

The Foreign Minister or fishing in foul waters

Play by Kenneth and Hanna Lewan

First scene

Jerusalem: Large room in the press centre of the Israeli government.

I am Jacob Springer, head of the Israeli Information Office. Before I spent a few years in Latin American and German embassies, so I can consider myself a specialist in German-Israeli relations. I am happy to see that such a large number of journalists from all over the world has followed our invitation to cover the event of the German Foreign Minister being awarded a prize for the friendly and unshakable support from Germany all over the years and especially in difficult times. Now let me give you a short briefing on how we will proceed. First the Mayor of Jerusalem is going to hand over the prize to the German Foreign Minister, then the German F.M. is going to give the Jerusalem Mayor a prize for his success in making Jerusalem a united city, the capital of Israel.

Enter the German F.M. with his entourage consisting of some members of the German Parliament. The members of the international press have taken their seats. Suddenly there is a nervous unrest in the room. Somebody received the information by twitter that a gypsy army has invaded New York and that they drive out all its inhabitants. Reading aloud:

“People are fleeing to neighboring New Jersey just with what they can grab in a few minutes. The Gypsies hope for international assistance, especially from Germany, as that supported the foundation of an Israeli state on the land of an innocent people that had nothing to do with German atrocities against Jews in Nazi Germany.” *Confusion and excitement all around until somebody calls out:* “This is just a hoax! I just found out by twitter. Whoever tried to do us all in must be one of these neo-Nazi anti-Semites.”

The Jerusalem Mayor. There you can see what means these cowards use in order to disturb this celebration! But we just ignore these fools. I am so happy to welcome the German Foreign Minister in proud Israel. This is not his first visit, what joy to see him back.

F.M. I am also delighted to be here again. Whenever I step on Israeli ground I am overwhelmed with joy, when I'm here I'm overcome by a feeling of patriotism which I don't have for my own country.

Jerusalem Mayor: Are you content with the hotel arrangement we selected for you and are you treated with due respect?

F.M.: How kind of you to ask me. For a country that is surrounded by enemies your hospitality is overwhelming. The Germans could learn a lot from you.

Mayor: Oh, how I love to hear this. So I can forget my qualms that you have come here only to sniff about. I say again and again: Where would we stand without good friends like you who hold up the good reputation we enjoy all over the world. Everybody understands why at times we are forced to break human rights under special circumstances.

F.M.: When we were accepted as members of the United Nations we swore to uphold human rights all over the world. Also now I will keep my eyes open to see if certain violations can be justified. But don't worry, I'm sure I will not find anything that justifies the growing suspicion about Israeli actions against the Palestinians. The question is rather, how many human rights can a country grant that is surrounded by hostile countries. You cannot be put on the same level as former South Africa where people were thrown into jail, tortured and humiliated without any reason or moral right.

Mayor: You hit the point. We can always rely on you. There is so much trust you put in us, wonderful!

Exchange of the prizes, mutual expressions of thanks.

Heller, a German journalist: "May I put a question to the Mayor of Jerusalem?"

Springer: "This is not the place to ask questions. You are only here to witness the exchange of prizes."

Mayor: "Oh, let us hear what this beautiful young lady wants to find out."

Heller: "On my way here I passed the dilapidated Old City. Suddenly I came about a very new part of town where obviously old houses had been torn down and the old inhabitants removed into new quarters outside the city. I was told that nearly all of the people living in the recently constructed

modern quarter were Americans, Jews to be sure, but as American as the stars and stripes. Can you explain that to me?"

Mayor: "The apartments there are very expensive, not everybody can afford to live there."

Leyla, a Palestinian student: "Why don't you tell the whole truth? You and your greedy landmen are throwing out the Palestinian owners and hand over the property to prosperous Jews. That's why the Americans are living there now."

Mayor: "Just a second, young lady, fact is that the Arabs never had a heart-felt relationship to this town. Before I took over responsibility for Jerusalem the Old City was in desolate shape. In the out-of-town areas where we placed these people they feel much happier."

Leyla: Did you hear this? This is the voice of our new colonial occupants. This contempt of the weak! He knows better than the victims what is better for them!"

Mayor: "I have a clean conscience. You have to go along with progress and that is all we are doing."

Jacob Springer: "Now let's get on to business. I'm organizing the accompanying program for the international press. We had a number of suggestions and wishes but for the lack of time I can only consider two. One group is going to visit the sites of our archeological excavations and the other is going to look at one of our settlements. Please sign up for one of these groups."

