

MASTERS THESIS

CREATIVE WRITING AS A TECHNOLOGY OF RESISTANCE

The Role of Creative Writing in Resisting
Technologies of Censorship

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Abstract

This research investigates creative writing by SWANA refugee authors as a technology to resist dominant forms of censorship and repression. The research is two-fold, it relies on a theoretical approach where narrative is employed as theory, and a practical analysis based on the methodology of Liminagraphy. This approach aims to answer the question: *In what ways can creative writing cultivate resistance and collective liberation as a technology of censored SWANA refugees?* The theoretical framework discusses Resistance Literature in Mahmoud Darwish's works as a form of resisting colonial rule, identity erasure and death. The transformation of his poetic experience helps portray the different definitions of resistance through emotional and philosophical forms. The research then connects the cultivated theories to the experiences of various other SWANA authors by documenting their works and interviewing them. By making use of Liminagraphy, the research highlights the importance of story sharing through the authors' works, where the dominant "I" is delinked, and trials are made to construct unities under "we". The chosen documented pieces (short stories, poems) are analyzed along with the interviews with authors, and they are analyzed in collectivity. Resistance manifests differently among every author, there are contradictions, complexities and confirmations of resistance, all expressed uniquely to every author. In the first practical analysis, we see the complexity of resistance as power has ever-lasting effects on the author and the story's hero. It seems possible to rebel against power through language, however, it soon returns to the hero's body and stays there forever. We also see the complexity of resistance when creative language fails to engage with the collective "we", making creativity weak within individualistic approaches against systems of oppression. In the second analysis, the author expresses resistance in a multifaceted way, first in resistance to death by the hero of the story, where he defeats and resists death continuously with the language. Secondly, the author chooses to expose the tumors invading SWANA society through her creative writing to resist patriarchy. In the third analysis, resistance shows its contradictions, where the author is pessimistic and believes writing is secondary in the project for liberation, yet his stories document and reveal realities in which resistance takes form against imprisonment and torture. In the fourth analysis, resistance is very clear, especially against the colonial rule of Palestine and rejecting racism within The Netherlands. The authors collectively take on different systems of censorship and oppression and deal with them in their work. When analyzed in unity, creative writing appears to succeed in formulating resistance and aspirations for collective liberation for SWANA authors.

Acknowledgments

*In language itself
In which I resist
My death and the death of others
I turn it into an amulet
That thanks you for the care
For building new homes for liberation
For sharing the stories
And writing the lessons
In freedom*

*In language itself,
I resist
And I hope we continue
to resist*

An Introduction

The thesis explores the manners in which creative writing is utilized as a technology by South West Asian and North African refugees who reside in the Netherlands to resist dominant technologies of censorship. These forms of censorship manifest themselves under repressive regimes through imprisonment, religious and/or political oppression, intellectual and sexual taboos, belief discrimination, settler colonialism¹ and repression of all kinds. This censorship captures anyone who deviates from and resists the arbitrary regime and thereby creates an enemy who must be controlled. This thesis lays emphasis on creative writing as a tool of resistance to dominant oppressive cultures and taboos which the writer decides to resist and decalcify through their creative writing. Therefore the thesis aims to answer the question: *In what ways can creative writing cultivate resistance and collective liberation as a technology of censored SWANA refugees?* This question allows an exploration into how SWANA refugees utilize creative writing as a technology of resistance to censoring technologies and how that works with and can lead to collective liberation. The objective is to foreground the experiences of refugees from SWANA regions in Dutch society who are resisting and transgressing victimhood narratives through their creative written language (poetry, storytelling, novels).² This is achieved by our questioning of what it means to be exiled, to have our knowledges and stories excluded, and to have our biographies simultaneously hyper-visible and silenced. In recognizing the ways in which technologies of censorship have injured us, that is the Arab diaspora, we can begin to question these dominant frameworks, and we can begin to do so by documenting creative written language as a technology and response of the body. This thesis holds urgency, as Western societies succeed at Othering³ and SWANA societies persist in suppressing, erasing and silencing those who resist. To document experiences of resistance is to find a liminal space to occupy within the lines of this research. Focusing on narrative as theory allows a demonstration of how our theories and knowledges emerge from our embodied

¹ Pertaining to the Israeli settler colonial occupation of Palestine.

² The focus is laid upon written language, although some texts may have originated in non-written or non-textual forms. Within the margins of this thesis, I will not look at the vocal aspect of the language, I will have to treat the captured language as written texts, metaphors, words and rhetoric figures.

³ A term that is common in postcolonial literature that describes the processes which construct the Other. The term emerges from Edward Said's thesis on Orientalism, where the Orient is the object of the Western imperial eye as the subject of knowledge. Processes of Othering create dichotomies of 'us' vs 'them' and portray the Other as inferior, thereby calcifying differences.

experience with systems of oppression (Brady, 2004). Moreover, reaching out with my interviews aims to spread and document these resistance practices of those who resist through creative writing. The writings which will be documented are a reflection of otherwise practices that escape the grip of the dominant ruling authorities. This research emphasizes the need for demonstrating the shape of the phenomena of resistance and collective liberation, which are needed to heal the wounds of exile and to liberate from repression on a transformative scale moving from the “I” to the “we”.

1. Positionality

Politics, The Forbidden Language

‘The birds are chirping’
but it was nighttime,
and the martyrs had come home
I never associated the euphoric hums of the sky creatures with my potential death

So I ran to my mother
And when I asked her
To free the nightingale from its cage
She put my tongue in a jar of salt
And told me, shush: ‘the walls have ears’

I did not know
The authorities had donated cement
Made from the ears of the informants

So I migrate outside of the house
And I hear the sounds of distant ‘weddings’
My mother shields me with her body
As she warns me from the shrapnels of the arriving nuptials

I did not know
white joy was the alarm system
for the black death that airplanes drop

I will use the same language
That deceptive language
that sticks out its tongue like a clown
It tries to make the frightened children laugh
As they wet their bed because of the sound of shellings
There is nothing compelling about the metaphor of 'weddings'
Nor in the 'ears of the walls'
Nor in the 'chirping of birds'
It is that clown's games
who cries secretly
As he watches the horror of war

I will use the same language
And I write about the 'popping popcorn' kernels
As I forget that my frightened aunt symbolizes them for the sound of bullets
And I will go to the 'bathroom'
And take a lavender bath
As I forget how my mother symbolizes it for the need to hide
From the inferno of missiles above the city rooftops

I will have fun with the language then
And I dare to expose her legs
Because I know she is covered with shrapnel
And that she wallows and hurts deep inside
But she does not dare to confront the authority
Who uses her metaphors to bury people's anger
And to bury their revolution under the soil.

I wrote this poem reflecting on the Syrian Civil War which I witnessed as a child, capturing linguistic moments of resistance. The words in between '...' are creative sentences or words we used as tools to describe war activity, whether that were bullets (popcorn popping), or armed-men invading our streets (birds chirping), or bombings (sounds of 'weddings') or threat of shells coming into our house (and thus

having to sleep in the 'bathroom' for safety for nights). This metaphorical language served as a collective tool to navigate the 'walls that had ears', to shield each other from danger without risking the threat of informants telling on us for talking about ongoing politics. Language served as a tool to resist violence, and it remains to evolve even after migration to build us homes once lost and to communicate the wounds of the exiled who refuse to write down their injuries except through it. As soon as a rift occurs between a person and their homeland, through emigration or asylum, then language comes to heal this rift, heal the wounds created by distance, and help confront what writers of exile call the 'unbearable lightness of existence' (Kundera, 1984). Theodor Adorno reminds us: "For a man who no longer has a homeland, writing becomes a place to live" (Adorno, 1945, p. 87). I ask: If the homeland has been lost forever, and the place has been devastated, where can creatures co-exist? Foucault replies: In a place transcendent and polished, language opens terraced cities, gardens full of plants, and easy countries, even if entering them is an illusion (Foucault, 1983). My own poetic practices motivate this research as creative writing for me is a refuge in which freedom is protected from the variables and contradictions of reality.

One day the Russian novelist Fyodor Dostoevsky made this remark in his novel, *The Idiot*: "Beauty will save the world" (Dostoevsky, 1869). For him, beauty is related to the concept of goodness and truth, and it does not refer to the formal beauty that can be observed with the senses. Rather, it regards the intrinsic beauty that art and creative works display, stimulating catharsis and change. I become entangled with Dostoevsky's observation in a close individual relationship, and I tend to update it by using a critical theory that proposes the term literary economy (Abboud, 1997); in contrast to the prevailing term "political economy" that throws the modern human into terrifying whirlpools, and seeks to seize the world physically and with greed (neo-colonialism). The literary economy in opposition, does not focus on material or monetary production, but rather focuses on the human soul which surpasses these economic values (Ibid). It says that we can take over the world with beauty that occurs creatively and within writing (Ibid). In his book *Discipline and Punish*, Foucault discusses the change that occurred in the European penal system starting from the 19th century, which he calls a new economic system of methods of oppression (Foucault, 1995). The body is no longer the target of torture and abuse (e.g

imprisonment), but rather the authority has become a clutch, pervasive and effective in society, ensuring its invisible control over the souls and bodies of citizens (e.g prevailing oppressive culture) (Ibid). Poetry writing is my decisive choice to confront this apparent material authority informing regimes in the Arab world, and the contemporary metaphorical authority that wants to erase my features and fit me in a Procrustean bed.⁴ In my creative writing, I also become entangled with Scheherazade, the heroine of the well-known traditional narrative "One Thousand and One Nights". Scheherazade was able to confront death and defeat it by telling the story. Every night she kept telling an interesting story to King Shahryar, who used to rape a virgin every night and then kill them (Mardrus, 2013). Scheherazade speaks to survive, and I want to write poetry to survive. Scheherazade has turned into a global theme, and the writers of the nights glorified it as a model for the woman who was able to conquer the masculine culture with the tale. I would like to embody Scheherazade, who emphasizes the role of literature in escaping death in the same metaphorical sense that Mahmoud Darwish talked about in his book *Mural* (discussed further on). Reading poetry brought me additional awareness, and added to my cultural stock a lot of existential sensitivity to issues related to my cultural formation, my identity that is still in the process of formation, and my confusion in front of a new world that tries to calcify me as the Other and erase my specificity. As Audre Lorde reminds us: "Poetry is not a luxury, it is a vital necessity of our existence. It forms the quality of the light within which we predicate our hopes and dreams toward survival and change, first made into language, then into idea, then into more tangible action" (Lorde, 1993, p. 372). Here Lorde articulates the function of creative writing in the project of collective change and action, and how poetry formulates the equation in which survival is formed. With poetry, I desire to be a different narrator, I desire to tell my own story and its intertwining with the diverse geo-cultural environments to which the war forced me to leave. Written language was my real refuge when fear of bullets and bombs conquered our homes. This experience is not unique to me, but many other writers who have suffered under war regimes, Eskandar Habsh for example reflects in an interview on his writings in the Lebanese Civil War under the fear of war machinery: "I will not say that I no longer

⁴ In Greek Mythology, people were attacked and forced to fit the size of an iron bed by stretching them or cutting off their legs. The word **Procrustean** is used to describe situations where an arbitrary standard is imposed to ensure conformity, disregarding the harms caused along the way.

feel fear, but it has become, with the paper, more tolerable” (Habsh, 2021). For Habsh, writing caused equilibrium and an escape from reality. With writing, I desire to conquer and defeat the violence of the contemporary world as it tries to cancel all the beautiful human margins that have reached us through literary heritage. I hope to move these scenes into the abyss, and construct new homes of resistance along the margins of exile. I want, as Darwish wrote in his poetry collection *Why Did You Leave the Horse Alone*, that whoever writes their story inherits the land of words and possesses the meaning completely (Darwish, 1996).

Coming from an Arab society and culture embedded with linguistic taboos surrounding politics, religion and sexuality, writing becomes a practice of resistance. My Syrian upbringing where expression was imprisoned has made me interested in discovering how writing can disrupt, resist and liberate from these ingrained sociocultural taboos (discussed in-depth in theoretical framework). This suppression has evoked a will to explore the phenomena of linguistic resistance, not only from within but extending to other writers who may cultivate resistance within their practices as well. I view the research to strengthen the act of coalition building, where the execution of it becomes in itself an act of bridging cultures through language.

2. Theoretical Framework

In this chapter I intend to lay out the key definitions relevant to the research on creative writing as a technology of resistance. I will define resistance, Resistance Literature, collective liberation, technologies of censorship, technologies of language and taboos. Moreover, I will explain how creative writing is a method of inquiry, relying on narrative as theory and subsequently examining 3 different forms of resistance: emotionally charged, aesthetic/philosophical and prisoner resistance. This will be done by taking the Palestinian poet Mahmoud Darwish as a case study as well as introducing some prominent Arab writers from SWANA regions. These case studies will help shape the theoretical framework exploring Resistance Literature, aiding my execution and analysis in the following chapters.

2.1 Definitions

The concept of resistance in creative writing becomes one of the absolute human values, especially in SWANA regions whose “contemporary history tries to accomplish its attachment to and interaction with values of identity, modernity, and freedom” (A. Hamdan, 2016, p. 171). The term resistance is understood as “any act or complex of acts designed to rid a people of their oppressors” (Cudjoe, 1980, p. 19). The term Resistance Literature is coined by Ghassan Kanafani (2015), a Palestinian writer, and it is understood and employed by many researchers and writers, where some define it as a political activity directly involved in a “struggle against dominant forms of ideological and cultural production” (Harlow, 1987, p. 29). Some others use Resistance Literature referring to the individual and their place in the world, their struggle and resistance against forces that try to harm their homelands, crush their existence and erase their identity (Ali, 2021). These definitions have a common understanding and they unite by expressing that “where there is power, there is resistance” (Foucault, 1978, p. 95). And thus the “power of resistance comes in the ability of the author to write back” to powers of oppression (Ashcroft, 1999, p. 39). Other than linguistic resistance being a reaction to dominant oppressive systems of power, Edward Said adds that resistance and decolonization literature is also “an alternative way of conceiving human history...disrupting the European narratives [and] replacing them with a more powerful new narrative style” (Said, 1994, p. 42). By focusing on Resistance Literature then, we are able to move away from colonial mechanisms of knowledge production.

When we understand resistance as the collective act of minoritized groups responding to violence exerted by the more dominant group (Grinberg, 2013), we need to lay emphasis on the ‘collectivity’, as unity holds the possibility and potentiality for freedom and liberation. I understand collective liberation as the transformative journey of becoming a relational being, embracing differences as the root of coalition building (Sheik, 2021). By writing, telling stories and creating spaces for transformation, we can begin to build coalitions across differences for collective liberation (Ibid).

Since I argue that creative language is a technology of resistance to dominant technologies of censorship, it is important to explain what I mean by these technologies. Technologies here are not understood as a universal 'object' but rather as something intertwined with a specific context and reality, something through which bodies are formed and transformed (Sullivan and Murray, 2016). We can view writing as a tool in which bodies respond to power systems and are transformed through the act of expression. Anna Munster reminds us: "Insofar as technologies are always already inextricably bound up with systems of power/knowledge, they do not stand outside the subject, but rather, are constitutive of the very categories integral to the construction of subjectivities" (Munster, 1999, p. 122). We can view censorship then as a technology of oppression, embedded in power relations, forming an enemy from within, thereby affecting the censored individual's own social constitution and positioning. Censorship is understood as a tool of political powers that allows regimes to prosecute individuals who pose a threat to their authority. These tools are used by regimes against their own internal opposition (Mirza, 2022). The following section shall elaborate further on the technics of censorship and how it manifests in different taboos across SWANA regions, namely the intellectual, sexual and religious taboos.

2.2 *The Arab Writer and Taboos*

In the novel *The Name of the Rose* by Italian writer Umberto Eco, a monk puts poison on the pages of some books to prevent others from accessing them (Eco, 1980). According to the priest, books are a means of liberation from fear, including the fear of Satan (Al Ramihi, 1997). In the priest's opinion, this is a wrong act that must be prevented. The fear of the influence of books and culture is not only related to the Middle Ages that the novel talks about, but it is a constant struggle between two powers. The first is the political or religious power that has the power to prevent and confiscate, and the second is the power of culture (Ibid). The manifestations of this conflict have appeared in many times and civilizations. Writers were executed or arrested, or their books confiscated and burned. This struggle is at its most intense in the contemporary SWANA regions, which is due to the specificity of the prevailing power. It is a repressive authority that confiscates all freedoms. It prevents its members from means of enlightenment, perpetuating ignorance and tyranny. It can be seen as a non-democratic authority that does not allow the exchange of any

opinion unless it is under its umbrella and in agreement with it. This is certainly an extension of the long history of suppression of intellectual freedoms, practiced by the Arab fundamentalist authority throughout the ages. However, the contemporary Arab intellectual does not find a fierce war from the ruling authority only, but this war sometimes extends its effects to society itself (Ibid). An example is the case of the Egyptian thinker Nasr Abu Zayd, the battle began between him and the academic authorities controlling the corridors of the Egyptian university, but it soon moved to the street, which itself established a judgment against him without reading the merits of the judgment (Ibid). Despite the fact that Zayd is a Muslim, his writings sparked controversy because it is claimed that they incite atheism and disbelief (Ibid). The name 'taboo' is used in different cultures as well as in Arab culture, or as Freud called it sacred fear for what is forbidden in the eyes of society, meaning all that can be counted as taboos that can be talked about (Freud, 1983). They often relate to the holy trinity: sex, religion and politics. Through which the Arab censorship authorities exercised the power of prevention, confiscation, and deletion, so the writer became unable to approach these subjects, insinuatingly or explicitly, for fear of the authority of this censorship. The idea of theological tyranny on which the religious institution was based was a result of its monopoly on (interpretation, making Haram and Halal) as the only legitimate means between the human and their creator (Ahmed, 2004). It is very similar to the monopoly of dictatorial regimes over political powers, and the deprivation of the public from real participation in political decision-making (Ibid). From here the religious taboo was born, then the political taboo followed, and the religious and political institutions joined forces to manufacture the sexual taboo (Ibid). This is what led individuals in SWANA regions to live a marginalized, excluded, and sterile life imposed by the harsh religious fundamentalist conditions. The religious taboo is the most widespread in the Arab and Islamic fundamentalist worlds (SWANA regions), and it is more dominant than the other two taboos represented (in politics and sex).

2.3 Intellectual Taboo

Operations of persecution and assassination for blasphemy accusations affected a large number of enlightened contemporary thinkers, such as Helmy Salem, Sayed Al-Qimni, Faraj Fawda and Naguib Mahfouz. (Al Attar, 2015). For instance, more than a hundred Egyptian Islamists issued a statement in 2007 urging the late Egyptian poet Helmy Salem to repent for writing the poem “The Balcony of Laila Murad”, which they deemed to be offensive to god (Ibid). He was urged by several professional personalities (lawyer, doctor, sheik of religion) to disavow what he wrote, deeply regret it and ask god for forgiveness (Ibid). Another instance is the Egyptian writer and researcher Sayed Al-Qimni who declared his innocence of all his previous writings, which focused on critically examining the Islamic heritage (Ibid). After receiving a death threat via email bearing the signature of the Jihad Group in Egypt, Al-Qimni announced his intention to reiterate from writing permanently (Ibid). In a climate hostile to creativity and freedom of thought, calls for repentance are tantamount to incitement to murder, unless the accused professes their repentance publicly (Ibid). We can recall several other assassination attempts, such as the one of the writer Faraj Fawda in 1992 and the attempt to assassinate the great writer Naguib Mahfouz in 1995 as he was accused of insulting the divine (Ibid).

