האוניברסיטה העברית בירושלים

סילבוס

החברה הישראלית בראי ספרותה - 63011

תאריך עדכון אחרון 2024-09

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<u>היחידה האקדמית שאחראית על הקורס:</u> מגמה לחינוך יהודי

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מורה אחראי על הקורס (רכז): ד"ר רחל כורזים

<u>korazim@gmail.com</u> :דוא"ל של המורה האחראי על הקורס

<u>שעות קבלה של רכז הקורס:</u> בתיאום מראש בהתכתבות באימייל בקביעת פגישות זום

<u>מורי הקורס:</u>

ד"ר רחל כורזים

<u>תאור כללי של הקורס:</u>

בשבילי שירה- מבט לחברה הישראלית בראי ספרותה

הקורס יציג ניתוח יצירות ספרותיות בנות זמננו וישלב ביקור במקומות הנוגעים ליצירות שנבחרו, יצביע על קשרים בין יצירות ספרותיות עכשוויות למקורות ולאירועים בחברה הישראלית שהשפיעו על כתיבן השנה יציע הקורס מיקוד בשירה הנכתבת בישראל מאז השבעה באוקטובר

מטרות הקורס:

להכיר ללומדים את הספרות הישראלית המודרנית את המקומות והאירועים שהשפו על כתיבתה להנגיש נרטיבים מקבילים ולהקנות כלים לקריאה ביקורתית המציגה עמדות שונות ומנוגדות זו לזו. להאיר סוגיות חברתיות הבאות לידי ביטוי בשירה הנכתבת לעת הזאת

תוצרי למידה

בסיומו של קורס זה, סטודנטים יהיו מסוגלים:

- 1. התלמיד יכיר יצירות ישראליות בנות זמננו
- 2.יזהה את השפעת המקורות הקלסיים על היצירה המודרנית
- 3. יצביע על הקשר בין אירועים הסטוריים וחברתיים לביטויים הספרותיים המתיחסים אליהם
 - 4. ישווה בין סגנותות ודרכי כתיבה שונות
 - 5.ידע לנתח תכנים וכלים ספרותיים
 - 6. יבחן את השפעת מלחמת אוקטובר על שפת הכתיבה הישראלית
- 7. יידע לאבחן ולבחון את השפעתם של אירועים הסטוריים וחברתיים על היצירה הספרותית
 - 8. יכיר קבוצות אתניות וחברתיות שונות ואת כלי הביטוי שלהן ואודותיהם

<u>דרישות נוכחות (%):</u>

נוכחות נדרשת

<u>שיטת ההוראה בקורס:</u> שיעורים אונליין הרצאה, קריאה אנליטית של טקסטים דיון והתיחסות לסרפות בקורתית

<u>רשימת נושאים / תכנית הלימודים בקורס:</u>

שבילים ושירה- מבט של החקרה הישאלית בראי ספרותה 63011

כללי

בקורס זה יבחנו היבטים שונים של החברה הישראלית בהשתקופת השירה והספרות

- 1. "שבעה" תגובת השירה הישראלית לאירועי ה שבעה באוקטובר
- 2. הקשר עם הארץ האתוס הציוני בראי הישרה בת זמננו: יהודה עמי, רחל, לאה גולדברג, בלפור חקק
- 3. מוטיבים מקראיים בשירה בת זמננו בדגש על מרכזיות נושא העקדה:חיים גורי, יהודה עמיחי, עמיר

גלבוע, יהודית כפרי

4. הקול המזרחי- דמות המזרחי בשירה הנכתבת עודותיו והקול המזרחי בשירה ביצירות: אלתרמן, סובול, ארז ביטון,רוני סומק עדי קיסר, אלמוג בהר

5.הידי השואה והשפעתה על החדרה הישראלית ביצירות: נתן אלתרמן, חיים גורי, א.צ. גרינברג, איתמר יעוז קסט , דן פגיס

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Windows to Israeli Society through Literature

Revised 2024

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מתוך שירי ארץ ציון וירושלים יהודה עמיחי ירושלים, מקום שהכל זוכרים ששכחו בו משהו אבל הם אינם זוכרים מה שכחו ולצורך זכירה זו אני חובש על פני את פני אבי. זוהי עירי שבה מתמלאים כלי חלומותיי כמו מכלי חמצן של צוללים לצלול הקדושה בה הופכת לפעמים לאהבה והשאלות ששואלים בהרים האלה נשארו כתמיד: ראית את הצאן שלי? ?ראית את הרועה שלי ודלת ביתי פתוחה כמו קבר שמתוכו קמו לתחייה.

From the Songs of Zion the Beautiful Yehuda Amichai

Jerusalem's a place where everyone remembers
He's forgotten something
But doesn't remember what it is.
And for the sake of remembering
I wear my father's face over mine.
This is the city where my dream-containers fill up
Like a diver's oxygen tanks.
Its holiness
Sometimes turns into love.
And the questions that are asked in these hills
Are the same as they've always been: "Have you
Seen my sheep?" "Have you seen
My shepherd?"
And the door of my house stands open like a tomb
Where someone was resurrected.

מעל פסגת הר הצופים אביגדור המאירי

מֵעַל פָסְגַת הַר הַצּוֹפִים אֶשְׁתַּחָוּה לָךְ אֵפַים. מֵעַל פָסְגַת הַר הַצּוֹפִים שָׁלוֹם לָךְ, ְירוּשָׁלַים. מֵאָה דּוֹרוֹת חָלַמְתִּי עָלַיִּךְ לִזְכּוֹת, לִרְאוֹת בְּאוֹר פָּנַיִּךְ. יִרוּשָׁלֵים, ִירוּשָׁלַים,

ָהָאִירִי פַנַיך לִבְנֵךְ! יְרוּשָׁלַיִם, יְרוּשָׁלַיִם מֵחָרְבוֹתַיִּך אֶבְנַרְ!

בְּלֵב בּוֹטֵחַ בָּאתִי הְלוֹם הָקִים אֶת הָרִיסוֹתַיִּךְ אַך אֵיך אֶבְנָה אֶת בֵּית מִקְדָּשֵׁךְ אָם אֵין שָׁלוֹם בֵּין בָּנַיִּך? סְפָרַדִּים, אַשְׁכְּנַזִּים, תֵּימָנִים, פָלָשִׁים אוּרְפַלִים וְגוּרְגִ'ים וַחְרֵדִים וְחָפְשִׁים יְרוּשָׁלַיִם, יְרוּשָׁלַיִם יְרוּשָׁלַיִם, יְרוּשָׁלַיִם בֵּין בָּנֵיִךְ הַשְׁלִים

> מֵעַל פָסְגַת הַר הַצּוֹפִים שָׁלוֹם לֶךְ, יְרוּשָׁלֵים אַלְפֵי גּוֹלִים מִקְצוֹת כָּל תֵּבֵל נוֹשְׂאִים אֵלַיִרְ עֵינַיִם בְּאַלְפֵי בְּרָכוֹת הָיִי בְּרוּכָה מִקְדַשׁ מֶלֶךְ, עִיר מְלוּכָה יְרוּשָׁלַיִם, יְרוּשָׁלַיִם יְרוּשָׁלַיִם, יְרוּשָׁלַיִם יָבוֹא הַמָּשִׁיחַ, יָבוֹא!

הוי, ארצי רחל הוי, ארצי, הורתי, מדוע כה שדוף נופך ועצב? זיכרונה של ארץ חורגת בלי משים עולה על הלב:

על גבעה – פרחחי אשוח, במישור – ישישי אלון, במורד, על חופי הפלג, בנות לבנה בכסות שבתון;

יד השמש תקצר מתקוע בלב היער רומח אדום, יום תמים במשכן בני אורן אפלה ריחנית וחלום.

הוי, אמי! הן נחלה עליך,

הן נתבע עלבונך מאל – על מכי צהריך כקדם עוד תרעיפי ניחוח וצל.

אל ארצי

לא שרתי לך ארצי, ולא פיארתי שמך בעלילות גבורה בשלל קרבות. רק עץ ידי נטעו חופי ירדן שוקטים, רק שביל כבשו רגלי על פני שדות.

אכן דלה מאוד, ידעתי זאת, האם, אכן דלה מאוד מנחת ביתך רק קול תרועת הגיל ביום יגה האור, רק בכי במסתרים עלי עניך.

Pine Tree Lea Goldberg Translation: Rachel Tzvia Back Here I will not hear the voice of the cuckoo. Here the tree will not wear a cape of snow. But it is here in the shade of these pines My whole childhood reawakens.

The chime of the needles: Once upon a time I called the snow-space homeland, And the green ice at the river's edge - Was the poem's grammar in a foreign place.

Perhaps only migrating birds know -Suspended between earth and sky -The heartache of two homelands.

With you I was transplanted twice, With you, pine trees, I grew -Roots in two disparate landscapes.

שִיר אֲדַמַה אשר רייך

מִמְעוֹף הַפֶּנְטָהָאוּז אֵין רוֹאִים אָת חֵמִדַת הַאָדַמַה שֵהוֹרַגִּנוּ עַלֵּיהַ.

זוֹ הָאָדָמָה שֶאָנִי מְבָרֵךְ עָלֶיהָ בְּקּוֹמָה רָמָה, חַי עַל רְגָבֶיהָ וּמִתְאָרֵךְ בְּשִפְעַת צְלָלֶיהָ אָדָמָה הוֹמָיָיה שֶאָנִי כְּחוֹמָה חַיִּה מֵעֶלֶיהָ.

הוֹלֵךְ וְסוֹכֵךְ עֻלֶּיהָ וְכוֹרֵךְ חַיִי נְשִימָה נְשִימָה עָלֶיהָ. זוֹ הָאֲדָמָה שֶאֲנִי שוֹפֵךְ דָמַיי עָלֶיהָ וּמְהַלֵּךְ בָּה אֶת יָמַיי בִּדְמָמָה וְנוֹסֵךְ עָלֶיהָ אֶת יִפְּעַת זַרְעִי אַחַרַיי. אָדָמָה.

> שֶאָנִי דוֹרֵךְ עָלֶיהָ וּמַשְקִיט גוּמָה גוּמָה כְּאֵב פְּצָעֶיהָ. זוֹ הָאָרֶץ שֶאָנִי שַׂרִיד וּפַלִיט חַי כַּשְמָמָה מֵעָלֶיהָ, דוֹעֵךְ וְהוֹלֵךְ וִהַשַמֵּים שַמֵּים לֵה'.

Song of the Land Asher Reich

High from a penthouse you can't see The beauty of the land for which we were killed.

Standing upright I bless this ground I live on her clods of earth, I am lengthened in the abundance of her shadows
This thrilling earth for which I am a living wall

A walkway and a canopy over her, my life is bound up with her Every breath is for her. This is the earth upon which I shed my blood, treading out my days in silence Anointing her with the splendor of my seed after me. Earth.

> Upon which I tread And silence the pain of her wounds, cavity by cavity. This is the land where I am a remnant and a refugee Living in desolation above her, gradually fading The heavens are the heavens of the Lord.

Week 1 Session II - Biblical Motifs: Binding Heritage Haim Gouri The ram came last And Abraham did not know that he Came in answer to the boy's request His first strength at the time of the waning day.

> The old man raised his head. When he saw that he was not dreaming And the angel stood — With the knife falling from its hand.

> > The child, freed of his bonds Saw his father's back.

Yitzhak, it is said, was not offered as a sacrifice. He lived a very long time, Seeing the good, until the light of his eyes dimmed.

But he bequeathed that hour to his descendants.

They were born

With a knife in their heart.

Three Sons Yehuda Amichai

Abraham had three sons, not two.

Abraham had three sons, Ishmael, Yitzhak and Yivke.

Nobody ever heard about Yivke, because he was the small one
The beloved son who was sacrificed on Mount Moriah.

Ishmael was saved by his mother Hagar, Yitzhak was rescued by the angel,
But nobody saved Yivke. When he was small
His father lovingly named him Yivke, Yivk, my lovely little Yevk.
But he sacrificed him at the Akeda.
The Torah says it was a ram, but it was Yivke.
Yishmael never again heard God.
Yitzhak never laughed again
And Sarah only laughed once, never again.
Abraham had three sons,
Yishma, Yitzhak, Yivke,
Ishmael, Yitzhak-el, Yivke-El.

שלושה בנים היו לאברהם יהודה עמיחי שלשה בנים היו לאברהם ולא רק שנים.
שלשה בנים היו לאברהם, ישמעאל, ויצחק ויבכה.
אף אחד לא שמע על יבכה, כי הוא היה הקטן
והאהוב שהעלה לעולה בהר המוריה.
את ישמעאל הצילה אמו הגר, את יצחק הציל המלאך,
ואת יבכה לא הציל אף אחד. כשהיה קטן
קרא לו אביו באהבה, יבכה, יבך, יבך הקטן
והחמוד שלי. אבל הוא הקריב אותו בעקדה.
ובתורה כתוב האיל, אבל זה היה יבכה.
ישמעאל לא שמע שוב על אל בכל ימיו.
ישמעאל לא צחק בכל ימיו
ושרה צחקה רק פעם אחת ולא הוסיפה.
שלשה בנים היו לאברהם,
ישמע, יצחק, יבכה,
ישמע, יצחק, יבכה,

Every Year Yehuda Amichai

Every year our father Abraham takes his sons to Mount Moriah, the same way that I take my children to the Negev hills where my war took place.

Abraham walks with his sons: this is where I left the servants, that's where I tied the ass to the tree at the foot of the hill, and here, right at this spot, you asked me, Isaac my son: Here is the fire and the wood but where is the lamb for the sacrifice?

A little further up you asked me again.

When they reached the top of the mountain they rested awhile and ate And drank, and he showed them the thicket where the ram was caught by its horns.

And when Abraham died, Isaac took his sons to the same spot.

"Here I lifted up the wood and that's where I stopped for breath, this is where I asked my father and he replied, God will provide the lamb for the sacrifice, and that's where I knew that it was me."

And when Isaac became blind his sons brought him to that same Mount Moriah and described to him in words

All those things that he may already have forgotten.

