

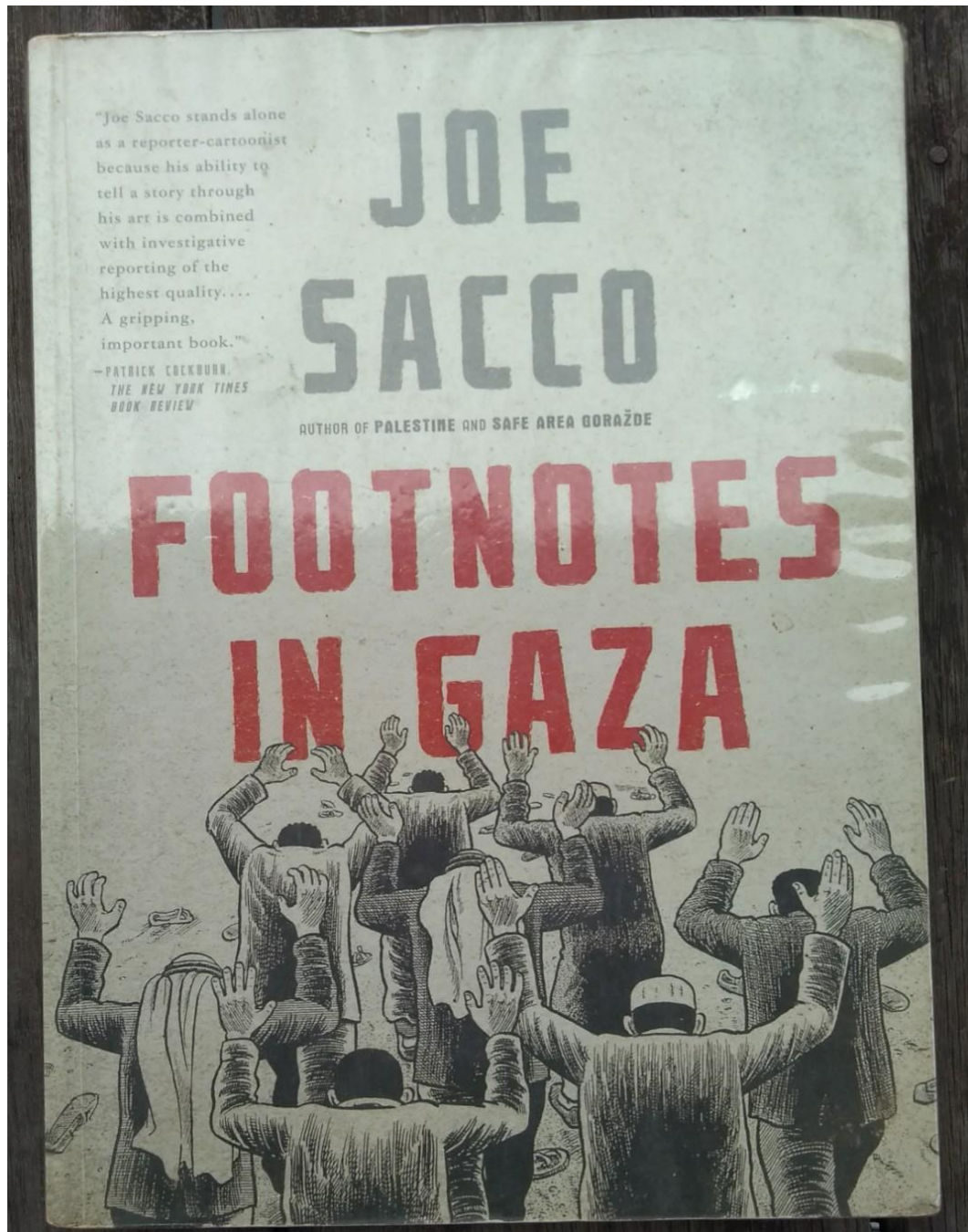
RIWAYAT HIDUP

1. Nama Lengkap : Arief Budiman
2. Tempat dan Tanggal Lahir : Banjarmasin, 31 Oktober 1992
3. Agama : Islam
4. Kebangsaan : Indonesia
5. Status Perkawinan : Belum Kawin
6. Alamat : Jl. Setia No.37 RT.29 RW.03
Pemurus Dalam, Banjarmasin
7. Pendidikan
 - a. TK Islam Bakti Pemurus Dalam Banjarmasin 1998
 - b. MIN Pemurus Dalam Banjarmasin 2004
 - c. Diniyah Awaliyah Pondok Pesantren Darussalam Martapura 2008
 - d. Diniyah Wustho Pondok Pesantren Darussalam Martapura 2011
 - e. Pondok Pesantren Salafiyah Martapura (Paket B) 2009
 - f. PKBM Harapan Baru Banjarbaru (Paket C) 2012
 - g. UIN Antasari Banjarmasin 2018
8. Orang Tua

Nama Ayah	: Ir. Ramlan Muhammad Iriansyah
Pekerjaan	: Wiraswasta
Alamat	: Jl. Setia No.37 RT.29 RW.03 Pemurus Dalam, Banjarmasin
 Nama Ibu	 : Rusmiyati
Pekerjaan	: Ibu Rumah Tangga
Alamat	: Jl. Setia No.37 RT.29 RW.03 Pemurus Dalam, Banjarmasin
9. Saudara : 4 orang
10. Pengalaman Organisasi
 - a. Ketua Himpunan Mahasiswa Jurusan Akidah Filsafat 2014
 - b. Ketua Bengkel Teater Legenda FUH 2014
 - c. Ketua Dewan Mahasiswa Fakultas Ushuluddin Humaniora 2015

LAMPIRAN-LAMPIRAN

Sampul depan dan sampul belakang buku komik *Footnotes in Gaza*



WINNER OF THE EISNER AWARD FOR
BEST WRITER/ARTIST (NONFICTION), THE
RIDENHOUR BOOK PRIZE, AND A *LOS*
ANGELES TIMES BOOK PRIZE FINALIST

Rafah, a town at the bottommost tip of the Gaza Strip, is a squalid place. Raw concrete buildings front trash-strewn alleys. The narrow streets are crowded with young children and unemployed men. On the border with Egypt, swaths of Rafah have been bulldozed to rubble. Rafah is today and has always been a notorious flashpoint in this bitterest of conflicts.

Buried deep in the archives is one bloody incident, in 1956, that left 111 Palestinians dead, shot by Israeli soldiers. Seemingly a footnote to a long history of killing, that day in Rafah—cold-blooded massacre or dreadful mistake—reveals the competing truths that have come to define an intractable war. In a quest to get to the heart of what happened, Joe Sacco immerses himself in the daily life of Rafah and the neighboring town of Khan Younis, uncovering Gaza past and present. Spanning fifty years, moving fluidly between one war and the next, alive with the voices of fugitives and schoolchildren, widows and sheikhs, *Footnotes in Gaza* captures the essence of a tragedy.

As in *Palestine and Safe Area Goražde*, Sacco's unique visual journalism has rendered a contested landscape in brilliant, meticulous detail. *Footnotes in Gaza*, his most ambitious work to date, transforms a critical conflict of our age into an intimate and immediate experience.

COVER DESIGN BY DAVID SHOEMAKER

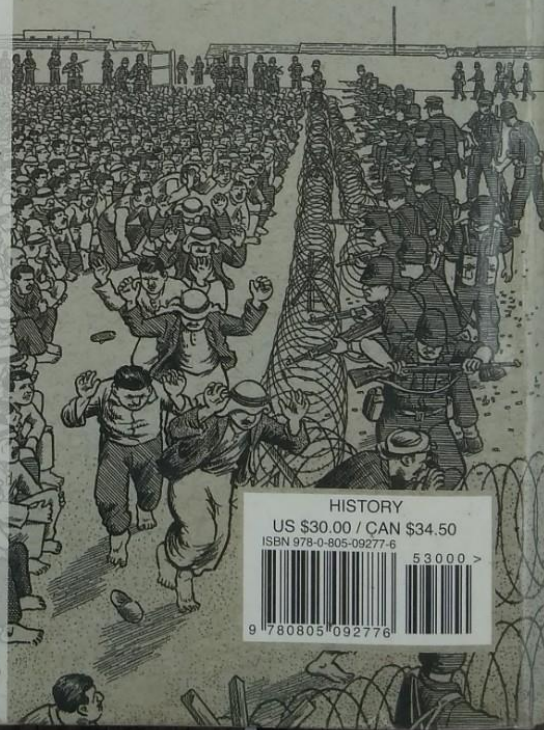
COVER ILLUSTRATION BY JOE SACCO

WWW.HENRYHOLT.COM

"Sacco's journalism sheds new light on these tragedies... but it's the art that resonates. The hopelessness etched across the faces of Sacco's war-weary Palestinians would be near impossible to duplicate solely through the written word." —*TIME*

"A book that digs deep, exploring the relationship of past and present, memory and experience—rigorously reported yet always aware of the elusive nature of testimony... Sacco allows us to imagine our way inside the conflict, to make the desperation he discovers, in some small way, our own."