2.4 Sexual Taboo

The stories of *One Thousand and One Nights*, the famous heritage book, are full of many scandalous sexual references, but they were banned, confiscated, and tried in some Arab countries (with attention to the specific time, place and context) (Ahmed, 2004). The Arab heritage was full of bold books of this kind, so why the fear of contemporary books that break the sexual taboo, as long as Arab readers can read dozens of heritage books full of interesting sexual topics? The answer depends on the extremist fundamentalist currents that fight the concept of individual freedom of thought and expression as a path to misguidance and disbelief. However, the incomprehensible paradox is that while censorship of the political/intellectual taboo was witnessing a dangerous development, resulting from the pervasiveness of the security services of the state of tyranny and repression, those agencies were more negligent in the taboo of sex, and therefore a lot of fictional works that dealt with this topic, even in a non-technical style found its way to more Arab book fairs and libraries. This situation was reflected in the role of private publishing outlets looking

for profit. While it was less strict with the taboo of sex, it remained wary of approaching the taboo of politics to ensure greater distribution of its publications in Arab countries and abroad (Najim, 2015).

2.5 Political Taboo

The religious institution is seeking, with all its capabilities, to monopolize power in the interest of a limited number of jurists and clerics who impose their illegal tutelage on people, they have turned into inspection detachments imposing into people's minds, hearts and intentions (Ahmed, 2004). The men of religious institutions often collude in secret and in public with the symbols of power in the Islamic fundamentalist world in order to tighten their grip on the various social strata (Ibid). There is an alliance between the clergy and the men of power. The victimized is the Arab citizen. This alliance is getting stronger due to the absence of democracy. Political decision-making is dependent on the dictator, who opposes any secular enlightenment thought that appears in the writings of thinkers and writers (Ibid). The mentality of exclusion, marginalization and confiscation prevails in the contemporary Arab scene, which makes it possible to understand the phenomenon of prison literature that will be discussed in the upcoming sections.

2.6 Narrative as Theory

The framework of this thesis relies on creative writing as a method of inquiry as Norman K. Denzin and Yvonne S. Lincoln's works remind us. Their work informs us that (creative) writing epistemologically and ontologically departs from standard social science practices, providing alternative research practices (Denzin and Lincoln, 2000). Their handbook on *Qualitative Research* serves as a reminder that writing can be viewed as a method of how we 'word the world' into existence, blurring the lines between fiction and 'factual' science and steering away from traditional uses of mechanistic and static writing models; allowing space for creativity (Ibid). This framework is highly important for this thesis, as I claim that creative language and writing can reflect social realities of oppression, resistance and liberation, thereby providing me with claims of "knowing" something. I aim to dissolve the lines between "narrative" and "analysis", Denzin and Lincoln state that 1970s feminist researchers introduced the metaphor: "Theory is story" and this is incorporated along my theoretical framework as the personal is not only political but

it is also grounding for theory (Ibid). Adopting this framework, the following sections shall analyze three different expression forms of resistance literature, the emotionally charged, the aesthetic/philosophical and prison literature.

2.7 Concept One: Emotionally Charged Resistance

Perhaps one of the most important styles of contemporary literature, which the Palestinian cause has contributed to highlighting to the Arab reader, is the poetry that is called "the poetry of resistance" (Majeed, 2011). It is the poetry that infiltrated the Arab reader through many windows that were available in the fifties, sixties and seventies of the last century (Ibid). Palestinian poets such as Mahmoud Darwish, Harun Hashem Rashid, Fadwa Touqan and many others took the lead in establishing this new type of poetry (Ibid). Poetry of resistance can be defined as the state in which the poet deeply and authentically expresses themselves, is aware of their cultural identity, and strives for true freedom in confronting the aggressor in any form (Ibid). Resistance poetry has basic value features, the most important of which are: the collective dimension, the human dimension and knowing the other (the enemy) (Ibid). As for the basic formal feature of resistance poetry, it is the rhetorical language. This is due to an important reason, which is that Arabic poetry is an audio phenomenon, not a visual one (Al-Ghathami, 2004). It began in ancient poetic history (before the advent of Islam) with poetry festivals and markets, and this tradition has continued to the present time. The Arab poet needs a platform to address the public, in order to convey his poetic message through vocal expressions and spoken poetic language.⁵ Thus, resistance poetry can be described as enthusiastic poetry. This is due to its aims to deeply impact people's consciences, stir up their feelings, and move them to a new psychological state. Therefore the way to achieve this appears to be poetic language with loud rhythms and an emotional vocabulary linked to collective memory. The poet Mahmoud Darwish can certainly be taken as a model of a poet of resistance. However, we must pay attention to the specificity of his poetic experience and its development over the decades. Observing the profound changes in the structure of the poem and in its intellectual carriers allows us to propose two concepts of language as a means of resistance: 1. Mass emotional language as a bridge to pass the ideological rejection to the other (the enemy and in this case

⁵ The focus of this thesis remains on written forms of creative writing, however, it is necessary to contextualize the origins of resistance poetry as a vocal phenomenon.

Israel). 2. The language that reformulates the world according to aesthetic or philosophical concepts, and searches for change by digging into the depths of the self and discovering its dialectic with the other (no longer rejects the enemy but is in conversation). Darwish's poem "Record I am an Arab" is a sure example of the first concept. The poem is almost devoid of beautiful poetic images, or metaphors, it is just a musical rhythm of a dancing activation from the seas of Arabic poetry: "Record! I am an Arab, and my identity card is number fifty thousand, I have eight children, and the ninth is coming after a summer. Will you be angry?" (Darwish, 1964, p. 47). The poet Darwish weaved his poem using direct daily vocabulary, and he charged it with popular emotional loads to arouse the listener's enthusiasm: "If I become hungry, the usurper's flesh will be my food. Beware.. Of my hunger and my anger" (Ibid). The features of this Darwish poetic experience last for a long time, and they appear, for example, in an Excerpt from "In Praise of the High Shadow": "Your arm fell? so pick it up! And strike your enemy.. there is no escape! And I fell beside you? so pick me up! And strike your enemy with me, for you are now: Free" (Darwish, 1983, p. 12). In this poem, a dramatic act of poetic discourse appears that wants to storm the world with violence to change it, and pleads for that with emotional noise accompanied by rhythmic linguistic noise. In this sense, Darwish's first collections can be viewed as a clear expression of concept 1 (emotional language to pass ideological rejection of the other). However, the remarkable turn in Darwish's poetry is achieved through his two collections "It is a Song, It is a Song" (1986) and then "Less Roses" (1987), where the poem becomes more dense and reduced, and more attention to what is cosmic in experience (Saleh, 2008).

2.8 Concept Two: Aesthetic and Philosophical Resistance

It is remarkable that the development of the Darwish poetic experience was accompanied by the poet's determination to bring about this change. He no longer responds in his poetry evenings to the audience's request to hear the poem "Record I am an Arab" (Mohammad, 2018). The important question is, what is the poet's motive for denying his old poem? Is it his new understanding of the function of poetic language, or his artistic dissatisfaction with that rhetorical poem? and identity? Darwish mentions in an interview with Nizwa magazine 2002: "I tell you frankly: it was the people who decided that this was a poem, not me. They are the ones who told me: This is poetry." (Mohammad, 2018). In these sentences, Darwish captures

the truth that characterized Palestinian poetry from the mid-sixties to the mid-eighties (concept 1), the fact that poetry at that time was not only an individual industry, but a collective one. The people who were touched by the electricity of it were the ones who decided that "Record I am an Arab" is poetry. Thus, people's intervention was decisive in defining poetry (Ibid). Darwish says that in this poem he picked up something that was repressed among the people and expressed it, so the poet merged with the audience, and poetry merged with the people (Ibid). In his recent collections, Darwish tends to more aesthetic and philosophical approaches in his poetics. He was able to reformulate the concept of language, as it is no longer the language of identity, but it has become identity itself. Thus, it does not deviate from the philosophical context of Martin Heidegger (Book of Being and Time). The book says that language is the house of existence in which man lives, and in which everything takes its place (Heidegger, 1927). The ontological definition of language, according to Heidegger, was manifested in the heart of the "essence of language" to the "language of essence". This sentence is not a paradox or contradiction, but rather something deeper than all of that. It moves us from considering language as a mere linguistic phenomenon to another interpretation of language as "the essence of existence itself" (Heidegger, 2003, p.274). An example is the excerpt from Darwish's poem: "The Kurdish has Nothing but the Wind" dedicated to the Kurdish poet Salim Barakat: "Language triumphed over identity. I said to the Kurdish, in the language you took revenge of absence" (Darwish, 2013, p. 157). It is clear that Darwish took the language at this stage of his creative experience as a substitute homeland for the absent place, whose return seemed difficult. He proceeded from the legendary ability of the language to return a lost homeland, and he always repeated that his language is his homeland, in a clear reference to the poet's dwelling in his language, to reaffirm the history of his people. It can be said that Darwish's poetics signify the power of Palestinian resistance against Israel's colonial power. Darwish's poetry is "contextualized within the corresponding social and political struggles" (Azank, 2012, p. 5), and constructs an active relationship between language, identity and resistance. He writes: "I am my language. I am words writ: Be! Be my body! No land on earth bears me. Only my words bear me, A bird born from me who builds a nest in my ruins" (Darwish, 2001, p. 55). Darwish is uttering revolutionary words that construct the important discourses of national identity and the power of resistance against the Israeli occupier. He develops an identity that is rooted in community "as

constructed through words” (Mena, 2009, p. 115). Resistance thus becomes an alternative to fighting against the oppressive occupier with weaponry, rather, diction becomes the fuel for incitement and revolution for the Palestinian population (A. Hamdan, 2016). Barbara Harlow reminds us that resistance poets manifest in their poems “a consciousness of the larger arena within which they write” (Harlow, 1987, p.46). Similarly, Darwish touches upon the themes of not only resistance, rebellion and justice but also liberation on the collective level. Hamoud Ahmed suggests that Darwish’s resistance poetry constructs “an organic bond of both humans and people” (Ahmed, 2014, p. 96). Darwish’s poetry becomes a means for captivating, restoring and enlarging the collective national memory, extending the role of poetry in the liberation struggle. Harlow argues that poetry is a force for “mobilizing a collective response to occupation and domination and as a repository for popular memory and consciousness” (Harlow, 1987, p. 34). We are able to witness the relationship between the ‘I’ of the author interacting with the collective struggle under “we”. Mounir Ben Zid embraces this idea and suggests that Darwish’s resistance poetry aids in reconstructing memories of his homeland Palestine and reflects the collective desire for liberation, becoming “a means of resistance that cogitates his aspiration for freedom” (Ben Zid, 2014, p. 56). The most beautiful aspect of the poet Darwish's relationship with language is the relationship between the technique of creativity, language, and resistance to death. The poet wrote his book *Mural* after his second experience with a dangerous heart operation performed in Paris, where he miraculously escaped death. In an interview (2004) between the poet and writer Nasser Iraq, a conversation took place in this way: “I asked him: Are you afraid of death, Mr. Mahmoud? He didn't think much before answering: After I wrote “*Mural*”, I no longer fear death” (Salameh, 2022). In *Mural*, Darwish declared this fact in explicit poetic language: “I defeated you, O death of all arts” (Darwish, 2000, p.13). Darwish has no choice but to wrestle death with creativity that defeats death, so the poet emerges “from the clutches of death like a phoenix that is born from its ashes, stressing the continuity of creativity, which means life, renewal, fertility and growth” (Salameh, 2022, para. 14). Exploring the poetic Darwish experience and its controversy with concepts 1 and 2 of resistance leads to the discovery of another important dialectic, which is prison literature.

2.9 Prison Literature Resistance

In the prime of his youth, Darwish spent many months in a political prison. The prison experience was reflected in the poet's collections during the period in which they were published, for example: *A Lover from Palestine* (1966) and *The End of the Night* (1968). In these two collections, Darwish wrote the poems "A Telegram from Prison", "The Captive's Growth", "Dead No. 48", and "No Walls for the Cell" (Al Quds, 2013). The poems of this period belong to concept 1 of resistance (emotionally charged), and the poet Darwish abandoned all his early beginnings, as we mentioned, to launch into concept 2 of resistance. However, the phenomenon of prison literature is a cultural phenomenon rooted in the Arab reality, which suffers from the lack of basic human rights, the most important of which is freedom of belief and freedom of opinion. It is an important tributary of modern Arabic literature, in which men and women, liberals, communists, Islamists, and individuals without political affiliation, contributed to varying degrees. The prison text is their only text. These writings, diaries, biographies, novels, poems and plays, include countless testimonies. All of them require researchers to examine their discourse and modes of interaction with their social reality (and contexts) through interdisciplinary studies. However, I can extract general points from examples of prison literature, namely: 1. The creative language appears in two forms, the resistance against the imprisonment of the physical body in a cell, and the resistance against the attempt to tame the soul and stereotype it into ready-made ideological templates that are acceptable to the political or religious authority (Yussef, 2014). 2. Various forms of prison writings combine revelation and documentation, expressing one's own experience and establishing a memory different from the official history. Farj Birqdar, a Syrian author once imprisoned for 14 years mentions that his writings are "an attempt to illuminate something, to capture something, to liberate from something, and perhaps it is just testimonies" (Birqdar, 2006, p. 11). This informs us that the productions of prison literature are manners to document one's experience to live on further than the prison walls, to resurrect these experiences from death. Birqdar reiterates the function of prison literature: "to approach something from experience.. from their ruins, thus saving them from death or oblivion" (Ibid, p. 12). 3. The importance of the relation between the "I" and the "we" appears in prison literature too. Birqdar mentions that a lot of prisoners helped him in copying, discussing,

protecting and smuggling what he wrote: “thus it is a collective work somehow, even though it is individually structured” (Birqdar, 2006, p. 3); emphasizing the role of collectivity in transcribing resistance inside of prisons. Thus the collective act of transporting the literature from within the prison to the outside world works along with the poet’s journey of outing and liberating from their struggle. This struggle against oppressive authority also comes under the struggle of ‘we’ as his project for liberation was a collective one in the name of communism, and we see this collectivity in the name of resistance within the prison clearly as the “we” come together to express their continuous struggle. 4. The prison writings reveal a basic feature of contemporary Arab reality between invaders (colonies) and tyrants (dictatorships) (Marwazi, 2004). 5. The prison writings confront the official memory and chronicle the relationship between the authority and its opponents. It is a dissenting memory, a deferred opportunity for self-defense (Ibid). A defense that was not possible at the moment of arrest. In Khadeja Marwazi's estimation, resistance in prison involves a dual defense: firstly in confronting prisoners to affirm humanity and achieve victories that are spiritual (through writing) and material (release from prison) (Ibid). Secondly, the moral victory of writing exposes oppression and becomes part of mechanisms for change (Ibid). And since memory and reflection on the past are crucial for organizing resistance, these writings become an optional journey to memories of prison (Ibid). These writings become historical works that intervene in the present and future. 6. By reviewing the history of the most influential poets and writers on the Arab cultural scene, and the most creatively important ones, we find that prison is one of their life stations. This critical elicitation points to the association of physical imprisonment with the simultaneous literal use of poetic technique (language) and its development to be able to transcend walls. It becomes the literal, objective equivalent of flying. It also refers to an organic concept, which is the relationship of literature to freedom. Freedom is the political value most associated with literature, to the extent that some critics consider the concepts of literature and freedom synonymous (Hasan, 2015). I adopt Sartre's philosophical stance on the concept of freedom (Sartre, 1948). The Sartrean concept of freedom refers to the concept of commitment, and this refers to the dialectical relationship between the “I” and the “we”. With total freedom comes total responsibility, the writer must be responsible for how that writing will affect society and the reader’s liberation (Poursanati and Darbandi, 2020). Here we see the connection between literature

and collective liberation, where Sartre affirms that literature is rooted in the political which reflects a collective reality and hence holds a responsibility and a commitment towards being an agent of liberation (Sartre, 1988).

The aforementioned theoretical interpretations enable an affirmative hypothesis regarding the research question. Creative language appears to enact forms of resistance and aspirations for collective liberation under the Arab struggle. We witnessed three forms of resistance literature, the musical emotionally aggressive, the more subtle aesthetic form that turns inwards and evokes philosophical questions concerning identity, as well as resistance within prison literature. These explorations need further examination which will later occur more concretely along with the writing documentations from various authors of SWANA descent.

3. Methodology

The research began with a positionality section reflecting on the need for exploring creative language as resistance to dominant technologies of censorship, the theoretical framework covered definitions to the most relevant keywords for this research such as resistance, Resistance literature, censorship, technologies and taboos. I also introduced the approach 'narrative as theory' focusing on specific case studies which enabled an analysis of creative writing as a method of inquiry and knowledge cultivation. The main purpose of the theoretical framework was to gather analytical lenses to apply in my explorative case studies and subsequently enable an answer to the research question. In this chapter, I will line out my methodological approach for the following chapters documenting creative language as resistance by various SWANA writers.

3.1 Liminagraphy

I want to cultivate knowledge about my research interest not by extracting knowledge from my research subjects, but rather by documenting the linguistic practices of various refugee authors in the Netherlands. This is done by utilizing the methodology of Liminagraphy, which claims that all knowledge is relational, and stems from the flesh (Sheik, 2021). It asks us to share, through language, storytelling, poetry and performances, to demonstrate a form of being that delinks from the dominant "I" and displays the co-creation and co-constitutiveness of "we" (Ibid). By examining my

network of Arab authors I aim to document 6-8 resistance pieces of 4 different authors from SWANA regions, the reason for this number is so I can examine the pieces in-depth within the limited space of this thesis. I aim to interact with various forms of linguistic expression (poetry, short stories) and include extracts of these creative pieces to examine the ways in which language can cultivate resistance and collective liberation. I then intend to interview the artists of these pieces to discover their intentions, what they hope to achieve within their works and discuss the politics surrounding their practices. In my interviews I will utilize the Arabic language, the reasoning thereof is to reclaim the power of Arabic as well as to respect the cultural specificity of those whose mother tongues are Arabic. SWANA refugees face erasure, and silencing, not only societally but also within academia, also known as epistemicide (Santos, 2014). This phenomenon manifests in the erasure of 'other' knowledges, and by constructing hierarchized binaries of underrepresentation/hypervisibilization (Rutazibwa, 2019). The thesis is interested in documenting the various forms in which SWANA refugees and writers liberate from this societal and academic epistemicide. I intend to do this by emphasizing the practice of deep/close reading, sharing lessons, steering away from the 'production' of knowledges and rather noticing that which already exists, cultivating the creative stories of those who have survived, resisted and exist(ed) in relationality (Cairo, 2021). I hope to practice this relationality and embodiments of co-constitutiveness within my methodology but also throughout the execution of my entire thesis. Within the methodology of Liminagraphy, the stories and writings shared are viewed as knowledges and theories, and thus "cannot be coded or quantified, there are no subjects or objects of research, there is no identified 'other'" (Sheik, 2021, p. 120), "only the relations which hold us accountable" (Wilson, 2008 as cited in Sheik, 2021, p. 120). This is vital for my thesis which reflects on processes of Othering and domination, and therefore find it important to escape categorizations of the Other. I view the interviewed people therefore as co-learners, both learning from each other and practicing coalitional relationships, refusing 'us' and 'them' dichotomies and the authoritative performance of the intellectual 'I' (Motta, 2016). My position will be of the storyteller as a means of "affirmative decolonizing critique" (Ibid, p. 42), allowing for the stories that are historically and systemically buried to resurrect. It is hoped that the development of this methodology can, too, disrupt dominant Western

methodologies, escaping from individualistic productions of knowledges and leaning towards the cultivation of knowledges under the unity (coalitions) of 'we'.

