

Caron Tabb Of Two Places



This catalog was produced for
Caron Tabb's solo show *Of Two Places*
Beacon Gallery, Boston MA October, 2019



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JEWISH ARTS COLLABORATIVE

About JArts™

The Jewish Arts Collaborative (JArts™) uses art to explore the diversity and universality of the Jewish experience.

Of Two Places is a perfect microcosm of our mission – featuring pieces that illuminate Caron Tabb’s experience as an Israeli and as an American, as a Jewish woman and as a citizen of the world, as a parent and as a social justice activist, and our organization was immediately inspired to collaborate with Caron and Beacon Gallery in this ambitious solo show.

JArts and Caron share a vision of connecting us all more deeply to our own identities and to our understanding of the broader world through art. The power of Caron’s work, albeit beautiful and clever, truly lies in its ability to spur conversation and enable us to better understand one another. In a world that isn’t always so tolerant these days, I think that’s pretty admirable.

Living in a society that some call a “throwaway culture” I was equally impressed by Caron’s ability to turn all manner of items I would personally consider “junk” into art. Sewing newspaper clippings into a quilt, repurposing used luggage tags into wall art and incorporating painstakingly hand-imprinted heirloom fabric napkins into an installation piece.

As an artist, I was equally moved by Caron’s ability to draw inspiration from her own experiences and how she translated that personal contemplation into works that become universally relatable. *Of Two Places* doesn’t simply reflect her life; it opens a door for us all to examine aspects of our own. Her brutal honesty, and how she shares her full and authentic self, especially in her manifesto flag which is so raw in its purposeful imperfections, invite us all to live a life where mistakes are permitted, as long as growth continues. Through this piece and the whole exhibit Caron also encourages us, the viewers to consider what is essential in our lives and to pushes us to contemplate how our own cultural identities inform and impact our lives.

As I walk through her show, I think about my own stories for each piece. I believe the power of *Of Two Places* is that you will, too.

Caron is a conceptual artist to watch in the years to come and JArts is proud to be a co-presenter of *Of Two Places*.

Laura Mandel, *Executive Director*, Boston’s Jewish Arts Collaborative

A note from Beacon Gallery

Throughout the month of October 2019 Beacon Gallery is hosting *Of Two Places*, a solo show featuring the work of Boston-based artist Caron Tabb.

Caron proposed this project to me in early 2019, with many of the works already underway. Only having heard her description of the project, before even seeing the pieces, I immediately knew that the project was perfect for Beacon Gallery.

I was instantly drawn to Caron's work because Beacon Gallery's mission includes presenting work with themes of social justice. In fact, this will be Beacon Gallery's second show that specifically addresses the theme of migration and immigration.

Of Two Places addresses both Tabb's personal struggle with her long-term expatriation as well as the universal challenges that immigrants face leaving their homeland and assimilating into a new culture. It examines the pain of what one leaves behind and the feelings surrounding the assumption of a new or hybrid identity.

The logo for Beacon Gallery, consisting of the words "BEACON" and "GALLERY" stacked vertically in a blue, outlined, sans-serif font, enclosed within a thin blue rectangular border.

BEACON
GALLERY

Through Caron's personal experience we are invited to explore what it means in this day and age to have multiple identities (as so many of us do - not just those born outside the United States). Caron also touches upon the related themes of heritage, language, and of white privilege.

The pieces in *Of Two Places* are unique: Tabb's artwork tends to occupy a space between painting and sculpture, while also embracing the practices of drawing, collage, and environmental processes to create contemplative works combining texture, color, and tension between her inventive forms.

While Tabb's artwork may seem highly personal at first glance, there is a universality in her message. Beacon Gallery and JArts invite you to take her experience and use it to facilitate a reflection upon your own personal journey.

Throughout the show and in this catalogue you will find questions. These are meant as a tool to encourage you to engage at a deeper level with Tabb's work and with yourself. If there are any particular pieces or questions that resonate, please share your responses with the artist or the gallery. You can email contact@beacongallery.com or comment on the videos as you listen to Tabb's narrations.

Thank you for your support of Caron Tabb, JArts, Boston Immigration Justice Accompaniment Network and Beacon Gallery.

Christine O'Donnell
Beacon Gallery Owner & Director

נולדתי בדרום אפריקה וגדלתי מגיל צעיר בארץ. לפני כעשרים שנה ביחד עם בעלי יליד ארה"ב ושני ילדיי שניהם ילידי הארץ, עברנו לגור בארה"ב. המעבר בעיקרו היה חיפוש אחר הקלה ממצוקה כלכלית והרחבת היריעה המקצועית. אני נצר לשושלת מהגרים ענפה. סבי וכל הסבים-רבים שלי נולדו וברחו מהפוגרומים בלטביה והפכו לפליטים בעל כורחם. הוריי עזבו את ארץ הולדתם ועלו לארץ, הופכים למהגרים במדינה ישראל הזרה אך האהובה.

אני מכאן. אני משם. אני בעצם מכל מקום. אני יהודייה נודדת מודרנית.

היצירות בתערוכה "זהות כפולה" הן תוצר של סיפור ההגירה הפרטי שלי והסיפור האוניברסלי של כל מהגר ומהגרת באשר הם. היצירות נוגעות בנושא שפה, אוכל, שייכות, ניתוק משורשים ומשפחה. הן נוגעות בצער הפרידה, החיפוש אחר והגעגועים לבית. זהו סיפור על כאב ותקווה מהולים ביחד בתבנית גופי. כולי תקווה שמתוך היצירות יצמח דיון שהוא כל כך חיוני במיוחד בימים אלו, על הגר הגר בתוכנו ועל התפקיד שלנו כחברה נאורה לקבל, לתמוך ולטפח את הזר, האחר. זהו אחד מערכי היהדות החשובים לי במיוחד.

במשך השנתיים האחרונות מאז שהחלה העבודה על התערוכה, הקדשתי זמן רב להבנת סיפור המסע האישי שלי. החומרים המגוונים שבהם בחרתי להשתמש ביצירות השונות נמצאו במהלך ביקורים חוזרים לישראל וכן מסביבת ביתי במסצ'וסטס. בבחירת החומרים הסמליים הללו אני מספרת סיפור רב גוני על הלך חיי ועל האנשים המקורבים לי. לא בכדי בחרתי לחזור לבית ילדותי במושב בו גדלתי כדי לאסוף אדמת מולדת. אדמה זו שהיא לא רק אמירה פוליטית ונושאת בחובה קשר רגשי עמוק, נמצאת לפניכם היום וכלולה ביצירות שונות בתערוכה. כל יצירה מספרת סיפור, סיפור שאני שמחה לחלוק אתכם היום.

Artist Statement

I was born in South Africa and raised in Israel from a young age. Twenty years ago, my American-born husband and I decided to relocate with our two Israeli-born children to the US seeking better professional opportunities and relief from financial hardship.

Our decision continued a practice dating back for generations. My grandfather and great grandparents were Jews born in Lithuania who fled from pogroms and became refugees in a foreign land. When my parents left their home in South Africa and moved to Israel, searching for an ideological homeland, they too became strangers in a foreign, yet beloved, country.

I am from here. I am from there. I am from everywhere. I am a 21st century Jewish female nomad. And yet we also know the concept of 'diaspora' is not unique to the Jewish faith.

The work in *Of Two Places* is my story and also that of many immigrants, or anyone who feels torn between two worlds. It is the story of those who have journeyed far from home. It is about language and food, it reflects push and pull, the loss and gain, the love for and absence of family, and the quest for home. It is a story of pain and hope. By telling my story I hope to promote a timely conversation about welcoming "the other" in our midst. This is a value I trace back to my strong Jewish heritage.

Over the past two years, I spent a significant amount of time reflecting upon this life journey. The varied materials selected for each piece were sourced both from Israel and from my home in Massachusetts. Most can be traced back to significant places and people in my life, such as the farm in Israel on which I grew up. I have chosen to use dirt from my childhood home as a symbolic gesture -- particularly as land and homeland are such a significant and controversial issue, for me and in the larger geopolitical conversation.

Each piece in this show tells not only a personal story, but also one that can be expanded. I wish to share my story with you: both to invite you into my life, and to encourage reflection upon your own.



תודות

אני מודה מעומק ליבי למורה שלי בוב סיגלמן. במשך למעלה משנה ביד רכה ומכוונת הוא תמך, דירבן ושאל שאלות קשות כדי לקדם את העבודה ואת התהליך היצירתי שלי.

לאחיותיי האומניות: אדריאן שישקו, סינדי קובה-קלמנטס, אמה גלברד, וג'ין פיינגסון אני מודה לכן מקרב לב על החברות, התבונה והתמיכה.

לקריסטין אודונל, בעלת גלריית Beacon שהסכימה בעוד מועד כשרעיון התערוכה היה רק בחיתוליו, לארח אותו בין קירות הגלריה שלה. תודה על האמונה בי ובתמיכה בנושא החשוב כל כך.

ללורה מנדל והצוות הנפלא ב- JArts שהפכו לשותפים נפלאים לדרך. תענוג מיוחד היה לעבוד אתכם על התערוכה הזו.

לאחיותיי האמתיות: שלי, דני ויעל שעומדות לצדי לאורך כל הדרך באהבה ובתמיכה ממרחק של אלפי קילומטרים.

לאימי, לולה המעריצה הגדולה ביותר שלי מאז יום הולדתי.

ויותר מכל, אני חבה חובת תודה עמוקה לבעלי אילן ולילדי שי ונועם. אתם מקור ההשראה והכוח שלי. עתה ולעולם.

Gratitude

I wish to offer deep gratitude to my teacher and mentor Bob Siegelman. For well over a year he gently and masterfully shepherded me along this artistic journey, probing, offering wise commentary and asking insightful questions.

To my Ruckus art sisters; Adrienne Shishko, Cindy Cuba-Clements, Emma Gelbard and Jane Feigenson I am forever grateful for your friendship, input and wisdom.

To Christine O'Donnell who very early on, with only an idea and a few prototypes at-hand agreed to host this exhibition; she recognized the watershed moment in time we inhabit and the significance of the public conversation around welcoming the stranger in our midst. I am eternally grateful for your support and partnership.

To Laura Mandel and the entire staff of JArts who have partnered and collaborated with me on this show. It has been nothing but a privilege.

To my blood sisters, Shelley, Dani, and Yael, who stand by me through thick and thin. They offer love and support from the other side of the world.

To my mother, Lola, my biggest fan and lifelong champion.

More than anything I owe deep love and gratitude beyond measure to Kevin, and to my children Shai and Noam. You are my inspiration and the wings beneath my wind. Now and forever.



Caron Tabb
October 2019

סביב שולחן אימי (left)

Around My Mother's Table

86 x 86 x 71 cm; 34 x 34 x 28 inches;

2019

נייר, בד, סרט בד, חימר מזוגג

Paper, fabric, ribbon trim, glazed clay

(Below and following pages)
details of *Around My Mother's Table*



סביב שולחן אימי

ארוחות ערב בבית ילדתי היו מלאות בקולות צחוק ודיבורים, כל אחד מנסה להתעלות על השני כדי להישמע. אבל ארוחות שבת היו מיוחדות עוד יותר. לא ישבנו במטבח סביב דלפק השיש אלא ליד השולחן המשפחתי הגדול, אחייתי ואני יושבות כתף לצד כתף. מפה לבנה, כוס קידוש ופמוטים לשבת קישטו את השולחן הערוך. אכלנו אוכל שהוכן רק לקראת שבת וקינוח מיוחד. לרוב היו גם אורחים סביב השולחן, במיוחד סבתי האהובה שקראנו לה בשם החיבה, גגי. כל כך אהבתי את הארוחות האלה האוכל, האווירה, המסורת, המשפחה.

כמתנת חתונה שתי הסבתות שלי תפרו לי מפות שולחן ומפיות תואמות בתקווה שבבוא היום אשתמש בהם סביב שולחן השבת שלי ואמשיך לשמור על המסורות המשפחתיות. ואכן שנים אחר כך, המשכתי את מסורת הבישולים והכנת האוכל מהמתכונים שלהם שהעברתי לספר מתכונים משלי. כך שמרתי על המסורת המשפחתית ועל הזיכרון שלהם.

זה שנים מאז שישבתי סביב שולחן השבת של אימי עם האנשים שאהבתי כל כך. אבי ואחותי כבר עברו מן העולם, הצלחות שלהם שבורות לעד.

וגם בהעדר המשפחה שלי בקרבת מקום, אני עדיין פותחת את שולחן השבת שלי לאורחים קרובים וכאלה שפחות בתקווה לשמר את מסורת בית אימי.



Around My Mother's Table

Family meals in my childhood home were loud and mostly fun. Shabbat dinners were special. We did not sit at the kitchen counter like we did on most days. Instead my parents, my sisters and I gathered around our large family farm-style table. I sat shoulder to shoulder with my sisters and we attempted not to fidget.

Our smooth wooden table was draped with a white tablecloth, upon which was placed candlesticks and a festive centerpiece. Although we sat in our usual spots on the long bench, we ate special food and were treated to a special Shabbat dessert. We usually had guests and my beloved grandmother, Guggy, often joined us. I loved Shabbat dinners around my mother's table: the tradition, the food, and my family all seemed to embrace me in a way that is difficult to recapture as an adult.

For my wedding, my grandmothers both handmade me tablecloths and matching napkins to use at my own Shabbat table. Wishing and hoping to keep their memory and our family traditions alive, I meticulously transferred their recipes into my own recipe books and continued to make the traditional foods they had handed down to me as part of our ancestral heritage.

It has been a long time since I sat around my mother's Shabbat table with the all the people I loved in my childhood. My father and sister have passed, their plates are metaphorically broken, and cannot be repaired.

Yet, even with beloved members absent from my table, I continue to perpetuate this tradition wherever I live in the world. It makes me feel closer to family – near and far – and allows me to invite guests to share a meal and a piece of my heritage with me.



