

# This is the Land – The Zionist Creation Rejects' Salon/Program B

Created by Eyal Weiser

Creative Partners and Performers: Efrat Arnon, Natalie Fainstein, Neta Weiner

Sound, Music and "The Acacia Tree" lyrics (Spoken-word segment)- Neta Weiner

Photography and Video "The Performer is Sick" – Rami Maymon

Space Design – Yinon Peres

Costume and Prop Design – Tamar Levit

Lighting Design – Omer Shizaf

Video Editing – Nadav Aronowitz

Artistic Consultant – Itzik Giuli

"The Acacia Tree" Concept Consultant – Raz Weiner

Choreography – Stav Marin

Stage Manager – Mickey Yonas

Assistant Director – Shani Davidov

English Translation – Natalie Fainstein

Arabic Translation – Sahar shehada

After Effects – Shai Ratner

Radio Host: Natalie Fainstein

Poster and Program Design – Nurit Hershkovits

If this had been the Zionist Creation Award ceremony

perhaps, by the box office,

you would have noticed

a group of elderly women

wearing black two-piece suits

**(The word "black two-piece suits " is deleted)**

pink and purple three-piece suits,

smelling of perfume.

If this had been the Zionist Creation Award ceremony

among the guests,

perhaps, you would have also noticed

three real-estate tycoons,

**(Deleted)**

four ministers, two generals and a rabbi.

**(Deleted)**

a chubby PR guy dressed in black.

If this had been the Zionist Creation Award ceremony,  
the lights at the entrance  
would go on and off right now  
signaling the late comers to hurry up  
and you to switch your smartphones to vibrate.

As you would have taken your seats,  
you would have probably heard  
in the background,  
maybe even in loop mode,  
Barbra Streisand's hit – "Avinu Malkeinu".

**(The words Barbra Streisand's hit "Avinu Malkeinu" is deleted)**

Israel's winning Eurovision song, "Halleluja"

**(The words "Halleluja" is deleted)**

"Diva" by Dana International.

Blue lighting would have washed the stage,  
on which a podium surrounded by six Israeli flags  
would stand.

In at least two of the speeches

There would have been sentences such as:

“Few against many”,

“For I have no other land but this”,

**(The word "I" is deleted and changes to...)**

“For **WE** have no other land but this”,

“From Holocaust to revival”.

If this had been the Zionist Creation Award ceremony

Among the winners

there would have been a video artist,

a choreographer,

a sculptor and a left-wing poet,

who would have said in the press

that he, personally, would have preferred to win an award

based on artistic grounds only.

But this isn't the Zionist Creation Award ceremony.

This is a text,

size 24, Miriam font,

accompanied by the sound of a computer keyboard.

**(Gali Sudandky enters the stage)**

Right now, a figure enters the stage,

she crosses it slowly.

The shady lighting suggests that she's

hiding a dark life story...

But she's not.

This is Gali Sudansky,

fashion designer and performance artist,

who will be presenting the first project in Program B

of "This is the Land" Festival - The Zionist Creation Rejects' Salon.

The name of her project:

The Five W's.

**(The screens fades into black)**

**Gali Sudansky:** Good Evening.

The Freemasons organization is a secret, gender-based fraternity, originated from the 17th century builders' guilds in England. Ever since and to this day its members keeps its activity secret.

Today, the Israeli branch consists of 1035 members, most of whom hold key positions. In January 2009 Jerusalem's Tzidkiahu cave had been closed off due to emergency construction work.

The official reason was to prevent a possible collapse of the cave's ceiling.

In reality the CEO of the East Jerusalem Development Fund, a dominant member of the Freemasons Organization, approved the closing of the cave for the purpose of constructing a special lighting path.

The secret path spread over 350 meters and led to a hidden space deep inside the cave, where a late night ritual took place: the initiation of new members into the Freemasons organization.

#### **(Gali places the collection's boxes around the stage)**

Among the winners of the 2011 Israeli President's Outstanding Employees Award you will find, surprisingly enough, the lebanese refugee, Mr. Wahill Djourian, a production manager in "Kugel jewish food" factory.

Wahill Djourian is a 58 year old man, married to Ibtissam, and father of nine children. Wahill, who used to be a medic in the South Lebanese army, was given asylum in Israel shortly after Israel's retreat from South Lebanon.

Despite the fact that during his service in Lebanon Wahill treated Israeli injured soldiers, he couldn't find a job during his first years in Israel, because most workplaces in Israel require full military service.

The owners of the “Kugel jewish food” factory in Petah-Tikvah, very religious Jews who don't acknowledge the legitimacy of the Israeli army, hired Wahill. Their investment paid off.

With the help of his wife Ibtissam, Wahill perfected the factory's most popular dish, the Gefilte Fish, by adding to its recipe Bahart, a delicious Lebanese spice.

This addition boosted the Gefilte Fish sales by 250%, from 800,000 Gefilte fish to 2,000,000 Gefilte fish just before the Passover holiday.

**(Gali wears her "Gefilte fish" leotard and displays it on the runway)**

Early this year, the Zionist board of Statistics published a report about possible future shifts in Israeli demographics, This report warned that in the next fifty years Israel will completely lose its Jewish majority.

A month later, a secret Jewish Agency delegation arrived in Ulan Bator, Mongolia's Capital, in search of possible remnants of a long lost Jewish community which was believed to have lived there during the 16th century.

