

# A VICTORY PIECE WITH A CONTRADICTION JERUSALEM

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People practice arts in every part of their life, clothes, food, tools, death... people sing while they reap the fields, pick the olives, fish in the sea, while the shepherd looks after his sheep.

And in every particular struggle, art takes a role, expressing the situation, and artists, writers and poets take the lead.

At the beginning of the 1st Intifada, the Israelis did not pay any attention to revolutionary music... But then, just as they decided to smash the hands of the children who threw stones, they banned these songs in all their forms.

One day, I was on my way back from the copy studio and secretly had in my possession about 6,000 tapes.

The soldiers had been watching me for a long time, and the army set up a special ambush on the road. An ambush like this was usually only intended to capture a revolutionary leader.

They arrested me as if I was a terrorist and what I had was a weapon.

I was taken to prison, where they began their investigation.

*'Who wrote the songs?  
Who composed them?  
Who distributes them?  
And who produces them?'*

I was subjected to very severe psychological and physical torture.

They used a technique called '*The Blender*'. The interrogator was big and strong, holding me firmly by the shoulders and shaking me with force for a very long time. I began to feel every organ inside my body vibrating and mixing like I was dying.

They used a method known as '*The Stretch*'. I was put on a chair without a back, my legs extended. One interrogator had his foot on my genitals, and another pressed my chest continuously. I experienced severe pain, forced to sit at an angle, trying not to fall backwards.

During the period of torture, certain musical melodies occurred to me, and I would write them in my mind.

By the 12th day, the torture reached such an extreme degree of violence that I turned numb. The investigation became useless, so they stopped it.

At that moment, I felt two contradictory feelings. Firstly, I was on the verge of death because of the violence.

And secondly, the opposite, as I learned that I had finally triumphed over the interrogators.

Thus, the musical melody I created was a victory piece with a contradiction.

It was not until ten years later that I could write the music that had come to me whilst being tortured in prison.

They did not find a law to convict me, so they used a law from the days of the British Mandate. They issued a verdict of 15 months under the title of incitement to violence and revolution.\*

\*It was a similar charge poet Nuh Ibrahim had been given 50 years earlier, and Daren Tatour would be given nearly 40 years later.