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Memory Work in the Palestinian Diaspora

by

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B.A., Columbia College Chicago 1999

**A thesis submitted to the
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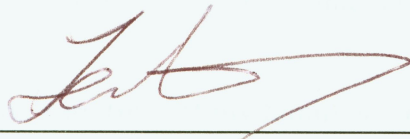


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**This thesis entitled:
Memory Work in the Palestinian Diaspora
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has been approved for the Department of Art and Art History**



(Albert Chong)



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The final copy of this thesis has been examined by the signatories, and we find that both the content and the form meet acceptable presentation standards of scholarly work in the above mentioned discipline.

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Memory Work in the Palestinian Diaspora

Thesis directed by Associate Professor Albert Chong

What is most denied to Palestinians by the international media is the ability to communicate their own story to a world that noted scholar Edward Said described as “hypnotized by a mythological Zionist narrative of an empty Palestine.” Palestinians have been historically powerless to combat propaganda that asserts that Palestine was an empty land waiting for the return of Jews persecuted in Europe for centuries. The creation of the state of Israel resulted in the expulsion of 4 million Palestinians now living in the Diaspora. Millions more have been internally displaced within their own country..

My M.F.A. work is based on narratives of my family’s forced migration from Palestine, to Iraq, and then to America, and culminates with my own return to Palestine, the land we as Arabs are forbidden to enter. The work forms a discourse that complicates accepted and official history. As witnesses to history, my family’s memories act as personal testimony that objects to the effacement of events that have shaped geography and modern-day politics.

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Work in the Palestinian Diaspora

What is most denied to Palestinians by the international media is the ability to communicate their own story to a world that noted scholar Edward Said described as “hypnotized by a mythological Zionist narrative of an empty Palestine.”¹ Palestinians have been denied the “permission to narrate” their own story and have instead been historically powerless to combat propaganda that asserts that Palestine was a convenient, empty land waiting for the return of Jews persecuted in Europe for centuries. The creation of the state of Israel resulted in the expulsion of 4 million Palestinians now living in the Diaspora. Millions more have been internally displaced within their own country prompting Palestine’s poet laureate, Mahmoud Darwish to ask, “Where do the birds fly after the last sky?”

My MFA thesis is based on narratives of my family’s forced migration from Palestine to Iraq, and then on to America, and culminates with my own return to Palestine, the land we as Arabs are forbidden to enter. The work forms a discourse that complicates accepted and official history. The memories of my mother and grandmother act as personal testimony or verbal memorials to events that have shaped history, geography and modern-day politics. As witnesses to history, our stories of Diaspora are reflected in my artwork, a kind of memorial that has never been allowed to exist on the sites Palestinians were expelled from.

In 1948, my grandmother, Imtithal, had three daughters, aged four and two, plus a newborn. After the massacre of Palestinians at Deir Yassin, a peaceful village that wasn’t mandated to Israeli, my grandparents decided to flee Jaffa, a small port city next

to Tel-Abib (now Tel-Aviv) before British and Israeli forces moved in. So sure that soon they would be returning, that the occupation was only temporary, they actually covered the furniture with sheets and locked the doors. They spent a year in Boodroos, a small village next to Ramallah, where tens of thousands of refugees lived on the streets. After a year without work and living under substandard conditions, my grandparents' youngest daughter died from dysentery. They used the last of their money to rent a car to move to Baghdad, where my grandfather, Mahmoud, had visited a few years before. They buried their daughter and left to Iraq. They believed they would be able to return in a year or two, but after fifty-six years, that dream has never materialized.

“Whose story is it?” asks theorist Nancy K. Miller, referring to memoir writers who “blur the lines between autobiography and biography, self and other, especially when a child tells the parent’s story.”ⁱⁱ Sitting at a table in Bethlehem with Palestinians this past October, I felt as if I were a memoir writer, attempting to explain what I was doing there by weaving a complicated tale of my family’s exile. I chronicled my mother and grandparents’ journey from Palestine to Iraq, the journey my parents and I made from Iraq to America and back, the years spent moving from country to country, until finally settling in America. After waiting nearly 15 years to receive the precious American passport, a passport that allows the body freedom of movement in the world, I ‘returned’ to Palestine. My story, they told me, was not just the story of my family, but of Palestinians everywhere.

My own singular body represented the symbolic hope for the “right of return.” “Right of return” is a phrase used to explain the Palestinian demands for the return of all

refugees and their descendents, both internally and externally displaced by the 1948 and 1967 wars, to their homes within Palestine and Israel. My body, along with my camera, was a surrogate for my grandmother's, whose age and frailty hinders her from being ever able to return. Upon my return, however, I was also asked to witness their ghettoized lives, and to go back to America to tell the truth about what was happening in Palestine. My body, pictured in my American passport, had the ability to travel and move freely in this world, and could come back to the US and speak for those who I met in Palestine, confined to a single city and cut off from the world by massive walls. I brought my family's story to Palestine, and stood as a symbol for the right of return, and I brought the stories of Palestinians under occupation back to the US, as a voice for those who haven't the ability to be heard. My MFA exhibition is based on the stories of my family and the Palestinians I met, and as such, of Palestinians everywhere.