Kneidlach (Noodle)

1 rounded Tsp. chicken fat
1/2 cup matzo meal
1/2 cup salt
1/2 cup warm water
to well. Add eggs

Chopped liver

Grill liver salted with coarse salt, to extract blood
Boil 10 minutes.
Remove hard skin
Mince with fried onion
Add if too dry. 2 hard-boiled eggs salt, pepper, stock

Mock Chopped Herring

1 tin small tuna
1 large onion
1 hard-boiled apple
1/2 cup vinegar, salt, pepper

1c flour
2/3 sugar
1/2 B. powder
1/4 water

Mix all together till smooth
Heat oil in deep pan, cook till
Train on bread paper gulans
dip them in

Koekies

1 cup oil
1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup nuts
1/2 cup spices
1/2 cup salt
1/2 cup vinegar

Pickled Bristel

make a few holes.
use salt than
1 Peter, 2 clay
1/2 clay
to cover. Cut
large a cup
whisk of





herrings overnight. Clean, skin
 onion
 2 large apples
 2 slices bread
 with: 2 hard boiled eggs.

Cook noodles in salt water
 egg with onion & water
 our cheese & onion
 little cinnamon
 left 200 gms
 egg 1/4 c milk
 8 round pepper
 half salt
 Bake 2 h
 Clean, Cheese
 Bake 2 h
 Add
 Baking to

Chopped Herring

Soak 4 herrings overnight. Clean, skin
 Mince with onion
 2 large apples
 2 slices bread
 Mix with: 2 hard boiled eggs.
 Vinegar, pepper, sugar.

Kneidlach

2 rounded Top
 2 eggs
 3/4
 (Mom) +

Mais

Stew
 1 corn
 1 pepper



אסימטריה של אובדן ורווח

The (asym)Metrics of Loss and Gain

116 x 48 x 23 cm, 46 x 19 x 9 inches

2019

חפצים שנמצאו, יוטה, עפר, דבק אפוקסי, חבל, עץ

found objects, burlap, dirt, resin, rope,
wood

זהות כבולה
Chained Identity
112 x 61 cm, 44 x 24 inches
2019

כרטיסי עלייה למטוס, קנבס, חוט, חפצים שנמצאו,
תגי מטען,

Luggage tags, boarding passes, canvas,
thread, found objects





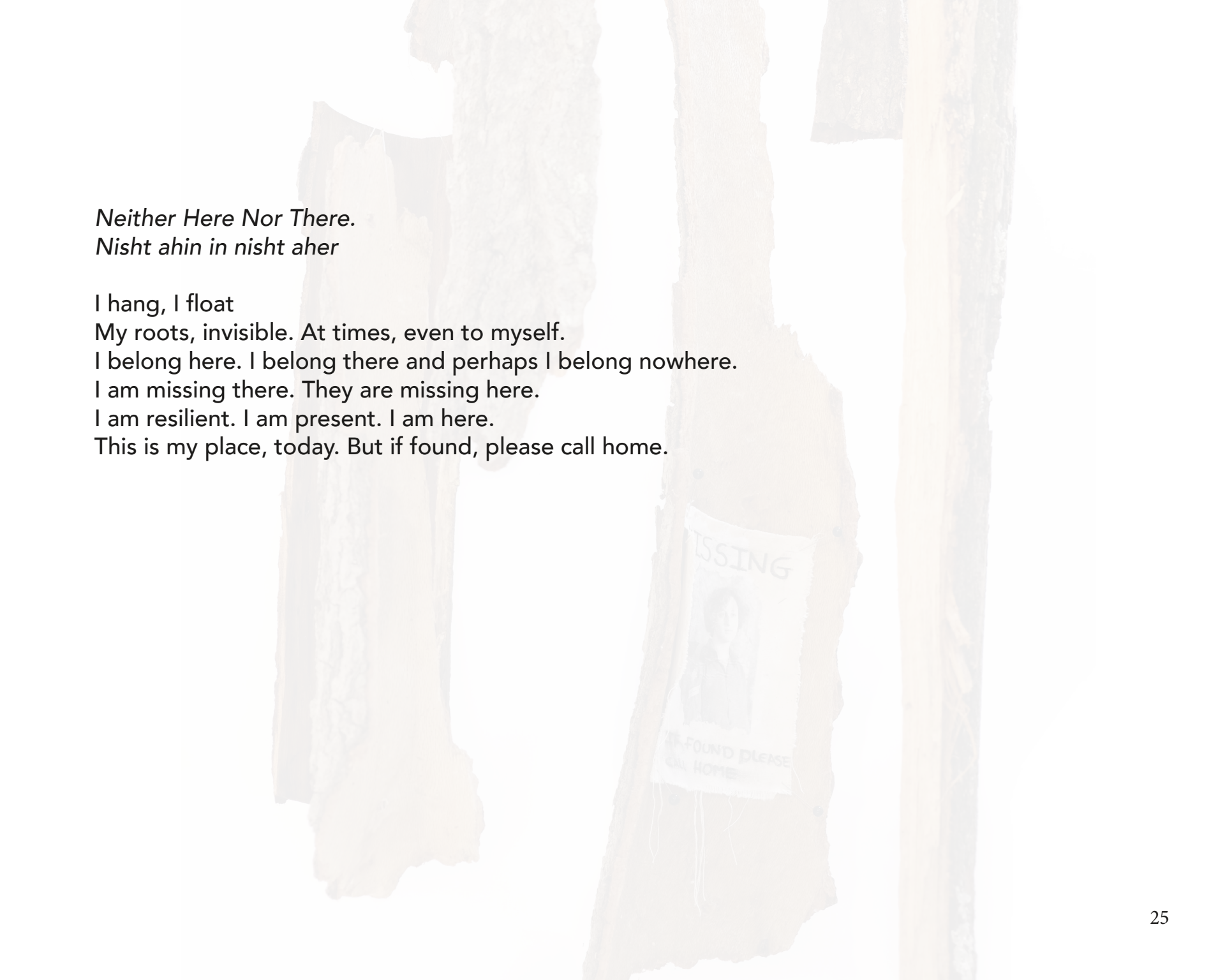
לא פה. לא שם.
נישטען נישטהיר
Neither Here Nor There
152 x 78 cm, 60 x 70 inches
2019
גזע עץ, חוט דייגים, בד
Tree bark, monofilament, canvas



לא פה. לא שם.
נישטען נישטהיר

תלויה בן שמים וארץ
חסרת שורשים
לא כאן
לא שם
אני חסרה שם
הם חסרים פה
אבל יש בי עוצמה
אני כאן. נוכחת היום.
אבל אם תמצאו אותי, אנא התקשרו הביתה.





Neither Here Nor There.
Nisht ahin in nisht aher

I hang, I float
My roots, invisible. At times, even to myself.
I belong here. I belong there and perhaps I belong nowhere.
I am missing there. They are missing here.
I am resilient. I am present. I am here.
This is my place, today. But if found, please call home.

אני מכריזה בכם כעל בעל ואשה
אישה ואישה
בעל ובעל

I Now Declare You: One!

152 x 117 x 5 cm, 60 x 46 x 2 inches

2019

בד, נייר, שקית ניילון, חוט, צבע שמן, צבע לטקס, אקריליק, גרפיט, פאייטים, סרט בד, הינומה
Canvas, paper, plastic bag, thread, oil stick, latex paint, acrylic, graphite, sequins, ribbon trim, tulle



I Now Declare You: One

Like many immigrants, my identity is a hybrid of sorts, a marriage of two identities, my one body doubles up: it's filled with people, places, things and memories from multiple places, and in multiple languages.

For instance, when I get off a plane in Israel, I immediately purchase the Ha'artez newspaper, switch to speaking Hebrew and pick up where I left off the last time I departed, to re-immense myself in the culture.

When I return to the US I do the exact same, but in reverse: I buy The New York Times and switch to only speaking English once again, engaging with ease back into the culture of my adopted country.

Is it possible to marry two identities into one person? The Chuppah is the traditional Jewish canopy under which the bride and groom stand during wedding ceremonies. It is a symbolic temporary structure represents a new home: a blending together of two families into one. A Chuppah is open as a reference to how in the Torah and the Bible Abraham kept his tent open on all four sides as a symbolic gesture, welcoming all into his home.

For me this piece represents a woven tapestry, an interconnect-edness and overlapping: a warp and weft of language, food, places, people, sights and smells that blend into a single human vessel.



אני מכריזה בכם כעל בעל ואשה
אישה ואישה
בעל ובעל

כמו כל מהגר לכל ארץ בעולם, הזהות שלי היא תוצר של חתונה בין כל המקומות שבהם חייתי. אני יורדת ממטוס בשדה התעופה בן גוריון, אוספת את עיתון הארץ ועוברת בקלות לעברית. נבלעת כמעט בלי קושי אל תוך התרבות וההוויה הישראלית. ממשיכה מהנקודה שבה סיימתי בביקור הקודם בארץ. אני נוחת בניו יורק, קונה ניו יורק טיימס, עוברת בלי קושי לאנגלית ונבלעת שוב, כמעט ללא קושי לתוך התרבות האמריקאית.

האם באמת תתכן חתונת זהות?
האם באמת ישות אחת יכולה להכיל מספר תרבויות כמעט ללא דופי או קושי?

החופה נבחרה כסמל לנישואי הזהות שלי, כסמל של האריגה, השתי והערב של שני המקומות, שתי הזהויות, שתי התרבויות והשפות. שני הדגלים שלי ארוגים לאחד.







עצמים מחותנים

Married Objects

approx. 12 x 23 cm, 5 x 9 inches ea.

2019

פריטי מזון, ביגוד, חומרי אריזה, כסף, נייר, דבק אפוקסי, עץ

Food items, clothing, packaging material, currency, paper, resin, wood





V886K0321

2014



האם לזה התכוונו אבותינו?

התמזל מזלי והגעתי לאמריקה דוברת אנגלית ובקלות, בטיסה ישירה מהארץ הודות לנישואי לבעלי שהוא אזרח אמריקאי. קיבלתי אזרחות מהר וכמעט ללא קושי. "גולדן אמדינה" ככה אמרו בידיש סבי ואבי כשדיברו על אמריקה. רחובותיה רצופים זהב והזדמנויות בשפע מחכות לכל הבא בשעריה. אבל לא כך היא המציאות לאלפים שהגיעו לכאן בתנאים קשים מנשוא. רבים חצו ימים בתנאי קשים, אלפים הלכו ברגל עשרות ומאות קילומטרים כדי להגיע לשעריה. רעבו בדרך וצמאו למים בשמש לוהטת. הגיעו ונכלאו. הופרדו מילדיהם, גורשו בחזרה, נעצרו ונכלאו בכלובים מאחורי גדר תיל.

נדמה לי שלא לזה התכוונו אבותינו.

האם לזה התכוונו אבותינו?

Is This What Our Founding Fathers Had in Mind?

206 x 231 x 33 cm, 81 x 91 x 13 inches

2019

לינולאום, צבע לטקס, תיל, צבע ריסוס, חפצים שנמצאו, גב עץ

Linoleum, latex paint, barbed wire, spray paint,

found objects mounted on wood

Is This What our Founding Fathers Had in Mind?

“The Golden Medina”, the golden country was often how my grandfather and father thought of the United States. Like many outside the US, they imagined it to be a place where the streets were paved in gold. Opportunities galore awaited all those who made it to her shores, if only one could make it there.

While I didn’t dream of moving to America like my forefathers, my marriage to an American made it possible. And hence, my immigration story is a relatively easy one: having been born in South Africa and immigrating to Israel as a young child, I was already an English speaker. Marrying an American meant I benefited from “chain migration,” received a green card, and became a nationalized US Citizen without many obstacles.

This piece attempts to acknowledge my white privilege and pay homage to those less fortunate. The golden suitcase represents me. I sat on a plane, walked through an airport, and when I arrived in the US, the US Customs and Border Patrol welcomed me, with my Israeli passport.

Yet there are those who sail treacherous waters, leave children behind, walk miles upon miles in the hot sun, hungry for food and thirsty for water - for the same opportunity I was afforded with minimal effort.

I came to the Golden Medina and I found it. Others come and find the gates locked. They are turned away, or worse, jailed, held in cages and separated from their children. Others don’t even make it: drowning, or dying in the desert on their quest to make it to this fictional land of plenty.

I do not believe that this is what our founding fathers or my grandfather had in mind.





A moving, masterfully illustrated history and gazetteer of the
HOME SICK
Capital News

לומדת לקרוא: שתי מדינות וגעגוע

Learning to Read and Write, Circa 2019

20 x 12 x 10 cm, 8 x 5 x 4 inches

2019

נייר, חוט תפירה, עפרון, עט, פחם, ספר

Paper, canvas, thread, pencil, charcoal, marker, book

לומדת לקרוא: שתי מדינות וגעגוע
Learning to Read and Write Circa 2019 (individual page spreads)
20 x 12 x 10 cm, 8 x 5 x 4 inches
2019

נייר, חוט תפירה, עפרון, עט, פחם, ספר
Paper, canvas, thread, pencil, charcoal, marker, book

1

אופטימיות

אתיות

Two humps, common ground live is a well-ir of optimism a transit camp elter of shacks nes and dirty streets. Its official name: Maoz Ziyon. Unofficially, it's called Castel, after the old army post on the top of the hill where soldiers fell during the War of Independence. Now it's a memorial site visited by the descendants. When you get there, right after the traffic lights, you'll find Doga and Sons. A small market with not much to it. But if you have a question to ask, that's where to do it.

אדמה

The man they asked at Doga made a mistake, and though they'd turned the right number of corners, Amir and Noa

אנשודיץ

didn't find the apartment instead in a house of endlessly. Other women tea. No one noticed No right about leaving once the corner of the killed in Le wanting to this is my to be happy through me I have to p An hour woman, ma and went to But their feel the san

The apart a kitchen. with a sque the floor fro at all. And other side of only an asbe together; not studying paye Jerusalem. M Tel Aviv isn't

the light here, she added, it's so bright, so clear. He took her hand, led her to the window and said: We can plant a garden over there. The landlord, sensing he was about to clinch the deal, said: It's not like the city. There's parking everywhere.

A month earlier, when we were still trying to decide, I had

Arrests

Apple and Amazon

The Dining

ACTION

AUTHORITARIAN

leeches, have you no shame, and started pushing the
 nds on his chest and
 with his huge camera,
 why did you let them
 ked around me and
 am came back with
 ger gently, without
 ny cheek and whis-
 K?