The research makes use of two methodologies, the first documents creative writing practices and the second makes use of qualitative interviews. The first methodology relies on the theory of the flesh which views "practice as a form of theorizing and theorizing as a form of practice" (Anzaldúa, 2015, p. 181). Thus by documenting certain creative writing pieces I intend to use the creative language as grounding for emerging theory, reiterating my approach of 'narrative as theory'. This approach steers away from Western epistemologies as the documented authors and I exercise what is known as "epistemic vulnerability" which is understood as "an openness to be affected and shaped by others" (Snyman 2015, p. 270). To be vulnerable and receptive to emotions concerning loaded topics of war, exile, and imprisonment but also resistance allows for liminal spaces of relationality. It also helps defeat what Eve Tuck and Wayne Yang mention that the Subaltern can only speak when they speak of their pain and humiliation (Tuck and Yang, 2014, p. 224). To document experiences of resistance, rather than fixating upon misfortune and calcifying victimhood narratives is an act of refusal to Western epistemologies. Documentations of resistance thus shed focus on the other onto-epistemological worlds that may be needed for collective liberation. That is primarily due to the fact that Liminagraphy begins with a story, the story of how the "I" finds its way to the "us/we" (Sheik, 2021). Thus, to employ Liminagraphy within my methodology (story sharing) is to highlight the importance of building relations between the author and the reader in the co-creation and cultivation of knowledges (Wilson, 2008). Hanna Abboud reminds us in his piece "The Poem and The Body", that there is an enormous network of intra-action and intertwining of the body and the language, both stemming from the flesh. He mentions: "No matter how deep you are in abstraction, you must use the organs of the body... that is why we do not see any difference between the material and the spiritual" (Aboud, 1988, p. 3). This act of theorizing from the flesh thus positions our theorizing in a manner that may be incomprehensible and foreign to modernity and coloniality. It creates new spaces for relationality, for co-relations of offering and receiving (Sheik, 2021).

The second chosen qualitative research method is an in-depth semi-structured respondent interview. A semi-structured interview allows asking the predetermined questions to all interviewees in the same order, while also allowing some leeway to ask further questions specified to the author and their multidisciplinary expertise (Tracy, 2019). The interview begins with asking about the author's experience with creative writing, their subjective stance on it and exploring the reason behind their writing practice. The questions then move to inquire about their intentions behind their writing, what they hope to achieve with it politically, culturally and psychologically, as well as questioning the relationship between freedom and writing, and if and how resistance comes into play. Moreover, the interview also inquires about the author's perspective on the subjectivity of the 'I' and the collective 'we' and whether there is a mutual relationship between the two in their works. As well as asking whether the author thinks that writing contributes to the project of collective liberation. The interview ends with asking about the influence of their embodied experience in their practice and what change they hope for in the world through their writing practices. I will allow the participants to reveal their stories on their own timelines due to the possible complexities of lived experiences as SWANA refugees and authors who may have been imprisoned or faced hardships under dictatorship regimes. The interview takes on the form of written answers, as I aim to bring the experience closer to their practices, this aids the writer in expressing themselves in a form familiar to their works. I gave the authors the opportunity to answer the questions in whichever format they may desire, this could be prose, narrative or any free writing form. This conscious choice solidifies creative writing as a form of inquiry and knowledge cultivation. The chosen methodology shall provide me with an in-depth and profound understanding of the lived experience of the writer who builds alternate worlds through language.

3.2 Research Design (variables)

The topic of resistance is not fit for quantitative research as the complexity of lived experiences of SWANA refugee writers cannot be grasped in numerical data. The focus is thus laid upon in-depth interviews and a small sample size of at least 4 participants, due to the limited time resources and complexity of recruiting fitting candidates. The participants are a novelist and critic from Iraq, a poet from Palestine, a Syrian author of Palestinian descent, and a Syrian short-story author and novelist. The interview structures are informant and respondent interviews, as interviewing refugee writers from SWANA regions allows getting to know how resistance takes form in their creative writing while having to navigate socio-cultural religious taboos in their home countries as well as in the country of arrival, The Netherlands. The sample size of 4 interviews will however not be representative of the whole refugee writer population in the Netherlands and their non-homogenous experiences, raising issues of generalizability. Though it is hoped to acquire glimpses and stories of resistance within creative writing from migrant authors.

3.3 Sampling Plan

A non-probability sampling is utilized for this research, as the aim is to investigate personal accounts of the specific target group: refugee writers from SWANA regions residing in the Netherlands. This sampling method focuses on the researcher's subjective and observation judgment to seek out interviewees with a large focus on convenience and snowball sampling. The sample focuses on individuals who obtained their refugee status and have creative writing experience, the population thereof consists of diverse backgrounds, identities and writing expertise. Convenience sampling is employed, by making use of my father's network, who is also an author, I was able to reach various writers from SWANA regions and inform them about my topic through a snowballing method. After gaining consent, I chose from 2 authors' published pieces, and the remaining 2 authors sent me several pieces of their works. Once I evaluated the themes and chose the documented pieces, I sent out the questions for the interviews. The author was given the liberty to write their answers in whichever free form they deemed fit. This choice was appreciated by the authors, allowing them to invoke their own creative practices within the interview form and bringing it closer to their expertise. Out of 7 approached

parties, only 4 eventually took part. Some authors for example were busy with literature festivals and book publishings. Data gathering of the 4 conducted interviews took place from 17 February - 10 March. Thankfully, some of the authors offered to connect me forward to other writers who were willing to participate, extending the snowball sampling further. The limitation of this method is not having a representative sample and not being able to enable everyone to participate. However, due to the limited recruitment time, the choice of convenience and snowballing samples are deemed as most effective.

3.4 Data Collection

It is paramount to examine the advantages and disadvantages of the chosen data collection methods to evaluate the benefits and shortcomings. The documented creative writing and in-depth interviews seem to be the most appropriate because they will provide detailed responses that enrich the archival process. One drawback of this method is representation issues; the informants recruited were chosen based on shared similarities, which could potentially affect interpretations. Harvey Bernard proposes a remedy for this potential bias; recruiting people with cultural competence in the areas that were observed (Bernard, 2011). As a result, the sample included authors from multiple fields who were culturally aware and reflective (demonstrated by their knowledge and culturally relevant publications). Thus minimizing or avoiding this bias to the best extent.

As the study may invoke loaded topics surrounding repression in home countries, the interviews offer a safe environment to explore these experiences and the feelings attached to them. This is done by asking open-ended questions and asking them in Arabic. Participants could express themselves comfortably by answering in their mother tongue. Moreover, participants are able to relate similarly to my individual experiences and our common identities, causing a more comfortable setting for sharing (see section 3.5 researcher positionality). A disadvantage would be the bias that arises due to sharing similar experiences with Arab fundamentalist regimes, thus potentially obtaining one-dimensional perspectives.

3.5 *Researcher positionality*

According to Essed (1991), conducting research with members of one's own social group is one way to address the persistent reproduction of the status quo in knowledge production and cultivation. In order to foster non-hierarchical relationships between researchers and informants, feminist scholars strongly advocate conducting research with equals (Kilomba, 2010). As a Syrian refugee who uses creative writing as a technology of resistance, my position as a researcher is not that of a detached subject observing their "research objects", but rather one of "conscious subjectivity" (Essed, 1991). In this instance, the traditional view that researchers must declare emotional, social, and political neutrality and be completely devoid of subjectivity is not applicable. As discussed in greater detail in my positionality chapter (1), the close involvement and inside perspective I have as a researcher will provide a valuable, rich, and egalitarian foundation for this study. The study does not aim to represent the "other", but rather the collective self.

3.6 *Data Analysis*

To analyze the semi-structured interviews as well as the documented creative writing texts I intend to use the method of Critical Discourse Analysis. CDA is an interdisciplinary analytical tool that evaluates the relationship between power and discourse and how authorities are constructed and resisted in the discourse of written texts (Amoussou and A. Allagbe, 2018). To accomplish this, I will utilize the method of close reading in order to critically analyze my findings. Before the analysis can take place, the semi-structured interviews must be translated. The conducted interviews happened via Email and will be translated as accurately as possible (see appendix, 5. transcripts/translations). Throughout the discussion of findings and when directly quoting, I will refer to the interviewed migrant population with their nationality and writing expertise (author/critic/poet). Names of the authors will be on display to celebrate resistance practices and as some of these works are published there is no need for anonymizing data. Moreover, direct quotations are shortened in the discussion due to the word limit, while ensuring the meaning does not change. This is done by placing (...) in between cutouts, as well as adjusting minor grammar details to make it more readable (e.g. past to present tense), done cautiously so that the literal meaning does not change or disrupt the authors' ideas. I have aimed to

include further translations between brackets when a word does not fulfill its whole purpose. It is important to note that due to the translation from Arabic to English, some sentences may be lost in translation and lose their cultural specificity.

4. Interviews and Documentations

In this chapter, I intend to showcase my findings which are characterized by the creative writing documentations as well as the written interviews which took place with the author of those pieces. I will analyze several creative writing pieces by 4 authors alongside the interviews to discover in which ways resistance manifests amongst SWANA authors and whether we can reach collective liberation through creative writing. Resistance seems temporally extended, experienced by the writers through different journeys and not merely limited to home countries in SWANA regions. Some of these writings were written in countries of origin and some were written in the country of arrival, The Netherlands. The Netherlands seems to be an ideal setting for dealing with such topics, as the authors enjoy freedom in publishing their works in comparison to the censorship faced in their home countries. The first three authors focus on prison, war, death and patriarchy experienced in countries of origin. The fourth author covers not only Israeli settler colonialism of Palestine but also brings in the challenges faced in The Netherlands as a migrant author (racism, Othering). I suggest reading these writings as theories of the flesh as the embodied experiences reflect personal anecdotes with systems of repression. Audre Lorde reminds us that en fleshed poetry “is not the sterile word play of the white fathers, nor the rhyme, metre, scales and form of Anglo-Saxon poetry” (Lorde, 2017 [1979], p. 2). Rather, it is “imprinted in our flesh, the ‘struggle poetry’ written in exile” (Ibid). Similarly, the creative language captured in these writings represents voicings of all those knowledges that censorship in all its forms attempts to eradicate and control (e.g through imprisonment), yet is kept in the authors’ flesh through their resistance and survival.

4.1 Complexity of Resistance

The Iraqi novelist and critic Zuher Karim embodies the character of the president in his text “The Ghost” through creative language, as he states in our interview “language is the raw material that can strip the world” (Karim, 2023). “The Ghost” story regards two protagonists, the fictional writer and the ghost (the president). The

ghost always haunts the writer and becomes an obsessive theme within his writing. The ghost materializes once in front of the writer, so he kills him, cuts him, then burns him, thinking that he has been relieved forever from the nightmarish past represented by the ghost (years of imprisonment and torture). The writer enjoys his new life, but the ghost soon returns to him while he is sleeping to penetrate and settle in his body forever (see appendix 6.1 for full text). The president's personality seems real and not made up. The writer excels at convincing us of its physical existence through creative written language, and then eliminates it by stabbing, tearing and burning the ghost/president. The president represents the writer's old fears, the painful memories associated with his imprisonment and which keep him from writing. He wants to be freed from it in order to write freely:

So, the writer finally got rid of the ghost that had dominated all his stories. He decided to start writing from that moment about other things in which the characters breathe fresh air, do not feel fear in their movements, do not confront any kind of persecution, strong and cheerful figures, unlike those he used to paint, broken and crushed (Karim, 2022).

Thus, he confirms in one of his answers: "Creativity in its essence is the free spirit that transcends prohibitions, superstition, and deception. Freedom is a burning state of awareness, without which creativity cannot produce an innovative textual value" (Karim, 2023). Creative writing, as the writer deems it, is an exploration in the depths of the self, and it is an attempt to understand oneself in order to understand the world better (Ibid). This is what is noticed in the story of "The Ghost", if the author goes back to the depths of the hero of the story, the former writer and prisoner, he sees in front of him the monsters of fear that tore his life, tore his wife apart, and made his writings sterile: "He wanted to get rid of the guards' silly jokes, which he had to laugh at out of courtesy, or out of humiliation. He wanted to forget even his wife, whom he had lost because of the ghost" (Karim, 2022). The ghost/president in the text represents the tyrannical and oppressive power that confiscates freedoms, and the author Karim's personal experience appears to be somehow present in the conscience of the narrator. The obsession of the author and the narrator is to get rid of power, which confiscates the human rights to live and express opinions freely, and does so by means of machines of oppression, imprisonment and torture. Just as the effects of torture remain present on the body, power and its manifestations (fear, terror, obsessions and nightmares), remain present in the spirit of the narrator and in

the stories he writes, as all his characters are "broken and crushed". Karim excels in identifying with the personality of the narrator, and in "The Ghost" he exposes that tyrannical authority, declares his disobedience and rebellion against its tutelage and strives to get rid of it, and stands in his text on the side of the self and the narrator together, and this is what the writer Karim referred to in one of his answers:

In my works, language appeared as exposure of tyrannical political systems, and an exposing of war after desecration and enthusiasm were stripped from it. In this way, I try to resist political deception, just as I resist falsifying awareness of enthusiastic statements, standing by myself, and by the side of the victim (Karim, 2023).

"The Ghost" ends contrary to the textual expectations that Karim excelled in formulating according to emotional situations that aroused solidarity with the protagonist of the story, the former prisoner. Power does not die or disappear so easily, and power is not just a vision made by language, and it cannot be manipulated. The ghost/power returns to the body of the narrator to dwell in it forever: "He entered with him under the blanket before it penetrated his body and disappeared there forever" (Karim, 2022). It seems as if the author wants to tell us what he said in one of his answers:

Writing will not bring about rapid and influential change in the short term, especially when it comes to major issues, hatred, racism, greed, religious sectarianism, slavery, tyranny, and other issues, but I believe that creative writing and in the long term can achieve awareness of the danger of such issues (Karim, 2023).

He reiterates this by saying that writing will not achieve great changes, such as transferring a political reality from a state of decline to a level that brings happiness to people, but "in the long run it achieves awareness among people of what surrounds them" (Ibid). The author, bets on the issue of awareness that creative writing can achieve. Thus, he presents a sober intellectual position that is similarly reflected in his other text "The Boy of Words" (see appendix 6.1 for full text).

"The Boy of Words" text presents a different function for language that the author Karim did not mention in our interview. Namely, that language is one that establishes the world, and it is not merely a tool for understanding or stripping the world: "Words have energy like that which makes animals, plants, and people alive" (Karim, 2019).

This reference appears to be religious and philosophical. In the beginning, was the word, as confirmed by Christian theology, which is the logos in Ancient Greek philosophy. The author Karim made his own myth about language, and used the metaphor of poetry as an objective equivalent of creation, and finally presented his own proof of the impotence of poetry/language in front of power/war and its defeat, and presented the solution of escape. The story regards a little boy birthed to a poet and an artist, he learns new words every day. He learned the word "love" and his dad described it to have long black hair and wide eyes. He learned the word "fear" when police came and arrested his father. That day he knew that when poems fly far away and land in some places, it endangers poets' lives. As Karim reminds us about freedom in our interview:

The question of freedom is thorny. Without this thing they call freedom, we would only be creatures trapped within the circle of the first instinct. What distinguishes us from animals is that we are able to resolve within the idea of freedom. I do not mean here the issue of oppression practiced against merely the expression of opinion, but a person loses their freedom when they are imprisoned inside a certain ideology, inside religious perceptions, inside a social shell (Karim, 2023).

The boy then learned the word "death" when a man (representing the word forgiveness) from their town was stabbed by another man (representing the word hatred). The man gripped tightly on the word "forgiveness" for the last moment of his life. Some other words made the little boy dance and sing, words like "joy" helped him to fly like butterflies in fields, and the word "music" entered his body and made him feel euphoric. One day the young man came across a strange word. He asked his father, but he did not answer him. The young man just went up to his room and closed the door. He asked his mother, and she said she had never heard of it before:

Smoke suddenly rose from behind the hills that day, and the young man was curious to learn its meaning, eager to add a new word to his book of knowledge. Intrigued by the complexity of the unknown word, he ventured towards the black clouds that filled the sky, realizing they were not clouds at all. To his dismay, he encountered the word "war" for the first time, but was at a loss on how to respond, as his poet father had not taught him how to handle such a situation. The poet father, overwhelmed with grief, would write "ashes" repeatedly, and his painter wife would incorporate specks of grey everywhere,

emphasizing the word "absence". The village elder reproached them, stating they should have taught the young man the word "escape" to prepare him for encountering the word "war". Reflecting on his ignorance, the poet mourned his luck, realizing the importance of knowing such a fateful word like "escape" (Karim, 2019).

This story serves as a reminder of how language acts as a tool of protection, Karim reminds us: "Inside the writing process is in a semblance of being protected from danger" (Karim, 2023). Escape here appears to be a logical solution to the poet's inability to build a correct relationship with the other (we). The poet possessed a magical ability to create an ideal world for himself and his family, but his linguistic fantasy project failed because he did not argue with the "we", he did not engage in a vision of the real world in which wars appear. In our interview, the author Karim referred to this relationship: "The writer must be a product of a society, with all its cultural references, and the relationship between him and society depends, of course, on his awareness and perceptions" (Ibid).

To summarize, In the story of "The Ghost", creative writing was able to resist and even murder the oppressive taboo, it was able to stab, burn and liberate from the power. The main character thought he got rid of the ghost dominating his stories, and thought he was able to write freedom without any fear, oppression, tyranny. However, we were able to witness the ever-lasting effects of power, how the ghost penetrates his body and disappears there forever. We can conclude that despite resistance, it becomes complex to rid the past biographies (imprisonment and repression). The cycle of resistance and trial for liberation continues on writing its stories. In the story of "The Boy of Words", we see this complexity of resistance again, when creative language fails to engage with the collectivity of "we", unable to utilize the power of creativity to its full extent under systems of oppression and war.

4.2 Multifaceted Resistance

In her text "The Crab", Syrian Palestinian author Mai Jalili tries to build a personal legend of a hero who defeated death (see appendix 6.2 for full text). The author reproduces the old legends circulating about resurrection after death, such as the legend of the Phoenix, so she creates the character of Merhi Al Khayal, the simple worker who escapes death after falling from the fifth floor:

People and workers ran towards the huge sound, but they stood amazed when they saw a dusty ghost coming down from the tree, as if he had just lifted the cover of his grave and came out, shaking off the dust and yellow paper from his clothes (Jalili, 2020).

The writer introduces that legendary scene to make the hero of the story fit the name (the father of death) that the villagers gave him. Jalili later makes him indifferent to the cancer that has invaded his body and condemns him to near death. The hero rejects the idea of his personal death and continues to live, as the obsession of defeating death has captured his soul. The hero is no longer afraid of anything, he is completely devoted to life. And he dared to delve into the forbidden, so he cursed the rulers, the thieves of the country and the darkness, and he became able to discuss God without reverence. After his survival, the hero possessed his own language, he used it to affirm the beautiful life that does not recognize fear and knows may defeat death, just as the author Jalili knows that her creative language is a means of resisting personal death and public death. In our interview, Jalili points out that the free and brave writer is the hero in change and liberation. This may appear as if the author was trying to make an identification in her text between the legendary hero, who was created by the creative language and his call for victory over existential death in its various forms, and the author who may also be viewed as a hero as she encourages the reader to resist all political, religious and sexual taboos.

