN FLAKES TILL HE SOUNDS LIKE THE GUY NEXT DOOR WHO BORROWS YOUR LADDER. YOU SEE THE POWER OF THAT?



into
wed be
and Claudia,
half Iraqi, who
Arabic in Damascus
left her Palestinian Romeo
brother in the PLO was on fire
with Yasser - Claudia may or may
said something of interest at that

I did:

ANS WHEN AMERICANS
GET KILLED IN THESE
TERRORIST ATTACKS. ONE
AMERICAN DIES LIKE
THAT, IT ECLIPSES ANY-
THING PALESTINIANS
HAVE TO SAY!

WELL...

I DON'T
KNOW SO MUCH
ABOUT THESE
THINGS...

I knew she did, but...

Conversation over!

A peck on the cheek and-

I went home alone

PALESTINIAN
BOYFRIEND! HA!
BITCH! TERRORIST
GROUPIE!

Unfair? You bet,
but I couldn't
get the taste
out of my
mouth, terrorism
is the bread
Palestinians get
battered on, I'd
swallowed that
ever since the
airliners went
sky high in the
desert, do you
remember that,
do you remember
Munich and the
athletes



gurs to
with of bl
pools of
mean sure I
sympathy for a ho
lost, but what were
problems of Palestinians
next to Klinghoffer, who abo
corn flakes and probably borro
my ladder...

He went over the side of the Achille
Lauro and into my consciousness.

And
if Pal-
estini-
ans
have been
sinking for
decades, ex-
pelled, bombed
and kicked black
and blue, even
when it's made the
evening news I never
caught a name or recall
a face, to say nothing
about their corn flakes.
But now my buddy on the
West Bank wants to make
some introductions, to set me up,
he wants me to shake hands
with his people's pain...

THIS WOMAN,
SHE HAS EIGHT
CHILDREN. HER
...AND VERY

HIS
IN PRISON
HOW LONG IN
PRISON? FOUR
YEARS!

THIS ONE:
HIS SON IS
KILLED BY
SOLDIERS!

HE WON'T
STOP?
DON'T
MIND.

THIS ONE:
HIS SON
IS IN
PRISON!

THIS ONE:
TWO SONS



Palestine

those off

The flesh and blood

Up close and almost personal!

But it's time for me to go!

Now he's thanking my ass!

He's touched!

I've come all this way!

YOU WRITE SOMETHING ABOUT US?

I SHOWED YOU, YOU SAW!

YOU TELL ABOUT US?

Of course of course!

I'm off to fill my notebook!

I will alert the world to your suffering!

I walk back to where the taxis are waiting.

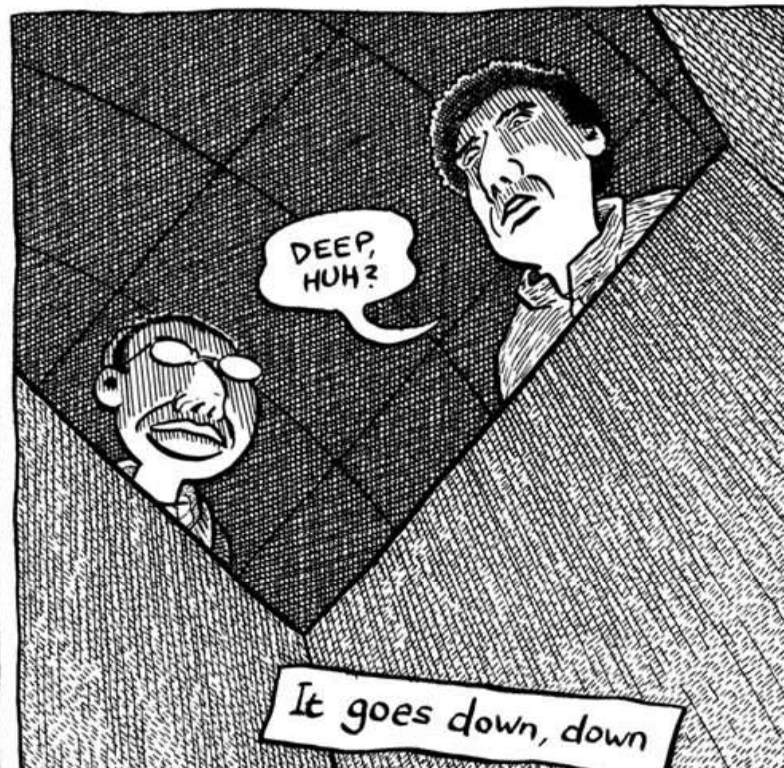
Mission accomplished!

