



م/د. قصفوا مخيم الحسين ومخيم النهضة  
ووادي الخدادة بشدة لا مثيل لها . في الواقع  
لم يعد أحد يهتم بدفن الموتى .  
في المساء أخذت مكبرات الصوت  
تدعو للاستسلام كانت على الدبابات وكذلك  
من محطة اللاسلكي التابعة للأمن العام . ان  
شيئاً مثل هذا لم يحدث في التاريخ انهم

يدعون الفدائيين والشباب للاستسلام  
الشباب : هذه مساواة فذة . ولكنها تبدو  
الإشارة الى نية افناء لا تخفي نفسها ولا  
تستحي والواقع انهم هدموا المخيمات .  
هكذا بالسحق والمحق . المزج بين الفدائيين  
والشبان . والمزج بين المقاومة والمخيمات .  
أليس لذلك معنى . ومع ذلك فالرفاق واقفون

رجال الجبهة في كل مكان . والوجوه كلها لا  
تتشابه في التعب والارهاق والغبار ، ولكن  
أيضاً بالتصميم . قررت اليوم بالمحطات  
تساوت فيها أشياء لم اكن لأحسب انها  
ستساوي في كل عمر ، جرعة الماء ،  
والرصاص ، وكسرة الخبز ، النوم ،  
والموت . الرفاق والمخيم .

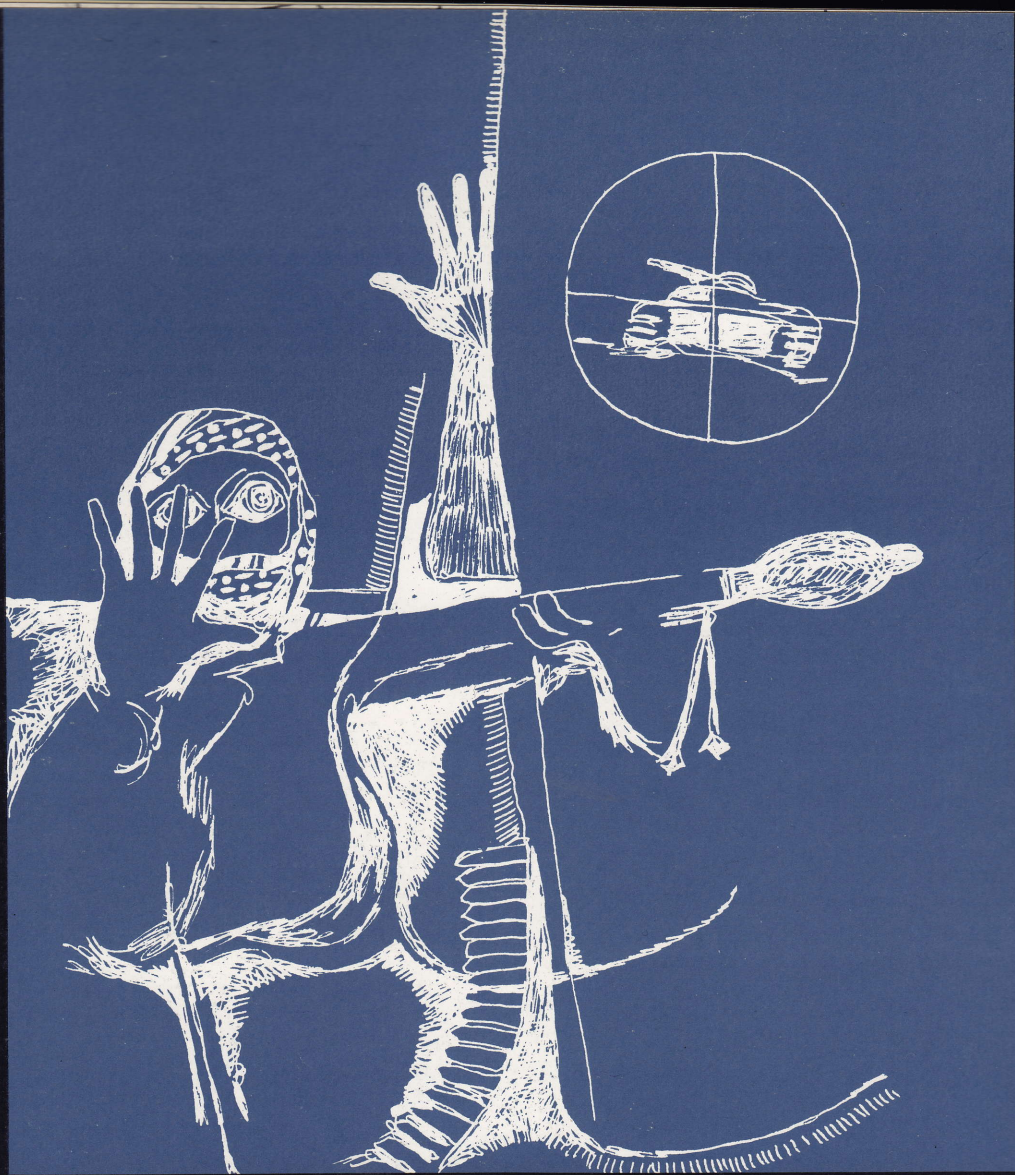




هاجمت الطائرات الاردنية حوارة ( القريية من اربد ) وفتحت نيران رشاشاتها المركزة على الاهليين وقد نشبت  
الحرائق في البيوت - وقوف - تشاهد القنابل والشظايا بشكل واضح ومكشوف - وقوف - عشرنا على بعض القنابل  
في حدائق الدور .

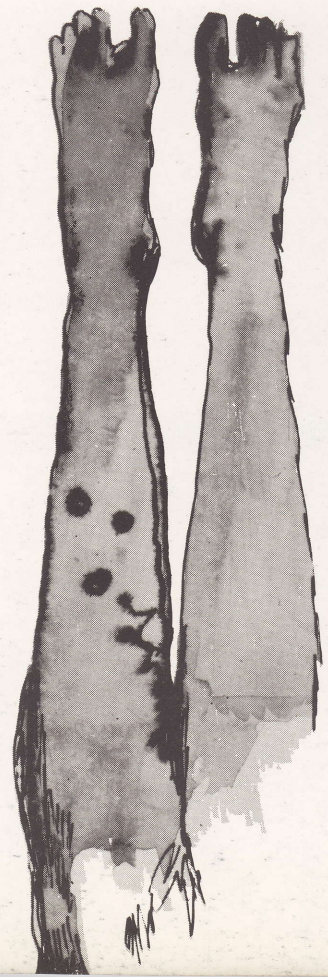
تقرير للموقف حتى الساعة ١٢٠٠

من يوم ١٩٧٠/٩/٢١

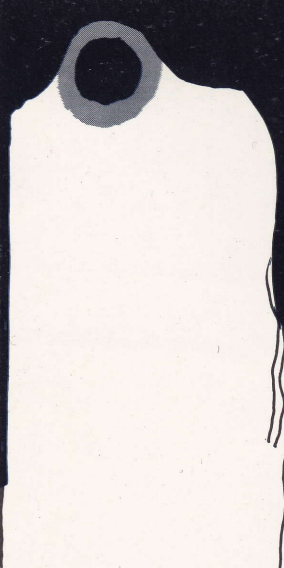


نداء . نداء . نداء  
من اسماعيل وجهاد الى واحد  
ناقص ٢ يساوي ٤ .  
أ . ب . ح وأياد محمد وصلت الهدية  
وحياكم الله ... استمروا

المريخ ، النظيف ، حي غزال ، بعد قصف شديد دخلت الدبابات هذه الاحياء واعتقلت الرجال ، وعملت سلبا ونهبا ،  
وارغمتها المقاومة على الخروج ، وقد جرى تبادل السيطرة على هذه الاحياء مرات عديدة .



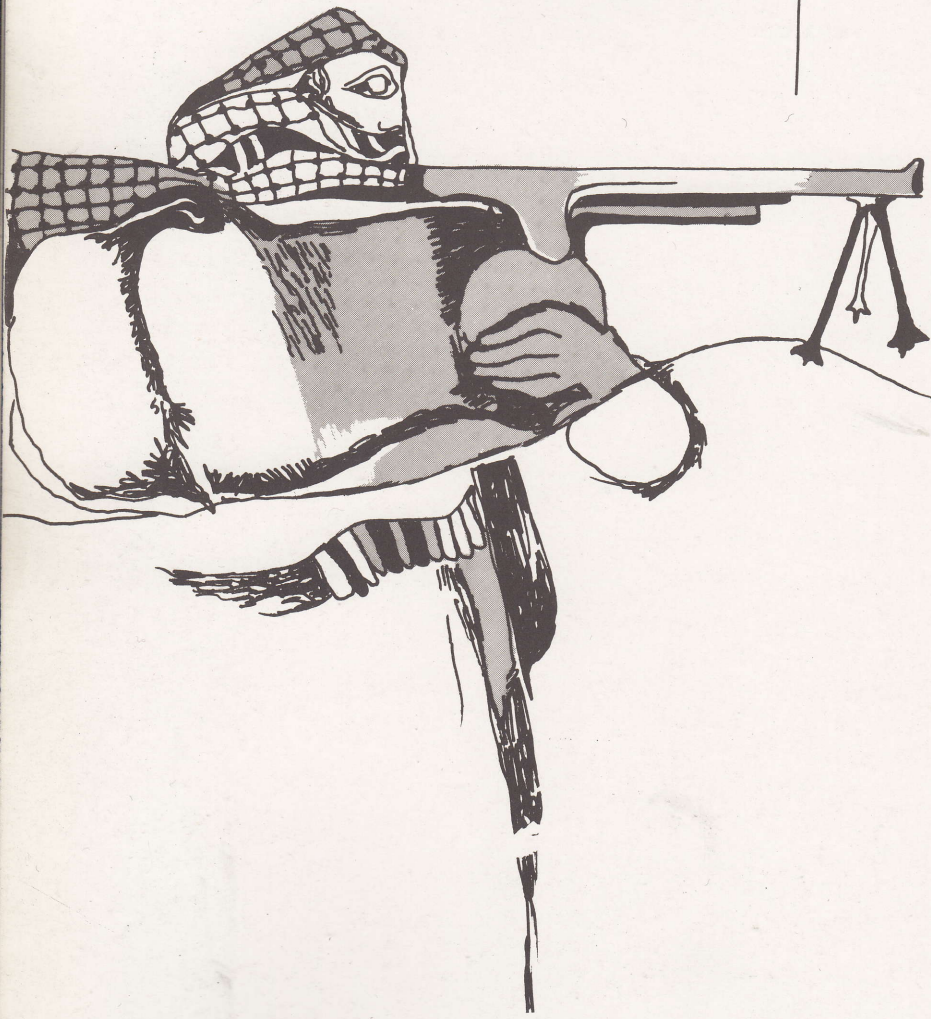




جی کنگز



سجل مخيم الوحدات اسطورة من اساطير المقاومة الباسلة في التاريخ ورغم ان القصف الهجمي كان يمشط الاحياء السكنية صفا وراء صف ، وان اكثر من ٨٥ بالمئة من بيوت الوحدات قد تهدم ، الا أن الهجمات الارباع بالدبابات والمشاة التي شنتها السلطة على المخيم كانت تسحق ، وقد سجل الفدائيون اصابات مباشرة في اكثر من ٤٠ دبابه وآلية .. كانت النساء تزغرد ، والاطفال يساعدون .. لم يتراجع أحد .  
تقرير صحفي