When the search team returned to Israel with a pot holding 183 pieces of foreskins, leftovers from ancient Jewish circumcision ceremonies, it was clear that the trip was a phenomenal success.

These days, more funds are being transferred from the Israeli government to the Jewish Agency in order to bring back home, to Israel, the lost Mongolian Jews.

**(Gali puts on the "foreskin stockings" and displays it on the runway)**

Ham is non-Kosher just as a cheeseburger or shrimps, but for the Jewish people it's considered the most filthy and least Kosher of all foods.

This is because Jewish religion forbids eating any animal that doesn't chew the cud, meaning any animal that doesn't have several stomach systems.

About two years ago, Aharon Moss, a Jew living in Queens, NY, was amazed to find in one of the Jewish butcher shops in his neighborhood, a cut of ham labeled "Beit-Yosef Kosher Slaughter".

This incident led to a great chaos within the American orthodox Jewish community and to the cancelling of a secret project of the Weizmann Research Institute - a genetic engineering of the first Kosher pig. A female pig with a set of stomachs, capable of chewing the cud.

The project leaders' mistaken assumption was that when the Orthodox Jews will recognize the financial potential of such engineering they will bend their rules and make ham legitimately Kosher.

**(Gali puts on the "Pig shoes" and displays them on the runway)**

It's widely known that the Israeli army builds fake Arab villages to simulate combat scenarios. It's less known, however, that today, somewhere in an unknown location in the Negev desert, a new fake city of Tel Aviv is being built. Its purpose is to allow the army forces to train for a possible attack on Tel Aviv, the biggest metropolis in Israel and the most terror-threatened city in the world.

According to the ministry of interior affairs' plan this fake city will also provide a possible solution for the African refugees problem and it will be populated by Sudanese and Eritrean illegals.

The chosen Sudanese and Eritrean refugees will go through a two-month training program, giving them the tools to simulate the behavior of the Tel Aviv bourgeois: sitting in coffee shops, writing screenplays and jogging.

In return for the participation in this project ,the African refugees will get a roof over their heads, two bottles of mineral water and 45 minutes of electricity a day.

This program will prepare the Israeli Army for every possible scenario.

**(Gali wears the "Eritrean army jacket" and displays it on the runway)**

On May 5th, 2011, Matthew Cohen from Cleveland reported to the Anti-Defamation League offices in NY that he found some Anti-Semitic hints in a 7/11 store.

Apparently the chain store started promoting a new campaign called "Hello Coast-to-Coast", which, according to Cohen, sounds too much like the term "Holocaust".

Two months after that, a high-school student named Aharon Levy from a Boston public school, reported that the result of exercise 16B in his Trigonometry book appeared to be a swastika.

Every year, the Anti-Defamation League receives approximately 6,000 complaints about Anti-Semitic incidents all over the United States.

All the complaints are printed out and filed.

The Anti-Defamation League spends 300,000\$ on office supplies, of which 5,000\$ are used to buy A4 paper.

This year, an unusual 500,000\$ of the League's budget were used for the production of "Shiboleth", an oil painting exhibition by Rachel Coreman, wife of the League's CEO.

Coreman's exhibition will travel between the League's offices all over the world and will be opening a new branch in Tokyo, Japan.

**(Gali wears the "Japanese A-4 skirt" and displays it on the runway)**

On February 2009 the Iranian army discovered thousands of Israeli “Jaffa” oranges in its units’ kitchens. This extraordinary discovery led to a deep investigation, covered all over the Iranian press, trying to figure out how come and why Israeli oranges arrived at the Iranian army’s kitchens.

Eventually, it turned out that they were fake Chinese oranges which were covered with stickers of the Israeli high quality brand.

The Israeli Mossad followed the case and realized the huge potential of the citrus fruit trade between China and the Iranian army. In the future, when necessary, the Israeli Mossad (together with the Israeli Biological Institute) hopes to export to the Iranian army, through China, oranges containing Clostridium Botulinum. For those of you who don’t know, Clostridium Boutulinum is a poison that can easily destroy the human nervous system.

#### **(Gali puts on the Orange veil and displays it on the runway)**

In a survey conducted by the IDF on the subject of Zionism among soldiers soon to be released, only 25% gave a correct answer when asked “Who was the first president of Israel?” 68% of them didn’t know the date of Israel’s Independence Day.

And These are merely two examples of what the Israeli chief of staff has named “the greatest display of ignorance in the IDF history”.

As a result of these findings, the military intelligence unit “Meteor” started a secret project with the Ministry of Tourism, focusing on the effective use of subliminal messages.

Subliminal messages are signals and signs in the form of images or sounds, designed to get inside a person's subconscious without their knowledge.

The offer is based on cooperation with "El-Al" Israel's airline, which in the future will insert Subliminal Zionist images and messages in its in-flight movies.

The optional destinations, especially popular with freshly released soldiers, are: Tel-Aviv-Bangkok, Tel Aviv-Rio de Janeiro, Tel Aviv-Delhi, and of course the hot line - Tel Aviv-Bogota.

**(The subliminal messages clip starts playing on the screen)**

This year, Prof. Jacob Ackenhauser and Prof. Benjamin Lichtenschat, researchers of the Jewish Genome, published their study "Children of Abraham in the age of Genetics".

