I’m Not Into Politics
by Mai Weisz

(Panting)

3:25 am  I can’t sleep so I write in bed
imagining my life as a play in my head my
girlfriend is sleeping next to me I hear voices
thoughts are floating above my head all mixed
with memories and recurring dreams
if I was really writing a
play
I should probably write about
a girl in the holocaust no?
a girl in the holocaust suffering
from trauma
I should probably add something personal
something relevant something about the
Israeli-Palestinian conflict as any good and
caring Israeli artist would do but I don’t
think I want it to be political ‘I’m not into
politics’ naively I used to say not realising
that everything is political or a better way to
put it politicised the air that I breath is
politicised
with global warming and cars pollution
my childhood memories are politicised with national
propaganda and religious conflicts I am politicised the
way I walk the way I talk the way I brush my teeth the
way I greet the neighbour my whole life and I’m
starting to hate it a couple of weeks ago I met a girl
from Gaza you are probably thinking how the hell is
that possible?
what? the fact that a girl from Israel met a girl from
Gaza? or the fact that they spoke?
Well apparently in London everything is possible and she was sitting there behind a stall of the Palestinian Society dedicating her whole being to I quote ‘a political cause’ when I found out that she was from Gaza my blood pressure increased followed by short breaths and I could feel my heart-beat so strong that I thought it could have popped out and started bouncing independently please I would like to return this passport -

*(strong Israeli accent)*

//why are you returning it?
//did you find a better price available? Where?
//not functioning properly?
//efficiency or features are not adequate?
//arrived damaged?
//missed the estimated delivery date?
//are there any missing parts or accessories?
//the wrong item was sent?
//arrived in addition to what was ordered?
//no longer needed?
//unauthorised purchase?
//description not accurate?
//I’m sorry you cannot return it

I decided to introduce myself despite the hypertension in which I was in

I felt a strong pull to talk to her

I kind of mumbled at the beginning I didn’t really know how to start a conversation with her without being weird or, god forbid, oppressive
I told her my name and ‘I’ve heard you are from Gaza’ do you think I could have avoided saying where I am from? sooner or later she would have found out anyway so I just went straight to the point ‘I’m from Israel and I want to connect with you’ within a couple of seconds from a humble and friendly preface it was the encounter that turned rather ,god forbid, oppressive the girl was demandingly asking about my political affinities ‘are you pro-Israel or pro-Palestine? anti-zionist against the apartheid or for the occupation?’ basically she wanted to know if I was on her side and me surprised and overwhelmed by her response but trying to be as politically correct as possible and avoiding any conflicts or any labellings I just said the old phrase ‘oh I’m not into politics’ forgetting that that’s on its own is a political statement clearly she didn’t like it and the rest is history (Panting)

4:00 am

I can’t sleep she is in deep sleep facing this way we got together
nearly a year ago
same old classic story
I fell in love during
an Arabic class with
an Italian girl that at
first sight
I thought was Palestinian
an awful lot of sweat out of fear to say where I’m from
was wasted -
//so you joined the LGBTQ+ community -
no
I don't feel part of that community
so I cannot give myself this label
- //but you love a girl which
means you are a Lesbian - no I
always liked boys
I still like boys and a girl
- //Ah so you are
bisexual no
I like just one girl
the rest are boys
I don't think it counts I am still
straight loving one girl well it
doesn't matter what gender she is
I love her as a person -
//are you experimenting?
I'm not experimenting!
it's true love
why do you have
to label everything? Well anyway
in London everything is possible
In Arabic class we were always sitting
next to each other an Israeli, an Italian
and a German on the front row sounds
like the beginning of a joke but this one
is funnier because the Italian doesn’t
really look Italian
and the German
doesn’t look German
and the Israeli well you get
the idea and we were the only
students talking and when I
say talking I mean
participating the teacher asks a
question and we are the only one
answering
the rest
dead-quiet like fish
in saltwater like
fish
in the dead-sea
there are no fish in the
dead-sea yeah?
if there were they
would be dead
anyway
before I even imagined that
I’d fallen in-love with that non-looking
Italian girl
I was always making sure the
three of us are sitting together
because then it would have been
boring imagine just me on the
front row facing our Lebanese
teacher discussing all the israelis
kha  Khummus Khamas Terror
or exchanging recipes for Labneh

// Labneh - a soft cheese made from drained yogurt, typical of Middle Eastern cuisine -
by the end of that year
I’d have ended up having more
recipes than words so as you would
expect from every
fresh
new madly in
love couple
we have
these
little lovely
arguments about human rights
terrorism politics that often
end up with door slammings
and conversations hung up in
the air one evening
we were sitting around the
table having a romantic dinner
with candles and wine right
after we came back from a
conference called
understanding Khamas -

// Khamas, rightly pronounced Hamas, but not to be confused with Hummus, is an acronym of
Harakat al-Muqāwamah al-Islāmiyyah (Islamic Resistance Movement), is a Palestinian Islamic
Political Militant Movement, defacto governing authority of the Gaza strip since 2007 and which is
dedicated to the establishment of an independent Islamic state in historical Palestine. Errr..do you
want some more rice?
listen
I… I personally don’t understand Hamas and I actually feel quite tantalised by this conference you know to me Hamas will always be a terrorist organisation and - excuse me?!
You (sound of hand slamming on a table)
You don't tell me what I can or cannot say!
(footsteps walking away, door slams shut)

(Panting)

4:45am I can’t… (panting stops) I grew up in fear
I was always told to be careful - fear is good for you no? keeps you safe - or keeps the people who manipulate you to stay in power. I do have faith in people but I can also trust nobody
(panting)
I always wanted to do something meaningful to make a difference and to be known to matter to a lot of people to be an idol so I came here to London to idolondon where everyone meets where the impossible happens I went to drama school another
military training just in the 
arts and now I’m out 
supposed to be ready maybe 
I’ve always been pretending 
it’s so overwhelming 
sometimes I just want the 
world to stop //Maia 
//come back 
//come back to yourself 
//come back 
//you lost a bit of direction 
//you need some time on your own 
//to see clearly what is around you 
//love made you 
//lose your way a little 
//the mind is blocked with 
//unnecessary information 
//the pressure to know 
//everything 
//is it true that //you 
will be loved less 
//if you decide not to know? 
//or is it you that will 
love yourself less? 
(panting) 
it’s dark I 
can’t…I 
can’t open 
my eyes and 
my body 
I can’t move 
I can’t move my body - 
//dissolves in relaxation
(Heavy rain starts)
//vast space and emptiness
//sense of freedom
//infinity
//complete dissolution
//absence of thoughts
//of urges
//of needs
//of desires
//and just for a moment
//you become
//nothing
//the body is allowed to dissolve
//you become
//nobody
//the mind has dissolved
//the sense of personality has dissolved
//into complete transparency
//merging with pure freedom
//with no borders
//of the mind
//of countries
//they all dissolve
//into eternity
//pure existence
(Rain stops/Panting starts)

6:30 am I woke up before the alarm and my dreams made me feel a bit sick in the stomach and the thoughts are burning on top of my head I’m tired but I am happy that I woke up
with sunrise right before she woke up the sky is so beautiful it’s turning peach pink and light blue like the color of the beach in Tel Aviv at sunset with the sound of faraway car engines and the smell of cold wet cigarettes after a night full of murderous dreams and unnatural happenings that I can’t remember exactly what they were