

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

Ḥarakat 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