The study consisted of 237 Jews from every ethnic group: 87 German Jews, 75 Russian Jews, 48 Polish Jews, 12 Syrian Jews, 7 Libyan Jews ,5 Yemenite Jews and 3 Iraqi Jews.

Ackenhauser and Lichtenschat's study succeeded in isolating the Jewish gene.

It's a major breakthrough, proving that the Jewish people are indeed genetically separate.

It also shed light on the research of "Jewish" diseases, such as breast cancer and tay sachs.

Ackenhauser and Lichtenschat's study also proved the inter-racial gaps within the Jewish people, between European and Middle Eastern Jews in terms of ambition and intelligence.

**(Gali wears the "S.S microscope" glasses)**

For almost two decades now, the Israeli army has been operating the “Friendly Warrior” project, integrating dolphins in tactic missions on the coasts of Gaza and Lebanon. The combat dolphin is trained to collect intelligence and finding mines and bombs underwater.

The most common technique in training combative dolphins is based on the operant conditioning practice - just like human beings, the dolphins change their behavior according to positive comments and prizes. In the case of dolphins - small sardines.

While regular dolphins feed on 17 KG of sardines a day, the combat dolphin will eat 25 KG of sardines a day. A fact that, by the way, shortens its life significantly.

**(the dolphin training sound is heard)**

“Can’t find a Jew to pray with?” “Are you sick of hearing: “I prayed at work” or “I have to run, I’m on my way to a synagogue on the other side of town”?”

Finding Jewish men for a prayer is not an easy task, not in Israel, and especially not abroad.

The “Mobile-Faith” app allows you to pray together online, with people from all around the globe, no matter where you are.

Now you don’t have to schlep to the synagogue to pray. Download the “Mobile-Faith” app from the app store and immediately discover a huge bank of online Jews.

The app comes with a variety of additional attractions, such as: “Kosher Sea”, an enormous database of all Kosher and non-Kosher fish in 5 different languages; and the addictive new game: “Third holy temple”. May God be with you.

An ad for a new app by “Shtreimel Phone”, a company that specializes in creating apps for the Hassidic sector.

(Gali holds the "Bible purse" and walks up and down the runway. She then opens the box with the "Cross backpack")

This item was inspired by a research that unfortunately I'm not yet allowed to tell you about.

For now.

(Gali walks up and down the runway, repeating her modelling poses over and over again. The lighting becomes darker. The sculpture-like collection creates a silhouette of a bionic woman)

(On the screen appears the title: "The Performer is Sick - Ayala Opfer")

**Ayalla Opfer:** Hello, Shalom, I'm Ayalla Opfer. Today I'll be showing you fragments of a work in progress. You will see parts of it, some of its layers, and my own personal progress in it. It's based on a long research that I've been working on for almost a year.

Esther came into my life about two years ago, when I moved into my new apartment.

She was an elderly, lonely woman, about eighty years old, I think... more or less...

Obviously a schizophrenic, who lived in the apartment below mine.

Esther used to go out on her porch on regular hours. It was at 12:30, 16:30 and finally at 18:30.

I had a lot of questions about Esther. Where did she come from? Did she have any family? Any relatives? Was anyone even aware of her situation?

But one thing was clear to me, Esther needed help.

She was screaming for help.

**(The stage manager hands Ayala a cup of water)**

Every day, Esther would have at least one psychotic episode. She would talk gibberish to herself, she would mumble words that had no meaning, that made no sense, a never-ending flow of words that left no doubt that she was in great pain.

Even if she spoke quietly, after hearing these words over and over again, they started to sound like screams to me... like...sirens...war sirens.

You know, every time I look at these photos, I'm faced with photography's main fault - its inability to produce sound - because Esther's presence was always accompanied by sound.

A constant, painful, chaotic noise that was so intense it could almost paralyze you.

(Pause)

I admit that I often asked myself "how does she even function? Where does she get the energy?" Because it was so obvious to me that these psychotic episodes required a great deal of mental strength.

Esther wouldn't let me near her, or anyone else. The combination of her psychotic episodes and her old age led me to assume...led me to believe that she must be a Holocaust survivor.

She quickly became part of my life. *(Pause)*

After living next to her for a while I could allow myself, from time to time, to also be a bit cynical about her. I'd identify those moments where I thought that she was kinda playing a part, playing the victim's part, "It's all the Germans' fault." As if she knew that because of it, because of that "Holocaust survivor" typecast, people gave her craziness a bit more respect.

After all, schizophrenia with a yellow patch, in Israel, is more tolerable than just any Schizophrenia.

Naturally, I photographed her.

From my porch, from the roof, from the stairway. I memorized her daily routine. Sometimes I would wait for her at the entrance to our building, till she came back from her shopping . And as soon as she entered the building, I'd follow her – with my camera in hand.

When it seemed like she was on to me I'd immediately hide away my camera,

greet her or ask her if she needed any help with her bags.

Esther always refused. As if she was afraid of infecting other people with her misery.

At home, looking through the photos on the computer, every once in a while I'd be surprised to discover one photograph where she'd seem very peaceful, full of life, just like a little girl.

I don't know what it was exactly that fascinated me about her.

Maybe it's the fact that she was always there, never allowing the opportunity to ignore her. Or it could be that for me, she symbolized that moment where things can't get any worse.