כל שנה יהודה עמיחי אַבְרָהָם אָבִינוּ לּוֹקֵחַ כָּל שָׁנָה אֶת בָּנַיו לְהַר הַמּוֹרָיָּה כְּשֵׁם שֶׁאָנִי לוֹקֵחַ אֶת יִלָדַי לִגְבָעוֹת הַנָּגָב שְׁבָּהֶן הָיתָה לִּי מִלְחָמָה. אַבְרָהָם מְטַיִּל עִם בָּנַיו: כַּאן הִשְׁאַרְתִּי אֶת הָעְבַדִים שָּׁם קֵשַׁרְתִּי אֶת הַחָמוֹר לָעֵץ לְרַגְלֵי הָהָר,

וּפֹה, מַמַּשׁ פֹּה, שָאַלְתַּ יִצְחָק בְּנִי, הָנֵּה הָאֵשׁ וִהָעֲצִים ָואַיָה הַשֶּה לְעוֹלָה. וּקָצָת לְמַעלָה מְזֶה שָאַלְתַּ בְּפַעַם הַשְּׁנֵיה. וּכְשֶׁהְגִּיעוּ לְמַרוֹם הָהָר נַחוּ מִעַט וּאָכְלוּ ָושַׁתוּ וִהֶּרְאָה לַהֶּם אֶת הַסְּבַרְ שֵׁבּוֹ נֵאֱחַז הָאַיִּל בְּקַרְנַיו. וּכְשֵׁאַבְרָהָם מֵת לָקַח יִצְחָק אֶת בַּנַיו לְאוֹתוֹ הַמַּקוֹם. "פַה הַרַמְתִּי אֶת הַעצים ושַם הַתְנַשַּׁפְתִּי, פֿה שַאַלְתִּי וִאָבִי עַנָה לִי, אֱלֹהִים יִרְאֶה לוֹ ַהַשֶּה לְעוֹלָה, וִשָּׁם כְבַר יַדַעְתִּי שָׁזָה אֲנִי". וּכְשֵּיצְחַק התְעוּר יִלַדַיו הוֹבילוּ אתוֹ לְאוֹתוֹ הר הַמּוֹרָיַה וִתַאֲרוּ לוֹ בְּמִלִּים אֶת כַּל הַדְּבַרִים הָאֵלֶה שָאוּלַי כִּבַר שַׁכַח. בראשית / יהודית כפרי בַראשיות הַעמומות שַלַנוּ מחלחל הספור הזה: אַב בָּנוֹ וַהַּמַּאֲכֵלֶת. אַיך זָה קַרַה? ָואֵיפֹה הַיתָה שָׂרֵי? אֶיך הִיא ַיִכְלַה לִסְמֹךְ עַל אֱל כָּל כָּך עָרִיץ ?שָׁיָגֵן בָּרֶגַע הָאַחֲרוֹן לַמַּה הִיא לא צַעקה עוֹד קדֶׁם, כִּשַׁרַק רַתַם אֵת הַחָמוֹר והַעִמִיס אֵת הַעֲצִים: אַל תִשׁלַח יַדַּרָ אָל הַיּלֵד!? לַמַּה הִיא לא נַעמדַה בָּאֵמְצַע הַדֵּרֵך ולַחשה מבַעד לשפַתים חשוקות: לא תַעֲבר בַּדֶּרֶךְ הַזּוֹ ַל עוֹד אַני חיַיה! לא אֶת הַיִּלֵד הַזּה שַׁחַכִּינוּ לוֹ מֵאַה שַׁנַה, לא אֶת היּלֵד שַׁבַנַפִשָׁנוּ.

Week 2 Session 1 Biblical Motifs Challenging Views BATHSHEBA Yehiel Mar Oh, the wiles of women! Not for nothing did you climb on the roof, Not for nothing did your clothes drop down, the one with the beautiful garment! (יפת) Your heart was wide, Bathsheba, it rejoiced – And the king's palaces opposite glittered enticingly...

For many nights, certainly, when sleep eluded you
The fabric of yearning, you spun feverish thirst.
You interwove the warp of shame with the weft of your desire
And shivers overcame you, waves of joy and fear...
Until the day you prepared your arrow, the arrow that never misses
The torch of your body burned, sealing the king's fate.
And you said innocently:
The king seduced me!
He is imprinted in your flesh,
And Uriah to the javelin!

בת שבע יחיאל מר הוֹ תַּחְבּוּלוֹת נַשִּׁים! לֹא שָׁוִא (טִפַּסְתְּ) טִפַּסְתְּ עַל גַּג, לֹא שָׁוִא צָנַח בִּגְדַּךְ, יִפַּת הַבָּגָד! רָחָב לִבְּךָ בַּת שָׁבַע, וְחָגַג – וְאַרְמוֹנוֹת הַמֶּלֶךְ זוֹהָרִים מִנָּגָד...

וַדַּאי לֵילוֹת רַבִּּים, עֵת נָדְדָה שְׁנָתְרָ אֶת אֶרֶג הָעֶרְגָּה, טָוִית צְמֵאָה קוֹדַחַת. וּשְׁתִי בּוּשָׁה שַׁזַרְתְּ עִם עֶרֶב תְּשׁוּקַתְרָ וּצְמַרְמוֹרוֹת בָּאוּךְ, גַּלֵּי חֶדְוָה וְפַחַד... עַד יוֹם כּוֹנַנְתָּ חִצְּךָ, זֶה חֵץ שָׁלֹא מַחָטִיא דָּלָק לַפִּיד גּּוּפֵךְ, חוֹרֵץ גּוֹרַל הַמֶּלֶּךְ, וְאַתְּ אָמַרְתָּ תְּמִימָה: הַמֶּלֶךְ הַמַּחָטִיא! הוּא חוֹתַם בְּשַּׂרְךָ,ואוּרִיָּה לְשֶׁלַּח הוּא חוֹתַם בְּשַּׂרְךָ,ואוּרִיָּה לְשֶׁלַּח הוּא חוֹתַם בְּשַּׂרְךָ,ואוּרִיָּה לְשֶׁלַּח RACHEL Shulamith Hava Halevi It wasn't enough for you, Beautiful and beloved, more than the mother of sons, You refused to rejoice.

When He opened your womb you said to God, it is not enough. You did not look at your infant in wonder: See the fairest of sons You are not enough, you told him, and you decreed his name – Joseph With that, you decreed that you would die And he would be an orphan!

> Desire is nestled in your womb You buy mandrakes in exchange for nights of loneliness Wailing over sons that will not be Embroidering little coats with wormwood blossoms Nobody understood the gushing mourning Nobody wept

For you.

It was not enough for you
To be his beloved
You died in the fullness of your beauty in the midst of the journey
With all your lust in your womb.
Stop crying
There is nobody here
You will wake alone
At the end of days your sister will awaken
On the right side of your husband.

רחל שולמית חוה הלוי

לֹא דַּי הַיָּה לְּךָ, יָפָה וַאְהוּבָה מֵאֵם הַבָּנִים מֵאַנְתְּ לִשְׁמֹחַ.

כְּשֶׁפֶּתַח רַחְמֵךְ אָמַרְתְּ לָאֵל לֹא דַּי בְּתִינוֹקֵךְ לֹא הָבַּטְתְּ מִשְׁתָּאָה: רָאוּ הַיָּפֶּה בַּבָּנִים לֹא דַּי בְּרָ אָמַרְתָּ לוֹ וְחָרַצְתְּ שְׁמוֹ – יוֹסֵף חָרַצְתְּ אֶת מוֹתֵך אָת ַיִּתִמוּתוֹ.

> הַיּצֶר מְקַנֵּן בְּרַחְמֵךְ קנִנָה דּוּדָאִים חֵלֶף לֵילוֹת שֶׁל בְּדִידוּת מְקוֹנֶנְת עַל בָּנִים שֶׁלֹא יִהְיוּ רוֹקֶמֶת מְעִילִים קְטַנִּים בְּפִרְחֵי לַעְנָה אִישׁ לֹא הַבִין אֶת הַאְבֵלוּת הַמְפַכָּה אִישׁ לֹא בָּכָה אִישׁ לֹא בָּכָה

לֹא דַּי הָיָה לָּךְ לִהְיוֹת אֲהוּבָתוֹ מַתֶּת בְּאֶמְצַע ָיִפְיִךְ בְּאֶמְצַע הַדְּרֶךְ כַּל תַּאַותֵר בָּרַחִמֵּךְ.

מָנְעִי קוֹלֵך אֵין אִישׁ אַתְּ תָּקִיצִי לְבַדֵּך אֲחוֹתֵך תָּקוּם לְקֵץ תַּיִּמִין בָּימִין בַּעֲלֵך. HIS MOTHER Haim Guri Years ago, at the end of the song of Deborah, I heard the silence of Sisera's chariot, delaying to come, Looking at Sisera's mother as she gazed through the window, A woman with a silver streak in her hair.

Spoil of embroidered cloths, A couple of embroidered cloths round every neck as spoil, the girls saw At the same time that he lay in the tent as if sleeping. His hands very empty, On his chin traces of milk, honey and blood.

The silence was not broken by horses and chariots,

Even the girls fell silent, one by one.

My silence touched theirs.

After a while the sun had set.

After a while the twilight was extinguished.

The land was quiet for forty years. For forty years The horses didn't gallop; the dead riders didn't pierce with eyes of glass.

But she died, soon after the death of her son.

אמו חיים גורי

לִפְנֵי שָׁנִים, בְּסוֹף שִׁירַת דְּבוֹרָה, שָׁמֵעְתִּי אֶת דּוּמִיֵּת רֶכֶב סִיסְרָא אֲשֶׁר בּוֹשֵׁשׁ לַבוֹא, מַבִּיט בְּאִמּוֹ שֶׁל סִיסְרָא הַנִּשְׁקֶפֶת בַּחַלוֹן, אִישַׁהּ שַׁפַּס כֵּסָף בִּשִּׁעֲרָהּ.

> שְׁלַל צְבָעִים רִקְמָה, צֶבַע רִקְמָתַיִם לְצֵוּארֵי שָׁלָל, רָאוּ הַגְּעָרוֹת אוֹתַהּ שַׁעַה שַׁכַב בַּאֹהֵל כִּנִרדַם.

> > ָיַדָיו רֵיקוֹת מְאדׁ. עַל סַנִטֵרוֹ עָקבוֹת חַלַב, חֵמִאָה וַדָּם.

הַדּוּמָיָּה לֹא נִשְּבְּרָה אֶל הַסּוּסִים ְואֶל הַמֶּרְכָּבּוֹת, גַּם הַנְּעָרוֹת שָׁתְקוּ אַחַת אַחַר אַחַת. שְׁתִיקַתִּי נָגְעָה בִּשְׁתִיקָתָן. אַחַר זְמַן מָה שָׁקְעָה הַשָּׁמֶשׁ. אַחַר זִמַן מָה כָּבוּ הַדִּמְדוּמִים.

אַרְבָּעִים שָׁנָה שָׁקְטָה הָאָרֶץ. אַרְבָּעִים שָׁנָה לֹא דָּהָרוּ סוּסִים וּפָרָשִׁים מֵתִים לֹא נַעֲצוּ עֵינֵי זְכוּכִית.

אָבַל הִיא מֶתָה, זִמַן קַצַר אַחַר מוֹת בְּנַהּ. Joseph Judith Kafri I freely admit That you caught me unprepared, I hardly knew Where to find the Dothan Valley What are our rights to it And on which side The Green Line passes it. It was only at the end of the week That I suddenly remembered There's a deep pit there Where a man sits on scorpions and screams like mad. Everybody flees from him, The cries of a madman are frightful. Just one woman, especially brave, Approaches the edge of the pit and says: If you weren't so agitated We would understand what you are saying. He is screaming in pain Lord of the Universe, have mercy on him! Now I'm quite sure I know That Dothan Valley is located in the Book of Genesis. Our sole right to it is, That we did terrible things there to our little brother, to our brother.

WHEN HE CAME TO THE FIELD
Uzi Shavit
When he came to the field
And ten surrounded him
He didn't cry out, neither did he weep
He didn't cry out bitterly

He didn't raise his voice When they stripped him of his coat He didn't plead with them When they threw him in the pit -

> But he thought: How strange Are the ways of God, How lonely a man can be Among ten brothers.

וכשהגיע לשדה עוזי שביט וּכְשֶׁהְגִּיעַ לְשָׂדֶה וַיִּקִיפּוּהוּ עֲשָׂרָה וְהוּא לֹא שַׁוּע וְלֹא מֵרַר וִלֹא זָעַק זִעָקָה מַרָה

> ְולֹא נָשָׂא קוֹלוֹ בִּבְכִי כְּשֶׁפַּשְׁטוּ אֶת כֻּתָּנְתּוֹ וְלֹא פָּתַח פִּיו בִּתְחָנָּה כִּשֶׁלֵבּוֹר זָרִקוּ אוֹתוֹ –

רֵק תָּהָה: מָה מוּיַזְרִים דַּרְכֵי הָאֶלֹהִים, כַּמָּה בּוֹדֵד יָכוֹל לִהְיוֹת אָדָם בֵּין עֲשָׂרָה אַחִים FINALLY SHE SPEAKS Tehiya Bat Oren

I am Mother Eve I am my mother I am a rib of your rib, you are a rib of mine

How they confused that which stood between us

I did not extinguish the candle of the world Nor will I light Shabbat candles to atone I did not entice the man You gave me Who, just like the woman You gave him, preferred knowledge Over painless nakedness

How they confused our love

The curse turned into a blessing (as if the blessed God – didn't know) My desire is to my man, He decreed, To whom else? He will rule over me, He sought to curse But instead blessed my soft man That he should not fear to know –

How they confused our knowledge!

Week 2 Session 2 The Mizrachi Voice Lesson 1 Seen by Others – Finding Their Own Voice Danino's Race – Natan Alterman

A week ago the Davar newspaper wrote in glowing terms about our branch. Those appointed to check and classify, in the name of the Return to Zion and in the name of its law, those families from the Moroccan Diaspora.

The article described, firmly and with emphasis, the difficulties encountered by those who classify... how the work smokes and smolders... how their doubting hearts mutiny so that they even lose their sleep...

I read it all, fully understanding the holy nature of their work – they find themselves in the narrow straits between their duty, and the tears and rebellion, the wiles, of those awaiting the decree.

> And yet, as I read this description, I felt: that this soul searching is Not the main issue. It is, despite everything, only secondary.

