Staying Put: Crossing the Israel–Palestine Border with Gloria Anzaldúa

SMADAR LAVIE
Fellow
Centro Incontri Umani Ascona

SUMMARY Gloria Anzaldúa writes that the border is an “open wound . . . where the Third World grates against the First and bleeds. And before a scab forms it hemorrhages again, the lifeblood of two worlds merging to form a third country—a border culture.” In the case of Euro-Israel, the volatile gender–race–nation South–South coalition among subaltern Arabs is forced on Mizrahi (Oriental, Heb., Jews from non–Yiddish speaking countries) and Palestinian women with Israeli citizenship. None of them wants to be in this “third country,” emerging out of their painful dispossession of lands, languages, and cultures. Anzaldúa’s border’s imagistic ambiguity is not liberating but, rather, is used by the Ashkenazi (European Jewish) Zionist hegemony as yet another frontier to conquer. The ambiguity invites the projections and misreadings, which enable Palestinian and Mizrahi gendered experiences in the borderlands to be displayed in Israel’s Ashkenazi-Zionist centers of power. The borderzones between transnational hyphens connote fluidity, and movement across boundaries. In this essay, I argue that the Mizrahi and Palestinian-Israeli gendered hyphens are what allow subaltern non-European women in the state of Israel to radically stay put in their respective hyphenated identities. Further, staying put is not representational but somatic, and therefore difficult to theorize beyond the bounds of the lived. Writing up the somatic is elusive. Translating this somatism from Hebrew and Arabic to English is even more elusive. The anthropologist has a daunting task of explicating unspeakable experiences that that go beyond discourse. By using multiple different genres of writing in an arabesque manner, she might attempt to capture this unspeakable that hurts straight to the bone. [Israel and Palestine, transnational feminism, Gloria Anzaldúa, Mizrahi, ethnographic writing]

This essay tells the story of Fatma—a veiled, old Palestinian woman from ‘Akka—my ultraorthodox Yemeni granny, and myself. Fatma and I met at three points in our lives. The first was in 1992, when I was a professor researching the new phenomenon of Palestinian feminist NGOs in the State of Israel. In 2001, I met Fatma’s ghost, conjured up by Fatma’s daughter, an Islamist small business owner. I encountered Fatma for the third time in 2006 when the Knesset (Israeli Parliament) displayed photos of her and my grandmother on its walls. This exhibit tried to spice up existing photos of female Ashkenazi (“European Jewish,” Hebrew) Zionist leaders by adding in photos of Mizrahi (“Oriental, non-European Jewish,” Hebrew) and Palestinian-Israeli neighborhood women activists.
Gloria Anzaldúa, an autoethnographer of her own culture, writes that the border is an “open wound . . . where the Third World grates against the First and bleeds. And before a scab forms it hemorrhages again, the lifeblood of two worlds merging to form a third country—a border culture” (Anzaldúa 1987:2–3). She proposes that this “third country” is where South–South feminist coalitions are possible without the mediation of U.S.-European feminism (Nagar 2002, 2003; Nagar and Raju 2003; Nagar and Sheppard 2004; see Ebron and Tsing 1995). In this essay, I argue that in the case of Euro-Israel, the volatile South–South coalition of gender–race–nation (Yuval-Davis and Anthias 1992; Yuval-Davis 1997) among subaltern Arabs is forced on Mizrahi women, as well as Palestinian women with Israeli citizenship like Fatma. These women do not want to be in this “third country,” dispossessed of their lands, languages, and cultures. They are stuck. For them, Anzaldúa’s border’s imagistic ambiguity is not liberating, but, rather, claimed by the Ashkenazi Zionist hegemony as yet another frontier to conquer. For her, South–South feminist coalitions are often discursive constructs, but in Palestine-Israel, they are involuntary time-spaces that are lived somatically (see also Donnan 2005:96).2

For Anzaldúa, the borderzone between transnational hyphens connotes fluidity and movement across boundaries. This essay further argues that the Mizrahi and Palestinian-Israeli hyphens are what allow subaltern non-European women in the State of Israel radically to stay put (see Donnan 2005:74). Staying put thus becomes a source of empowerment, a means of dancing delicately on the hyphen while concurrently rejecting it, in the hopes that life becomes easier if one is able to enter the Ashkenazi mainstream “center of culture of power within the state” (Donnan 2005:70). When the upheavals of life forced me unexpectedly to move back to Israel and become my own informant, I realized that staying put is not representational, but somatic and, therefore, difficult to theorize beyond the bounds of the lived. Why and how was I forced to revise the anthropological process of inquiry, when dispossessed professionally and personally by the State of Israel? How did my own daily experiences become a source of insight into intra-Jewish racism? Through focusing on my meetings with Fatma, I question the feminist ethnographic renditions of “discourse” and “transnationalism” by examining the limits encountered by feminist postcolonial methodology and theory that attempt to describe lived horrors of borderzone traumas (Donnan 2005; Nagar 2002; see Peteet 2007).3

This essay thus challenges the modes of textualization of the gendered ethnographic experience, and questions not only the older “reflexive” style of feminist ethnographies but also the new genres of feminist ethnography that call for, yet problematize, the ethnographer’s commitment to bear public witness to suffering (Colvin 2004; see Das et al. 2001; Desjarlais 2000; Ross 2003; Scheper-Hughes 2004). It presents modes to dehegemonize the methodology and practice of anthropological fieldwork and ethnographic writing. It thus offers means to undo the power relations inscribed in standard anthropological process of inquiry and to create accessible texts. These texts can be read both across disciplines and by the general public, linking academy, public sphere,
and feminist activism. Nevertheless, writing up the somatic is intricately elusive, precisely because somatic pains cut to the bone. It is an arabesque—an attempt to capture unspeakable torture through the intricate recapitulation of the horrifically lived.

I. Meeting Fatma

One sweltering August day in 1992, Kamla, a Palestinian feminist activist from ‘Akka (“Acre,” Arabic), an ancient harbor city on the northern Mediterranean shore of Israel–Palestine (see Torstrick 2000:42–87), sent me to meet a Palestinian-Israeli woman whom we shall call “Fatma.” Kamla told me: “She is a feminist anthropologist’s dream. She is old, working-class, secular, and lives in the old walled town. She really is an indigenous informant. But she was the first woman around here to kick her battering husband out of the house, and go to work. She mopped floors at the local school.”