Because when I find myself going through the neighbors' mailboxes or looking through the garbage to find food because the Nazis are on the way, or when I find myself talking to the radio, begging it to pass on a message to the Partisans because time is running out and I must be rescued or when I believe that Nazi officers are ordering me at any given moment to take off my clothes and march naked to the gas chambers, that's the worst that could happen. That's when I'll need to let go of my own borderline sanity and get swept away, with no control, into the fear.

As time went by I became more and more obsessed with her, I wanted to get as close to her as possible . Someone from the outside might have warned me that it was just a matter of time before she noticed me. At that point, I just didn't care.

One time, she left her front door open. It was 12:30 so I knew she'd be out on the porch, busy with her plants. I couldn't resist it and I went inside her apartment.

It was a very bad idea, a terrible idea,  
she completely freaked out.

After this incident, Esther barely came out of her apartment, not even to the porch.

Her constant talking and mumbling were now replaced by complete silence.

The fact that I haven't seen her or that I couldn't photograph her anymore didn't make me stop thinking about her. I actually thought about her even more. "What is she doing in her apartment?", "Does she need any help?","How scared is she? Even from me...".

When I asked Mama and Papa  
who was that man on the radio,  
they replied:  
"A man named Hitler".

**(On the screen appears a photo of an iphone with earphones placed on bed sheets)**

On the same hours she used to step out to the porch, to the outside world, instead of photographing her, I continued taking pictures, but inside my own house,  
my own apartment, my own private space. At the same time I also started

writing a fictional diary of hers, a fictional diary in which I tried to figure out what it must be like for her, re-living the Holocaust on a daily basis.

(On the screen appears a photo a record collection, including a unique collector's edition of Ofra Haza's original performance of "Chai" from the Eurovision song contest held in Germany)

Here, using the "Chai" album and Ofrah Haza's clothes designed for the Eurovision Song Contest held in Germany, (by the way, the first Eurovision song contest held in Germany after WW2) I tried to imagine what little Esther was going through in Warsaw before the war.

Mama sewed a yellow patch on my outfit and warned me to always wear it, because those who don't - get sent to prison.

(On the screen appears a photo of two Cherry tomatoes sitting on a cardboard box)

Mama left me in the children's day center and went to work in the cardboard factory.

(On the screen appears a photo of a coffee mug with a picture of a naked woman)

Like all the Jews.

(On the screen appears a photo Domino tiles standing on a yellow table)

Papa came home late today. He said he had to go around the government quarter,

Jews are no longer allowed inside.

(On the screen appears a clip of clothes hanging on a wire, dancing lightly in the wind)

We received a letter, our rental contract is up, we're forced to join the transport.

**(On the screen appears a photo of thick plants)**

This photo was taken right after my landlord had informed me that he was raising my rent, which led me to seriously consider taking a roommate. Not that I'm comparing, God forbid, but this is what I wrote in Esther's diary that day: (At this point I had already imagined her living in the Lodz Ghetto; Eight people in two rooms, living on the top floor, very very crowded)

The Germans came looking for copper and other things, they ripped off and took our door handles.

**(On the screen appears a photo of an old carrot wrapped with a kitchen towel)**

The Judenratt said that starting tomorrow Mama and I will be working ten hours a day instead of eight. I'm tired and hungry.

**(On the screen appears a photo of a sink full of dirty dishes)**

Mama said that time is working against us. Every family lost someone. Disease and typhus are spreading in the ghetto.

**(On the screen appears a photo of work gloves)**

As long as we're working we'll stay alive.

**(On the screen appears a photo of a plastic horse doll)**

Papa was sent to a work camp in Poznan.

**(On the screen appears a photo of a grated orange sitting on a wooden table)**

In the Ghetto, every good sign is also a bad one.

They gave the children jam today. Mama held me close and cried.

**(On the screen appears a photo of souvenir snow globes of European capitals Ayala had collected during her travels in Europe)**

People arrive in the Ghetto from all over, dressed for vacation.

The Ghetto is filled with rumors of a near transport.

**(On the screen appears a photo of a poster of a woman with a mustache)**

One of the “tourists” told Mama that Paris surrendered to Hitler.

**(On the screen appears a photo of Ayala's cat)**

“Alles Raus!”, “Alles Raus!”, shouts the Nazi officer. Mama squeezes my hand so tight

I can feel her nails wounding my flesh.

**(On the screen appear photos of postcards Ayala had collected on her travels all over the world)**

On the train. On a small piece of paper, I write down the names of the stations

for those who will come next:

Pysznica,

Klobuczek (5 am),

Nova Hervi,

Tarnowice (7:30 am),

we stand still until 8:30 am,

Radzinków,

Birkenheim,

Krolewska Huta (9:30 am),

we sing our songs,

Auschwitz (10:00 am).

**(On the screen appears a photo of Ayala's desk. Still photos from her Stakeouts of Esther are scattered all over it)**

Dogs barking, huge barracks, men on one side, women on the other.  
There are old people here; Children, too.

(On the screen appears a photo of a pair of shoes, next to them a telephone and a piece of paper that reads: "municipal psychologist: 03-7150222")

One night I heard Esther talking to herself, really loudly, screaming, having one of her worse episodes. I called 911 and they said there wasn't much they could do and that I should call the municipal psychologist's office tomorrow during working hours. They must already be familiar with her case there, so they will probably know what to do.