All of a sudden a woman journalist holds up her hand and calls out: "I would like to see the surroundings of a settlement to find out how they are prepared technically."

Jacob Springer: "Alright, we have nothing to hide. Those who want to join this group stay with me. The others can enter the busses waiting up front."

He orders a special vehicle for the small group and they go outside to wait for it. A large military jeep stops in front of them and they get in together with J.S.

J.S.: "Unfortunately we have to pass our protection wall first and then a few control posts, but all these are necessary to keep the terrorists away from our territory. I'll first take you to the place where one of our chief planners is working today."

Second scene

They stop next to a village where they find Mr. Kraken sitting behind a folding table with a construction drawing in front of him. He is smoking a cigar.

One of the journalists: "Oh, you seem to be in such a splendid mood. This a dangerous job you are doing, right?"

Mr. Kraken: "Oh no, I love this job. Our politicians are calling out so many new construction sites every few weeks that we have trouble to carry them all out on time. I get a lot of positive feed-back from the people I do all this work for. Yesterday we celebrated an exciting roofing ceremony in Samaria with a group of Russian Jews. In the end they all sang our national anthem. And that all by heart! Meanwhile the soldiers that accompany our building activities keep an eye on the Arab workers. We must constantly have an eye on these bastards. They are jealous of our achievements and you can never tell what they're up to. Look at the skyline of this wonderful settlement up on the hill! Isn't it beautiful? Now, one thing after the other. Today we start on developing the fields in the next village."

Springer aside to Kraken: "Can't you hold back a little when you are talking to these journalists?"

A journalist: "You move ahead like a steamroller!"

Kraken: "Oh, you are right. Steamroller, that is the right way to put it, a splendid expression! We move on like steamrollers, but we are a creative power, we are building the Israel of to-morrow! We construct a lighthouse for the whole world!

A journalist: "And the Palestinians who have to leave their homes and their land?"

Kraken: "I don't give a damn about what they think or do. One cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs. Let them have a sit-down in front of their houses or climb on their olive trees, the more fanatic ones will throw a few stones. But as soon as our soldiers turn up with their tear gas grenades the spook is over. One thing I must say for the Arabs, they are just as stiff-necked as we are. They would never leave by themselves. They don't want to realize that their presence here is no longer accepted. They make a lot of fuss, they are wasting their time and ours, too. For years we have been offering these people to take them safely over the border. The Jewish Fond is ready to supply the necessary busses for their transport."

Journalist: "You have such a devil-may-care attitude, you are very honest! Look at the Israeli press representative who accompanies us. He looks very upset, he is chewing his nails."

Kraken: "Don't mind him, he always wets his pants when we talk business. He always worries about the impression we might make on Europe, especially on Germany, one of our main supporters. He says that political support for the Palestinians has grown, but that is unimportant. The people that really count are on our side. They say Israel has the right to defend itself no matter what we do. And that we are the only democracy in the Near East. Listen, we are observing Germany very closely. As soon as any important politician in that country would dare to speak up against Israel they would get in trouble with our supporters in the US and the Jewish associations all over the world. Everybody knows what we are doing here. When we shit the Arabs on the head they say we bring the desert to bloom. At least we are using biological fertilizer! Ha, ha! Let them talk about human rights. They have about just as much power as the Salvation Army."

Journalist: You are incredibly outspoken!

Kraken: We don't have to make a secret out of what we do. As long as they let us get away with it! I have to go on now. My men are waiting for me at our next development site. Just follow me.

Third scene

An imposing farmhouse on the outskirts of a village. Mrs. Heller and Springer sitting in the yard at a spread table. They are going to have olives, flat cake and tea. A boy is swinging back and forth on the branch of a tree. An olive grove in the background.

Farmer's wife to Heller: And you come from Germany? We have a daughter in Munich. She would have liked to come home after completing her studies, but...

Farmer: "Take more of the fresh olives. We are lucky that we still have forty olive trees left. Some of our hundreds of years old trees were chunked in pieces, burned or bulldozed. "

A young man appears at one end of the stage and looks around.

Farmers wife: "Look at how inquisitively his eyes wander about."

Farmer: "I have seen him before and I asked him what he wanted. I thought he wanted to visit Nabil, our oldest. Nabil is looking for work. Yesterday he heard that they are looking for construction workers

for the new settlement on top of the hill. He was bitter when he left the house. He feels miserable that he has to betray his own country to find a job.”