I was hesitant to contact Fatma. When I hear about “really indigenous informants,” I recoil. I remember the paternalism embedded in the production of academic knowledge and the imperialist history of my discipline. “Really indigenous informant” means taking a surreal journey through time and space, back and forth between the atavistic indigeniety of Fatma and the post-colonial subjectivity of Kamla, interlocuted through the language of theory I am supposed to conjure up to produce a publishable academic text (Fabian 1983). But I am drawn into playing my part in a theatricalized vie quotidienne coevalness of fieldwork (p. 34). In 1992, this meant an immediate chummy friendship between alleged equals—one from haughty academe, the other from a slum.

‘Akka was not always a slum. It was a Palestinian walled town until the 1948 Nakba (“Catastrophe,” Arabic), when the new Zionist regime expelled most but not all of its residents. The regime resettled immigrant Jews there, but only non-Ashkenazim, from North Africa and other Arab and non-Arab countries (Torstrick 2000). The remaining Palestinian Arabs and the new Arab-Jews and other Mizrahim (non-European Jews) lived side by side (see Torstrick 2000:157). Thus, ‘Akka became one of the few mixed Israeli-Palestinian towns in the new State of Israel. The regime built cinderblock housing projects for Jews only, outside the town wall, but without essential public services to sustain them. When Mizrahi families had enough money, they sold their apartments at inflated prices to Palestinian-Israelis eager to move in, to escape the overcrowded conditions in the old city. Both populations suffered underemployment, underfunded schools, and local crime because of the police department’s deliberate neglect of the area except for surveillance of the Palestinians on national grounds.

Unlike the Palestinians, the Mizrahim do not belong to their own nation struggling for sovereignty. On the contrary, they are the majority of Israeli citizens, even though—like the hyphenated Palestinian citizens of Israel—they are treated as a racinated ethnic minority (Alcalay 1993; Chetrit 2004; see Donnan 2005; see Shohat 1988). Therefore, although Israel is forced to negotiate
with the Palestinians as equals, it does not have to offer this level of recognition to the Mizrahim. The negotiations with the Palestinian Authority, however, never depart from the realm of “discourse,” while on the ground the Zionist architects of this peace continue to annex Palestinian lands, siphon off Palestinian water, blow up Palestinian homes, and destroy any possibility of civic and family life through hundreds of roadblocks (Abdo and Lentin 2002; Hajjar 2005; Halper 2008; Keshet 2006; see Sabbagh 1998).

Israeli human rights NGOs, Ashkenazi Left and Zionist by default (Shubeli 2006), acknowledge that there is racism against the Palestinians, but they do not admit to the racism Ashkenazim inflict on Mizrahim. In the Jewish state, all Jews are to be equal. Palestinians continue to speak and write and dream in Arabic. This mother tongue was cut off from Mizrahim. When they speak Hebrew with even the slightest trace of Arabic, the language of the enemy, it connotes the Mizrahi low class (Alcalay 1993; Penslar 2004:191). The Ashkenazi Zionist regime and its Ur-Design tactics of divide and conquer pitted Mizrahim and Palestinians against one another. Throughout Israel, however, these two groups constitute 70 percent of the population. The regime settled Mizrahi immigrants in ‘Akka, impressing on them that anything Arab, like where they had just come from, was inferior.

When I met Fatma in 1992, the First Intifada (“Uprising,” Arabic) was winding down, while Israel was clandestinely maneuvering to sign the Oslo peace accords to position itself as the regional superpower in the Post–Cold War globalized “New Middle East.” One outcome of this “New Middle East” was privatized and greatly reduced social spending (Bichler and Nitzan 2001; Hasson 2006; Katz 1997). The Palestinian citizens of Israel were the first to feel slashed welfare benefits. To fill the gap, some Palestinian-Israelis, under the strict and continuing surveillance of the regime, wrote grant proposals to international foundations, and were able to establish their own NGOs. I had made the trip from Tel Aviv to ‘Akka hoping to publish a scholarly scoop on the new phenomenon of Palestinian NGOs working to replace State welfare benefits. But Kamla’s workday was so hectic she had no time to record an intense intellectual dialogue with me, as we had done before. So I called Fatma.

When Fatma heard I was an anthropologist, she immediately invited me over. As the evening breeze wafted in from the Mediterranean, we went and sat on stools on the balcony. I gazed down at the narrow alleys of old ‘Akka, and saw them full of wining-and-dining Israeli and foreign tourists. Oh, no, I did it again! Smadar! Snap out of that Zionist imperialist nostalgia (Lavie et al. 1993; Rosaldo 1989)! You know that both Ashkenazi and Mizrahi Jews love that Israelized Palestinian cuisine. And they escape their modernistic urban cement blocks by weekend touring of crumbling Palestinian sites. But the Ashkenazi Left bohemian revelers eye dilapidated Arab houses keenly, ready to pounce on what will soon be the next real estate boom ripe for gentrification. The State prohibits the original inhabitants from doing routine maintenance. By 2007, Palestinian property values had skyrocketed, and only U.S. or French right-wing Zionists, or post-Soviet oligarchs, could afford to make the fine investment of owning a bible-times vacation home (Liberman 2008).
Meanwhile, back on the balcony, Fatma was pointing her finger: “There’s the heroin dealer again. He gives out free samples so kids will get hooked, and then they work for him. They shoot up over in that house the regime boarded up when the family moved to the Projects. This other guy specializes in the hash and opium he gets from the Israeli Defense Force in Lebanon. The new biggest seller is Persian coke [crack cocaine]. It’s cheap, even though it comes from Tel Aviv.”

“The Nakba split us up. I want you to meet my family.” She retrieved her well-worn photo albums from the massive buffet, showing off pictures of her older brother in Beirut, her cousin in Damascus, her middle brother in Toronto. Fatma went on like this, covering the globe with relatives (see Peteet 2007): Venezuela, Doha, London. Closing the last album abruptly, she said, “People come, people go, people always moving around. I’d rather have them come here to me than go visit them, even though it’s hip to travel. You know, the most radical act these days is to stay put.”

II. Screen-Testing Fatma

In 1992, I settled down to my “ethnographic authority” (Clifford 1983), writing a disjointed stream of field notes to let the concept designated “Fatma” audition for a star performance role in my scholarly show. Which theory, which setting and costume, would best frame Fatma’s lived reality on the poststructural–deconstructionist–postcolonial cognition big screen?

Is Fatma forced into agentless rhizomatic nomadism—a Deleuze and Guattari (1986) slide down a slippery slope through smooth surfaces? Or is the rhizome her survival tactic against the war machine of capitalism? Is the Palestinian forced nomadism a viable alternative to structures of Euro-American dominance and hegemony?