I remember that in order to remind myself to make that call the next day, I found myself memorizing the municipal psychologist's number, repeating it over and over again. That phone number became the number I imagined was tattooed on Esther's arm as soon as she'd arrived in Auschwitz.

I try to swallow the scream, but it escapes through my teeth. The tattoo lady,  
a Polish woman, slaps me. 71502, 71502, 71502.

(On the screen appears a photo of Ayala's bathroom sink, toothpaste and an old bar of soap)

We stand in a group, they cut off our hair, we're told to undress for disinfection.

(On the screen appears a photo of a group nail polish bottles standing in a row)

We walk down Himmel Strasse toward the showers.

(On the screen appears a photo of some pain-killer bottles and pills scattered on a night table, followed by a long clip of steam coming out of a boiling teapot)

A grey scarf is wrapped around my neck. it blurs the lines of the naked bodies around me, their horrified faces,

their screams of terror, the betrayal, the vengeance, the fatigue.

I'm floating in the air, flying beyond the grey camp wall,

beyond the barracks, the workhouses, the barb wired fence, the wooded forests.

Strange mountain top loneliness, a magical mix of calm and terror,

Tastes of bitterness and pleasure.

Auf Machen.

Alles Schlaft.

**(On the screen appears again the photo of the iPhone with the earphones)**

Each morning, Esther's shouting and mumbling reminded me that she was waking up to a brand new day of Holocaust, a day entirely identical to the one that came before,

like a diary in which every day looks exactly the same.

When I asked Mama and Papa who was that man on the radio, they replied: "A man named Hitler".

A couple of months after I called the municipal psychologist's office a couple of social workers came to our building. They tried knocking on Esther's door, but naturally there was no answer, so they came by my place, as the one who contacted their office in the first place.

As conversation went on they started telling me all kinds of details about Esther's personal history, and among them, the most important detail of all - Esther is not a Holocaust survivor.

She most certainly is schizophrenic, she's been hospitalized before, but she has nothing to do with gas chambers or crematoriums.

One of the social workers told me that her husband had died at a rather young age and straight after that she became ill.

She said Esther used to be a history teacher and when she saw how shocked I'd been to realize that Esther had nothing to do with the Holocaust, she added cynically, in a rather lame attempt at a joke, that Esther must have fixated on the thirties.

There's something about our need to create fictional biographies for total strangers that gives us a sense of security, that helps us to map out what's going on around us, that provides us with order and consistency, something that protects us from the chaos and uncertainty.

There was something shocking about that discovery, about realizing that such a long process I'd been going through was based on an entirely false assumption.

It suddenly hit me how we, the Israelis, use the Holocaust as default and don't even give it a second thought.

How our most basic instincts are based on it.

I was so busy exploring Esther's Schizophrenia and I ended up discovering my own haunted roots.

Thank you.

**(On the screen appears Ayala's video art piece titled: 71502. It's a blinding mirror placed on a small heap. When the clip ends, a new title appears: The Accacia Tree - Regev Huberman)**

**Regev Huberman:**

*W błękitnym nurcie dumny pstrąg  
Przemierza fale na jeziorze,  
Znad brzegów śledzę rybie ruchy,  
Tak płynie pstrąg jesienną wodą.*

*W błękitnym nurcie dumny pstrąg  
Przemierza fale na jeziorze,  
Znad brzegów śledzę rybie ruchy,  
Tak płynie pstrąg jesienną wodą.*

1919 - A letter from Zvi Huberman to Alexander Zeid,  
A founder of the "Shomer" organization.

"Shalom, my dear Alexander,

Please do not despair. I am certain that we shall amass many who will come to the understanding that the salvation of the Jewish people will not be possible without horses or weapons.

Jews, wherever they may be, must realize that we can not depend on the Arab guards who compels the necessity of the "Shomer": Brothers shall protect brothers and he who trespasses - the snake will bite him.

Alexander, You of all people know that I am a man of action. My decision to graduate my studies here in St. Petersburg leaves me no comfort, the mere wait for the moment I can join the workers and guards, takes a great toll on me.

I am not a bragging man, Alexander, But no doubt you've heard some friends

sing the familiar lyrics: "Tzveity, Breity, Breity" (Brothers, brothers, wake)  
The first words of the underground anthem, "Nerodnia Volyia".

Know this, I am the author of those lyrics.

You of all people know, Alexander, What value singing has to the elation  
of the human spirit and how necessary song is to the fulfilling of our goals.  
In order to alleviate the guilt, even a little, I'll be glad to contribute  
my undoubted talent.

*In the azure stream, a noble fish,  
undisturbed between the gentle waves,  
From the distant bank, I see his tail,  
Oh, So gracious - it is the Forell.*

I've written the lyrics to the Polish Forell song, Lyrics that someday will  
become those of the "Shomer" anthem. I believe that the song, to be sung  
in the key of D minor, will convey the honesty and the strength of the  
character necessary for the Hebrew guard.

It will strum the bare strings of his Canaanite's soul, the very core of his  
being, planted in the scorched hills of the valley and bring to life the music  
of King David's harp.

One more thing, Alexander, if any of the comrades wishes to sing this song  
on his own, he must first take a drink of the goatskin, so that the goat hairs  
scorch his throat and give his singing its proper scorched Canaanite  
pronunciation.

