

American, have stood for the Arab people, particularly the Palestinian people and their inherent right to live free in their own native country and nation. It has cost me many things to speak up in America: financial income, assassination attempts upon my life by the JDL, black balling of my book *Theft of a Nation*, arrest and imprisonment and other events as well. Why do I dare to speak out? Because my people and my culture are long destroyed and nearly eradicated from history, but there is still time for the Arab people. I have been in the refugee camps filled with Palestinian children playing in the dirt and shambles...dreaming of a homeland and a nation. The issue is much larger than the Israelis and Palestinians, it is a struggle for cultural supremacy, the outcome of which will determine whether the noble tenets of Islam and Arab culture will be permitted to exist. One of our great chiefs (muktar) spoke the following words in 1883: Tecumseh, chief of the Shawnees, said:

Where are the Pequot? Where are the Narragansett, the Mohican, the Pokanoket, and many other once powerful tribes of our people? They have vanished before the avarice and the oppression of the white man, as snow before a summer sun.

Will we let ourselves be destroyed in our turn without struggle? Will we give up our homes, our country bequeathed

to us by the Great Spirit, the graves of our dead and everything that is dear and sacred to us? I know you will cry with me: Never!

Yet seven years later the Sabra and Shatila of the American Indian occurred at a place called Wounded Knee, South Dakota, on December 29, 1890. A peaceful Indian village of old men, women and children were herded together by the white *ashkenazim* soldiers and disarmed, then told they would live in peace. On the morning of the 29th, with the flag of the United States government flying over the Indian village, the army opened fire on the sleeping Indians, killing over 350 defenseless women, babies and children. Some of the soldiers carved chops and saddle covers from the female organs of the slain Indian women. Coming upon the scene of slaughter was a young warrior named Black Elk. Here are his words (Dec. 1, 1960):

«Dead and wounded children and women and little babies were scattered where they had tried to run away. Soldiers followed them as they ran and murdered them. Their bodies were in heaps because they had huddled together, and some were scattered alone. I saw a little baby trying to suck its mother...but the mother was still, bloody and dead. I did not know how much had ended that day. When I look back now from this high hill of my old age, I can still see the butch-

ered women and children laying in scattered heaps along the crooked gulch as plainly as I saw them with eyes still young. And I can see that something else died there in the bloody mud, and was buried in the snow blizzard. A *people's dream died there*. It was a beautiful dream, but now the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead!»

Our dream is finished and gone out, but you may still keep your dream alive by banding together and resisting to the death the Zionist enemy who would slaughter your culture and your future place among the nations of the world. I close with the words of a great Palestinian poet and freedom fighter, Tawfiq Zayad, who wrote in his great poem entitled «The Impossible»:

It is much easier for you to pass an elephant through a needle's eye, or catch fish in a galaxy, or plough the sea, force a crocodile to speak, than to destroy by persecution the shimmering glow of a belief, or check our march, one single step.

As if we were a thousand prodigies spreading everywhere...in Lydda, in Ramallah, in the Galilee...Here we will stay, a wall upon your breast, and in your throat we shall stay, a piece of glass, a cactus thorn, and in your eyes, a blazing fire.

Solidarity in Japan

City Key for PLO

On March 12th, the mayor of Shizuoka municipality in Japan, Mr. Kawai Dyago, awarded the PLO the golden key of the city. The ceremony took place in the municipal building of Shizuoka, southwest of Tokyo. In addition to the PLO representative in Japan,

Mr. Bakr Abdul Mun'em, there were a number of reporters present. Mr. Dyago expressed the city's full solidarity with the just struggle of the Palestinian people, and condemned Zionist policy.

On March 13th, the PLO was awarded the golden medal of the city of Yaizu which is on the Pacific Ocean. The mayor, Mr. Hajeema Hajiwara, expressed solidarity with the Palestinian people. The PLO representative also placed a wreath on the grave of Mr. Kobayama, the first Japanese victim of the US hydrogen experiment. Mrs. Kobayama was present, and her eyes filled with tears as she received a gift from the Palestinian people, a box made of olive tree wood from Palestine.