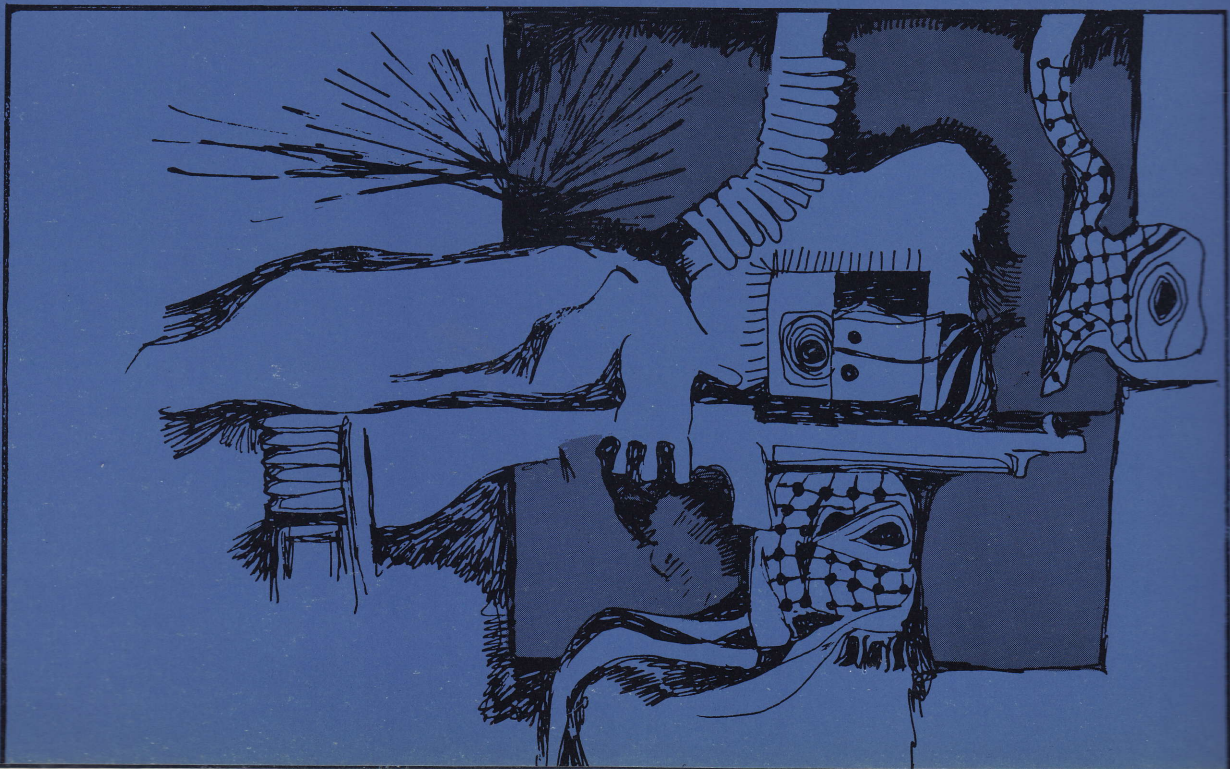


التقط مصور اجني ، بعد عدة ايام من وقف اطلاق النار في عمان ، صورة تلفزيونية لساعد سيده من منطقة جبل عمان ، حضرت فيها اظافر جندي مرتزق اربعة خطوط عميقة من الدم حين انتزع منها ساعتها واساورها .



اخشى ان يكون كل شيء هنا على  
 الاقل على وشك ان ينتهي ما اراه هو ان  
 الناس يموتون واقفين .. كانت المقاومة  
 ضعيفة اليوم في الجبل . ولكنها مستبصلة  
 وبائسة وحتما عالية البطولة في المخيم وكنت  
 احب ان اعتقد ان ضعف النار من جهتنا  
 ناتجة عن نقص في الذخيرة وليس عن  
 نقص في الرجال ولكن يبدو ان الحقيقة  
 مرعبة . فقد مات الكثير من الرفاق وشح  
 الرصاص ونقص الاكل .. وليس ثمة لحظة  
 نوم . كانت مكبرات الصوت اليوم تطلب  
 من المخيم الاستسلام ولا احد يعرف معنى  
 هذه الكلمة . هل ثمة استسلام اكثر من  
 الاستسلام لحياة مخيم ؟

قال لي (أ) ان احد الشبان لجأ الى امرأة في  
 المخيم فرفضت الجاهه وقالت له انت لست  
 افضل من ابني لقد قاتل حتى مات فقاتل  
 انت حتى تموت . ان الصمود ياخذ احيانا  
 صوتا راعبا ولكنه حاسم . الموت في كل  
 شبر في الحسين وكذلك الجوع والعطش .  
 اما الاقسى فهو ان يضع المرء عينه في عيون  
 الاطفال المذهولين ..