*At break of sun, with sweat and blood,  
back from the battlefield, it is the the vicious guard  
across the deepest fields of filth and mud  
The Hebrew Shomer-remains brave and hard*

1945. The tale of **Abu-Oznayim (The earmaster)** taken from "Chizbat", a collection of tales and sketches edited by Mishka Spector. The Palmach Museum.

The mobile sector men knew that if there's one thing in this world that Huberman hated...

Hated?

Despised

Is to be called "**Redhead**".

The moment anyone called him "**Redhead**" he would turn red like a tomato.

Ten tomatoes.

It's not that he had a problem with being red headed, because he was - red headed, but he thought that there was so much more to him than just "**Redhead**", such as being Tzvi Huberman's son, the man who almost wrote the lyrics to the "Shomer" anthem.

Almost, But no.

And the guys loved taking the piss, so the more "**Redhead**" hated that nickname, the more the guys called him "**Redhead**".

One time, Yaffa, a radio operator from the south who used to sing on the wireless radio for us, came to our base. Ever since "**Redhead**" heard her singing, he wouldn't stop talking about her; the bastard had his eye on her. Had his eye on her? He'd stay up nights over her, walk around the kibbutz like a zombie all day, steal chickens from the chicken coop, fantasizing

about how she'd sit next to him at the Kumzitz so he could give her a drumstick near the bonfire.

We all knew "**Redhead**" was excited about Yaffa's visit coming over. So, for taking the piss, a second before he got up the courage to ask her out to the cinema in Tel Aviv, the guys ambushed him, wanted to turn him tomato-red in front of Yaffa.

When he didn't notice, we circled him, put our hands over his head like it was a Finjan and said to Yaffa:

"Yaffa, Want a piece of Kanafeh, Yaffa? Yaffa? A sweet, redheaded Kanafeh from the oven right out of the oven, take a piece, careful, it's hot, boiling hot, come here, Yaffa, You won't regret it, watch out, Kalman, don't burn yourself, it's hot, come here, Yaffa, why are you running away? Come here, it's hot and sweet, won't you have a bite out of this beautiful Kanafeh? It's nice and red, it's good, it's yummy, it's red hot, Where are you running away, Yaffa?!?"

After the Yaffa incident, "**Redhead**" was a broken man.

It was clear to everyone that we won't call him "**Redhead**" anymore. And that He's going back to "Huberman", immediately, at least until we found him a different nickname.

And then, one time we were all on the pickup truck, "**Redhead**"... I mean Huberman, heard a Faaza, (That's what the Arabs call their alarm) and that meant we had to get out of there as soon as possible. After getting back to our base, Kalman suddenly asked "How is it possible that he heard the Faaza over Zambush's snores, Motke's yakking and the pickup truck's engine?"

And that's when it hit Kalman – From now on, we'll call "**Redhead**" - "**Abu-ears**".

There was not a happier man than **"Redhead"** in the whole Palmach. He felt himself much more **"Abu-ears"** than just **"Redhead"**. That in some way he was following his father's footsteps, Tzvi Huberman, the man who almost wrote the lyrics to the "Shomer" anthem.

Almost. But no.

And the guys did love taking the piss, so they started giving him ear training tests, to make him prove that he really is - **"Abu-ears"**.

'What's this?'

**(Sound of a hunting rifle)**

Mauser Rifle 7.29'

'And this one?'

**(Sound of a submachine gun)**

'Um...British Sten'.

'Good! What's this one?'

**(Sound of a blast)**

'Air defense gun K-52'.

They say that **"Abu-ears"** was so terrified of going back to **"Redhead"** that by willpower alone he grew a third ear, that way he'll never miss his a cue.

'What's this?'

**(Sound of a blast)**

'Polish D grenade'.

'You're a genius, Huberman!

What's that?'

**(Sound of a cocking of a gun, then a blast)**

'are you kidding me? It's a Lewis gun'.

'And this?'

**(Sound of a blast)**

2 Inch Mortar'.'

I tell you, If the Palmach commander Igal Alon had known how much ammunition was wasted on **Abu-ears'** hearing tests alone, he would also have turned tomato-red.

'What's this?'

**(Sound of a mortar's blast)**

'80 mm'.

'You want us to go back to **"Redhead"**?

'What?'

'81 mm'.

'Whatever, Kalman made some noise, give me another one'.

Colt / PB / Good! / Colt / Hotchkiss / Yeah! / Great! / Genius! / Yeah! /

Yeah!/ Yeah!/ Genius!/ Colt!/ Kaliber / Aluf!

**(Regev dances the "weapons' Horra". At the end of the dance he turns on the sound system and a nostalgic Israeli war song plays. Then we hear a female radio presenter with whom Regev will have a dialogue as his father, Yaakov Huberman. During the dialogue Regev manipulates the sound)**

**Yaffa Yarkoni:** On your way up to Jerusalem you see at the side of the road burned cars of which the young poet wrote this memoir. We shall go on singing and telling your story to those who will come after us, but we too shall never forget you, Bab-El-Wad.

**Narrator:** You are tuned into REKA - Israeli programming for Jews in the diaspora. This is “Melodies from the Homeland” - Music and words with a taste of longing.