The question of why Palestinians have been unable to narrate their history to the world is best understood in the lack of memorials to that history. Conversely, my experience living in the US has been characterized by the surge of memorial work being done: from large-scale memorial sites on sacred ground (such as The World Trade Center and Oklahoma City), to makeshift shrines at accident sites, cyber blogs devoted to the dead and of America's most favorite pastime, genealogy. Theorist Marita Sturken states that although critics of postmodernism largely see such work as being extremely anti-historical, "postmodern culture is preoccupied with the question of memory, and national culture has produced an increasing number of memorials to war and to figures of the past."ⁱⁱⁱ The lack of memorials is a manifestation of our inability to

combat the “official history,” a history that doesn’t acknowledge the history and nationhood of Palestine prior to the creation of Israel.

I had to ask myself, where are the memorials to the 4 million Palestinians displaced and the unknown number tortured, oppressed and killed in the quest to build and defend Israel? Steven Salita wrote in his article, “Reconstructing Consciousness: Memorializing Deir Yassin,” about the impact of not being able to memorialize the death and exile of millions as another example of the denial of Palestinian history; the ability to acknowledge, memorialize and mourn their horrific plight. Salita writes:

It is no accident that conflict exists in places without memorials because memorials are more than physical structures; they position the past in the present in the service of a better future. Unfortunately, though, these are rare cases. No structure commemorates Romani and homosexual victims of Hitler. No structure commemorates the Turkish genocide of Armenians. No museum on the Washington Mall commemorates Indian dispossession. And no physical marker in Israel beyond occasional stone rubble and cactus patches denotes the existence of a once proud and populous Palestinian nation.^{iv}

The inability to narrate the factual destruction of the Palestinian nation and the lack of references to Palestinians and their struggle for basic human rights is visibly obvious in the absence of memorials to those events and the lives affected by them. My MFA thesis works to denounce the effacement of those events and functions as temporary memorials to our history and present conditions, through devices such as oral recollections, visual substitutions, reconstructed artifacts and conceptual imagery.

By using my own body as a vehicle to both embody and illustrate visual narratives of the Palestinian past and present (while hinting at the future), I become the retrospective witness. With video camera in hand, I took myself to Palestine and Israel in search of the homes of my grandmother and mother, opening the door of the past into

the present. My body crossed imaginary boundaries of time and national borders. Private memories told in my grandmother's kitchen or in my mother's sewing room became public in my artwork.

In her book, *The Image as Memorial*, Sturken states, "The photograph plays an important function in the relationship of personal memory, cultural memory, and history precisely because of the ways in which images can move from one realm to the next."^v In the context of my work, the photographs and video, move from the personal memory (based on personal memories shared between my mother, grandmother and myself), into cultural memory (the video and photographs both houses and juxtapositions the collection of memories, forming a collective memory), which culminates into a different mediation of history, one that resists the 'official' and mediated history of Palestine and Israel.

The story of my grandmother and mother's loss of country, symbolically tied to the house they left and my unsuccessful attempt to locate it in the present, repeats the cycle of dispossession. It articulates the current and unresolved conflict of the Palestinian Diaspora. Without the country, the house, or the official history that reflects what really happened, where are the spaces that are left to hold our memories?

Sturken writes, "the photograph may be perceived as a container for memory, it is not inhabited by memory so much as it produces it; it is a mechanism through which the past can be constructed and situated with the present."^{vi} My MFA work is a vessel for aspects of the Diaspora's collected memories and narratives of loss, but they also produce a dialogue located in the present. Walking down the same cobbled streets as my grandmother and mother once had, hearing the cries of the seagulls and smelling the

scent that must have met them each morning, I was able to contextualize their narratives of land and loss with my own senses in the present. I was able to grab cognitive imagery and video imagery. I gathered the ‘place’ from the past, and turned the loss into a time-based narrative that mapped the visual and cognitive connections. By bringing these connections to the walls and screen in my MFA exhibition, the memory, whose orientation is private, personal, and historic, transforms into one that is public, collective and present in its orientation.

I have no personal memory of the events leading to annexation of the land that created Israel. Prior to my trip this past October, I had never even been to Palestine and experienced the conditions of life under occupation. However, these events have determined my life, my location and my relationship to my history. By growing up in a home that was dominated by narratives of loss and trauma, a sense of mourning for a place unknown to me, of not belonging, of a temporality with each environment we resided in, contributed to my identity; one that was rooted in a present that was violently separate from the past. This dynamic relationship to a past I had never experienced is described as a ‘postmemory,’ a term coined by scholar Merianne Hirsh, who writes:

“Postmemory most specifically describes the relationship of children of survivors of cultural or collective trauma to the experiences of their parents, experiences that they “remember” only as the narratives and images with which they grew up, but that are so powerful, so monumental, as to constitute memories in their own right...The term “postmemory” is meant to convey its temporal and qualitative difference from survivor memory, its secondary, or second-generation memory quality, its basis in displacement, its vicariousness and belatedness ... The work of postmemory defines the familial inheritance and transmission of cultural trauma. The children of victims, survivors, witnesses, or perpetrators have different experiences of postmemory, even though they share the familial ties that facilitate intergenerational identification.”^{vii}

My work comes from my investigation of my relationship with the past, exploring *how* I remember as well as exploring the history itself. In essence, my art constitutes a “meta-memory.”