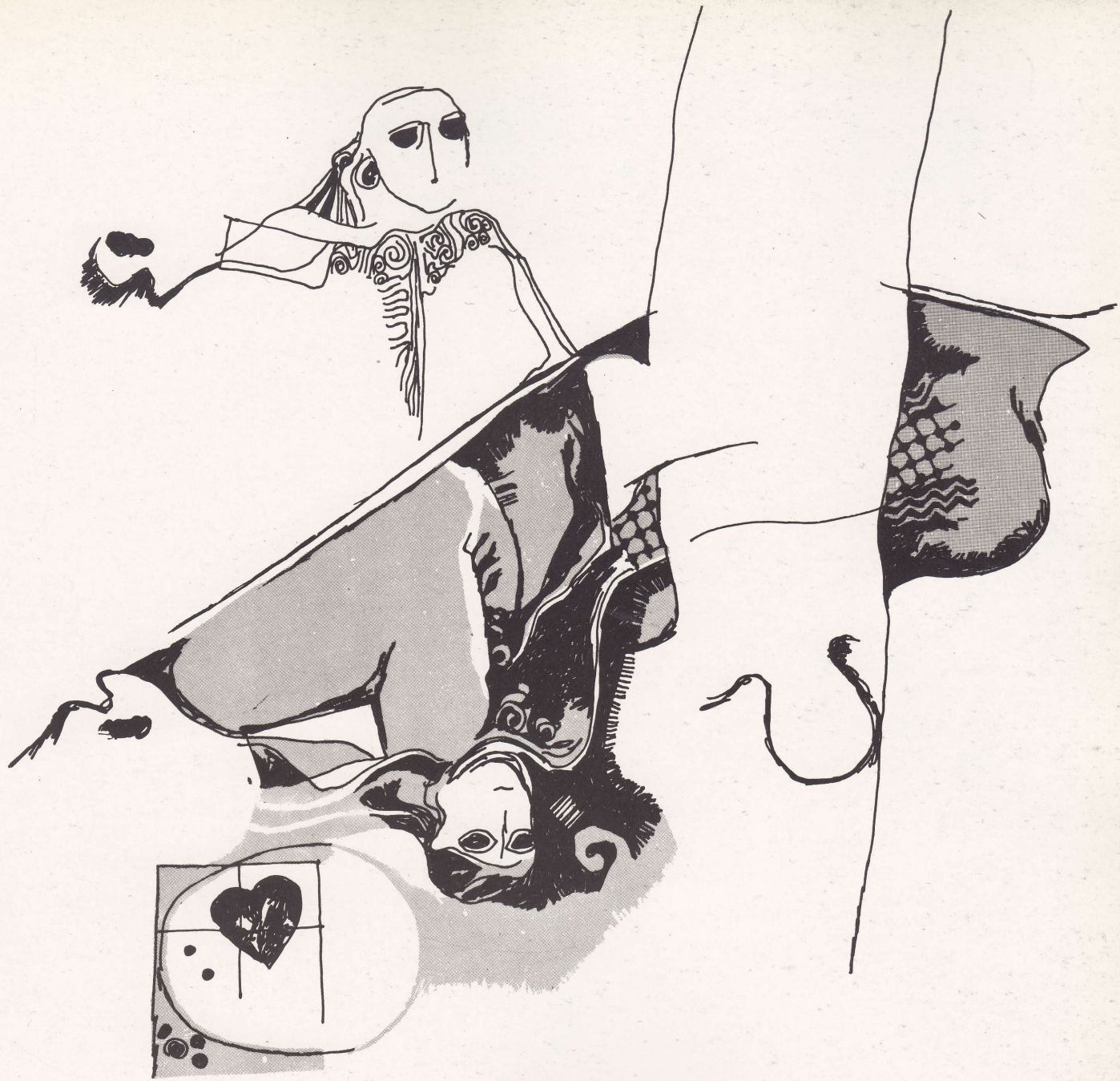


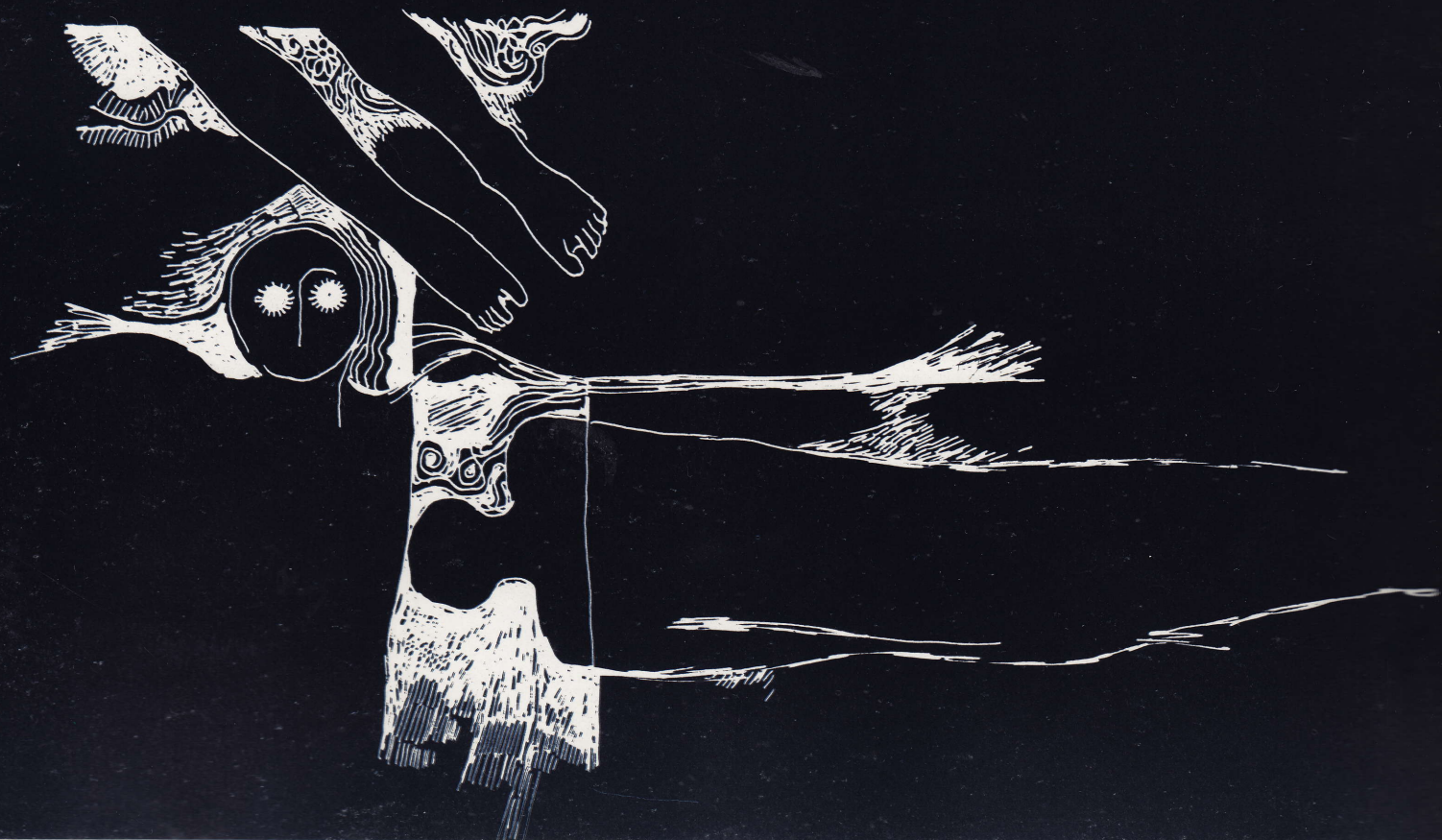






بينه الرفوف ونشج الرصالي





- ★ الاشرفية ، الجوفه ، التاج : لم تستطع قوات السلطة الاردنية دخولها ، ولكن القصف لم يترك بيتاً واحداً فيها دون اصابة . لقد استخدم الفاشست مدافع الهاوزر — ١٦٠ ملم .
- ★ الهاشمي ، النصر ، ماركة : قصف كثيف ، وقد دخلت القوات الاردنية نسبياً الهاشمي والنصر ثم طردت منها ، اما ماركة فقد احتلها الجيش ودمر معظم البيوت المواجهة للشارع الرئيسي وكل مقرات المنظمات فيها .



اقتحم المشاة المخيم وتمتروا خلف  
الركام المحيط به فيما كانت الدبابات  
تواصل القصف. لا ذخيرة في المخيم بالمعنى  
العملي وظل القتال من بيت الى بيت ..  
دفعوا ثمن كل شبر تقدموه ودفعنا لذلك  
الشبر ثمنا يستحقه، لقد اعدموا عددا كبيرا  
من الشبان عددا لا يستطيع احصاءه وثمة  
نواح يكتسح المخيم. نواح الشكالي والجوع  
والعطش والرعب وانتظار المجهول وان  
يترك الانسان العاجز ليموت وحده تحت  
مطرفة لا قبل له باحتمالها ولكن هذا  
الشعب اعطى درسه للجبناء وللذين  
ينتظرون ..

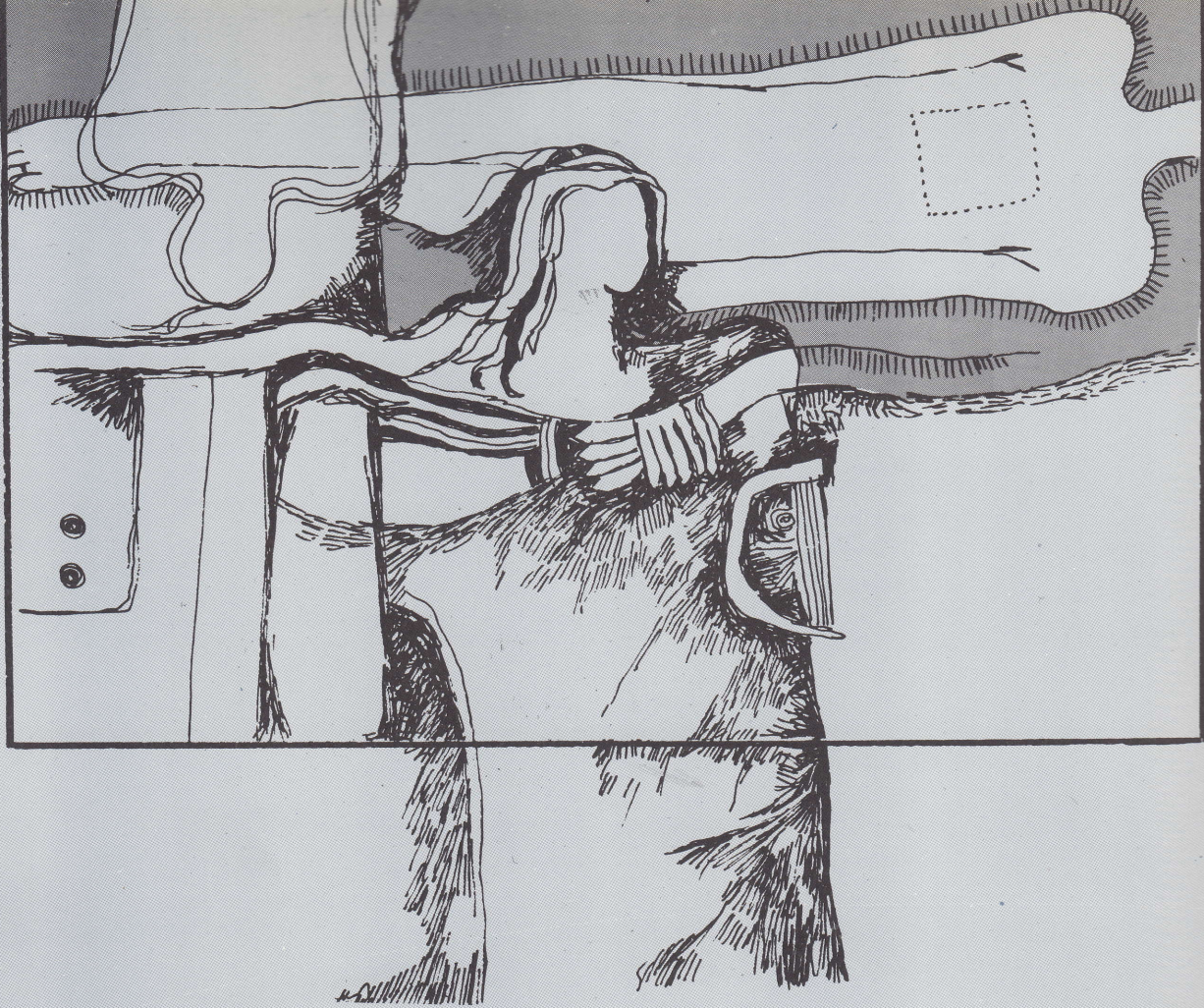
وزعنا ما بقى لدينا من المؤن على  
النساء والاطفال وبقى على رجالنا ان  
يواجهوا المجاعة في الصف الامامي كما  
واجهوا الدبابات ..

طلب مني ان اسلم مكانتي للرفيقة (س)  
وان احاول الوصول للوحدات الذي قيل  
انه في وضع اصعب ولكن الطريق الى  
الوحدات موت .. وكذلك الوحدات مثلما  
هو الحسين .. ولست ادري ان كنت  
استطيع العبور ..