The spoken language in the text (the language of the protagonist of the story Merhi Al Khayal) is almost objectively equivalent to the written creative language. The writer, too, used language to create a legendary hero, and he, in turn, used (narrative) to create his new life. The hero Merhi Al Khayal is the human when they get rid of their chronic fear of the horror of death. The story's hero is the author in a way, and he is us too. Whoever was a writer begged for language to achieve the desired immortality, and whoever was like the hero of the story begged for life itself, and saved it from fear. In our interview, Jalili tends to define a strict function for writing, as she points out: "Certainly, language is a tool of resistance for the free and courageous writer. The writer is the first hero in change and liberation from the claws of backwardness, inferiority, and dictatorship in its ugly forms" (Jalili, 2023). Jalili connects the concept of a hero writer to a writer who can create social influence, formulate awareness, and bring about change:

I believed that I would contribute to change, even if after a while and for a small percentage, but I will try, and despair will not creep into what I wrote and will write. I wrote about women who were killed by the prevailing language that implied vengeful masculine notions (Ibid).

These cultural references appear clearly in the author's other texts. We can review the fictional text "Yaoud Al-Khayzaran" to explore the writer's interest in the issue of the desire to bring about change by writing about the issues of SWANA women oppressed by masculinity fuelled by power, customs and traditions (see appendix 6.2 for full text). The heroine of the story is Ayat, a ninth-grade student who dreams of success and completion of her studies, but her family literally sells her through an early marriage ritual. Ayat was required to serve the husband sexually at night, and to serve all family members during the day. The pattern of the relationship between Ayat and the husband's family is a form of slavery, as everyone assures Ayat that she has been paid for, and that she must serve everyone throughout her life. The father-in-law gets angry with Ayat because of her inability to bring him a screwdriver, so he hits her with a thick, pointed stick, then her husband proceeds to hit her head against the wall and kills her. The story of Ayat is a recurring realistic narrative, repeated in different styles and details in SWANA societies. However, the dramatic treatment of the text came in line with the author Jalili's vision of the topic of creative language:

There is a language whose goals are lofty and carry good intentions, but its style is weak, rigid and shallow. It is a language that is useless and leaves no trace... The language has its literature, its beauty.. and its ability to enter the arid land in the minds of people and what they are accustomed to (Ibid).

It seems that the language sought by the writer, the attractive aesthetic language, is the language of daily life with its minute details, and this is what is noted in many of Jalili's works. This seems to be consistent with her point of view in the interview about the need for the writer to be the voice of others, to express their issues and care about their problems: "Yes, I believe that literature has its message that changes the intractable diseases of society, and gives alternatives in a new, effective way" (Ibid). In her "Yaoud Al-Khayzaran" text, the writer presented a popular, easy-to-handle language that was able to achieve the aesthetic condition through accurate descriptions of the characters, and through the use of some artistic metaphors: "He caught me with his claws as if I were a fish, and began to peel me

off with his nails” (Jalili, 2020). Jalili, in her text, painfully exposed the patterns of social relations prevailing among the poor classes of SWANA societies. Where the value of women is reduced to become a commodity for sale and purchase. Laws, traditions and clerics stand by the man who beats and tortures her and even kills her sometimes. There is a terrifying collusion between the social fabric against women. Even the woman's own family accepts her rapist and murderer and finds excuses and justifications for him. In her “Yaoud Al-Khayzaran” text, Jalili was able to achieve what she said in the interview:

“The writer is a thread of the fabric of this society...he begins to dissect the lumps, tumors and diseases of this society... He sheds light on what is known with his high sense that this tumor wants treatment. And he begins to write his story, novel, or article.. He explains, creates, imagines, shows the causes, and presents his characters in order to bear all these afflictions, in order to diagnose the disease and write his prescription to be par excellence the doctor of society and the healer of its diseases” (Jalili, 2023).

Jalili succeeds at diagnosing the socio-cultural tumors affecting SWANA societies, she does this by capturing a recurring story of a SWANA girl overpowered by her cultural and class surroundings. By bringing the reader’s attention to this tumor, explaining the causes and contextualizing the fabric which makes up the society, it reminds us through creative language of the need for treatment and aspiration for healing.

To summarize, in Jalili’s first text “The Crab” we are able to clearly see the resistance to death by the hero of the story Merhi Al Khayal. He defeated death after his fall and then defeated cancer as the ending suggested that after digging his grave to bury another person, that Merhi Al-Khayal has changed his burial position, as if he wanted to break free from the narrow hole of the grave. Resistance in Jalili’s second text ‘Yaoud Al-Khayzaran’, takes on a different embodiment, here death is not resisted or defeated, rather the author takes on a different approach where she chooses to dissect the flaws of SWANA societies and expose the dominant oppressive masculinities and intersecting class struggles. Through exposing the tumors of dominant oppressive authorities, resistance is formed by bringing a new consciousness to societies.

4.3 *Contradictions of Resistance*

In our interview, the Syrian writer Taleb Ibrahim refers to his experience of political imprisonment for many years. It seems that the scars of that experience are still visible in his fictional texts. They are deep scars, but are they still painful? Or did creative writing alleviate the pain, or perhaps even heal those scars? The question seems legitimate when we discuss the role of creative language as a tool of resistance, but it also seems confusing when we closely read the writer's answers and texts. The writer presents frank, harsh, and pessimistic opinions, so his answer about the change he expects from the world is:

I hold a pessimistic view of change in the world, and the phenomenon of Corona and the vaccine, and the harbingers of World War III were separate forms of this pessimism...and this is what I do not want, but I am unable to influence it, or change its directions...I have reached a stage where I do not take this world seriously, because I believe that there is no way to change it, or to stop its negative path at the very least...Writing for me has become a personal need, a personal mission, a duty, or a "narrow" space of freedom in which to breathe (Ibrahim, 2023).

Ibrahim also does not consider creative language a tool of resistance: "I never consider language a tool of resistance. It is a tool of communication and expression in the first place, but the resistance, "every resistance" uses many tools, including language" (Ibid). So how can we approach two of his texts?

The title of the first text is "Security Summons" (see appendix 6.3 for full text), and it is a text that belongs to the term Prison Literature.⁶ What is interesting is the intersection of this text with "The Ghost" text by Zuher Karim. Both writers provide a decisive vision of the impossibility to get rid of the dictatorial power, which despite all self-purification attempts (through writing) remains steadfast in the depths of the oppressed man who has been imprisoned, tortured and arrested. The scars of torture will not heal, as the authors experience. And every attempt to escape from ghosts and nightmares is doomed to failure. That harsh experience remains a cancer of terror and fear in the body and soul. In his text "Security Summons", the writer

⁶ The term prison literature refers to the literary genre/works that depict life behind bars and the injustice that prisoners are subjected to. These works can be documentations, informed by prison experiences or simply coincidentally written while in prison.

Ibrahim introduces us to a person who was summoned to a security branch for interrogation. The security interrogator (without features) sat behind his large desk. The hero of the story said “good morning” repeatedly with no answers, until the security interrogator “got up from his swivel chair and slapped me in the face with force. I was surprised by the violence of his worn-out hand” (Ibrahim, 2004). The hero of the story is subjected to more slaps and torture. And he is being pursued nightmarishly by the security interrogator, using the two words “come and go”. He hears it everywhere, in the investigation branch, on the street. The detective seems to have a supernatural ability that allows him to be everywhere. The writer Ibrahim is able to convince us of the physical existence of that detective/ghost of the writer Zuher Karim, and his ability to spoil the life of a peaceful citizen with slaps and torture. In our interview, Ibrahim documented the concept of the ghost, saying: “When I was in prison, I wanted to get out, just to get out. My wildest dreams were to be thrown out of those walls.. But until now, I did not feel that I was released” (Ibrahim 2023). This text presents a revealing human awareness, in which the writer was able to model the interrogator/jailer/one of the tools of the dictatorial power, and presented it to the reader, sharing with us the pain of experience and the desire for liberation. The writer thus succeeded in using creative language as a tool of resistance, despite his rejection of this concept in our interview. His intellectual pessimism seems understandable. On the one hand, his experience in prison was a frightening and terrifying experience. On the other hand, the dictatorial authorities are still practicing their repression without clear hope for rapid changes to come. In our interview, Ibrahim believes that the reason for this is that collective liberation projects or projects to demolish them are in the hands of governments and influential agencies that have enormous powers. Among these forces that influence, and push towards influence and madness, is writing: “I think the role of the writing “on our side” is secondary to that, writing is a detail of a complex painting” (Ibid). He insists on the marginal role of writing in change, but he writes because it feels liberating in a way:

I never built a prison inside my body, but I find myself confined in a cruel way, confined to every thought, belief and practice, confined to work 'outside the literary work'. Confined to political work, confined to the performance of services and duty... In these narrow spaces of life, writing seems to me as freedom... (Ibid).

The writer Ibrahim exercises this freedom in his second text “The Nightmare” (see appendix 6.3 for full text), in a creative and successful manner. The writer excelled in recalling the general context of the personal pain of a prisoner. Who spent fifteen years in prison, filled with torture, nightmares, mixing of times, places, people, prison mates and jailers, loss of personal memory, loss of hopes:

Five... ten... fifteen.....

My nightmare does not leave me.. It does not leave me.. Nor do I leave it.. I remain as I am, a statue of yellow wax.. Eyes that sow visions.. Superimposed mirrors, in which my details move from one corner to another, and every corner in it, the image of death teems with life.

Dark corridors, glowing faces and shoes, and a single tap for water... (Ibrahim, 2004).

The writer used nightmarish vocabulary, contextualizing it in a flashback that was brought to paper by the subconscious that stored all the bad prison experiences. The language of the text seems disjointed, but it is in fact an ingenious technique for describing the devastated world of a prisoner who suddenly receives news of a visit by his mother after an absence of 15 years. The world of nightmares, fortified by cells contained in the prison, collapses, after the knocks of hope made by the mother's hand on the door. But soon the collapse of the inner world of nightmares extends to the outer world itself, for whoever attended was not the mother who died, but the sister, whom the prisoner could not distinguish the difference between because of the decades he spent in prison. The text exposes the underworld of political prison, and brings the reader into a revealing area of light. Where everyone, the writer, the text, and the reader stand before an important question that will remain related to the creative language and its ability as a beautiful technique to create beauty that resists those monsters, ghosts, jailers, and manifestations of repression in all its forms.

From Ibrahim's text and interviews, we witness a pessimistic personal view where writing does not influence any change and is secondary in the project for freedom. Yet, writing remains a narrow space in his life where freedom appears and his texts bring a consciousness of prison life to the reader. He continues to write, but he moves on from documenting prison experiences to finding the aesthetic beauty as talked about in the theoretical framework.

4.4 *Postwoman of Liberation*

In her first publication *Postman of Hatred*, Palestinian poet Amal Karam wrote a poem titled “Farar” (escape). The poem confidently suggests another type of asylum that has not been classified before, which is linguistic asylum. The poet sought refuge in the Netherlands not for her life or her personal safety, but for the preservation of her poems. In SWANA countries, she was subjected to intellectual persecution because of the poems she wrote and recited in front of the public, defending the cause of Palestine, her country of origin. Karam mentions: “I was working as a journalist for one of the Palestinian parties in Syria and Lebanon, and we were being persecuted, meaning all the Palestinian parties, especially the active ones, and especially the human rights defenders” (Karam, 2023). The poet discussed and emphasized the significance of this idea during our interview: “Us as Palestinians and immigrants who are birthed as refugees, we have multiple reasons that cause us to write, to express ourselves. Because our voice is not allowed, neither in the Arab world nor outside the Arab world” (Karam, 2023). This provides a starting point for comprehending the poet's relationship with her creative language and formal transformations, as the poet's new environment (the Netherlands) required her to master the new language in order for it to become a creative language and a tool of resistance. The poet escaped from the “hunters/cannibals of poetry” (Karam, 2014, p. 1), and this is an important reference to the repressive authority that confiscates literary freedoms. Literary freedom constitutes Karam's personal freedom through which she seeks to achieve collective freedom. The poet mentions this idea in our interview: “The poem is the only friend I can trust” and “Writing is the only tool in which I express freedom” (Karam, 2023). In addition to writing, Karam has a passion for reciting poems at demonstrations. Those poems concern refugees who form an organic unit in Dutch society, and who are exposed to many problems at the beginning of their asylum:

Some of the poems from my second poetry collection *Ik Heb Je Door* reject racism. Other poems reject the stigma of asylum, and others reject injustice. In general, writing is important but more important than writing is reciting poetry in pulpits and reciting poetry in demonstrations” (Karam, 2023).

This explicit allusion from Karam takes us back to the first concept of resistance (discussed in 2.7 theoretical framework), where sound effect techniques and the use

of impassioned discourse are employed with the concerned audience. The poet Karam devotes an entire poem in her collection to the concept of freedom, which occupied a good space in our interview. The poet relies on the concept of sacred personal freedom, she iterates that as a human you are "free to take steps towards your end", and you are free to "line all freedoms on the grave of human laws", and you are free to "believe that you birthed God" (Karam, 2014, p. 20). With these words, Karam refers us to the taboos discussed in chapters 2.2 till 2.5 (theoretical framework), and her poetic project seems to be breaking through these taboos and writing freely, living freely and resuming the poetic struggle against issues related to the refugee community and continuing her interest in the essential Palestinian cause. Her dialogue in our interview also shows the close relationship that Karam sees between the issue of creative language, freedom and collective liberation:

Collective liberation is very important to us, urging writing, urging reading, urging thinking, urging openness to the world. Our society has suffered from persecution, backwardness, and severe religious fanaticism. We need to activate people from the inside as well, and not only in the Netherlands (Karam, 2023).

We notice how the poet's "I" identifies with the collective "we" inadvertently in dialogue, and this clearly indicates the intellectual vision of the poet, as she has great ambitions to bring about collective change through creative language. She sees it as the only way to address opponents of her intellectual discourse who attack her voice, her existence, and her Palestinian identity: "It is important that our voice be loud and clear. That is why I use prose poems and sometimes traditional poems to express my position toward those attackers. For me, they are a target group" (Ibid). Another important intersection appears between the interview with the poet and her poetry collection *Postman of Hatred*. It is the theoretical foundation and the practical foundation of the concept of language. This seems understandable given that the poet is a refugee, and learning Dutch for her is not merely an attempt to prove existence, but this includes preserving the old cultural identity, transferring it to Dutch culture, and introducing the other to it:

Confirming that I am Palestinian has become a very important cultural matter, as there is no recognition in the contemporary Dutch literary scene of the

foreigner as a poet writing in Dutch. I was the only one among the city poets⁷ of foreigners. The stigma of the refugee has been removed from me, and the shameful stigma of the media has been removed from Palestine (Karam, 2023).

It is the poet's absolute confidence in the magical powers that language possesses, with which she can create new societal paths for social phenomena that may be governed by the grip of cultural taboos intertwined with local and global politics. This certainty appears in the poem "The Lesson" in the same poetry collection, as the poet changes Descartes' famous saying "I think, therefore I am" to "I speak a language / therefore I exist / two languages / therefore I am" (Karam, 2014). And in the body of the poem, Karam continues to establish a different world through the tool of language, as she refuses to be the "Mrs. de Boer" that the Dutch language teacher gives an example to repeat: "After several Dutch lessons, I did not want to be Mrs. De Boer, Not without a passport" (Ibid). The desired passport embodies a confirmation of the new Dutch nationality/identity the poet desires. But the next poem "Family" discusses philosophically the relationship between language and identity "my mother tongue/fatherland". The poet thus brings us back to linguistic terms spread in many languages of the world related to the individual's first homeland. It is often described, as in Dutch and English, as the motherland or fatherland, and in Arabic, it is described as the land of the ancestors. The poet was able to use this organic relationship between the family and the homeland as an expression of the nostalgia of the refugee who suffers from linguistic alienation. The poet yearns for her mother/her language in the new environment, and she longs for her father/the homeland as well. Therefore, she feels like an orphan in a strange country with a strange language, like an adopted child: "But I am in the language of adoption and the country of adoption, an orphan child that flies" (Karam, 2014, p.5). Through the poet's dialogue, it appears that she was able to master the new language, and became able to write creatively in it. Thus, the language shifted from an emotional connection with nostalgia for the roots to an emotional and mental connection with the present and the future, necessary for the continuation of personal life, and the continuation of the struggle under the 'we' for the Palestinian collective self. Karam

⁷ A traiditon in the Netherlands where the city appoints a poet (Stadsdichter) to write about the city they reside in.

mentions: "Language is the only outlet, and it's like a life-saving serum" (Karam, 2023).

In a summarizing context, the poems of the poet Karam appear as if they are her children, who form her physical existence and her connection to the old family and the old homeland. The poet takes care of them with the utmost love and surrounds them with care, and she loves to release them in the streets of the new environment, to construct new homes of resistance. She recommends them often to ring the little bells to wake up the sleepers and urge them to participate in life.

4.5 Resistance in Collectivity

Despite the different accents, tones and registers of resistance portrayed by the authors, there is a collective process at stake that is worthy of painting. This chapter highlights a collectivity, one that transcends beyond individual authorship. My framing of these authors together is a process of emergence of a collective voice of resistance among the SWANA authors. It becomes important to reflect upon questions such as: what does it mean to move towards an overcoming of individuality? Especially when the "I" is imperative to the authorship which resists different regimes of repression and taboos.

There are three connections that I could observe through the documented answers. The first is the attitude toward writing as a tool of resistance, the second is the common theme of censorship, and the third is the stance on collective liberation. Firstly, three of the documented writers (Karim, Jalili and Ibrahim) agree that language is a tool that can be used either for resistance or perhaps as a cunning tool to pass other issues that may be sinister with intentions that contradict the concept of resistance discussed. The writer Karam differs from them by taking a critical stance toward language. She considers it an indisputable tool of resistance, through which it can confront opponents of her Palestinian cause. Secondly, all the authors unite in resisting parts of authoritative censoring systems. For example, Jalili resists religious and patriarchal oppression, Karim rejects ideological restrictions, Ibrahim counters imprisonments and wars, and Karam exposes colonialism and racism. These intentions show us the relationality of symptoms of living in SWANA regions where censorship and domination tactics are active and collectively resisted by the authors.

The third connection is the authors' stances on collective liberation. Here we notice the difference of positionalities each author possesses. Ibrahim indulges in a philosophical endeavour, unraveling many questions through his dialogue, and wondering how collective liberation may take place for many collective causes. He wonders whether it is the liberation from religion, the liberation of women, the elimination of terrorism, or exposing authorities that ruin societies and moralities. Karim, emphasized the stressed relationship between the "I" and the "we", he mentions that collective liberation will not occur easily and rapidly, and that all the creatives have faced difficulties with convincing the "we" of the importance of the movement. Karam, on the other hand, believes in the multiplicity of aspects that lead to collective liberation. She highlights psychological activation, social activation, and linguistic activation. Jalili confirms that literature has its message and strongly believes the writer's "I" shall dissolve into the unity of "we".