I was

T. S. 1000 8 9 92



RETURN



...all over
the world
that's the
Jewish toast
at Passover,
and now
here he is,
a Jew in
Zion, a land
promised by
God to his
chosen people:



EVERY PLACE
THAT THE SOLE
OF YOUR FOOT
WILL TREAD UPON I
HAVE GIVEN TO YOU
AS I PROMISED
MOSES. FROM THE
WILDERNESS AND THIS
LEBANON AS FAR AS
THE GREAT RIVER
EUPHRATES, ALL THE
LAND OF THE HITTITES
TO, ETC....



And in 1917—
after two
millennia of
Jewish
Diaspora—the British
dusted off the promise
of the Lord.
Great Powers
had Big
Battleships
back then,
Broad Pen-
strokes, too,
and plenty
of India Ink.
Lord Balfour
signed his
declaration
and the
Zionists had
a British
commitment to
a homeland
in Palestine
for the Jews.

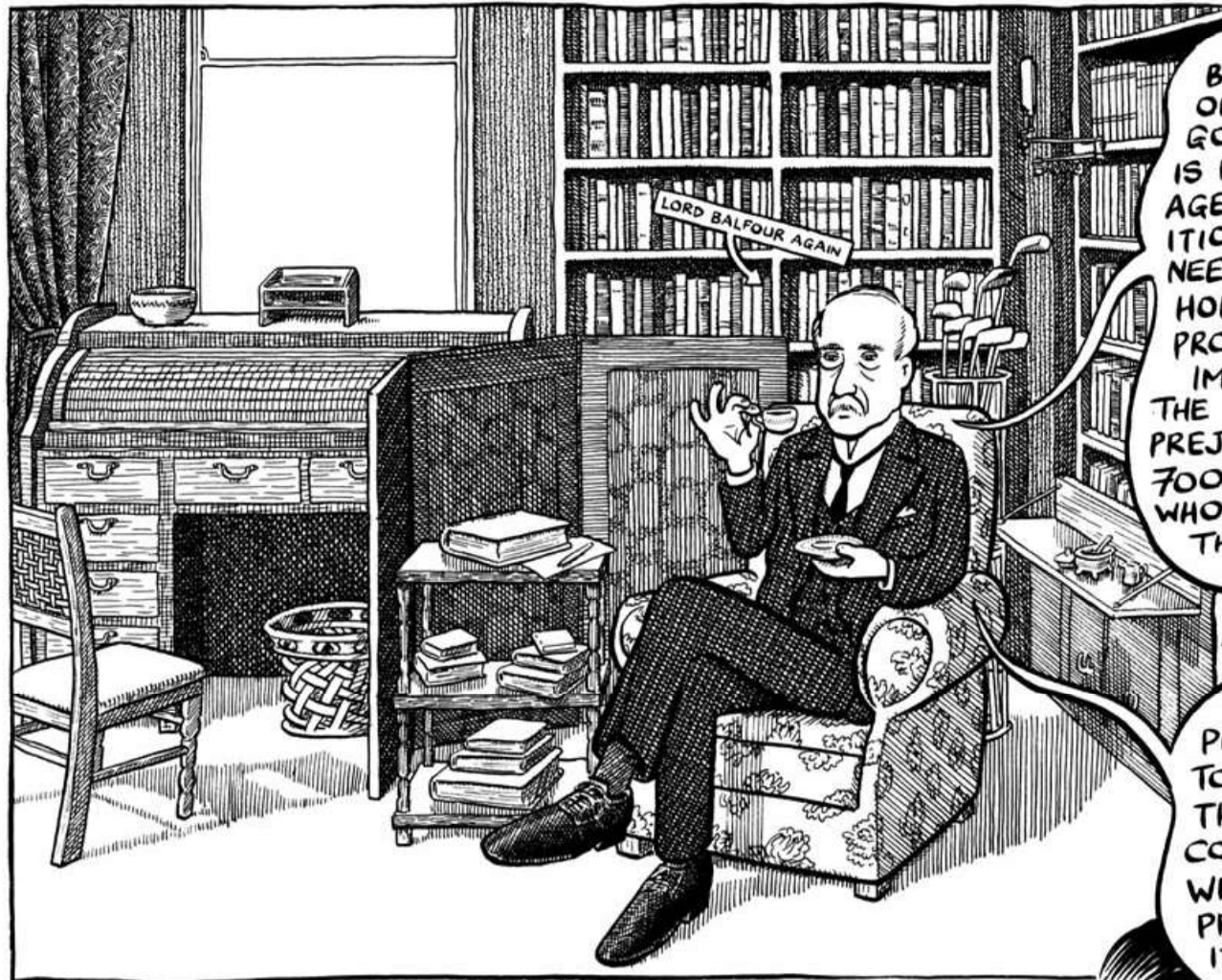


A LAND
WITHOUT A
PEOPLE FOR





as that Zionist slogan. Plenty of Arabs lived in Palestine; in 1917 Arabs outnumbered Jewish inhabitants ten-to-one. But you know mathematics, it doesn't always fit into the equation:



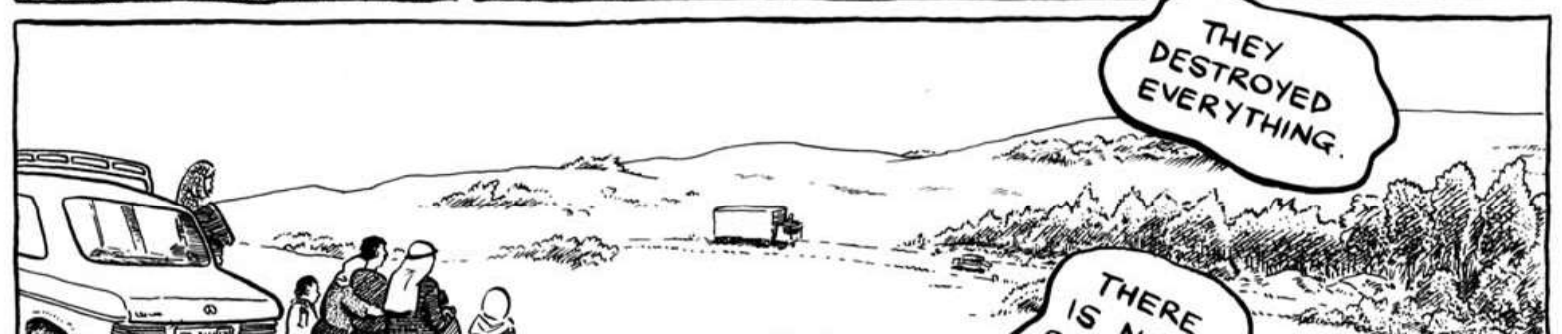
And, incidentally:

WE DO NOT PROPOSE EVEN TO GO THROUGH THE FORM OF CONSULTING THE WISHES OF THE PRESENT INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTRY.



Decision made! History follows on such heels and refugees after that... But if it's been downhill for Palestinians ever since, Israelis have seemed to







rifle-to-shoot... highest I've ever seen... least the Israelis put females in the ranks, which takes the edge off, for an aesthete like me. And as an international jetsetter with an opportunity (if not a mandate) to compare such things, I would place Israeli women way high in the global hot-looks sweepstakes... and in uniform—particularly those olive green pullovers—they're peerless...

Every now and then I can't help it, I slink up Jaffa Road for an eyeful of off-duty teenaged cuties, you know, just to remind myself how basely I'm aging...

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

And what about the boys?