—DAVID L. OLIN, *LOS ANGELES TIMES*



HISTORY

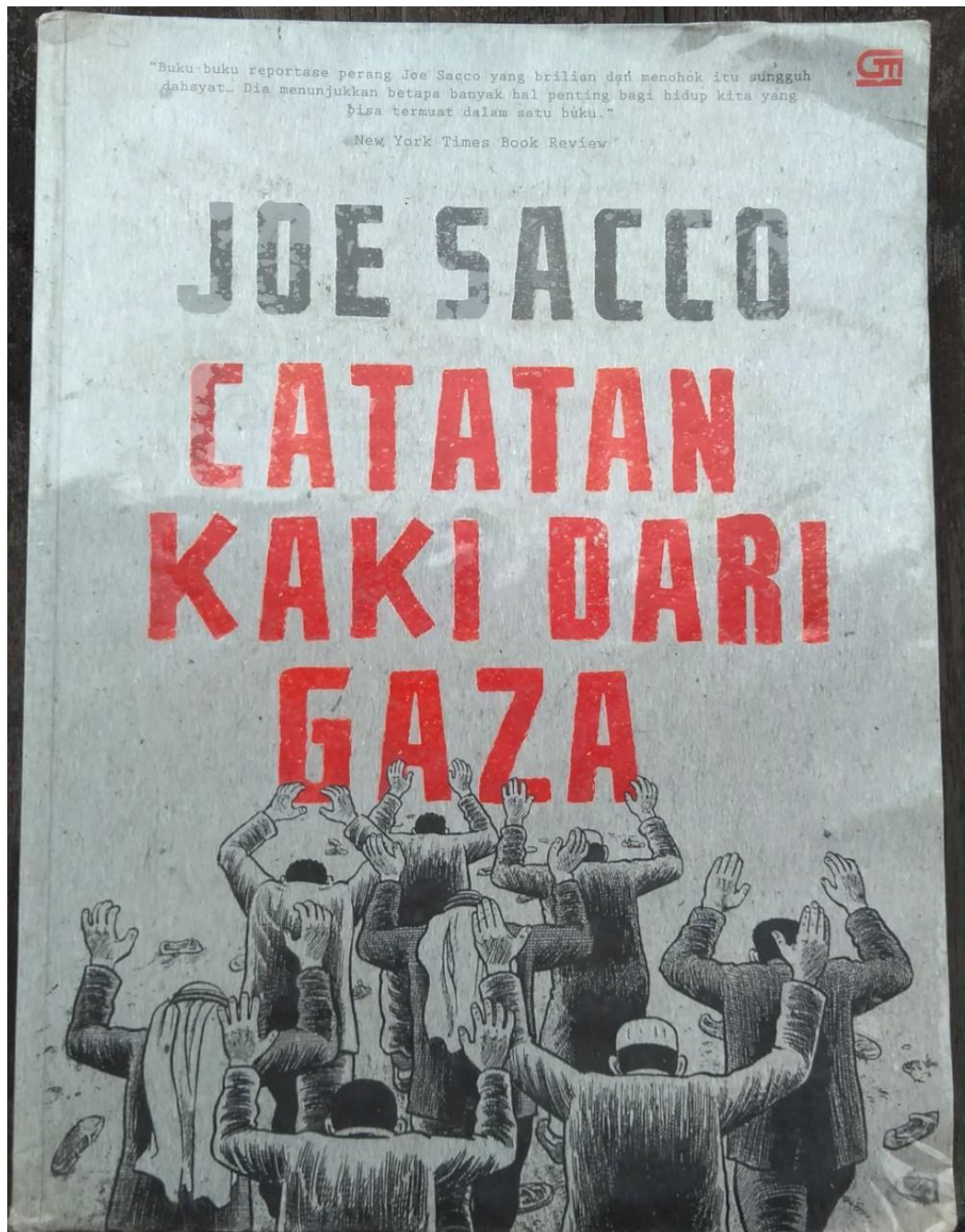
US \$30.00 / CAN \$34.50

ISBN 978-0-805-09277-6

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Sampul depan dan sampul belakang buku komik *Footnotes in Gaza* versi terjemahan bahasa Indonesia Catatan Kaki dari Gaza



**CATATAN KAKI DARI GAZA
ADALAH SUATU PENYELIDIKAN MENYELURUH DAN ORISINAL
ATAS KEJAHATAN ISRAEL YANG DITUTUP-TUTUPI
DI TEMPAT YANG TERPANAS DI DUNIA: JALUR GAZA**

Suatu tragedi pada tahun 1956 di Jalur Gaza membuat Joe Sacco, wartawan-kartunis, terjun langsung ke wilayah paling sengit di Bumi itu. Selagi ia menyelidiki peristiwa berdarah tersebut, terjadi penggusuran besar-besaran pada rumah warga, serangan Israel yang membunuh penduduk sipil, dan ancaman bom bunuh diri gerilyawan Palestina. Dalam suatu riset, Sacco bahkan nyaris terserempet peluru Israel.

Dalam pencarian atas kebenaran, Joe Sacco pun melanglang dari satu tragedi ke tragedi lain, menyampaikan pesan para gerilyawan, dan mencatat tangis para ibu yang kehilangan rumah, suami, dan anak-anak yang dibunuh prajurit Israel secara brutal.

Catatan Kaki dari Gaza adalah karya paling ambisius Joe Sacco. Jurnalisme visual khas Joe Sacco menggambarkan tragedi kemanusiaan di atas tanah yang dipertahankan dengan darah dan air mata syuhada. Buku ini menjadi dokumentasi yang penting atas peristiwa pembunuhan rakyat sipil di Jalur Gaza yang kerap menjadi sekadar satu catatan kaki dalam sejarah. Sejarah pembantaian rakyat sipil yang selalu berulang di tanah Palestina.

"Sacco berbakat besar. Reporter yang jeli... sekaligus seniman mumpuni dengan gambar-gambar kaya nuansa yang meniti jalur di antara gaya kartun dan naturalisme."

—Charles Shaar Murray, *Independent*

"Prestasi terbesar Sacco adalah menggambarkan penindasan memilukan dan horor dalam bentuk yang menenangkan sekaligus meresahkan."

—David Thompson, *Observer*

"Salah seorang kartunis paling orisinal dalam dua dasawarsa terakhir."

—Duncan Campbell, *Guardian*



JOE SACCO, salah seorang kartunis paling terkemuka dunia, dikenal luas sebagai kreator komik reportase perang. Salah satu bukunya adalah *Palestine*, yang meraih American Book Award, dan *Safe Area Goražde*, yang memenangi Eisner Award, menjadi salah satu *New York Times* Notable Book dan komik terbaik tahun 2000 menurut majalah *Time*. Buku-bukunya telah diterjemahkan ke dalam empat belas bahasa dan reportase komiknya telah terbit di *Details*, *New York Times Magazine*, *Harper's*, dan *Guardian*. Dia tinggal di Portland, Oregon.

Penerbit
PT Gramedia Pustaka Utama
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www.gramediapustakautama.com



DEWASA

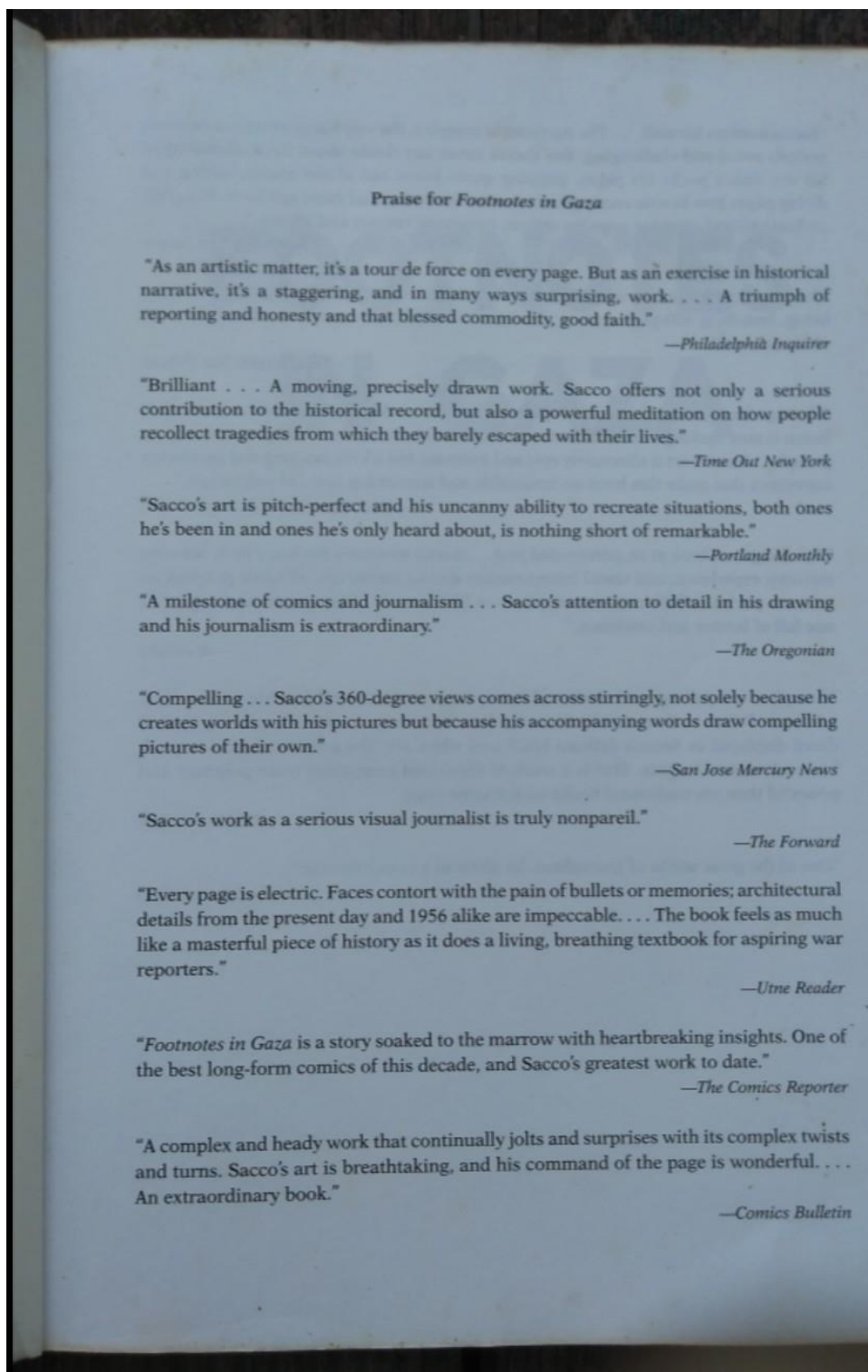
NOVEL GRAFIS/POLITIK

ISBN: 978-602-03-0850-0



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Kalimat-kalimat pujian setelah diterbitkannya *Footnotes in Gaza* sebagai karya jurnalisme dan komik



"Sacco outdoes himself. . . . The narrative is complex, the way Sacco crosscuts between periods artful and challenging. But there's never any doubt about the authenticity of his art. Sacco packs his pages, popping quote boxes out of the panels, slicing and dicing pages into kinetic rectangles to maximize tension and drive narrative. His grief, dedication, and singular, populist artistry command respect and silence."

—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

"One of comicdom's true titans is in top form with a devastating new graphic novel, a living, breathing 400-page epic. . . . *Footnotes in Gaza* showcases a master at the peak of his powers."