Are these qualitative attitudes of the writers reflected in their creative texts? It can be said that all documented creative texts reflect a social reality of censorship and repression (wars, religious oppression, imprisonment, patriarchy, racism, exile), the creative texts serve as an exposure tool to communicate sociocultural realities to the reader. And therefore achieve the philosophical understanding of resistance, as awareness, understanding and unveiling truths appear to be of high importance in order for change to occur. It also appears the writers' "I"s directly interact with the collective "we", where the individual stories are in direct dialogue with the collective struggle in SWANA societies. Through evocative storytelling, the documented SWANA authors capture the liminal spaces where individual identities dissolve and communal experiences emerge. They intricately weave together the threads of shared cultural heritage, socio-political struggles, and collective memories to create resistance narratives that transcend the boundaries of the self. Despite the emergence of the stories from the "I" (which is imperative to authorship), the documented SWANA authors employ rich imagery, metaphors, and allegory to depict the complexities of the collective "we"; representing collective voices and perspectives that challenge dominant censorship narratives. The writings evoke a sense of solidarity and interconnectedness, inviting readers to engage with the shared humanity of the SWANA region and highlighting the power of collectivity in shaping the region's rich literary landscape.

A Conclusion

In what ways can creative writing cultivate resistance and collective liberation as a technology of censored SWANA refugees? The research on creative language as resistance aimed to investigate the way in which authority, dominance and censorship are constructed and resisted in the discourse of written creative texts. The research began by contextualizing the need of exiled authors to write, starting with my own positionality and need to express through literary forms. Especially in countries under authoritative regimes where freedom of expression is limited. Writing thus appeared to be a tool to deal with ongoing taboos and censorship tactics encountered in SWANA regions. We observe that the technics of censorship manifest in three different taboos across SWANA regions: the intellectual, sexual and political taboo. These systems victimize anyone who deviates from the arbitrary norm, thereby constructing an internal enemy. In the theoretical framework, we were able to analyze prominent authors like Mahmoud Darwish, who was able to write back to powers of oppression and use creative writing as a technology of resistance. This technology is embedded in systems of power, where resistance took place against colonial rule, identity erasure and death. Resistance was analyzed through the concepts of emotional and philosophical charged resistance, as well as analyzing resistance within prison literature. These concepts expressed resistance through different literary forms, all uniting in expelling censorship and domination powers. In my methodology, I adopted Liminagraphy to cultivate the stories which already exist, rather than focusing on the production of knowledges, laying focus on resurrecting relational stories/knowledges. This affected both of my execution techniques, namely documenting creative writing pieces as well as the interviews. In the texts, I practiced the act of close reading and discovered social realities reflected within creative writing, enabling me to relearn about the various oppressive censorship tactics ongoing in SWANA regions (Iraq, Syria, Palestine). Our interviews focused on learning the intentions of the writer, which is of high importance as there is a distinction between my interpretation of the text and the writer's own understanding of their work. The interviews served as a completing act to the stories that were shared through the texts, and allowed a more relational practice and collective analysis to take place. Liminagraphy allowed a cultivation of knowledges through story sharing, which highlighted the importance of building relations between the

author and the reader. The collective lens reflected in the themes of the stories enabled a delinking of the dominant “I” and allowed the unity of “we” to resurrect. The practical aspect of the research attempted to document examples of creative writing by refugee writers who left their countries of origin and settled in the Netherlands. Thus, it contributes to documenting the stories of migration, and protects them from oblivion. The selected documentations constitute an important space of collective memory, which tries to resist the policy of erasure, so it does not bury its old pain in the new place, but rather reformulates it and launches a beautiful creative language. The writers may have different understandings about the function of this language, and what is expected of it, but its archival aspect, which expresses old memory, is extremely important. It is a continuation of the long journey of asylum, a continuation of the search for oneself, a continuation of finding a place in the new world, and it is certainly a continuation of spreading collectivity and resisting death. It can be said that creative writing, while expressed differently by every author, is capable of cultivating resistance and collective liberation. However, this may only occur when these works are viewed in relationality and collectivity, decalcifying different systems of oppression in unity.

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Appendix

1. Information letter:



Information about participation in

<The role of creative writing in resisting technologies of censorship>

1. Introduction

- Thank you for being willing to participate in my study, you are asked to take part in my scientific research concerning creative writing as a technology of resistance to dominant technologies of censorship in SWANA (South West Asian and North African) regions. The interview takes place online via Email.

2. What is the background and purpose of the study?

- I am researching creative language and writing as a technology of resistance, resistance against censorship in all its forms, whether it may be wars, imprisonment, religious or sociocultural oppression, discrimination, or bias of any kind. The purpose of the study is to highlight refugee voices from SWANA regions who resist through creative writing, and to capture moments of resistance through literature.

3. Who will be carrying out the study?

- Naya Aljoudi is the carrier of this research. My supervisor is Jamila Mascot. Email: j.mascot@uu.nl

4. How will the study be carried out?

- *The methodology of the research relies on documenting creative writing pieces as well as enquiring about the writer's motivation and intention behind writing. This methodology relies on Liminagraphy, which claims that knowledge stems from the flesh, and we can cultivate such knowledge through storytelling and documenting practices of resistance.*
- *The study and answering the questions will take approx 2 hours. But the participant may take as much time as they may need, this can vary from a day to a week.*
- *The participant is expected to provide me with a creative writing piece that reflects the theme of resistance, as well as answer 7 questions.*

5. What will we do with your data?


- *The type of data will be written answers, stored in a protected file.*
- *The raw data will be retained for at least 3 years. Names of participants will be on display due to the published materials of the authors.*

6. What are your rights?

Participation is voluntary. I am only allowed to collect your data for my study if you consent to this. If you decide not to participate, you do not have to take any further action. You do not need to sign anything. Nor are you required to explain why you do not want to participate. If you decide to participate, you can always change your mind and stop participating at any time, including during the study. You will even be able to withdraw your consent after you have participated. However, if you choose to do so, we will not be required to undo the processing of your data that has taken place up until that time. The research data we have obtained from you up until the time when you withdraw your consent will be erased.

2. Consent Forms:

2.1 Zuher Karim

 **Universiteit Utrecht**

DECLARATION OF CONSENT for participation in:
<The role of creative writing in resisting technologies of censorship>

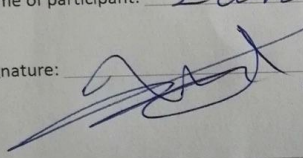
I hereby confirm:
that I have been satisfactorily informed about the study through the information letter;
that I have been given the opportunity to ask questions about the study and that any questions I asked have been satisfactorily answered;
that I have had the opportunity to carefully consider participation in this study;
that I voluntarily consent to participating.

I consent to the following:
the data collected will be obtained for scientific purposes and retained as stated in the information letter;

the collected, coded research data may be shared with other scientists and/or re-used to answer other research questions;

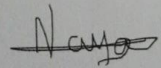
I understand that:
I have the right to withdraw my consent to the use of data, as stated in the information letter.

Name of participant: Zuher Karim

Signature:  Date, town/city: 15 03 - 2023

To be completed by the researcher carrying out the study: Name: Naya Aljoudi


I declare that I have explained to the above-mentioned participant what participation in the study entails.

Signature: 

Date: 09/03/2023

DoC_adults 16+_20211210

2.2 Mai Jalili

 **Universiteit Utrecht**

DECLARATION OF CONSENT for participation in:
<The role of creative writing in resisting technologies of censorship hereby confirm>

- that I have been satisfactorily informed about the study through the information letter;
- that I have been given the opportunity to ask questions about the study and that any questions I asked have been satisfactorily answered;
- that I have had the opportunity to carefully consider participation in this study;
- that I voluntarily consent to participating.

I consent to the following:

- the data collected will be obtained for scientific purposes and retained as stated in the information letter;
- the collected, coded research data may be shared with other scientists and/or re-used to answer other research questions;

I understand that:

- I have the right to withdraw my consent to the use of data, as stated in the information letter.

Name of participant: Mai Jalili

Signature: Mai Jalili Date, town/city: 19/3/2023 - Hilversum

To be completed by the researcher carrying out the study: Name: Naya Aljoudi

I declare that I have explained to the above-mentioned participant what participation in the study entails.

Signature: Naya

Date: 09/03/2023

2.3 Taleb Ibrahim

 **Universiteit Utrecht**

DECLARATION OF CONSENT for participation in:
<The role of creative writing in resisting technologies of censorship>

I hereby confirm:
C
that I have been satisfactorily informed about the study through the information letter;
that I have been given the opportunity to ask questions about the study and that any questions I asked have been satisfactorily answered;
that I have had the opportunity to carefully consider participation in this study;
that I voluntarily consent to participating.

I consent to the following:
the data collected will be obtained for scientific purposes and retained as stated in the information letter;

the collected, coded research data may be shared with other scientists and/or re-used to answer other research questions;


I understand that:
I have the right to withdraw my consent to the use of data, as stated in the information letter.

Name of participant: Taleb Ibrahim, طالب إبراهيم

Signature:  Date, town/city: 09/03/2023

To be completed by the researcher carrying out the study: Name: Naya Aljoudi
I declare that I have explained to the above-mentioned participant what participation in the study entails.
Signature: 
Date: 09/03/2023

2.4 Amal Karam



Universiteit Utrecht

DECLARATION OF CONSENT for participation in:

<The role of creative writing in resisting technologies of censorship>

I hereby confirm:

C

that I have been satisfactorily informed about the study through the information letter;
 that I have been given the opportunity to ask questions about the study and that any questions I asked have been satisfactorily answered;
 that I have had the opportunity to carefully consider participation in this study;
 that I voluntarily consent to participating.

I consent to the following:


the data collected will be obtained for scientific purposes and retained as stated in the information letter;

the collected, coded research data may be shared with other scientists and/or re-used to answer other research questions;

I understand that:

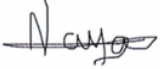
I have the right to withdraw my consent to the use of data, as stated in the information letter.

Name of participant: Amal Karam

Signature:  Date, town/city: 21/03/2023 Nijmegen

To be completed by the researcher carrying out the study: Name: Naya Aljoudi

I declare that I have explained to the above-mentioned participant what participation in the study entails.

Signature: 

Date: 09/03/2023

3. Interview Questions:

1. What is your personal stance on creative writing? Why do you write?
2. What do you hope to achieve through your creative works?
Politically/culturally/psychologically?
3. In your opinion, is there a relationship between creative writing and freedom?
If so, how does resistance appear in that relationship?
4. Do you consider language as a tool of resistance? Does/how does this phenomenon manifest in your work?

5. How does the writer's "I" interact with the "we"? And is there mutual relationship between the two?
6. Do you think creative writing contributes to the project of collective liberation?
7. What change do you expect or want from the world? How does creative writing help in that process?

4. Table of participants:

Name of Author	Nationality	Expertise
Zuher Karim	Iraqi	Novelist and Critic
Mai Jalili	Syrian Palestinian	Author
Taleb Ibrahim	Syrian	Novelist
Amal Karam	Palestinian	Poet

5. Interview transcripts/translations

5.1 Zuher Karim:

What is your personal stance on creative writing? Why do you write?

There are hundreds of answers to the question of writing, all of them correct in the sense that they are all acceptable. Every writer has a position on creative work, and this position intersects in one way or another with the position of the other. As for me, I found myself not knowing how or when I got involved in this game. Later I discovered that it is not that bad, but rather that writing pushes me to search for myself, for the mystery that makes me a person unable to understand the world, this understanding that will not be achieved even in the slightest degree, except through self-understanding. In the end I see that writing is a process of returning from the outside to the inside, and this is the most important position for me from the writing process, to understand myself in order to understand the world

How/do you think creative writing "reshapes the world" better than critical writing?

Critical writing is a creative process, and every critical perception is a reformulation of the world. Creative writing: a novel, a story, a play, and even poetry, also involves a critical process. We write, this means that we have a position on a certain system, cultural, political, or social. It is a critical text to dismantle and reconstruct problems.

What do you hope to achieve through your work? Politically / culturally / psychologically?

Writing will not achieve great changes, such as transferring a political reality from a state of decline to a level that brings happiness to people, but in the long run it achieves awareness among people of what surrounds them. For me, I work within this perception. Culturally, yes, I hope to achieve a text that reveals the role of culture in improving human reality, saving it from vulgarity in content subject to the greed of the market. The circulation of mature culture achieves a flourishing of consciousness. As for psychologically, I find myself inside the writing process in what is like being protected from calligraphy. I imagine without writing, I feel sick and depressed. I don't know if this saying is exaggerated or not. Without writing, I don't find myself anywhere else. Can I say that I will be lost!! (look at everywhere else within here about being lost without writing)

In your opinion, is there a relationship between creative writing and freedom? If so, how does resistance appear in that relationship?

The question of freedom is thorny. Without this thing they call freedom, we would be nothing but creatures trapped within the circle of the first instinct. What distinguishes us from animals is that we are able to resolve within the idea of freedom. I do not mean here the issue of repression practiced against the expression of opinion only, but a person loses his freedom when he is imprisoned within a certain ideology, inside religious perceptions, inside a social shell, or inside his greed, inside his feeling of hatred, here he will not be able to be honest, and his writing will not have value, people practice various activities, and in order for the condition of freedom to be fulfilled within them, there must be activity, doing what they love, which they believe is important as an opportunity to achieve a change in an unacceptable situation. Creative writing is essentially a critical process. There is complementarity in the relationship between creativity and freedom, which I consider a supreme value on the one hand, and it accompanies literature as a necessity, not as a choice. Slavery, which is the antithesis of freedom, is a representation of eliminating the essence of creativity. Creativity, in its truth, is a free spirit that transcends prohibitions, superstition, and deception. Freedom is a burning state of consciousness. Creativity cannot produce an innovative textual value without it. And innovation is a push of the inhabitant towards movement, and the direction of the new prevails. Here, the value of the creator appears in ripening the general vision and the common horizon of people in presenting a model that breaks what has been achieved, or develops what has already been built.

Is language considered a tool of resistance? Does/how does this phenomenon manifest in your work?

When we talk about creative writing, this necessarily means talking about language, which is the raw material, through which the narration process in particular, and writing in general, is used. It can strip the world, it can be an expression of a desire for freedom, and it can root the idea of slavery, but I see on the individual level that language is cunning, and it can be used for evil or good. In this way, I try to resist

political deception, just as I resist falsifying awareness with enthusiastic statements, standing on my own side, and beside the victim.

How does the writer's "I" interact with the "we" and is there a mutual relationship between the two?

It must be said that literature in general is a social phenomenon, and every phenomenon is a fabric of the clash of various lives. The writer has to be a product of a society, with all their cultural references, and the relationship between them and society depends, of course, on their awareness and perceptions. Often the relationship between the writer's I and (we) is tense. The writer tries to undermine stillness, always throws his stones into the shallow well to awaken life, and in this way he represents an opponent of (we). It is in the nature of groups to maintain homogeneity, and to believe in what has been achieved as the best. The writer, with his burning awareness, seeks to achieve innovation, and exercises a continuous process of criticism to destroy idols (cult image), as Nietzsche says. Let us imagine a writer carrying an ax. In the end the (we) will realize the importance of this ax, but it will not happen easily and quickly. All creators resisted difficulties and constraints in order to convince (us/we) of the importance of movement.

How does creative writing interact with the world around you and your embodied experiences?

I believe that the writer is the result of his experiences acquired from his presence in society first, before these experiences are subject to the criterion of awareness and criticism, then his personal experiences, whether harsh or rich, in addition to what he obtains of understanding due to getting acquainted with the experiences of writers, philosophers and innovators who preceded him, for this I find that the writer It is a difficult and complex mixture. For me, my travel experiences contributed to getting to know different cultures, to peoples with customs and traditions that seem exotic, to make my writing richer. I tried to delve into many issues, but I always choose the language and style that makes my text closer to the human being, away from the ideological discourse, from the discourse of power, any authority,

What change do you expect or want from the world? How does writing help in this process?

I think I answered this question before, writing will not bring about rapid and impactful change in the short term, especially when it comes to major issues, hatred, racism, greed, religious sectarianism, slavery, tyranny, and other issues, but I believe that creative writing and in the long term It can achieve awareness of the seriousness of such issues. For me, I have been reading for nearly forty years, and reading has given me a lot. It made my vision of the world more clear, writing in parallel always brings me closer to myself. I also said in another place that self-understanding is the path to understanding the world.

5.2 Mai Jalili:

Language is a tool of resistance.

language!! And what else except for language can change the world and overturn concepts, no matter how stubborn, calcified, and petrified those concepts are!!

Language is the only means of communication that goes to the mind..which carries in its strong hands the shovels of digging, plowing, turning the cortex of the brain, cultivating it, germinating new seeds, uprooting poisonous weeds and deadly thorns, and destroying beliefs and doctrines that have lived and flourished and their roots penetrated into the depths of the human mind. Language is indeed the possible means of change, of development and the transfer of human thought to vitality and the assimilation of the necessary variables of time.. Language is a double-edged sword, either it is the language of life, renewal and creative existence that elevates and transcends societies, or it is a viscous, poisonous liquid refined from human waste that is recycled to irrigate black (pessimist) thoughts and provide them with existence and permanent presence.. And these sterile and decadent ideas remain alive, broadcasting dead ideas that turn existence into a stagnant, cold cemetery where minds feed on their rotting corpses, regurgitate them and then return to digest them again, and thus living remains on the remnants of civilization. There are deceptive attempts to accept it, which is sprinkling it with sparkling dust and decorating it in the form of deceptive and new sweets, as supplies for the mind that is accustomed to those leftovers and has the sick suspicion that this ideal food is the best. Rather, it is the master of those who think and the master of those who innovate, and that everything that humans have produced is blasphemy. An evil that must be fought and crushed, the discouraged and stagnant mind defending its grave so that the dead can still breathe and walk among us.

This mind has not tasted the taste of the purest and most delicious language... It does not know it, does not want it, rejects it, is hostile to it, defames before it the supernatural powers of the Lord, and tries wherever it is present to prove that it is the absolute truth that comes from theology that is neither discussed nor rejected, or disobeys renewal. Fighting creativity with ferocity and an obligation from God....

This frustrated, racist (discrimination)-infused mind swells and convinces itself of excellence and superiority, and gives the right to its followers to bear arms if necessary..and horrific crimes have occurred in reality. I do not exaggerate at all if I say that all these wars that took place now and in the past and throughout the history of the Middle Ages and before it.. and the time of church control to the control of the mosque to the control of political and religious ideology, its first cause is the sedition of the language and its ability to plow minds and sow seeds of all kinds..and the easiest and the most effective It is science of words (philosophy) of the Arabs and theology in Western societies..This is another research, there is no room here for elaboration and explanation...

Language and its use by enticement and intimidation... And people in their instincts fear the unknown that language has explained and they walk blindly towards preachers and those who possess the forelock of language in its forms..

The impact of literature on social change:

I return once again to the language and its creations, which directly and indirectly confront change towards a better life. Literature and the creative writer who is able to influence plays his role in his writings and presents his message in order to refresh the mind and make it a mind open to renewal and expelling deadly toxins..Yes, language can..and how much literature that changed countries, overturned concepts, and provided humanity with fruits that were brilliant and creative.

It changed politics and defeated the hardened extremists, so they retreated before the logic of language, especially if it was the language of science and logic. Europe is a model.. Science and philosophy swept the church with a soft broom. Its size ranged from a dominant empire to a state called the Vatican.. a small tourist state in which the clergy practiced their rituals, after they change thrones and uproot kingdoms from their roots... and dominate the necks of people... Yes, the language of empirical science, logic and linguistic creative linguistics were able to do that..