How should one remember and carry the burden of experiences they are not physically connected to? As an artist of scholarship, I feel I have the ability to articulate perspectives that are often complicated and uncomfortable. Remembering is a moral responsibility of all Palestinians, but responding to the postmemory in such a way to influence public perception that is both effective and honest is a creative challenge best addressed by imaginative means. Reflecting on the power of memory (in that it plays a significant role in our sense of identity), and the power of art (that it can, among other things, poetically argue with one’s emotions and intellect), I created the following three projects to challenge perception of the Palestinian persona and to memorialize the history of the Diaspora.

The Disinherited: a counter memorial to exile (money wedding headdress)

The dowry money headdress is an artifact now lost to our culture. (Figure # 0, Headdress of the Disinherited) Fashioned after my mother’s faint memory of her grandmother’s, our collaborative effort constructs a memorial to our family’s continual migrations. Substituting the no longer minted Palestinian currency with coins embossed with our visas, passport stamps and pictures, suggests an intellectual dowry rather than a monetary or economic one. My inheritance is confined to the memories of my elders, teetering on the brink of obliteration.

A bride's family presents the wedding headdress to the bride as her personal "dowry" on her wedding day. Prior to 1948, every village in Palestine had their own unique style of the headdress. (Figure 1) Women wore it all day, everyday except during sleep. Their bodies would become so accustomed to their heaviness that upon its removal they would experience headaches. (Figure2)

After 1948, Palestinian currency ceased to be minted. (Figure 3) There are only a few intact headdresses left in the world; most were used for their monetary value, one coin at a time. The headdress was often taken apart if the Palestinian woman was widowed and was in need of financial resources. More often, after her own death, the coins were dispersed to her daughters.

My reason for recreating the headdress reflects my mother's past. She frequently spoke about her grandmother's headdress and her desire to acquire it. Upon her return to Palestine in her teenage years, around 1962, she discovered the family used the headdress as income after hard times befell them. Her disappointment at not being able to "inherit" her heritage, as the headdress is one symbolic example of, has haunted me my entire life.

The traditional headdress was embroidered. Prior to 1948, Palestinian women wrote the history of Palestinian culture with their needles. (Figure 4)

The continuity from ancient times is very clear, with some of the embroidery patterns dating back to the Canaanite period. The embroidery is also found in the Palestinian dress. Each Palestinian dress is cut in the same A-line style, similar to what was called in antiquity the "Syrian tunic." And unlike European dress, where styles changed constantly even within a single era, the Palestinian cut has remained constant for at least a thousand years.^{viii}

Variety is expressed in the choice of fabric, colors, belts, embroidery design, and the style of headscarf and headdress. Each Palestinian village developed a unique combination of these elements that became a badge of its identity. The costumes also demonstrate that geographical area rather than religion was the distinguishing factor. In Bethlehem, for instance, the traditional style of dress for Christian and Muslim women is indistinguishable.^{ix}

One of the largest collections of the remaining dresses and headdresses belong to Farah and Hanan Munayyer. The collection travels to museums and libraries worldwide, but, tellingly, doesn't have a permanent home. The Munayyers, both Palestinians living in the US, are interested in informing the world about the lost culture of Palestine and to establish a positive Palestinian presence by educating future generations about the past. Hanan believes that the history of Palestine is stitched both literally and symbolically into the garments.

The designs are so conservative that such patterns as the cypress tree, the leech, the tree of life, the bird of paradise, and so on date back to pre-biblical times. Even the overall design of the costumes and their methods of manufacture show an amazing continuity over the millennia. Ironically, these relics of women's labor demonstrate the continuity of the Palestinians and their ancestors on the land in a way that even traditional stone structures do not. Most of the dresses were part of the trousseaus of brides and were therefore carefully preserved. Even when the basic fabrics of the dress fell apart, the colorful embroidered panels, some representing months or years of intensive work, would be salvaged and reused.^x

Because of the war of 1948, which resulted in the inception of the Palestinian Diaspora, the embroiderers' tradition was dealt a damaging blow. As hundreds of thousands of people sought safety in Lebanon, Jordan and what became the West Bank and Gaza Strip, hundreds of Palestine's coastal villages ceased to exist, and many others were

destroyed and repopulated by immigrating Jews.^{xi} (Figure 5 and 6) The refugees escaped with only the possessions they could carry. "In many cases, all that was left of a village—the only way you knew there had been a village—was the dresses on women's backs," says Farah Munayyer. Many Palestinians sold their dresses in exchange for desperately needed cash.

The war of 1967 amplified the process, where Palestinians lost more land, "With each war, with each new wave of refugees from new places, you would see new kinds of dresses being sold," says Hanan. "The refugees would sell them secretly, because [such a sale] was considered a shame."^{xii}

I want to speak about the inheritance of only an intellectual dowry, the stories of our heritage and culture, without the experience of the events that fundamentally define it. I also am conceptually alluding to the inheritance of exile and displacement. When you belong to a people without a home, or a home that you are not allowed to reside in, your home is an idea.

By making coins out of stamps, I'm transforming the coins' intended purpose of value and wealth to give it new life. The value is now invested in the continual journey around the world in search of a temporary home until we are allowed to return. In terms of a memorial, which is often permanent or fixed to a single location, a headdress can be worn and moved around by the body. The Palestinians have not given up the idea of a homeland and the right of return to what is now Israel. A permanent, fixed memorial would imply that we would permanently be exiled from our home. Even though I believe our plight is more than temporary, I still feel that this memorial should have the ability to move, be worn as both art and costume and to be displaced from location to

location. It could have different bodies to speak about the ever-changing political landscape on the question of Palestine. It shouldn't be static and fixed, because nothing about our personhood, our plight or our hope is.