Her category is Third World women. But Mohanty (1991) says this category objectifies Third World women so that U.S.-Anglo feminist scholarship can redeem them through textual benevolence. If we let Fatma follow in Alarcon’s Chicana-feminist “tracks of the native woman” (1990), who walks through multiple migrations and dislocations (1990:250), then conquest and colonization would splinter Fatma into sets of racinated and gendered ethnic identities, through which she would struggle for her own subjectification and juridical rights to resist. Unlike the antihistorical model of Deleuze and Guattari, the Alarcon model allows Fatma her cultural, historical, and political specificity, as a departure point that facilitates a critical consciousness. But the dream of return to Palestine has not “been broken down by conquest and colonization” (Alarcon 1990). And Palestine is real, unlike the mythical Aztlan (see Peteet 2007).

Or, following James Clifford, has Fatma transcended her ‘Akka roots by means of the multiple airplane routes that unite her large extended family network (Clifford 1997)? How could she? So many people cannot save enough cash to move their household. In 1992, when I was trying to fit Fatma into some theory, the shuttling of goods and people had caught the eyes of the researchers—roots transforming into rhizomes. The new generation of Cultural
Studies scholars transcended the modernist tropology of world systems and leaped into flows and fluxes. But I decided rhizomes were inadequate, and good old roots were unfashionable.

Maybe Fatma speaks in Gilligan’s (1982) and Abu Lughod’s (1993) different voice. Well, she didn’t speak to me with timid hints of pain shrouded in shame and she didn’t distill and abstract her pain into poetic language. She said straight to my face that her husband battered her for many years.

So, is Fatma herself the Differénd (Lyotard 1984)? Is she the Lyotardian signification of a conflict without possibility of resolution? She could have gone to a shelter for battered women, run of course by Ashkenazi feminists, but she wouldn’t give them another opportunity to attack Arab patriarchy. Like the Differénd, she is always acting in pursuit of justice, yet in vain, because she refuses to be drawn into the juridical language of her dominator.

How about casting Fatma as a freedom fighter struggling for a homeland? If I shouted that with the anger it deserves, the first reader of the journal would toss it on the slush pile as a piece of Neanderthal essentialism. And my grant funds wouldn’t cover a long enough stay in ‘Akka for me to coauthor with her Fatma’s memoir, Rigoberta Menchu style (Menchu 1984).

Has Palestine been transformed into just a language game, so it no longer contains its own legitimation? Could it be a contract between players who ignore the rules of the game (Lyotard 1979:10)? Really, Fatma has no time for all this. She struggles just to survive the day.

Am I starting to over romanticize Fatma with all these theoretical auditions? If so, why not try the anthropological legacy of anticolonial peasant resistance studies (Kearney 1996; Rosenfeld 1964; Scott 1985; Wolf 1970), where resistance is an explosion in the colonizer’s face? Most Palestinians before the Nakba catastrophe were peasants. But even before 1948, ‘Akka was an ordinary town. So there’s no peasant resistance. Is she performing the implosive Fanonian black-skin–white-mask hybrid resistance instead (Fanon 1967; Sandoval 2000:83–86)?

Does Fatma “keep on moving,” as Gilroy would have it (Gilroy 1993a:16; 1993b:120–145)? Do her “diasporic circuits” (Gilroy 1993b:86) make her Amiri Baraka’s “changing same” (Jones 1968:180–211)? What is Fatma’s “same”? Is Fatma “an expression of culture . . . at its most unselfconscious,” as Baraka describes it? Is that one self the historical collectivity of prepartition Palestine, the map countless diaspora Palestinians wear as neck pendants? Is that “one self” “the same”? Is “the changing” her family’s nonlinear system of multiple diasporisities? Does her radical act of staying put have “dynamic potency” (Gilroy 1996:23)?

How could it be that I have run out of theoretical costumes for Fatma? Theory must have models Fatma could fit into. But back in 1992—just before Cultural Studies turned into an empire itself—I was getting suspicious of such theories even as I practiced them. To feel better about what I then thought was my sense of belonging to radical academe, I ticked off a chart for what was Out, and what was the new In:

As I was thinking through all the “theoretical alternatives,” I had a “Eureka!” moment: What if the study of Culture itself was another “changing same” (Jones 1968), used to decolonize the humanities and social sciences?

But the colonialist infrastructure of the study of Culture has persisted underground, even though the pyrotechnics of sophisticated theoretical jargon makes it hard to see. The data kept coming from neo- and postcolonial situations, whether in the Third World or in “Third Worlded” Western metropolises (see Ribeiro and Escobar 2006; World Anthropologies Network Collective 2005), and although much of the manual labor was outsourced, most of the theory has been articulated in Western metropolitan universities and then exported back to the Third World.

III. The Ominous Hyphens: Palestinian-Israeli and Arab-Jew

In 1981, the Chicana lesbian feminist Gloria Anzaldúa published Borderlands/La Frontera. Determined to textualize the North’s historical
dominance over dark women, she articulated, from the ground up and the inside out, her thinking about her life far outside the “Northern conventions of research, writing and thinking about the world” (Gledhill 2005; see Ribeiro and Escobar 2006, World Anthropologies Network Collective 2005). Nevertheless, in less than a decade, her book gained canonical dominance in the halls of academe. As I was reading it in 1990, I was researching the Israeli–Arab borderlands, and thinking about the liberating possibilities of South–South coalitions of knowledge and activism between Mizrahim and Palestinians.

Back in 1992, Fatma and I were located on different levels of the hierarchy of oppression. As a University of California professor, I was obviously far more privileged than she, although I was too embarrassed to let her know that even as I spoke with her, I too was a battered woman. I was still married to my abuser and lived in denial. But anyway, how could a U.S. university anthropologist ask for shelter from the Third World informant she is supposed to atavise?

