



"Vetu-Lo" - "And Nothing more" - 2005

SATIRICAL ISRAELI CABCERT UNDER CONSTRUCTION

ABOUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS ON EARTH

**Hateful Arabs * Russian Immigrants Complaining * Orthodox Jews * Loud Gays* Planes Crashing *
Molested Minors * Terrorist Attacks * September 11 * Hungry media * The Occupied Territories *
Holocaust * Laughs**

Playwright and director: Eyal Weiser

Actors: Ayelet Robinson, Nadav Bosem, Amir Izchakov

Illustration: Roni Melitz

"The satirical show, "And No More", is a marvelous show of talent, like a fist in your face... a spectacular journey into the realms of cynicism and nihilism, that allows to see in Eyal Weiser, the playwright, the new generation that continues and at the same time differs from the great playwright Hanuch Levin"

("Maariv" - Sarit Fox)

"This is the wittiest, smartest and most enjoyable show that runs these days on our stages. Remember when you first heard about it... the bottom line - a show you can't allow yourself to miss"

("Time out Tel Aviv" - Yoni Cohen Idov)

"The actors will shake your sleepy cognition and throw you between moments of huge laughter and moments of discomfort and embarrassment until the screech sound of the wooden chairs will be heard very loudly in the theatre hall...recommended to all of you that feel like they had fallen a sleep."

("360 Degree magazine" - Or Gotliv)

"Eyal weiser's writing doesn't have respect for the politically correct, in it's best it sound like a surprising anarchistic liturgical poem that rises up a disturbing point of view of our attitude for disasters...in a minimalist way and a great mimic the actors succeed to make the monologues into an enjoyable and original night of a disturbing and inspiring fringe theatre - not recommend for self-righteous persons"

("Yediot Acharonot" - Shay Bar Yaakov)

"One of the remarkable advantages of the show is the distancing from political perfection and righteousness that belong to the mainstream humor - a brave, original and recommended play"

("Hashavo'on" - Makor Rishon)

Our Inner Arab

The young leader of a self-awareness workshop, who has a kaffiyeh draped around her shoulders, is talking to workshop participants.

"We need to start searching within ourselves, we need to listen, we need to engage in a little more give and take with our environment, to dialogue with our inner voice. We have to stop being judgmental! We are the ones that need to find it – nobody else will do that for us. Not you, not him, not her – us! I must find it, I want to find it, I desire to find it, it exists in every one of us, in every woman, every man, every girl and boy, it is there, if only we believe in it...

Our inner Arab.

Each one of us can discover his or her inner Arab if we only tune in to what is buried deep, deep, deep, deep down – to our inner, archaic, basic, primal, unmediated voices. And then, yes, then we will finally find him, lying right there near our digestive system, ready to be finally pushed out.

And if we look at him from really, really, really close up, we will see that he is exactly like us. He lives on the same land. But he lives under occupation! And it is clear that no Arab can live under occupation, what a distorted thought, for God's sake, it's truly horrifying!

Our role is to listen to that voice that identifies with him, that voice that does not use terms like "Arab labor force" or "stinking Arab" or "death to the Arabs," or "Hummus, French fries and a chopped Arab salad." It is that voice, that voice – and I really mean it – because I really think it is there, that Arab voice. It may emerge from another echoing chamber, but it is there all right. This is the voice that says "I am Arab," or "I am also an Arab," "*Salam Aleikum*," "*Marhaba*," or "*Marhabatein*." The voice that says "I am struggling," the voice that says "I must fight for my independence," the voice that says "I want to be free," "free as a bird," "free as an evolving, mature Arab person." It is the same voice, and I am sorry if this makes any of you cringe, that says "*Allah akbar*," "*Allah akbar*," "*Allah akbar*."

Well, we've done a lot of talking, talking, talking, bla bla bla, words, words, words, so now let's take some action. What the hell, let's give it a try! What are we so afraid of? All together now, let us just say "*Allah akbar*," and connect to our inner Arab. There is nothing to be ashamed or afraid of, I know

that we might initially be worried about appearing ridiculous in public, and that's ok. But I also know that something will let go, something will let go and flow freely – if we only relax and let ourselves go.