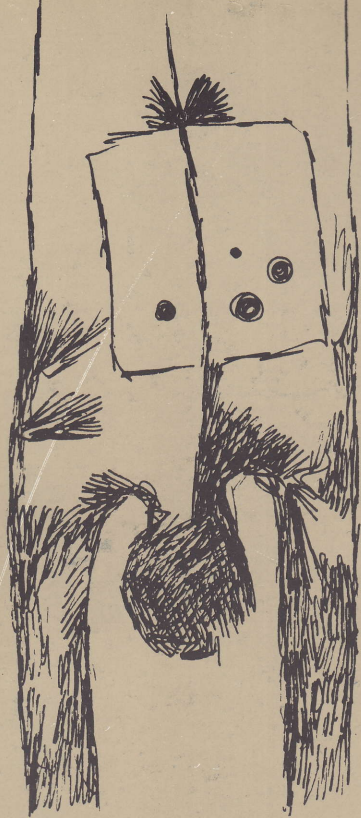




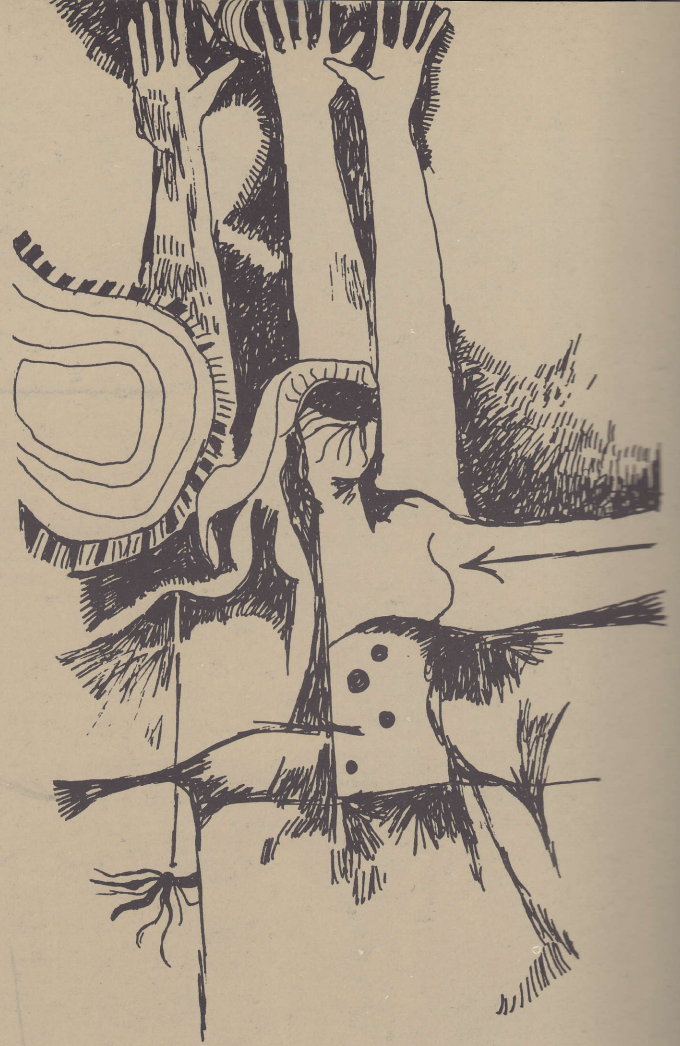




حين يصيحا البروغي ما في عوغي  
كلاشينكو في سابكني ، يطير من شوغي  
حين يصيحا البروغي وتحين النزله يا يمّا  
نتسابك أنا ورفيكي ونهز سلاحنا يا يمّا  
من أغاني المقاومة



جنته  
سماوات  
التي بيننا  
والذي بيننا  
والذي بيننا



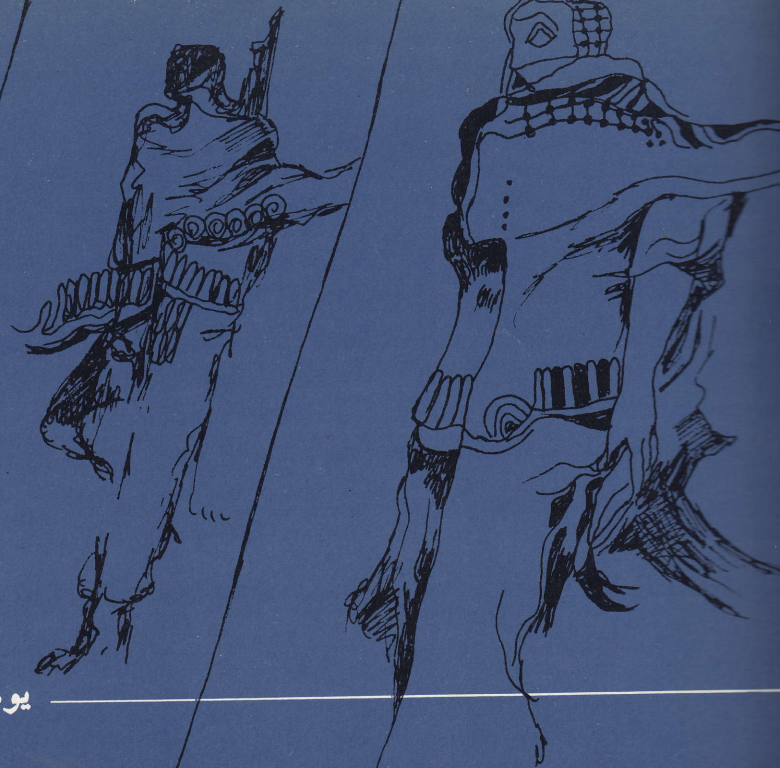


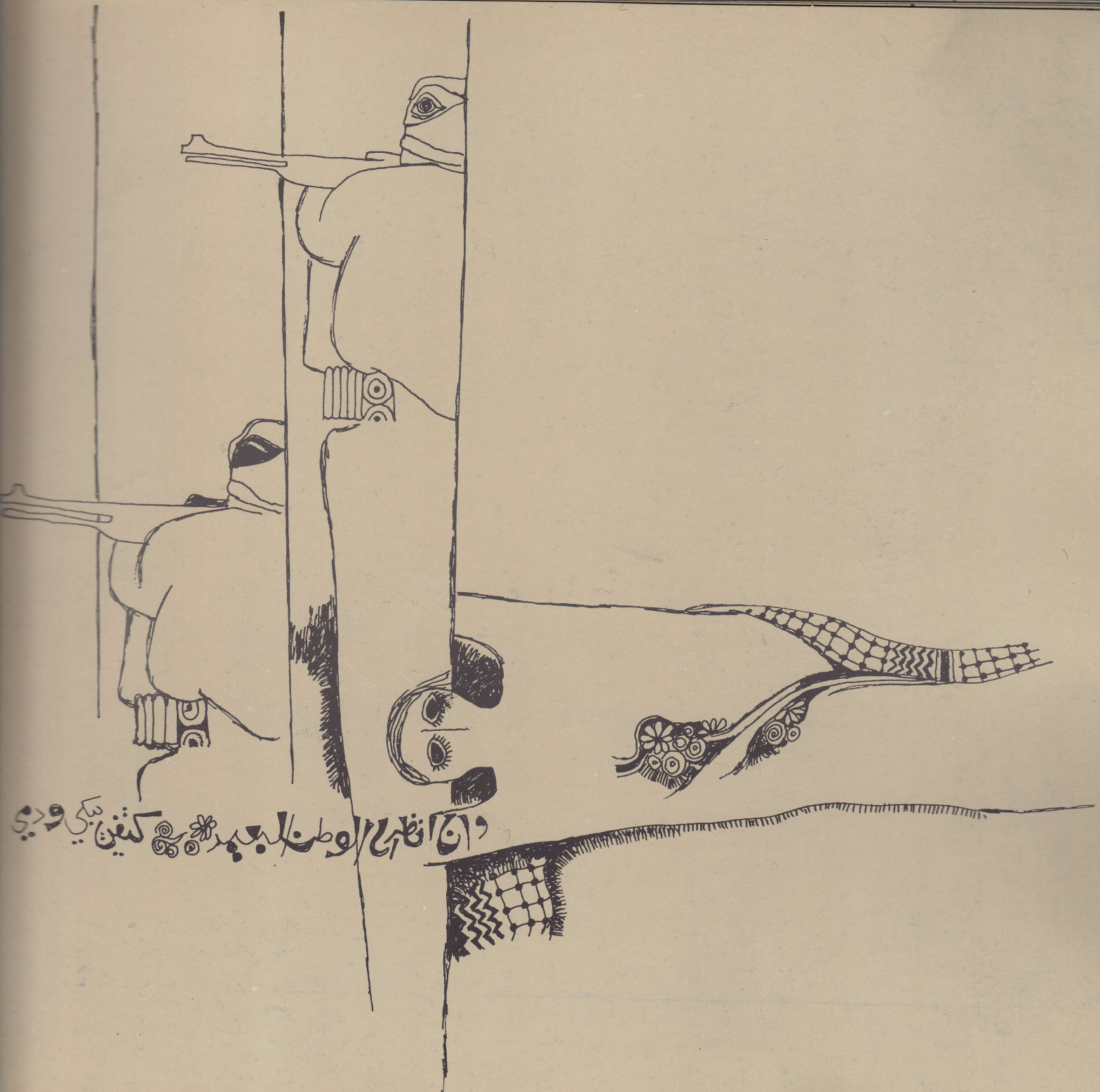
يوم بعد الموت

نفذت ذخيرتي واستشهد الجميع .  
وكتفي يبكي ودمي يستريح على أعشاب  
جرش وأنا أنظر الى الوطن البعيد القريب .  
ثم حاصروني ، استفاق جرحي  
واتفض ..

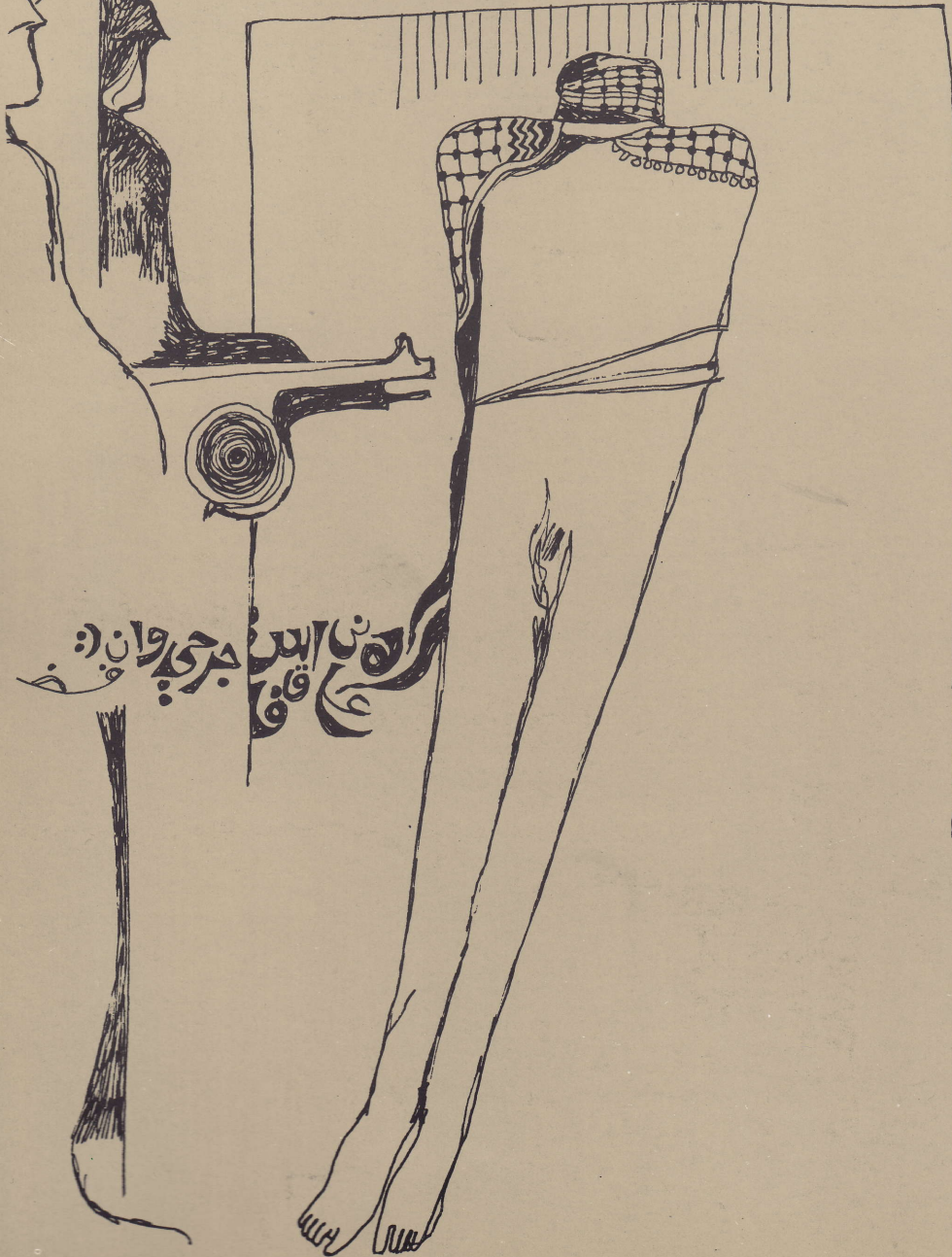
على ملأ من شعبي حاصروني ، وبعميني  
رأيت الأرض تنقلب الى السماء ، يارفاقي ..  
أصداء طلقانكم الأخيرة لا تزال تلعب في  
رأسي .. وحيث كانت بنادقكم تلتمع وانتم  
تحضنون الأرض .