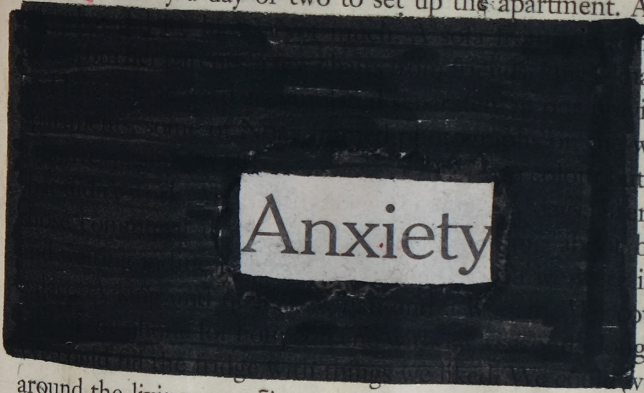


u think of an older,
 with Moshe Zakian.
 Amir (though he's
 A bus driver with
 belt. He
 locked
 nd he's
 that. The way he

Art

always moon at her, as if she were a movie star. He does
 whatever she says. No's his head yes when ever she talks.
 And when it comes to talking, she's one of a kind. Sharp
 tongue, sharp mind. You'll enjoy being here in the Castel,
 she says when Amir and Noa arrive with their belongings,
 you'll see. Everyone knows everyone else here, like a family.
 And it's quiet, so you can study without any noise to bother
 you. I wasn't always like this, she says, looking into Noa's
 eyes, I went to college too. Took courses in accounting.
 But no, I stay at home because with the children there's
 so much to do.

It took us only a day or two to set up the apartment. After



around the living room in our underwear or without it. We
 could make pleasantly. It turns out that Yossi, Moshe's
 wanted to, when, is a photography buff, and Noa tells him
 home early. out her classes - I notice that no one takes an
 hand. The r in psychology - and when he asks her advice
 and we didn camera to buy, she explains the pros and the
 in sinks slowly to the horizon between the
 em hills and the conversation drifts to other
 e closely related to family - problems, solu-
 od memories. An occasional Kurdish expres-
 into the conversation, *kapparokh*, *bitlokh*, *ana*
 they translate for us immediately so we won't

broke!

Bullet

Binary

Baseball

Black

Books

Bigotry

You're like that too.
Not really, I'm harder than you are.
No, you're not, you're very soft,
Yes, I really am soft there.
And in other places too.
Really? Like where?

I couldn't decide whether to take that picture. I was afraid that the click of the camera would wake Amir, he sleeps so lightly. And the way he looked - curled up on the grass in front of our bungalow in Amirim, like a kitten, and his

long lashes and sleep-soft cheeks - that made me hesitate too. It occurred even to me, a chronic photographer, that maybe not everything should be photographed, maybe I'd just leave things as they were for once, not document them, keep them burnt only into my memory. But the light, the composition, the squares of the squares of lawn, the three oranges, the branches of the tree, and the forgotten, that was just enough to keep the scene - I couldn't control myself. I woke up.

basketball

explain the way he usually did. We were easy with each other and with ourselves. We were good together, not out of nostalgia.

But

how good. Very good. I remember that in the end he made love slowly and he touched every part of his finger as if he were

body

proving to himself that I was real, and it made me laugh and then it excited me. After we came, gently, and got under the blanket

told a story, and I'd never

we were, and

scared, and would

time to, the first

to keep, how

could I, a chest

scared, can't get

over a, ver and

asleep, til I fell

After, the lawn.

me for, agry at

him, I, joined

the p, nd into

love, ispered

that he, ould see

him to, behind



flies will start flickering. An amazing sight, a dance of lights. But, except for them, there are no lights here at night, and it's a little hard to keep writing... (even though it... without seeing... straight lines... about whether... that with... y in La Paz.

Create

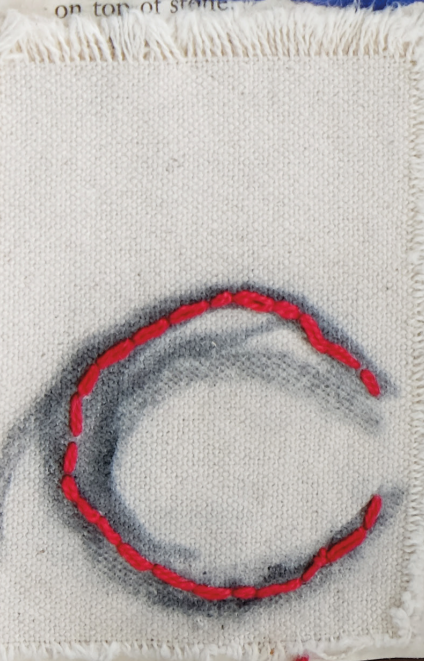
Regards to Noa Modi.

Sometimes Amir sees... the little... deserted field... pets stray cats... to his brother, stone on top of stone.

COURAGE

to catch Amir's eye, even nearby.

these walls, and when I... More power to them, and sometimes twice a... my God. I mean, not... e bed creaking and the... ace in a while, when it... e, that Noa, she lets all... hing is that Lilach, my... oa enjoying it... o pick her up... calm... o, because th... I mean, some... cking on their



telling th... CLASS

Country

CITIZENSHIP

Children

chairs

couldn't

Climate Change

CULTURAL APPROPRIATION:

THE POLITICS OF EVERYDAY

Wait a sec, what do we actually have to steal?
Nothing. Wait, we do. The newspaper.
We still haven't had a single one?

No.

Did you talk to the delivery people?

Yes.

So, maybe Madmoni's workers take them? They get here
at six every morning.

Great, Noa, blame the Arabs. It really figures they'd steal
Haaretz.

Why not? Doesn't it have a property section?

That's the house, I'm sure. Or maybe not? For
ever since we started building the extension
Madmoni, I've been looking at the house across
looking at it a lot. First thing in the morning,
during the breaks, and at the end of the day
we're sitting on the pavement waiting for

contractor to pick us up

The bottom part of the house
vated. Clean stones with the

with two children lives there - an old man
Eged, I can tell from the bus - and there's a young couple
living in a little apartment at the back, but all I can see of
it is the roof and some aerials.

If there was only that part, at the bottom, I wouldn't
think anything.

But upstairs on the second floor where the old man and
the old woman come out sometimes, upstairs it's built in
the old way, stone on top of stone, the way they used to
build in the village. And one stone, in the corner, sticks out
like it did in that building, I remember. And another stone,
on the left of the door, is as black as the black stone we
had, though I remember it being on the right side. And the
window has a little arch, just like my parents' window did.

My family moved to a lot of different apartments, at least
ten before I went into the army. From Jerusalem to Haifa.
From Haifa to Jerusalem. From Jerusalem to Detroit. And
within each city, too. But no matter how many times we
moved, the worst pain I ever felt was the move we made
when I was in Year 10. It was during the football World
Cup, so I remember the year: '86. Mexico, '86. Belgium
against the Soviet Union. Spain against Denmark. Lots of
goals. Live broadcasts in the middle of the night. The time



I remember a room. Yes. In some of the old buildings, they
are ads like that in the local paper. I remember a target.
will I get the money to rent a room? said. All right, he agreed,
my laundry? And how often can I eat there was a metallic sound.
is the only thing I know how to make. I was talking with a pro here.
Every night, as the time for the gym first, I said.
up and take my blanket into the living room.

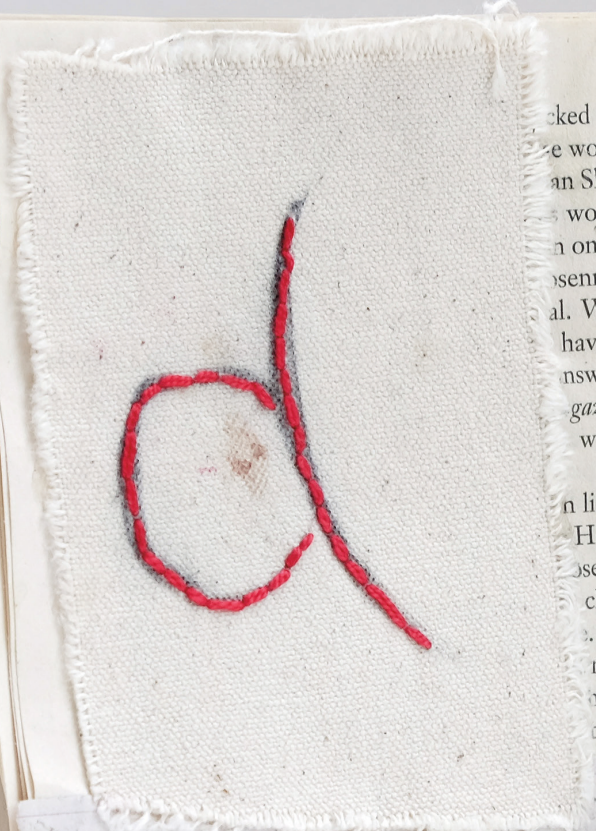
of the wall, in the Zakian home, there's not a single angry voice. Moshe is on the road and Sima is totally free to listen to the music of her choice. Her CD of the month: *Caramel, Bonbon et Chocolat*, a collection of French love songs that she listens to a lot. Sima learned French at home; her mother, may she rest in peace, taught her. Sima was very young. 'French is the language of love,' her mother would say, and she made Sima practise till she could speak in her tongue. Her mother also taught her to pray. 'God is in all of all in your heart, and all the rules, the regulations - is from God. God is the father who leaves his daughter alone, but he's not really even if he obeys all the commandments. God is the blessing. When Sima hears Nimrod, she remembers French men with well-trimmed hair. She remembers her mother sweeping the kitchen floor in their apartment in the Ashkelon housing project, dancing with the broom, only her black hair swaying in the small room.

In the house of mourning, there is no music now. One banned it in so many words, but, right after the funeral, the house became shrouded in silence somehow. Sometimes, when Yotam's father feels like he can't take it any more, he goes down to his car, sits inside and closes the door. Then he tunes the radio to a talk show, but not because he's interested in what people have to say. He hopes that the soothing sound of other human voices will make the pain go away. Sometimes, when Yotam's mother feels she can't take it any more, she turns on the small kitchen radio with the volume down low. She listens to a single

the old way, stone on top of stone, right away so no one will know. And one can't take it any more, he goes out like it did in that building, on the left of the door, where the papers were disappearing to. He had, though I remember the roof. From where I was standing, window has a little arch.

as on it, so I made a questioning He signalled me to follow him. We were careful of potholes, till we reached the field between the houses. From the top, we could see on to the rolled-up newspapers lay on it. I had been too lazy to go all the way. I tried his luck at newspaper-reading to the kid, and he answered me and with shoulders stooped he asked what he'd been doing. Hey, kid ... I told him from leaving. There was a look at his dejected look, about those shirts with the sleeves that were torn at their big white tones, the way something that touched my mind like going back to statistics. Yotam, he answered. Nice to see you, I said and held out my hand. He gave mine a brief shake and then, now, I thought. How do we know? I heard myself say. He gave me out my height and said, play what? He was right. Play what? After all, we were fifteen years apart in age. I tried to think of something before he took off, but all the games that came into my mind were old ones that had passed their sell-by dates. Atari, Scrabble, Monopoly. Like that.

A rusty iron pole sticking up from the ground caught my eye. I remembered that when we went on trips, my father and I used to play at throwing stones at a target. Let's see who hits that pole first, I said. All right, he agreed, picked up a stone and threw it. There was a metallic sound. Bull's-eye. OK, I thought, I'm dealing with a pro here. Let's see who hits the Coke can first, I said. Where?



ked the top
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 an Shepherd
 worse with
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 osenman and
 al. With fear
 have, trying
 nswered the
 gazine, and
 while I'm

n line. Then
 Hand Club
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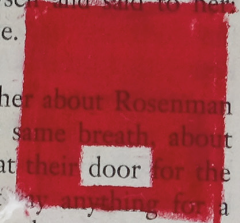
AY, AUGUST 4, 2019

the... prefer to call the therap...
Detention Centers

Deportation
 deal at
Democrats

so neglected any com-
 alls are cracked, the steps **SALK**
 neone drew with a marker on
 hanging crooked. What's the big
 them? You have no idea how much
 forward to your coming, she inter-
 they're actually counting the days. I

noded at her in understanding, looked bravely into her eyes,
 and suddenly wanted very much to get up, just to get up
 and run out of that shelter into the open air, into the sunlight.
 I actually felt my leg muscles tighten so I could stand up,
 but at the last minute I stopped myself and said to her
 Thursdays are most convenient for me.



When Noa comes home, Amir tells her about Rosenman
 and Zeligman's anxieties, and, in the same breath, about
 the neighbour's son, who turned up at their door for the
 second time. She listens and doesn't say anything for a
 minute or two, then finally regards the way only she,
 who knows what A... are unrelated to
 what A... right on the head:
 Amiri... into rings and
 rows -... hard on your-
 self and



He didn't
 played by
 a funny
 take all
 without
 brought
 or peanut
 his girlfr
 and also
 a syrup
 able abc
 about fo
 Beitar Je
 cross. T.
 Sinai's fa
 champion
 kicks the
 flies into

ime either. We
 wards draughts,
 your opponent
 e first one left
 he got up and
 chocolate spread,
 e giant-size bag
 ys every week,
 he makes from
 t feel comfort-
 talked, mostly
 and I support
 ing each other



methods, because he can't absorb any more, it's so late. He goes to the fridge and takes out a chocolate dessert that's past its sell-by date. Walks back to the bedroom, scratches his head, puts the book back on the shelf near his bed.

There's not a sound on the street. No people, no cars. It's time to go outside, to breathe some stars.