Farmer's wife: “Look at, the guy's taking a picture of our house!”

Farmer: Just let us wait and see.”

Farmer's wife: “Another one of our sons is in prison. He is no criminal! Allah may protect him. In rage he hit an Israeli soldier. The military government had forbidden us to enter our pasture. Some boys threw stones at the soldiers who were standing around there. But they missed their target. All the same the whole village was put under house arrest. All young men were interrogated. They forced our son to walk on all fours and bark like a dog. Then they beat him and screamed: “Get up, you dirty Arab.” He jumped on his feet like a stroke of lightning, tore the striking stick out of the hands of one of the soldiers and hit him over the head.”

Farmer: “A proud young man cannot simply take such a humiliation.”

Wife: “Now look at the guy! He turns his eyes in direction of the settlement up the hill!” Our pasture land was up there. The kids used to ride up there on the back of our donkey. We had more milk, butter and cheese than we needed, so we could sell some on the market. After they confiscated our pastures we had to sell our animals. Now we buy dairy products with Hebrew brand names.

Wife again: “That man really worries me.”

Farmer: “Maybe it's someone from the Jewish Fund. Last week that big-mouth with a cigar was here. He threatened us. “If you don't get out of here soon we'll confiscate your property. If you are cooperative we will even give you some money for it. The bulldozer is going to come anyhow.” ” I said to him: Allah will punish you all!” He only laughed and said that his money could do more for us than Allah. Then I told him: “We will never sell Palestine!” *The farmer to his guests:* “Would you like to see our remaining olive trees?” *The group leaves the stage to go and look at the trees. In comes Kraken, accompanied by a settler. He spreads out a construction drawing on the table after swiping off the dishes. You can hear the noise of some bulldozers in the background. A number of farmers who are alarmed by the noise enter.*

Settler: “What the hell is going on here?”

Kraken: "Oh, these peasants are just a plague! As soon as they hear something it is as if you were stirring up a heap of cockroaches. You only need to disturb one and then they all crawl over one another.

The farmer, his wife Springer and Mrs. Heller are being thrown out of the olive grove by a soldier.

Farmer, addressing his neighbors: "Dear friends, I thank you showing you compassion. When the soldiers came rushing towards the trees we took each other by the hands trying to protect them. Husam climbed a tree but they pulled him down. Then they drove us all awa

Farmer's wife: "Now they're cutting down the trees. Another moment and they will head for the house!"

A neighbor: "Allah, help us!"

Another one: "God, free us from this plague!"

Farmer: "Allah, how much longer will we have to suffer this violence?"

Kraken: "Get out of our way! We are going to tear down this hut."

Neighbor to the farmer and his wife: "Where are you going to stay now?"

Another one: "You can all come to our house. We'll make room for you."

Farmer's wife: "We will endure also this tragedy with dignity. We must stay heads-up. We must not let them drive us away! We stay here in our country."

The boy starts singing a Palestinian Resistance song:

They are entering our houses without knocking at the door

Can you see the greed in their eyes?

Can you sense the violence in their guns?

They tear down our homes and walls

And leave us nothing but stones.

But we will not wave the white flag.

One of the soldiers and the settler are walking up to the Palestinians.

Soldier: "What are you hanging around here?"

Settler: "Piss off!"

Husam: "You better piss off! Get going! Out! He picks up a stone and throws it. "This one is for my father. And that for my mother! And this one is for Palestine." The last stone hits the settler. The boy runs away. The soldier rushes after him and shoots. The farmer followed by Springer, run after them. Both carry the boy back on stage.

Farmer: "My little boy is dead. He always loved to ride on the donkey."

The mother screams and throws herself on the boy. The soldiers scatter the crowd. Everyone out except for Kraken, the soldier and the settler. After a while you can hear a loud noise in the background.

Members of the second group who were visiting the excavation sites come onstage. Shortly afterwards the members of the first group arrive. The German Foreign Minister and his entourage are in it. They were all held back by a road-block near-by. All the roads leading to Jerusalem have been shut down completely for fear of an uprising. They had to leave their busses and were taken in by military vehicles and try to find a way out without success.

One of the group: "What's up here? We were held up by a huge crowd. Hundreds of people gather in the streets."