—Tom Horgen, *Star Tribune*

"Having already established his reputation as the world's leading comics journalist, Sacco is now making a serious case to be considered one of the world's top journalists, period. . . . Sacco's art is alternately epic and intimate, but it's his exacting and harrowing interviews that make this book an invaluable and wrenching piece of journalism."

—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

"A chilling look back at an unrecorded past . . . Sacco navigates the fuzzy lines between memory, experience, and visual interpretation almost seamlessly, all while painting an intimate portrait of life under occupation—a life not only of repression and anger but one full of humor and resilience."

—*Al Jazeera*

"Complex, compelling, and worthy of becoming just the second graphic novel to win a Pulitzer Prize . . . *Footnotes in Gaza* is a feast for the eyes, with a staggering level of detail displayed in Sacco's delicate black and white art. The artist continues to push his work to new heights. This is a work of illustrated journalism more poignant and powerful than ten traditional books on the same topic."

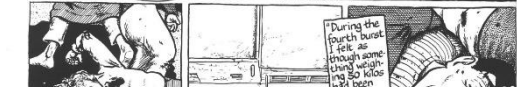
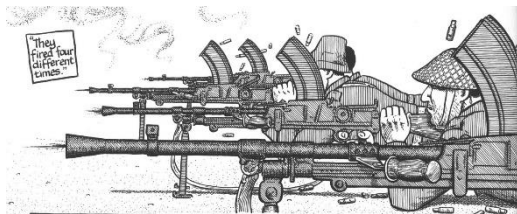
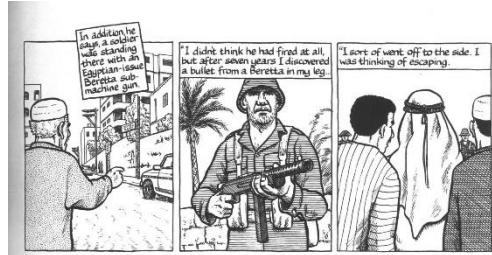
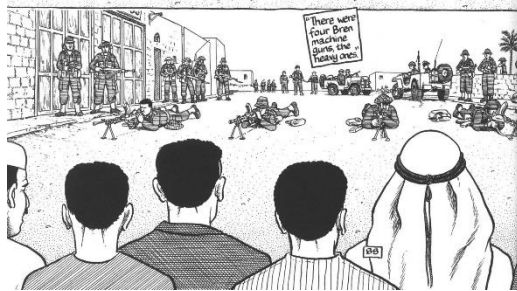
—*The Toronto Star*

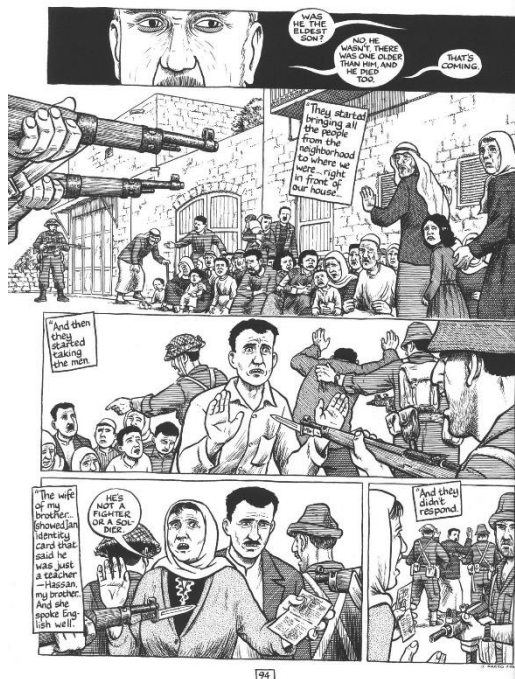
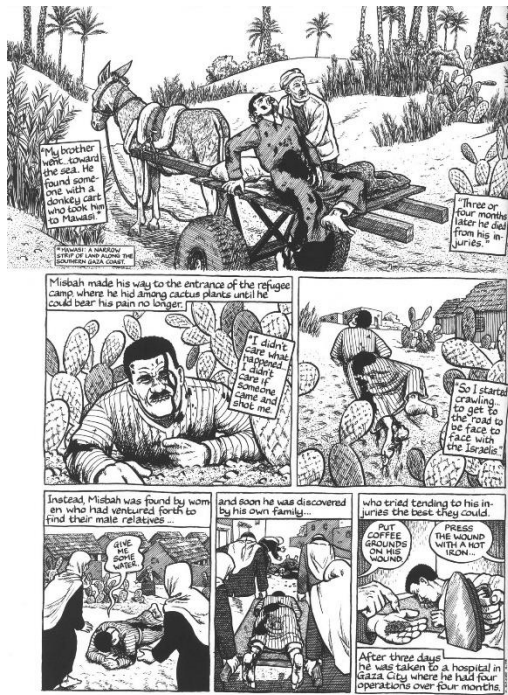
"One of the great works of journalism, let alone in a comic format."

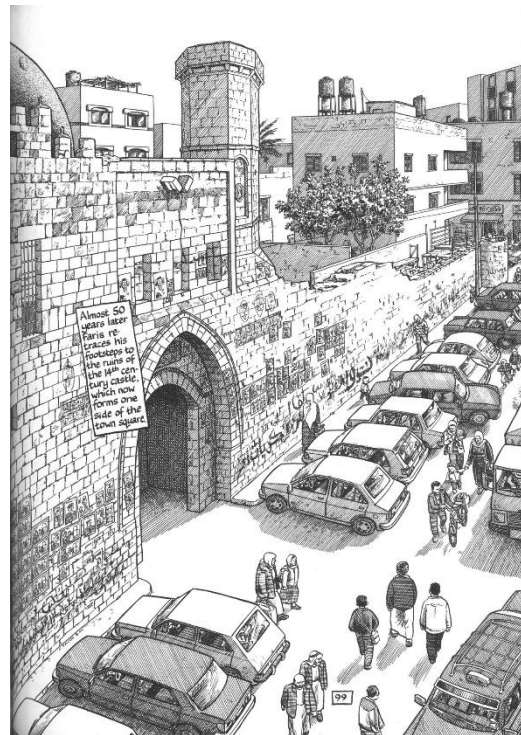
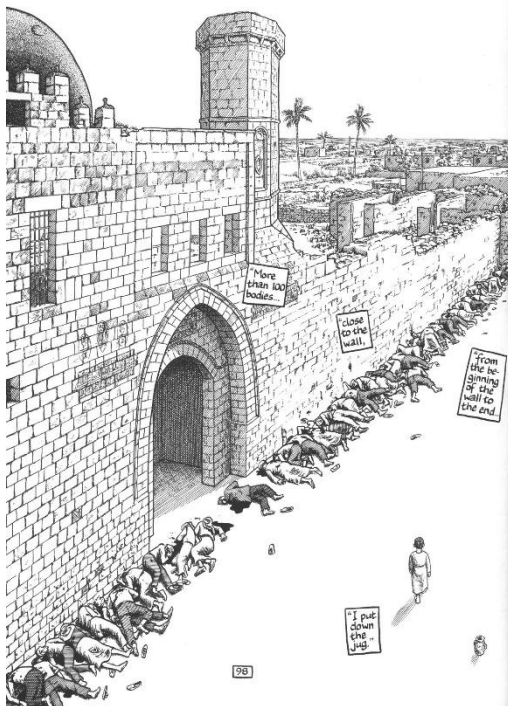
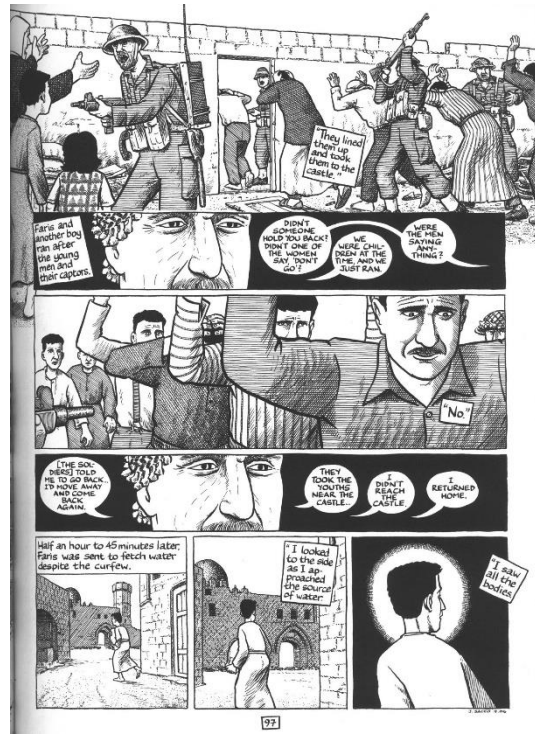
—*The Observer* (UK)

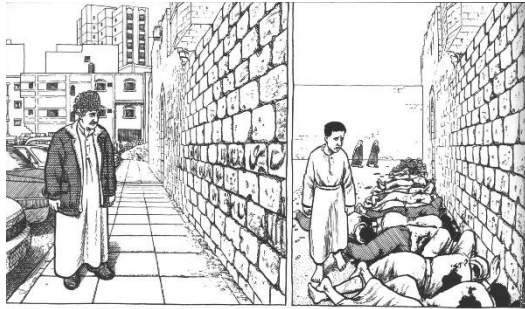
Urutan panel-panel komik yang menceritakan proses pembantaian di Khan Yunis



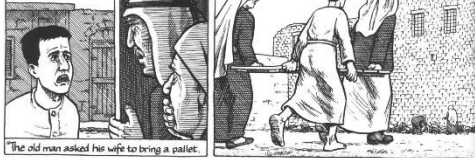




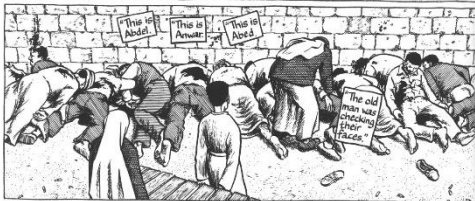




"I went to the house of one of my relatives El-Hajj Abdullah. His house was very close to the area."



"The old man asked his wife to bring a pallet."