نفذت ذخيرتي واستشهد الجميع ولن  
أغادر هذه المنطقة ، ورأيت الأرض تنقلب  
وتدور حملوني الى متكا الخليفة وما  
صدقوا اني أنا .. وقتلوني .





دانا نظر ایا وطن لب پیر کتین بکی ویدی

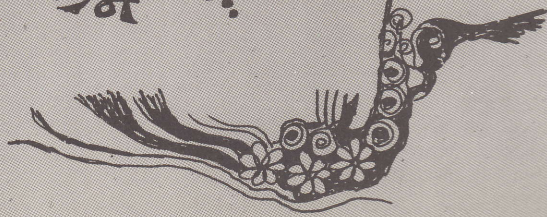


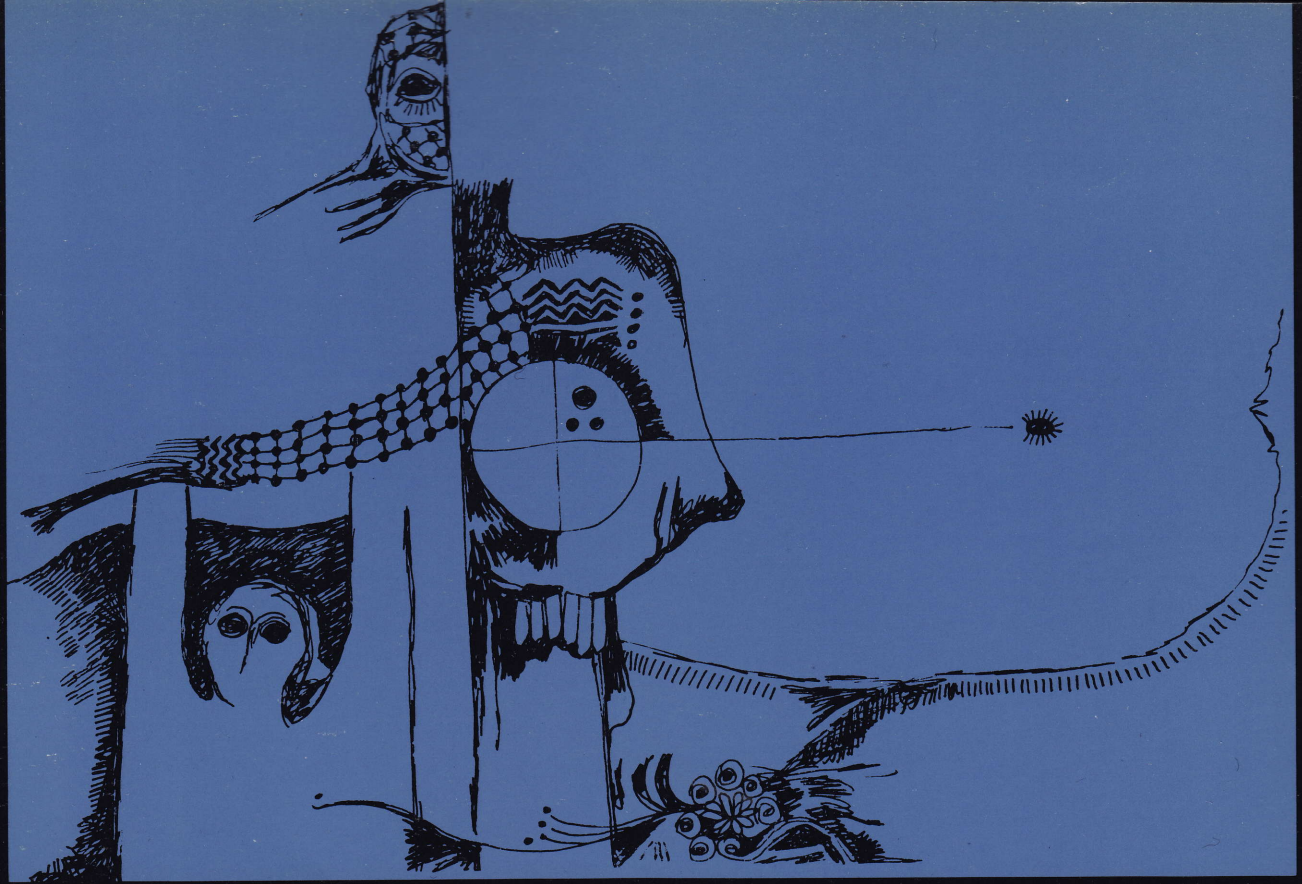
سازمان اسناد و کتابخانه ملی  
جمهوری اسلامی ایران