"AlIIIIIIIIah....." "AlIIIIIIIIah," great... it isn't easy in the beginning, we're going to stutter just like babies taking their first steps, one two three, one two three, *wahad, thein, talate*. And notice how we are slowly, slowly changing our old thought patterns, we are becoming less judgmental, cleaner. And that is fine.

Let's concentrate, let's not lose our concentration, that's great, deep breathing, "*Allah akbar,*" "*Allah akbar,*" wonderful. Now, with this wonderful sense of concentration, let's color our inner Arab with light, bright white light, and let's focus on that pure bright white point of light. And now, let's locate that pure, bright white point of light right at the very end of our rectum, and release it....

(The long, loud sound of breaking wind resounds through the air)

Release our inner Arab...

Boobkes

A 40 year old man is talking to his friend, drinking beer and watching a soccer game.

"So he touched her boobkes, big fucking deal! So he caressed her "what-shema-call-it" a little, her... you know what... between her legs and everybody turns it into such a hot shit, his wife is making headlines, all of a sudden she feels bad and decides to kill herself?

So he touched her boobkes.

But does it really matter if he did or if he didn't? that's what matters? Since when did we become so yellow? Us? Ratings, ratings, ratings? Gossip, gossip, gossip? "which boobkes, how much boobkes? And if and where she had surgery? I mean, come on!

And besides, to be honest, surgery or no surgery, how much boobkes can you possibly grab on a 12 year old?

How, tell me, how did he even grab her boobkes? I mean, he has such a big hand and she has such a tiny boobkes? Teenie-weenie, Itzy-bitzy boobkes! They're not even almonds, believe you me, what am I even saying almonds? They're not even pistachios! Did I say Pistachios?! She'd die for Pistachios! Raisins! And who gives a shit about raisins? Wait, did I just open a grocery store? (chuckles) Hey - do I look like a pervert to you?

It's our fault because we're a society that likes to talk, likes to make a scandal out of every boobkes, even if it's a tiny one. It's about time we all started dealing with what's really important, seriously, do we really have the time for municipal scandals? We, the chosen people, a people that's always in the center of things, in the center of center, in the heart of the center of the center, in the prime time of the world, a people responsible for scandals of international proportions – Do you honestly mean to tell me that we have the time to deal with the minutiae of being? With this Lolita's, muchacha's, bimbolita's boobkes? Do you think anybody even gives a fuck about that little girl? And if anybody does give a fuck about her, do you think anybody gives a fuck about *that*? (chuckles) ah, a tongue twister!

I mean, we're at war, we're getting killed here, we don't feel safe, we're getting shot at, we can't make end's meat. Boobkes, Shmoobkes, big fucking deal! Who cares about boobkes when soldiers are lying in the trenches? And what happens if a guy that was in the trenches touches a little boobkes every

once in a while? And he came back crippled! So we crucify him for a little innocent fondling? For a little shmoopsi-poo? That's a way to show respect? Have you ever heard of respect your cripples? Or does it only fly with elders with you people?

That's the way it is, I'm telling you, in this country all they ever do is pick on the cripples, throw the IDF cripples out with the garbage, the black man did his job, the black man can go fuck himself. You lose a leg, you get a missile stuck in your brain and that's it, all this country cares about is a little floozy's nipple, as if that nipple fought in the battle of Tel-Faher!

After all, you can be the next one to die in some terrorist bombing, have some fucking asshole Shahid martyr blow you up into a thousand pieces. **How often does some old man grab you and touch your boobkes and what are the odds that you'll blow to pieces in some bombing? Huh? Do you hang out with old people?**

Do you mean to tell me that I should care about some so called sensitive, stupid girlie-girl that some old IDF veteran played around with her a little? Seriously? Try comparing a raped girl's trauma with a bombing trauma. Try comparing a little feel good boobie action and blowing up with an Arab. Try comparing the suffering of a mother whose daughter's pussy got played around with - with a mother whose son died in the army. Huh?

She's alive! That's what matters!

She can stop crying, we all have our traumas, we're all animals. All she did was sacrifice her own personal crap to humanity, sacrifice her sanity on the alter of life in this country, just like drying out the wetlands, didn't people used to die of the fever here?