Where the Birds Fly (video)

My journey to Palestine and Israel, in an attempt to relocate my grandmother's home, is captured in my video. My hope was to offer her a link back to her fading memories but resulted in a realization of my own sense of belonging. My abstracted notion of my Palestinian identity, a collection of handed down memories and transferred desires, was replaced with a dynamic relationship to the land and people I met there.

The video was in part constructed with short interviews with my mother and grandmother, in which they recollect times past from both Palestine and Iraq. Most of the visual footage of 'place' comes from my trip to Palestine last year. Emails written during my trip are narrated in a voice-over. The video maneuvers between past and present, my memory and their memories. Rather than using a linear chronological path, the timeline switches between now and then, here (America) and there (Palestine/Israel), my memory and their memory. One intended effect is to blur the lines between their history, my history and the history of Palestinian exile. By offering slices of various oral memories in relationship to the imagery of land and place, I'm alluding to the millions of stories and memories spawned from the region, stories of exile, war,

displacement and loss. The tragedy lies in that our story isn't unique, and as such, I'm attempting to lessen our families' ownership of the stories of exile.

My challenge was that personal testimony was the only device I had to counter official history. Personal testimony, like a photograph, authenticates the "having been there" that Roland Barthes identified as the essential message of the photograph.^{xiii} By fully removing the specific identity of the person, such as my mother speaking of her grandfather, I risked the loss of authenticity or documentation. I had to show my mother, I had to show the picture of her grandfather. I had to show that these stories aren't fiction or fantasy. These are real people, whose personal histories intersected the course of international policy and law. Their lives changed and as a result, their children's lives were in turn affected. By naming and showing them, I gave them a voice. But I had to construct a loose narrative, otherwise, I risked that their memories and life would be exoticized. Should the audience read the video as only one's family incredible journey, unique to the collective Palestinian exile, I would fail. A fine balance between collective or cultural memory, and personal testimony had to be reached.

I used the 'place,' Israel and the West Bank, to represent the collective experience. In all but one small scene, the place never was contextualized with respect to one specific person. Rather, I montage increments of visual experiences, landscape and iconic imagery to identify a specific geography, but from an anonymous perspective.

The footage of our 'place' in America was nondescript. One couldn't locate our geography in the US, but the specificity of our identity was fully in place. My mother

and my grandmother were interviewed in nondescript rooms lacking clues or markers for mapping and locating. A specific voice and face would recollect memories from Palestine. The identity was enforced; the 'place' was lost.

I was influenced by the devices employed by filmmaker Rea Tajiri to deconstruct her own postmemories of her parents and grandparents experiences in the Japanese American internment camps. In her film, *History and Memory*, Tajiri's weaves layers of her parent's memories, Hollywood films (filled with stereotypes and propaganda), archival footage, voice-overs and home video, to create a fuller picture of the detention she never personally experienced, yet influenced and determined her life. Working within a context of an American society that barely recognizes the atrocities committed against the Japanese Americans in WWII, Tajiri's film problematizes official history and gives weight to the personal impact and sacrifices made by a civilian population whose destinies intersected foreign and domestic policy.

Sturken states that, "When personal memories are shared and exchanged in contexts distinct from history making, they form a kind of collective memory, either as interventions into or resistance to official history."^{xiv} A journey 'back' with her mother to the ruins of the now abandoned camps in which her mother was detained in as a child, Tajiri's film establishes the 'place' in which the civil liberties of the Japanese Americans were violated. Her mother's painful personal memory, retold in a dialogue with the younger Tajiri, forces the viewer to question American history; in other words, that history includes sanctioned and unsanctioned narratives.

What was perhaps most effective about the film, was that it had a deeply unsatisfying conclusion. Even the visit back to the camp, in which Tajiri describes in a

film summary as a confronting of “the ghosts that influence her life,” fails to offer a full understanding of her relationship to her history.^{xv} That a tragedy in her parent’s past will forever be with her family, and the ghosts that she confronts will always remain ghosts and were quite similar to my own experiences. By visiting what was once Palestine, I too couldn’t come to terms with the history that had ejected my family from their homes. Rather, the past offered me a context to that history, and in turn, a more complete sense of identity.

Birthright (Photographs)

The media’s largest triumph is the reduction of the Palestinian persona into a single crude terrorist “body.” This propaganda is perhaps most palpable in mediated attitudes about mothers whose sons kill in the cause for nationhood. The perception exists that Palestinian mothers are suicide-bomber-producing machines, while mothers of Israeli and American soldiers are revered as noble, civic-minded and models of patriotism. This complex of perceptions prompted me to contemplate my own pregnancy this past year because I am a half Iraqi-half Palestinian mother of two American boys.

Freedom fighter, terrorist, soldier, insurgent, peacekeeper...this conundrum of perception taking place in my womb was a microcosm of the agenda of righteousness played out in modern day politics. My son’s gender allows for the leasing of his body to kill and die for governments and in the interest of political ideology. All my maternal

instincts are powerless to protect his life when compared to the future he will be forced to inherit because of his national identity.

My images act as a visual objection to the denial of our national identity and humanity. By utilizing the loose graffiti writing style over the pregnant belly, the work alludes to the architectural walls inside the West Bank where a dialogue of written protest takes place (figure# 7, Bethlehem Wall #1). The writing on the surface of my skin connects me to the surfaces of our land (figure# 8, Return). Excerpts of poems from noted Palestinian poets, such as Mahmood Darwish and Fadwa Tuqan, expressively captures our collective voice of determination and longing (figure# 9, In My Country's Embrace).