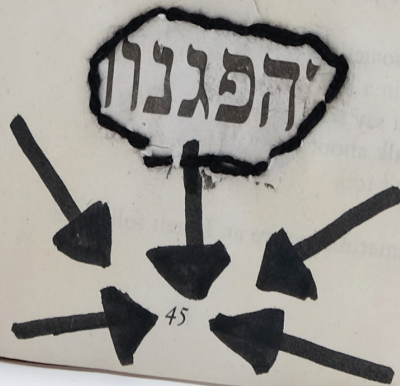
moments when it's hard for Amir to be Noa and Amir:
When she messes up the house and claims it's the only way she can breathe. Neatly organised places make her feel like she's in a prison cell, and all she wants is to leave. Don't be silly, he tells her, and picks up a damp towel that's hanging on the rug, a used tissue and a cotton ball. It has nothing to do with freedom or prison. You're just lazy. That's all.

When she interrupts him during a football match, especially when he's watching his favourite team, and asks him the millionth time: that rule, offside, exactly what does it mean?

He doesn't know who, forgot to flip off the switch and all of a sudden, a little after one in the morning, it blew. A big boom, like a clap of thunder, but shorter. And a one-time geyser sprayed into the night air, covering the roofs and the field below with water.

Within seconds, everyone was outside. Moshe and Sima, Amir and Noa, and Yotam and his mum. (His father stayed asleep: the sound fitted right into the war he was dreaming about, the sound of an exploding bomb.)

During the first few seconds, they thought the worst (an earthquake, a Scud missile, even a terrorist bombing), but when the water began dripping from the roof, splashing on the asbestos and raising vapour, they realised it was nothing alarming. Noa went inside to turn off the switch, and her hand brushed against Sima's, who had gone inside with the same objective in mind. Amir reassured Yotam by waving his hands and yelling: go back to sleep, kid, every-



mother kept in the drawer for a few months in case he came back. He didn't come back, except in Mirit's dreams. Every morning she'd tell me, whispering as if it was a secret, so Mum wouldn't hear, that in her dream Dad carried her around on his shoulders, and in her dream he read her a story and told her he missed her. In her dream.

About a year later, my mother found out through the neighbours that Dad was going out with a rabbi's daughter in Jerusalem and at night she took the beautiful new Adidas trainers out of the drawer and put them outside next to the big rubbish bin, along with a few of their wedding pictures, and in the morning the trainers were gone, but

with all the bags of because the city workers

enough

started out to Hefzibah into my throat. She a word and looked upset than I meant to. perfect duet - when one stopped to take a breath, the other started crying. I took Lilach out of the cot and held her close to my breast, not only to calm her down, but to calm myself down too, until Moshe came to call us to the table. He couldn't look me in the eye. What had he been talking about with Menachem? I asked myself. Your daughter's crying, I said and held Lilach up to his face the way you hold up evidence in a court, even though I didn't know exactly what I was trying to prove. He sighed, ignored my sharp tone and asked us again, almost begged us, to come to the table, Bilha laboured long and hard to prepare the meal, it wasn't nice.

I thought, what's this 'laboured long and hard'? That didn't sound like him. It sounded like Menachem. It's always like that. A minute after they see each other, Menachem's words start coming out of his mouth.

Moshe
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That mac
calmed m
around a
Shabbat c
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to genera
them. Me
week, full
in, when t
attacked and
its former g
prayers for t
faith', he kept
that they had come
with Lilach. I didn't say
maybe my not talking gave

EDGE

about
salad
myself,
ibah,
being
and
And

not
didn't
ettes.
the

END

house, you'll find a bag behind it with a lot of rolled-up newspaper inside. Wrapped in the newspaper is something that belongs to me. To my mother. *Ya Saddiq*, if you can bring it here. And Allah will be with you.

Chorus

When I was
And Beitar
I'd promise
If only He'd
I'd keep the
Wear a *yarm*
And say the

And now I call
Come back
Spread your

When I was
And my father
I'd beg for help
And swear to
I'd put on
Pray every day
And join a *yeshiva* not tomorrow, but today

And now I call to him come to me
Come back to me
Spread your grace over me.

The dam has collapsed over the river I

ירושלים

ילדים

יהדות

A.B. Yehoshua's story, 'Galia's Stop'. The hero is on a bus, going to see his childhood sweetheart, and at some point the ride becomes a total hallucination, and it turns out that the bus is moving through the streets without a driver. Suddenly, I had an idea. I went to a seat at the back of the bus, attached my flash, switched to Fuji 800 film and started snapping. I explained to the astonished passengers that it was for a project I was doing at photography college and I promised not to photograph their faces. They were too exhausted to argue with me. Two or three raised an eyebrow, but the rest just ignored me and sank back into their coats.

The pictures turned out to be grainy. Slightly blurry. From the people sitting and standing, you might guess they're on a bus, but it's only a guess. The backs of two necks fill the centre of the frame, one thick like a man's, the other thin and wrinkled, like an old woman's. The windows reflect each other, and my image with my camera in front of my face is caught in one of them. The driver isn't in this shot. The angle I took it from makes it seem as if the bus is moving along without a driver. The 'Break in Case of Emergency' hammer is in the upper corner of the frame. An ad for the Kupat Holim Sick Fund is on the left. And the blurriness anaesthetises everything. It's hard to explain. When I developed the picture, I felt that I'd succeeded in doing what's so hard to do when you deal only with the external, only with what you can see: catching the inner sense. A week later, I named the picture 'After a Terrorist Attack' and hung it proudly on the wall of our classroom.

My fellow students actually complimented me on it before the lesson, but the lecturer stared at it for a while, sniffed twice and said: aesthetic, very aesthetic, in a tone that was leading up to a 'but', so I beat him to it and said, but what? He didn't smile. He just said, I'm asking myself, Noa, where are you in all this? And I, a perfect idiot,

Jewish

ction in one of the bus windows, and drooping in disappointment, said, yes, is not what I meant. What's missing here Noa, what do you feel about all this?

After a suicide bombing, they usually put up a roadblock and don't let us go out to work. And there are no surprises today either. I wipe the steam off the window and look at the soldier to left te of a, the Now and cause apers into Jews



move.
back
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o go
that
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what people were feeling until I read your letter about the graffiti they wrote all over the square where he was killed. But still, I'm sure I can't even begin to understand what you're all feeling. When the most important decision you have to make is whether to order scrambled or fried eggs for breakfast, and the worst war you find yourself in is with the hostel owners about how much to pay for a night, everything looks far away and blurry. Like when you watch the world news round-up and see something horrible that's happening in Somalia and then forget it two minutes later. But maybe it's good to forget sometimes, right?


Which reminds me - be careful with those nutcases of yours. I don't know, something about the way you write about them has me a little worried. Especially that Shmuel. Sounds just like a cuckoo's nest. I'm not saying you have to leave, just tie a cable to your back so you can pull yourself up if you fall into the abyss. I don't want to remind you what happened the last time you weren't careful, and this time, bring America to South

By the way, to fill me in front of her

And now

I was surprised
difficult that
ever be happen
out? Of course
were. That's
cuddly and e

I see you
yourself, and
to the bathroom
down on the toilet, reading this letter from the beginning
and thinking: what happened to Modi? What's with this
letter? It's not like him to make speeches. The truth is that



CXL

siren will blare. Traffic will pile up in the opposite direction because of drivers slowing down to stare.

He's already been saved from similar scenarios at least once. He's managed to pull the wheel to the right and prevent disaster. But he knows it doesn't work. He can follow all the safety rules and drive slowly and carefully. In the end, it'll happen anyway. He can see the line in his imagination: 'Died Trying to Change the World', or 'Musical Death' (if the editor doesn't give him enough space). Yes, it's no use fighting it. It's a lost cause. Even if they send him to Gaza on reserve duty, eventually he gets a disease that has no cure. It'll end because of that. That's certain.

(And, he thinks, there'll be a circular justice because music is what saved his life twice in the past. Well, saved his life is a slight exaggeration, but when his spirits had sunk as low as they could go, in the middle of a training, for example, he grabbed on to a song that had been played on the radio at the time, or a tape that he had edited for his twentieth birthday, and let the music flow through him, to start the countdown from the beginning again, to remind him that he didn't have to be sad, that not everything in his life was bad, not everything was black.)

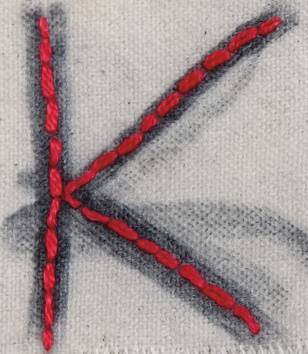
As for Noa, she'd already visited the cold side. And she'd come back.

When she was sixteen, she'd had enough and almost a whole bottle of Advil. And thought: a few more minutes of nausea, and I won't have to suffer any more. I'll just go down and die. And thought: Mum won't cry. Not when she finds me dead in my bed. And her consolation was: Half a pang at best. And her dad? I wonder how many times it'll take before he's out the door. Two? Three? No more than four. And the people at her school. For two years they've been acting as if she isn't even there. They think she's weird. She dances like a boy, philosophises

everything. And the whole world - evil at its core. Hopeless. Corrupt. Why live in such a world any more? A world without love.

In the end, her stomach was pumped. The doctor agreed not to put 'suicide attempt' on her file so the army would take her (funny, he thought he was doing her a favour). Her parents sent her and themselves to the most expensive psychologist they could find and agreed that it would be best not to let her know what they'd have to understand, and to waste energy dealing with the real situation.

KILLED



Even so, they for surprised the psych the subject back to the of compl rials and all the co

For her brush, dr always at start. And room and class star beginning looked straight ahead into other eyes. Her dresses got shorter and shorter, showing her thighs. In no time at all, she didn't have to hide behind trees at breaktime. In no time at all, the boys were showing off for her every day. Pimply-faced teenagers hanging on every word she had to say.

Of course, she didn't tell anyone what she'd done. She preferred to pretend the Advil night had never happened.

It can't be that he's raising his fingers in six different places, unless . . . unless what?

Very slowly, the hills flattened out and Avram's shouting subsided. And *Hacham Yehieh* stopped suffering and spraying water all over the place.

Amir won't believe me when I tell him about this thought. He's at home all week, and the day they have their own episode of *X-Files* here, he goes to Tel Aviv.

Hacham Yehieh opened his eyes and motioned with his head for Sima to untie Avram's hands and feet and take a towel off the tub.

I almost fell off my chair: the water was full of blood.

He wounded me, that *momzer*, *Hacham Yehieh* groaned and asked Gina to bring him a bandage. Sima was shocked that she cried out when she saw the deep cut. He split one of his fingers. OK, that doesn't mean a thing. I thought sceptically, he could have cut his finger himself. All you need is a paper-cutter up your sleeve.

Gina wound the bandage around his finger, showing worried looks at her husband, who'd gone back to staring at the world with vacant eyes.

He'll be fine, *Hacham Yehieh* said. You have nothing to worry about, Gina. There was an old demon inside him, a stubborn old demon who's been wandering around here almost fifty years. The demon cut me, but I drove him away and now he knows not to start up with Yehieh. I'll give you something for you to put in an amulet he can wear around his neck so the demon doesn't come back. Gina nodded admiringly. I started to nod too, automatically, but caught myself in the middle and stopped.

Won't you be fine now? *Hacham Yehieh* asked Avram to prove what he'd said. Avram nodded obediently. Now do you remember what happened to Nissan? *Hacham Yehieh* asked him, and we all tensed up. Avram didn't remember anything. The sunbeam, which had been getting shorter the last few minutes, made its final retreat from the room.

I suddenly remembered that there'd been a group of people

the kids in my Girl Guide troop used to play with. None of them were

someone who was across the letters. Nissan's dead. Nissan's death was a puzzled look.

There's a demon in here. It's going to be nightfall till sunrise.

For the first time I saw a picture of a demon. For the first time I saw a picture of a demon.

dialogue, squeaking and women, or a man saw him and died. A woman on the street had a heart attack. She wouldn't talk to me. I meant giving a message to the resident.

Sometimes, I still talk about the demon there, the demon in the Castel at night. And I can't convince the other people with pleasure from him myself, my women and children.

He's a refugee from World War II. What are you talking about, he first showed up here in the fifties. What fifties? Your memory's out of control. My memory's out of control?

Your memory's like a fisherman's net with an enormous hole. A fisherman's net with an enormous hole? Nothing you say is true. You were born crazy, Simon, and you'll be crazy when they bury you.



להט"בים

the loose brick the way you pull out a slice of cake. There was an empty space behind it, as quiet and cold as a grave. I stuck my hand inside and at first I didn't feel anything, but when I stepped on to the next rung of the ladder and pushed my hand in deeper, I touched something. A bag. I pulled it out, and everyone in the house stopped talking. The policemen. The old man who thought he was my father. The young woman with the tiger eyes. They all wanted to see what was in the bag.

Inside the crumbling bag was another bag. The second bag was made of stronger cloth, the kind they make cement bags out of. The opening was held together with a thick rope tied in a complicated knot. I opened it, twist after twist. I used my teeth too.

The chief stopped talking with his generals and came over to the ladder too to see what was in the bag.

My mother hadn't told me what she'd left there, but I could already see it in my head. What do people usually hide inside walls? Either weapons or money.

I pulled a gold chain out of the bag. A thin, delicate chain, exactly the right size for a small woman's neck. Even though most fifty years had gone by, it still glittered in the light. *Allahu llab carim*, dear God, I thought with fear in my heart. This is Grandma Shadia's chain. All the old people in the house, the aunts and sisters, always used to wear it. It had been handed down from mother to oldest daughter for maybe a hundred, two hundred years, from the time the family was living in Lebanon. And no one knew where it had disappeared to during the war. Except for my mother, who knew and kept quiet about it. The chain slithered through my fingers like a snake. Why didn't you tell anyone, *ya umi*? Maybe you were ashamed of leaving in the night like that. Of forgetting the thing that was most important to the family and running away. And now what? Maybe you don't care any more. Most of the old people

מרצ

מנהיגות

are dead already, and the ones still alive, their memories disappear like salt in water.

I'm asking you to hand over that chain, the short policeman said, coming closer to me and putting a foot on the first rung of the ladder.