So don't start crying now and interview with this paper and that magazine and cry "it happened like so and so, and he told me I was special and that I'm a flower and he promised me that job because it's just right for me and I need to get in touch with my nudity and how I want my coffee and all of a sudden he steps out of the shower and surprise-surprise, his weiner's in my face and he touched my boobkes."

So he fucking touched your boobkes! People are giving their lives every hour of every day guarding you, you spoiled brat! Praying for you, praying their asses off from morning to night for you, morning, noon and night - and then when it comes to your own little tusch, you're suddenly stingy? What kind of cry-baby are you, crying about someone warm and fatherly who just missed his own daughter a little because she's married and it's been years since that bitch

picked up the phone and called – wanted some company. Who are you, you whiny skank, to be mad as if something happened, to be mad at someone who just made sure you knew what's good for you in this goddamn life? All it was is a little kiss on the boobkes, you cock-sucking little bitch, you fucking whore, you horny slut – so what happened? So you got a little on your face? What happened???! So he grabbed you and worked you like there's no tomorrow, and slapped your ass around? What happened? What happened?! What happened???!!!!

(Gets a grip on himself)

I'm sorry, apologies, apologies.

(Composes himself, takes a deep breath then bursts out again)

And don't say you didn't like it!!!!

My Holocaust

"Something... something's missing... nothing is the real thing... everything's ok... don't get me wrong, but something is missing. One last thing so that everything will be really perfect. What's missing is...

A holocaust.

I'm in the mood for a holocaust. It's really boring here, and I'm in the mood for something fun and refreshing... I want a holocaust... I'm dying for a holocaust... something to shake me up, to bring some interest into my life, to wake me up... to make me feel alive!..

It's strange that I need a holocaust to feel alive, huh? I'm not saying, I'm just asking... myself. Just like that... toying with the idea, I don't know... My intuition tells me I need a holocaust... you know, the whole package deal: no food, being closed, like, in a small space, and living in crowded quarters with no privacy, not to mention hygiene, and having to do what you are told, even if you don't feel like it, and being constantly surveyed, constantly, and pestered, all in German, God help us. "Go do this and go do that," I mean working hard, really hard, like, forced labor, really pumping those muscles!

There's nothing like the Holocaust.

In any event, a regular war just doesn't do it for me any more.

Personally, I don't know, it's just plain boring, reserve duty, whatever, even if we win – and we always win. And suicide attacks, well, that's just banal, just a big boom, and it always hits the Russians. Is that what we founded a state for? So that only the new immigrants suffer? I'm not impressed.

Go ahead, tell me that I'm asking for too much... but hey, I'm looking for the real thing. The Holocaust!!! The rebirth of the Third Reich! Using every existing tool of mass extermination. I mean, all the existing tools that are routinely used during holocausts.

Now why don't you try this: it's something like a guided visualization, close your eyes, you can go really far, I'm watching over you.

Imagine enslavement, where does that take you? Starvation? Are you getting there? And I'm talking poisoning and gas, which stinks, murder, shooting – random shooting, like shooting Arabs – even though in their case it's totally justified, and when it's justified it's just not as much fun, because

then you are less of a victim, and being a victim is the whole deal, there's nothing like being a victim.

Imagine families being torn apart and lots of blood, lots of blood! Forget it, imagine something beyond blood, humiliation, loss of freedom, helplessness, fear, fear like you wouldn't believe, like just before you jump off the banji, a kind of paralyzing fear, the kind that gives you the shivers, fear that gives meaning to being alive!

Imagine that you are made to stand naked by a mound of earth. It's cold. How do you behave when you're cold? Who is standing beside you? How do you feel in the dark? Boom! A shot, you feel pain, something has shot through your chest, you fall into the dirt. What side of the mound do you fall on? What was the fall like? Soft? Heavy? Who fell beside you? Is he also bleeding? How does it feel to die? How does it feel to have Henzel's dick in your face? Great. Now you can open your eyes.