It is, despite everything, only secondary.
As regards its importance for the individual
And even for the general public,
As opposed to the significance of the rebellion
And the battering force
Of such a clause:

"You should have seen us at work two months ago, before they did away with the restriction on the number of children. There were parents who actually didn't believe us when we told them they cannot immigrate with more than five children. How can it be – they wept – that we can support five but not the others? In one of the small towns there was a young man, a plumber, a healthy, strapping fellow. He had seven cute kids, ranged according to height, aged twelve to two. At first he assumed I was joking. He simply stood there laughing happily, thinking he understood the jest. But gradually the meaning began to penetrate... he was terrible in his anger. "You see these two?" he yelled, "I'm going to strangle them on the spot. Two of them will die and then there will be five."

A. Oren, "Davar", quoting one of the screening committee

Yes, a news item like this one, I don't know how you feel about it. I feel that maybe when this law was passed, the earth quaked beneath us, and cried out: "They - not you - are my children!"

In my opinion, by so doing we have twisted and distorted the foundation that creates a nation, its nature has been perverted its strength has been damaged, it has been weakened by the burden of those two infants, among the seven.

In my opinion, facing the podium of judges in all those halls where they check and classify, stands motionless the Return to Zion, daily slapped in the face by the hand of a convenient, craven law.

"The restriction was lifted two months ago"... yes. But in itself it is only a small detail. So let's bring another paragraph. It's hard to believe what it says, but let's listen attentively:

"David Danino's identity card indicates that he is incapable of physical labor. The doctor was told that he limps a little. The doctor asked Danino to run a few steps. Danino understood that he was facing a fateful test. He leaped forward with more energy than necessary, endeavoring to prove that he can walk and run with ease. He returns and stands before the doctor, his eyes pleading dumbly. The doctor is certain that Danino's deficiency does not disqualify him. In the hall, decorated with pictures of the king and his flags, the disqualified families are sobbing – while those families found eligible for Aliyah disperse quietly, secure in their anticipation of a great future."

S. Tevet, "Ha'aretz"

Yes, this item too is not missing. It, too, must not be forgotten, this silent page of shame. This disgraceful page about the father who leaped, leaped and ran, while his little ones looked on silently.

A page of shame about a father for whom the Return to Zion decreed that he should jump, and he, in his circle, hastened, hurried, with a prayer in his heart to God above to help him, that we shouldn't discern the defect in his leg...

And God above heard! This is what God said to him: "Run, run, my servant Danino... run, don't stumble.

I am with you! If this is the Law of Israel,
We will prevail together, as one!

Run, run, my servant Danino... I am your help... Run, run, don't be afraid, because I will hide your blemish. But I will not hide the insult to the revival of My people

whose brightness sparkles in your tears."

I do not know what you may think, as long as We still have (in spite of bad mouth and bad pen expressions) some might and dignity

To give up the luxury of this insult

Even if we recon and calculate to check Our standard of living to its top, we do not have the slightest right to refuse Immigrant Danino, regardless of his limp, As long as we still live off him a bit In the name of fundraising for Aliya

If we do not change these ways
We will distort the principal
For which Zion stood at war
For which it may yet have to battle more.

ריצתו של העולה דנינו נתן אלתרמן 1955

"דבר", לפני שבוע, כתבה פרסם בשבח שלוחינו. אלה הממונים לברר ולמיין, בשם שיבת-ציון ובשם-חקה, את משפחות גולת מרוק בתור.

ספרה הכתבה, בתקף ובהבלט, על קשי מלאכתם של הממיינים... על עשנה וכווייתה... על מרי לבם המתלבט והמסב, אפילו, נדודי שינה...

> קראתי הדברים. הבנתי עד מאד לקדש עמלם, להקלעם בצר בין החובה ובין הצרי והדמעות ושלל התחבולות של המחכים לגזר...

ובכל זאת, בקראי את התיאור הזה הרגשתי: לא הלבט הנפשי הלה ראוי לתשומת לב ראשית במחזה... הוא, חרף כל, עניין שני במעלה.

הוא, חרף כל עניין, שני במעלה, מצד חשיבותו לפרט ואף לכלל, כנגד משמעות המרי והאלה של קטע שכזה דרך משל:

"צריך היית לראות אותנו בעבודה לפני חודשיים. בטרם בטלו את ההגבלה על מספר הילדים. היו הורים שממש לא האמינו כשאמרנו להם כי לא יוכלו לעלות עם יותר מחמשה ילדים. איך זה – בכו בדמעות – את החמשה נוכל לפרנס ואת האחרים לא? והיה שם, באחת העירות בחור אינסטלאטור, בריא וחבוב, ועימו שבעה ילדים חמודים, מסודרים לפי הגובה, מגיל 12 ועד שנתיים. בהתחלה היה בטוח שאני מתלוצץ. פשוט עמד לו וצחק מרוצה על שהבין את המהתלה. אבל מעט מעט החלו מדברים חודרים להכרתו... נורא היה בזעמו. – אתה רואה שנים אלה? צעק. אני חונק אותם על המקום. ימותו השנים ויחיו החמשה".

א. אורן, "דבר", מפי אחד מאנשי צוות-המיון.

כן, קטע שכזה. איני יודע מה דעתכם על-כך. דעתי על-כך היא שאולי בקום חוקנו זה חרדה האדמה תחתינו ותקרא: הם – לא אתם – בני!

> דעתי היא כי בכך שונה ויתעוות יסוד יצרי-אומה ונסתלף טבעה ונתבזה כוחה אשר כשל משאת את שני התינוקות בין השבעה.

דעתי היא שאל מול שלחן הדיינים בכל אותם חדרי מיון, עומדה בלי ניד שיבת-ציון והיא יום-יום מוכה פנים ביד חוקה נוחה ופחדנית.

"ההגבלה בטלה לפני חודשיים"... כן. אך אין היא כי אם פרט. לכן יובא נא כאן עוד קטע של הוי. כמעט לא ייאמן דברו, אך לו נקשיבה לו בראש מורכן:

"בכרטיס האישי של דוד דנינו נכתב שאינו מסוגל לעבודה גופנית. לרופא נאמר שהוא צולע במקצת. הרופא מבקש מדנינו לרוץ מדפר צעדים אנה ואנה. דנינו מבין שלפניו מבחן של חיים ומות. הוא מנתר במרץ רב מן הדרוש ומשתדל להוכיח שמיטיב הוא ללכת ולרוץ. הוא חוזר ועומד מול הרופא ובעיניו מבט אילם. הרופא סבור שהפגם שבדנינו אינו פוסלו. – באולם, המקושט בתמונות המלך ובדגלוניו, מתייפחות המשפחות שנפסלו. - - המשפחות שאושרו לעליה מתפזרות בשקט ובביטחון. בציפייה לעתיד הגדול".

> ש.טבת, "הארץ" כן, קטע שכזה גם הוא בל יעדר. גם הוא בל ישכח. דף אלם ואשם. דף בזיון של אב אשר ניתר, ניתר

ורץ, ותינוקיו רואים דומם.

דף בזיונו של אב אשר שיבת-ציון ציוותה עליו קפץ, והוא, בעיגולו, אץ, אץ, ובלבבו תפלה לאל עליון כי יעזרו לבל נרגיש חולי רגלו...

ואל עליון שמע! וכה אמר לו אל: רוץ, רוץ, עבדי דנינו... רוץ כי לא תמעד. אתך אני! עם זה החוק-לישראל, יכול נוכל לו שנינו כאחד!

> רוץ, רוץ, עבדי דנינו... עזרך אני... רוץ, רוץ ואל תחת. כי אכסה מומך. אבל לא אכסה עלבון תחיית עמי אשר זיוה נוצץ בדמעך.

. . . .

איני יודע מה דעתכם דומה כי עוד יש בנו בכולנו (למרות לזות שפתיים ולזות העט) גם כוח גם כבוד כדי ויתור על לוקסוס זה של התבזות

Children Are Happiness Joshua Sobol Melody: Shlomo Bar

Have two have three
have four children
You get housing with an entrance and a kitchen
And two small rooms
Have four have five
Have six children
You'll get pleasure and respect from your relatives
You love children

Children are happiness Children are a blessing You have hearts of gold It's written in the Torah Maybe in the Gemara Go ask the rabbi

Have six have seven Have eight children It's not a joke The country needs lots of wonderful youngsters

Have a dozen and why not eighteen?

Have twenty children

God will provide

And so will Welfare

Whatever children need

God is great It's hard for Him to bear That one gets everything He showers one with money, strength and fun And to you He gives children

> Galut (Exile) Balfour Hakak

My grandfather's priestly garments were transparent His mother embroidered the hem of his blue robe With beautiful gold bands. She took pleasure etching his name In letters of silver, pure light. My grandfather, Murad ben Raphael Hakak

Like Abraham from Ur, my grandfather came up
From that same land, in the same manner.
He came to the same homeland.
No longer did he have
His gorgeous robe.
His supremacy was gone
His face shone with grief
The silver was tarnished
And the gold butchered.

My grandfather was a peddler in the markets, selling his treasures Tattered clothing, second-rate merchandise Slow of speech, a forsaken prophet.

My grandfather was a sorrowful king. He was born to silken garments, rich embroidery and fine raiment.

But when he was exiled to the land

His clothes were spoiled and his splendor ruined.

When he died they draped him in his shroud like a splendid robe

The Tallit he received from his father, his inheritance

Was etched with the blue letters of holiness.

Along the whole length of the Tallit I thought I could see Beautiful bands of gold. Pure light.

My grandfather. Murad ben Raphael Hakak

Song of Zohara Alfasia Erez Biton Zohara Alfasia Court singer to Mohammed the Fifth in Rabat, Morocco. They say that when she sang, Soldiers fought with knives To clear a path through the throng Trying to touch the hem of her garment To kiss her fingertips To place a one-rial coin in gratitude Zohara Alfasia. Today, she can be found In Ashkelon, in Archaeology Quarter C, next to the Welfare Bureau, The leftover smell of sardine tins on a rickety three-legged table, Sumptuous royal carpets, stained, on a Jewish Agency bed, In a confused morning robe Hours before the mirror In shades of cheap makeup And when she says: Mohammed the Fifth, apple of our eye At first you don't understand. Zohara Alfasia's voice is hoarse, Her heart is pure and her eyes are sated with love. Zohara Alfasia.

Poverty Line Ronny Somek
As if one could really draw a line and say: Below this is poverty.
This bread, the color of cheap makeup
Has turned black
And the olives in a small dish
On the tablecloth.
In the air, doves flew in saluting flight
To the sounds of the bell held by the kerosene seller in his red cart,
There was also the sound of rubber boots landing in muddy earth.
I was a child, in a house they called a hut,
In a neighborhood they called a ma'abara (transit camp).
The only line I saw was the horizon. Beneath it everything looked like
Poverty.

כשאני מואיז בן הראש

כְּשֶׁאֲנִי בּוֹכֶה אַתֵּם מִלַגלִּגִים.

כְּשֶׁאֲנִי אוֹמֵר מָה אֲנִי מַרְגִּישׁ אַבֶּם אוֹמְרִים שֶׁזָּה לֹא מָה

ָשֶׁאֲנִי מַרְגִּישׁ. בְּשֶׁאֲנִי אוֹמֵר אֶת דַּעְתִּי כְּשֶׁאֲנִי אוֹמֵר ַ אַתֶּם אוֹמְרִים שֵׁאֲנִי כּוֹעֵס. כְּשֶׁאֲנִי כּוֹעֱס אַתֶּם אוֹמְרִים שֶׁאֲנִי פְּרִימִיטִיבִי כָשֵאָנִי מִקבֵּל אֶת הַדִּין אַתֶּם אוֹמְרִים שֶׁאֲנִי פַּסִיבִי כְּשֶׁאֲנִי מַסְבִּיר אַתֶּם אוֹמְרִים שֶׁאֲנִי רוֹצֶה ַלָרוּץ לִכְנָסֶת. ּכְשֶׁאֲנִי אוֹמֵר שֶׁאֲנִי לֹא אוֹהֵב לָרוּץ אַתֶּם לֹא שׁוֹמְעִים כְּשֶׁאַתֶּם לֹא שׁוֹמְעִים אֲנִי אוֹמֵר אֶת הַדְּבָּרִים ָהָכִי יַפִים. שחור על גבי שחור עדי קיסר בְּמִבְטַא כַּבֵד אָהֲבָה אוֹתִי סַבְתָא שֶׁלִי ָוּדְבְּכָה אֱלַי דִּבּוּרִים תֵּימָנִיִּים ֶשֶאַף פַעַם לֹא הֵבַנְתִּי, וּבְתוֹר ַיִלְדָה אֲנִי זוֹכֶרֶת, אֵיךְ פַּחַדְתִּי לְהִשָּׁאֵר אִתָּהּ לְבַד מַחֲשַׁשׁ שֶׁלֹא אָבִין אֶת הַלָּשׁוֹן בְּפִיהָ ֹשֶהִמְשִׁיכָה לְנַגֵן אֱלַי בְּחִיּוּךְ, וַאֲנִי לֹא הֱבַנְתִּי מִלָּה אַחַת שֶׁאָמְרָה ָוהַצְלִילִים נִשְׁמְעוּ רְחוֹקִים רְחוֹקִים ַגַם כְּשֶׁדְבְּרָה אֱלַי קָרוֹב. וּפַעַם אַחַתּ אֲנִי זוֹכֶרֶת, קַנְתָה לִי פְרִילִי אָנָנָס וַאַחֲרֵי שֶׁנִקַּבְתִּי בָּאֲגוּדָל אֶת עֲטִיפַת הָאָלוּמִינְיוּם הַדַּקָּה ָושָׁתִיתִי הַכּל, רָצִיתִי לוֹמַר תּוֹדָה אֲבָל לֹא יַדַעְתִּי בְּאֵיזוֹ שָׂפָה צָרִיך ָוַיצָאתִי לַגִנָה הַגְדוֹלָה קַטַפְתִּי פֶרַח