These writings act as discussions, declarations and documentation of life under occupation. Both graffiti (as art) and vandalism (as a criminal act), the writings embody the complexity in defining the perception of resistance. The Intifada (The Uprising), with its negative connotations, are indeed an act of resistance. By being both the victim (figure# 10, The Weight) and the victimizer (Figure # 11, Impending Fortune), I am able to cross, once again, the delicate line of perspective. Whose story is it?

The images were shot with Type 55 Film whose ragged borders are indicative of Polaroid films, adds the illusion of archival imagery. The warm sepia tones and the paper, whose surface resembles that of Palladiums, conjure a visual language of memory, nostalgia and loss. The images, rich with allegory and metaphor, are charged with titles offering insight to their intentions.

Each image has layers of meanings and interpretations, and are not simply limited to those I intended when creating them. For example, "Worthless Possession"

(figure #12) depicts my figure cloaked in a vintage village dress from Ramallah, covered in Islamic headscarf, with my eye peeping out of a key handle. “Worthless Possession” refers to the keys to the homes of Palestine held by the refugees fleeing the incoming British and Israeli forces in 1948 and the locked doors they left behind. My grandmother points out the irony that she has key, but the Israelis have her house. Many refugees kept these keys for years, along with the deeds to their homes, but bitterly threw them out after the 1967 war.

Another reading of the image is the ‘key’ as a metaphor; the key represents the unlocking of memory, our remaining possession of a past and a land we cannot reclaim. Its worth erodes with the passing of time and the eventual deaths of those who have experienced them. Their intangible and fleeting quality, continually changing and reinventing itself in the present, inevitably are held hostage within the agenda’s of those (such as myself) who articulate them. They can never remain pure, authentic and complete. As such, they often feel like the cheapest form of possession.

In contrast, the photograph itself, personal or otherwise, embodies far more than it’s materiality in that it either triggers memory (whose characteristics are vulnerable and ephemeral in nature) or produces it.^{xvi} My images hope to capitalize on the medium’s inherent qualities, in so much that I’m able to shape a memory dissimilar to that of sanctioned history regarding the wars of 1948, 1967 and of occupation and exile. Because images, according to Sturken, “...have the capacity to create, interfere with, and trouble the memories we hold as individuals and as a culture,” I’m also able to produce new memories, interpretations and experiences of the Palestinian persona for

the audience who comes in contact with my work.^{xvii} As an artist and a member of the Diaspora, this is my ultimate goal.

Conclusion

The inspiration for my show came from my mother, who recreated her mother's wedding dress when she remarried a few years back. The original vanished during forced migrations, one of the countless examples of our heritage lost to exile. My mother's recreation of the wedding dress was a key to our past, linking our present to a time before we were refugees, exiles and terrorists. The wedding dress, much like the work exhibited here, defies attempts to obliterate our history and who we are collectively.

I hope my 'memorials' reminds, educates and inspires the Palestinian population who comes in contact with it. I want to amplify our collective voice in a direction away from the desperation of violence. I hope to dispel myths of how and why Palestine was destroyed. And lastly, the memorial itself is a tribute to the history and future of Palestine and Palestinians worldwide.

I was also inspired Emily Jacir's *Memorial to 418 Palestinian Villages which were Destroyed-Depopulated, and Occupied by Israel in 1948*. Her memorial, a Red Cross Refugee tent with the 418 names of the villages embroidered by an army of volunteers, also narrates the truth of Palestinian history. It's in the very title.

My work exercises my right to not only commemorate the Diasporic condition of the Palestinians, but to oppose its very existence. I believe in the right of Palestinian

refugees to return to their homes in Israel and the Palestinian territories. I believe we can have a peaceful Palestinian and Israeli state. But part of that solution will have to come from Palestinians in the Diaspora, to no longer stand afraid of being accused of anti-Semitism when defending our right to return, to have a homeland, a national identity and our culture restored. In the words of Edward Said, "I soon discovered that I would have to be on my guard against authority and that I needed to develop some mechanism or drive not to be discouraged by what I took to be efforts to silence or deflect me from being who I was, rather than becoming who they wanted me to be."^{xviii}

There is a land called Palestine and I am one of her daughters....



Figure # 0 (Portrait of the Disinherited)