About my personal experience, which is among the creative experiences of human beings.. I believed that I would contribute to change, even after a while, even if by a small percentage, but I will try, and despair will not creep into what I wrote and I will write it, and I wrote a lot about this.. I wrote about women who were killed by the prevailing language In which masculine vengeful concepts took place, I wrote a lot about our distorted reality, about our unseen and polluted thoughts that led us to be the lowest of the lowest, we follow nations in all fields and we became subordinate to other civilizations dependent on their strength. Weak, abandoned, drowned in our beliefs, prayers and desperate callings that are no longer answered. Yes, I wrote in a way that was contrary to the mainstream. I fought with the possible word. I tried to break the calc flakes over the minds. And I met what I met with those abstaining profiteers, and they stood in the face of every idea that might get us out of the graves... It is no secret to anyone that we are in the countries of the East where we were not free, we were besieged by politicians, clerics and their followers, observing every letter we wrote, begging for approval in front of the scissors of the Inquisition/inspection, which was and still is present, ready in front of every language that carries an idea that might destabilize their fragile and dominant existence. It is certain that language is a tool of resistance for the free and courageous writer. The writer is the first hero in change and liberation from the claws of backwardness, inferiority and dictatorship in its ugly forms.

Freedom and creativity:

The free pen has power that surpasses the deadliest types of weapons..the pen penetrates the mind and kills the viruses of backwardness, and sick, rigid thoughts that nest in the convolutions of the brain and frustrate it and coil like snakes on the feet of the march of progress, development and civilization..and paralyze those who walk on the path...

The truth, whenever literature rises (becomes better), the writer's 'I' no longer belongs to them. (His ego is his property, he is his life..) It is "we" as a whole society. We want, through what we write and publish, to infuse a new spirit of strength, presence, and advancement in a lively language that touches the conscience of

people, a language that does not flatter or make peace with graves and obsolete ideas. Highly attractive language that opens the appetite for reading and renewal. There is a language whose goals are lofty and carry good intentions, but its style is weak, rigid and shallow. It is a language that is useless and leaves no trace... Language has its literature, its beauty, its attractiveness, and its ability to enter the arid land in the minds of people and what they are accustomed to.. From ready-made meals and beliefs..then the madman's head is turned around..Then the head of the madman turns around.. Not any language should be influential, penetrating, entering without hesitation or stumbling into the factory of production and giving to the mind.. The mind has receptiveness, and the mind has readiness and self-intelligence, but the great question is, what meals do you provide for this mind?! What do you give this living being in your head from food?! To develop, grow and mature in a manner befitting his miracle and presence. If the ego dissolves.. and speaks with the tongue and heart of society.. and the relationship becomes mutual and productive..

Collective/social liberation:

The writer is the child of this society, they are a thread of the fabric of this society, they are a bird of this great flock..but they are completely different and completely distinguished, flapping with a wild wing of the flock flapping in the opposite direction, they are the one who tweets his own tune..the creative writer is the one who sees with the eyes of a falcon what society does not see and what ordinary people do not pay attention to, because they have sharp, strong eyes that distinguish stumbling blocks and take them outside the concepts of the swarm.. Then they begin to dissect the masses of this society, its tumors and diseases.. they shed light on what they know with their high sense that this tumor wants treatment, and begins writing their story, novel or article.. they explain, create, imagine, show the reasons and causes, and presents their characters in order to bear all these scourges, in order to diagnose the disease and write its prescription to be par excellence the doctor of society and the healer of its diseases...

Literature has its message:

Yes, I believe that literature has its message that changes the intractable diseases of society, and gives alternatives in a new, influential and different manner so that speech does not become scattered waste, plastic roses and dead roses. The writer must extend his scalpel and eradicate the disease..and plant the seedlings of new life. They were a superstitious dreamer immersed in imagination, but they predicted the future, set their expectations, and rang the bell in the face of ossification, silence, and repetition..and society avoided its pain..Literature interprets the past, explains reality, and gives expectations to society. It is not pure beauty, but beauty enhances human taste. The writer expresses the concerns and thoughts of people who are unable to express what is going on in their depths.

What change do you want from the world!?

Creative writing in itself is beauty beyond the ordinary. It is like music, like plastic arts, like theater, like cinema.. it softens the harshness of life and its events, but it must be recognized that literature alone is not sufficient for change.

What do we want from this world!?

We always want this world to be more humane, less bloody, more merciful, less sectarian, more just and less racist/discriminatory, for peace to prevail in this world so that our hearts can bear it. This world has planted its thorns in our throats, wars have been ignited, means of life have been closed, detention centres have been opened, mothers' hearts have been broken with loss, children's lives and their schools have been stolen, homes have been demolished over the heads of their families. .. There are seas that have swallowed up those fleeing from death.. and dead from poverty, destitution and loss, and loss and frustration in the countries of asylum..

What does the writer want when there is sadness and misfortune in front of him like a sea of sand!! All he has to do is scoop and write..Maybe mercy and justice will find a foothold on this earth..

I want our world to leave God (Allah) to his justice and mercy, and for people to stop the job of a slippery deputy who delegates himself to speak in the name of God on earth, even though God will one day wrath him and refer him to a deceitful and liar cleric. I want this world to solve the problems of the earth and resign from the problems of heaven. I want this world to stop about superstition and the transfer of his mind and heart to the world of the unseen..I want this miserable world to open his mind to science, literature and art because they are broad titles of humanity, and when he wants to worship, he closes the door on his relationship with his Lord and worships Him as he sees and is convinced..I want this world to transform his relationship with heaven to a personal relationship.. Merciful and tolerant of his society and does not look down on those who differ from his sect.. Allah's religion is humanity in its most beautiful manifestations... I want this world to strengthen its faith in life and love, as it is the origin of life...

5.3 Taleb Ibrahim:

introduction

I do not think, at this stage in history, and in light of the social media "culture", highlighting fools as social influencers, pioneers of a "distorted" cause and thought, that there is hope that the creative language will have any real role.

In light of the work of the media of governments "all governments" to further distort society, by turning these fools, half-talented or untalented, into celebrities, and by ignoring society, and turning it into herd groups.

In another era, "I am 53 years old now," I belonged to an ideology that lacked information and was instead filled with passionate rhetoric. At that time, Syria was a prisoner in the hands of the intelligence services, security services, and informants. I was among those who lost many years of their lives in prisons and detention centers, thinking "at least for me" that I was serving a "historic" cause that was destined to

win, in the framework of a historical struggle between capitalism and socialism, in which socialism would inevitably win.

Prison turned me into a writer, who carries within him all the contradictions of the stage, the contradictions of the historical issue, and the contradictions of his comrades, their convictions, hallucinations, and hopes. And it created for me other convictions, or perhaps other fantasies, or perhaps delusions, or a "deep internal" resistance to confronting the general state of brokenness, or the personal cases of brokenness.

Today I do not trust the will of the people, and often times I do not trust the people (societies) themselves, nor their political, economic and cultural powers. I do not believe that there is real hope for changing the "bad" reality, nor the ability to stop its collapse towards the brink of the worst. For the rest of my life and feelings, I will try my best not to take this world seriously.

What is your personal stance on creative writing? Why do you write?

At first, my writing was about prison. I wanted to document all the practices that I, my colleagues, and my friends were subjected to in prison. I wanted to communicate these issues "which I saw during that very important period" to the public opinion, but later on I saw that the issue is bigger than just political, and while documenting the impact of prison and the minute details of my journey and my friends there, I found that documenting other issues of life may be more important, better, more tangible, and more beautiful.

The process of documentation, the process in which I began in prison, led me to writing, to what is "in my opinion" the most important and comprehensive, which is documenting cases in life, all of life, with its misery and love, with its oppression and beauty, as well as its prisons. At some point, writing found a true expression of my attitudes toward life in general, and still does.

In the beginning, I was writing to take revenge on the prison and the executioners, but later my writings were attempts to convey my convictions in life in general, and perhaps revenge for the life that I could not live as I desired.

What do you hope to achieve through your work? Politically / culturally / psychologically?

I write when I am happy, when I am sad, and when I absolutely lose hope. Writing is a state of psychological stability for me.. Writing for me is a discharge of internal burdens, or a release of a state of general frustration..

I do not have any political ambitions to achieve through my literary works, and I believe that my political experience is the key to this, not my literary works.

In culture, as in the media, as in all aspects of life, there is always a role for those who can find influence in the circle of public relations, or in the circle of the influential. In the midst of political events, the results of intellectuals who have found a way to grow, seizing the opportunity to exist on that surface, and benefiting from the time factor, always float to the surface. Just like what happened in the Syrian, Libyan, Egyptian, Yemeni, and other crises... Suddenly, literary voices came out to

dominate the literary, political, and media arenas, occupying the prize arena, and then extinguished, only for other names to reappear...I am out of these contexts..

In your opinion, is there a relationship between creative writing and freedom? If so, how does resistance appear in that relationship?

There is a connection between writing and every detail of life. Freedom is a detail in life, and it is a relative concept that needs a lot of explanation. What I find in many cases "freedom" others may find a prison. And vice versa.. Does freedom mean that I write a specific article, an opposition, that is different from traditions and customs and out of the ordinary, and that I am not arrested, tortured, and maybe at certain times killed? Does it mean that I return to my home in the evening despite my opposition to a particular government or a certain ideology, or certain practices without being arrested? Do it mean that the country will be liberated from the occupier... or the country will be liberated from the oppressive authority, even if it is done with the help of the occupier?

At some point in my life, I used to think that the word freedom does not need explanation, and it was enough for anyone to speak, using this term, for me to understand automatically. To mean.. It is not enough in this context to say political, economic or sexual freedom.. Also, many other terms are required in order to explain the meaning..

When I was in prison, I wanted to get out, just to get out. My wildest dreams were to be thrown out of those walls.. But until now, I dont feel like I got out..

I did not build a prison inside my body, at all, but I find myself confined in a harsh way, confined to every thought, belief and practice, confined to work "outside the literary work", confined to political work, confined to the performance of services and duty .. in these narrow spaces of life, Writing feels like freedom to me.

From my collection of Polluted Words, there is a poem entitled Freedom that says:

When are you coming!

How are you coming!

-I'm not talking about a woman-

Sometimes.. I don't want you

And in another poem entitled "Confession"

He swears to break the bamboo..

To shatter the pottery of silence.

I hid my words behind the lining of my fear; behind

The curtain of my eyes.

And when I woke up from my departure; The wand was fragments of

Wood, bloody skin, and many words.

Is language considered a tool of resistance? Does/how does this phenomenon manifest in your work?

I don't consider language a tool of resistance at all. It is primarily a tool of communication and expression, but the resistance "every resistance" uses many tools, including language.

I believe that the resistance deceives the ideology and deceives the reality. It may do so for protection, but in many cases it creates chaos.

How does the writer's "I" interact with the "we" and is there a mutual relationship between the two?

I do not know what you mean by "conscience". There is a Western conscience, an Eastern conscience, an Islamic conscience, and the same is Jewish and Christian..etc.. And there is a human conscience, but the strange thing about the matter is that it is a Western product, and according to the rules of Western control over the world.. Human conscience today asks that we sympathize with Ukraine in the face of Russia, despite the fact that the ongoing war is a proxy war, or a "restricted" world war. The human conscience demanded that we sympathize with the victims of the recent earthquake in Turkey and Syria, but sympathy was much greater with Turkey... and so on..

The writer is the son of the environment in which he resides, but each writer has an ethical system that distinguishes him, and it does not have to be the same ethical system that defines the group to which he belongs. In the context of this differentiation or similarity and belonging, the writer may pay the price for that. In disagreement with the collective ethical system, he may pay a very heavy price, at the expense of his time, effort, and perhaps his life.

Do you think that writing contributes to the collective emancipation project?

Projects of "collective liberation" or projects to demolish them are in the hands of governments and influential agencies that have enormous powers. Among these forces that influence and drive towards influence and madness is writing.

I think the role of writing "On Our Side" is secondary in that, writing is a detail of a complex painting. This is on the one hand..

On the other hand, I think the slogan "collective liberation" is a mined slogan. Is it liberation from religion, every religion, or is it belonging to a religion.. Is it the liberation of women.. And where is the oppressed and exploited man himself in that.. Is it the elimination of terrorism, whose meaning changes from time to time.. Is it the exposure of the authorities' role in distorting Society, values and ethics... Is it "feminism" or "masculinity"... Is it artificial intelligence replacing humans at work and in all aspects of life, in order to serve humans... and any human being!

What change do you expect or want from the world? How does writing help in this process?

I hold a pessimistic view of change in the world, and the phenomenon of Corona and the vaccine, and the harbingers of World War III, were different forms of this pessimism..and this is what I do not want, but I am unable to influence it, or change its directions..

And I said in the introduction that I have reached a stage where I do not take this world seriously, because I believe that there is no way to change it, or to stop its negative course, at the very least.

Writing for me has become a personal need, a personal mission, a duty, or a “narrow” space of freedom in which to breathe.

5.4 Amal Karam:

What is your personal stance on creative writing? Why do you write?

Us as Palestinians and immigrants who are birthed as refugees, we have multiple reasons that cause us to write, to express ourselves. Because our voice is not allowed, neither in the Arab world nor outside the Arab world. Of course, the basis of the creative writing is that it should be able to master the language. My Arabic language is basically good, of course, and there is a divine talent in it. We used to hear and read classical Arabic languages in our homes, which helped me have an ‘instrument’ to express my thoughts and my feelings, of course. We were also brought up at home on the basis of a strict upbringing. I mean, even at home, we were not able to express our feelings and thoughts. There was no dialogue between parents and their children. There is many reasons for us to search for an outlet in which to express our thoughts, and writing means an ideal outlet in which to express our thoughts and feelings. It means, in the end, we have reached a stage with the second asylum outside the Arab countries to the stage of survival, the life around us was distorted to the point of fighting, so the writing was like a serum that they attached to the one in order to preserve their lives. Through it, one can express his feelings, his ideas, he means in the end, it is a tool to reject injustice and evil around us, so this is my relationship, I am with writing, and it is the only trusted friend with which I can share on our feelings and thoughts in the end.

when you tell me that at home, you can’t express your opinion or talk about topics freely. Did you mean Beirut, or did you mean another place? No like the place we were raised, we are as a generation we weren’t raised to be in a dialogue between our parents. The next generations can talk between him and his father and mother. With his sisters, he expresses himself, but our generation is the last generation that was unable to express himself. He used to work, and only ate, drank, studied, and heard the word, and that’s it. But this is the way the upbringing was correct. It was true. Writing was our rescue and how we could express refusal. In the beginning, in Holland, for example. I mean, we used to speak in English, but we could not communicate. With the world and people, they did not understand us, and we dealt with them on the basis that they were refugees and a second class of human beings, and the last was that we were expressing ourselves. I used to write in Arabic from day to day, I wrote in Arabic, and then in English, since I studied English literature, so I was insisting on learning the Dutch language. So I understand these people, I mean, how do they understand us? And what do they want from us? I mean, not by force, but to prove your presence, you make a place for yourself, your presence and

your stature. Racism was spread to a shameful degree. I mean, can one express himself in it and learn the language in it to response to the world? He has a social position and a professional and cultural position. The dutch is now thinking 50 times before they say something.

what do you wish to achieve through your poems and your poetry? be it political, cultural or psychological?

Now let me, let me say psychologically, then politically and culturally. Psychologically, Writing is the only outlet and is trusted with our feelings, my feelings and my thoughts. I mean, is the only thing that I can trust without thinking once or twice even when I can't trust the circumstances. It is the word and it is the poem. If I want to deal with history, people, or circumstances around me, I think 50 times and document it. Unfortunately, it has become distorted specifically because I am Palestinian. Culturally, It is very important specifically the Dutch literary scene, for example, the current reality is that they do not recognize a foreigner. He knows how to write and he knows how to make poems. Ya Latif, I mean, it is an extraordinary job that you are writing poems. I mean, this is very important. I am the only one of all city poets who was born outside the Netherlands, the only one. This is considered his obstruction of a cultural taboo in the Netherlands, a breakthrough in the sense that I was a refugee, and you lifted the stigma of the refugee about you and the Palestinians, and you lifted the media's shameful stigma about the image of Palestine. I say that I am Palestinian. I mean, they always say about me that she is from Lebanon. They say that I am Lebanese because I lived in Lebanon. They say that I am Syrian because I studied in Syria. I say to them, "No," specifically when there is a wide reformed public, immediately. But my blood is Palestinian. I tell them that I am Palestinian. It is true that my nationality is Dutch, but my blood is Palestinian. I stress this issue because this is an existential issue "to be or not to be". We love in a Palestinian way, we live in a Palestinian way, we eat in a Palestinian way, and sometimes if you want to dress in a Palestinian way and think in a Palestinian way, because we have 500 million reasons to do this and that is our existence.

Do you think there is a relationship between creative writing and freedom?

Of course, with writing I am completely free, why, because when I write, I don't think that someone will read it, I write to myself in a basic way. And then I think that whether I want to publish this thing or not. I publish sometimes poems that are very, very personal. and I published it deliberately so that people know that I am like this, with all freedom. We use this subject correctly. I mean, all people hear me. There are people who love it and there are people who do not love it. They are free in the end, but I express myself freely and how I publish freely.

How was the situation before the Netherlands? My first publications (haatpostbode) I translated it deliberately to arabic. So I can see how my friends and family will deal

with it. I sent it to my brother who lives in an arabic country by mail. The book never arrived, and it never came back to me. This is a subject that attracts attention, why does it attract attention, because for example there is a poem about the political man who is, for example, the president. It disappeared, I think. I don't have evidence for this issue, but this is what I think, of course, in all Arab countries. There is censorship in arabic countries, you know that everything is revealed under surveillance, under scrutiny, etc. About this, for example, I have another poem about freedom, by the way. I mean, I'm talking about it in verse form. The verses are that what do you mean, you are challenging the freedoms of the world, thinking that you birthed god? I imagine that some religious fanatics to the point of insanity mean that they reject this issue. The evidence for that is that I immigrated for this reason. I used to work as a journalist for one of the Palestinian parties in Syria and Lebanon, and in the end we were persecuted, I mean, all the Palestinian parties, especially the active ones among them, and especially those concerning human rights. I mean, there are people who have disappeared, I mean, they have completely disappeared from our parties. They had one goal, which is to defend Palestinian rights only, and nothing else. I mean, this is a legitimate right, and it is found in human rights, which the whole world signed, but many of the world did not maintain this signature. Freedom has a direct relationship to this subject, and this is why writing is the only tool in which I can express this subject specifically. This is why I migrated, this is why I am against the evil that surrounds us,

Do you consider the creative writing a tool of resistance? if yes/ how does this phenomenon appear in your poetry?

part of some poems from my second book were poems that rejected racism, there were poems that rejected the stigma of asylum, there were poems that rejected injustice in general. Now writing is a lot of important work, but it remains a personal thing. What is more important than writing is reciting poetry in platforms and reciting poetry in demonstrations. I mean, there are many people who asked me to recite. For example, from a period of time, the city of Nijmegen where I was addressing refugees, about 3000 people came. so the first poem was on this subject that the refugee is much more than food because the phenomenon was a lot, a lot, shameful, I mean in the Netherlands, it is the Syrians, the Palestinians and the East The middle-class people are generally good at cooking, and the Dutch are good at eating, especially if it is free of charge. You are eating from it. But they are much more than being just a good cook. So my poem was about this subject. For me, I mean, it was a moment of ecstasy that he recited this poem on the microphone in front of an audience 2,000 people at this book party. I mean, I consider it a tool, a tool for expression, a tool for the resistance, a tool for making people understand, so that they think of such a view. If there is time after the end of the program, they will ask me a question. Thus, I will be happy. This means that something moved the public, and this is what interests me. I am reciting a dream also in demonstrations. When there are demonstrations against racism, they always call me demonstrations

for Palestine during the Nakba days. I personally try as much as possible to repeat this topic and express myself and the issues that I defend. Of course, it is a tool of expression and a tool of resistance. Sometimes people they oppose the presence of my voice, which is attacked by its apparatus. Attacked by a fierce attacker, sometimes fierce and dirty. I use this topic if it is often a poem and sometimes in a form or column or I mean, or a large conference. Where some people think It is natural for our enemy to exist, which is Israel as a country, as a culture, etc. So I care a lot here. Every letter and every word has been transmitted and heard to this world. It is found in the Bible "the promised land". I mean, go ahead, talk to me, talk to me in all seriousness. I mean, it's not a topic. It doesn't have a topic of jokes. It's a matter of being here. It's true. It's important that they hear the voice, and it's important that it's the word that expresses our existence and our thoughts

How does the writers 'I' interact with the 'we'? Is there a mutual relationship between the two?