I looked at the old man, at my saviour. I waited for him to wave the bread knife around again, to yell and save me. But suddenly his eyes were empty, and he looked at me as if I was air. Then his expression changed again, as if I was another one of those people he didn't know, and all he said was, I'm cold. Then again, I'm cold. His wife said, come Avram, you've had a long day, maybe you should rest, and then she took him by the hand like he was a little boy and

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to say when the mission was there, in the
sentences that had been stuck in my throat like cement.
That's a sad joke, I said in a strong voice, like Gamal Abd

Did you call her?
I wanted to. Here, look, I still have her number.
So why didn't you?
I didn't have the strength. I started dialling the number
so many times, but I got tired in the middle. As if my
heart
com
ha



and study, she said, so you can finish college and help pe
Finish? I thought, I still have at least seven years to
I waited for her to come back from the kitchen.
window was slightly open, and the draught coming thro
it made the candle flames dance. Some of them went
Some kept twisting until they straightened out and
back to doing their job. I shifted my position on the
I bit a nail, even though I don't bite my nails. Gidi wat
me from four different angles. I looked down.

She came back from the kitchen holding a piece of paper
in one hand and a fridge magnet in the other. Look, she
said, I got this from school yesterday. I looked. Written at
the top of the page was, *Re: Complaints About Your Son's
Behaviour*. Then came the details of a few instances when
Yotam ignored teachers' requests
lessons without permission, bu
We are all aware of the tragedy
months a
special cir
kind of beha
effect on other

If they're
alone, I said, h
this is the sec
on the tabl
it from on
Can you
at me.

Me?
You're the only one he
He doesn't want me to t
you to talk to him. To giv
OK, I said, and her bod
for my answer, suddenly

Noa and Amir's word of t
scene during her shift on S
in the club on Monday. A
a dangerous scene. And a
through a series of scenes
part of their regular routine
that the word 'scene' was a
again. Right after that, she blurted out, what a weird scene!
when she saw someone from her school on TV in a
commercial for an exercise machine. And a few days later,



I looked at the door – maybe Shmuel would have been screaming and come to defend me. Maybe he'd stand on my side with his cracked glasses. But Nava came in.

Is everything all right? she asked, looking from Gideon to the crushed puzzle on the floor.

Nothing's all right, Gideon answered her. The energy of the students gets lower every year, and this year is the lowest. You brought us a crazy student. Look at him – at the way he looks. Not shaved. He should be a member of this club, not an instructor.

Murmurs of agreement came from the group. That was what I thought. I'd sat with every one of them for hours and listened to Malka's hatred of her sister, to Amatzia the vacillator's sexual fantasies, to Joe's paranoia about the General Security Service. And the minute I need them, they turn their backs on me.

These students invest a great deal of time in you, I thought. Nava say to Gideon in an authoritative voice, and you are doing now is completely unfair. Gideon shrank and said nothing, rebuked. I suggest that we disperse the demonstration, Nava said, looking at me. I don't see much point in continuing with the group at the moment. I gave a slight confirming nod. The members of the group filed out of the room. On the way out, each one of them gave me a look, as if they still expected the *coup de grâce* I was supposed to give to Gideon, but it stuck in my throat.

Amatzia the vacillator was the last one out, and a second later he came back in, pointed to the floor and said, what about the puzzle? Who'll solve it? An unsolved crossword puzzle is not good! Then he turned on his heel and went out.

Nava gave a quick look to make sure he wasn't coming back this time, and said, I can see that you just went through an unpleasant experience. Yes, I admitted. Her eyes were soft and understanding, and for the first time since I started volunteering at the club, I felt that I could share some

thing important with her. I'm especially sensitive now because of the situation in the country, she said. I'm professional and cold. At least I have a problem with limits. But I'll be there for our training session, OK?

OK. No problem. Of course. The window of opportunity is closing. I picked up the puzzle but all I did was tear it so I can't do it. I had to throw it away next week. Not that anyone else can do it next week. All of them know the crossword puzzle group is not

of this club, not an instructor. Gideon's words pounded at my temples. Maybe he's right. What actually is the difference between me and them? Everything they feel, I feel, only at a slightly lower volume. I'm like Dan, shifting back and forth between elation and depression. I'm like Amatzia the vacillator, who's always thinking one thing and its opposite at the same time. And I'm like Shmuel, feeling Noah's sun on her bad days at Bezalel, radiating beams that pierce my skin and burn me on the inside. Like them, I've been displaced, a man without roots, pretending to be confident but swept away with every wind. A thin line separates me from them, and I've crossed that one too. In basic training. If Modi hadn't been there to save me, I would've ended up on the army shrink's sofa, and who knows, I might've wound up here, a member of the Helping Hand Club.

I took the drawing pins off the board, and for a minute, I wanted to press them between my hands till they bled, but I put them and the Scotch tape into my bag and thought: what the hell am I going to do for the two hours until the training session? How do I go out of this room now and look those people in the eye? Shmuel will probably want to talk, and he won't remember my name again.



we were in fifth place. How far down have we gone then?

I have an exam, Amir said. But you promised, I remember him in my most poor-me voice. Besides, this is the time Hapoel is playing at Teddy this year! No it isn't, said, trying to argue with me, there's still the state games. You're wrong, I insisted, even if both teams go to the semi-finals, the game'll be in Ramat Gan, not Jerusalem. You know what, he said, you're right, but I still didn't want to be convinced, so I thought the word 'yes' really like I used to do when I wanted Gidi to take me to a game. I'd repeat the word 'yes' in my mind four straight times. And Amir really did smile and say OK, but on one occasion, and I thought he was going to say that I had to be better in school because it was hard enough for my mother and father as it was. But instead, all he said was, I want you to swear that you won't tell anyone in the stands that I'm a Hapoel fan, or else I'm a goner. I laughed, put my hand on my shirt pocket and said OK, I swear. On Saturday wearing my black trousers and yellow shirt and the same as he bought me, I knocked on the door and Noa opened and said, we've been waiting for you, and asked me to come in. Today's the big day, isn't it, she said. Amir suddenly popped out from behind her and said, yes, today's the big day for Shalom Tikvah, three-nil for Hapoel thirty minutes into the game. You wish, I said, three-nil for Beitar, three goals for Ohana. Noa said, you're both losers, and she started jumping and singing, 'He's a loser, he's a loser, he's a loser'. I sang along with him, waving my scarf around my head like a cowboy, and Noa said, I have to get this on film. I thought that was a cool idea, and I started posing for the camera, holding my scarf stretched out between my hands like on TV, but Amir suddenly stopped jumping and said in a not very loud voice, you got everything, you got insulted.

עצב עמוק

said, OK, I won't both
All of a sudden I
about
to
wanted to make them
I thought that if I could
should I be able to do it
the idea and said to Amir
and he opened the door. He

ערבים

עריצות עזה



me on the way to the game because he didn't want his friends to think he was a nerd. But the minute we walked into the stadium, he'd forget that and say, listen up, Yoti, from now on, you don't leave my side, and he'd give me his hand and make a path for me through the crowd and make sure I had a place to sit and no one pushed me. Once, when some tough guy stepped on me by accident, he grabbed him by the collar and said, hey moron, watch where you're going. The tough guy poked him and they started shoving each other. Everyone in the stands stood up to see. But right then, Harazi scored a goal for Beitar and everyone was so happy that they jumped up and hugged

Protest

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Sometimes, he answered, pressing a finger against the window as if he wanted to leave a print on the glass. I almost asked, when do you miss him especially? but I wasn't sure it was a good idea to draw him into that kind of conversation, as if he were a repressed adult who needed help opening up. If he wanted to talk, he would.

He kept his finger pressed against the glass, and we drove the rest of the way home like that, in silence. I parked the car, then turned and looked at him. He looked exhausted. His hair was all matted, the front of his yellow t-shirt was stained, probably with sweat, and he was leaning deeper into the seat.

Peace

Everything OK? I asked.
He nodded. Too slowly.
Is it because we talked about Gidi?
No.
Because Beitar lost?
No.

So what?
He played it. Tighten for the door window and shooting.

He looked wasn't run asked: wh

He did and I were when pe fully you throats. S and then looked at I didn't v me why,



loosening
I reached
open the
literally
me.
be sure I
heel and
ten Noa
me that
ok care-
in their
tongue,
y back. I
his age,
had asked

POWER

It's all right, Noa said. It doesn't matter. But I liked
on finding that fucking spring as if everything depended
on it, and I knew I was acting like an idiot but could
stop. So I dragged us back to the car and raced back
the fork in the dirt road, and Noa said, you're ruining
the car. I ignored her and kept driving fast. I turned right
instead of left and cursed David, that musical scatterbrain
for not knowing how to give directions. But the right turn
didn't lead us anywhere interesting either, just to a rubber
tip full of bottles, and Noa said, let's go back to where
we were, at least it was pretty there. I said OK in a brittle
tone, as if we wouldn't find the spring because she was
so impatient, and drove back to the patch of grass. Noa
said, let's spread the sheet here.
said, OK, if that's what you want.
rather go back and I'll
and put the sheet
wiches and
sheet to
of them
Noa
bell

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...nat r
didn't have the strength
got up and started fiddling with
later she said, get up, I can't get the mountains in the
frame if you're sitting down. I pointed to my bellybutton
and said, what about the spring? But she came over, pulled
me up and said, hug me, it's going to shoot the picture.
And before I could cover my face with a mask of happiness,
we heard the click.

On the way back, she said, it was great to get out

the house, wasn't it? I said, yes, even though I didn't
think great was the right word. Then she said, we have
to do this more often. Go out for a drive, I mean. I tight-
ened my grip on the wheel and said, so where do we feel
like going on our next outing? There's a dam under Beit
Zayit, she said, and we could walk around the lake that's
formed there. Lake? Near Jerusalem?! I said doubtfully.
A lakelet, she corrected herself. But the truth is, I haven't
seen it myself, she went on. I heard about it. Ah-hah, I
said, and felt the two of us giving a silent sigh of relief,
because if we don't really know whether there's a lake
there, then we don't really have to go. OK, we'll see,
Noa said and turned on the radio. Yes, we'll see, I agreed,
it can't go on like this it can't go on like this
thinking: that smell of cooking potatoes was waiting for
us at home, and Noa said, can you smell it too? I said
yes, and she said, it must be Sima and her cooking. It
doesn't make sense that she'd be cooking the same thing
all week, I said, and Noa said, you're right, so what's that
smell. I wanted to ask her, don't you know? That's the
smell of breaking up. I wanted to tell her that I'd already
smelt that smell at least once in my life, if not three
times, and it had a thick texture, just like now. But instead
I remembered how once, in the Sinai desert, I hooked
up with a group of enthusiastic architects for one day,
and one of them, who was wearing white flared trousers
that had the logo of a local newspaper printed on them,
explained to me that you can know a lot about a person
from the thing that's most important to him when he
builds a house. What, for instance? I asked, throwing the
backgammon dice on the board. You tell me, she said
and took a puff of her cigarette. What's the first thing
you see when you picture your dream house? A balcony,
I said, straight from the gut. A big, wide balcony facing
the view. Very good, she said and scooped up the dice.

itch inside me, something wanted to burst out through that exact spot. Hila kept on pressing and kneading around that spot, pressing and kneading she'd removed the thing that had wanted so long - much, the thing that had waited so long - hug of wild laughter that shook my whole body and tears to my eyes. I was astonished. It was supposed to be weeping. All the early signs indicated weeping. But on laughing and laughing and laughing, the way I laughed in months, the way I hadn't laughed moved in with Amir.

Then I was silent. Small ripples of laughter started on my body, but Hila calmed them without touching or speaking. She just put her hands on my chest and stopped. I was breathing long, peaceful breaths. She could continue in the direction of my feet. Every spot she pressed had a sister spot somewhere on my body. She pressed my heel, and I felt it in my neck. She pressed under my big toe and I felt it in my knee. Even spots in my hand responded. She pressed and pulled each one of my toes gently, wanted to dislocate them, but not really. After she touched the little toe on my left foot, she completely separated from me.

Two thousand years later, a hand touched my forehead, right up against my ear, said, we're done. You can keep lying here if you want. Steps moved towards the bathroom and I pulled the thin sheet over me. I felt it fluttering on me with every breath, and I remembered how, when I was little, I could lie that way on summer evenings, raise the sheet in the air and land on me, very slowly, caressing first my chest, then my stomach. Then I'd raise it again. I could feel it land and land on me.

Drink a little. Hila was standing next to me

water. I thought I was only thirsty I also drank. Thirsty, I said. My body is very sudden motion. I mean her elbow.



and it d how which person sat up. Your e any e, she ching time she was too bad w.

RUSSIA

Rape

reckon

READING

racism:

she'd thought. And she'd thought. It was fantastic. I was relieved. There's nothing to know. I urged her to button. I'm looking at jumps out at me, on my left cheek, right cheek. The it is with close-up it's the forehead that tells the story. More open. And thing more the eyeballs. I have of wrinkle in the centre of the pulled tight the wrinkles. After Hila and said, sorry minutes. Oh, said, of course, and I quickly put on all

the first thing that the bottom of my eyes. That's how hing. Still, maybe Yes. There's some- More open. And pictures ven one hands had noothed out

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Sisters

2

Chorus

ork Time

ST 4, 2019

SHOOTING

And then forget

It's time to land

Superman

Time to tell your mama

That you're not the next Messiah.

You can make a mistake, man

Make a wrong move

There's nothing to prove

You can get close, man

Go all the way

without being afraid

Of being betrayed

There's a woman out there

Somewhere

Just waiting for you to appear.

slavery

Soldier

railing. A tanned chest gleamed in the moonlight. I
hidden behind the camera. Now the other two joined
and leaned forward towards me. Muscles, earrings, the
muscles, earrings, a buckle. Hi, photographer, the
said, you're invited to join us. His tone was actually friendly.
And also his choice of words: 'you're invited' instead of
'ya'allah come on over'. I shook my head. A slow, deliberate
movement. Third floor on the right, he yelled. On the
you idiot, the one without a shirt corrected him. On the
left! he yelled again, as if he wanted to be the one to
me the information. This isn't what you came here for.
Noa, I reminded myself and waved goodbye to the
a movie star leaving her fans, and disappeared into the
protected space of the apartment.

Since I arrived here, I hardly go out. Just to the
in the morning to buy a roll and chocolate milk, and
the evening, to the avenue to stroll with the dog on
(and I always have strange thoughts while I'm walking
down the avenue: today, for instance, I thought that some
times our past keeps us on a leash and sometimes it
us free).