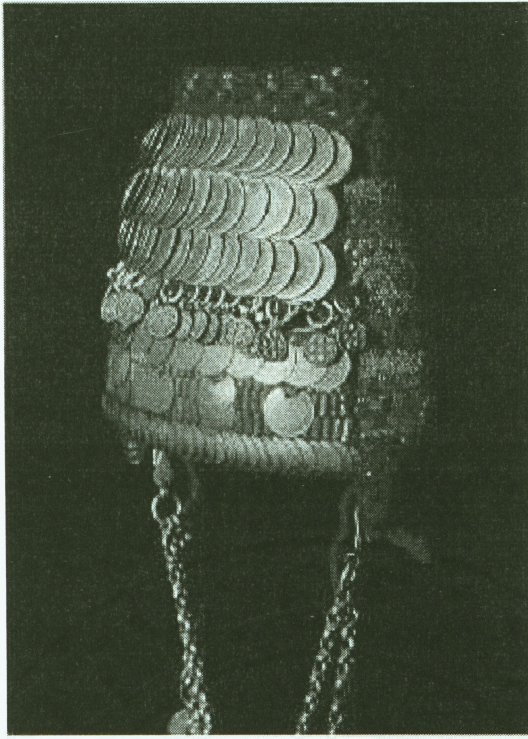


Figure 1



Figure2



Figure 3



Figure 4

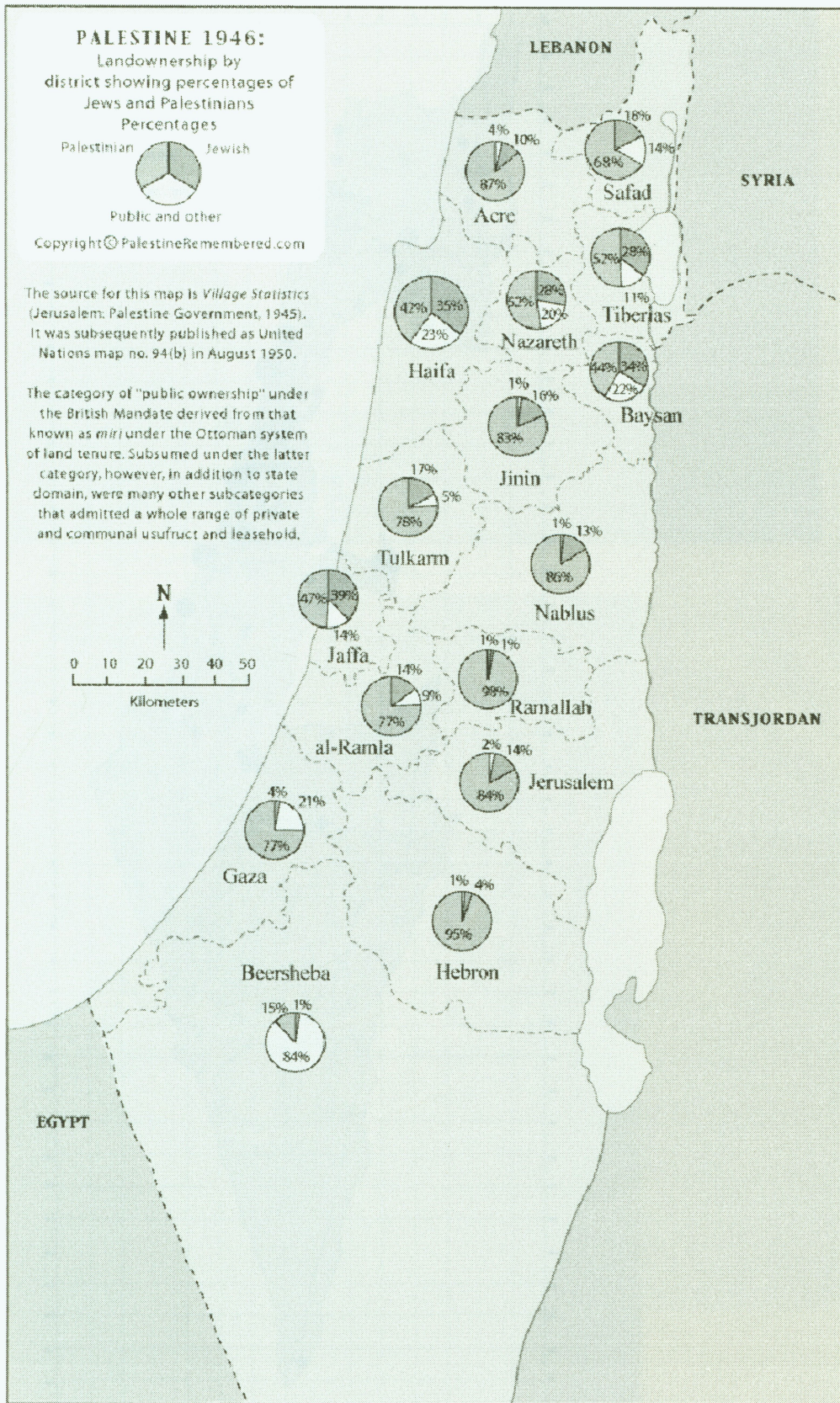


Figure 5

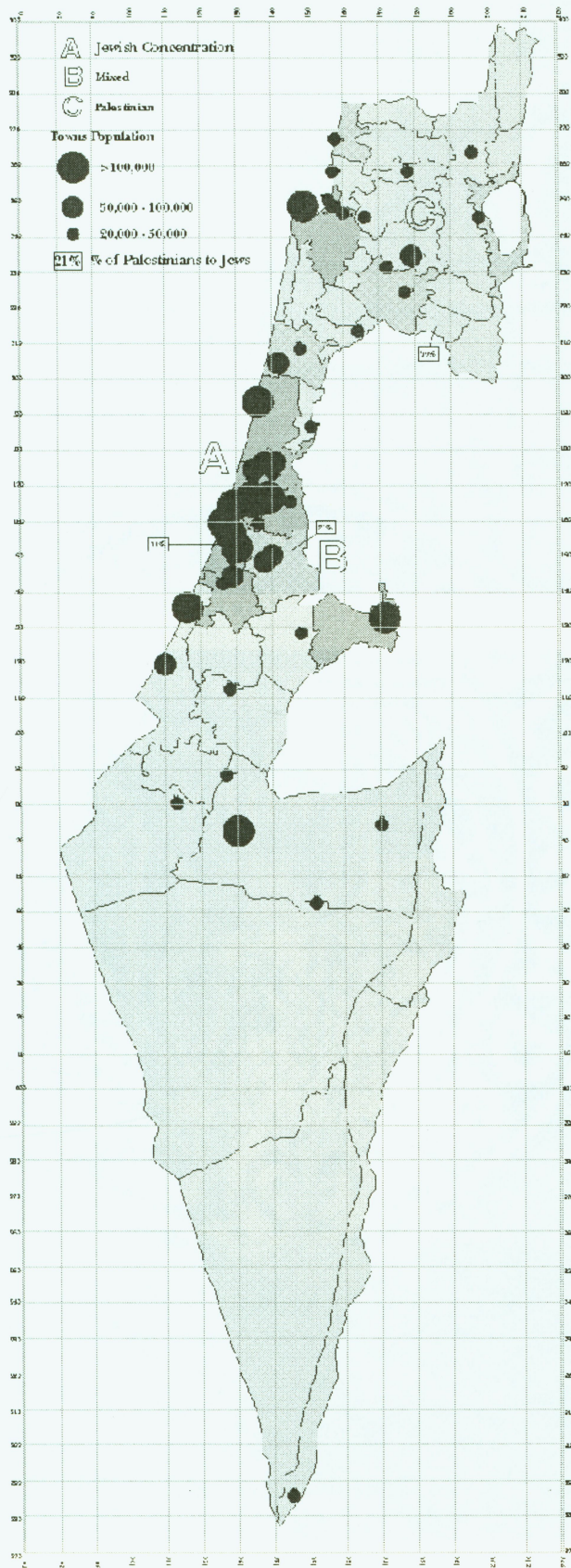