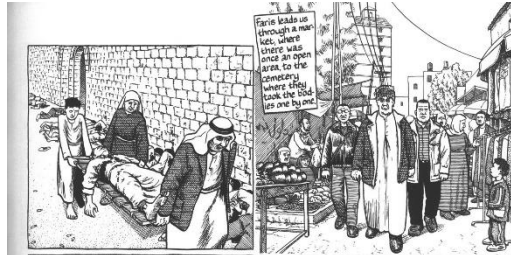
"This is Abdel"

"This is Amour"

"This is Abd"

"The old man was checking their faces"

127



"Paris leads us through a man act, where there was once an open area to the cemetery where they took the bodies one by one"



"I ask him how he feels now, because later"



"I FEEL LIKE I AM THAT CHILD AGAIN"



"We arrive at the common family grave called a 'Fagaya' and which his cousins were lowered"



"At that time there were hundreds of bodies in one area. You can't bury them individually. You have to hurry and bury one body."

127



"The old man he was experienced 20 years old"

"He knew that when the Israeli women came and saw their sons and brothers, they would scream"

"So he did his best to bury the bodies before the women came"



"But we only buried a few of them before the women came. They helped us"

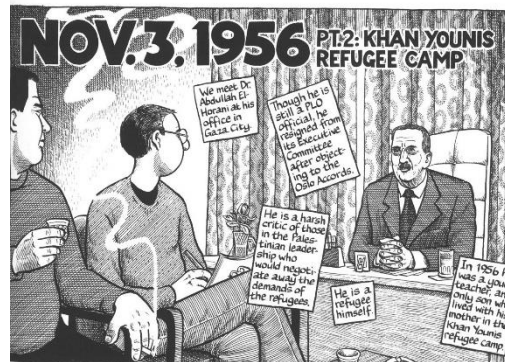


"The bodies of his relatives who were returned a few months later"

"He tries to recall their names"

"He remembers eight names out of twelve"

127



NOV. 3, 1956 PT. 2: KHAN YOUNIS REFUGEE CAMP

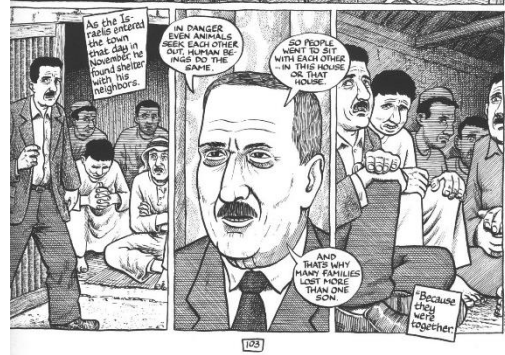
"We meet Dr. Abdullah El-Hajj in his office in Gaza City"

"Though he is still a PLO official he resigned from his Executive Committee after opposing the Oslo Accords"

"He is a harsh critic of those in the Palestinian leadership who would negotiate away the demands of the refugees"

"He is a refugee himself"

"In 1956 he was a young teacher, an only son who moved with his family in the Khan Younis refugee camp"



"As the Israeli entered the town on 10 November, he found shelter with his neighbors"

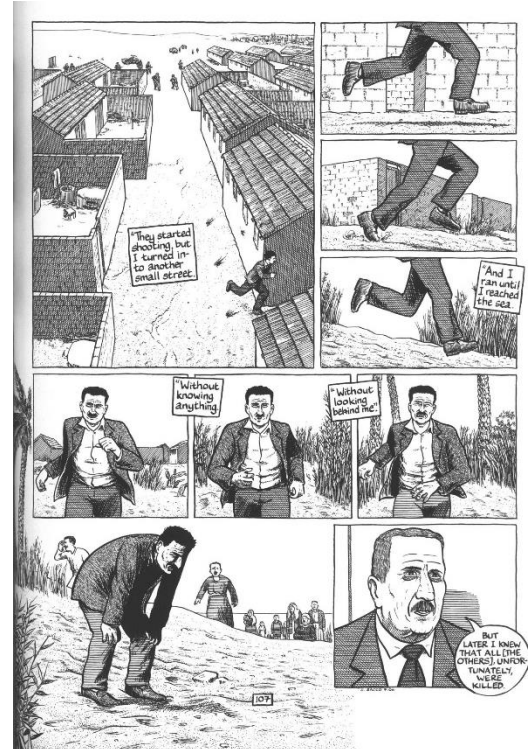
"IN DANGER OVER ANIMALS SEEK EACH OTHER OUT, HUMAN BEINGS DO THE SAME"

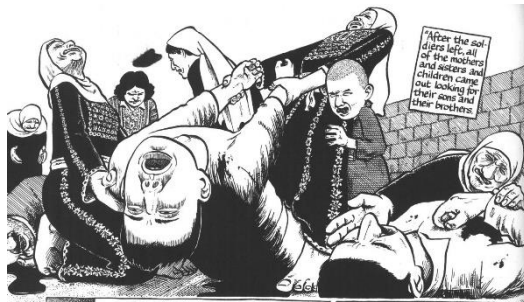
"SO PEOPLE DON'T SIT WITH EACH OTHER IN THIS HOUSE OR THAT HOUSE"

"AND THAT'S WHY MANY FAMILIES LOST MORE THAN ONE SON"

"Because they were together"

128





After the soldiers left, all of the mothers and sisters and children came out looking for their sons and their brothers.



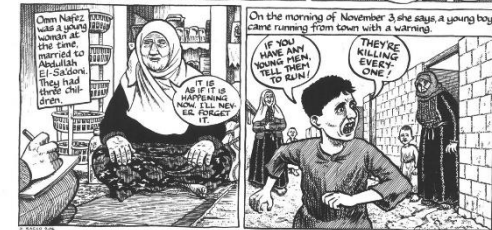
My mother searched more than three or four groups looking for me. She was crying all over the camp.

WHERE IS ABULLAH? Until I came back two days later.

WHEN I GET THOUGHT ALL THESE THINGS WERE FINISHED, PEOPLE WHO BURIED THEIR PARTISANS.

BUT IN EACH HOUSE I FOUND PEOPLE CRYING.

WE LOST SO MANY FRIENDS.



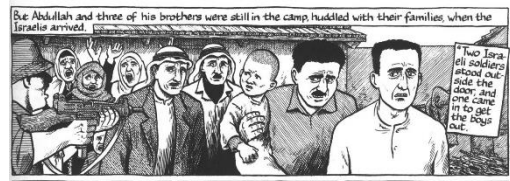
Chem Nazz was a young woman at the time, married to Abdullah El-Sakoni. They had three children.

On the morning of November 3 she says a young boy came running from town with a warning.

IF YOU WANT ANY MORE, TELL THEM TO RUN!

THEY'RE KILLING EVERY ONE!

IT IS AS IF IT IS HAPPENING NOW. ILL MEN ARE FORGETTING IT.



But Abdullah and three of his brothers were still in the camp huddled with their families, when the Israelis arrived.

Two Israeli soldiers stood outside the door, and one came in to get the boys out.



The first brother who came out was Ibrahim.

They killed him.

The next was Subhi. Subhi held a child in his arms.



They shot Subhi, and as he fell they shot the boy, too.

Then came Abdullah and Khamsi. I called.

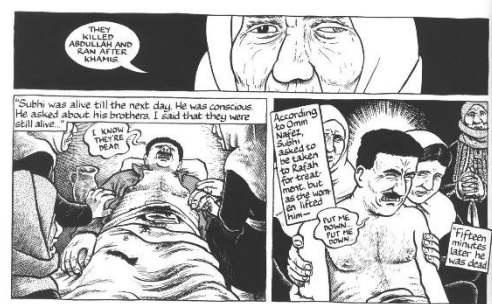
At that point, Khamsi made a run for it.



He jumped over the wall and escaped.

Abdullah... was trying to escape, but they caught him.

They took him outside the door... and they shot him in his side.



THEY KILLED ABULLAH AND SANI AFTER KHAMSI.

Subhi was alive till the next day. He was conscious. He asked about his brothers. I said that they were still alive.

I KNOW THEY'RE DEAD.

According to Owen Nazz, Subhi was asked to be taken to Ramat for treatment, but as the night on the way.

BUT HE DIED. BUT HE DIED.



We went to bury them. I went to UNRWA to get something we could carry them with. I held a white handkerchief as a sign - don't shoot me. There was a curfew at the time.

THE SOLDIERS ASKED ME.

WHAT'S UP?

I NEED SOMETHING TO CARRY THOSE YOU'RE KILLER.

GO HOME. TAKE YOUR DOGS. USE THAT.



We moved the bodies. Our bodies for other lives.

WE TOOK OFF THEIR SHOES AND BURIED THEM.



I covered all the houses with ash... from the lot men with my hands.

I MADE THE HOUSE BLACK.

GIVE ME, GOD.

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO POSSESS TO MORE MEN THAN THREE PAIS.

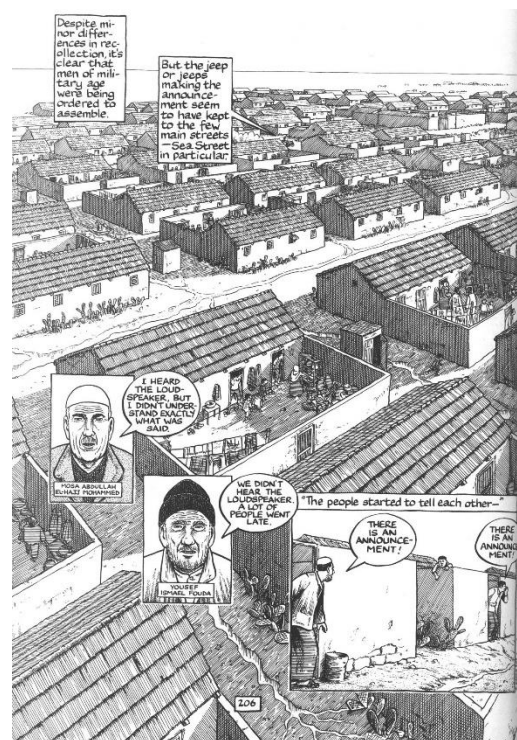
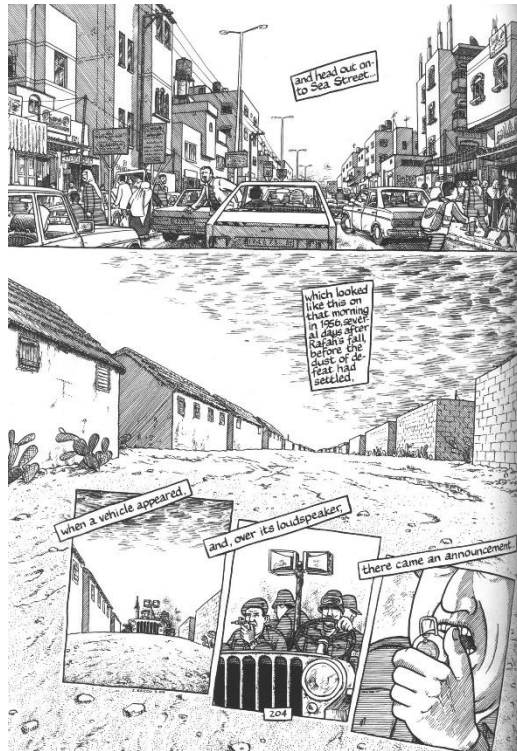
THE MEN ARE HANGED TILL AFTER THE CHILDREN GROW UP.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

GOD WANTS THIS TO HAPPEN TO US - TO LEAVE OUR LANDS AND COME HERE AND BE KILLED.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Urutan panel-panel komik yang menceritakan proses pembantaian di di Rafah



SEA STREET

Aqash Abdel Khalik Louinis has been hard to pin down.