I spend most of the day in the refuge of the apartment
(what a nice word refuge is, Amir would say now).
Ruthie hadn't been in any condition to take anything
her to the hospital. Everything stayed here. Her house
still overflowing with its unique blend of books and
volumes of poetry, small comic books and paperback
romance novels. On the cabinet in the study there was
picture of her father when he was young. He was smiling,
some, she always used to say, touching the plastic
with the tip of her finger. I always agreed with her
when I'd grown up and knew she was exaggerating.
paintings hung on the walls of the bedroom, the
room and the workroom, and there was a slip of paper
to each one with the name of the painting on it, just
in a gallery. Here's 'Self-Portrait', a painting of a

who doesn't resemble Aunt Ruthie in the slightest. Once,
I thought it was strange to paint someone else and call it
'Self-Portrait'. Hanging on the right is 'Family Tree', whose
branches scream to the heavens like the arms of someone
being taken out to be executed in the Holocaust. On the
opposite wall is my portrait, and next to it a sign that says
'Girl'. I remember how she sat me down on a chair and
told me not to move, and when I started to get bored and
complained that my bottle
more, Noa'le, and promised
to Dizengoff and buy you
From the first time my
a line stretched directly to
stopping points: my grandfather
to play girls' games together
and come home and paste
magazines and pieces of cloth
- you have to go to sleep
you can't listen to music
those rules.
tion, of course.
of my mother.

From the first time my
a line stretched directly to
stopping points: my grandfather
to play girls' games together
and come home and paste
magazines and pieces of cloth
- you have to go to sleep
you can't listen to music
those rules.
tion, of course.
of my mother.

She was
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הרכינו ראש ונתפלל

Let Us Pray; Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free

2019

292 x 145 cm, 115 x 57 inches

אקריליק, צבע לטקס, חוט, חוטים, גזע עץ, קנבס, אותיות מודפסות, חוט דייגים

Acrylic, latex paint, thread, twine, tree bark, canvas, heatset lettering, monofilament



Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched

shore. Send these homeless, tempest-tost to me, I lift my lamp beside the

Shirley, Aug 15, 1911

Shirley, Aug 15, 1911

הרכינו ראש ונתפלל

לטלית שיהודים עוטים בתפילת הבוקר
ובימים הנוראיים יש סמליות רבת
משמעות עבורי.

בטלית הזו שיצרתי בחרתי להוסיף את
השיר שכבתה המשוררת היהודית
המפורסמת אמה לזרוס שמתנוסס על
בסיס סמל החירות בניו יורק. השיר
נושא מסר חשוב ובו מגדישה
המשוררת את הצורך לברך ולקבל
בזרועות פתוחות את כל מי שברצונו
לחיות חיי חופש באמריקה. קבלת הזר
הוא אחד מנדבכי וערכי והאמונה
היהודית שכל כך חשובים לי. הציציות
המסורתיות שבטלית שמונות בדרך
כלל 613 כתר"יג מצוות הומרו על ידי
לשלוש עשרה בכל צד באופן סמלי.
ביום שבו סיימתי את הטלית היו בידי
שלטונות ההגירה האמריקאים 13,000
ילדים במעצר הגירה על לא עוול בכפם.

אני מזמינה את התבונן להיכנס ולעטות
את הטלית בניסיון להרגיש את החובה
המוסרית המוטלת עלינו כיהודים לקבל,
לטפל ולתמוך בזר שבתוכנו.

הרי גם אנחנו היינו גרים במצרים.

Let us Pray

The Jewish prayer shawl also known as a Talit is traditionally worn by Jews during morning prayer and on high holidays. In creating a Talit with the inscription by the famous Jewish poet, Emma Lazarus, whose words are inscribed on the base of the Statue of Liberty, I am making a deeply personal statement.

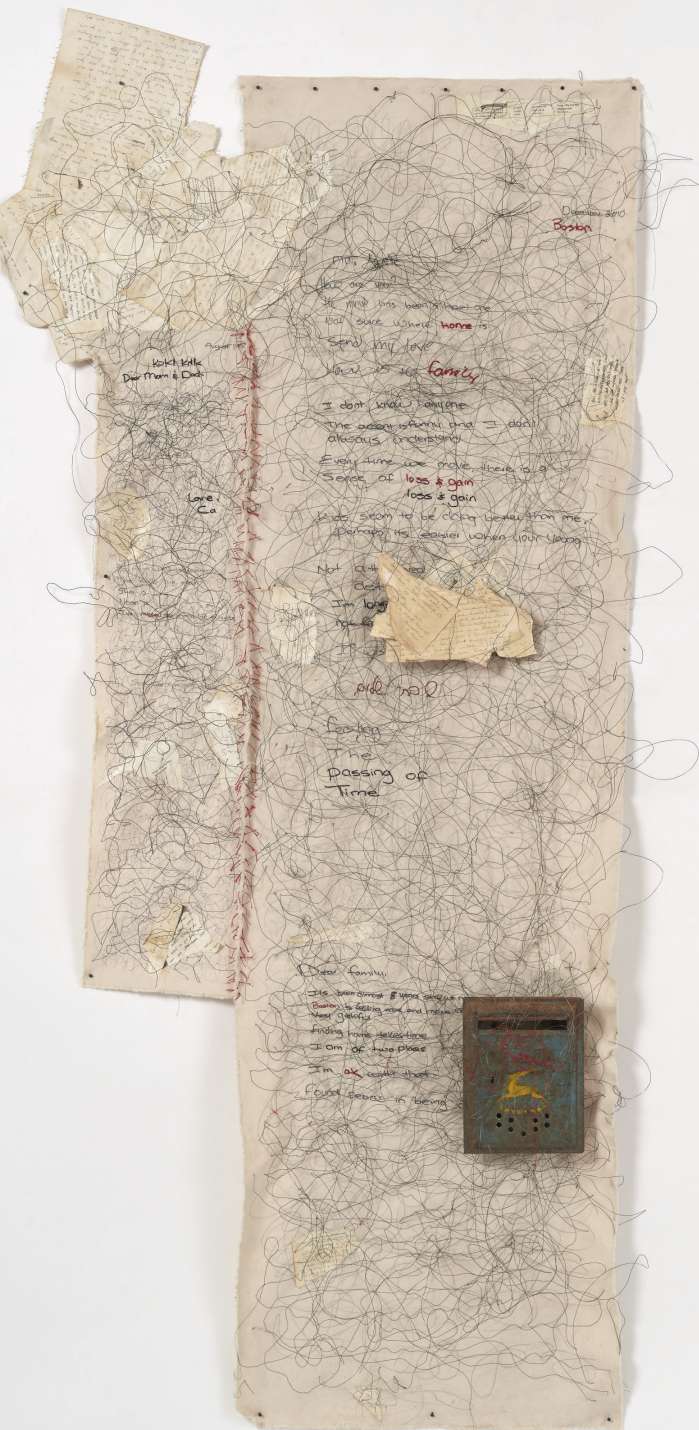
I have chosen to make a very familiar piece of Judaica, which carries much symbolism, into a personal call to all who view it to present and enshrine a fundamental Jewish biblical tenet: caring for the stranger.

In a traditional Talit, there are ritual tassels on the four corners of the fabric. The 613 tassels are symbolic of the 613 commandments Jews are expected to observe.

In my piece there are only 13 tassels on each side. The number 13 is symbolic: on the day of completion of this piece, in July 2019, there were 13,000 immigrant children held by authorities in various detention centers around the USA.

I encourage you the viewer to step into the Talit and feel the weight of this call to duty to care for strangers wherever they may need your assistance.





מכתבים מהבית

Letters From Home

2019

198 x 86 cm, 78 x 34 inches

בד, חוט, פחם, עפרון, עט, חוט מתכת, חפצים שנמצאו
Canvas, thread, charcoal, graphite, pen, bamboo,
found objects

KAKI KAKI

Dear Mom & Dad



Handwritten Hebrew text, possibly a name or address, including the word 'אברהם' (Abraham).

Fragment of a document with Hebrew text, including the word 'אברהם' (Abraham) and 'אשר' (as).

Handwritten Hebrew text, including the words 'אברהם' (Abraham) and 'אשר' (as).

Handwritten Hebrew text, including the words 'אברהם' (Abraham) and 'אשר' (as).

English text: "you are all your lovely well lett"

Handwritten word: "lovely"

Handwritten word: "lett"