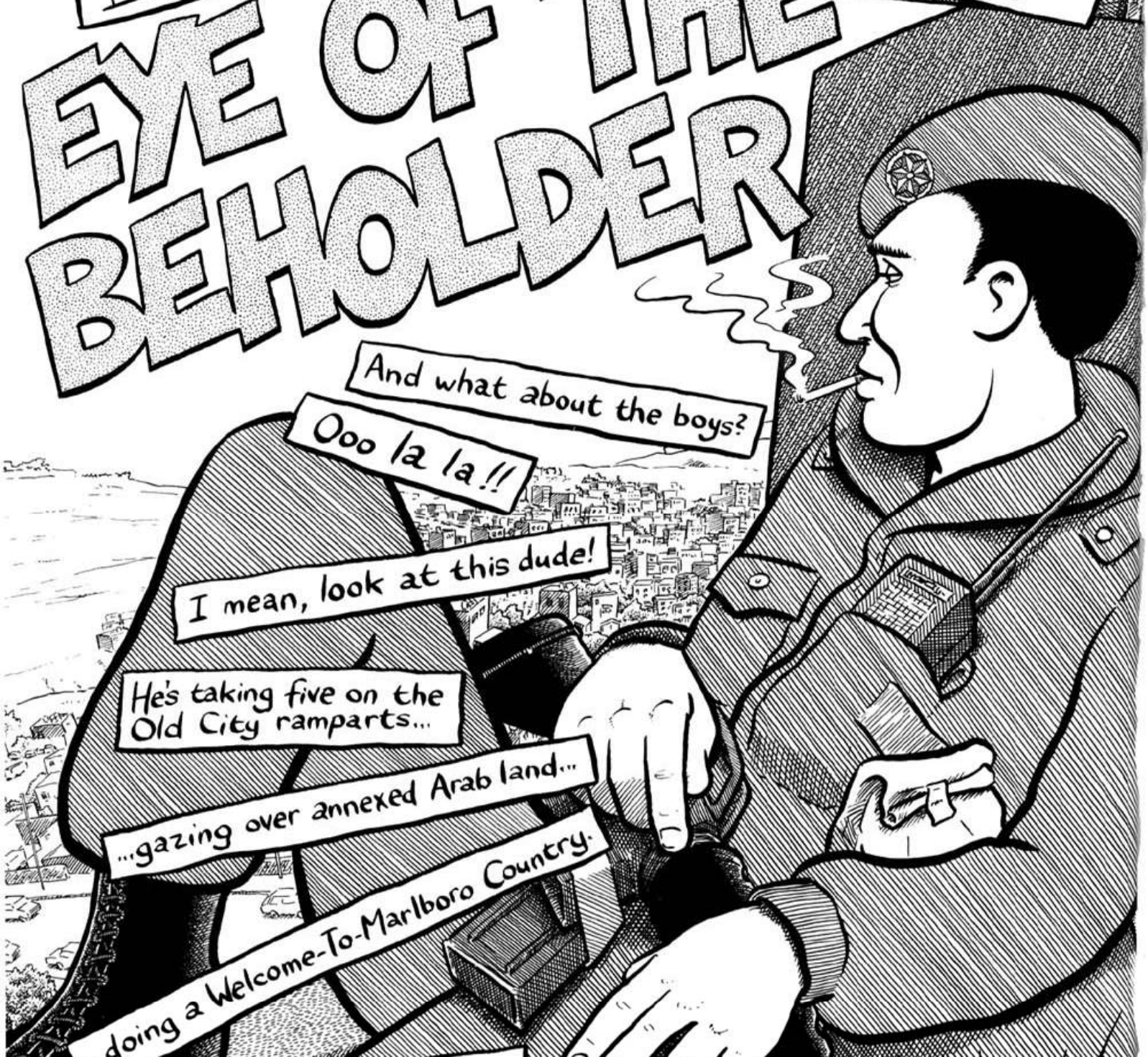
Ooo la la!!

I mean, look at this dude!

He's taking five on the Old City ramparts...

...gazing over annexed Arab land...

doing a Welcome-To-Marlboro Country.