First, he was asked on a hajj and then he needed several days to receive guests and dignitaries. Small gifts as customary after the pilgrimage to Mecca.

After that, he required a few days rest.

Now, finally, we are sitting in his cold front room and he is telling us about that November morning.

THE SUN SHINER THAT DAY WITH YELLOW RAYS WHICH DECLARED THE RAYS OF DEATH WERE COMING.

But we're not interested in rhetorical flourishes honed by his years as a mukhtar, changing his clan and resolving disputes.

We want to see those hours through the eyes of the 21-year-old UNIKWA teacher he once was.

I WAS WOKEN BY THE VOICE OF MY COUSIN TELLING ME TO WAKE UP OR THEY'LL KILL YOU!

208

I felt it was shameful for me as a teacher to go through the door and into the street, in my pajamas.

LEAVE!

THERE ISN'T ANY TIME!

But I changed my clothes and then went out.

My house was exactly on Sea Street.

I found some soldiers in the street. They were shooting, firing from all sides.

And I started running with all my strength!

WE WALKED TO THE SCHOOL IN A GROUP.

I reached Sea Street, where the fire station is today.

I was walking normally.

HURRY UP! HURRY UP!

And he fired at me...

He told me to raise my hands and I started to run.

and the people behind me started to run.

209

AND THEY WERE SAYING: RUN! RUN! RUN! QUICK! QUICK! QUICK!

It was just like ants. People. Everyone from the camp.

Some younger boys were too frightened to remain in their homes.

THERE WAS SHOOTING FROM EVERYWHERE SO I WENT WITH MY FATHER.

WE WALKED TO THE MAIN STREET, AND EVERY FEW METERS YOU MEET A GROUP OF SOLDIERS WITH THEIR JACKETS TELLING YOU: HURRY UP! HURRY UP!

I wasn't hit myself. I saw many people beaten with sticks.

The soldiers were on both sides of the street to prevent people from turning into other streets, and the soldiers were (elsewhere) in the camp. There was shooting in the camp.

210

(Khalil Ahmad Mohammed Ibrahim) a policeman at the time, left for the school dressed in his uniform.

WHEN THEY SAW ME IN MY UNIFORM THE PEOPLE CAME TO ME AND SURROUNDED ME BECAUSE THEY WERE AFRAID.

We met the army. They were firing arbitrarily.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO? WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

GOD WILL HELP US.

JUST WALK AND WE WILL SEE.

GO BACK AND BRING THOSE PEOPLE WITH YOU!

I thought when I turned my back they'd shoot me. My left side froze.

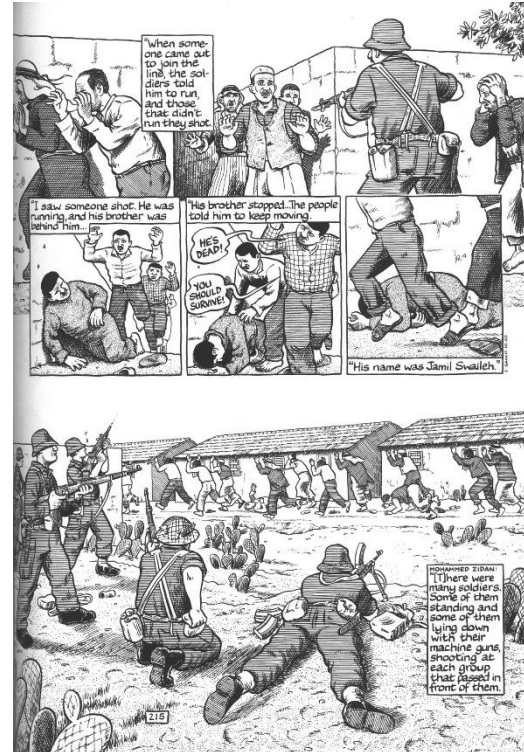
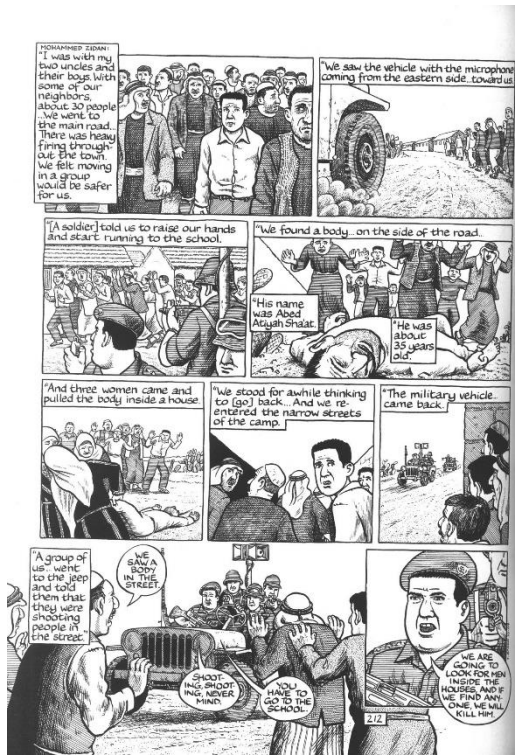
COME!

COME!

The people who had been with me at first kept on walking.

And now a different group of people walked with me.

211



Anyone who was injured or shot, the people left him and kept running. I might have seen three or four bodies on this road. And in each group one or two men were killed.

When I reached the (UNRWA food) distribution center, I saw a funny sight.

The shoes of the people filled the street.

We are back with Agha Abdol Khalik bounis. His memory is strong and with the aid of a map we want his recollection of how Israeli soldiers directed the human traffic along Sea Street toward the school.

THE FIRING WAS FROM ALL SIDES. I RAN UNTIL I REACHED THIS POINT.

NEXT TO OUR FLAT IN THE MIDDLE BEFORE THE CAR PARK.

And there I saw some soldiers with heavy machine guns. Green bullets lying on the ground and from time to time they shot at the people.

DID THEY SEEM TO BE SHOOTING RANDOMLY INTO THE CROWD?

To be honest from my point of view, they were shooting just to terrify the people, but afterwards people told me that the killing had some times been on purpose.

[The men] were lined up like the lines of a net, and they were crowded to gether.

Some of the people came from the south side of the street, near this area, the field, and joined those on Sea Street.

There were soldiers on that side.

and that side, and we went between them the whole way.

Because here in this area there was no [police] to control the people...

And of course they had sticks in their hands and from time to time they beat the people arbitrarily...

In this way we moved up to the distribution center. At that point I saw a body on the ground. His name was Jamil, from Ager (village).

LOCATION OF BUILDINGS APPROXIMATE

"We moved this way, on the south side of the street, until we reached the (present) fire station. There exactly we were moved from the south side to the north... by pushing and heavy sticks and shooting."

When we last saw unham Mahmoud Shatat, he was leaving the house with his two brothers and his cousin Elabed.

When we reached the corner of the school, I took out a cigarette.

"Suddenly we saw two jeeps coming."

RAISE YOUR HANDS DONKEY!

SPEAK!

SAY SOMETHING!

While I was sitting with him, the jeeps were coming back.

A woman came out of a house and pulled me from behind and shut the door.

When the jeeps had gone, she brought a blanket and, with another woman, we carried the body... and returned to the camp.

"WHAT'S THIS?"

"WHY ARE YOU CARRYING?"

"We brought the martyr back to his house Elabeds' father asked."

He started screaming and shouting.

The old men told me to go to the school.

SAVE YOUR LIFE WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE TWO PEOPLE.

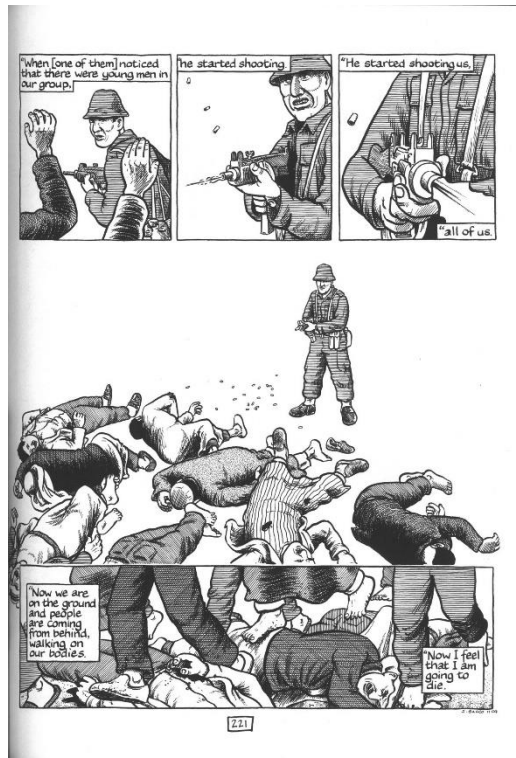
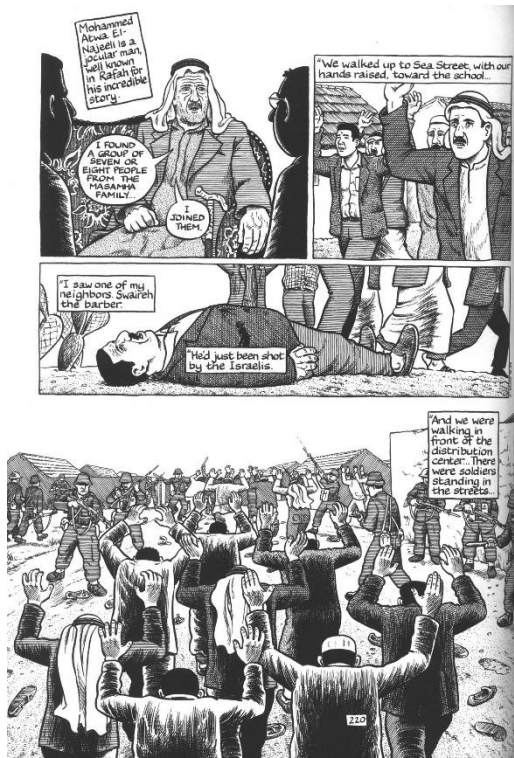
NO, I WILL NOT GO.