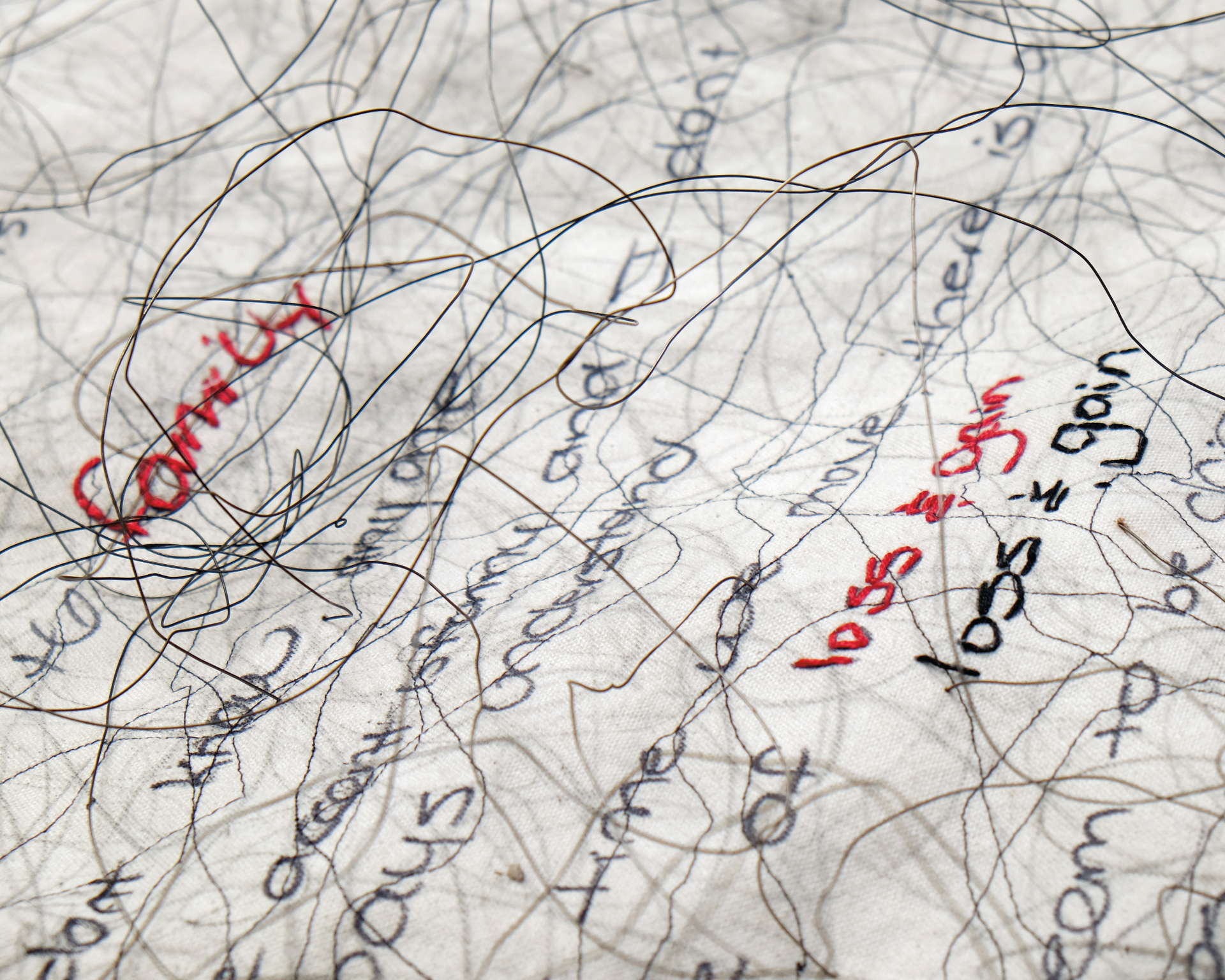
Commitment

LOSS

LOSS

gain

gain



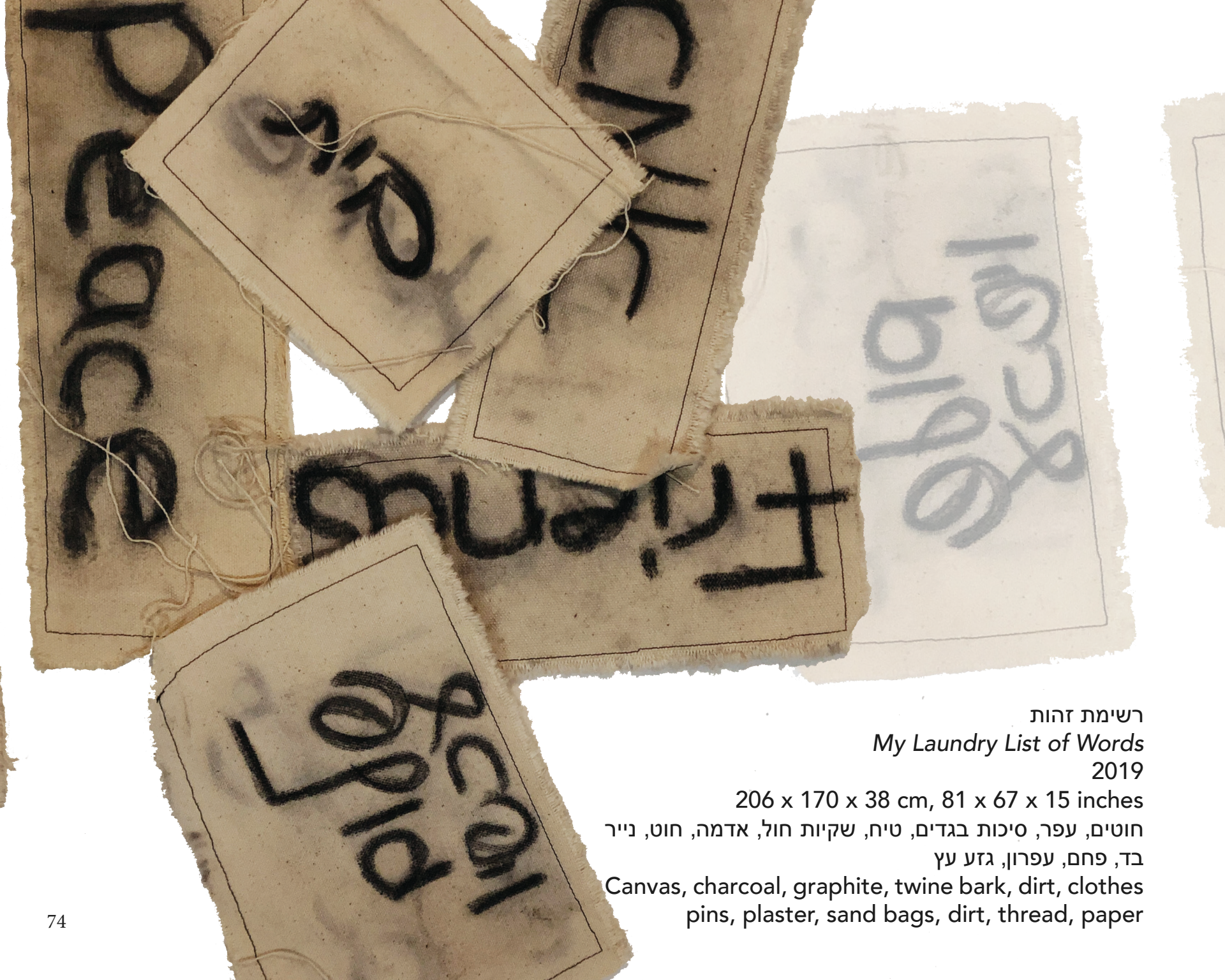




en Almos

xup Ader

of



רשימת זהות

My Laundry List of Words

2019

206 x 170 x 38 cm, 81 x 67 x 15 inches

חוט, נייר, אדמה, חול, שקיות חול, טיח, סיכות בגדים, עפר, עפרון, גזע עץ

בד, פחם, עפרון, גזע עץ

Canvas, charcoal, graphite, twine bark, dirt, clothes

pins, plaster, sand bags, dirt, thread, paper



~~The~~

my faith

LGBTQ equality

Black lives matter

Womens rights are human rights

Women are equal and then some

Immigrants enrich us and make us
better $\frac{1}{2}$ stronger

Climate change is ^{very, very} real

The Palestinians

~~should~~ ^{must} be sovereign
there is no moral occupation

equal pay for equal work

body, my choice
are ^{not a privilege} ~~basic~~ human right

OF virtues but the

~~The~~

~~my~~ ~~truth~~

• LGBTQ equality

• Black lives matter

• Womens rights are human rights

• Women are equal and then some

• Immigrants enrich us and make us better & stronger

• Climate change is ^{very, very} real

• The Palestinians ~~should~~ ^{must} be sovereign

• equal pay for equal work

• my body, my choice

• medical care is ^{not a privilege} a basic human right

• ^{at least} minimum wages

• Gratitude is not only the greatest of virtues but the parent of all others

• To whom much is given, much shall be required

• vote • Persist • Resist

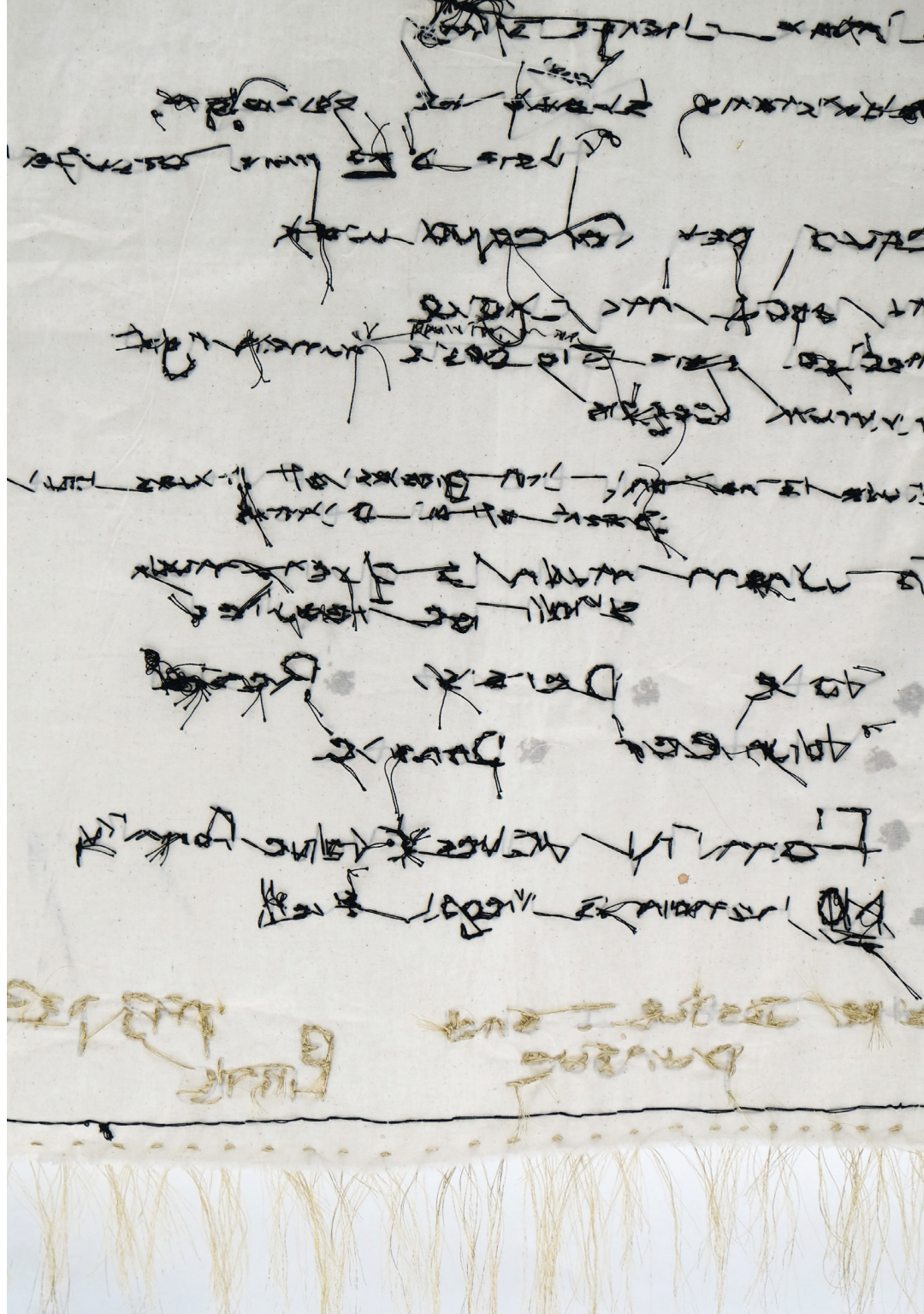
• Volunteer • Donate

• Family values & Value family

• NO human is illegal. Ever!!

Justice I shall pursue

773 733
B 773



האמת שלי

My Truth Banner Manifesto

2019

89 x 56 cm, 35 x 22 inches

חוט, עלה ועט זהב על בד ובמבוק

Thread, gold leaf and pen on fabric and bamboo



במרחב ה(אי)נוחות שלי
My (Un)Comfort Zone
2019

שמיכה: 160 x 195
מיטה: 89 x 119 x 172
כרית: 71 x 71
Bed: 35 x 47 x 68
Comforter: 63 x 77
Pillows: 28 x 28 each

צבע ריסוס, ריבועים סרוגים, אזיקי פלסטיק,
חוט גידור, סיכות ביטחון, עיתון, בד, סרט,
חוט מתכת

Chicken wire, fencing wire, safety pins, newspaper, fabric, ribbon, spray paint, crochet squares, zip ties

בשביל אל הלא נודע
My Road Less Travelled
2019
160 x 127 x 23 cm, 63 x 50 x 9 inches

נייר, חפצים שנמצאו, אספלט, חוט,
פחם, גרפיט, קרטון, חומר אריזה,
בד, אקריליק, לטקס

Canvas, acrylic, latex, charcoal, graphite, cardboard, packaging material, paper, found objects, asphalt, wire



Escape into the Conflict

That's what you need to do. That's what you need to do. That's what you need to do.

That's what you need to do. That's what you need to do. That's what you need to do.

Global mobility can be a powerful tool for development. It can help people escape poverty and improve their lives. It can help people find better opportunities and a better future. It can help people build a better world for themselves and for their children.

Callomias Highway

Make the world a better place. Reduce your carbon footprint. Tap your inner reader. Participate in government. Stand up for yourself. Make work better. Find yourself somewhere else. Build strength. For those who will.

OBAMA

לקחת אחרי

המסמכים

על לקח עניין

בפעולת בניין

My (Un)Comfort Zone

When I think of home, I think of a place where one is most comfortable and safe. Often thoughts of home are associated with one's bed. When I think of the warmth of my bed, I think of clean sheets and a warm duvet: a place of comfort where one lays one's head to rest at the end of the day.

The luxury of a bed eludes many in the United States, even this very evening. Immigrants, the homeless, and many others in our midst have neither security nor access to the most basic resources many of us take for granted.

My comforter (each square stuffed with the remnants of the newspaper from which it was clipped) is my identity comforter for the bed in which I can never sleep. The center of the comforter is an afghan crocheted by my great aunt, representing the backbone of comfort and identity for me: my family.



The comforter is made of 7 inch square newspaper clippings. 7 is a significant number in my Jewish heritage. These were all clipped purposefully from both The New York Times and its counterpart in Israel, the Ha'aretz Daily.

I have been collecting clippings from these newspapers for over 5 years, though with no particular reason in mind. In making this comforter, I specifically chose clippings for their content – ensuring that they reflected social issues about which I care very deeply. Oddly, or perhaps not, the issues I chose for each square mirror each other in both languages.

Chicken wire, safety pins, newspaper? As a child growing up on a farm, one of my daily chores was to collect eggs from hundreds of chickens in chicken wired cages. The material for the structure of the mattress was extremely familiar and reminded me of my younger, rural days. And yet, materials such as these can be used to cage in other beings - and they are charged with more meaning than ever before.

In America circa 2019, a fence is a very symbolic and politically fraught issue. This bed of chicken wire held by safety pins pays homage to the many immigrants now detained behind fences.

Their only crime was the pursuit of a better life.

The safety pins are a message of hope. Soon after Trump was elected, the “safety pin nation” began. Those wearing a safety pin in public sent a message to all, that immigrants are and safe with the wearer. It was and remains a movement around the country. The choice to hold the chicken wire together was a nod to that movement and to my steadfastly held values.



במרחב ה(אי)נוחות שלי

מיטה. כרית, שמיכה. חום. אלו מחשבות שחולפות במוחי כשאני חושבת על בית. אולם לרבים, אפילו הלילה ברחבי הארץ, בארה"ב ובעולם אין היכן להניח את הראש. מחוסרי חום, מחוסרי בית, מחוסרי קורת גג ובטחון בסיסי.

רשת הלולים והתיל שנבחרו הם כחומר ביד היוצר ומוכרים לי היטב. כמושבניקית, מדי יום אחרי בית ספר הייתי אוספת ביצים ממאות תרנגולות כלואות בכלובי רשת. באווירה הפוליטית הנוכחית בארה"ב, הנושא של גדרות ותיל תופס משנה חשיבות לאור העובדה שנכון להיום עשרות אלפי מהגרים ופליטים כלואים בכלובים מאחורי גדר ותיל כשכל מבוקשם לחיות חיי חופש בארה"ב. שמיכת הפוך עשויה תלאים של 7x7 מעיתוני הארץ והניו יורק טיימס. עיתונים שנאספו משנת 2014 בביקורים שונים בארץ הטלאים נבחרו בקפידה רבה בשל התוכן שלהם שמדברים על נושאים הקרובים לליבי. השמיכה הפכה להיות שמיכת זהות כשכל תלאי משמעותי וחשוב. סיכות בטחון? אמירה פוליטית ורלוונטית אחרי הבחירות של טראמפ לנשיאות ארה"ב בשנת 2016. הסיכה שהפכה להיות סמל פוליטי כשרבים החלו לענוד אותה על בגדיהם כסמל לפתיחות וקבלה של מהגרים לתוך החברה האמריקאית.



FORWARD?
A Way
Find
Museums
Can

Liberals,
You're Not
As Smart as
You Think

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הסר לפני טיסה

“הסר לפני טיסה” הוא סרט אזהרה אדום המחובר לחלק של כלי טייס ונועד לאבטח את נייחות המטוס בעת שהייה על הקרקע. הסרט מוסר לפני ההמראה של המטוס.

הטייס מודיע “נא להדק את חגורת הבטיחות, ליישר את גב המושב ולסגור את השולחן שלפניך”. אני מתבוננת בעצב דרך החלון ורואה את הטופוגרפיה של קו החוף הולך ומתרחק ממני בקצב מהיר שמשאיר אותי בתחושה כאילו הלב שלי, גם הוא, הוסר לפני טיסה.