Kraken: "Come on, dear man, calm down. Why do people always get upset by trivialities? Look at my construction drawings," holding up a few sheets of paper. "They are for the settlement extension we are planning here."

Another member of the group: "If you keep going on like this you will lose the support of a lot of important people."

Springer whispering to Kraken: "We better slow down on this. We are surrounded by journalists aiming their cameras at us."

Kraken: "All we have to do is tell them that Zionism a freedom movement. That's what they love to hear! Ha, ha!"

Forth Scene

Springer standing on the shoulders of a strong young man: "I can see a huge crowd gathering in the streets. Somebody is holding up a picture of the dead boy. Now look at, someone is throwing a stone at one of the soldiers and hits him in the middle of the face. They are calling for assistance. There's a jeep rushing down the street and soldiers jump out and run around a corner. They are heading for the school. Jesus cripes, the crowd is just pulling me off my feet." *He, Heller and some others are being pushed up to the front of the school. They can see how the soldiers storm the school yard.*

Springer: "I can see Mrs. Heller on the top of the roof holding up a camera. Goodness gracious, she is taking pictures of all this!" *Springer takes out his handy and calls the officer in charge of the operation.* "Listen, there is a woman journalist taking pictures from up the roof. You better compliment her down." *He takes out his handy again.* "Don't handle her too gentlemanlike. Get her down here."

In comes Heller, being pushed by a soldier and protesting heavily. He takes her camera and throws it to Springer who removes the film from it.

Heller: "No, for God's sake, no! I saw how the soldiers stormed the school. They were wearing gasmasks and had sticks in their hands. Suddenly children were jumping out of the windows, one after another. They all lay around and screamed. They looked like first-graders. Apparently they could not get up anymore. I had everything on my film."

In come three soldiers, two of them pat each other on the shoulders, the third drops on a stool and rests his head in his hands. He seems confused.

First soldier: "The Arab doggies are yowling."

Second soldier: "Yowling dogs don't bite."

First soldier: "And they don't throw any stones, either."

Second soldier: "Well said, ha, ha". *He points at the third soldier.* "What's the matter with him?"

First soldier: "Looks like a case of war-weariness."

Both go off-stage. In the background children are being carried by on stretchers. The third soldier turns his head away, Springer goes to him and bends down to see his face.

Third soldier. He points to the children. "And I was one of them who did this! We were told that one of our comrades had been hurt by a stone. We got the command to throw teargas into the classrooms. We went in there. I opened one of the doors. The children were sitting in their benches looking at me fearfully. I heaved a canister in there and slammed the door. I had to stem my weight against the door otherwise they would have all come out. When we opened the door a while later the whole swarm came tumbling out all befogged. Some of the kids had jumped out the windows. And I did that! We must have scared them to death! And we had no reason to believe that these were the children who had thrown stones."

Springer. "You poor fellow, you are burdened with a highly sensitive conscience." To the others: "He reminds me of the Israeli soldiers during the Six Day War. They were fighting with broken hearts." To the soldier: "Don't torment yourself anymore. You only did what had to be done. Dangers may lurk in any classroom. Head up!"

Soldier. "You understand me. I'm not a criminal! I grew up in a kibbutz, I'm a Socialist. What made me do that? Why didn't I think twice before I did that? After it I went down to my officer and said to him: "Don't ever make me do anything like this again! He just laughed at me. It is all so terrible."

Heller to Springer. "Is he any better than the others?"

Springer. "He has a tender conscience. But the difference won't make much of a difference. Let's see."

Heller. Oh, what a stirring story! His own officer laughed at him. He saw through him." To the soldier: "He laughed at you because he saw that he had a hypocrite before him. Didn't you know that you were going to attack helpless children? You did not complain about the command until you had carried it out. And you haven't sworn ever to do this again."

Soldier. "You come from Germany, don't you. With your Nazi background how can you dare point a finger at me? I am sacrificing my life for the safety of my endangered country and you side up with our enemies!"

The members of the first and the second group, including the German Foreign Minister and the members of the Bundestag have entered the stage. They were held up at a nearby checkpoint which was hermetically closed because of an expected uprising in the close neighborhood. They had to leave their busses and continue in military vehicles trying to avoid the crowds.

Springer to Heller. "You should be ashamed to take the side of the Palestinians. They do not want to recognize the legitimate right of the Israelis to construct settlements on their own land. After all, it belongs to us and the Palestinians have only been squatting on it for years without ever paying any compensation. So they better stay quiet and leave this land as soon as possible!"