Figure 6



figure 7 (Bethlehem Wall #1)



Figure 8 (Return)



Figure 9 (In My Country's Embrace)

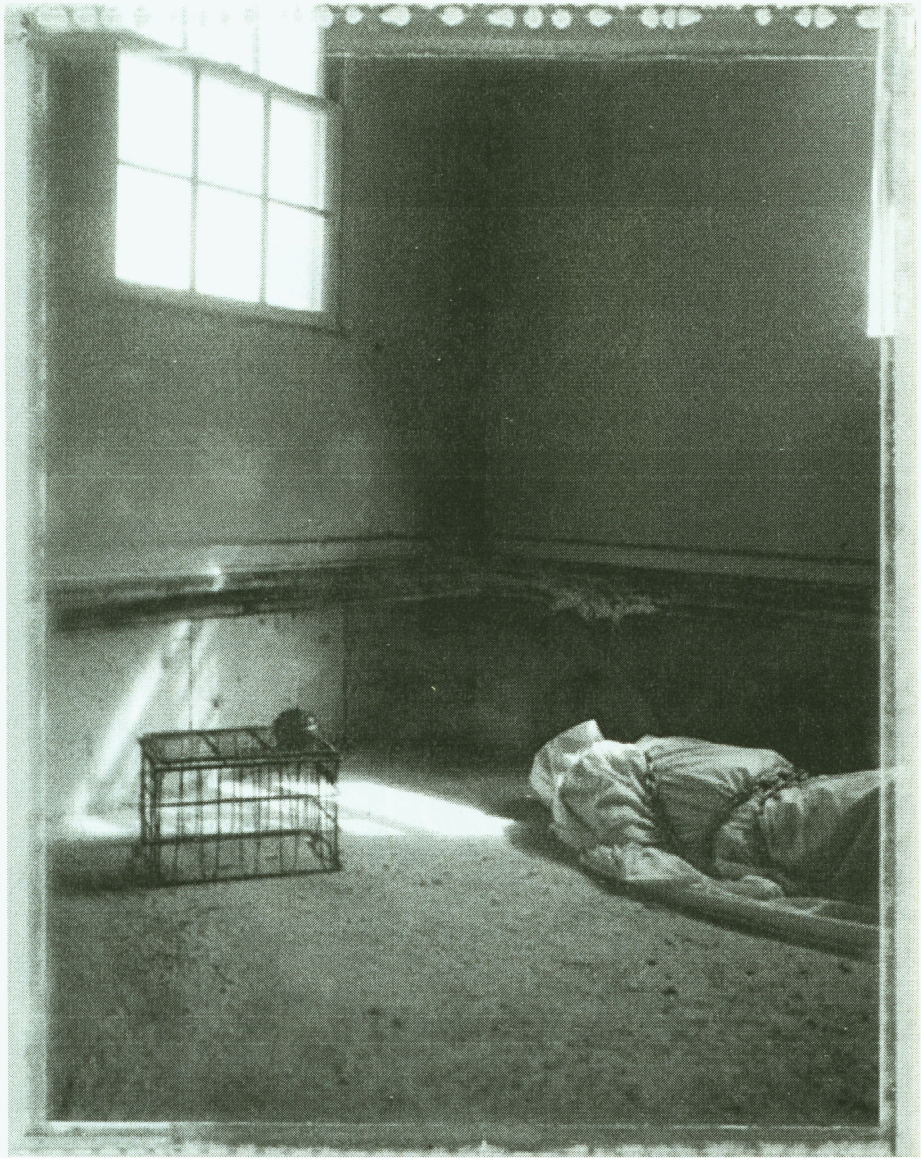


Figure 10 (The Weight)