THE SOLDIERS HAVE ENTERED THE CAMP.

The old men escorted Ghanim to his own house which he found full of female relatives and neighbors.

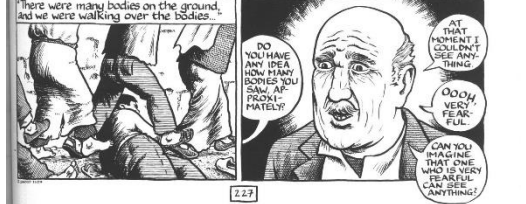
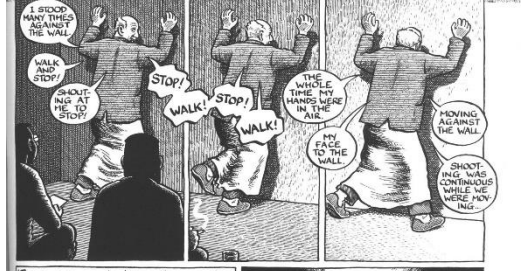
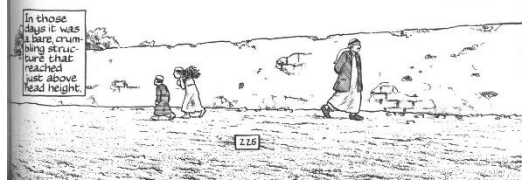
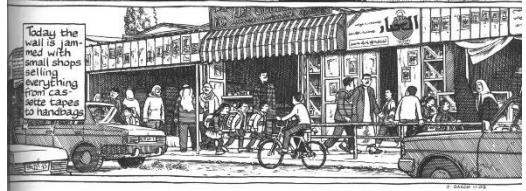
"I washed my hands and my face and lay down."

And I left the outside door open.

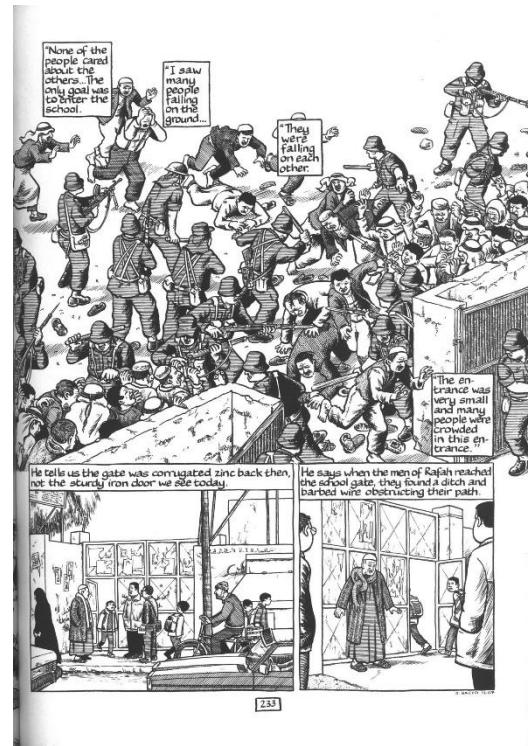
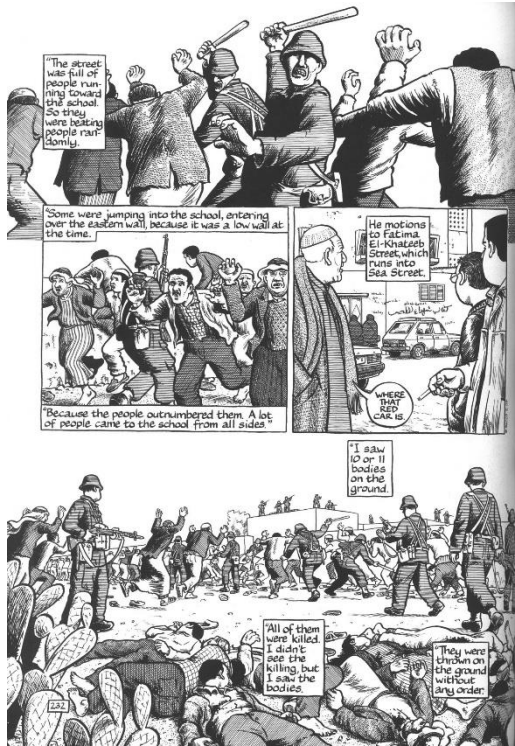




THE SCHOOL WALL



THE SCHOOL GATE



"There is a soldier, a short soldier, about a meter and a half tall, who has a heavy stick."

"And now I'm going toward him"

"I'm just walking."

"I HAD LOST MY MIND."

"THE STICK THE SOLDIER WAS HOLDING WAS IRON."

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

"DO YOU WANT TO BE KILLED?"

"COME HERE!"

"AND HE PULLED ME AND TOOK ME AWAY."

"AND THEN I WORE UP."

"And we kept walking, and my friends seemed to be guiding me because I still didn't know where we could go."

"We just kept walking."

"kept walking."

240

"When we reached the [police] station they took us to a room nearby. They put us inside and locked the door and put a guard on us."

"And every few minutes... he fired just to panic us."

"Their intimidation notwithstanding, the Israeli army considered local policemen as assets. Their cooperation would soon be enlisted to help consolidate the occupation of Gaza."

"Just to let us know he was there."

"AT THE SCHOOL GATE THERE WAS A HUGE NUMBER OF SHOES."

"Whoever arrived thought everyone was supposed to take off his shoes."

"While they were taking off their shoes, they were getting beaten."

"I HAD APPROPRIATE SHOES."

"LOOK OFF MY FEET."

"ABDULLAH (I-DHAMMED) HAD SA-MAGAN WAS IN FRONT OF ME AND WE WERE WALKING CLOSE TO EACH OTHER."

"A Jewish soldier came and beat him on his head with the stick."

"He fell down on his face."

241

"They pulled his body to the other side of the street."

"There were people carrying the bodies from the street and putting them in cars like bags of flour."

"WERE YOU WALKING WITH YOU OKAY?"

"ABDULLAH WAS IN FRONT OF YOU."

"ABDULLAH WAS HIT AND YOU KEPT GOING?"

"KEPT GOING."

"I EN-TERED THE SCHOOL."

"I LEFT ABDULLAH AT THE GATE BLEEDING."

"Awad Mq-hammed Ahmed sketches the scene in front of the school gate into my notebook."

"THERE WAS A CORNER HERE."

"TWO JEES STOOD AT THIS CORNER."

SCHOOL
SEA STREET

242

"If someone fell, the soldiers took him to the jeeps whether he was alive or dead."

"They put four people in each jeep."

"And they took them to the western side."

"DID YOU SEE THE JEES YOURSELF? DID YOU SEE THEM CARRYING THE BODIES?"

"I SAW THEM TAKING A GROUP OF BODIES I SAW THEM ONCE."

"One [man] was dressed in a mukhtar's clothes, and one his name was Abdullah Argan."

"Awad motions with a hand down his skull."

"A head split open."

"AND ONE WHO WAS BEATEN AND FELL DOWN, HE WAS DEAD."

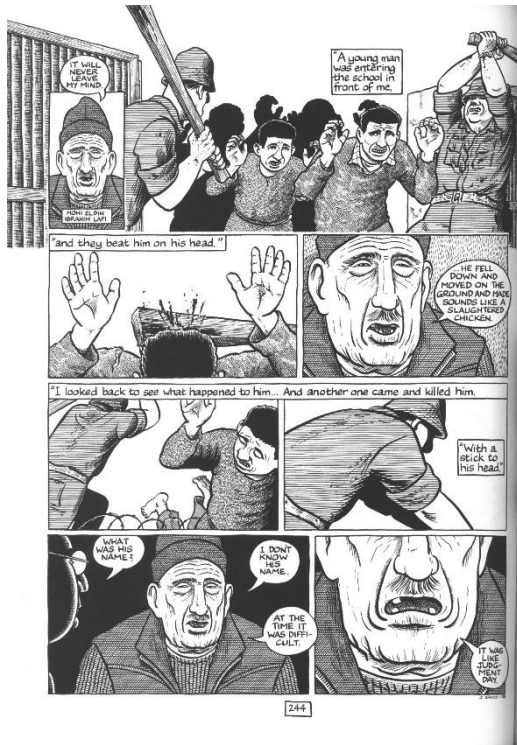
"Even if he was still alive, they shot and killed him."

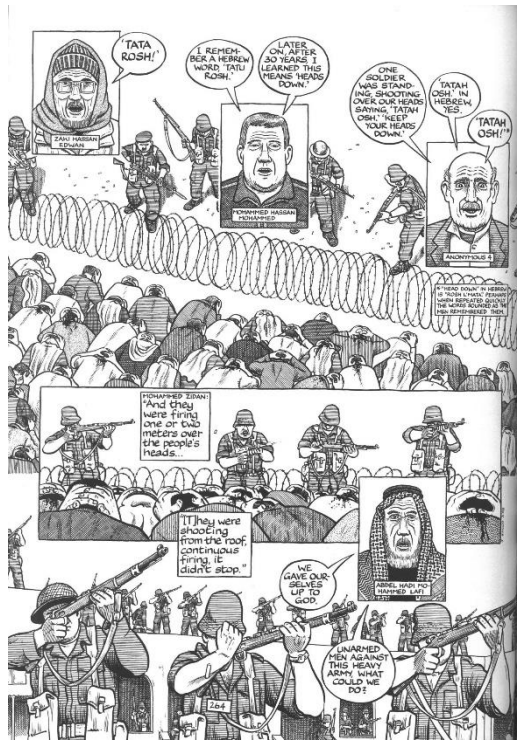
"DID YOU SEE ANY OF THAT WITH YOUR EYES?"