Heller. "Oh, that's a new way to look at this tragedy. I only tried to help this young soldier to be honest with himself. There are lots of people everywhere in the world who know all that's going on here. But nobody speaks out against it because it is not beneficial to their careers or because they just don't care about anything except the next football game. And there are those who just want to polish up their image by jumping on a moving train."

A.M. to Heller. "Shame on you! You insult our best friends! You have no right to give them a lecture. All we should do is to atone for the incredible crimes we have committed against the Jews!"

Heller. "I can't see why a people that has nothing to do with the Nazi crimes should pay for our horrible past. The least we should do is to compensate the Palestinians for the unbelievable sacrifice we are demanding from them. We should honestly support the very modest demand of the Palestinians to have their own state within the borders of 1967. After all, that is only 22% of the land granted them by the UN in 1948. And what do we do instead? We pay lip-service to the official demands to recognize the rights of the Palestinians and weakly criticize the Israelis for the settlements it is constructing. This means stealing the rest of Palestine until nothing will be left to be given back."

Everyone leaves the stage except Springer. He looks ponderous. All of a sudden he exclaims: "That sounded logical to me what this German journalist said. What if we took advantage of the Palestinians all these years without seeing their plight? Without recognizing their right to stay here in the country they lived in for centuries? I start to feel ashamed for my own country! I have to go after Mrs. Heller and try to explain to her that I turned my mind and that I've come to fully support her point of view. I want to apologize for what I have said to her before."

Springer leaves the stage and tries to catch up with the group. After succeeding he goes over to Mrs. Heller and apologizes for his previous behavior.

Springer to Heller. "It took me a long time to realize that you were right in what you said about the stand of my country and that of our many supporters all over the world. I hope it isn't too late for me to have seen this!"

Heller. "Aren't you afraid of what your superiors will say and of what might happen to you?"

Springer: I am not afraid of anything anymore. I feel as if a large burden fell off of me. I had never felt too much at home in the official role I had to play. Maybe that caused me to change my mind a hundred percent. Say, can I do anything for you before we get back to Jerusalem?"

Heller. "I guess we better stay with the group before we get caught in the crowds that appear everywhere around us."

Springer. "Alright, let's go after them. I hope we still find them. We should avoid any dangerous situations. Oh, there they are! It seems they cannot go on. Something must be in their way."

Heller. "Let's run and see!"

All three groups stand close together. There is a place with a flag pole in the middle of it. The student Leyla joins them together with her mother. A group of soldiers is trying to keep them away from the crowd.

Leyla: "We are standing around here while our homes are destroyed everywhere you look. Maybe they push us over the border never to come back. Maybe they throw us into prison. My father has been in there for one year already. What's left of him may come free in three years or earlier if he signs a paper that he is going to leave the country on his free will. My mother is dying with grief! Nothing can hold us back!" *Leyla kisses her mother and goes up front together with a young boy. The mother covers her face with her hands and cries.*

Fifth Scene

A place and a flag pole in the middle. Two soldiers appear. Several Arabs cross the stage. The soldiers stand in their way so they have to go around them. Loud singing in the background.

First soldier. "They want to get their revenge now."

Second soldier: "That's for sure now. Be on your guard and watch what is going on behind you. Don't let any of these monkeys get behind your back!"

First soldier: "They will keep up resistance until they understand that they desecrate the ground of this Holy Land by their mere presence."

Second soldier: "What bothers me most of all is this damn singing. When this Arab Dudelei hits my ears I feel as if I were not in my own land. Your American accent also drives me crazy, but at least you belong here."

First soldier: "We are here by the command of God: 'Come and move into the land that I will show you'"

Second soldier: "What happened to me yesterday. I stand here on guard all peacefully with two of my comrades when a whole horde of them came running toward us like out of the jungle. They gave us the stinky finger and began to bawl. We selected two of them and began to blow them up a bit. The one spit at me the other just greened and began singing again. At that point we had to interfere, of course. They had to let down their pants and run around on all fours."

First soldier: "Oh, how funny, I could die with laughing!"

Second soldier: "Then I took a cucumber out of my food bag. 'Push it up your ass, you noisy brat'! First he didn't want to, but then I got some movement into his black saucer eyes. The other one was more willing to cooperate. With a bit of encouragement on my part he got the thing in deeper and deeper. Then I said 'take it out again'. To hell with you! I never laughed so much!"