ָוהָגֵשִׁתִּי לַה אוֹתוֹ,

מְבֶישָׁת אָנִי זוֹכֶרֶת כַּמָה מְבוּכָה עָמְדָה בֵּינֵינוּ שֶׁל דָּם אֶחָד ושְתֵי לְשוֹנוֹת אִלְמוֹת וְהִיא שָׁטְפָה אֶת גְבִיעַ הַפְּרִילִי בשתיקה מִלְאָה בּוֹ מַיִם ּוְהָנִיחָה בּוֹ אֶת הַפֶּרֵח שֶׁנַתַתִּי לָהּ. אַף פַעַם לֹא הֵבַנְתִּי ָמְלָה מִמַּה שֵׁאָמְרָה,סַבְתָא שֵׁלִי, אֲבַל אֶת הַיִדַיִם שֶׁלָהּ הֵבַנְתִּי אֶת הַבַּשַׂר שֶׁלָהּ הֵבַנְתִּי לַמְרוֹת שֶׁאַף פַעַם לֹא הֵבִינָה בֶּאֱמֶת, אֶת הַמִּלִּים שֶׁאָמַרְתִּי ָורַק אָהֲבָה אֶת הַגּוּף הַקָּטָן שֶׁלִי שָׁל הַבַּת שֶׁל הַבַּת שֶׁלָהּ. וָלִפְעַמִים הַלֵּב מְבַקֵשׁ לְעַצְמוֹ, דְבָרִים מוּזָרִים כְמוֹ לִלְמדׁ תֵּימָנִית וַלַחְזֹר לַקֶבֶר שֶׁלָה לְהַצְמִיד שְׂפָתַים לְתוֹךְ הָאֲדָמָה וִלִּצְעֹק פְנִימָה אֶת כּל מַה שֶׁהַיָה לַּיִלְדָה הַהִּיא לוֹמַר וּבְעָקָּר לְהַזְהִיר אוֹתָהּ מַהַפֶּרַח שֶׁהֵבֵאתִי לָהּ, פֶּרַח מָלֵא בִּנְמָלִים. שיר הפרחה עופרה חזה מילים: אסי דיין לחן: צביקה פיק אֵין לִי ראש לְמִלִּים אֲרֻכּוֹת ְואַתַּה מִן מִילָה אֲרֶכָּה שֶׁכַּזֹאת. ָצָ'אוּ ִידִידִי וד"ש לְחַיִּירָ, בְּתִקְוָה שֶׁתָּבִין אֶת הַפְּרֵחָה. ָהַשֶּׁמֶשׁ שֶׁל פַרַאג' קוֹרַעַת אֶת הַיָּם, ַואֲנִי מַפְלִינֻה בְּתוֹךְ הַכַּפְכַּפִּים.

> כִּי בָּא לִי לִרְקדׁ, וּבָא לִי שְׁטוּיוֹת בָּא לִי לִצְחֹק וְולֹא בָּא לִי עַלֶּירָ בָּא לִי בַּיַּמִים וּבָא לִי בַּלֵּילוֹת בָּא לִי לִצְעֹק: "אֲנִי פְרֵחָה".

ּ לְאָן שֶׁיּקְחוּ הָאוֹרוֹת אֲנִי שָׁם,

ַעָם הַלָּק, הַלִּיפְּסְטִיק וּשְׁאָר דָּאוּ'ון.

פָּנִים שֶׁלֹּא עוֹשׂוֹת חֶשְׁבּוֹן, וְגִ'ינְס בִּסְטֵיל שֶׁכַּתוּב בַּעִתּוֹן.

סָלְסוּל נִצְחִי בשיערות, וּפּוֹסְטֵרִים בִּמְקוֹם קִירוֹת. רוֹצָה לֶאֱהֹב כְּמוֹ בַּסְרָטִים, חָתִיךְ שֶׁיָּבוֹא בְּאַנְגְּלִית וּצְבָעִים. הֶכֵּחְמ טוֹסָמֵּה COME ON BABY וִעוֹד חֵלוֹם שָׁלִי מִמְרִיא לוֹ וּבוֹכָה.

ּכִי בָּא לִי לִרְקד...

פַּעַם כְּשֶׁיּהֱיה לִי זְמַן לִהְיוֹת גְּדוֹלָה, פַּעַם תָּגָמֵר הַמְסְבָּה. כִּי בְּסוֹף כָּל פְרֵחָה מִסְתַּתֵּר שִׁכּוּן קַטָן בַּעַל לְדָגָמָה וְאָלֶף כִּוּוּנֵי עַשָׁן.

> כִּי בַּא לִי לְרִקּוּד... פרחה 2020

ָישׁ לִי תּאַר שֵׁנִי בְּמִגְדָּר ַואֲנִי כְּבַר שַׁנִים מְעַצֶּבֶת שֵּׁעַר. אֲנִי קַפָּאִית וַאֲנִי מְהַנְדֶּסֶת ַואַנִי בְּדַרְכִּי אֶל הַכְּנֶסֶת הַשַּׁמֵשׁ שֵׁל ַיִפּוֹ קוֹרַעַת אֵת הַיַּם וַאֲנִי מַפְלִינָה לְתוֹך הָעֲקָבִים ַ ּכְשֶׁלֹּא מִתְחַשֵּׁק מְעִיפָה גַּם אוֹתָם וַנַרְשֵׁמֵת לִקוּרָס בָּתַכְנוּת מַחְשַבִּים. בַּא לִי לִתְרם בַּא לִי לַחֲלוֹם בָּא לִי תְּנָאִים שֵׁיַּסְדִּירוּ תָ'פֶּנְסַיָה בַּא לִי לִהַנִהִיג בָּא לִי לְהַבְרִיג בַּא לִי לִהִיוֹת סַבְתַּא פִרֶחַה מְתַקְתֶּקֶת קַבָּה דְּלַעַת בָּגְלוּטֵן אַנ' לא נוֹגַעַת צְפַּרְנַיִם אֱל-לַהּ קלוֹאִי ותַקלִיטִים שֵׁל דֵּיוִיד בּוֹאָי. רוֹצָה מַחְשׂוֹף – רוֹצֶה שַׁבִּיס רוֹצֵה לָהִיוֹת מִפַּקֶּדֵת בַּסִיס יחוֹתְלְּסֵל קוּםָנ בּוֹא Come on baby ָואַחַר כַּךְ לְכֶנֶס נַשִּׁים מַצְלִּיחוֹת בַּא לִי שִׁירַה בַּא לִי תִּפִירַה בָּא לִי נָשִים וְלֹא בָּא לִי עַלֶּירָ בָּא לִי בְּבֶרְלִין בָּא לִי בַּקְרָיוֹת ַבַּפַּרָה עַלֵּק סַבְתָּא פְרֵחָה. הַי שָׁלוֹם אַל תָּבוֹא לִי בַּחֶלוֹם עָבַרְתִּי גִז'ֹגַרְתִּי וְהָגַּעְתִּי עַד הָלוֹם לוֹקַחַת סִכּוּנִים מְצַלֶּמֶת שִׁכּוּנִים ואָת כַּל הַמְּסַמְנִים עוֹצֵרֶת בַּאֵדוֹם.

אַתָּה אוֹהֵב לְהַגִּיד לִי מִי אֲנִי
בְּהֵמָה, גַּסָּה, וּוּלְגָּרִית, קוֹלָנִית
יַאלְלָה תִּתְקַפֵּל וְתַזְמִין לְּךָ מוֹנִית
אֲנִי שׁוֹמֵעַת ב surround אֶת "הַפֶּרַח בְּגַנִּי"
פַּעַם כְּשָׁשִׂמְחָה הִגִּיעָה לְמִפְעַל
פַּעַם עוֹד לִפְנֵי הָפֶסְטִיגַל
הַיא לְחָשָׁה לִי אֶת שְׁמָהּ וְאָמְרָה אָז בִּמְבוּכָה רֵיא לָחְשָׁה לִי אֶת שְׁמָהּ וְאָמְרָה אָז בִּמְבוּכָה רֵיא לִי לְחָשִׁה בְּא לִי לַחְלוֹם
בָּא לִי לְתְרֹם בָּא לִי לַחְלוֹם
בָּא לִי לְהַנְיִי בְּשִּיּסְדִּירוּ תַּ'פְּנְּסִיהָּ
בָּא לִי לְהַנְיִיג
בָּא לִי לְהָיִוֹת סַבְתָּא פְרֵחָה
בְּא לִי לְהְיוֹת סַבְתָּא פְרֵחָה
בְּא לִי לְהְיִוֹת סַבְתָּא פְרֵחָה

Week 3 Session 1 Echoes of the Holocaust Lesson 1 Changing Messages

You Must Not Show Weakness – Yehuda Amichai You mustn't show weakness and you've got to have a tan. But sometimes I feel like the thin veils of Jewish women who faint at weddings and on Yom Kippur.

> You mustn't show weakness and you've got to make a list of all the things you can load in a baby carriage without a baby.

This is the way things stand now:

if I pull out the stopper

after pampering myself in the bath,
I'm afraid that all of Jerusalem, and with it the whole world,

will drain out into the huge darkness.

In the daytime I lay traps for my memories and at night I work in the Balaam Mills, turning curse into blessing and blessing into curse.

And don't ever show weakness. Sometimes I come crashing down inside myself without anyone noticing. I'm like an ambulance on two legs, hauling the patient inside me to Last Aid

with the wailing of cry of a siren, and people think it's ordinary speech.

Translated by Chana Bloch and Stephen Mitchell

אסור להראות חולשה - יהודה עמיחי אָסוּר לְהַרְאוֹת חֻלְשָׁה וְצַרִיךְ לִהְיוֹת שַׁזוּף. אָבַל לִפְעַמִים אָנִי חָשׁ כְּמוֹ צְעִיפִים חְוּרִים שֶׁל נַשִּׁים ְיהוּדִיּוֹת שָׁהָתִעַלִּפוּ בַּחַתָּנּוֹת וּבִיוֹם הַכִּפּוּרִים.

אָסוּר לְהַרְאוֹת חֻלְּשָׁה וְצָרִיךְ לַעֲשׂוֹת רְשִׁימָה שֶׁל כָּל הַחָפָּצִים שָׁאֶפְשָׁר לְהַעֲמִיס עַל עָגְלַת ְילַדִים בְּלִי ְילָדִים. הַמַּצָּב הוּא עַכְשָׁו כָּזָה שָׁאִם אֲנִי מוֹצִיא אֶת הַפְּקֵק מִן הָאַמְבָּט, אַחַר הַרַחְצָה הַנְּעִימָה וְהַמְּפַּנָּקת, אָנִי חוֹשֵשׁ שָׁכָּל יִרוּשָׁלַיִם, וְעִמָּהּ כָּל הָעוֹלָם יִזִרְמוּ לְתוֹךְ הַחשָׁךְ הַנָּדוֹל.

- Blessed are you my god - my son is alive.

בְּיוֹם אֲנִי מַצִּיב מַלְכּוֹדוֹת לְזִּכְרוֹנוֹתַי וּבַלֵּילָה אֲנִי עוֹבֵד בְּמִפְעֲלֵי בִּלְעָם, לַהַפּרָ קלֵלָה לִבְרֵכֵה וּבַרֵכֵה לִקלֵלָה.

ָואַסוּר לָהַרְאוֹת חֻלְשָׁה. ּלִפָּעַמִים אֲנִי מִתְמוֹטֵט בָּתוֹכִי בָּלִי שֵׁרוֹאִים עַלַי. אָנִי כְּמוֹ אַמְבּוּלַנְס מְהַלֵּךְ עַל שְׁתֵּי רְגָּלִים וּמְטַלְטֵל בַּתוֹכִי אֶת הַמְמַטֵּט אֱל לֹא-עַזרַה, מַשִּמִיעַ קוֹל צוֹפַר מַיַלֵּל ַואַנַשִּים חושבים שֵזֶה דָבוּר רַגִּיל. Kodesh Hakodashim - Uri Tzvi Grinberg (excerpt) At the last moments when the eyes burst out and the blood started flowing And the body had dropped ...dropped into my arms, Because I appeared there, at the site of killing. And I had said, full of pity: Mother, mother! She raised her head, and placed it on my shoulder And said: my son, my son, she forgot it was Belzecs the altar And I said: yes mother, yes- your son. - did you know my son, the goyim are killing me? - I knew mother,

The wind had carried us- my mother in my arms and the wind placed us

At the entrance of a forest with a stream at our feet,

- Did you bring us to Lebanon, my son?