So you agree with me that a holocaust is a meaningful thing? A holocaust isn't so simple, not so simple at all, so not simple that I bet you that if you ever end up in one, it's probably an unforgettable trauma, if you survive, and nobody can promise you you'll survive, right? Let's just say that you did survive... you have the right to be crazy, you know the type – "It's ok, he went through the Holocaust...." Seems to me you can do whatever you want. So just like that, one bright day, you are no longer "just anyone," you are "one plus a holocaust," and "one plus a holocaust" is a lot more than one without anything, without history, without roots.

Anyway, you can't argue with statistics. I'm not just talking, I did some market research, and let me tell you, I haven't met one person in this entire country that isn't dying for a holocaust. Look how people start smiling as soon as they begin talking about how bad things are. So if you take that one step further, and you recognize the basic need that people here have, you can figure out how to make them feel so bad, that they'll talk for hours about how bad they feel, until they start feeling better.

A year or two, the investment pays off, you even end up with a profit, and anyway, you know that not everything is about money, I mean – hey – what happened to ideology?

If you're stressed out about going straight for the real thing, we can start with workshops, private tutorials and working from home, but if it's done professionally and people take themselves seriously, the news will start

getting around, word of mouth, one guy will bring the next and you wouldn't believe it – the rest will be history.

All we need is someone to organize the production, someone with charisma and a lot of free time... I was thinking about you, c'mon, you look like an Olympic champion, and anyway it's a good job opportunity that could open up some great options for you on TV. Hey, am I the one who said that being unemployed was driving me berserk? Ok, well, all I'm doing is opening up a window of opportunity for you. A business offer from my desk to yours.

Me? No, no, no... forget about it, I'm so busy it's unreal, really really busy, I'm a working guy, fully booked until July, anyway you already know me, I'm not the assertive type, I'm better with brainstorming. So what if it's my idea? Why the hell can't a person come up with one single idea, one business offer that someone else will take responsibility for and go ahead with? I'm not trying to guilt trip you, but that's how it is, you make it to a presentation with someone, throw out ideas, until it's time to do something about it – and then there is always – but always – the guy who fucks up the whole project because of his resistance! Pure resistance! I'm not blaming anyone, but this is a thankless world, you live, you're born, you cope with all this existential shit and they won't even let you suffer a bit, I mean, like – what I am asking for? A bit of suffering!

I'm telling you man, this Holocaust idea could give us one hell of a good time.

The Crazy Reality in Which We Live.

A moment before going on the air, a female radio news announcer is browsing through a newspaper, practicing the news.

"(clicks her tongue) Tsk, tsk, tsk... this is awful, just awful.. oh, that hurts, it physically hurts me...ok.

"This is Kol Israel (the voice of Israel), it is now six p.m. and here are the news from Lilach: a young woman has been raped in the center of Tel Aviv.

This is terrible, why do I need this first thing in the morning? This crazy reality, why?

"A newcomer", awful.

(clicks her tongue) Tsk, tsk, tsk... **"who had just arrived in Israel"** – and this is the welcome she gets?

"A newcomer from the U.S... The U.S.S.R", sorry. And she comes here to this little place and this happens to her. Awful. **"24 years old"**, a kid. So young, so pure and soft. I bet she has blue eyes. All the Russians girls have blue eyes, actually there are also those with the black hair and the mustaches, but that doesn't matter, 'cause a Russian is a Russian and it's awful.

What the hell was he thinking? Seriously, what was he thinking, I truly want to understand. To get into that twisted mind and understand what he was thinking. **"A young, Russian girl"**... Tall, with bright blue eyes, everything's tight and perked up, because that's the age, 24, when everything's fun, playful, awful. What was he thinking, looking at that breast? As if that little breast was waiting, all this time waiting with European politeness, in the corner, quietly, for someone, just like that, to touch it, bounce it, grab that little Russian breast and... it's awful.

"Walking down Ibn Gabirol street when suddenly an anonymous man lunged at her" awful. **"and dragged her"**, shocking. **"Into a dark alley"**, horrifying, simply horrifying. What did he do to her back there? What? What did you do, you creep? It doesn't say, of course. *That* it doesn't say. What, did you grab her? Some man! What, was she helpless? (imitates her) "Niyet! Niyet!" What, did you undress her? What, did you pin her to the wall? What, did you rip her panties? What, she had a small pussy? What, so you pushed in a couple of fingers to make sure it was wet? So it wasn't? it wasn't wet? Fine! So it was dry. So what, you got your fingers wet and then stick them back inside her?