دینے کے لیے لکھی گئی ہے



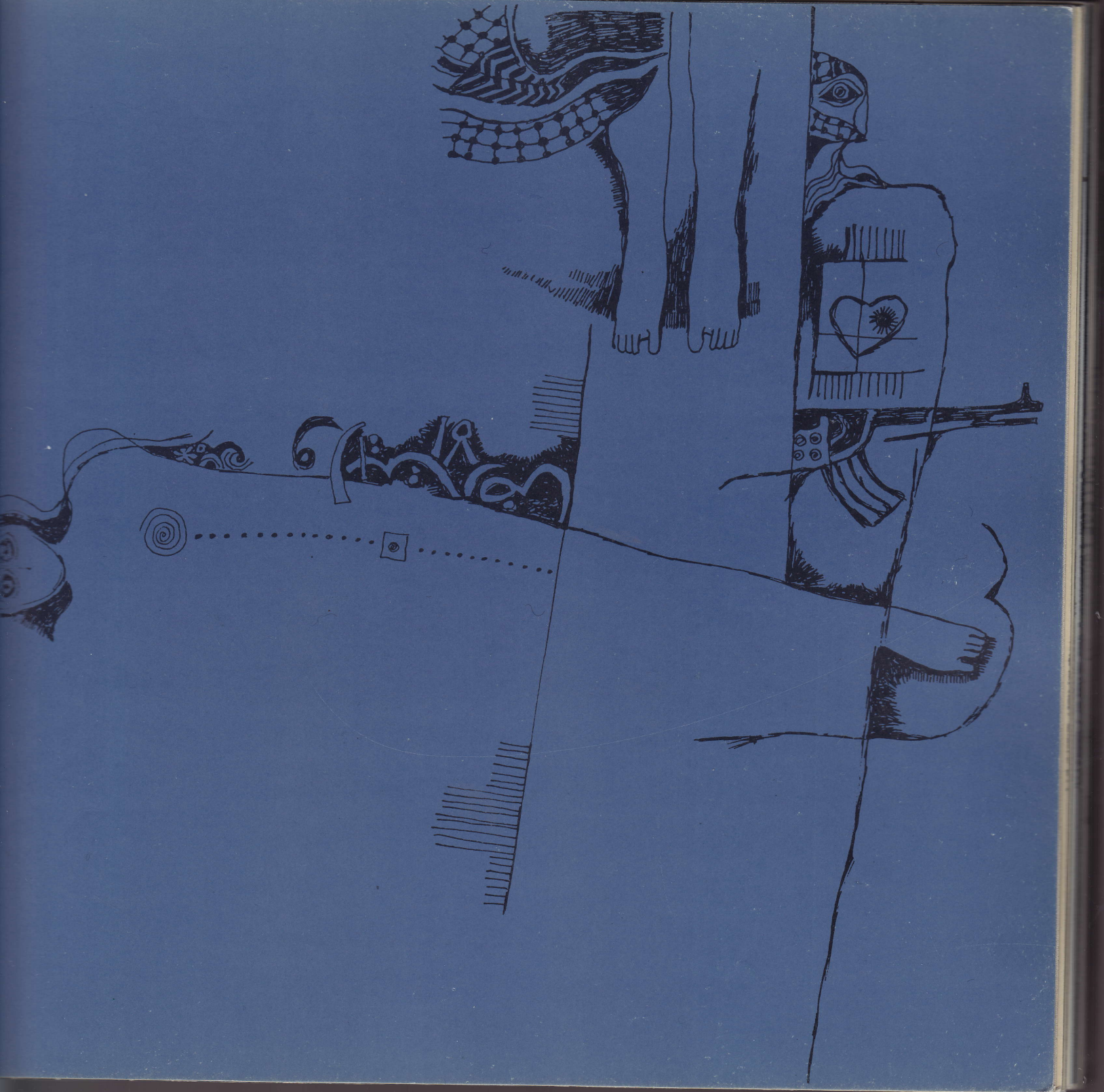


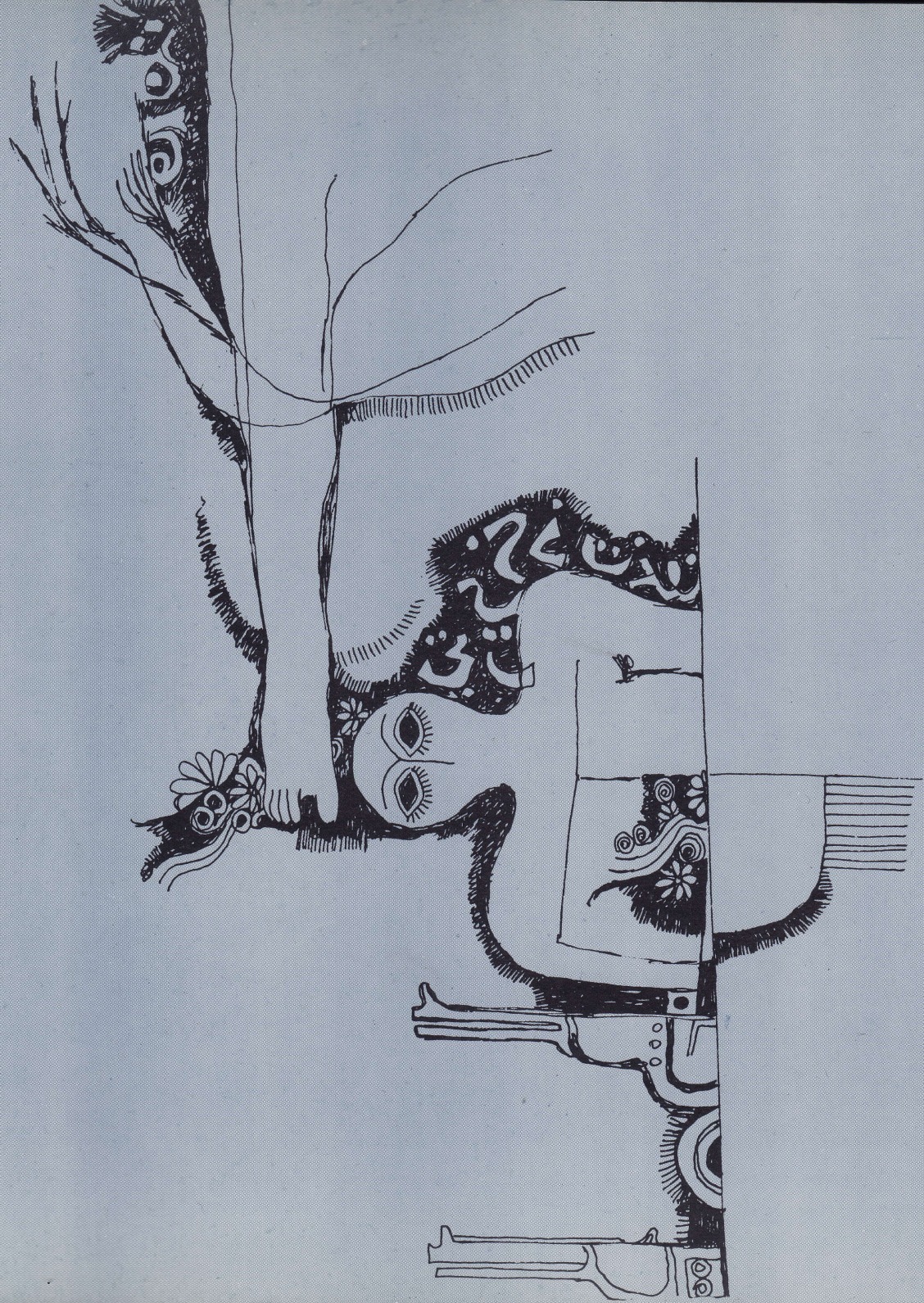
الرفاق ، واستراح في قلوب المقاتلين  
وقبضاتهم .

وحين اصطبغت الشمس بدم  
القدائين ، وحيث التمعت بالبنادق وحيث  
رفرفت قمصانهم الدامية ، حيث حزنت  
عليك الأم والأخت والزوجة والحبيبة ..  
ينمو دمننا الجديد .

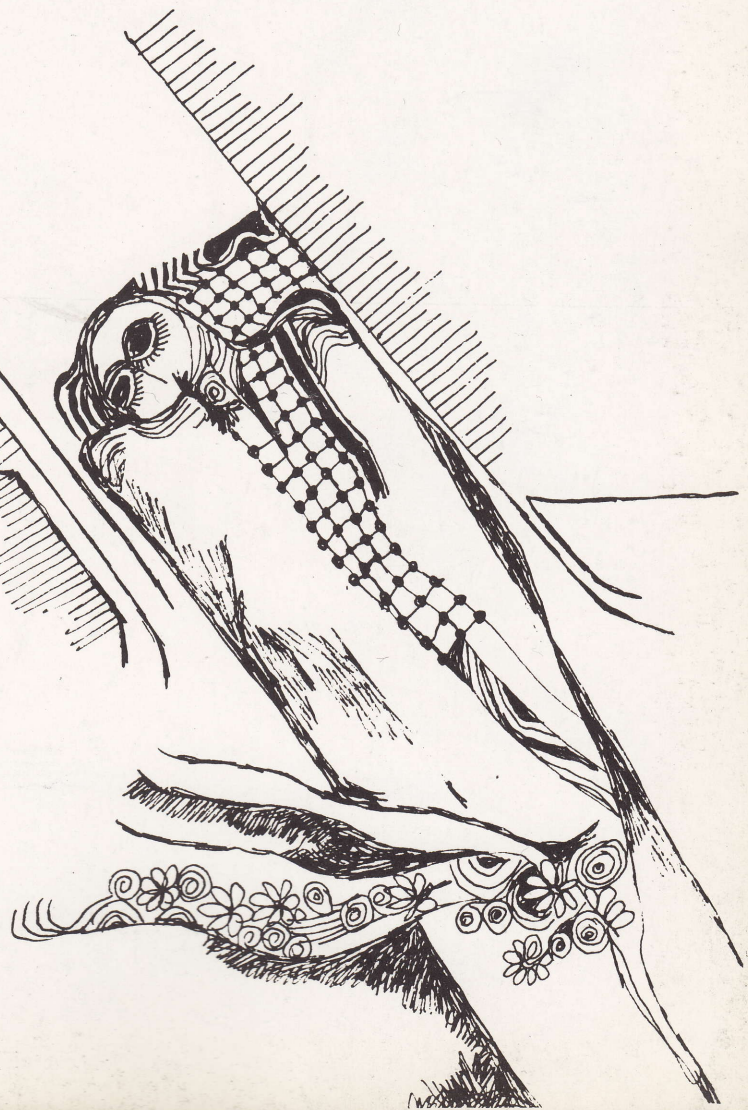
بعثوا عنك في المفارق وكمثوا عند  
المنعطقات وراحت كلابهم تلحس الأرض ،  
تلاحق ابن الأرض البار لتقلته .  
ذاكرة الشجعان لا تنسى ولا تموت ،  
وان فلسطين حلم الأمس واليوم ، والحلم  
اليقظ في ذاكرة الشجعان ، وحين سقطت  
حام حولك الحلم وامتزج بدمك ودم

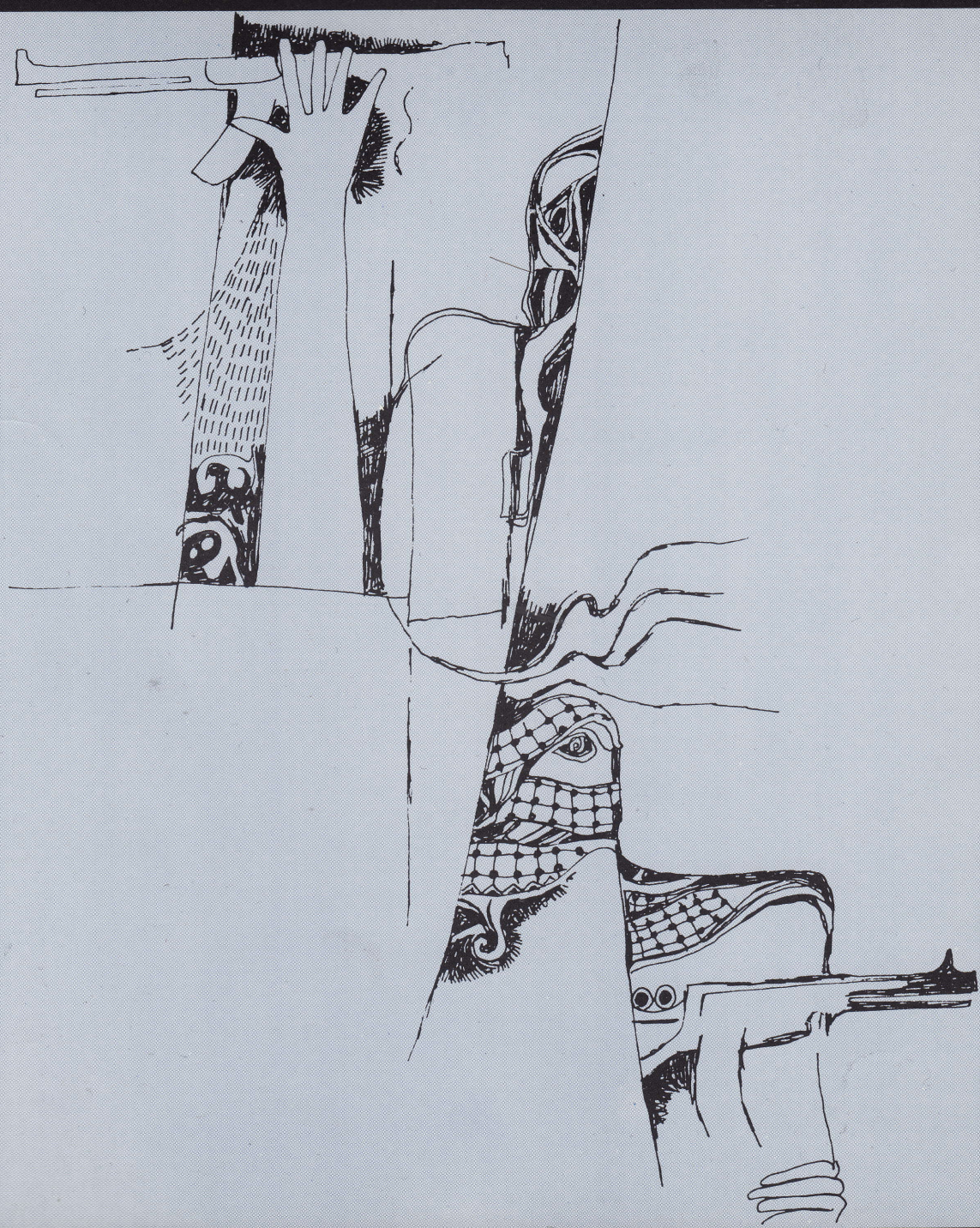
الجيل ، حين سقطت ، صامت ، وتلوى  
الريح على المكان تحكي حزن رفاقك  
المقاتلين وحزن المخيم . قمصان فدائيك  
المدبوحين في جرش تفضح حجم الصدمة  
الأخيرة . لقد اختاروا الوقت وجاؤوك في  
الفجر تقعع دباباتهم مثل دلافين عدوة ..  
وحاصروك .