- To Lebanon, mother

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- Blessed are you my God-I can smell the scent of Lebanon
                                                                        Ahaha..
                                                 I hear splashing water, my son
                                                         - Indeed water, mother
                              - Have you placed the Jordan at my feet, my son?
                                                       - The Jordan, my mother.
          - Take me to the Jordan my son, let its purifying waters pass over me
                                          - I will take you to the Jordan, mother
                                          - The cool water will heel me, my son.
                                                       Kadosh, Kadosh, Kadosh
                                                                 Thank you God
                                                        Kadosh Kadosh Kadosh!
 When I was a young girl, my son, splashing in the river during Tamuz evenings
                                        I was thinking about the Jordan water...
                                                            In our Eretz Yisrael.
                 Oh, if we had but merited... and here is the Jordan at our feet.
                                                               - Yes my mother
- The wind is upon me - waves, rolling and light touching.. Is it evening my son?
                              - Evening tide, mother, stars and moon upon you.
                                       - Upon you too, stars and moon, my son.
                                                                   - Yes. Mother
     - Pick me up in your arms, my son, take me away from the water, my son.
                                  Like this. Lay me down on the grass, my son.
                                        - Dew is falling nearby and it is warm...
                                                            - Like tears my son,
                                                     - Warm like tears, mother.
                                               - Let me feel your body, my son,
                    Your cloths are coarse woven fabric. My son, soldiers' wear
                              A rifle on your shoulder.... Hurrah to you, my son.
                                           Until we arrive to Jerusalem, my son,
                                                                  - Yes, mother
                     - And when we get to Jerusalem, my son, the royal Temple
                       City of kings...oh...not even on Shabbat, will you change
                                                          These cloths, my son,
                                      Once, I wanted to see you dressed in silk,
                                                    I do not want that anymore.
                                                           - As you say, mother.
                                            - And always with the rifle, my son.
                                                                - Amen, mother
- And even when the גואל saviour comes and peoples will beat their swords into
                      plowshares and they would throw their guns into the fire-
                                                 Not you - no, my son, not you!
                                                                   - No, mother.
                                 - In case the goyim, rise again and amass iron.
                          Should they rise once more and we shall not be ready
                                             As we were not ready till now.. oh!
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- Your words are holy, mother,
                                           - Let me now fall asleep in your arms, my son.
                                          A night with my son and God on river Jordan...
                                                 - God is with us, on river Jordan, Mother—
                                                  - The Jordan flows to the end of all roads
                                                 Blessed, he who reaches its shores, alive
                          The secret of our tears are in it - the strength of eternity it.
                                                - It is the world of Sela סלה...here, my son
                                                                                - Forever, mother
(קטע) קדש הקדשים
                                                                                     אורי צבי גרינברג
                                                  בַּרֶגַע הָאַחָרוֹן כְּשֶׁנִּתְפַּקְעוּ הָעֵינַים וְהַחֵל לִזְלֹג הַדָּם
                                                                       וַהַגוּף צַנַח... צַנַח אֵל זִרוֹעוֹתֵי,
                                                             כִּי הוֹפַעתִּי בּוֹ בַּרֵגַע בִּמְקוֹם הַהַּרִיגַה שַׁם
                                                                   ָוּאָמַרְתִּי בְּכַל הָרַחֲמִים: אִמִּי, אִמִּי!
                                                                    הַרִימַה ראשַה והָנִּיחַתהוּ עַל כַּתַפִּי
                                                   ַוּתֹאמֶר: בְּנִי, בְּנִי, וְתִשְׁכַּח כִּי שַׂם בֶּלְזִ'יץ' הַמִּזְבֵּחַ...
                                                                            ָואַמַרִתִּי: הָן אִמִּי, הַן בְּנֵרָ.
                                                                   יַדַעְתָּ בְּנִי, שֶׁהַגּוֹיִים הוֹרְגִים אוֹתִי? -
                                                                                        ,יַדַעתִי, אִמִי,
                                                                                 - אודך אַלהֵי, בִּנִי חַי.
                                                            וּנַשַּׂאַתִנוּ רוּחַ וּאָמִי בָּזרוֹעוֹתֵי וֹתוֹרִידֵנוּ רוּחַ
                                                                           בַּמַבוֹא לַיַער וּלְרַגלֵנוּ נַחַל,
                                                                               - הֵבִיאַתִנִי לַלְּבַנוֹן, בִּנִי?
                                                                                        - לַלִבַנוֹן אִמִי.
                                                            - אוֹדַרָ אֱלֹהֵי בַּשְּׁמַיִם, רֵיחַ הַלָּבַנוֹן בָּאַפִּי
                                                                                               ...אַהַהּ
                                                                        ָשִׁכְשׁוּךָ מַיִם אֲנִי שׁוֹמַעַת, בְּנִי.
                                                                                      - אַכָן מַיִם, אָמִי.
                                                                             - שַמִתַּ אֵת הַיִּרְדָּן לְרַגְלִי?
                                                                                     - אֵת הַיִּרדֵן אִמִּי.
                                                         - קַחֲנִי לַיִּרְדָּן, בָּנִי. ַיעַבְרוּנִי מֵימַיו הַמְּטַהָּרִים.
                                                                                 ַ- אֶקַחֶרְ לַיַּרדַן, אָמִי.
                                                                        - צְנַת הַמַּים לְרִפְאוֹת לִי, בִּנִי.
                                                                           . א' א'.. קַדוֹשׁ קַדוֹשׁ קַדוֹשׁ.
                                                                                          אודר אלהי,
                                                                                   קַדוש קַדוש קַדושׁ!
                                                        בָּהָיוֹתִי נַעֲרָה, בְּנִי, בְּרַחְצִי בְּעַרְבֵי תַּמוּז בַּנַהַר
                                                                          מַהַרָהֵרֶת הַיִּיתִי: ַיִּרְדֵּן מֵיִם...
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ַבָּאֶרֶץ יִשְׂרָאֵל שָׁלַנוּ. ָהוֹ, אָלּוּ זָכִים. וִהְנֵּה הַיַּרְדֵּן לְרַגְלֵים. . - כַּן, אַמִּי.. - רוּחַ עָלַי וְגִלּוּל – גַּלִּים.. וְנַגִּיהָהּ.. הלעת עַרֶב עַתַּה? ַ עַת עַרֶב, אָמִּי, כּוֹכַבִים וַיִּרֶחַ עַלַיִּךְ -- גַם עַלֵיךַ כּוֹכַבים וַיְרַחַ, בְּנִי. - כַּן, אָמִי. - הַעֲלֵנִי בִּזָרוֹעוֹתֶיךָ, בְּנִי, שַּׂאֵנִי מִן הַמַּיִם בְּנִי. ַבַּרָ.. הַשְּׁכִּיבַנִי עַל הַעַשֶּׁב, בְּנִי. - טַל יוֹרֶד בְּסָמוּך וַחַם הוּא.. - כְּמוֹ דֶּמַע בְּנִי. - חם כמו דַמַע, אַמִּי. - תְּנָנִי לְמַשֵּׁשׁ אֶת גּוּפְּךָ, בְּנִי. מֵאֶרֶג גַּס לְבוּשְׁךָ, בְּנִי, לְבוּשׁ חַיַּלִים. ַורוֹבָה עַל שָׁכִמֶּךְ.. כֹּה לֵחַי לִּךָ, בָּנִי. עַד שַנַבוא לירושַלַים, בני. - הן, אמי. - וּבָבוֹאֵנוּ לִירוּשֲלַיִם, בָּנִי, מִקְדַשׁ מֵלֵר עיר מְלוּכָה.. אָה.. גַּם בְּשַבָּת לֹא תַּחַלִיף אֶת זֶה הַלְּבוּשׁ, בִּנִי. ָלְבוּשׁ-מֶשִׁי-תָּמִיד רָצִיתִי לִרְאוֹתְךָ פַּעַם, שוּב אֶינִי רוֹצֵה בָּכַרָ. - כִּדבַרִיךַ, אָמִי. - ְוַתָּמִיד יוֹם וַלַּיִלָּה עִם הָרוֹבֶה, בְּנִי. - אַמן, אמי. ואַף בבוא הַגוֹאֵל וִכְתַתוּ עַמִּים חַרְבוֹתַם -לְאָתִּים וִהְשָׁלִיכוּ רוֹבֵיהֵם אֱל הַאֵשׁ – אַתַה – לא בָנִי, אַתַּה, לא! - לא, אמי. - פַּן ַיקומו שוב הַגוּיִים ואַספוּ בַּרְזַל. וקמו עלינו שוב ולא נהיה נכונים ַנַאשר לא הַיִּינוּ מוּכַנִים עַד עַכשַו. וַי! - קדושים דבַרַיִר, אָמִי. - עַכשַו תִּנָנִי לִהֶרַדֶם בִּזרוֹעוֹתֵיךַ, בִּנִי. ַלַילָה עם בְּנִי וֶאֱלֹהִים עַל <u>הַי</u>ּרְדֵּן... -- עַמֵּנוּ, אָמִי, אֱלֹהִים עַל הַיַּרדַן --- בַּקֵץ כַּל הַדּרַכִים זוֹרֶם הַיִּרדָן בַּרוּך הַמַּגִּיעַ חַי אֶל גִּדוֹתַיו מְסוֹד דִּמְעוֹתֵינוּ בּוֹ וּמִכּחַ הַנָּצַח שֶׁבּוֹ/ - עוֹלַם סֵלַה.. כַּאן, בִּנִי. - עד עוֹלַם, אמי.

> I Was Not There – Gil Nativ I was not there My memories are

Black on white books and diaries
The closest I got
Was when I touched the number carved into the arm
Of a wrinkled man.
One day in June
They were all with me
In a smoke clouded alley leading up
To the Lions Gate
A million skinny, burnt arms were pushing me.
Voicelessly they commanded
Never
Let go
Of your gun.

לא הייתי שם – גיל נתיב

Black and white pictures

אַני לא הַיִּיתי שַׁם. זָכָרוֹנוֹתַי מִשַּׁם תמונות שחר-לַבַּו סרטי קולנוע בשחר-לבן ספַרים ויוֹמַנים בַשַּחר עַל לַבַן הַכִי קַרוֹב הַגַּעִתִּי כשַנַגעתִי בִּמְסְפֵּר חַרוּט עַל זרועו שַׁל איש חַרוּשׁ קּמַטים יוֹם אֶחָד בְּחֹדֵשׁ יוֹנֵי הֶם הַיּוּ כָּלֵם אָתִּי בָּסִמְטָה אֲפוּפַת עַשַּן אָל שַׁעַר אָרַיוֹת דַחַפוּ אוֹתִי מִילִיוֹן זַרוֹעוֹת צָנוּמוֹת וִשְׁרוּפוֹת וּבַלִי נִשְׁמֵע קוֹלַם צוּוּ: לְעוֹלַם אל תּרְפָּה ַיִדָרָ מָן הַרוֹבֵה

The Day of Commemoration and the Rebels Nathan Alterman And on the day of remembrance, the fighters and rebels have said: Do not place us apart from the Exile under shining lights At the hour of commemoration we step down of the pedestal To mingle again in the darkness with the chronicles of the masses of the House of Israel

The fighters and the rebels have said; the day of witnessing,
Its main and true image is not a barricaded stronghold aflame.
Neither is it the image of a young man and a girl who came out to assault or die.
Such as in the classical images of world revolts eternally burning.
No, this is not the source of the period, do not crown it with battle flags.

To see only in them its essence, its redemption and justification.

The fighters and rebels have said; we are part of many people

Part of its honor and bravery and its stifled deep weeping

We are part of a time, with no brother, a time that rejects the monotony of high

phrases.

Nor does it stand open faced among common symbols. Those who fell with their arms in their hands perhaps will not accept the Mechitza.

Between them and their dying communities all the way to some leaders and dealers.

We who have seen the time in its scariest and darkest, We who have seen its bravery with so many faces never seen before, We are the lightening that cuts through its sky, but we shall not rise in its midst as a masked statue

Of a smattering who hold the greatness of the period's soul, for it is stamped by the battle seal.

Therefore we, the fighters and the up-risers say: the essence of this day Is not just that which is highlighted by speeches and writings by our brothers. The sword, the battle and the barricades – there is nothing to match them. Yet they are not the only symbols of this Memorial Day, not in them does it reside. The dignity of the nation – should not seek its only sublime justification By saying apologetically, I have fought, I have raised the flag of the rebellion... The uprising is just one note in this whole story, it was not its heart and goal. Our people will yet compete for honor with any other nation... The fighters and the up-risers have said: the bravery and honor of this people, Are also shared by Jewish fathers who have said: The underground will bring

And also with that boy or girl who walked and walked until they were lost somewhere

And left behind just one white sock in the archives for remembrance. These too are the symbols of the time and its war, let us not dim them with the shining sword.

Like nations who had not thus been tested by heavens. Thus spoke the fighters and up-risers; and the people listened unmoving God's stars are the witnesses of both.

> Facing the Glass Booth - Haim Guri God's Servants.

disaster upon us"

" ... and they had given me boiling water and a rag and told me to scrub the sidewalk by the Metropol hotel, the bucket was partly filled with acid, my hands

bloated soon enough. They had brought out the chief rabbi; Dr Teglich, 70 years old. He too like me was ordered to wash the sidewalk. He did this while covered with his Talit, his prayer shawl. While he was lying on the ground, the guard had asked him; how do you like this? The rabbi responded, if God likes it, I am his servant.

I am writing these words down as Morris Fleishman, one of the former dignitaries of the Jewish Community of Vienna, is speaking.

I do not want to see him, I do not want to hear him, I would rather be at the NAHA"L parade today in the stadium, seeing strong beautiful people, but with an unimaginable strength, Morris Fleishman is holding me by my collar, as if he is saying: sit, hear, to the end.

"The shortest of the guards was five foot eight" - he says making me aware of how

These too are your own flesh and blood, I am telling myself. They at the position to demand that you sit to the through this. You are not running away from here. You are not escaping to the NAHA"L.

I return to the subject of: "Why didn't you resist?" "I think this is indescribable. A person who was not there, wouldn't understand. It was the third year of the war. We had been through a lot. There was still some hope. We are working, they needed us. It was clear that if something small was to be done, there was no problem to do away with us. So many of them. It is impossible, after 18 years, to describe the fear. At the end of day it was a horrible

fear. Facing the machine guns, watching a young boy being hung, losing your capacity to react. The belief that the war will end. There was a camp of a thousand Poles in the same situation. The camp was just a hundred meters away (330 feet) from their homes and they never tried to escape. Where could the Jews have gone? We were wearing concentration camp uniform, our head shaved. In 1943 we did not yet know what happened to the transports. We knew only later. It is impossible to describe today what had happened then". Etc. etc... And so on and so forth. The witness said all these things sitting down. At times his voice faded and became

inaudible. Then abruptly he would speak up as if trying to justify himself to the

judges, to his people, to the whole world.

5.2.1961

I escaped from the court house and to it. So what do you say?

I am doomed if I talk and I am doomed if I do not.

If we open a new page we should open it within us. We now see things differently. We have created: "A Day of Commemoration for the Holocaust and Heroism" thus we have subtly separated between them. As if we had made them stand one facing the other as complementing one another but different from each other. We were ashamed of the Holocaust as one is ashamed of a terrible blatant defect. And we have embraced heroism to our heart as a vestige of pride, the privilege to hold one's head high.

God forbid that I should reach a point where the distinction is lost between the one who dies without battle and the one who rises or tries to resist the murderer. Fore a nation that chooses life, by its nature, will always prefer those who try to set a price for their doomed lives. Those who have given themselves and their people the desperate honor of the fighters for there lies the only chance for living. But we need to ask forgiveness from countless people who we have judged in our heart. We who were outside of that circle. And we had judged them without asking ourselves, what gave us the right to do so?

A survey that Haaretz had run among Hebrew youth here who had never seen the Swastika whip, had shown that even at the beginning of this trial, there were people who had said: "Had we been there, we would not have gone like they did" or "we would have behaved differently.

Some of the respondents had said this with that Sabra pleasantness, and there was no silence or apology between the one who had asked the question and the one who responded.

.....