This is an eternal fight. For us, as a case, the I goes into the we. Collective liberation is very important for us. Urging to write, read, think, openness to the world. Our society suffered from persecution, from backwardness, and a world of religious suffocating and intoxicating closure on one's brain on the other. I mean, we need to activate people, inside and outside, not only here, in Holland, but also on the inside.. make a place for yourself, be present, carry a flag, when we recite recite with us. So that the 'we' takes over the I. Its a collective presence and identity. And its a goal that is clear and honest and must not be debated.

Do you think that creative writing contributes to the project of collective liberation?

As a second solution, I support social activation without writing at the beginning, but you can use writing as a tool. Reading is more important than writing. For example, mastering the language is more important than writing. Now, I have done projects for educational purposes. I mean, the subject is not basic or secondary. It comes in the second degree with teenagers who are studying a language. I made a project, a writing project, and we want to do a creative book in the form of a poem or in the form of a story. I mean, regardless of whether they are proficient in a language or not. Whoever wants to write in Arabic is okay, in English, in Dutch, okay, in both languages, okay, because I have mastered three languages, and I will help you with them. English and Arabic, it was a successful project. a lot of people were happy, boys and girls between the ages of 15, 17 and 18, that they are expressing themselves and are happy that they are freely expressing themselves. The most important thing is that it is psychological activation, social activation, linguistic activation, study activation, etc. I believe that is many factors together which lead to collective liberation.

6. Documented Texts:

6.1 Zuher Karim

The Ghost

Suddenly the writer of stories got up from his chair, looked at the president in amazement, shocked by the unexpected presence for this swollen face. He did not believe what he saw, as if he was asleep and woke up to find him in front of him: How did he get into my room! He asked himself, and the president's sarcastic smile was the same, unchanged, as if it were eternal and immortal. It is true that the writer encounters it every day and everywhere, but this time it seemed to be addressed to him personally, the smile that was all the time like a hole from which his characters emerged, the one that the writer formed and dealt with while yet in his stories.

After a minute, which is more like a moment of discovery of his absent self, or a moment of old revenge, his time came, he dropped the pen and scattered the papers, he ran as if he was going to enter a battle and he discovered that he was defenseless. Because he was not ready for it, he entered the kitchen and took the knife from the shelf. He went out to stand for half a minute in front of the president who still retained his smile and self-confidence, and without any hesitation, he stabbed him in the neck. His entire chest tore his white jacket, tie, and sky blue shirt, then he cut it into two halves and then into four to eight, and not only that, he began to tear the president into small blocks, which remained scattered on the floor between his feet for some time, after which he felt a lot of relief, and he let out a great sigh as if He just got rid of a lump of smoke that had been trapped in his chest for many years, he bent down at the end while panting, collected the lumps scattered on the floor of the room, put them in a pot and lit a fire, smiling - for the first time - as the beginning of this celebration that will be a leap to another bank, a new life devoid of a smile President.

So, the writer finally got rid of the ghost that had dominated his whole story, he decided to start writing from that moment about other things in which the characters breathe fresh air, do not feel fear in their movements, do not face any kind of persecution, strong and funny characters, unlike those He used to paint her broken and crushed. In fact, he wanted to get rid of his personal biography, from the years of imprisonment, torture and oppression, the guards' silly jokes that he had to laugh at out of courtesy, or out of humiliation. He wanted to forget even his wife whom he had lost because of the ghost, to abandon what remained of his thoughts, the absurdities that wasted his life and delivered him like a petty sacrifice to the chief's sarcastic smile.

And when he got ready for bed that night, he felt for the first time that he was free, he lived really exceptional moments, the music was emanating from the radio, music full of joy, the fire of the fireplace gives the place an emotional touch, he spent a quarter of an hour under the spray of hot water, then slipped into his bed naked and relaxed despite From the spread of smoke in the apartment, considering that it was a defining day in his personal life and in his literary pursuits, of course. Minutes later, he succumbed to a deep sleep that he had not experienced before, but in a dream he saw him, in full caliber, emerging from the ashes, smiling as he descended to him,

entering with him under the blanket before it penetrated his body and disappeared there forever.

The boy of words

In one of the villages, a boy was born to a little-known poet, and an even more unknown painter than him. The inner aspect of what the poet wrote was that he was not concerned with encouraging the audience, and what they call a spot of light, where art appears in the conscience, implicit and secret. And the poet used to write poems and read them to his wife, because she is his wife after all, and he is not afraid of her disrespect for what he writes. And when he becomes insomniac, he creeps out on the tips of his fingers, and the night is then clear, and the innocence that surrounds him is disturbed only by the sound of grasshoppers. She was silent, in fact, while the words flowed, and this is evidence of her sense of the power of poetry to give pleasure.

As for the painter, she used to paint more paintings, drawing while preparing meals in the kitchen, where the smell of spices mixes with the smell of fingers on the canvas, and she paints when she combs her hair in the bedroom, where each time some tufts appear in the lines, and she paints on her way to The market to kill time and stabilize the world. In fact, most of its designs were inspired by the scenes that pass through the window of the only bus that passes every month, the whites that penetrate through the quiet villages behind the hills to the small city market. When she returns home in the evening, she will have placed strange drawings in her basket with vegetables, meat, fruits, and nuts. She will show them to her husband, the obscure poet. He smiles, kisses them, and does not utter any words such as wonderful or beautiful, and she knew that the kiss is a large package of the word wonderful. Sometimes she shows her work to the cats in the garden, so she hears the meowing and rejoices at it as well, and she shows the cows in the corral, so the mooing gets louder, and to the mirror in the bathroom and she smiles, and to some visitors from the local population when they come to watch, so her cheeks turn red, and this was the hidden aspect of her work, where she appears Completely satisfied, she can take no more compliments.

Well, there was always a fair on the walls of the house, in the hall and bedrooms, and the furnace room, and even in the toilets. The submerged painter added a new painting each time. In any case, the happy couple, the poet and the painter, floated gently in the lake of their idyllic life, while the boy grew older every day.

One day, they said to their son, who was now a boy, that at that time when children can comprehend ideas, they are most in need of knowledge, to avoid dangers first, and to explore at least life in its narrow space, where lies the meekness of their village beyond the hills.

Words have energy like that which makes animals, plants, and people alive. Also for colors, the picture of the tree on the canvas, for example, can emit a scent like the one you smell in the forest, and the word "gagging" can help the hen to lay her egg

easily, and the word "crying" is what makes the voice of the rooster stronger in the morning.

And the boy was discovering words day by day. On one of the exceptional evenings, he learned that the word geography is actually a giant bird, so he used to ride on his wings every night, watching the world, and then return in the morning, to tell his father and mother about the forests, the long rivers that boats run on their pages, and about the vast green fields, mountains and oceans, and people in their colors and shapes, And about animals in the prairie.

Every day the boy learned more words. At a nearby wedding party, he discovered for the first time the word love, and that word was so confusing, beautiful nonetheless, that he later described to his father: She had long black hair and wide eyes. He asked his mother about it, and knew that this charming word could always be found in the neighboring village, and it was this discovery that made him hear his father's poems with double passion, and follow his mother's work with an eye of astonishment.

Then, on a difficult day, the boy discovered the word fear. The police came at the time, and they took the poet to an unknown destination. And when he asked in the evening what was wrong with his father, she said to him: In fact, he did not recognize well the word fear, so he left his poems in the wind, and they scattered, flew away, some of them reached the police station, so they arrested him, that's all.

From then on, the boy knew that when poems fly away and land in some places, they pose a threat to the lives of poets.

Later on, he learned other, more complex words. The words were like a compass that led his life every day in a direction. Some of them led him to a lake called depression, such as the word death. He met it when the people sent a funeral for a man who had well digested the word tolerance, but he came across another from the same village. A man who never gave up accompanying the word hate, so he stabbed him with it severely, and the man who clung to the last moment of his life to the word of tolerance died.

And some words made him dance and sing, for example, the word joy, which helped him fly like butterflies in the fields, or the word river where he watches wonderful fish, and boats at sunrise or sunset, in the word music he felt kindness as it used to enter its letters from the pores His body inside, and he feels drunk and melting.

One day, the young man came across a strange word. He asked his father, but he did not answer him. The man just went up to his room and closed the door. He asked his mother, and she said: In fact, I had never heard of it before.

On that day, smoke had suddenly risen from behind the hills, and the young man was overcome with a desire to recognize this unknown word, a word to add to the Book of Knowledge. And he was repeating to himself: What does the word smoke mean, this complex thing must be exciting, then he decided to go there, to discover the black clouds that formed in the sky: these are not clouds most likely. He said to himself: I have known clouds before.

Then the sight of the clouds pulled the young man away, as Shadi did in a song by Fayrouz, and when he arrived, he discovered for the first time the word war.

At that time, he could do nothing. Because his father, the obscure poet, did not explain it to him what the correct behavior is when a person comes across the word war, so he did not carry in the list of words a warning to save his life from danger, as he learned earlier about the word snake, scorpion, wolf, or drowning.

The poet father, of course, felt lost, so he would write all night long the word ashes, ashes, ashes, and his wife, the painter, would put a speck of gray everywhere. And they always used to repeat the word absence when they stood at the door, and when the village elder passed by them, he would address them with a repeated speech in the form of a reprimand.

You should have taught him what the word escape means when he encounters the word war. How easy it is for a person to mourn his luck, at a time when he should admit that he was ignorant and did not know an important and fateful word like the word escape.

6.2 Mai Jalili

The crab

The people of the country called him “the father of death”, as he fell from “scaffolding” hanging on the fifth floor. The cement-mixer (jibala) workers thought that this thing flying over their heads was a metal plane or an Israeli missile. They followed him until he fell through the branches of a giant willow and made a great whirlwind and broke half of the tree's branches, scattered the yellow leaves and broke the straw of the nests.

People and workers ran towards the huge sound, but they stood amazed when they saw a dusty ghost coming down from the tree, as if he had just lifted the cover of his grave and went out, shaking off the dust and yellow paper from his clothes, then searching for his “tool” that had fallen with him. He continued splashing water angrily and slamming the mud against the wall. People were afraid of his face twitching and his thick white hair scattered over his head, and of the redness of his eyes that popped out of the horror of the abyss, and they retreated in fear..

But he didn't look back and kept working until sunset..

...

The daughter-in-law of “father of death” saw a red edema in his neck the size of a small peach. His son and grandchildren dragged him by his legs and hands to the doctor, because he hates doctors and the smell of their clinics.

The doctor whispered to his son:

-- On the neck of the old man is a malignant mass, O people, let him eat, drink, smoke, dance and jump, let him do whatever he wants, I will prescribe sedative pills for the Hajj (elderly), and a drink that does not benefit or harm. The cancer has taken over your grandfather.

Merhi al-Khayal heard the doctor's confusion. It was said one day that “father “of death”'s right ear moves like a radar in all directions and hears the click of an ant's shoe.

The grandfather came out of the doctor's office, laughing and pinching his lump, and said to his daughter in law:

-- This crab clutching my neck will not defeat me, O mother of Shaheen. I will strangle it before it kills me.. Go ahead, you filthy crab (cussing out), it either me, you.

-- Do you know, my daughter-in-law, nothing frustrates me more except that everyone will know that I died except me. This story is worse than the cancer itself. And the grandfather's family shed two tears that stuck in the grooves of their faces, and no one noticed them.

But the doctor's instructions impressed him, so he began to eat voraciously, drink bottles of kerosene surreptitiously, and did not stop eating until they snatched the spoon from his hand. He started smoking two packs of "red" a day, spraying water in front of the door of the house, rinsing the terrace, and meeting with the old people in the neighborhood.

After the malignant, Merhi al Khayal had a speech spirit, opening the terrace session with a loud voice, cursing the rulers, the darkness, and the thieves of the country, and when the old people hummed and silenced him for fear of slander that would take him to hell. he shouts to them:

-- Cowards.. frogs..*inserts more curses*. Let them take me and my cancer, how could I not save my son on my expenses.. Oeef I have eaten a whole room of food storage, and soon I will eat some more of my grandchildren..oeef leave me alone.

Cancer revived the old man, allying with it, so he took it and spent hours walking in the wilderness, putting his hands behind his back and muttering admonitions. He talked with his cancer about his memories, his sacrificial heroism, the buildings he built, the piles of concrete he lifted on his shoulders, and the gang he handed over to the police, who imprisoned him with them.. He tells the cancer of his buried desires. He laughs with his hand on his lump that has grown and swallowed his ear and turns around half of his neck, revealing to her his secrets, his adventures with women and the beauties who loved him dearly and crawled on his bed, some of them left her husband snoring and pulled away in the middle of the night to meet him under the stairs and on the rooftops of the houses, and some of them said to him if you do not kidnap me, I will kill you, and put the knife in his waist... Oh, you dog (a curse) cancer, I was a man as strong as iron, now everything is gone, I am no longer the same, if time returns to me and my lovers return, I will return like a stallion the same as my first time. He pauses in the wilderness and takes a deep breath:

-- You have become a liar, you pasture of imagination, there is no stallion or (insert arabic linguistic rhetoric)

He laughs at himself, I will deceive you as you deceived me, you cancer of Sarmai (a curse for cancer).

Then he sits on the ground, looks at the sky and addresses it:

-- Lord.. let your great chest expand for discussion, take and receive, don't become like our rulers who, if we breathe, slaughter us. Why, Lord, did you make us smell the scent of life and the pleasure of women, then you wiped out our strength, so we

started shaking like worn-out cloth? I have ripped out the mosques' mat while praying you save me. Instead of loving me, you sent me an enemy who sat on my neck, following me wherever I went..

Merhi al-Khayal wipes his face, returns to the bench, and sits immersed in his contemplation. The mother of Samiha comes, his beloved, who does not know when she betrayed him, married someone else, and burned his heart. Years of reasons for historical anguish ended. Mother of Samiha comes bent over, and every two steps she stands and leans against the wall and gasps, and when she reaches the terrace she sits beside him without greeting or speaking, and after she rests she curses him and he insults her, and she laughs at him and he laughs at her, and they sit with features of unknown joy on their faces. And when he saw her laughing face and her only tooth in the roof of her mouth, he reached out from her wide sleeve and pinched her soft breasts hanging down to her knees. The mother of Samiha was not sure of the biting hand, and she started looking for the insect that had bitten her, scratching her skin, so she grabbed his hand and scratched it, so he moved away and started singing. Umm Samiha stood up and attacked him with a crutch, insulting him and calling him the old man of ugliness.

He said to her with tearful eyes so that she would remain silent and not expose him:

-- Will you marry me, mother of Samiha?!

She immediately stopped hitting him, and sat silently panting and cursing him.

Merhi regretted his request and was afraid that she would agree and be implicated in this misfortune. He imagined her going with him to the afterlife, and felt the tightness of the grave next to the mother of Samiha, while she was sleeping on his neck forever and ever.

He closed his mouth, grabbed his neck, bowed, approached her, put his chin on her shoulder, and confessed to her that he had been ruined for a long time, and disliked himself.

-- If you are = ruined.. What do you want with the girls of the world..

— Beat me, beat me, let me be ashamed of myself.

...

Everyone is waiting for the cancer bullet to go off and for Merhi al Khayal to roll to his end. Years passed while he was sitting on his dislocated chair next to his grave, but whenever he approached the eternal somersault, he grabbed the foot of the chair, and crawled away, mocking the stupidity of the cancer that spent his life imprisoned in his neck, waiting for it to kill him, but Merhi al Khayal still carries in that body the outcome of his savings from old manhood. Time devoured it, and a large number of women stripped him of all his weapons, and from time to time he extracted a penny from his piggy bank of his desires in order to spend it and move it towards

- Get up, old man, take a shower.

He heard the voice of his daughter-in-law far away.. and saw her face without features..

He got up from his sleep and climbed ploddingly to the roof, watering the tanks of plants, and spraying corn for the pigeons. He sat looking towards Abu Khader's orchard and heard the sound of the water motor sizzling from afar:

-- I'll go drink tea at Abu Khader's.

When he stood, pulled by an invisible hook, and sat down, he took off his djellaba (traditional Arab clothing) and searched for the thing that hit him on the ground, so he panicked and yellow and red circles flew in front of him..the circles approached him and revolved around him. He even saw the face of his mother, who died in the prime of her youth, and saw the face of his grandson, who was serving the military in Lebanon, and saw the living and the dead, many of whom he did not know. He shook his head to keep the buzzing circles away from him. He grabbed the pigeon's reed in order to expel it from in front of him, but they did not leave him and did not care for his fear, they spun with the speed of a hurricane until they gathered around themselves, and they unrolled a white dress that had the texture of velvet, he felt the softness on his cheek, he raised his hand to feel the garment wrapped around his neck, and he did not find the edema that blackened his life. It disappeared as if it had not been, and his neck returned a young man..and his shadow stood with all his strength, he got up to catch what was left of him, but he was heavy as a piece of steel, he could not budge his torso. nor see the blue of the sky, the clouds split and parted, and the blackness of his eyes disappeared among the clouds..

And he said to the soft cloth near him:

You are like a soft death.

And he closed his eyes.

The pool of pigeons gathered and cooed around him..

His whistling grandson cried:

-My grandfather died..

And he went down the stairs of the house..

And on the day the people of the country opened his grave, after years, to bury his brother over his bones, they found his skeleton kneeling and heaped on one side, and the mouth of his skull gaping open with the gasp of another death. The people spread his bones in his grave and said "Allah is the Greatest" and performed the absentee prayer over him.

Ya Oud Al Khayzaran (bamboo stick)

I saw my father dragging his right foot, throwing his weight on his crutch, and walking tiredly among the students in the courtyard of my school. I did not recognize him. I thought that there was a man who looked like my father who entered this place by mistake. Dad can't come here!! Unless my mom dies?!

I ran among the school girls, stood in front of my father, grabbed his arm, and shook my head to ask him, terrified at the blazing news on his face.. He said:

-- When you arrive you will know.. Pack your books, and come with me!!