وایچه لایق تقدیر و نور





رفعت بعض البيوت اعلاما بيضاء كتبت على بعضها .

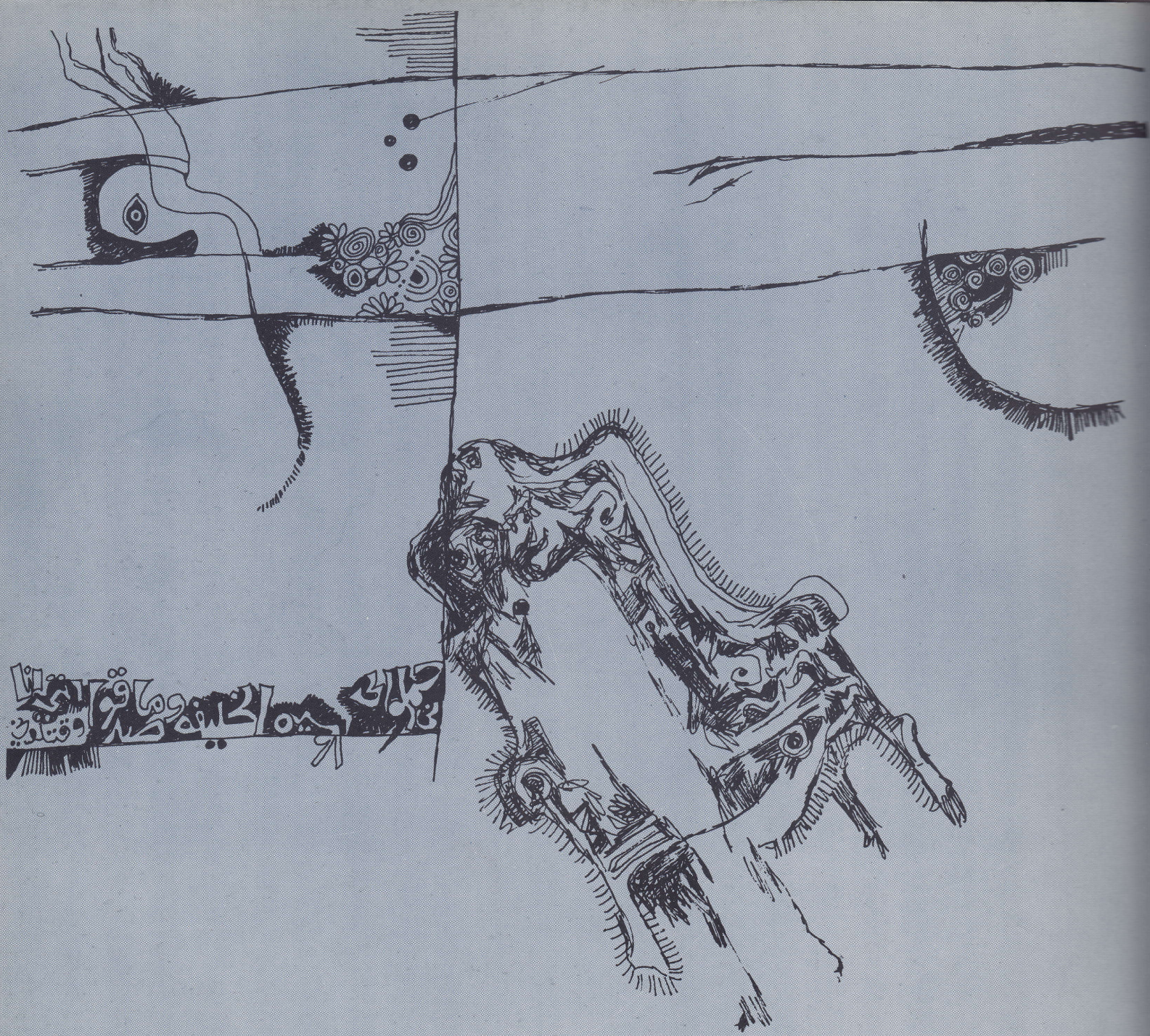
✧ لدينا جريح

✧ جيشه قتل على سطحنا

✧ نريد ماء

✧ اطفالنا جوع

وَمَا قَوْمِي لَكَ  
بِشَيْءٍ عَالِمِينَ  
وَإِن كُنْتُمْ  
عِندَ رَبِّكُمْ  
عَالِمِينَ





هذه اليوميات هي ذكريات سبعة ايام دامية وراعبة وبطولية من معارك جبل ونخيم الحسين ، سجلها احد المقاتلين واسمه الحرصي  
( باسم ) وما تزال اخباره مجهولة حتى الآن ويعتبر مفقوداً .

١٩٧٢ سنة الكتاب الدولية



ترجم المذكرات الى اللغة الانكليزية الاستاذ جبرا ابراهيم جبرا

طبع مؤسسة رمزي للطباعة - بغداد - العراق - تلفون ٢٨٠٥١  
كمية الطبع ٥٠٠٠ آلاف - رقم المطبوع ٢ - تاريخ انتهاء الطبع ١٩٧٢/٣/٣٠

Wednesday, 16.9.70

Everybody expects the storm to burst. I've myself heard most broadcasts repeat their correspondents' statements that the tense quiet reigning over Amman is the quiet that precedes the storm. All day long I've been saying to my friends I expect nothing, that the tension in the streets, in the people, is artificial, unjustifiable. In fact I believe it is the suggestion carried by these broadcasts, which since morning have kept up the talk about the oncoming explosion, that has charged the atmosphere with mounting tension. Anyway, I don't think anything will happen soon. The King needs time... We have the next few days to wait and see.

The city this morning, after hearing of the formation of Dawood's military cabinet, was very normal. At midday, however, a seemingly uncalled for tension began, which I observed while I was near the Philadelphia Hotel. I went down to the Front's Office to find out. There Z. told me he too did not think the explosion was about to happen, but it was wise to behave as if things would happen any minute. A. said the young men had seen several tanks taking posi-

tions on the outskirts of Amman all morning; they said a column of heavy armour was on its way down from Madaba. A. was certain that the night hours would be decisive and that the explosion would be a big one. But he refused to explain why and failed to convince me. Said he laughing, "Your problem is that you employ logic in analysing the behaviour of men who act according to no logic. I agree you're logical, but I know they're not."

On my way out I heard the Hadj in his camouflage outfit say, "Boys, oil your Kalashnikovs." I was surprised by the city's cruel silence and emptiness. As if something had happened while I was in the Office.

I couldn't find a cab, so I went on foot to Al-Hussein. All along the way I was considering the various probabilities, certain however that the whole thing was no more than muscle flexing, and that it might necessitate a battle like the one we had the week before last. But a week from now something big might be attempted, which would make this government mean something special.

Why this particular government and this particular form? This was explained

this morning by J. who, because of his several contacts among the cabinet ministers, possesses inside information. He said it was rumoured that the King had discovered a plot to overthrow him and to hand power over to a group of army officers led by Mashour Haditha. The plot was supposed to be carried out at dawn next Saturday. The King was not entirely sure until Abdul Munim al Rifa'i came to the Palace yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon and submitted his resignation, without any previous warning. It seems what the King had heard suggested that some of the ministers in Rifa'i's cabinet, and possibly Rifa'i himself, knew of the plot. The King cursed all politicians vigorously in the presence of Rifa'i.

This story (I don't know how true it is) confirms my belief that it is not a question, as some people say, of "the final round". Anyway, let's wait until tomorrow morning.

Note: A short while ago A. came and said he had been called up in Al Hussein. He'll sleep in my room. He said there was news that Mashour Haditha had been put under forced residence.

Thursday, 17.9.70

For the first time, writing in this book is different. It's like digging in a graveyard. Or like writing one's own will.

It has been a terrifying day. We were all tense and we quarreled because of the continuous detonations. But the boys fought heroically.

I was in the streets all day long. On my way home a short while ago I looked around me: yesterday seemed so far away, as if it had been imagined by some other person.

The Front's young men are everywhere and everybody's morale is excellent. For everyone there are only two alternatives, becoming clearer every second: to die or triumph. Nothing else. In the middle of the road I met A. carrying a sack of shells. He said, "Our people will triumph. Do you know where Hussein is? A bomb fell on his house and destroyed it, killing his wife and daughter. He wrapped up his wife and daughter in a blanket and took up his arms. He's standing out there..."

Many have died today. It'll be impossible for the guns to be silent tomorrow.

I was on duty at night, and went on patrol with men

whose job was to watch the road from Fatah's HQ down to Jebel Amman crossroads (National Defence Road). Around 5 a.m. Comrade Abu Ali told us the tanks were advancing from Ain Ghazal and Suwailih and massing behind the hills of the Sports City. He had hardly said that when shooting started. The tanks' cannons had apparently been trained on PLO's offices well beforehand.

The boys immediately went down and started firing their machine guns. I saw a number of H/D and RBJ positions pouring their fire with a deafening noise. The comrades' estimate later was some fifty troop carriers, loaded with infantry, marching behind many Centurions and Pattons and some thirty armoured cars. The boys opened their mortar fire and the tanks were silent for 15 minutes. At about 6 the infantry got off and advanced under cover of renewed tank fire to mop up the various organizations offices. The attack was designed to include them all equally, while the artillery started to pound them from far away.

We got mixed together, and suddenly there were no barriers between one organization and another. We met in trenches, behind walls, on

piles of debris: unhesitatingly we worked as one. Waiting until the infantry approached, no one fired a shot. We then opened fire and two minutes later they were running. The shell explosions from the tanks and artillery helped us see them and hit them, as they took cover again behind their tanks.

At 7 a.m. the guards were defending our HQ with rare courage. Most of HQ's walls were destroyed by the tanks which had surrounded the place at a short distance. We saw no one desert until the soldiers withdrew from the ruins, taking our boys away with them.

At about 8 B-10 M/D had run out of ammunition. There was an obvious breakdown somewhere.

At that moment the men started firing their mortars. For the first time we fired Deushkas. Whereupon the tanks paused, and we wondered why until the artillery got into action heavily again. It seems several guns of ours were destroyed by this shelling, and our men ran out of mortar shells.

I was with two other men when the tanks advanced like mobile iron hills. We had never witnessed such terrifying heavy

shooting. The heavy machine gun was silent: no ammunition. We were thus unable to shoot at the infantry who were using the folds in the earth so plentiful there. At 8.40 one of our positions was destroyed by tank shells - it was razed to the ground. Some of our men retreated, but the majority stayed put until the tanks got to the Interior Ministry Crossroads and by concentrating themselves there they were practically behind the Resistance offices.