And you wanted her to shut up 'cause she was making all that noise and in Russian, no less, so you choked her a little? Spit in her face? That's awful??!
No, that's interesting.

Interesting indeed. Meow, grrr...grrr.... It gets kinky, I like. Suddenly he's wet, and I'm wet, and she's gonna get wet. She's impatient. (Turns to her) "What's with the impatience? Have some fucking patience. There are people who would die to be fucked with such attention... Shh.. Shhh.. Quiet, Quiet!"
And then he jammed his enormous cock into her, held her head tight against the wall, her cheek squeezed against the bricks and every once in a while, to turn himself on, he slaps her ass, to make it hurt a little, wham, "Ouch", wham, "Ouch". Banged her head against the wall to make her feel him every time he's inside her, every time he makes her wider, every time it's.... awful.
Just awful!!!!

Just like that, Ibn Gabirol street, in the middle of the night, in the middle of Tel Aviv, in the middle of nowhere and out of fucking nowhere, things like that happen.

And I'm from Rishpon, that's so much to walk and I don't have a car and it's simply, simply awful.

Ok, what do we have here? "In rain or fire"...Mmm.. interesting title, grabs you instantly. What does the subtitle say? "**Two Combat Soldiers Die during Military Action in Nablus**". Wonderful. Two for the price of one. Already I made a profit. What wlse? What else? it's not enough. Perhaps some kid had been left in a car to boil to death? Another kid was kidnapped? Eaten? No little shit was eaten today? What's going on, people? Is there an Amstaff dog around? a Pinscher? Woof, woof? Anyone?

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Oh, well, back to you two. "**The two soldiers were good friends.**" How good? "Gay good"? Can I join? We are like brothers, it's great, it's sexy, it sells, it's a scoop, an item. A little bit of combat, a little bit of cancer, a little bit of mutilation. Give me a bad job, give me a blow job, yes, it's tintilating, it's amazing, it's foreplay, it's better than foreplay, continue, in circles, circles, circles, circles.... circles, circles. Ooh, it tickles, it's good, be strong with me, be bad to me, I've been a naughty, naughty girl, uncle. Here I am, an intern at the president's office, here, you can touch my boobs, come, touch it. What's the matter? if it's free it's nor arousing for you? Do you want me to be hard to get? What are you afraid of? Can your wife walk in at any minute? There are high windows here, don't be afraid. It's actually a real turn-on to watch. (Acting out the interne's role) "Mr. President, I don't... Mr. President, I don't want to... I just came in to bring you coffee. Mr President, the minister of Justice is on the line (hands the president an imaginary phone) You'd like me to take the call? hello...? (to the minister) minister? No, I can't on Friday, I have to work... Ok, big kiss on the mouth, bye, with tongue." (back to the president) Take it, take the coffee (breaks down and then gathers herself). Take me to the nuclear base, take me to the pit, the hole, arm yourself, strengthen yourself, be a mobster, open a casino for me, open my ass, spasiva, spasiva. Do me, do them, transfer them, out, out, raus, out, out! No, out with *them*, you're not them! You stay inside, so deep inside, so deep that I can feel you. They're not welcome here, the stink, all gross with hair on their faces, all black, throwing stones, shooting missiles, rockets, bombs "enrich me with uranium, drown me in heavy water", oh, that's sexy, I'm wet... I'm growing a new eye, I'm growing a new pussy, I can do two at the same time (picks up another imaginary phone) "Minister of Justice, it's OK, we can start arranging

that orgy now." Kill them, they threaten us, they tell us to go away and then jump up and down like apes, all happy and shit, they gather in the streets, they ask you for money when you wait for the light to change, and no! I don't have any spare change! Kill them, kill them all, concentrate, annihilate, fire a big, big rocket at them, man, you have a huge rocket. I'm going down, I'm going down on your rocket, tear me up, tear them up, don't disconnect, don't hold out, don't put up a fence, don't give up, I beg you, don't disconnect on me now, not now, I'm in soprano!!!