I went home with him..and I was sure that a calamity had occurred in our house..and my mother was in the forefront of the calamity, in my opinion.

In the morning before I went out, I kissed her head, the fever was boiling on her forehead, but she forced me to go to school..

My father does not respond to the fire of my questions, sitting silently next to the driver, relaxing his neck, and letting his fingers hit the beads of his rosary..and he did

not care about my stroke that I caught crawling under my apron. My father's silence almost killed me..

We got out of the taxi, my father went anxiously towards the market, and I pushed the door of our house.

I ran to the kitchen looking for my mother, pushed the door of her room, went up to the roof, went down to the basement, opened all the doors.. I heard chatter in the guest room, I pushed the door hard, the key flew out of the lock.... Four women stared at me, sitting in the chest of the room, my heart returned to its place, when I saw my mother alive.. I threw myself in her lap. The coffee cups were spilled on the table..

My mother said in a deep voice:

--- Say hello to the guests..and she got up without blame wiping the coffee..

There were four strange women, dressed in black, sitting swaying in disgust, examining my face and my body and whispering..The more scrutinizing one mocked me and said:

-- All of her does not equal the amount!!

I saw among the coffee cups a wad of money wrapped in half a tin foil, which the woman was pointing to with her eyebrows.

My brother Fahd put the package in his bag, pulled me by the hand, and said to me:

-- This is your lot.. Thank God that the women accepted you!! All of you don't settle for a Lira (pound)!!

I didn't even for a moment understand what was going on in the guest room?! Who sold and who bought?! I didn't even see the buyer who paid for me.

Two days later, I was shoved into a white dress that did not fit my size, and a crazy hairdresser came and made my hair half a meter, to make me bigger and taller. They hung a cloth of used stink behind me. All the strange guests trampled on it.

The groom's mother sent disgusting looks at me, without equivocation, and give strict orders and shout at my mother, while my mother was sick and silent. And my father limped in the alleys and dragged his leg away, and my brother Fahd put the bundle of money in his jacket and ran away..and my sisters sat in the corners..ashamed of their old clothes..

They borrowed plastic chairs and a tambourine, and held a wedding for me in the dark..The electricity went out at the beginning of the wedding..And the groom's mother responds to the guests' inquiries:

--- Wallah the groom is traveling.. May he bury my heart, he is a businessman!!

My exam date is in five days. I was in the ninth grade..and the books were worn out while I was studying, summarizing, writing and memorizing. My heart was attached to my school..and my teachers and my friends..

No one heard all my crying and screaming. My family dragged me out of my hair to my disappointment. My brother Fahd burned my books. My mother hid my school apron. My father traveled to his brother's house outside the country.

After the wedding, the strange women took me in a taxi and put me in a far house at the end of the Damascus, in a closed room.

I let my hair down, pulled a thousand bobby pins from my head, took off the dirty rag and threw it away.

I sat waiting..on the edge of the bed, afraid of the faint wailing sounds heard in the house of which I only know the room and the bathroom..

I fell asleep after the agony of anticipation. Waiting for the traveler who paid for me, I think of my husband and imagine him. I only saw him as a strange being with two heads..or a blue goblin with a black horn, or he looked like his father. I used to think that this man walked upside down all the time..

Two nights passed while I was forgotten in that room..and had it not been for my mother, who slipped a bundle of sweets into my clothes, I would have died of hunger..

I woke up to the rattle of a man standing above my head with his face drawn and his eyes confused, and before I could check his appearance and see his features, he pounced on me, stripped me of my clothes, caught me with his claws as if I were a fish, and began to peel me with his nails. Then he fell asleep, and I stayed until the morning to collect my wounds and wipe his traces from my body. Every night the bear's palm picks me out of the water..and tears my skin..every night I wait for the torment of skinning..and before the sun, his mother comes to my room, slams the door and screams over my head to get up..to serve her house..

And remind me that I am not worth the amount that my brother sucked and ran away with.

Then my husband's father comes and says to me:

You are working here with your wages.. who your brother and father received.

My stomach began to swell..and I was afraid of that mass that piled up in front of me. I covered it with the coat that I wore day and night. I only took it off when the bear attacked me..until my stomach came out from between the buttons of my clothes..my uncle hit me with a handful of hands on my face and said to me:

Where did you get the son of this haram?!

And my mother-in-law said to the anteater who tears me apart every night:

-- Are you sure he's your son, you donkey?!

He replied to his mother as he licked his morsel and pulled the bread out of his mouth:

--- Yes, my mother, my son! Whose son would he be?! ..

I put my hand on my stomach and knew that there was a calamity swimming under my skin.

My father-in-law asked me with his upturned face:

Where's the screwdriver?,...

And I knew nothing of their house except for the staircase, the kitchen, the bathrooms, and the place that my mother-in-law indicated for me to clean. I said to him:

- I don't know uncle...

He pulled out the bamboo that he designed yesterday.. I saw him hammering nails into its head.. and he began to beat me, and shouted insults against my mother, father, and my sisters..

--- You don't know, you bitch!!..

I ran to my room, locked the door, hid in the closet, took out my mobile phone, which I hid under the floor, and called my mother. I said:

-- Mama, save me!

she said to me:

-- Turn off the phone.. quickly, before they can hear you.. carry my daughter.. its okay.. let your uncle raise you!!

I heard knocking on doors and screaming between my husband and his father and mother:

My husband pushed the door, grabbed my neck, lifted me into the air, and banged my head against the wall.. The strangers' house shook, and spoons, knives, and shoes fell off. My head hit the wall again.. The school girls flew out like doves from the window of the room, and they grabbed my hand and took me out of Abu Khayzarana's house.. And I saw my father-in-law screwing in space like a screwdriver, and his son catching up with the screw and the hammer.. and my mother-in-law rides on a hay broom, and says to me:

give the money back and leave...

The third blow was very strong, the wall broke, my heart shivered, and the skin of my chest tore..and it exited a long tunnel and rolled bloody between the lanes..

I was no longer in pain, I was just going around in a big party, and around me my schoolmates were clapping, and the Arab teacher was whispering to me:

-Congratulations you succeeded..

I saw a large patch like a white woolen carpet with "verses" written on it. I saw my name engraved with a screwdriver..and my father hung the patch on the wall and the name of the bear hand that killed me stained my epithet..and my mother rubbed my fingers to get me up..and she sang to me an old song she used to sing while walking in the kitchen ..

The hardworking morgue employee closed the mortuary, and my family left the hospital stumbling over each other.

And I died from the cold..

"Neither from my mouth nor from my sleeve" (an arabic saying describing the inability to do anything)

6.3 Taleb Ibrahim

Summons.. security

He sat behind his large desk stuffed with photographs, opening the newspaper wide, examining its narrow, scanty words, absent behind its long scales.

For a moment I saw nothing but the fingers of his hands, gripping at both ends. They were white and fat, as if they were boiled eggs. When I approached, his head was a mass of flabby flesh under the thick black hair.

- Good morning.

But he did not respond or move.

-“ Good morning,” again, and louder.

He got up from his swivel chair and slapped me in the face with force. I was surprised by the violence of his worn-out hand.

-I heard you, wlaaaaak (derogatory pronoun), shuuut up..

A short man entered, his face swollen like a cup of coffee. I handed him my identity card, and he pulled my shirt off and stuffed me into a stone box. He gave me a blindfold, and I forgot to put it in my eyes, so he slapped me hard in the face, and motioned with its lenses (the blindfold) to close the view of my face. I put it on and stood trembling, in the middle of a long line of slaps.

I heard voices, it was a mixture of screaming, groaning and crying, then I heard a bowed singing like waves.

The sobs were pouring harshly, intersected with moans. Then I heard my voice.. How is that! I was silent...! I heard my screams, my groaning and my crying... and I heard my singing... even though I...

I leaned against the wall with all my hustle and bustle, I was wearing my shoes..my feet were still in them like socks on a saw..

I received a slap, drawing my head into the wall.

So I came back to stand alone without the wall. I raised my hand to feel the explosion of my head, and I received another slap that ignited my face. I screamed in pain and loss, so slaps rained down from every side, until a pile of mashed meat bent in my place.

He poked me in the stomach with his foot, and I got up and stood like a plank in an abandoned warehouse.

-"Come here" ..

He said a distant voice like a radio, and it was nice..

-"Come here"..

I did not move.. I was afraid of not being invited, and I was afraid of taking the risk of being the one with the kind invitation..

Come on.. I didn't move..

I received a slap, which put me in the "come" side.

I advanced in fear, my trembling disappears in a gauntlet, and the slaps lead me on my lost path..

-"Come oooooon"..

Who is calling! where is the sound! What is the way!

Slaps guide me.. I hit a wall, or a man, I don't know.. I got a slap that made me lose my direction.. and a slap took me back to it..

-"Come ooon"..

I took off the blindfold.. The wall slapped me.. He was a man like a wall.. I handed him the blindfold, he kidnapped it, and he hid in the wall..

The “newspaper” was in his seat, head boiled, fat fingers behind.

“Come.” It was gentle and calm, like a newspaper in his hands.

I'm here...

I was slapped as hard as a bullet.

Who beats me! Where did this "strong" come from.. ! There is no one behind me.. There is no one next to me except for the walls.. And the newspaper hides behind softly boiled balls..

A dry pen fell on a bare piece of paper on the newspaper's office table, a piece of paper similar to the paper with which they summoned me to this advanced trench in the city branch..

The pen gripped on my fingers and made a broken line under my name printed at the bottom of the paper.

"goooooo." The "newspaper" said.. I heard him.. I saw its voice passing my easer, in a moment of my silence

- "goooooo" ...

And I got slapped.. I turned on myself, and when I tried to cross the threshold, he said

"Come oon." Quiet and sweet. I stood in my place, and I was slapped.. The pen got stuck in my fingers without paying attention.. I placed it tenderly on the edge of the table..

- "goooo" ...

I reached the threshold, and I was waiting for "come". I crossed the threshold, my shivering body rolled two steps outside the threshold.. I walked down the path towards the poor black corridor, which was stuck in the mouth of the large iron door.. I was waiting for "come", I turned and saw the empty silver thresholds and the "newspaper" stuck in the jelly of the office full of pictures. The place was deafeningly silent.

The office is gone in my eyes, the threshold is gone. The walls were gone.. The silent element opened its large iron door.. He didn't say anything, he didn't look at my frightened frame.

My legs sprang like a wheel, traversing the distance in fear of the guffaws of the elements, and the creak of the black door.

I ran as hard as I could.

I stood taking a big gulp of the air of the empty road, when a scary black car approached, like a nightmare.. It was watching me with its bright lights.

I paused, and the door opened wide, to a soft voice carried in the cold joints.

- "Come on" ..

The "newspaper" was behind the wheel, silent as night, anxious like a mouse.

The frightening man climbed into a state of anesthesia like sleep, and sat next to him, trying to swallow my heart, which shook like death out of my mouth.

I sat silent like a ghost, holding my hasty, terrifying breaths traveling distances to the sound of its loud lights.

I skipped turns, traffic lights, and people scattered like stones in the roads.

The "scary one" stood at the threshold of the Garage, within sight of a puddle of pale light. The "newspaper" said:

- "goooo" ...

My body slipped and slumped in the asphalt of the street, and gathered like jelly in the parking lots of Khorasan (cement).

The frightening door slid open and disappeared into the darkness.

I was there alone, watching her fake absence, waiting for the "come" that was like a fireplace..

The garage lights were dim, the vehicles' lights helped her collect traces of vision, and moisturize the lost corners, with the intonations of arrival..

Exhausted, I approached a quietly snoring vehicle. Its headlights were drowsing on a soft radio. I sat in an empty seat and allowed her warm engine to rouse my cold blood.

I relaxed in my seat, replaying the chapters of the farce of the "newspaper" and the slaps, and the paper, and the pen, and wondering in the intervals of hot exhaustion, I came out hanging like a fish...

I closed the jumble of a passing newspaper, the frequency of the quiet vehicles, I turned frightened and charged.

The "newspaper" was in the last seat, hiding behind the "surprise", and hiding its boiled head, revealing thick and swollen fingers, settling on the edges of the pages.

.. and a voice brimming with gentleness and calmness, barks in splashed of fear, light and tranquility .. "come.... Come".

The Nightmare

My head fell under the heavy black shoes, my eyes slipped, my lips spasmed, and the locks of my hair bathed in my lost blood.

I was in the other corner, watching myself, trembling, disappearing behind my arms, diving into the holes in the wall, and coming back... back from my memory.

My eyes freeze when you see the stuffing of the head scattering mist and scattering the asphalt space, so the limbs thrash violently, strike, agitate, accelerate, then slowly calm down..slowly.

The sun sets when another resurrection of a lost soul is extinguished, like a cinematic event that extends in time, and heads multiply, so shoes multiply, and mist flies, covering the sun, and it is extinguished.

I extend my hand into a frightening void, to push my lonely face...then I push my slaughtered faces...

I'm stuck in my unknown place, screaming..

I scream when tinnitus and vertigo increase, so I can't hear my screams..

I close my eyes, and the dancing images glow, floundering, scattering amid the sunset of the bloody sun in the cave of a cruel god, punishing the heretic rogue, and loving sacrifices..

Five... ten... fifteen...

My nightmare does not leave me.. It does not leave me.. Nor do I leave it.. I remain as I am, a statue of yellow wax.. Eyes that sow visions.. Superimposed mirrors, in which my details move from one corner to another, and every corner in it, the image of death teems with life.

Dark corridors, glowing faces and shoes, and a single tap for water.

The water shoots me like bullets, and it flows into my body like blood.. I scream, but I don't hear the screams..

The dictionary of my screams is full of emptiness..a scream without vocabulary..the vocabulary is lost..in a world that only beats with it..a world that is palatable for a god to grow up who loves jelly..

Five... ten... fifteen...

A loose world of seconds and hours amidst the seeds, amidst the seasons of jelly, in a coil of "rosary" wire... one grain after another, and its bells ignite nightmares..

Fifteen.. fifteen.. fifteen.. what next..!

After a memory exhausted by death parties.. and the absences of life.. absences that were heavier than the harvest of the seasons of explosive jelly.. over the pores of dust!

After a gray jelly of meaning, it fell from the green heads, drunk.. After the darkness of the setting sun, and the darkness of the coming sun..

What after five.. ten.. fifteen standard units..!

What happened..! how did it happen..! Who left..! Who stayed..!

Did I stay..! How much is left of me..!

Are these dim lights for me..! Does an empty artery beat.. for me!

Invitations poured in.. many invocations.. in the shadows of light, she found a bed for her.. in the pulse of a vein..

The nascent dose of invitations produced a wonderful god.. He was the god of invitations that do not accept offerings..

A mouthful of sound.. a sip from a crying heart.. a sip that turned the loud screams into vocabulary.. no no.. it was not vocabulary.. it was groaning, or a nightmare, or crooked daggers.. no no.. it was a whistling..

It was not a whistle.. It was a vocabulary.. The vocabulary returned from its absence, to describe the nightmare..

Every nightmare needs a few vocabulary. How can a nightmare be a nightmare without vocabulary?

Fifteen...fifteen...a long time in the sea of jelly...

And I dream..! The dream visited me again.. no, no.. it was not a dream.. it was a nightmare.. a nightmare expressed in vocabulary..

No.. no.. a dream.. it was a dream.. I know it.. I can put the vocabulary in its fields..

Then I caught myself in the act of dreaming.. No.. No, I am not in the act of dreaming.. I was waiting.. I was dreaming of waiting.. No, no, no.. I was in the act of waiting..

I practice waiting.. I wait.. I wait.. I live in the vein of waiting.. bitter waiting..!

I got my voice.. I started waking up from my nightmare.. I screamed, I heard my voice screaming.. I heard my voice.. I gained my voice.. my voice returned to me.. and the water that always threw me.. became warm like rain.. no longer threw me.. It didn't fall on my body like blood..

All my faces disappeared in a flabby mirror, then my face came back to me... suddenly on a plate of oblivion...

The sun rises..the sun sets..nothing can extinguish it except my awakening..the sun has many colors..

I wake up.. I was born again at the hour of awakening.. I was born in a plate of heaven on a God who sees.. loves.. listens to the flood of invitations.. receives them.. I felt that..

God climbs the rope of invitations.. I know this from the state of stillness that dominates my words in the hours when prayers evaporate..

A god with stars in his sky, through which he sows spaces of affectionate light.

Fifteen.. fifteen time units.. passed through like chaos!

I am not alone, I was never alone, for I am more than me.. much more.. I said it, I said it, and I say it, we were doses of doses.. no no.. we were waves upon waves.. no no.. we were hordes plagued by arrest, torture, and death.. and from within Death, from the seasons of sowing, came out like light.

Legions of the dead smiling, rippling around my melted details..

I forgot my name, but they remembered it in a handful of quiet invitations..

They reminded me that I had a name, I was not delusional, no..no..no.. I was not dreaming.. I came out to the truth, and I am now a reality.

The fact that I am not alone, that I have a name, and that they reminded me.

I see it, and I do it.

So my name came back.

Is he back! Is he really back..! How did he come back!

I don't know.. but he came back.. letter by letter.. cut off, cut off..

The travel returned, then the nest returned, then the bird returned.. My name was a bird returning from the season of travel..

I found my shoes, and they were empty.. They put me in them.. They were smiling, they were sympathetic, they put an old coat on my light body, which hides the costs of the years..

Five... ten... fifteen units..

They smile, leaning back under the moist rim of their eyes. They awaken joy before my lost eyes, my luxurious details gather. Their undulating fantasies slip away before my eyes.. My feet sleep in the empty plank of the road, and my slender steps follow the pores of the hard steps..

The new God distills my fear into the noise of the road, and divides the absent truth into batches:

I exist.. touch "me" and know that I am.. pinch "me" and know that I am..

I am on the way to a labyrinth, revealing in the image of her lost color that she is merciful..

I am eagerly...

In the space of scarce light, and on the side overlooking an iron grating, heat and pus, I relentlessly fall. I watch the threshold of the nest in the spaces of the elements, cold and rust.

Fifteen... fifteen... fifteen years...

I saw all the years, I saw fifteen years in one moment

When a creature dressed in black stood in front of my eyes, showering me with his tears, covering his soft face with his soft hands..

Fifteen years have gone by as if it were yesterday.

An object dressed in black shone in the distance between my eyes and the iron. My mother's warm face shone, he was crying. sighs. He bears witness.. In the rusty fog of the room, my voice emitted, awakening all the years of absence with their seeds, nightmares, and dreams.. It shot out like bullets..

Mom...my mom...my mom...

Fifteen years have passed, as if it were yesterday, as if it were a harsh picnic filled with space.

I hit the iron bars with my hands, my head, and my feet... I cut them with my chest... I bit them with my withered teeth... I squeezed them with my liquid skin...

My light body slipped on the cold wires, slouching like a dress. My tears fell, drowned me, and drowned the face of my steadfast mother with bated breath.. My mother returned too.. I returned.. And now my mother returns..

Waves returned, waving their hard pain in front of me, and hitting the shores of my memory with the foam of their sacred palms.

We exchanged tashahhud..we exchanged crying and the amazing miracles of the Lord.

Fifteen years... I returned to my mother, and my mother returned to my eyes...

The being adorned with black robes lifted his trembling palms from his hot face, muttered profusely, in which the vocabulary overlapped with sobbing, and uttered many letters, scattered like a phantom.

- Your mother...she died a long time ago...I...your older sister...