At about 9.15 the tanks stopped shelling and used only machine gun fire while they completed the encirclement of the offices. Whereupon we all pulled back.

I think our casualties by 10 o'clock were about 20 killed and 30 injured. We said to one another, "Well the battle has now begun." The tanks had occupied a front line of no value. For them to advance they had to contend with us for every foot. It was obvious that our boys were everywhere, and very close to the blind-moving tanks. And sure enough, when they started to advance we went into action against them. Suddenly something unexpected occurred. The tank artillery began to

shell the houses savagely and indiscriminately. It was a horrifying, paralysing sight. Houses would collapse, and we'd suddenly see through the unexpected rubble people's private little belongings, their intimate things torn to bits and sometimes covered with blood. In the middle of that hell we heard voices: "Save us, comrades ... I'm hit, comrades ... The army's killed me, comrades ..."

The tanks rushed like blind iron beasts through the street towards Maxime's Crossroads. It seems the shock was terrifying: the men withdrew in front of the tanks. The surprise was apparently effective, and there was confusion everywhere. Then something rare happened. One of the leaders ran to Hussein Street and instructed the guerrillas, who were about to retreat, to plant landmines, build barricades from motor cars and gas pipes and petrol tins, and sent for his own car which together with others he pushed into the middle of the group ... Morale suddenly shot up in the whole street, and the men came back. The leader shouted, "A couple of hours only, my men! By God we'll teach them a lesson they'll never forget."

From all over the place the young men came back with their RBJ's to Maxime's Crossroads. (I don't know if that leader came back with them). The Crossroads turned into an incredible inferno. The tanks started to retreat fast: they were so big, they looked funny in their flight. They all left the area and returned to their pre-battle positions of the morning, whence they resumed shelling the houses all around Maxime's Crossroads. We had certainly taught them quite a lesson.

In the comparative quiet I retreated together with my Company. I saw a group of leaders going out of the Front's building, walking together. When Abu Maher saw me he laughed and said, "More strength ta your arm, brother! The... have fled, haven't they?" The tanks returned at about 1 p.m. in the direction of Maxime's Crossroads, lumbering down the road parallel to the highway and in between the houses. Four of them stopped, and were completely motionless for 15 minutes. A couple of RBJ shells suddenly landed (fired from a nearby spot), burning two tanks, while the other two immediately with-

drew, firing away. We knew they were taken by surprise and would come back again. So we cleared out the spot whence we had fired the shells, and sure enough the two tanks did return and fire their rockets into the neighbouring houses, razing one of them to the ground. Its owner was buried under the debris while his three children survived: they sat on the rubble all by themselves. It was a sad sight. We saw them but could not get to them. Meanwhile, the tanks kept advancing. Like hysterical monsters, they destroyed the offices of the Arab Palestine Organization together with all the cars parked there.

The two tanks turned right round and approached the General Command Office. The three children were still sitting down, dazed and faint. Suddenly Abu Hussein peeped from the ruins behind the children and called out to them. But they wouldn't even look at him. At last he managed to reach them, pulling one of them towards him, then holding the little hands of the others, until he disappeared with them. Whereupon we fired a single shell: there was a deafening explosion and the flames devoured the tank. Bullets showered

down from every side, while the other tank went spinning, firing crazily into the houses around. At a certain distance it fired some dozen rockets and blasted many houses.

Meanwhile, a new tank column was back trying to penetrate the Maxime Crossroads, but it retreated, overpowered by the savage resistance. The tanks withdrew behind the offices and getting into a certain formation began to strike at the highway (Hussein Road) inch by inch in order to destroy the barricades and blow up the landmines. The flames roared along the roadsides everywhere in the quarter. The fedayeen stuck to their places, and when I was ordered to go back to the Camp I heard moaning everywhere. We expected fighting in every house.

Shelling the Camp started as soon as I arrived there. Though the tanks failed to storm the Maxime Crossroads all afternoon, the bombs fell on the Camp like a rain of fire. Death suddenly loses its meaning, and one wonders whether all those people on the roadsides were not sleeping, resting.

Death, destruction. Dust, gunpowder, blood dry like red mud. Pale faces. Terror. In a few hours all that sort of

thing becomes so ordinary that one can live with it. We detailed some special units and moved most of the dead and wounded to schools and UNRWA's Supply Centres.

At about five I was in horrible need of the order I received just then from the Front: "Go home and have a good sleep. We'll need you tomorrow all day long."

Tomorrow? Who knows?

#### Friday 18.9.70

Once again we beat them back today. The day was gone and they were simply unable to penetrate Maxime's Crossroads, which turned into a heap of burning metal. The shelling was terrifying today. The shells poured down on the Camp, which was powerless against this death that kept falling from the skies.

Most notable event was that the loudspeakers were used in calling upon the fedayeen to surrender. A rain of bullets silenced the ugly voice. When at midday the tanks, behind which the infantrymen took cover, attempted to advance they had to stop again before Maxime's Crossroads - and then beat a retreat.

I have a feeling this is

going to be a very long battle. R. told me today we had enough ammunition for a three months' fight; food was enough for the time being but he said we should think of a plan to get more food if required.

Q. was scared today. I was sad to see how ashamed he was when we found he had spent the day in hiding. I thought of what it meant to be brave, to be a coward. I believe one day I shall write about these unique meaningless words, which we employ to describe our feelings under certain conditions - but not until these conditions are no more.

I am exhausted today. I don't know what's going on in the rest of Amman or in the other cities. I don't know what's happening to my comrades... Now, as I look at my fingers writing in the light of the kerosene lamp, I wonder how many things a man can learn. These same fingers, busy writing now, were busy all day long pressing the trigger of my gun, counting shots the way our forefathers used to count eggs in days of famine, carrying corpses, digging communal graves, patting the backs of frightened little children...

Only a short while ago

we buried a number of martyrs. They're embracing under the earth in an everlasting love, a love of indissoluble bonds. Such, it seems to me, is the fate of the poor and oppressed: bound for ever together as they fight for their share of this world...

#### **Saturday 19.9.70**

If things are relative even in matters of people's incalculable death, then today has been better than yesterday. In the morning fresh elements arrived from the Liberation Forces and Fatah's men. Reinforcements and ammunition were sent by the Front, and a volunteer arrived from Aleppo - I simply don't know how we found him! - who said he wanted to fight.

All day long we planted mines in all the Mountain streets. In a way, under the tanks own hell we created another special kind of hell: when at midday they came, they were forced right back. They scurried to the Ministry of Interior Crossroads, where they continued mercilessly to scatter more death.

At noon the Man from Aleppo (so we called him) said, "The Arabs have kept silent until now. I have a fear it is a collective broth they're cooking..." I confess I felt a shudder of a peculiar

kind, as if something had got hold of my throat in the dark,

#### **Monday 21.9.70**

I couldn't write yesterday, but the tanks are still out of our lines. We begin to wonder about the end of it all. We've held our own for the fifth day running.

Some members of the Central Committee were arrested yesterday, and severe fighting took place around Fatah's office, which was highly fortified. All the surrounding houses were reduced to rubble, and every inch of the area between Hussein's Camp and the Mountain (where there is a camp for the lion-cubs of the Democratic Front) was pounded ruthlessly.

Various stories are told about the arrest of our brothers of the Central Committee. One of them alleges that what revealed their hideout was a telephone call from the Egyptian Commander in Chief. No one knows the truth. It's said also that a prominent person who was with them was killed on the spot. Abu Iyad's letter today had a very deep effect, which caused a sort of gloom to fall on everybody. All the Organization's offices were blown up. M/D ammo dwindled fast.

Hussein and Nuzha Camps were shelled with ex-

ceptional ferocity. So was Wadi al Haddadah. In fact no one bothers anymore to bury the dead.

In the evening loudspeakers from the tanks and others connected with the Security Police Wireless were calling out for surrender. Nothing like this has ever happened in history. They're calling "the fedayeen and the young men" to surrender. The young men: what a unique equation! But it looks like an unmasked, unashamed intention to exterminate. They've threatened the camps with simply utter destruction... To equate the fedayeen with the young men, the Resistance with the camps, isn't that significant? Nevertheless, the comrades are steadfast, the Front's men everywhere. The faces are not alike only in weariness, exhaustion, grime, but also in determination... Today, in a few moments, I decided there were things which I'd never thought could be considered of equal value in a man's life - a drink of water, bullets, a little bread, sleep, death, comrades, camp...

**Tuesday 22.9.70**

I am afraid everything, at least here, is about to end.

What I see is that people are dying standing up. The Resistance in the Mountain was weak today. But it was brave and desperate and positively heroic in the Camp. I would have liked to think the weakness in shooting on our part was caused by shortage of ammunition, not of men. But the truth apparently is horrifying: many comrades have died, bullets are scarce, and food is short. And not a wink of sleep. Loudspeakers today were calling out for the Camp to surrender, but no one knew what exactly was meant by this word. How could the camp surrender further? And to whom? Could there be surrender greater than giving in to camp life?

A. told me a young man resorted to a woman in the Camp, but she refused to give him refuge. "You're not better than my son," she said. "He fought until he died. You also must fight until you die." Endurance sometimes assumes a terrifying but decisive voice. In every inch of Al Hussein there is death, hunger, thirst. More cruel still is looking into the eyes of bewildered, dazed children.

**Wednesday 23.9.70**

The infantry stormed the

Camp and took cover behind the ruins around it, while the tanks continued shelling.

For all intents and purposes, no ammunition in the Camp. Fighting went on from house to house. For every yard they covered they paid a price, and so did we: a price worthy of it. A large number of young men have been executed - a number I cannot estimate - and the sound of crying fills the Camp. The crying of berieved mothers and of hunger and thirst and terror and waiting for the unknown and being helplessly left alone to die under a hammer no one can withstand. But our people have taught a lesson to all cowards and those that wait.

What food stuffs we had left we distributed among the women and children. Men had to face starvation on the frontline exactly as they had faced the tanks.

I was asked to give my place to Comrade S. (a young woman) and to try and join the units which were said to be in a stronger position. But the way to the units is death. And so is the way to Al Hussein. I don't know if I can make the crossing.

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# A Witness of Our Times

The Journal of a Fedayee Killed in the Jordan Massacre of 1970

DIHA AL-AZZAWI

*This Journal covers seven days of fighting in Jebel and Camp Al Hussein - seven days of blood, terror and heroism. It was kept by a guerrilla fighter whose Resistance name was Bassem. What happened to him afterwards is unknown. He has been considered missing.*