(Reads from the paper again) **"A swastika was drawn on a woman's belly"**, bonjour, draw a swastika on my belly, my face, my ass, my peepee, tear me up. I'm close, I'm so close, it's mine, almost mine, I beg you, don't... **"She was pregnant and the fetus died from the attack"**, awaful, awful!!!

(Cools down instantly)

Shit, that's awful!

Ripe Fruit

A post-modern poet during a poetry reading.

Ripe fruit. Ze'eva Shani. Moi.

(Takes a pause to concentrate, then takes a deep breath)

My legs are my legs no more.

Body isn't my body.

As if disconnected from the walking being, it started beating regardless of context, feelings, sensation within me.

And all I asked for was merely
rest.

And Nothing more.

And Nothing more.

And Nothing more.

And love.

And Nothing more.

And Nothing more.

And Nothing more.

And a giant centaur.

And Nothing more.

And Nothing more.

And Nothing more.

And my foot in the door.

And to stand up and roar.

And to get fucked like a whore.

And Nothing more.

And Nothing more.

And to get fucked by a moor. He grabs me tight and pins me to the wall and he never stops screwing me. Oh, yes, yes!

And nothing more.

As if I knew then that I am his, that I am with myself, and that all of me belongs to this world, to this abstract being, earth, earth, ear-th? What am I even saying here? What's going on with me? what's going on here? Where am I headed?

This connection is my disconnection,

My disconnection is the quiet
My connection is the quiet
My quiet is my disquiet.
The disquiet is me,
me
Who am I?
Who are you?
Who are all of you?
What are you doing in my bed?
What do you think about when you pump me?
What do you think you're doing?
That you're here?
That you're now?
That you're here and now?
That you're here
And now you're not
That you're coming and going
That you're going and coming
That you're my disquiet
That you are
That you are
That you are!
That's so bizarre,
Let's get in the car
And get drunk in a bar,
We'll play the guitar
And then swim very far.
Let's go to the coast.
The hollow coast.
Holocaust?
Holocaust
Holocaust
My Holocaust
Your Holocaust
We are our own Holocaust!
We destroy ourselves and then weep
destroy and weep

and weep

The pain is so deep!

They say it'll heal but it keeps

hurting, and the clock's tick-tick-tick seems to creep

from behind me and whisper:

"You're not a child anymore, grow up, outgrow, don't blow, always glow,
watch porno, buy a peugeot, swallow, don't tip-toe, be a weirdo, be a widow,
come on... enjoy life, you only live once, and you're living your past, living your
present, no, actually, living the future, the future only you fantasize, fantasy,

fantasy

floating at sea

feeling sexy

dancing like a gypsy

being able to see

deep inside you

down into your soul

you will find a treasure there,

a treasure in your chest. A chest of treasure.

Only then will you open it, or rather only then will you discover it is there.

There.

Here.

All these terms fumble

Their meanings vague

Everything is a mixture of colors,

shapes,

senses,

scrotums.

(of the moor who fucked me before)

Everything in this poem is interconnected.

That I,

That all of us

With the excrement we created ourselves

With our own bare hands,

With your own bare hands,

With my own bare hands,

With our soul, our sol

With sol

With sol and flat

With solfege

And other notes we write and can't orchestrate - and while other people read these notes and sing opera we're merely lip synching.

lips

slip

slip away

sit and wait

and while we sit and wait let us remember the victims

who died,

they died on me, they died on you

on the world,

turning around itself,

What an egotist!

(Pause)

And somewhere in the distance there's a cry "stop it! pull down the curtain, what the hell are you thinking?" A loud cry,

A cry that pierces through your heart,

Deep inside,

Eroding,

Exploding,

Shredding,

Destroying,

Wounding,

Raping!

Raping?

Who?

Me!

You

Us

And as if from the skies, stones are thrown, just like in the Intifada,

Because this is also a political poem,

Strong rocks,

Big ones,

And one stone hits me hard,

A then a stick

And another stick and another stone

And sticks and stones may break my bones
But words will never hurt me.

THE END.

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