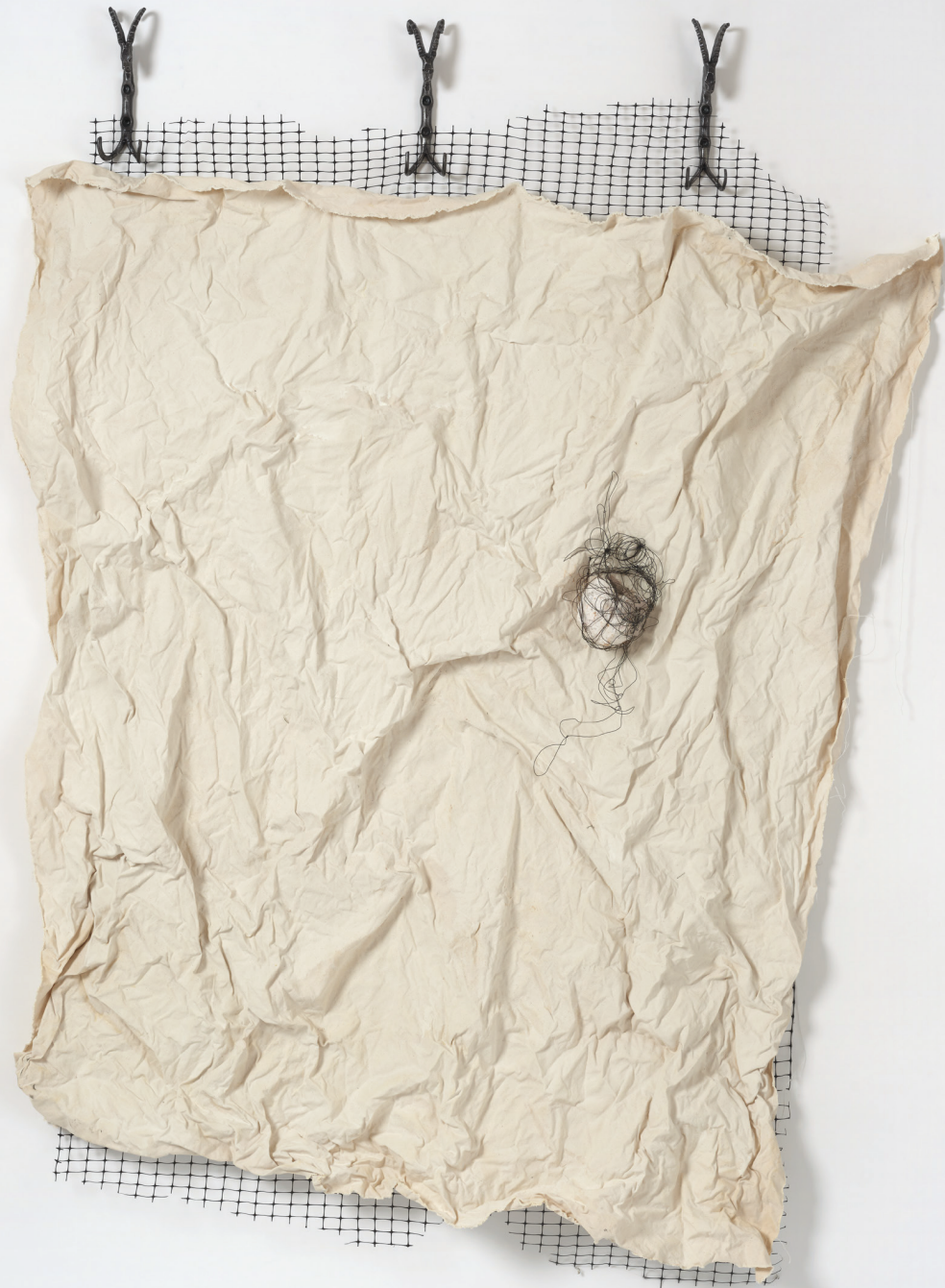
Remove Before Flight

“Remove before flight” is a safety warning label often seen on aircraft and spacecraft components. Typically, these words are found on a red ribbon to indicate that the device, such as a protective cover or a pin to which it is attached, must be removed by the ground crew prior to taxiing for takeoff.

Before takeoff there’s an announcement: “Please fasten your seatbelts, close your tray table and return your seat to the full and upright position.” Through the window I watch with deep sadness as the topography of the shoreline moves farther and farther away at a pace that makes my heart feel as if it, too, has been removed before flight.



הסר לפני טיסה
Remove Before Flight
2019
147 x 132 cm, 58 x 52 inches
בד, אקריליק, חוט, טיח, רשת פלסטיק, ווי מתכת
Canvas, acrylic, wire, plaster, deer mesh,
custom metal hooks



מילים כדורבנות
2019

152 x 91 cm

עפרון, צבע אקרילי ופחם על בד





Words That Matter
2019
60 x 36 inches
Acrylic, charcoal, graphite on
canvas

המרכז הלאומי לבריאות הילדים

מרכז הבריאות הילדית
מרכז הבריאות הילדית
מרכז הבריאות הילדית

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מרכז הבריאות הילדית

ראש הממשלה, יצחק רבין, נרצח בידי מתנקע

התנקש - יגאל עמיר, ספורטאי בריאן - פעל ככל הנראה לבדו להחיות של רבין תיעוד מצד

התנקש - יגאל עמיר, ספורטאי בריאן - פעל ככל הנראה לבדו להחיות של רבין תיעוד מצד



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התנ"ך והאפשרות ביותר

התנ"ך והאפשרות ביותר
התנ"ך והאפשרות ביותר
התנ"ך והאפשרות ביותר

"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

The New York Times

Late Edition
New York: Today, sunny,
windy, very cool. High 50.
clouds. Low 39. Tomorrow, be
sunny, milder. High 59. Ye
high 50, low 38. Details, p

VOL. CXLV, No. 50,236

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NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1995

RABIN SLAIN AFTER PEACE RALLY IN TEL AVIV ISRAELI GUNMAN HELD, SAYS HE ACTED ALONE



THE SPEECH Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin addressing a peace rally yesterday in Tel Aviv before he was shot to death.

A Shaken Clinton Mourns Rabin, 'Martyr for His Nation's Peace'

By DAVID E. ROSENBAUM

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4 — President Clinton, who plans to leave on Sunday for the funeral of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin of Israel, went to the Rose Garden of the White House tonight and his voice cracking, called Mr. Rabin "a martyr for his nation's peace."
"Peace must be and peace will be," Prime Minister Rabin's lasting legacy," Mr. Clinton said.
The President and other officials here, though they had not saddened by Mr. Rabin's assassination, said tonight that they expected the peace effort in the Middle East to continue.

as America has stood by you in moments of crisis and triumph, so now we all stand by you in this moment."
The President was in his residence watching a college football game on television when Anthony Lake, his national security adviser, called about 8:20 P.M. to tell of the shooting, the White House said.
Other top officials rushed to the White House situation rooms to receive information from the United States Ambassador to Israel, Martin Indyk, who had come to the funeral in Tel Aviv where Mr. Rabin was shot around 4 P.M. Mr. Lake went to the residence of the Israeli ambassador



THE ATTACK Mr. Rabin lying at the feet of security officers after he was shot by a lone gunman.

Suspect Says He Tried to Kill Rabin Before

Arrested Law Student
Offered Insured Protection

PERES TAKES

Stunned Nation
Talks With the P
Are in Jeopardy

By SERGE SCHMEM

JERUSALEM, Nov. 4
Minister Yitzhak Rabin, a
rout to victory in 1987, a
march toward peace
later, was shot dead by a
in the evening, as he was
vast rally in Tel Aviv.
Mr. Rabin, 73, was struck
one of two bullets as he was
his car. Police immediately
27-year-old Israeli, Yehoshua
Amir, who had been a sup-
port of Israeli settlers but
the police tonight that he
alone.
The police said Mr. Amir
told them that he had tried
before to assassinate the Prime
It was the first assassination
prime minister in the history
of the state of Israel, a
certain to have extensive
effects on Israeli politics at
ture of the Arab-Israeli peace
Mr. Rabin was to lead the
party in elections scheduled
November next year, and left
the prospects for a Labor
and of a continuation of his
were thrown into question.
In the immediate after-
noon, Minister Shimon Peres,
Rabin's partner in the peace
effort, automatically became
Prime Minister. It was
expected that he would be
confirmed as Mr. Rabin's
Mr. Rabin, who rose to
prominence as commander
victorious Israeli army in
Six-Day War, became the
Middle Eastern leader, al-
though Anwar el-Sadat of Eg-
ypt had been called on for
role for seeking an Arab
peace. Mr. Sadat, the first
make peace with Israel, was
killed in 1984.
Mr. Rabin and his Labor
ment have come under the

מילים כדורבנות

אני מאמינה שיש מילים, מקומות ואנשים בחיינו שיש להם השפעה מרחיקת לכת על מהות והלך החיים שלנו. כך גם המילים שלפניכם כתובות בפחם ועפרון על גבי הקנבס. בתהליך היצירה של שני הקנבסים האלו, לא התאמצתי או אפילו ניסיתי לשלוט במיקום, או בעיצוב או לקבוע מראש אלו מילים יישארו גלויות ואלו חסויות לעין. זה היה תהליך יצירתי ואורגני של כתיבה, שטיפה, צביעה וחוזר חלילה. מן קצביות מדיטטיבית של יצירה.

במהלך השנתיים שבין 2017-2019 שכללו מספר ביקורי מולדת בארץ, שמרתי בתיק יומן שבו רשמתי באופן ספונטני מילים אין ספור, שמות של אנשים אהובים, מקומות בארץ ובארה"ב ואירועים משמעותיים שקרו לי. מעין ניסיון מתמיד לרשום אוטוביוגרפיה במילים בודדות.

"שלום חבר", אלו מילות הפרידה שבהן ספד הנשיא קלינטון בפרידה מראש הממשלה יצחק רבין בהלווייתו אחרי הרצחו בידי פעיל ימין בשנת 1996. רצח ששינה את פני החברה הישראלית ותהליך השלום לנצח. נוכחתי בעצרת זו עם ביתי התינוקת ובעלי. לא אשכח את היום הזה כל ימי חיי ולא את מילות הפרידה האלו.

בהתבוננות בשני הקנבסים הללו נדמה שיש מספר הבדלים ברורים. בעברית יש רשימה גדולה של בני משפחה, חברים ומקומות אהובים מילדותי. באנגלית נתגלו שמות רבים של שדות התעופה שמהם או אליהם טסתי כדי להגיע לארץ.

אי אפשר להתעלם מהשאלה: יד אומן או טעות?

Words That Matter

I believe that there are moments, people and places in our personal journeys that define who we become. They have a lifelong impact. Such are the words on these canvases: written, rewritten, washed away, hidden, painted over, and buried.

While creating these pieces I did not set out to control which words were hidden or which remained visible. I let the artistic process take on a life of its own. Every word I put onto the canvas is carved into my memory and my heart.

Over the course of the years 2017 - 2019 which included multiple visits to Israel, I kept a journal in which I tried to recall, free associate, and document the many people, places, object and incidents that have influenced my identity while growing up in Israel, and subsequently my life after moving to the US.

Looking at these canvases in their finished form, side by side, a curious pattern emerged. On the Hebrew canvas I was surprised to see that the words Shalom Chaver ("goodbye my friend") remained prominently visible. These are the words President Bill Clinton used to bid farewell to Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin at his funeral.

Rabin was assassinated while attending a Peace Now rally in Tel Aviv on November 4, 1995. My husband Kevin and I, and our then-9-month-old baby Shai attended that rally, and were standing not far from where a fanatic member of a right-wing settlers group ended his life and much of the hope of peace for our generation.

The horrific memory of that day of his assassination is carved in stone in my heart, and remains one of the most impactful days of my life and one which turned the course of the history of the Peace process in Israel.

Beyond this political reference, another clear difference between the two canvases was that on the Hebrew version of the diptych, names of childhood friends and family members remain visible – showing how linguistically close this canvas, remains to my emotions and my heart.

In the English version, the names of the airports I frequented emerged as we shuttled between Israel and San Francisco and then Boston.

Looking at these pieces side by side I wonder if this is coincidence or the artist's hand subconsciously at work?

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**Boston Immigration Justice
Accompaniment Network**

About the Boston Immigration Justice Accompaniment Network

(BIJAN – pronounced 'Beyond')

We are a network of faith communities, individuals and other activist groups working to reduce the escalating harm of our immigration system in the current political context. We are volunteer-powered, and receive professional support from organizations including the Jewish Community Relations Council and Episcopal City Mission, and we work closely with immigrant communities and immigrant-led organizations.

We provide accompaniment, which can include support in court or at ICE check-ins, legal referrals, fundraising for bond or legal fees, letters of support from the community, rides for families to visit loved ones in detention, and logistical assistance with paperwork or bond payments. We also help with housing, transportation, and other immediate needs of people released on bond who have no other resources in the community.

As an accompaniment network, we take action only in response to requests from those in need of support, or their representatives (family, attorneys, etc.) We don't make promises, but we are good at trying very hard.

These are our values in this work:

We honor people's dignity and choices in a system that denies dignity and choice.

We expect messiness, confusion, and discomfort, and we also choose courage and trust.

We judge the system, not people.

We fight for one another as family, because we are.

If you would like to join us as a volunteer, please sign up at: bit.ly/joinBIJAN

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ARTS
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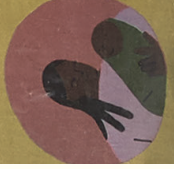
**Boston Immigration Justice
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Kids. She Wanted Freedom.

...nt sleep.
...ed a man who did not want
... I said, "I like children, but I just
... don't want them."
... I thought about how old the child
... would have been at that point and, oh
... my God, what kind of mother would I
... I met a guy. He was a single father
... in me started changing. "What if I
... We hit it off, and I must have internal
... definitely in deep conflict.
... ended up going our separate
... I. I was watching something on



...rap
...Libability



...the
...We don't seem to like the term
...We don't seem to like the term
...We don't seem to like the term

...TheMarker
...TheMarker
...TheMarker

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS
...More and more laws are treating a fetus as a person,
...man as less of one, as states charge pregnant women with crime.

HOW GROUP THERAPY
...BY JAMIE LOVE - ILLUSTRATION
...a mental health issue associated with
...extreme mood swings. When I came
...home from the hospital, I felt isolated.
...No one from the hospital understood what was happening
...not my friends, my family, or even I.
...I joined a support group. Every week
...I met with a psychiatrist and a dozen
...or so other kids my age with varying
...diagnoses - from ADHD to anxiety
...to self-injury behaviors. We all had
...different issues, but it was a place we
...could talk openly and find a place to share
...frustrations, offer support and have
...friends. It really worked for me.
...According to the National Alliance on
...Mental Illness, one in five people
...of ages 13 to 18 has, or will have, a
...mental illness. In addition to individual



סוף גשבוני
...תורה על ארבעה עשרה ימים
...הוא יתקן את כל המעוותים
...הוא יתקן את כל המעוותים
...הוא יתקן את כל המעוותים

sons Against Children's Advocate S