We’ve just heard Yaffa Yarkoni, **THE singer of the wars**, singing Bab-El-Wad. With me on the phone is Mr. Yaakov Huberman, a native of Israel and director of Kibbutz Be’eri’s musical library, son of Motke Huberman also known as ”Redhead”. “Redhead”.“Redhead”.“Redhead”, who was killed accidentally by friendly fire-fire-fire-fire-fire during Israel’s War of Liberation. Mr Huberman is a devout fan of singer Yaffa Yarkoni-Yaffa Yarkoni-Yaffa Yarkoni and has agreed to share a few anecdotes about her character and private world - the story behind the song. Please tell us, Yaakov, about the beginning of your relationship with Yaffa.

**Yaakov:** Well, yes, the connection with Yaffa actually started with my father, Motke Huberman, He knew her since the days she was a radio operator in the Hagana. They developed a very unique relationship. But that’s really old news.

**Narrator:** And yet, won’t you please educate our listeners who may not have heard the story, and I’m sure that there are many out there who are curious to hear what...

**Yaakov:** Yes, well, it’s a family story, it’s very personal, I prefer not to talk about it...

**Narrator:** Please do.

**Yaakov:** Please, there’s no use to pressure me, I prefer not tell it on the radio.

**Narrator:** Please do.

**Yaakov:** Yes, well, it's a really private story...

**Narrator:** Please do.

**Yaakov:** Well, they were very close friends, Yaffa and him, him and Yaffa, Motke and Yaffa, very very close, it was , how do you say, beautiful connection, very very close, very close.

**Narrator:** Hmm... I see.

**Yaakov:** What do you mean I see? They were friends, Yaffa and Motke, just friends. When my father was killed it was my mother, Aleh A'shalom, who played Yaffa's songs at our house. They were friends. Just friends.

**Narrator:** And a decade after your father's death you contact her, his... friend from his youth.

**Yaakov:** True, true, when she heard I was the son of Motke, I swear I heard the tears in her voice. She spoke a lot about my father, about his excellent, phenomenal hearing, how he could recognize from far far away even a Mauser rifle, their conversations about her career and....also, obviously, that she was very sad to hear that what happened, happened.

Although she was older than me, our friendship became stronger and stronger, She became my soul mate; In fact, I discussed with her my deepest secrets, I was a teenager, I had a lot on my mind - my first loves, my confusions, excitements, my doubts, my identity... enough is enough - you understand the picture.

**Narrator:** And yet, we'd appreciate it if you could shed some light about the woman behind the myth. the myth. the myth.

**Yaakov:** Yaffa never used to talk about her personal life. I can only tell, how do you say? a small anecdote, but after that - I will never speak of it again. Because I promised her, you see.

Yaffa used to keep - and still keeps , by the way, a secret diary where she writes about all her shows. She writes the place of the show, the dates, the producer's name - so she would know who to thank in the end; It was very important to her, to say thank you, also to herself. how do you say "Yachne" in English? Never mind, we loved it about her.

She would also write down her personal feelings about each show and also about the moment it all ended, the moment the lights went out, also inside herself - the show was over and the van must go back to Tel Aviv. (Show must go home)

**(Regev reads from Yaffa Yarkoni's journal. It's a list of bygone performances)**

October 31st, 1965, Kadesh operation, Port Saiid, Singing my winning repertuar: "The Finjan", "It is Possible", "My Friends, History Repeats Itself", suddenly the electricity shuts down, singing A-Capella in the dark - "This Too Shall Pass, Ya Habibi!" ,Nissan keeps tempo on the cooking pots.

November 4th, 1965, Armory corps, Bier Gafgafa, seven soldiers. Singing my hit children's song "My hat has three corners", second encore, Nissan ate something bad, going back home to make some rice.

June 9th, 1967, Harel unit, frontline, an hour after conquering Gaza, private tour in the tank with sergeant major Ariel Sharon, it's hot, very hot and humid.

August 13th, 1969, on a tank in Sharam-A-Sheikh, performing after the Nachal singing group, Haim Bar-Lev gives an order on the radio to immediately cancel the show. They'll have to drag me out of here, kicking and screaming.

October 6th, 1973, Yom Kippur war, 903 troop, I have a terrible itch, cursing the moment I put on these jeans.

October 9th, 1973, Yom Kippur war, frontline, wearing a bulletproof vest and helmet, the troops are tired after the singing marathon of the Central military band, Northern military band, Southern military band, Armory military band, Air Force military band. The crews collapse to their beds.

October 18th, 1973, the Fayed Sands, next to enemy helicopters we shot down, what the hell is the Naval military band doing in Fayed Sands?

October 21st, 1973, Fierdan stronghold, in the ditch, my voice is hoarse, embarrassed by the armory military band's low standards, **ceasefire**.

October 24th, 1973 - show on Mount Hertzal, a show in Tel Aviv's Culture Hall, a show in Carnegie Hall - New York, a show in Lincoln Center - New York. An appearance on Israel's biggest talk show - "Siba Lemesiba", A show in the Olympia - Paris, a show in Rishon Lezion's Culture Hall, duet with Mike Brandt, a show in the Palladium - London, a guest appearance on Israel's teen talk show - "Sheyishaer Beyneynou", recording the song "Pamela" with Boaz Sharabi, a show in Netanya's Culture Hall, a show in Affula's Culture Hall, a show in Jaffa's "Hammam" club, a show in Israel's biggest kids' TV show "Zap Larishon", The Israeli Yemen singer - Shoshana Damari receives the Israel Prize - who is she to get it? a show in a youth center in Kiryat Ono, an appearance on the teen show "Hoppa Hey" - cancelled, a show in Givat Shmuel youth center, a show in Givaat Ada youth center - cancelled, an appearance on "The Circle", Israeli prime-time talk show - cancelled, a

show in Affula's Culture Hall - cancelled, a guest appearance in "Golden Fountain", Raanana's old folks' home, a show in Ramat Hasharon's old folks' home - cancelled. At last - receiving the Israel prize. how nice, I'm glad someone finally remembered.