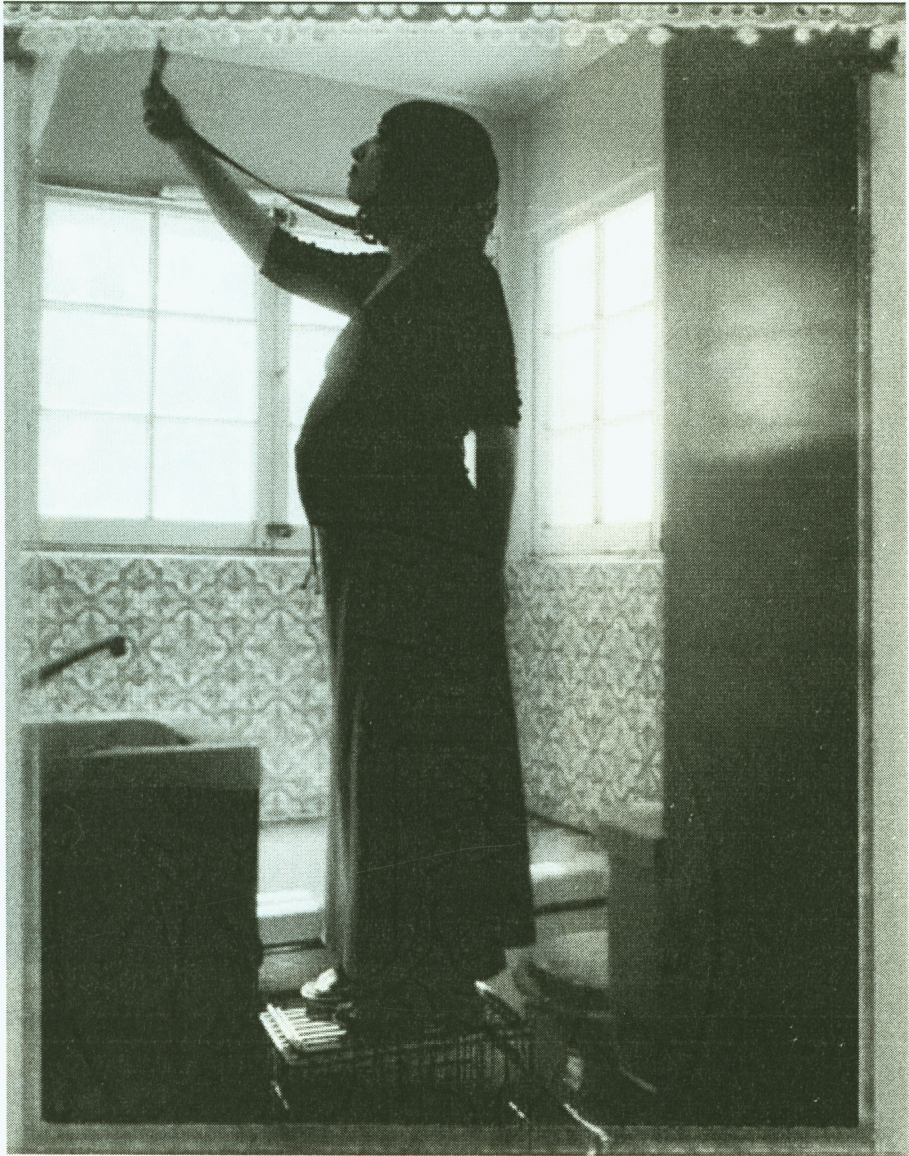


Figure # 11 (Impending Fortune)



Figure # 12 (Worthless Possession)

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ⁱ Found on the World Wide Web at <http://electronicintifada.net/v2/article1975.shtml>

ⁱⁱ Nancy K. Miller, "Putting Ourselves in the Picture, Memoirs and Mourning," in *The Familial Gaze*, ed. Marianne Hirsch, (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1999), 51.

ⁱⁱⁱ Marita Sturken, "*The Image as Memorial: Personal Photographs in Cultural Memory*," in *The Familial Gaze*, ed. Marianne Hirsch, (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1999), 180.

^{iv} Found on the World Wide Web at
http://www.dissidentvoice.org/Articles4/Salaita_DeirYassin.htm

^v Sturken, 178.

^{vi} *ibid*

^{vii} Marianne Hirsch, *Surviving Images: Holocaust Photographs and the Work of Postmemory*, (*The Yale Journal of Criticism*), 9.

^{viii} Found on the World Wide Web at <http://www.palestineheritage.org>

^{ix} *ibid*

^x Found on the World Wide Web at <http://www.wrmea.com/backissues/0395/>

^{xi} Found on the World Wide Web at <http://www.palestineremembered.com>

^{xii} Found on the World Wide Web at

<http://www.saudiaramcoworld.com/issue/199702/these.stitches.speak.htm>

^{xiii} Found on the World Wide Web www.connercontemporary.com/artists/hasbun.

^{xiv} Sturken, 178.

^{xv} Found on the World Wide Web

www.viewingrace.org/browse_sub.php?subject_id=27&film_id=336

^{xvi} Sturken, 178.

^{xvii} Sturken, 178.

^{xviii} Edward Said, *Out of Place: A Memoir*, (New York: Vintage Books, 1999).