WHO – Michal Govrin He who had kept his humanity even when turned into dust A father who had sent his daughter to life, A mother who had sent her son, A granddaughter who had fought for her grandmother's life, A man who had held the hand of a Stanger

Who are the woman and man who held a gun And inscribed the lines of freedom in Chronicles, And he who kept up his forbidden commandment with tfilin And she who distributed forged papers And he who smuggled borders

He who wrote and painted and told stories and dreamt And photographed and documented human testimonies, He who laughed and loved, She who wrote down recopies to make the hunger go away Those who shared a slice of bread

> He who held up the one who fell in the parade, She who finished the slavery quota of her neighbour Those who said a word of encouragement, And those who, at twilight In the shade of the crematorium Stood up praying or singing.

Who are those children who played and dreamt and wrote their poems between fences,

And he who's hand never left theirs

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Even when they went to their death.
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Who are those man, women, child and old woman; Who sanctified the human image. צלם!

מי – מיכל גובריו Week 3 Session 2 Poems in the Wake of 7.10,2023

Home Front Command's New Regulations for Small Talk Lital Kaplan Translated by Maya Valentine

"What's up?" Cancelled. Instead use:

"What's shaken up?"

"What's beaten up?"

"What's blown up?"

"What's going on?" Banned. Alternatives: "What's breaking down?" "What's forever gone?"

Instead of the rude "How are you?" We must frown in the face of our friend and ask -"How war you?"

Forbidden by strict veto power: "I'm fine, in fact." It is required to say - "Everything's cracked." And the truthful ones will answer -

And instead of the standard response,

"Everything is shattered. Everything is shattered"

הַנַחַיוֹת פָּקוֹד הַערֵף הַחַדַשוֹת לְשִיחוֹת חַלִּין: ליטל קפלן "מָה נִשְׁמַע" בֶּטַל, וּבִמְקוֹמוֹ נִשְׁאַל:

"מה נשׁמט?"

"מַה נשִׁבּר?"

"מַה נשָׁאר?"

"מַה קוֹרֶה" נָאֱסַר וּבִמְקוֹמוֹ נִתְהֶה:

"מַה קוֹרֵס?"

מה נקבר?"

בָּמִקוֹם "מַה שָׁלוֹמְרַ?" הֶחַצוּף - נַקדִיר פַּנִים מוּל חַבֶּרֶנוּ וִנְשָאֵל מַה מִלְחַמִתְּרַ?

ובמקום התשובה השגורה בשגרה, עַלֵיהַ הָטַל וֵטוֹ חַמוּר שַׁבַּחַמוּרִים:

"אֶצְלִי הַכּלֹ בְּסֵדֶר",

ֵישׁ לְהָשִׁיב -"הַכּל בַּסֶּדָק", וְהַמַּקְפִּידִים בְּדִבְרֵי אֱמֶת ַיעֲנוּ -"הַכּל בְּשַׁבָר, הַכּל בִּשַׁבַר".

קַדִּישׁ אסף גור

יִתְגַדַל וְיִתְקַדַשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא ואַף אֶחָד לֹא בָּא כַּמָה אֶלָפִים קַרְאוּ לוֹ בְּשַׁבָּת בַּבּוֹקֵר זַעֲקוּ אֶת שְׁמוֹ הָתְחַנְנוּ בִּדְמַעוֹת שֶׁרַק יָבוֹא אֲבַל הוּא שָבַת מִכַּל מְלַאכְתוֹ שוּם אֱלֹהִים לֹא הִגִּיעַ ושוּם אֱלֹהִים לא הִרְגִיעַ, ַרַק הַשָּׂטָן חָגַג בְּלִי הַפְּרָעָה מְפַזֵּז בֵּין הַקִּיבּוּצִים לִמְסִיבַּת טֶבַח וַכַתַבנוּ מוֹסִיף וּמִדַוּוַחַ. בֵּין לְבֵין גַם מִתְיִיפֵחַ שָׁישׁ תִּינוֹק שָּׂרוּף וַיש תִינוֹק חַטוּף ַישׁ תִּינוֹק ַיִתוֹם וֵישׁ תִּינוֹק בֶּן יוֹם וְיִשׁ תִּינוֹק מָטַל מִחָבַר בִּחֵבֵל הַטַבּוּר לִגוּפַת אָמוֹ וְלֹא הָסְפִיק אֲפָלּוּ לְגַלּוֹת מָה שְׁמוֹ מַה יַרַשֵּם עַל הַמַּצְבַה הַקּטַנִטַנַה עם תַּאֲרִיךְ אֶחָד לַלֵּידָה וְלִפְּטִירָה בָּךְ נִרְאֶה הַקִּיבּוּץ אַחֵר בִּיקוּר הַשַּׂטַן מַחָזִיר אֶת הַשִּׁדּוּר לְאוּלְפָן עַכִשַו שֵׁקָט יוֹרִים ַישׁ גַם שָׁגוּרִים ָואֵין מֶמְשָׁלָה ואֱין רַחֲמִים, וַרַק הַצְרָחוֹת וְהַתְּמוּנוֹת לֹא יִצְאוּ לְעוֹלָם מֵהָראשׁ הַשְׁבִיעִי בְּאוֹקְטוֹבֶּר אַלְפַים עֶשְׂרִים וְשָׁלוֹשׁ

Beeri Adi Blechman Sofer Translated by, Heather Silverman, Michael Bohnen, Rachel Korazim

Soon winter will be here,
Weeping clouds will water the earth
Making red carpets grow
The anemone will flower first
Yet no one will come to admire its beauty.
The buttercup will bloom next
And there will be no festival
The poppy will flower last in silence
Seen by No One.
The protected flowers had already been picked
In the fall.

בארי עדי בלכמן סופר

עוֹד מְעַט, יַגִּיעַ הַחֹּרֶף עֲנָנִים בּוֹכִים יַשְׁקוּ אֶת הָאָדָמָה, וְיִצְמִיחוּ מַרְבַדִּים אֲדָמִים תְּחָלֶּה תִּפְרַח הַכַּלָּנִית וְאַף אֶחָד לֹא יָבוֹא לְצַפּוֹת בְּיִפְיֵהּ. אַחָרֶיהָ תִּפְרַח הַנּּוּרִית וְלֹא יִתְקַיִּם פֶסְטִיבָל וּלְבַסוֹף יִפְרַח הַפָּרָג, וְשָׁקֶט, אֵין אִישׁ. הַפְּרָחִים הַמּוּגַנִּים נִקְטָפוּ הַבְּרָחִים הַמּוּגַנִּים נִקְטָפוּ

יום טוב טל שביט אֲנִי רוֹצֶה לְנַהֵל אֶת כָּל החמ"לים לְשַׁנֵּעַ אֶת כָּל הַצִּיּוּדִים אֲנִי רוֹצֶה לְטַפֵּל בְּכָל הַיִלָדִים שֶׁל הָאִמָּהוֹת הַיחדּנִיּוֹת וְשָׁאֵינָן אֲנִי רוֹצָה לַהָפּךְ עַצְמִי לְוָסְטִים עְבוֹר כָּל הַנִּלְחָמִים וּלְכִפּוֹת מְגנּוֹת מֵעַל רָאשֵׁיהָן שֶׁל כָּל הַיּלדות כָּלָן.

הַמְּפֻנּוֹת הַנִּשְׁבָּרוֹת הַמְּרֻסָּקוֹת. לְהָשִׁיב אֶת כָּל הָאֲבֵדוֹת לְהַחֲזִיר אֶת כָּל הַחֲטוּפוֹת אֲנִי רוֹצָה לֶאֱסֹף אֶת כָּל הַתְּרוּמוֹת וְלַהְבִיאָן לַיִעְדָן. לְהַבִין אֶת כָּל הַמְּאָמֵצִים לְהַכִּין אֶת כָּל הַמַּאָמֵצִים.

> אֲבָל בְּיוֹם טוֹב אֲנִי מַצְלִיחָה לִפְעַמִים לִפְעַמִים לִשְׁתִּים לִשְׁתִּוֹת לִפְעַמִים לְהָתְקַשֵׁר לַאָהוּבִים וַאֲהוּבוֹת.

> > בְּיוֹם טוֹב אֲנִי מַצְלִיחָה לִפְעַמִים לִבִּכּוֹת.

During the Day Rachel Sharansky Danziger Translated by Heather Silverman, Michael Bohnen, Rachel Korazim

During the day one can bake cookies for the wives of the reservists

During the day one can send strengthening messages to friends

During the day one can comfort mourners

During the day one can invest in life

But at night
There is no way to silence the dead.
I lie down and my heart is awake
Awake and galloping
Chasing fragments of stories whose endings are well-known
And everything, everything hurts and feels wounded, injured, damaged
And how can one sleep
And how can one be tranquil
When we have lost for all eternity
More than one thousand hearts?

ביום רחל שרנסקי דנציגר

בַּיּוֹם אֶפְשָׁר לֶאֶפּוֹת עוּגִיּוֹת לְנְשׁוֹת הַמִּלּוּאִימְנִיקִים
בַּיּוֹם אֶפְשָׁר לִשְׁלֹחַ הוֹדָעוֹת מְחַזְּקוֹת לַחֲבֵּרִים
בַּיּוֹם אֶפְשָׁר לְנַחֵם אֲבֵלִים
בַּיּוֹם אֶפְשָׁר לְנַחֵם אֲבֵלִים
אֲבָל בִּשְׁעוֹת הַלֵּיִלָּה
אֵין אֵיך לְהַשְׁתִּיק אֶת הַמֵּתִים.
אֲנִי שׁוֹכֶבֶת וְלִבִּי עֵר
ער וְדוֹהֵר
וְדַף אַחֲרֵי שִׁבְּרִי סְפּוּרִים שֶׁסוֹפָם כְּבַר יִדוּעַ
וְהַכּל הַכּל הַכּל מַרְגִּישׁ פַּצוּע, פַּגוּע וְאֵיך אֶפְשָׁר לִישׁן
וְאֵיך אֶפְשָׁר לִישׁן
וְאֵיך אֶפְשָׁר לִשְׁקֹט
וְיוֹתֵר מֵאֶלֶף לְבָבוֹת?

Mothers Osnat Eldar

Translated by Heather Silverman, Michael Bohnen, Rachel Korazim

They are gathering at night

One by one

She whose daughter was abducted and her bloodstained picture doesn't allow her any peace

She whose son fell in battle

She whose children will remain forever in the little safe room in the corner of the house on the kibbutz

She who remained mute on the other end of the line scratching the horrors onto her skin

She who whispered from time to time to him. Or to her

"I love you"

'I am with you'

I am here

Hello?!

She who wasn't able to say goodbye

She who is holding onto a fragment of a film clip showing him alive

She who woke up on Shabbat with the knowledge of death germinating within her.

At night, in my darkened room, they are wandering in circles

Drooped shoulders, restless, sleep crazed.

Mothers

If only they could change places with the boy or the girl

Ready for captivity or death

Mothers.

Not yet used to wandering.

They come to me at night

One by one

I am hugging them with compassion, with longing Absorbing into my body the feelings of guilt, the helplessness, the abyss And caressing silently their new maternal title Imposed on them.

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אַמַּהוֹת אסנת אלדר
                                                            בַּלֵילוֹת הֵן מִתְאַסְפוֹת
                                                                          אַחַת אַחַת
            זוֹ שֶבְּתַּהּ נֵחְטְפָה וּתְמוּנַתָּהּ הַמְּגֹאֶלֶת בְּדָם לֹא נוֹתֶנָת מַנוֹחַ
                                                              זוֹ שֵׁבְּנַהּ נַפַל בַּקּרָב
            זוֹ שֶׁיּלָדֶיהָ יִשָּׁאֲרוּ לָעַד בַּמָּמָ"ד הַקָּטָן בְּפַאֲתֵי הַבַּיִת בַּקְבּוּץ
זוֹ שֶׁנִשְאֲרָה דְמוּמָה בְּצִדּוֹ הַשֵּׁנִי שֶׁל הַקָּו חוֹרֶטֶת בְּגוּפַהּ אֶת הַזְּוַעוֹת.
                                               מְדֵי פַּעַם הִיא לָחֲשָׁה לוֹ. אוֹ לָה
                                                                'אַנִי אוֹהֶבֶת אוֹתְרַ'
                                                                           'אַנִי אָתַּרְ'
                                                                              אַנִי כַּאן
                                                                                הַלוֹ?!
                                                        זו שלא הָספִּיקה לִהְפַּרֶד
                        זוֹ שֶׁאוֹחֶזֶת בְּשַׁבְרִיר שֶׁל סִרְטוֹן הַמַּרְאֶה שֶׁהוּא חַי
                       זוֹ שֵהָתִעוֹרְרָה בִּשַבַּת וִידִיעַת הַמֵּות נַבְטַה בִּתוֹכַהּ.
                              בַּלֵּילוֹת, בִּחַדְרִי הֵחֲשׁוּךְ, הֵן נוֹדְדוֹת בִּמַעְגַּלִים
                           שָׁמוּטוֹת כָּתֵפַים, חַסְרוֹת מִנוּחַה, טָרוּפוֹת שֻׁנַה.
                                                                               אמַהוֹת
                                 לוֹיַכלוּ הַיּוֹ מִתְחַלִּפוֹת עָם הַיִּלֵד אוֹ הַיַּלְדַה
                                                            נָכוֹנוֹת לַשִּבִי אוֹ לַמַּות
                                                                               אמַהוֹת
                                                     עוד לא מִתְרְגַּלוֹת בַּנִדִידַה.
                                                             בַּלֵּילוֹת הֵן בָּאוֹת אֵלַי
                                                                          אַחַת אַחַת
                                          אָנִי מְחַבֶּקֶת אוֹתָן בְּחֶמְלָה, בְּגַעְגוּעַ
      סוֹפֵגֶת לָגוּפִי אֶת רָגִשׁוֹת הַאֲשַׁם, אֶת חֹסֶר הַאוֹנִים, אֶת הַתְּהוֹם
                               וּמַלַטֶּפֶת בַּדִּמַמָה אֶת הַתּאַר הַאָּמַהִי הֵחַדַש
                                                                      שַׁנַּכִפַּה עַלֵּיהֵן
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Mom is Always Right Itay Lev Translated by Heather Silverman, Michael Bohnen, Rachel Korazim

Mom said that when I grew up there would be no army.

Mom was right.

I haven't yet grown up and already there was no army.

It wasn't there when I heard the screaming outside.

It wasn't there when I saw dad so scared and stressed.

It wasn't there when the door was kicked in.