UM...
WHERE
YOU GUYS
FROM?

OhmyGawd!!

Sheesh!

Is she nervous?

Looks like
mom's a little
smitten
herself!

Or plain stoopid?

Either way, our soldier
takes it in stride...

Betcha she's never had
beefcake like this on
her Fuji Color!

WE'RE
FROM
ISRAEL.

Got that straight?

Now come on!

Let's salvage this
flirtation...

HIYA,
FELLAHS!

HOW OLD
ARE YOU
BOYS? YOU
SHOULDN'T
BE SMOKING.

HOLD IT!



I read this morning

U's Silwan, an all-Arab village. A week ago Jewish settlers booted out several Palestinian households, moved in, rolled out the barbed wire, sent up the Star of David... and with Uzis and the Attorney General's green light, who's gonna argue?

AWW, SOMETHING'S ALWAYS GOIN' ON.

...I walk straight into...

...so I walk down through Dung Gate...

...to see what's going on...

And that's why I'm here...

Democracy!

A demonstration!

A counterdemonstration!

A sweet sight for a right-to-assembly nut like me...

Also, I'm a free speech junkie...

And this is Israel!

(okay, annexed land, but let's skip it)

STOP ALL THE MENT

the Middle East's crazy!

STOP THE SETTLEMENTS

NEGOTIATE

NEGOTIATE

PEACE NOW

PEACE NOW TRAITORS NOW

PEACE NOW TRAITORS NOW

מורדה
אח

this political speech is the Peace Now crowd, they've all over Israel to express solidarity with the Palestinians of Silwan. I fall in with one of them...

STOP ALL THE SETTLEMENTS NEGOTIATE NOW

התנועה לביטול ההתנחלויות



NO POINT. IT'S A PROVOCATION, THAT'S OBVIOUS...
...AND RIGHT WHEN PEACE TALKS ARE STARTING UP...

Sure, he says, Israel should get out of the Occupied Territories, and there ought to be a Palestinian state...

...AND IF IT DOESN'T HAPPEN IN THE NEXT 10 YEARS, IT'LL BE IN 20 OR 30...

Meanwhile, like most able-bodied Israeli men up till late middle age, he's required to do several weeks a year in the reserves, including duty in the West Bank...

The Democracy continues around us...

It's a pretty day for a peaceful Peace Now demonstration...

And, by the way, let's make one thing clear:

HOW DO YOU RECONCILE YOUR POLITICAL VIEWS WITH BEING A MEMBER OF AN OCCUPYING ARMY?

I KNOW PEOPLE WHO REFUSED TO SERVE THERE AND WENT TO JAIL, BUT IT'S GOOD THERE ARE GUYS LIKE ME IN...

ARABS IN THE TERRITORIES DON'T GET JUSTICE, BUT IF I REPORT SOME HOTHEAD SOLDIER WHO DOES SOMETHING ILLEGAL, THAT SETS THE WHEELS IN MOTION...

HE COULD GET IN TROUBLE EXPELLED FROM THE ARMY. PUNISHING A...

LOOK, I'M A ZIONIST AND I BELIEVE IN A STRONG ISRAEL

IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE STRONG THE ARABS HAVE GIVEN UP ON THROWING US INTO THE SEA...

THEY'RE REA...



WALL TO WALL KIDRON





Birds
The boys turn to scoop stones!

They want to bust a bird's brains in!

The birds make their getaway, and the boys don't notice!

But there's no stopping 'em!





WE ARE
BAD?

WE
ARE
BAD?

You think I tell them
they're bad?

You think I tell them off?

Those little terrorists?

After that artillery display?

IT WASN'T THE
SILVAN! PROBABLY
RIPPED ME ON THAT,
TOO! GODDAMN PIPSQUEEK
ASSHOLES... GODDAMN BELLY...

Back in Jerusalem's Old City I
walk by Palestinian shopkeepers...

They get me sick...

Their big, sad eyes...

Their empty
pockets...

I want to kick them...

SHAKE
HANDS!
SHAKE
HANDS!

Fat chance, buddy!
I know that bull-
shit from Cairo...