"YES, I SAW MANY BODIES ON THE GROUND BEFORE SLIPPING OVER THE BENCH."

"and because I was tall and strong I jumped quickly."

243







THEY GAVE A FEW HOURS TO GO TO THE SCHOOL TO GATHER.

AT THE END OF THIS PERIOD OF COURSE, THE POLICE STOPPED COMING.

AND THOSE STILL IN THE STREET—NONE OF THEM SURVIVED.

268



THE SEARCH

In the meantime, what was going on outside the school?

We circle around looking for older Bales who we hope can fill us in.

And in one of Ghazal's back alleys, we discover Raleesa Saleh Hassan Khatib selling sweets at a makeshift stall.

Sure she remembers! So! She was a child, but she says her memory is strong.

She entrusts her goods to some grandkids and takes us to the house of an obliging neighbor.

The women there are gagging up with the fun, but they've had it easy. And they're the most fun we've had, too!

gone are the formalities, the solemnity! In fact, the entire scene is a coffee-serving spectacle because well, the women are out here with us, not in the kitchen boiling water.

269



Raleesa says her brother, a Palestinian soldier, went to the school as ordered.

I LEFT THE HOUSE AND NO ONE PREVENTED ME. MY MOTHER WAS A VERY OLD WOMAN AND I WAS THE OLDEST OF MY SISTERS.

SO I WENT TO THE WALL OF THE SCHOOL. MAYBE THREE GIRLS WERE WITH ME.

I saw all the men sitting, their heads down, and the Jews among them walking, going and coming.

Anyone who moved was beaten.

They were firing over their heads and they told them.

TATA ROSH, IHMAR!

Soldiers ordered the girls away. But we came and went many times.

270



The women weren't able to leave their houses at first, but when they saw me running and walking in the streets they became stronger and went out.

I WASN'T AFRAID.

AND I'M (STILL) NOT WEAK OR STRONG.

WERE THERE MANY WOMEN IN THE STREETS?

Yes, many women, many kids, holding black flags.

They ran after their men until they reached this area, screaming and shouting.

A few dozen from Kabzas and the police went to El-Tall, who also re-members.

MY HUSBAND AND HER THREE SISTERS WENT TO THE SCHOOL WHEN THEY HEARD THE LOUN-SPEAKERS.

WE STARTED TO SCREAM AND SHOUT AT THE SOLDIERS.

They pushed us back, telling us.

GO HOME! GO HOME!

[A soldier] pushed us inside and closed the door.

[Later] we went outside again.

271



When they finished searching in the camp the same officer came back... and they started to ask each of us.

"YOUR NAME? WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"

"They were letting the old men leave. Only those of us remained."

Ghannim was taken to one of two alternative gathering points, distant from the government school, for further screening.

Over and over again we are told the story of one Mohammed Thabit, a school teacher discovered hiding at home - some say dressed in women's clothing - and shot by Israeli soldiers.

For example, Fatima El-Khatib, my neighbor, says they took him outside the door and killed him.

Others repeat the story, and insist that he was solidly confirmed, indeed, all the men he mentions were killed that day.

But his family has emigrated and we can not hope to verify the fact.

But Abed is somewhat skeptical about the man actually having witnessed the killings.

We also hear of killings of groups of men who left for the school late. But we want an eyewitness.

One man - a young boy at the time - claims to have followed several family members and neighbors from Block D and watched from a distance as they were lined up against a wall and shot.

and Abed's doubt is as good as a veto.

276

Who decides what is credible and what is not?

Abed and I, sitting in our room drinking coffee.

"We decide." "We decide."

In the absence of UNRWA records of Israeli records - and could we rely on them if we had them - it's up to us to fill history's gaps with as much truthful, cogent testimony as we can.

When I take out my notepad and ask him to repeat the story, he hesitates.

It's some thing out of the news, and I don't want trouble for myself.

I tell him I won't name him, and reluctantly he starts again.

Anyway, one day, after we've moved on from this part of the story, we come across four black Palestinian children, perhaps the descendants of Turkish slaves playing a game with stones in the sand.

They entered our house and searched it. They said to my grandfather.

He looked at the ID and asked the soldiers to take [my grandfather] to the school and check if the age was right or wrong.

"My brother and I secretly followed the soldiers and my grandfather."

YOU ARE ASKING WHY I DON'T GO TO THE SCHOOL?

"Near the sanitation department we found seven men lined up against the wall with their hands over their heads."

My grandfather already had passed that point.

277

"Now we stopped."

There was an old woman on the street looking for her son, who had come to the school.

And the old woman stopped also.

The woman fell down on the ground to her hands and knees.

ALL THE PEOPLE KILLED.

ALL THE PEOPLE KILLED!

ALL OF US WENT BACK TO OUR HOUSES.

WE TOLD THE STORY TO OUR FAMILY.

AFTER HALF AN HOUR MY GRANDFATHERS CAME BACK WITH THE SOLDIERS BECAUSE THEY HAD FOUND HE WAS OLDER THAN HE WANTED.

Abed and I have to take responsibility for believing or rejecting a witness.

In this case we both trust our instincts and the man's story.

278

He and the others have warned to us and they direct us to a woman living nearby.

Her husband had already left in front of her.

Soon we are sitting with Nasrath Fefel on the same spot she was living with her husband, Salem, all those years ago.

IT WAS HIS FATE TO COME BACK AND TO BE KILLED.

I told him, ALL THE PEOPLE ARE RUNNING TOWARDS THE SCHOOL, AND YOU SHOULD GO.

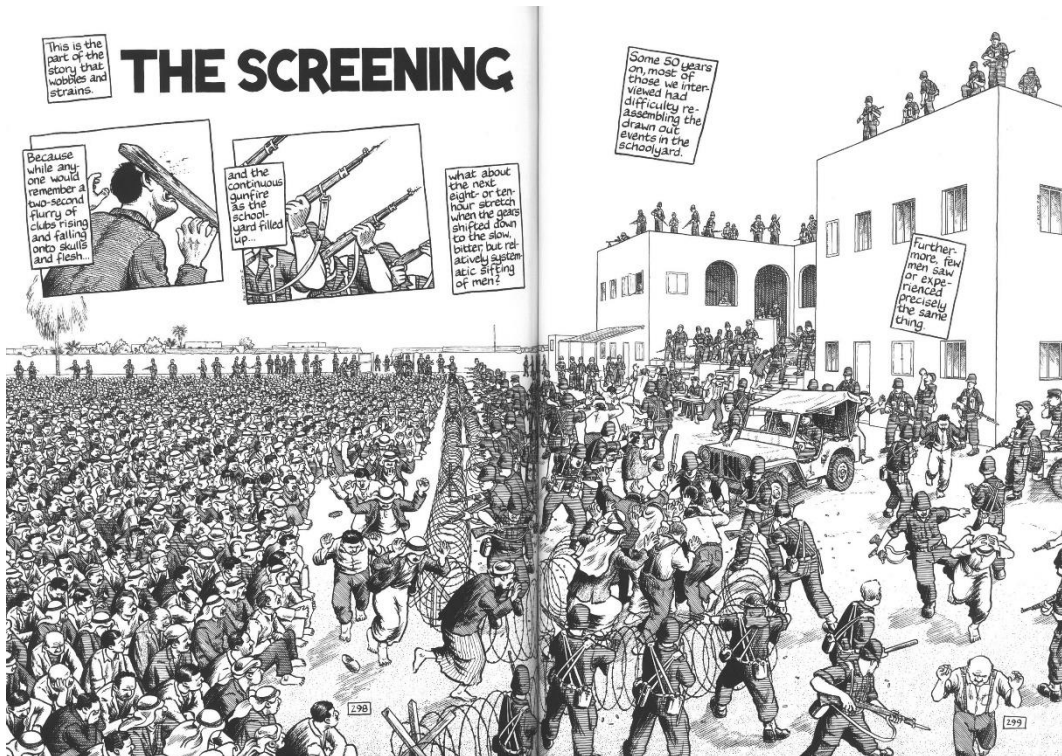
When he went outside he didn't see any people. The men had already gone to the school.

Our neighbor [also] left late. They beat our neighbor with the back of their guns, and they took him to the school.

So he decided to come back.

"Suddenly we found them entering the house."

279



THE OFFICER OR OFFICERS

But many interviews agreed on certain components of the next few hours starting with the arrival of the officers.

AFTER 12 O'CLOCK, MAYBE, WHILE ALL THE PEOPLE HAD THEIR HEADS ON THE GROUND.

A JEEP ENTERED.

A JEEP CAME WITH TWO SOLDIERS INSIDE. ONE OF THEM SHORTLY ONE OF THEM FELL.

IN THE AFTERNOON TWO CARS ENTERED. IT SEEMED THAT INSIDE THE TWO CARS WERE OFFICERS OF HIGH RANK.

300

AN INTERNATIONAL ONE. MAYBE HE WAS ISRAELI, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM.

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER HE WAS A HIGH-RANKING JEWISH OR BRITISH.

I THINK HE WAS HIGH-RANKING IN THE UNITED NATIONS.

A FOREIGNER, MAYBE A BRITISH ONE... BESIDE HIM A TRANSLATOR WHO KNEW ARABIC.

WHO THEY WERE, WE DON'T KNOW, BUT WE HEARD THAT THEY WERE BRITISH AND FRENCH.

With the presence of this officer or these officers, most agree that the situation eased.

CHAPPED DOWN. "Because immediately by a sign of his hand, the firing stopped."

He talked directly to the people and asked them to raise their heads.

301

'RAISE YOUR HEADS!'

'RAISE YOUR HEADS!'

'ALL OF YOU PEOPLE RAISE YOUR HEADS UP!'

WE TOOK A BREATH.