It wasn't there when I hid under the bed.

It wasn't there when I hid under the bed.

It wasn't there when time just stood still.

It wasn't there when they suddenly entered.

It wasn't there when they tore dad off mom

Mom had said that when I grew up there would be no army.

Mom was right

Now all I want is to tell her that she is always right.

I cried, I screamed, and still she is silent.

אָמַא תַּמִיד צוֹדֶקֶת אִיתַי לֶב

אָמָּא אָמְרָה שָׁעַד שָׁאָגְדַּל כְּבָר לֹא יִהְיה צָבָא.
אָמָא צַדְּקָהּ.
עוֹד לֹא גַּדַלְתִּי וּכְבָר לֹא הֵיה צָבָא.
הוּא לֹא הֵיה כְּשֶׁשַּמִעְתִּי צְעַקוֹת בַּחוּץ.
הוּא לֹא הֵיה כְּשֶׁדֶּלֶת הַבַּית נִפְּרְצָה בִּבְעִיטָה.
הוּא לֹא הֵיה כְּשֶׁדֶּלֶת הַבֵּית נִפְּרְצָה בִּבְעִיטָה.
הוּא לֹא הֵיה כְּשֶׁהָדַפְנוּ שְׁלָשְׁתֵנוּ אֶת דֶּלֶת הַמָּמִ"ד.
הוּא לֹא הֵיה כְּשֶׁהַדְּפְנוּ שְׁלָשְׁתֵנוּ אֶת דֶּלֶת הַמָּמִ"ד.
הוּא לֹא הֵיה כְּשֶׁהַחְ בָּנְסוּ פְּתְאוֹם פְּנִימָה.
הוּא לֹא הֵיה כְּשֶׁהַם זְרְעוּ אֶת אַבָּא מֵאִמָּא.
הוּא לֹא הָיה כְּשֶׁהַם זְרְעוּ אֶת אַבָּא מֵאִמָּא.
אִמָּא צְדָקָה.
אָמָא צְדָקָה.
וְעַרְשִׁיו רַק רָצִיתִי לְהַגִּין שׁוֹתָקת.
בְּכִיתִי, צַעַקְתִּי, וִהִיא עַדֵּין שׁוֹתַקת.
בַּכִיתִי, צַעַקְתִּי, וִהִיא עַדַין שׁוֹתָקת.

To Amplify the Light Michael Zats Translated by Heather Silverman, Michael Bohnen, Rachel Korazim

> Each tendon and capillary in my body Is crying To oppose the helplessness.

To rise, And do something.

So I rise up Amplify the light Signaling, in every possible way To the darkness -Be gone

Strong as Death* Shlomit Naim Naor

There's no point in sleeping, visions arise
There's no point in waking, the visions are real
The heart's pocket change.
The moment before rising,
When I know nothing of
The horrors of the war.

Every night I hold something in my hand It slips and shatters Glass shards of reality scratch my face Teardrops of dawn.

God Is hiding in a cellar Bereft of prayer Trembling for his deeds His whole being is one Scream Slashed women are running towards headless babies A flock of hanging ravens wail:

Gaza is like death.

*The title of this poem is a reference to Song of Songs 8:6, "Love is as strong as death." The Hebrew word for "strong" is also the word for Gaza, so the title could be understood as "Gaza Is like Death."

Week 4 Session I The Image of the Other An Arab Shepherd is searching for his Goat on Mount Zion An Arab shepherd is searching for his goat on Mount Zion and on the opposite mountain

I am searching for my little boy.

An Arab shepherd and a Jewish father both in their temporary failure.

Our voices meet above the Sultan's Pool in the valley between us.

Neither of us wants the child or the goat to get caught in the wheels of the terrible Had Gadya* machine.

Afterward we found them among the bushes and our voices came back inside us, laughing and crying. Searching for a goat or a son has always been the beginning of a new religion in these mountains.

רועה ערבי מחפש גדי - יהודה עמיחי

רוֹעֶה עֲרָבִי מְחַפֵּשׂ גְּדִי בְּהַר צִיּוֹן, וּבָהָר מִמּוּל אֲנִי מְחַפֵּשׂ אֶת בְּנִי הַקֶּטָן. רוֹעֶה עֲרָבִי ְואָב ִיהוּדִי בִּכִשׁלוֹנַם הַזּמֵנִי.

> קוֹלוֹת שְׁנֵינוּ נִפְּנָשִׁים מֵעֶל לִבְרֵכַת הַשְּׁלְטָן בַּעֵמֶק בְּאָמְצֵע. שְׁנֵינוּ רוֹצִים שָׁלֹּא יִכַּנְסוּ הַבֵּן וִהַגְּדִי לְתוֹך תַּהָלִיך הַמִּכוֹנַה הַנּוֹרֵאָה שֵׁל חֵד גַּדֵיא. הַמִּכוֹנַה הַנּוֹרֵאָה שֵׁל חֵד גַּדֵיא.

אַחַר כָּךְ מָצָאנוּ אֹתָם בֵּין הַשִּׁיחִים, וְקוֹלוֹתֵינוּ חָזָרוּ אֵלֵינוּ וּבָכוּ וְצָחֲקוּ בִּפְנִים.

> הַחִפּוּשִׂים אַחַר גְּדִי אוֹ אַחֵר בֵּן הָיוּ תָּמִיד הַתְחַלֵּת דָּת חֲדָשָׁה בֶּהָרִים הָאֵלֶּה

.THE DIAMETER OF THE BOMB Yehuda Amichai

The diameter of the bomb was thirty centimeters and the diameter of its effective range about seven meters, with four dead and eleven wounded.

And around these, in a larger circle of pain and time, two hospitals are scattered and one graveyard. But the young woman who was buried in the city she came from, at a distance of more than a hundred kilometers, enlarges the circle considerably,

and the solitary man mourning her death at the distant shores of a country far across the sea includes the entire world in the circle. And I won't even mention the crying of orphans that reaches up to the throne of God and beyond, making a circle with no end and no God. Translated by Chana Bloch קטר הפצצה יהודה עמיחי

> קטר הַפּצַצַה הַיה שׁלשִׁים סֵנטִימֶטִרִים וקטר תַּחוּם פָּגיעַתַהּ כִּשְׁבַעַה מֵטְרִים. וּבוֹ אַרְבַּעָה הָרוּגִים וִאַחַד עַשַּׂר פִּצוּעִים. ומסביב לאלה, במעגל גדול יותר של כָּאֶב וּזִמַן, פִּזוּרִים שְנֵי בַּתֵּי חוֹלִים וּבֵית קבַרוֹת אֵחַד. אַבַל הַאִּשַׁה הַצָּעִירַה, שַׁנַּקבָּרַה בַּמַקוֹם שַׁמִּמֵנוּ בָּאַה, בַּמֵּרִחַק לִמַעלַה מִמֵּאַה קִילוֹמֵטְרִים, ָמַגְדִּילָה אֶת הַמַּעְגָּל מְאד מְאד, והַאישׁ הבּוֹדד הבּוֹכָה על מוֹתַהּ בַּירִכָּתֵי אַחַת מִמְּדִינוֹת הַיַּם הַרְחוֹקוֹת, מַכִלִיל בַּמַענֵּל אֶת כַּל הַעוֹלַם. ולא אַדַבֶּר כַּלַל עַל זַעקת יתוֹמִים הַמַּגִּיעָה עַד לַכִּסָא הַאֵּלֹהִים וּמִשַּם וַהַלְאַה וִעשַׁה אֶת הַמַּעְנָּל לְאֵין סוֹף ואַין אֱלֹהִים

> > THE LOVER A.B. Yehoshua Translated by Philip Simpson NA'IM

They're getting themselves killed again and when they get themselves killed we have to shrink and lower our voices and mind not to laugh even at some joke that's got nothing to do with them. This morning on the bus when the news was coming over the radio Issam was talking in a loud voice and laughing and the Jews in the front of the bus turned around and gave us a dry sort of look, and at once Hamid, who's always so serious, who reckons he's responsible for us even though he's not our boss officially, touched Issam, nudged him with his finger, and Issam shut up right away.

Knowing where to draw the line, that's what matters, and whoever doesn't want to know had better stay in the village and laugh alone in the fields or sit in the orchard and curse the Jews as long as he likes. Those of us who are with them all day have to be careful. No, they don't hate us. Anyone who thinks they hate us is completely wrong. We're beyond hatred, for them we're like shadows. Take, fetch, hold, clean, lift, sweep, unload, move. That's the way they think of us, but when they start

getting killed they get tired and they slow down and they can't concentrate and they suddenly get all worked up about nothing, just before the news or just after, news that we don't exactly hear, for us it's a kind of rustle but not exactly, we hear the words but we don't want to understand. Not lies, exactly, but not the truth either, just like on Radio Damascus, Amman or Cairo. Half-truths and half-lies and a lot of bullshit. The cheerful music from Beirut is much better, lively modern Arab music that makes your heart pound, as if your blood's flowing faster. When we're working on the cars that they leave with us the first thing we do is switch off Radio Israel or the army wave bands and look for a decent station, not a lot of talking, just songs, new and attractive songs about love. A subject that never tires. The main thing is to have none of that endless chattering about the rotten conflict that'll go on forever. When I lie under a car tightening brakes the music in the car sounds like somebody walking over my head. I tell you, sometimes my eyes are a bit wet.

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At four o'clock in the afternoon we're already standing at the bus stop waiting for Muhammad's bus and from all over the city the people of our village and villages nearby are assembling, construction workers, gardeners, garbage men, kitchen workers, manual laborers, domestic help and garage hands. All of them with plastic bags and identity cards ready at hand in shirt pockets. Jews get on the bus too, Jews of all kinds with heavy baskets, most of them get off at the Acre Road. And in Acre more Arabs get on and some Jews as well, a different kind, immigrants from Russia, and Moroccans too. They hardly understand Hebrew. And on the way the Jews thin out and the Arabs too and in Carmel the last of the Jews leave the bus and only Arabs are left. The sun on our backs is nice and the road flies. Haifa disappears from the horizon, Carmiel is swallowed by the mountains, the electricity pylons thin out. No smell of Jews now. Muhammad tunes the radio to a Baghdad station that broadcasts verses from the Koran, to entertain us. We go deeper into the mountains, driving among orchards on a narrow road twisting among the fields and there's nothing to remind us of the Jews, not even an army jeep. Only Arabs, barefooted shepherds in the fields with their sheep. Like there never was a Balfour Declaration, no Herzl, no wars. Quiet little villages, everything like they say it used to be many years ago, and even better. And the bus fills with the warbling of that imam from Baghdad, a soft voice lovingly chanting the suras. We sit there hypnotized, silent at first and then crooning softly along with him.

TRANSISTOR MUEZZIN Aai Mishol

The transistor muezzin rises from the orchard— Hussein barefoot and bound to my land kneads the evening dough from Jewish flour too fine, ya Hagi -- I close my sorting eyes after a day's harvest, crouch with him over the fire he kindles.

We plan tomorrow's peaches over Europa* and a hand rolled cigarette.

Ya Hagi, his Arab sigh slithers forth supported by the consonants of my castrated Hungarian name.

In these photosynthesis twilights his hands run over the tin casting a spell with pita. Hussein castles me legends Gaza's Thousand and One Nights, his body a supple viper, his eyes an answer to the fire.

* Brand name of a cheap Israeli cigarette.

Translation: 1999, Feminist Press/CUNY Translated by Linda Zisquit

> WOMAN MARTYR Agi Mishol Translated by Lisa Katz

"The afternoon darkens, And you are only twenty." Nathan Alterman Afternoon in the Market

You are only twenty and your first pregnancy is an exploding bomb. Under your broad skirt you are pregnant with dynamite and metal shavings. This is how you walk in the market, ticking among the people, you, Andaleeb Takatkah.

Someone changed the workings in your head and launched you toward the city; even though you come from Bethlehem, the Home of Bread, you chose a bakery. And there you pulled the trigger inside yourself, and together with the Sabbath loaves, sesame and poppy seed, you flung yourself into the sky.

Together with Rebecca Fink you flew up with Yelena Konreeb from the Caucasus and Nissim Cohen from Afghanistan and Suhila Houshy from Iran and two Chinese you swept along to death.

Since then, other matters have obscured your story, about which I speak all the time without having anything to say.

Lesson 2 The Other as a Mirror Taken from A TRUMPET IN THE WADI Sammy Michael

I was in the flourishing white city on the slopes of the Carmel. Tidy rows of homes with flowers. A model town. A stunning view of blue sea, clear skies and green hills. No unpleasant smells, no slum housing, no noisy crowds. And despite this, nobody is very keen to dwell here. They have to be killed before they can be settled in these beautiful homes of marble, which sparkle so in the sun.

Adina made inquiries for me and showed me the way between the symmetrical rows. She displayed great tact and kindness in leaving me alone. She herself feels very much at home here. In the white light she went to her husband, perhaps to plead for their son. Eyal is still immersed in the belly of the monster. She was right, there's no mistaking it. The names are engraved in black on the glittering marble. There were also some living people. A woman, kneeling, embracing the marble as if she wanted to uproot the grave. Close by was a father, not more than forty years old, handsome and well-dressed. He stood unmoving in the roasting sun while his clothes absorbed its scorching rays. No doubt the fire had already taken hold of him. His streaming sweat attempted to extinguish it, darkening his clothes from his shirt to the cuffs of his trousers. He did not turn his head as I approached.. He neither saw nor did he hear. He did not move other than to blink away the salt sweat that stung his eyes. His entire being was focused on the marble that stubbornly refused to utter a word to Daddy.

On my left was another silent grave. A young girl seated by its side kept asking "Why? Why?" With her white blouse, wide skirt and dainty sandals, her delicate face and spiritual air, she was a delight to the eye, just like this wreath. But her inner transmitter was stuck, repeating over and over again, "Why? Why?" until her madness touched mine, and it was hard to stop myself from rushing over to press the button hidden somewhere in her shirt.

Everyone's mad here except for those who inhabit the little homes. An old woman in black was sitting on the edge of a grave, gnawing at a rusk, a thermos of coffee at her feet. She was completely at ease, as if she were striking outside the Minister's office. Perhaps it's for that reason that the protest of this mad citizen is so clamorous, as she picnics by the grave, demanding the return of her grandson. How can youth be restored to old age? No chance - God remains as mute as the inhabitants of the little homes.