Thank you

**(Regev approaches the audience)**

How are you? Are you hanging in there?

It was a bit long, I know.

I noticed you were laughing during the Yaffa bit.

My name is Regev Huberman, I come from what some people here call the settlements, the occupied territories, I personally prefer Judah and Samaria, land of my fathers. I never come here to perform. I don't suppose any of you will ever come see me where I usually perform so I'm very thankful for this opportunity, this crack that enabled this gathering, I feel there's a lot of falsehood between us I know, just coming here took a great toll on me, and I welcome it, I welcome this opening that allow us to gather. I even say a beginning of introduction.

May I ask you what you do for a living, sir?

- ....

- Where do you live?

- .....

I, by the way, live on a hill next to Shillo. We are five families there, This place is called "The Red House".

If anyone knows it.

"What do I do?" People usually ask me that.

I teach music in the settlements around us, but my life doesn't revolve around making a living, settling the country that's my way of life.

How about you sir, what do you do?

...

Are you here together?

...

Thank you for coming.

In any case I welcome this opportunity. This crack, I think that if there is any truth, we will have to work on it between the cracks, between the false polite cracks. The one that surrounds us along with nonsense, chatter, sand and gravel...

*(Associative Multi-lingual spoken word poetry segment)*

Between the cracks of the polite untruth

Within the heart which lacks a clear vision any sort of decision or sooth

Not rude, tactful white well dressed

Mannerly falsehood of this temple- all around

so just clear and prolific pro-life and profound is the drooling hound running after what we should not

*Dare* to dream to create

And what we should and where

Here we should

Here we should not

Here we should

Oh boy

Here we should not

Oh boy  
 Here we should whisper not to awake a voice oh boycott  
 A voice caught in the fishing net  
 Of what is now ought to be done  
 By the one fisherman fishing justice not here, away, across the ocean of  
 What is ought to be done what is not  
 Like a knot in the guts that same voice  
 Buried to rot  
 Under the fear to make a move,  
 Interfer the untouchable plot  
 The untouchable slaughterhouse of the possibility to change the cards we got  
 Even though the habit is gone, it was stabbed maybe shot  
 That same habit to separate  
 And to judge brother from brother split to slots  
 This one's just, this one's not  
 This one jailed this one free  
 self-righteousness dripping like blood from a wound in the trunk  
 Of this family tree.  
 Oh, something wrong no? The speech is pruding  
 a screech is intruding  
 The reach of these words is secluding  
 In this family portrait only one thing is protruding  
 For there is a sword hanging right here  
 Separating between father from son  
 Between a son to son *between* the well-known to the foreseen  
 Between the creations and the wracks  
 Between the cracks of the fluent untruth in this temple  
 Where there is no weight to the gentle  
 Settling of emotion and wisdom  
 Only pale attempt to dissemble  
 The root of this oriental example

Not looking at how it's all routed here too

Not looking at how

We all resemble

Maybe here there's a chance for a bit of *truth*

For in the temple of the heart there is no line between an eye and eye a tooth and a tooth

Only a fine *line* between heaven and hell and habel and kein

Kind of funny the way you put things on the weight

ה moral and pitty בבית מטבחיים הזה של ה

Bottom of the pit די היא ואין מי שיאמר די

ויגלול את האבן מבור

ה of this very city מהדיי אס פור ה

What is the capa-city of your revelation

What is the ethnicity of your Humane Cre- a- tion

and wrack

אלחאק עליק דם על אידכ ודיימאן ראח בתערפ אילי כנת טאריק טאנייה אלמאדי

בס מכל אלנאר אילי כנא אחנא אליום וולא אישי, אחנא אליום בס ד'זי ופיחם

ווקף ובס

Thus right here and right now these words are nothing but pus on a wound that has never been healed

Pus on a scar in the trunk of the truth

for the tables may turn 100 time but being a stranger on the wrong side of it will

feel the same every time anywhere,

away from the side of the power,

The side which is not flame proofed, the one gasping for a bisel frishel luft

The side of

The intolerance, the uncouth

Just like in "Megilat

Ruth", the moabites

Who of us will dare to say?

Where you go I will go, and where

You stay I will stay

Whose turn is it to run?

Whose turn is it to ask

VAS HABEN ZI UNS ANGETAN UNT VOHIN FON HIR

מכל אבני העיר מצור כורכר וגיר על השפתיים מתנגן אותו השיר

Oh boy oh dear

Same old

Deep in the guts the same old knot- same *fear* of the mere presence

Of anyone who is not yourself

Beyond the cracks of the wall of the untruth

Maybe now we can see clear-ly

Between the blar of the soil of our creation

For in this sort of climate, the only creation not condemned to be sere

Is the one of our life

And the change one can make

Across the oceans

And here

Before it gets late

Get up and create

Get up

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