Yet even then we shared the borderlands in our part of the world, Fatma as a Palestinian-Israeli, and I as a Mizrahi. Only after I became a welfare mother in 2001 did I really understand the potential of Anzaldúa’s Borderlands concept to embody the hyphen. In February 1999, my nine-year-old son was transferred to the sole custody of his father. If I had not fled with him to my family in Israel, he would have managed to do away with himself.11 The support system of my extended family had been shattered long ago when the welfare authorities of the Zionist state forced Mizrahim to have compact nuclear families like the Ashkenazim—without the intergenerational wealth to sustain them. Because I refused to limit my academic freedom to Zionist-“post” Zionist confines, I was barred from gainful employment in Israel’s universities. And for almost eight years Israel legally barred me from leaving the country for work elsewhere, where my color and politics do not matter. I was all alone, and became entangled in the thicket of Israel’s phantasmagorical, relentlessly abrasive welfare bureaucracy (see Hertzog 1996).12 I endured chronic stress from the endless round of desperate encounters with lower-level Mizrahi bureaucrats subservient to the Ashkenazim who hired them. With the skyscrapers of the “White City” of modern Tel Aviv in the background, I became just another mother in the welfare lines of the “Black City” of South Tel Aviv (see Rotbard 2005).13

I met other Jewish mothers—not just Mizrahim like myself, but post-Soviet immigrants from the Asian parts of the former USSR, as well. I also met the Fatmas of Jaffa, annexed as the Palestinian part of South Tel Aviv. This time the Fatmas and I were in the same line. I wondered: Have I become another Fatma, so elusive to theory? After their production-line jobs were outsourced to Jordan, Egypt, or South Africa, both the Mizrahi and the Palestinian-Israeli women stood together—no bickering, droopy and sweaty, in the long food line of Operation Open Heart. From the far-flung ghettos, they would travel every Thursday to the stuffy basement of a parking lot in the doleful outskirts of industrial zones of major Israeli cities, just to feed their families with donated leftover food. I didn’t give a damn then about different language games, or the liberation of Palestine—I just wanted food for Shabbat. As I interacted with them, every once in a while the original Fatma would flicker in my mind. But it was way more important to me to make sure my electricity was back on after I scurried around to find money to pay the bill—we lived on candle light until
then. Or to find money to get the water running again in my place—when we couldn’t pay, we had to haul buckets of water from the neighbor’s apartment. When she was broke, we reciprocated.

In time, the mothers in the welfare lines became friendly with each other. We shared the sudden panic at a knock on the door that might be the police or welfare detectives conducting an unauthorized search, or welfare officers of the family court coming at dawn to remove the children to the regime’s forced boarding school system for their own good because the family had failed to make ends meet and was therefore unfit to parent (see Gilat 2006). Weaker after each round with the labyrinthine bureaucracy, many just gave up, knowing it is hopeless to try to claim whatever supposed rights the law gives them. It took me three years gradually to realize that, with these women, I was living the South–South sisterhood, although it had been forced on us. While in the lines, the Mizrahi women—who said good Arabs are dead Arabs—nevertheless developed situational friendships with the Palestinian-Israeli women, who on their part, continued to refer to the Mizrahi woman as Yahud (“Jewish,” Arabic), indicating they did not distinguish between Ashkenazi and Mizrahi Jews.

Meanwhile, the al-Aqsa Intifada raged. The random curfews, house searches, arrests, and random openings and closings at hundreds of checkpoints resulted in lost work opportunities, lost medical appointments, lost family ties, lost civic life, lost demolished houses, lost fetuses. Finally, the apartheid wall.

Why is it that South–South coalitions, as potent as they could be, cannot travel beyond discourse, so that the Mizrahi and Palestinian majority population implode Ashkenazi Zionism from within the State of Israel? Is it because the spectacularly successful Ur-Design has a stranglehold on the situation? It sure does keep the two subaltern populations hostile and prejudiced toward each other.

Although transnational hyphens connote fluidity and movement across boundaries, Fatma’s and my borderland hyphens allowed us radically to stay put. But neither Western academe nor government, each with its own linear discourse, would permit Fatma or myself to use our hyphens. I cannot be a Mizrahi, an existence entailing being a hyphenated Arab-Jew. Fatma cannot be a Palestinian-Israeli. To the Israeli regime, Fatma is an Arab. Period. She cannot be a Palestinian, because that would force Israel to recognize the ruins of Palestine underneath it. I am a Jew with rights in the Zionist Jewish State. For the progressive academic community in the West, I am the dominating Israeli, while she is the oppressed Palestinian.

Amidst the angry pleading and yelling in the food line around me, my mind wandered back to academic habits, in a dissociated state of escape. I fantasized that if I ever got out of this line, and back into academe, I would write it all up. What theories could I use so that I myself would get quoted? Even the theories of embodiment seemed to misrepresent somatic reality. They could not withstand actual experiences—the deepest cuts to the bones. The closest I could get was Gloria Anzaldúa, whose somatism seemed beyond theory, because she was writing from her open wound (see Alexander 2005:285–286). In 1992, when I read Borderlands to keep up with scholarly trends, I understood her only on the level of mimetic representation, but it was a perfect fit for my data, and perhaps even for the problem of Fatma. Now I felt it, in my own nonmimetic hunger and humiliation. I went up north to visit Fatma in 2001. Her daughter told me that
in 1994, after one of her sons died from a heroin overdose, she died of a broken heart.

IV. Anzaldúa’s Ghost

Sunday 16 May 2004, the news arrived in an email from Norma Alarcon:

Dear All:

With great sorrow I pass on the news of Gloria Anzaldúa’s death. . . . Her family is taking her back home to Texas. She was finishing a book for Routledge. She is a great loss to us. A woman of great spirit—the chicanita from Texas, as she said of herself.

My hands froze on the laptop. It could have been me. Every morning I woke up alive, I was surprised. Sometimes, at the end of the day, I would try to make some progress on my scholarship. I was amazed I could possibly manage. It was getting late. I was hallucinating conversations between whatever was left of my “facultad”—the agency entailed in “the capacity to see in surface phenomena the meaning of deeper realities, to see the deep structure below the surface” (Anzaldúa 1987:60)—and Anzaldúa’s “shadow beast”—the woman of color’s power to struggle against the “intimate terrorist” (1987:20) that causes her to convert her conscious agency into a docile one (see Mahmood 2005:15, 29) to transform her fearless creativity into compliance. The woman of color’s shadow beast fights off her intimate terrorist’s demand that she become a nonentity (Alarcon 1996:44), both from without, as required by the patriarchy of late capitalism (see Saldivar 1991:83), and from within, when she accepts and internalizes the intimate terrorist’s definition of her. And now she is gone.

One 2005 summer Thursday morning, I, near fainting from car exhaust fumes, was #378 in the hot and stuffy food line of Operation Open Heart’s basement. And then, above the crowd—Gloria Anzaldúa’s ghostly face, waver ing within the blurry black, turquoise, and red cover of her book.

GLORIA: A border culture—where the third world grates against the first and bleeds and before the scab forms it hemorrhages again, until the lifeblood of two worlds has merged into a third country—a shock country, a closed country, a warzone . . . my home . . . (1987:2, 3, 11).

