Basel Abbas & Ruanne Abou-Rahme

Prisoners of Love: Until the Sun of Freedom

Large Print version of the text panels which form part of the artworks in Gallery 3

Until we became fire.rtf

After they destroyed the village they planted pine trees to cover the remains

In the wake *of the destruction*we looked out towards the hill
but could not find the path

Decades set in pine needles covered the land extinguishing breath of pomegranate, fig, almond

And then one afternoon

a fire raged

encircling the hilltop

Burning

Burning

Burning

until all the pine trees

had been reduced to ash

And the terraces we had built

returned

Embracing the land

The fire raged and raged

until we became fire

and fire us

ba	ba	.rtf
Ju	MU.	

March 2024

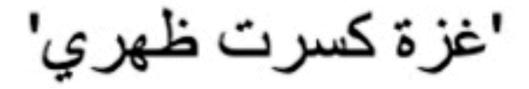
These are my baba's drawings.

He drew them in the 70's and 80's.

A few weeks ago while he was in hospital we spoke about them.

Months before, before he was sick, as the genocide was devouring us I felt I was seeing Gaza now in them.
When I started working with the drawings I did not know what would happen with him.

My baba passed in the wake of this genocide four days after his birthday, February 11th
He told my mother
'Gaza broke my back'



He left us suddenly

And left us heartbroken.

He was born in 1948, in the wake of the Nakba, my grandmother fled with him and 5 other children to Lebanon leaving my grandfather in Shefamer.

A few months later she made the decision to try and return, the journey back was very dangerous. Israeli soldiers were shooting people who tried to return.

Do you see the deadly repetitions that make their home in us.

Mariam my grandmother was a force to be reckoned with, still her milk dried up from the fear and exhaustion, my father was a baby only a few months old. Were it not for the solidarity of other women making the journey who took turns breastfeeding my father he would not have

made it.

These are the deadly repetitions that make their home in us.

Baba lived a life full of resistance, in every stroke of his drawings he resisted, in his love for the land he resisted, in his refusal he resisted, in his laughter and joy and defiance he resisted. When he restored our three hundred year old home in the Galilee, in our town Shefamer, he removed the concrete to unearth powerful Palestinian stone. In the

70's my grandmother had poured cement over the stone, in an effort to 'modernise', concrete being a colonial material that somehow for those under the thumb of colonisation seemed to be a symbol of modernity. He worked ten years, with little money and resources to restore the house to what it was, all the while gathering people from the town to speak about a forgotten time before colonisation. People chipping away concrete, chipping away in one small way the violence of colonisation. Baba

restored the house, he resisted. When he was done he put up a plaque that told its story.

Baba resisted every day at the core of his being, and taught us the meaning of resistance to the core of our being.

Tawfik Abou-Rahme
February 7th 1948- February 11th 2024

I say we and yet oceans divide us.rtf

4 am

We are under siege

I say we and yet oceans divide us

if you don't leave

they will demolish the house on top of

your heads

We lose contact

I say we and mean so many named and

unnamed

that share in a wound

that is theirs and not theirs

Later after it is all rubble

I watch you

When I say watch I mean on a screen

thousands of kilometers away

trying to retrieve

forms of life from the debris

what is undone can be done and what is done can be undone

You come out holding what remains of a fridge

'This is all I was able to get from under the rubble,

this is what remains, a fridge with family memories on it'

We are trying to string words together
But there is no language
only sounds
that tremble through us

being the negative.rtf

Being the negative is to be the debt that is owed to us

Being the negative is *being with what we are indebted to*, all those that came

Before us and calls to us now

call to us from within their graves;

"those who chant do not die"

the call echos, call us again and again to where we must be

Being the negative is being what seems buried, but continues to sprout Being the negative is to see the breaks as

openings,

to be that break

breathing and being, being and breathing where you should *not* be

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أن نكون الناقص يعني أن نكون الدين الذي هو حقنا أن نكون الناقص هو أن نكون مع الذين ندين لهم، كل الذين سبقونا وينادون الآن ينادون إلينا من أعماق قبور هم ينادون إلينا من أعماق قبور هم المناداة تدوي المناداة تدوي تنادينا مرارا إلى مواقعنا أن نكون الناقص هو أن نكون ما يبدو دفينا لكنه دوما ينبت أن نكون الناقص هو رؤية الشق كانبثاق أن نكون الشق ذاته أن نكون الشق ذاته أن نكون ونتنفس حيث لا ينبغي أن نكون
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hospitals.rtf

October, November, December, January, February, March, April 2023-24

Gaza, again and again, the genocide destroys every part of us.

Hospital after hospital, is bombed, shelled, under siege. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, daughters, sons, loved ones are buried in the grounds of the hospitals. The hospital becomes a burial site. The hospital is under siege, loved ones dying from lack of oxygen, lack of medicine, lack of food and water. Dina Abu Mehsen the only survivor from her family killed in the Nasser hospital, where she was being treated, when a bomb was dropped on the children's wing. The hospital is under fire from

snipers, people who were sheltering in the hospital have to crawl out, one man crawls for a whole day, a young boy witnesses his father and brother killed by snipers, manages to escape, leaving his heart with his brother and father martyred outside Al-Shifa hospital. The hospital becomes a prison. Patients too sick, disabled or old to leave are trapped inside, a few doctors who were not detained or killed remain with them. They have no water or food, the hospital is under siege, they are trapped in one room. The hospital is a scene of a massacre, hundreds of people lay slain,

maimed, crushed under tanks. These words are a complete failure, there are no words to grasp this unbearable, unimaginable horror.

All this only a fraction of thousands of stories. Stories that break you. Stories that should break and unmake the world.

S on writing

S told us:

"...They confiscated pens and papers, so that we don't produce, don't write, and don't have any production as a prisoner movement. It was a failure. I promised myself to go out and write, and to write all these feelings and all these thoughts that I had while in prison. To this day, I am writing, because what I discovered is that prison is a journey, not just while you are inside the cell. Your journey with prison and your relationship with prison begins afterward. It begins with how you produce after detention. And here I am writing, and to this day I am writing, and

to this day there are things I keep remembering."

stream.rtf

I was on a stream

That could have been a sea

In which I drowned

And everything in me

Was saying this is death

This is death

And I knew it was

Some form of dying

And then a voice called out

And I paused

'I want to tell you just a brief couple
Of things about that bomb
That I think you need to understand'*

And knowing what happens after a bomb goes off

Ilistened

And everything in me

Was saying

This voice is life

Some form of life persisting

'The bomb here created a radioactive cloud

that ascended over 40,000 feet into the stratosphere.

Actually it surpassed the atmosphere."*

These were the forces

That raged within us

And these are the forces

That raged against us

Within us and against us

Against us and within us *

'As the

Ash fell from the sky

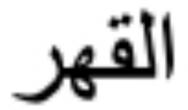
We were absorbing the radiation through

Our skin'*

How many times do I need to tell you this story?

'We lost the court case. They came and demolished our home.

My father had a heart attack standing in the remains of the house.'



*Tine Cordova speaking about the fallout from Nuclear test site in New Mexico *(after adrienne rich, with raged instead of ranged)