I, too, am among the partially mad. With the lucidity of madness I have come to explain things to Alex and justify myself to him. Adina was silent, the gynecologist was shocked - he himself is a bereaved father. Mother wept. Grandfather's green eyes flashed as he said: "From you especially I dream of a grandson." He's mad too - he understood me immediately.

I didn't bring flowers for Alex. The wreath I carry within me may yet be cast into the sewer. It's difficult to explain myself to him when he's lying down and I'm standing up. I would gladly sit, if only they would distribute folding chairs for crazy people at the entrance. That's why I couldn't tell him everything. I stood by the grave in silent justification like a mutinous criminal.

Boaz said the interest on the loan he and Adina gave me had grown to a considerable sum, as a result of his investments on the stock exchange. Added to my salary, it could ensure my future and that of the child.

"Alex," I said to the grave, "The future of the child may be the deciding factor. If I raise him in an Arab street will I be able to tell him, before he hears from others, that he was born out of wedlock to a Jewish father? And if I raise him in a Jewish street, eighteen years from now I won't be beautiful and strong, surrounded by the affection of a lover and the care of my parents. Your mother even took your trumpet before giving the room to Abu-Nahla. So you can imagine my situation when the time comes for me to deliver your son to another war. He'll want to join an elite unit. All his life he'll be driven to prove himself because of his Arab mother, and he'll be a stranger to both Arabs and Jews."

The old woman with the thermos washed her grandson's grave with water from a small plastic bucket. Perhaps it's the same bucket he played with as a child at the seashore. Adina was already waiting by the gate. She called urgently: "I must rush home. Perhaps Eyal will call....."

Week 4 Session 2 The Other as a Mirror Ihtiyeh – Emile Habibi

For the first time in my life I find myself forced to put at the opening of one of my novels the famous cautionary formula that is customary among western authors saying that:

This novel is nothing but the creation of my winged eastern imagination. Thus any similarity between the characters in it, or any one of them, and real characters, is nothing but a coincidence, a coincidence that I had nothing to do with. And furthermore I am inclined to say, in order to remove any shadow of doubt, that any similarity between the Haifa found in the novel, and the Haifa of our country is nothing but a dream based on longing.

I have turned and turned many western novels in my library looking for the customary phrasing of this cautionary formula, in order to translate it and save my own skin with my pen, and I was very surprised when I could not find what I have looked for. It must be for one of two reasons, either these novels were so far from reality that they had no reason for caution, or they were so flattering to it the caution was not necessary.

So why did I wake up just now to use the cautionary formula, is it because my confidence in the possibility of the liberty to long for this country in this country was shaken? The freedom to long for Haifa in Haifa?

The Author

..

A drawn heavenly sword

My father, that of all the movables in this world did not carry with him into the city anything but the walking stick he was leaning on, and my older brothers, so that he could lean on them, and our mother, with me still an embryo in her womb – so that he could lean on her, and the stories he used to tell us before we went to sleep was the first person to riddle me the riddle of the merciful prince, the riddle that only the youngest son of the wazir managed to solve.

Haifa: Wadi Al-Nisnass & Abbas Street By Emile Habibi

I claim to be one of those people who cannot see the moon except for its luminous side. It is thus I justify those Jewish friends with sensitive souls who claim they do not believe it when we declare that we want a lasting peace based on a Palestinian state alongside an Israeli one. I find excuses for their mistrust, telling myself and my people that perhaps their suspicion of our intentions comes from their sense of guilt at everything they have committed against us, expressed once in Moshe Diyan's phrase: "If we were in their place..."

There is no place for "if" in actual history. However, if one wants to argue using such logic, then I would say that if we were in your place we would not have allowed our reactionary forces to do to you what your forces of reaction have done to us. Furthermore, I would add that if you combined all the "ifs" in all the languages of the world, you would be unable to justify a single harm -- not even the minutest -- that you have wreaked on what you call "the other people"...

Umm Wadie [Habibi's mother] was unable to overcome the shock of those days [1948]. By then her life was behind her, and most of her sons and grandchildren were scattered in the diaspora. Once she came down to the premises of our old political club in Wadi Al-Nisnass to participate in a joint Arab-Jewish women's meeting. Those were days of a raging general election campaign. The Jewish speaker was emphasizing our struggle for the rights of the Palestinian refugees to return to their homes. Umm Wadie interrupted her saying: "Will my sons and daughters return?"

Taken aback, the Jewish-Hungarian speaker replied: "They will return when peace is achieved." "Lies," shouted Umm Wadie, "my son Emile never lies to me. He told me that their return -- if ever they return -- will take a long time. By then I won't be here to see them: I'll be in my grave."

Ever since that meeting, and without me knowing, it became her custom to go secretly to a corner of Abbas Garden near our house. She would lean against a stone shaded by an olive tree and bemoan her destiny -- lonely and separated from children, especially her youngest son Naim.

"Naim, where are you now? What has happened to you without me?"
Little did I know of her newly acquired habit until one day I overheard my two
daughters playing at being Granny Umm Wadie bemoaning "O Naim".
That year Umm Wadie left us, crossing the Mandelbaum Gate on her way to her
children who had taken refuge in Damascus. It was there, in Damascus, and not in

Shafa Amre [her native village, now part of Israel] that her soul returned to its maker.

"As for you, you can stay. Your life is before you, and you can afford to wait until they return."

Those were the last words of my mother, Umm Wadie, when we parted on the Israeli side of the Mandelbaum Gate.

I remained. I returned to Haifa and wrote my very first story as a citizen of the State of Israel. It was entitled "Mandelbaum Gate".

And I remained. But, until this day, and for as long as I live, I think of my mother as having remained with me, for mothers are of the roots.

Jaffa: Land of Oranges Ghassan Kanafani Translation Mona Anis Hala Halim When we had to leave Jaffa for Acre there was no sense of tragedy. It felt like an annual trip to spend the feast in another city. Our days in Acre did not seem unusual: perhaps, being young, I was even enjoying myself since the move exempted me from school... Whatever, on the night of the big attack on Acre the picture was becoming clearer. That was, I think, a cruel night, passed between the stern silence of the men and the invocations of the women. My peers, you and I, were too young to understand what the whole story was about. On that night, though, certain threads of that story became clearer. In the morning, and as the Jews withdrew threatening and fulminating, a big truck was standing in front of our door. Light things, mainly sleeping items, were being chucked into the truck swiftly and hysterically.

As I stood leaning against the ancient wall of the house I saw your mother getting into the truck, then your aunt, then the young ones, then your father began to chuck you and your siblings into the car and on top of the luggage. Then he snatched me from the corner, where I was standing and, lifting me on top of his head, he put me into the cage-like metal luggage compartment above the driver's cabin, where I found my brother Riad sitting quietly. The vehicle drove off before I could settle into a comfortable position. Acre was disappearing bit by bit in the folds of the up-hill roads leading to Rass El-Nagoura [Lebanon].

It was somewhat cloudy and a sense of coldness was seeping into my body. Riad, with his back propped against the luggage and his legs on the edge of the metal compartment, was sitting very quietly, gazing into the distance. I was sitting silently with my chin between my knees and my arms folded over them. One after the other, orange orchards streamed past, and the vehicle was panting upward on a wet earth... In the distance the sound of gun-shots sounded like a farewell salute. Rass El-Naqoura loomed on the horizon, wrapped in a blue haze, and the vehicle suddenly stopped. The women emerged from amid the luggage, stepped down and went over to an orange vendor sitting by the wayside. As the women walked back with the oranges, the sound of their sobs reached us. Only then did oranges seem to me something dear, that each of these big, clean fruits was something to be cherished. Your father alighted from beside the driver, took an orange, gazed at it silently, then began to weep like a helpless child.

In Rass El-Nagoura our vehicle stood beside many similar vehicles. The men began

to hand in their weapons to the policemen who were there for that purpose. Then it was our turn. I saw pistols and machine guns thrown onto a big table, saw the long line of big vehicles coming into Lebanon, leaving the winding roads of the land of oranges far behind, and then I too cried bitterly. Your mother was still silently gazing at the oranges, and all the orange trees your father had left behind to the Jews glowed in his eyes... As if all those clean trees which he had bought one by one were mirrored in his face. And in his eyes tears, which he could not help hiding in front of the officer at the police station, were shining.

When in the afternoon we reached Sidon we had become refugees.

Revenge Taha Muchamad Ali

At times ... I wish
I could meet in a duel
the man who killed my father
and razed our home,
expelling me
into
a narrow country.
And if he killed me,
I'd rest at last,
and if I were ready—
I would take my revenge!

But if it came to light, when my rival appeared, that he had a mother waiting for him, or a father who'd put his right hand over the heart's place in his chest whenever his son was late even by just a quarter-hour for a meeting they'd set—then I would not kill him, even if I could.

*

Likewise ... I
would not murder him
if it were soon made clear
that he had a brother or sisters
who loved him and constantly longed to see him.
Or if he had a wife to greet him
and children who
couldn't bear his absence
and whom his gifts would thrill.
Or if he had

friends or companions, neighbours he knew or allies from prison or a hospital room, or classmates from his school ... asking about him and sending him regards. But if he turned out to be on his own cut off like a branch from a tree without a mother or father, with neither a brother nor sister, wifeless, without a child, and without kin or neighbours or friends, colleagues or companions, then I'd add not a thing to his pain within that aloneness not the torment of death, and not the sorrow of passing away. Instead I'd be content to ignore him when I passed him by on the street—as I convinced myself that paying him no attention in itself was a kind of revenge. נקמה לָפָעַמִים מַתְחַשֵּק לִי לִהַזִמִין לִדוּ-קרַב אֶת הַאִישׁ שַׁרַצַח אֶת אַבִי והַרַס אֵת בֵּיתִי. ושלח אותי עירם ועכיה. לְכַל הָרוּחוֹת שֵׁל עוֹלַם

נקמה לְפְעֻמִים מִתְחַשֵּׁק לִי לְהַזְמִין לְדוּ-ק שֶׁרָצַח אֶת אָבִי וְשָׁלֵּחַ אוֹתִי עֵירֹם וְעָרֵיה לְכָל הָרוּחוֹת שֶׁל עוֹלַם הַבְּרִיּוֹת הַצַּר. שְׁאָם אָחַסְּלֵהוּ וְאָם אְחַסְּלֵהוּ מָצָאתִי נְקַמָה. מָצָאתִי נְקָמָה. אָבָל... אָבָל... בְּמַהָלָךְ הַדּוּ-קָרָב שְׁיֵשׁ לִירִיבִי שְׁמֵּמְתִּינָה לוֹ

אוֹ אַבָּא iא שַׁמַנִּיחַ אֶת כַּף ִימִינוֹ עַל כִּבְרַת הַלֶּב בְּחָזָהוּ בָּכַל פַּעַם שֶהַבֶּן שֵׁלוֹ מְאַחֶר אָפָלוּ רֶבַע שַעָה - מֵעֶבֶר לְמוֹעֵד שׁוּבוֹ אוֹ אָז ַלֹא אֲהַרְגֵהוּ .אָם הָכְנַעְתִּי אוֹתוֹ ...זאת ועוֹד... לא אַחַסְלֵהוּ אָם יִתְבַּרֵר לִי שֵׁיִשׁ לוֹ אַחִים ַואַחַיוֹת di שַׁיֵשׁ לוֹ שׁנּוֹטִים לוֹ אַהֶּבַה וּמִתְגַּעְגְּעִים עָלָיו בְּלִי הֶּרֶף; אוֹ שֵׁיִשׁ לוֹ אָשַה הַשַּשַה לִקרַאתוֹ וילַדִים שֶׁאֵינָם אוֹהָבִים כְּשֶׁהוּא נֶעֲדָר וּשִׁמְחִים בַּמַתַּנוֹת שֵׁלוֹ או שׁישׁ לו יִדִידִים וּקרוֹבִים. שַׁכַנִים וּמַכַּרִים חֲבֵרִים לְתָא-הַמַּעֲצָר שַׁתַּפִים לַחֵדֵר בָּבֵית-הַחוֹלִים – רֵעִים לְסַפְּסַל-הַלִּמוּדִים שֶׁמְתְעַנְיִנִים בִּמַעַשַּׂיו וּמֵקפִּידִים לוֹמֵר לוֹ שֵׁלוֹם. אָבָל אָם יִהֱיָה עֲרִירִי כָרוּת עֵץ-מִשִּׁפַּחַה שַאֵין לוֹ לא אָמַא ולא אַבַּא לא אַחִים וְלֹא אֲחַיוֹת לא אָשַה ולא ילַדִים בְּלִי חֲבַרִים וּקְרוֹבִים וּשְׁכֵנִים בְּלִי מַכַּרִים בַּלִי רֶעַ אוֹ עַמִית, בַּלִי ַיִדִיד לְרְפּוּאַה... לא אוֹסִיף לִמְצוּקַת עַרִירוּתוֹ לא יסורי גויעה ַולא עֶצֶב כִּלָּיוֹן. ַרָק בַּזֹאת אֶסתַפֶּק: אַעֲלִים עַיִן מִמֶּנוּ כְּשֶׁאֶתָּקֵל בּוֹ בָּרְחוֹב וַאֲשַׁכְנֵעַ אֶת עַצְמִי שָהתְעַלְמוּת, בִּפְנֵי עַצְמַהּ, גַּם הִיא

סוּג שֶׁל נְקַמָּה.

מערבית: אנטון שמאס

מקראה עברית אנגלית מצורפת

<u>חומר לקריאה נוספת:</u>

רשימה ביבליוגרפית מצורפת

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<u>מרכיבי הציון הסופי :</u>

הגשת עבודה מסכמת / פרויקט גמר / מטלת סיכום / מבחן בית / רפרט 50 % מטלות הגשה במהלך הסמסטר: תרגילים / עבודות / מבדקים / דוחות / פורום / סימולציה ואחרות % 32 %

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עבודת בה יבחר התלמיד 2-3 שירים או קטעי פרוזה ינתח את הנושא הנידון בהם בהקשר ללפחות שני מאמרים תיאורטיים יביע דעתו על מקומן של היצירות במרחב הישראלי ותפקיד יוצריהן כמתריעים בשער או מגיבים לאירועים משמעותיים