SMADAR: Gloria, I almost know it by heart, I’ve taught it so much. In all the welfare lines, the Palestinian-Israelis and the Mizrahim grate against that Ur-Design, and bleed. But the Ur-Design is so sophisticated. No specific laws, but caught in the relentless bureaucracy, everyone knows their place. Palestinian women see their children’s blood spilled. Mizrahi women are the sleep-walking wounded, entranced by the drumbeat of the miraculous ingathering of the diasporas. Their wounds—so deep. Invisible blood. Aren’t all these welfare lines just our joint third country? Or maybe Fatma’s ‘Akka is. Or—this Thursday line is, until we split up and go back to our segregated ghettos and ‘hoods.

GLORIA: We hurt. We don’t know why. We ask—what is wrong with us? But then our defense strategy kicks in. We all hate ourselves, and act from it without even knowing why. We terrorize ourselves and each other (1987:45).

SMADAR: We hurt too. Some Palestinian-Israeli women know why they hurt. Nakba memories. Israel dispossessing land, water, intergenerational continuity. How shocking to find younger women in the line or in my classes had
heard the word “Nakba,” but their parents said they didn’t want them to know much about it. Didn’t want them to get politicized and in trouble. How can one have facultad without knowing one’s history? In the lines, some Palestinian women curse the Jewish State in Arabic, in hisses. They don’t dare shout. Others share Nakba stories, in Arabic, with those who were not allowed to know. Then they argue: is it OK to blame everything on the Nakba? Or is it their own feeble character? Themselves, their ex-husbands, brothers, the whole community. . . . The Mizrahi women curse the State in Hebrew, and loud. Unaware of how the Ur-Design wounded them. The Palestinians at least blame the patriarchy. The Mizrahim blame their own selves. For not staying in school. Not being able to lose their Arabic accent. For their Mediterranean thick thighs. And no cash for the new skin-bleaching ointment at the pharmacy . . .

GLORIA: Facultad—we don’t fully engage our agency . . . what we need to do is gather our strength and fight for control (1987:21).

SMADAR: We are stuck and blocked. Mizrahi and Palestinian women terrorize each other. Lives within the welfare system micromanaged by lower-level Mizrahi bureaucrats. If Palestinians demonstrate, the policemen club or shoot to kill. Their men’s Mizrahi blue-collar bosses—so stingy, having started with very little themselves. The Mizrahi women—no one in the line to teach them their history. How can they realize that without the Nakba, they would not have been drawn in from their non-Yiddish speaking homelands to become the Mizrahi diaspora in the Ashkenazi “villa in the jungle?”


SMADAR: This is the Mizrahi situation. Palestinians—hyphenated exiles in the State of Israel, dispossessed from their land and culture, but not alienated from the mother tongue. If you haven’t lost your Arabic literacy, with a click of the mouse, a whole cultural world across the minefields and barbed wire opens up. For Mizrahim—it was cultural genocide. Suddenly 1948—Israel erects war walls against their homelands. Mother tongue cut off (Abarjel and Lavie 2009; Alcalay 1993:220–227; Lavie 1992). No Arab culture within the reach of the mouse (see Donnan 2005:70). Once I used to write about interstices. In this line, I’m petrified.

GLORIA: A no-man’s borderland. Resist by feeding our families, or get caught and be deported as criminals. Illegal refugees. Some of the most exploited people in the U.S. Texas to Oregon was in Mexico—and the Anglos call us “the silent invasion” (1987:10, 12).

SMADAR: In 1948, Palestinians were expelled from their villages and Mizrahim forced to settle on their land. The Mizrahi ‘hoods—no-man’s land until they become real estate bonanzas. Then our communities expelled. Houses bulldozed. Shim’on Yehoshu’a resisted and shot dead.17 Highrises built. Ashkenazim move in. In prisons—Mizrahim and Palestinians. Resistance? Heck, no—docility is the name of the game. Facultad. Hoping for better housing, better jobs, better futures for our children. Nada. No way out. Destroy who you are to imitate them? Ha! With only $500 a month and $700 rent, so that your kids can be closer to the better Ashkenazi school districts?

When Palestinian-Israelis resist, they are jailed, expelled, or shot dead. Unless they speak the politics of the Zionist masters. For Mizrahim, jail. Or stop-exit
orders served to them by the collection court, to keep them in the country. Mizrahim who resist can’t leak out. Criminalizing their political act. Return? The Palestinian right of return? It’s their worst nightmare. Mizrahi return (see Abarjel and Lavie 2009)? Where to? The dilapidated economies of the so-called enemy? And now that we outnumber them, even with the European Russians, they eulogize the levantinization of their colonialist space, even as they appropriate our levant in their postcolonial academic conferences.

GLORIA: The individual exists first as kin. Last as her self. Family, community, and tribe come first (1987:18). The dark skinned woman has been crippled—silenced, gagged, caged, bound into servitude by marriage to macho men and the family (1987:22).

SMADAR: Gloria, this too I remember by heart. You are crisp and clear. But it’s so hot I’m woozy. I’m hearing mirages.

GLORIA: Shut up. I carry this home thing in my body. But going back home scares me. I’ll defend my race and culture, but I abhor some of our ways (1987:22). Yet by stroking the inner flame, in my ample mestiza heart, I have survived for 300 years. I am a working-class Catholic Chicana Texan. I am the Santa Cruz dyke. I do feminism in Spanglish.

SMADAR: In this line, just by being here we collapse the hyphen between Arab and Jew, Mizrahi and Palestinian. The patriarchal bargain (Kandiyoti 1988) just didn’t work. Marriage—your only way out of your parents’ home. For Palestinians—all arranged. For Mizrahim—marrying in your race and class. Or up, for a few. Then your Ashkenazi mother-in-law pays the hotshot lawyer to make sure you get no child support. The patriarchal bargain—he gets beauty, sex, pregnancies, sons. Cooking every day from scratch because your mother-in-law wants it fresh. Laundry. Dishes. And you get a roof over your head. Sons you hope will provide for you someday. His main wage earner salary. But this is not enough. Debt piles up because of the discrepancy between his income and the housing costs. Your part-time job is not enough to fill the gap. You have to stitch together more income from other part-time menial jobs. And still be beautiful and available, not to mention cook and feed the whole extended family on Friday—because what would they say if you didn’t? For your own survival, you become a cyborg—that dissociated animal–machine (Haraway 1985). He loses his job. The Oslo peace economics. Blonde post-Soviet women bought and sold in the sex district, Southside Tel Aviv. He leaves. They blame you for his departure. Your children’s home is the comfort of your body. No home for your self in your body. If Palestinian, you go home to your parents. Once again under the control of your father and brothers. The shari’a gives your husband your sons. Unless you are Fatma, and your shadow beast tells you to live on your own with your kids and be shelter to others. No virginity. Slim chance to remarry. If Mizrahi—how can you go back to your parents? That crowded apartment in the cinderblock projects? They won’t let you in anyway, so that you are forced to go find some other man to take care of you. You can’t provide for yourself in an economy that punishes you for being a mother. Yet the State’s pronatal policy, part of that Ur-Design, expected you to produce more Jews to be soldier-citizens (see Kanaaneh 2002). There is no going home to your self. These stories—again and again. It is so hard to keep my inner flame alive. No home but the line... friendship there...
GLORIA: Only a few of us can become self-autonomous—through education and career (1987:17).