First soldier: "And if they start kicking against us again today?"

Second soldier: "Command are coming today from all up, from the Minister of Defense personally and it says: Anyone who wants to rebel will get his bones broken!"

First soldier: "The bible does not tell us that we are a good people. It says that we are a holy people with a mission: to make this land fertile, build up the temple again and clean the country of all strangers."

Second soldier: "Life on this earth consists of strife and war among the nations. The future of my country lies in my gun.!"

Both go off stage. In comes Leyla with some boys. She is holding a Palestinian flag. She hands it to one of the boys who climbs up the flag pole and fastens the flag. In come more Palestinians, the German Foreign Minister with his crew and Mrs. Heller with Springer.

One of the boys: "Watch out, they are coming!"

The Palestinians begin to sing:

Our flag flies like a flame

Like a greeting to Palestine

She is like a kiss to our darling

She flies up there for everyone to see

So that also our sovereigns understand

That we are at home here

Soldiers come in. They see the flag.

First soldier: "Singing is prohibited.!"

Second soldier: "Shut up! Piss off!"

The Palestinians continue to sing. One of the soldiers begins to shoot at the flag. After a few shots the singing stops. The Palestinians count the shots aloud. The soldier stops shooting, grabs one of the boys and forces him to climb up the flag pole.

First soldier: "Get it down!"

The boy climbs up to the flag and kisses it. The boy comes down without the flag and tries to save himself with a running jump. Leyla pushes the soldier away. He grabs her by the hair but he loses his cane. The cane lands in front of the Foreign Minister's feet.

First soldier. "Hand it over! I'll smash her!"

A lot of shouting. The F.M. picks up the cane and hands it over to the soldier. Heller tries to protect Leyla but she is pushed down. The soldier grabs Leyla by the hair and starts beating her. Springer interferes. The other soldier hits him on the head and he goes down. At the same time the second soldier keeps the others at bay with his gun.

F.M. to his entourage: We got to keep out of this!"

The soldier drags Leyla up front by the hair and lets her drop on the ground. The crowd approaches the girl while stretcher-bearers come and carry Leyla away. The boys are crying. The soldiers chase away the Palestinians.

First soldier to the second: "They think they could make fools out of us! Who they think they are! I even held myself back!"

Second soldier. "They are just getting away with murder! They behave as if the land belonged to them! The sooner they hit the road the better!"

Both soldiers off.

Heller. "This brutal guy hit the girl till she fell down and that in front of every one's eyes!" Looking at the F.M. "And you, you were only standing around looking. How for goodness sake could you pick up the cane for him and give it back to him?"

F.M. Well, it did belong him! What he did with it afterwards is none of our business!"

Heller. "But the poor girl! He smashed her head!"

F.M.: "That's too bad, I don't feel guilty. I only did my duty."

Heller. "How can you say anything like that?"

F.M.: "You seen to put our obligation to Israel in question! That is straight out cynical! Also you are obliged to Israel, if you want it or not. You are a German."

Heller. "Am I guilty for what was done to Jews more than half a century ago? I don't feel guilty!"

Springer: "You are right! The philosophy of the occident demands that only the ones who committed the crime are responsible for it. A child is neither responsible nor guilty for the crimes of its parents. Nobody would have the crazy idea to hold present day Americans responsibly for wiping out the Indians and putting the survivors into reservation camps. Jews and Soviets had the most responsible positions in the Russian Secret Service which was responsible for the mass murder in the thirties. The majority of the Russians and Jews living in Russia at that time are not considered guilty or responsible for these crimes. Not to speak of the later generations. Don't you want to let that hold for your own people?"

A.M.: That all sounds very scholarly. I don't know where you picked up these scholarly phrases. As to myself, I reject your views wholesale! All I rely on is my inner voice. I don't have to blame myself for anything!"

Mrs. Tawil comes stumbling in: "My darling! She does not live anymore!"

Tawil: "I still held her hands which were getting colder and colder, her face became white as a sheet! I kissed her a last time! The beautiful died with her! I don't know how I can go on." *She touches Heller and Springer*: "You both have tried to save her, I thank you for that."

Springer: "This is a bitter day! How many people must be killed yet, how many? Before these gapers will interfere and hinder these brutes to stamp the Palestinians into the ground?"

First he did not want to but then I had get some movement into his saucer eyes.