SOME ATTRIBUTE A MORE FORCEFUL PERSONA TO THIS MYSTERIOUS FIGURE.

IN THE AFTERNOON, I THINK A FRENCH OR INTERNATIONAL GIRL CAME.

She was shocked by this scene, all of us with our heads down.

WHY THIS?

A CAR OF INTERNATIONALS CAME.

One of them went crazy.

WHAT IS THIS?

302

And he started shouting to the people.

RAISE YOUR HEADS!

He stood in the middle and stopped the firing.

THE LEGEND OF THE DOVES

HE WAS NOT A JEW. HE WAS BRITISH OR A FOREIGNER.

and a dove came and stood on his shoulder.

I SAW THREE DOVES FLY UP AND FLY DOWN VERY CLOSE TO US.

THESE ARE MERCIFUL ANGELS WHO'VE COME TO US.

WHERE ARE THOSE ANGELS?

THERE IS NO MERCY HERE.

I said, THESE ARE MERCIFUL ANGELS WHO'VE COME TO US.

303

THE CALL FOR SURRENDER

The Israelis now began to pick out suspected Palestinian combatants.

AS I REMEMBER, THEY SELECTED THE PEOPLE BY A LIST OF NAMES THEY HAD.

THEY CALLED ON SOME PEOPLE BY THEIR NAMES, HOW THEY KNEW THEIR NAMES WE DON'T KNOW.

THEY TOOK THEM TO THE ROOMS OF THE SCHOOL.

THEY TOOK DIFFERENT GROUPS TO DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE BUILDING.

THEY INTERROGATED THESE GROUPS IN A SERIOUS WAY AND GOT OTHER NAMES WHICH THEY THEN CALLED.

MOHAMMED ZIDAN: "Each time someone entered the room we started to hear shooting inside. Just to give us the idea that whoever entered the room would be killed just to terrify us."

The Israelis also asked Palestinian soldiers to surrender voluntarily.

THEY CALLED FOR THE SOLDIERS TO COME FORWARD THROUGH THE LOUNGE SPEAKER.

THE WHO IS A SOLDIER, COME HERE AND WE WILL NOT HARM YOU!

MOHAMMED ZIDAN

ABDULLAH HASSAN

304

I DON'T BE AFRAID.

AND IF YOU DON'T SHOW YOURSELF YOU'LL BE KILLED.

WE HAVE ALL THE LISTS FOR GAZA.

I showed myself.

Step by step, step by step.

Two then three, then four.

They encouraged each other.

Some soldiers pointed to others.

ONE OR TWO OF THE SOLDIERS STOOD UP AND THEY POINTED OUT THEIR FRIENDS.

THEY FORCED SOME WEAK PERSONALITIES—I DON'T LIKE TO SAY COLLABORATORS—THEY FORCED THEM TO SELECT THESE GROUPS, THE SOLDIERS.

THE ISRAELIS FORCED THEM.

MOHAMMED ZIDAN

MOHAMMED ZIDAN

305

THEY SELECTED TWO COLLABORATORS WHO THEY KNEW WERE SOLDIERS AND ASKED THEM TO POINT TO THEIR COLLEAGUES.

SO EVERY SOLDIER WHO KNEW HE WOULD BE SELECTED TRIED TO HIDE HIS FACE.

AND THE ONES WHO TRIED TO HIDE THEY SELVES THEY TOOK.

AT THE END WHEN SOME SOLDIERS REFUSED TO SHOW THEMSELVES, THE ISRAELIS DECIDED TO COME AND SELECT PEOPLE.

YOU STAND UP! YOU STAND UP! YOU STAND UP!

They selected people who were not soldiers.

'HEY, YOU COME HERE!'

THEY WOULD TAKE HIM AND SHOOT HIM.

This happened, we know, everybody was trying to hide his face so they wouldn't shoot him.

ABDULLAH HASSAN

306

THEY WOULD COME AMONG US AND SELECT ONE, TWO, THREE.

STAND UP! STAND UP! STAND UP!

They took them behind a wall, the western wall.

And then shot them.

Despite these allegations and others to follow, we find no credible eyewitness account of any shootings in the schoolyard itself.

The Israelis were gathering the Palestinian soldiers and other suspects in the screening in a separate holding area.

THE CAFE OWNER

One often repeated story, which demonstrates how disparate some recollections are, concerns an alleged Israeli soldier who had lived in Rafah and held a grudge against a cafe owner named Indayhee.

So Indayhee went, but none of the people sitting saw him killed. But we heard the shooting. I don't know where.

INDAYHEE WAS SITTING AMONG US, THE SPY CAME AND SAID THAYHEE, COME OUT!

ISRAELI SOLDIER

"We didn't dare to raise our heads."

307

SUDDENLY I HEARD A VOICE CALLING ZAKI IHADYHEE. ZAKI IHADYHEE APPEARED AND HE NEVER RETURNED.

THROUGH THE LOUDSPEAKER they called for Ihdahyhee and his sons. Of course he wasn't there.

THE NEXT DAY WE HEARD RUMORS that Ihdahyhee had been killed inside his house or in the streets.

NOT SATISFIED they had discovered all the soldiers in the schoolyard, the Israeli soldiers next attempted to utilize the aid of local notables.

THEY ASKED EACH mukhtar TO COME AND SELECT THE SOLDIERS FROM HIS VILLAGE.

THEY LINED THE mukhtars in one area.

THEY CALLED HIS NAME FROM THE LOUDSPEAKER INSIDE THE SCHOOL. THEY TOOK HIM BEHIND THE BUILDING AND HE HEARD SHOOTING.

308

Most of the mukhtars didn't go up. And some... went just to save the lives of the people.

Maybe the mukhtars said, **ANYONE WHO IS A SOLDIER, COME HERE.**

THE ISRAELIS ASKED THE PEOPLE TO STAND IN ONE LINE AND WALK IN FRONT OF THE MUKHTARS.

They didn't insist, and they didn't mention anyone by name.

The mukhtars looked at us and never selected anyone.

When I finished my turn and was going back, the soldier who guarded the selected area said me, **YOU! COME HERE!**

All the mukhtars shouted, **THIS IS THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO MAKES THE IDENTITY CARDS FOR THE PEOPLE!**

Awadallah Ahmed Awadallah, one of the mukhtars who had come forward, drives home the point. "We didn't identify anyone," he tells us.

So I went back to my place.

You have to understand this.

309

Many men also recall being made to walk past a collaborator sitting in a jeep.

THE COLLABORATOR WAS CONSIDERED BY A BUNKER.

Each group of four came in front of the jeep.

THE ONE INSIDE THE jeep, when he gave a sign with the horn—

—it was a sign to get that person.

and they took that person and killed him behind the building.

THERE WERE COLLABORATORS WITH THE JEWS, AND THEY COVERED THEIR FACES INSIDE THE CARS.

IN JEeps JEWISH JEeps.

They asked one line to stand up and move in front of the jeep, and they selected people.

That one—

—and they took the soldiers.

310

WE HAD TO STAND IN FRONT OF THE JEEP FOR AWHILE AND THEN KEEP WALKING.

The men were led to a group of tables where they were questioned individually.

MANY SOLDIERS WERE LINED UP IN FRONT OF THE PEOPLE.

THE QUESTIONING PROCESS WAS VERY SLOW.

AND THEY TOOK WHO THEY WANTED.

They stopped me and asked, **WHAT'S YOUR WORK?**

TEACHER.

So they left me.

WHEN MY TURN CAME THEY ASKED, **WHERE DO YOU LIVE? WHAT'S THE NATURE OF YOUR WORK?**

I'M A POLICE MAN.

QUESTIONS OF THIS KIND I PASSED THROUGH WITHOUT ANY PROBLEM.

JUST ONE QUESTION AND ONE ANSWER.

and then go.

311

IT WAS ONLY TEN DAYS SINCE I'D LEFT THE ARMY... I HAD A CIVILIAN (IDENTITY) CARD.

There was a colleague of mine whose personality was very very weak, and when they took him in the morning he gave all the information and all the names, and he stood with them at the cables.

When I came and showed them my identity card, they let me go.

AFTER FIVE MINUTES... A SOLDIER CAUGHT ME BY THE COLLAR.

YOUR COLLEAGUE TOLD ME YOU'RE A DRIVER FOR A MADAR.

YOUR FRIEND TOLD ME YOU'RE A DRIVER FOR A MADAR.

NOT A SOLDIER!

At some point the Israelis must have realized they might not finish screening all the men before shut-down.

THE SPEED UP

WHEN IT WAS ABOUT 5 O'CLOCK THEY STARTED TO MAKE THE PEOPLE STAND UP SO AT A TIME.

312

THE PEOPLE WERE MANY AND THE INVESTIGATION ROOMS WERE FEW... IT WAS NEAR SUNSET AND THEY STARTED TO HURRY UP THE PROCESS.

There was no time. They would take ten people at a time, but there was no time.

THEY DIDN'T CARE WHETHER WE WERE SOLDIERS OR NOT.

THEY SELECTED THE HANDS... SOME GUYS THE WELL-BUILT GUYS.

We reached the desks and they selected us with their eyes.

THEY DIDN'T ASK YOU ANY QUESTIONS?

NO, THEY DIDN'T.

THEY JUST SAW US AND SELECTED US.

YOU GO THERE! YOU GO THERE!

MY TURN HADN'T COME UP.

SIT THERE!

I was just watching.

313

THE BUSES

As the screening wrapped up, the suspected candidates were led to a number of buses waiting outside the school gate.

ALL ISRAELI MEN... THEY MADE US WALK IN GROUPS OF FIVE.

WHILE WE WERE WALKING WE WERE HIT BY...

WE ENTERED THE BUSES.

THREE IN EVERY SEAT.

AND WE SAT LIKE THIS.

THE ONE WHO CALLED HIS HEAD, THEY HIT.

314

THE SOLDIERS CLIMBED OVER THE PEOPLE TO BEAT THEM.

ONE OF THE SOLDIERS THROUGH THE WINDOW HIT ME ON MY LEFT SIDE.

WHILE WE WERE TO ENTER THE BUS THE SOLDIER ASKED HIM TO WALK AND HE DON'T WANT TO WALK.

When I entered the bus, I heard a shot. I raised my head.

I saw him dead, [being] pulled and hidden behind the cactoid trees.

315