SMADAR: Wishful thinking for us, Gloria. Among Israeli tenured professors: five percent Mizrahi men—one percent Mizrahi women—under one percent Palestinian men—no Palestinian women. So much for the majority. Most in the applied hard sciences, so if things don’t go well at the country club, they can get a real job without starting over. We who study ourselves—artists, scholars of culture—locked doors if we refuse to sell out. Education helps a few accountants, lawyers, dentists, engineers—as long as they know their place. All fledgling, although terrorizing each other oh so well. My mestisaje—A Mizrahi feminist with an Ashkenazi father, a UC Berkeley Ph.D., professor in the lethal welfare lines. An anti-Zionist, but still a practicing Jew, thus part of the flow in my right-wing Mizrahi ‘hood.


SMADAR: Southside Tel Aviv. Borderlands. Dangerous. The National Security Bureau—a sleek high-rise. Number 870, a single mom, finally cracks, shrieking curses at the State in Moroccan Arabic—a tongue of fire. A Mizrahi woman bureaucrat jabs the buzzer. A big blond Russian guard clubs the mother. She falls face down, gloms onto the floor. Stays put. She can’t afford to lose her place in the line. He snaps the cuffs on her wrists above her head, grabs the chains between her hands, and drags her away, screaming in her orphan tongue. Each of us is suddenly inside her own wall. Petrified. Each thinking—it could have been me. There are no transitions here. The line keeps moving. We’re all stuck (see Donnan 2005:74–75, 96).


SMADAR: Whenever a Mizrahi woman stands tall and eloquently calls for restitution for Zionist crimes against the Mizrahim, and equitable treatment now, the Ur-Design trivializes it as wailing. Le-hitbakyen. That’s the Hebrew. Mitbakhynenet. Crybaby discrimination queen.20

V. The Ur-Design: The Wall and the Maw

In addition to the many walls erected within Israel to block Mizrahim and the Palestinian citizens of Israel from housing and education, let alone coalitions, Israel has nearly completed a massive apartheid wall demarcating the border it has claimed for itself on the lands of Palestine. The Eurocenter craves borders because they invite its civilizing mission of taming them by absorbing them into its maw (Anzaldúa 1987:11; see Lavie and Swedenburg 1996) and transforming them into frontiers. Most of the workers building the wall are Palestinians or Mizrahim (Bitton 2004). Around the wall, Israel operates a vicious border machine, with patrols, electric fences, roadblocks, and further land confiscations. The borderland between the pre-1967 Israel and the 21st-
century Palestine behind the Israeli apartheid walls of the West Bank and Gaza is destined to become the maquiladora of the Middle East. For the Fatmas, and also for working-class Mizrahi women, the border is becoming a prison house. Out of every dollar the West has invested in the Palestinian Authority economy, 35 cents have ended up with Israeli industrial conglomerates (Beinin 1999; Berger 1996; see Bichler and Nitzan 2001; Warshawski et al. 1997). The political economy of the U.S.-designed New Middle East will be assembled by the nimble fingers of these women, who have no choice but to do whatever they can to make a living. Their unatavised regional specificity is not compromised by their transnational labor. And the worse their economic situation gets, the more they are drawn to orthodox or fundamentalist religion.

VI. The Quilt as Time Bomb

In February 2005, I got an email from a researcher working for the Committee on the Status of Women at the Knesset, the Israeli national legislature. He asked if I knew of old Mizrahi and Palestinian-Israeli women activists who died and never made it into Israel’s official Ashkenazi history and schoolbooks. The Committee plan for its 2005 International Women’s Day session was to display photographs of them, among photographs of hegemonic Ashkenazi-Zionist women, as a quilt hung on a Knesset wall, along with a catalogue of short bios. I called the researcher and found he sought the “indigenous informant” to atavise into a visual text, to create an artificial coevalness between the charismatic women from skid row and those of the Ashkenazi-Zionist elite. I suggested that he hang my granny’s and Fatma’s photographs on the wall, pending the permissions of their families.

The Knesset exhibit was meant to transmute “race” to “poverty,” so that the Knesset’s racinated ideology and practice in the formation and maintenance of the Ur-design of an apartheid nation-state remained invisible. In Fatma’s entry in the exhibit’s catalogue, the fact that she was Palestinian, let alone an Arab, was conspicuously absent. In this project, the committee actually meant to enact its outback colonialist anthropology in Israel’s border sites.

Yet, by being very enthusiastic about participating in the exhibit, Fatma’s family—and the families of the other Palestinian-Israeli and Mizrahi women in the collage—displayed the common phantasmagorical aspiration of Israel’s racinated populations to live and work in Israeli power centers. Depoliticized as the exhibit catalogue was, I could still find traces of Mizrahi and Palestinian historical specificity as I read it against the Zionist grain: the Arabic last names, the women’s dark complexions, their modestly kerchiefed heads. These features inadvertently “third-worlded” the Israeli Ashkenazi-Zionist center simply by being displayed within it. Gloria Anzaldúa taught me that the border is an “open wound” (1987:2–3). But none of the border’s South–South coalition members—Mizrahim or Palestinian—want to be in this “third country” emerging out of their painful dispossession of lands, languages, and cultures. Its imagistic ambiguity is not liberating but, rather, is used by the Zionist hegemony, as in the case of the exhibit or the Operation Open Heart food lines. And despite all this, the border’s imagistic ambiguity invites the projections and misreadings, which enable Fatma’s experiences in the borderlands to be displayed in Israel’s
Ashkenazi-Zionist power centers. Fatma, and even I, are thus able to leave landmines dormant all over Israel. Perhaps one day, the gender–race–nation fissures in the Zionist narrative will no longer be containable. They will blow up when the South–South coalition is among Arab feminists—Muslim, Christian, and Jewish—a coalition of hope reabsorbing Mizrahim into the area in which they have become exiles from within and without.

The main speaker celebrating the Knesset’s 2005 International Woman’s Day was Major General Moshe Boogie Ye’elon, Israel’s Army chief of staff. He praised the contribution of women to the Israeli military. So much for the borderization of the Knesset by Fatma, my granny, or myself. Here came the colonialist frontiersman striding up to the podium, even as Fatma’s traditionally garbed sons and daughters in the audience tried to muffle their hisses. Giant images of Fatma and other Palestinian-Israeli and Mizrahi women grinned from the wall. The general, seated as he was, had to look right at them. Right on, Fatma: “These days, the most radical act is to stay put.”

Each theory has its own flash of life. First unthinkability. Then exciting praise for its new set—or provocative net—of abstractions that sound like floating signifiers without much data. Then its long process of becoming obsolete. Nowadays, in the United States, borderzone theory is out—9/11 cut the border festivities of theoreticians, artists, etc. We are now all doing Islam, rights, NGOs, and sovereignty. The rest of the world is soon to follow, given the U.S.–European theoretical hegemony of the Humanities and the Social Sciences. But if not even Gloria Anzaldúa’s borderzone can manage to contain Fatma, the veiled feminist on the Knesset wall, who can guarantee that the new theories of Islamist feminism can do better? And what is left for me, as an ethnographer?

Forever the anthropologist, I photographed the event and scribbled notes.

Notes

Acknowledgments. This essay started in 1994 as an Atlanta, GA, paper entitled “Area Studies, Transnationalism, and the Art of Staying Put,” (Lavie 1994) presented at the Annual Meetings of the American Anthropological Association, in the Panel: “Intersections: Minority Discourse/Area Studies/Cultural Studies,” organized by Lisa Yoneyama. Fieldwork and archival research were conducted during 1990–94 and were funded by the Wenner-Gren Foundation, the University of California Humanities Research Institute at Irvine, and the University of California, Davis faculty development grant. Further fieldwork was conducted between 1999–2007, supported by inadequate single mother welfare provided by Israel’s National Security Bureau. I am indebted to Suad Joseph, who in 1993 shared a conversation she had with poet Jerry Snyder about the art of staying put in postmodernist times. Without it, I would not have written my 1994 paper. Norma Alarcon introduced me to Gloria Anzaldúa’s centrality to my own research, and commented on many of this article’s drafts. My thanks also to Haim Hazan and Esther Hertzog, who made me translate into scholarlese the bridges between Chicana and Mizrahi feminist activism. Ilise Ben-Shoushan Cohen and the participants of the departmental seminar of the California Institute for Integral Studies challenged me to further revise the piece. Ilise’s hospitality helped shape this essay into its final form. Jim and Penny Bowen shared their home as I wrote up the critique of my own 1990s’ work. Jim’s encyclopedic knowledge, Palestine Information with Provenance data bank, and Skype chats were invaluable to the referencing process. My deepest gratitude to my Mzeini family in Dahab for their support and understanding as I revised, grooping for calmer words to write up the demons of my recent “Israeli” past. This article won the American Studies Association’s 2009 Gloria E. Anzaldúa Award for Independent Scholars.
1. All names of persons mentioned in this article have been changed.

2. Donnan (2005:98) calls these somatic borderzone experiences “the materiality of place.” His research on North Ireland border Protestants as majoritarian communities is critical of deconstructionist, “post” colonial theories of diasporas, borders, and migrations. I find the parallels between Mizrahim and Northern Ireland border Protestants striking. One can compare the history of the Mizrahi-Palestinian rift to the history of working-class Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland. Perhaps Donnan’s earlier research in the Arab and Muslim Worlds has informed his fresh insights on the North Ireland border. An interesting comparison between Mizrahim and working-class Irish Protestants is offered by Ben-Porat (2006).

3. Julie Peteet’s landmark “Problematising a Palestinian Diaspora” (2007) provides a review of diaspora theories, the reasons for their becoming an academic fashion, and the possibility for their critical engagement with the Nakba and the Palestinian displacement.

4. Rebecca L. Torstrick’s The Limit of Co-Existence: Identity Politics in Israel (2000) is the most comprehensive ethnography of ‘Akka, and a ground-breaking analysis of Mizrahi-Palestinian relations in the State of Israel.

5. The Nakba was the 1948 Ashkenazi-Zionist expulsion of almost all the Palestinian population of Palestine because of the founding of the State of Israel.

6. Through careful analysis of Israeli census figures Ducker (2006) exposes the myth that the former Soviet Union immigrants to Israel increased the number of Ashkenazi Jews. She shows that even though the main purpose of Israel’s leaders in initiating this mass migration was to increase the number of European Jews in Israel, they failed to take into account the Central Asian Jews of non-Yiddish speaking origins in the former Soviet republics.

7. Aside from accent discrimination, Mizrahim are often discriminated against for their darker skin colors and last names (unless they Hebrew-ize them; see Ronen and Nevo 2000; see also Yedi’ot Aharonot 2002).

8. I do not have the exact number of Palestinian-Israeli civil society NGOs in 1992. I was sent to Kamla’s NGO because it was one of the first. Yet in 2002, 56 NGOs were registered with Ittijah, the Union of Arab Community Based Organizations in Israel.

9. Palestine’s late national poet laureate, Mahmoud Darwish, contemplated this idea in his epic Mural (2006), written about his near-death experience.

10. When I wrote this field note, Arab-American Studies was not an academic field of inquiry. How ironic it is to note that the field of Arab American studies solidified after the 9/11 events.

11. With major depression around the divorce, my son had started falling apart in 1995. The Israeli courts strictly observe the Hague Convention on the Civil Aspects of International Child Abduction, even disregarding the allowable exceptions in it that specify the rare conditions allowing the abducted child to stay in the country where he or she has been brought. The return rate of children abducted to Israel from the United States is much higher than in other countries who are signatories to the convention (see Bruch 1988–89, 2000a, 2000b, 2003; Schuz 2004). When our trial began, we had to submit both our Israeli and U.S. passports to the court. International law recommends that a child abduction trial at all levels of courts should last no longer than one year, to provide a swift remedy in the best interest of the child (Schuz 2002, 2004). But in our case it took two years to decide, because the court chose to ignore the evidence we presented. In a precedent-setting 2001 decision, the Israeli Supreme Court cleared me of any child abduction charges (Israel’s Supreme Court Verdict 5253/00; see Schuz 2008). Because of the delay, I was not able to honor the terms of my University of California job, so I resigned. Recognizing the Israeli court decision, the U.S. State Department instructed me to go to the Tel Aviv U.S. Consulate and get a new valid U.S. passport. I did so, but it was too late—I had already resigned my job, and in any case, as an Israeli citizen I had to have my Israeli passport to leave or enter Israel. Under international custody law, after a minor lives in a country for two years, the domicile of the minor changes to that country (Schuz 2001, 2004). Now that we had been living in Israel for two years, and the Hague matter was behind us, I should have been granted automatic custody, so that I could be the legal parent of my child. So to get my Israeli passport back, I now had to ask the
Israeli family court for Israeli custody of my son. For almost six more years, the Tel Aviv family court refused to make a decision to grant the custody orders, so that I would have been able to appeal (Bruch 2003). I was stuck.

12. Anthropologist and feminist activist Esther Hertzog has dedicated her life to expose the atrocities committed by Israel’s Welfare Authorities against women, mothers and children, and has assisted hundreds of women as they got entrapped in the lethal thicket of Israel’s welfare bureaucracy. She has published many op-ed public anthropology columns in Israel’s high circulation dailies on Israel’s surreal welfare authorities. In her role of the convener of Israel’s Women’s Parliament she organized several sessions on the topic as well.

13. An eloquent analysis of the division of Tel Aviv into a “White City” and a “Black City” is provided in Rolbaid (2005).

14. Most Israeli Mizrahim vehemently reject the identity descriptor “Arab Jews,” designated for them by diasporic anti-Zionist Mizrahi intellectuals. Historically, factually, and demographically, however, most Mizrahim in Israel originate from the Arab World. By calling myself an “Arab Jew,” I am using my exilic intellectual privilege.

15. As I was writing this part of the article in summer 2008, I went back to Anzaldúa’s book and found the relevant pages in the book that correspond to my hallucinations of Anzaldúa in summer 2005.

16. Israel’s former chief of staff and defense minister Ehud Barak has defined Israel as a European villa in the Arab jungle (see, for example, http://dissidentvoice.org/2011/02/a-villa-in-the-jungle). This definition corresponds exactly with the vision Theodor Herzl, the progenitor of modern Zionism had for the Jewish state (Herzl 1945).

17. Shim'on Yehoshu’a was a Mizrahi young man who tried with his body to stop the bulldozers that destroyed his home. He was killed in 1982 atop his roof in Kfar Shalem by a police officer who shot him at close range. The incident is yet to be investigated. See http://cosmos.ucc.ie/cs1064/jabowen/IPSC/php/authors.php?auid=17857.

18. In her doctoral dissertation, Rina Shahar (1988) dispels the Ashkenazi-Mizrahi intermarriage myth of interethnic integration. She demonstrates the increase in intraethnic marriages and the preference of all Jewish ethnic groups to marry Ashkenazim. See also Blumenfeld (1997).

19. The *shari’a* is the Islamic religious law. For Jews, Muslims, and Christian citizens of Israel, the right to divorce is still determined by religious law.

20. Although the Ashkenazi regime prohibits the Mizrahim from lamenting their past in the Arab and Muslim world, it is the Ashkenazi Left activists and scholars who translate the Palestinian laments into hard EU and U.S. cash donations for its industry of peace NGOs (Lavie 2010, 2011; Shubeli 2006).

References Cited


Anzaldúa, Gloria  
1987 Borderlands/La Frontera. San Francisco: Aunt Lute.

Beinin, Joel  

Ben-Porat, Guy  

Berger, Joseph  

Bichler, Shimson, and Jonathan Nitzan  

Bitton, Simone  

Blumenfeld, Miri  

Bruch, Carol  


2003 An Expert Opinion Concerning the Effective International Implementation of the November 17, 2003 Israeli Custody Decision, which was Entered Following the Conclusion of Hague Proceedings that Denied the Return of Shaheen Lavie Rouse to California. December, 5.

Chetrit, Sami Shalom  

Clifford, James  

1997 Routes: Travel and Translation in the Late Twentieth Century. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.

Colvin, Christopher J.  

Darwish, Mahmoud  

Das, Veena, Arthur Kleinman, Margaret Lock, Mamphela Ramphele, and Pamela Reynolds, eds.


Deleuze, Gilles, and Felix Guattari  

Desjarlais, Robert R.  

Donnan, Hastings  

Ducker, Clare Louise  
Ebron, Paulla, and Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing
Fabian, Johannes
Fanon, Franz
Gilat, Israel Zvi
Gilligan, Carol
1982 In a Different Voice. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.
Gilroy, Paul
Gledhill, John
Gómez-Peña, Guillermo
Hajjar, Lisa
Halper, Jeff
Haraway, Donna
Hasson, Yael
2006 Three Decades of Privatization. Tel Aviv: Adva Center. [Hebrew]
Hertzog, Esther
Herzl, Theodor
1945[1896, German] The Jewish State. Tel Aviv: Mordecai Newman. [Hebrew]
Jones, Leroi (Amiri Baraka)
Kanaaneh, Rhoda A.
Kandiyoti, Deniz
Katz, Yitzhak
1997 Privatization. Tel Aviv: Pecker. [Hebrew]
Kearney, Michael
Keshet, Yahudit
Lavie, Smadar


Lavie, Smadar, and Ted Swedenburg

Lavie, Smadar, A. Hajj, and Forest Rouse

Liberman, Guy

Lyotard, Jean-Francois
1979 The Postmodern Condition. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.

Mahmood, Saba

Menchu, Rigoberta

Mohanty, Chandra Talpade

Nagar, Richa

Nagar, Richa, and Saraswati Raju

Nagar, Richa, and Eric Sheppard

Penslar, Derek J.

Peteet, Julie

Ribeiro, Gustavo Lins, and Arturo Escobar

Ronen, Moshe, and Amos Nevo
2000 When They Invited Yossi Kasirrer for an Interview—I Wept. Yedi’ot Aharonot, April 10, 24 hours section: 2–3. [Hebrew]

Rosaldo, Renato
Rosenfeld, Henry
1964 They Were Peasants. Tel Aviv: HaKibbutz HaMe’uhad. [Hebrew]

Ross, Fiona C.

Rolbárd, Sharon
2005 White City, Black City. Tel Aviv: Babel. [Hebrew]

Sabbagh, Suha, ed.

Saldivar, Jose D.

Sandová, Chela

Scheper-Hughes, Nancy

Schuz, Rhona

---

Rosenfeld, Henry

World Anthropologies Network Collective

Yedî’ot Aharonot