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Dream seven, or GAZZA, FORGOTTEN LAND

Anne F. was terribly amorous, otherwise a very good lass. I would not dare to chide her because her (alleged) kissage with Peter became a public secret, and, in addition to it, compulsory school reading for all children in Europe. When her aunt Miep, with a smile full of devotion, used to bring to Het Achterhuis, on Prinsengracht, Amsterdam canal (today's no. 263), strawberries and cakes, Anne could not even surmise that the same faithful friend might one day reveal her most intimate diary's secrets. Handing them on to her dad, who then delivered them to the insatiable curiosity of the whole world (in his own version, of course). I say, I would not blame her, since the said kissing of a teenager, whose young life had to confine, for twenty-five months, to a few stuffy meters of the Rear home, in a beautiful city of Dutch painters, was not at the time, 1942-1944, the biggest world sin.

It was in time when a lunatic, Hitler, ravaged all over Europe, and so Anne had to spend the most thoughtful years of her life in a secret shelter. While trying, by sleep, to repel fear, and silence. All this just because she was, by birth, a member of the one of two wandering people, who was, to Mr. Chancellor (elected in a fully democratic way) particularly hateful. (Some say for subjective, and some say for objective reasons, for which there is neither time nor place to debate. However, I will not miss the chance, seemly in passing, to point out. Out of two mentioned people,

who, according to some, Hitler used to slay with a special passion, one was endowed with (allegedly eternal) God's choice. Likewise, with dozens of Nobel prizes (for the maintenance of which tradition, Swedish Academy of Sciences, most openly speaking, needs a pile of money).

I do not know whether because of that divine sympathy, or due to meeting the essential condition of being awarded, simply, this moneyed, therefore Nobelist-like ingenious people, were frequent (and too frequent) subjects of my European education. Especially so through history books, next literature and other art forms, through which we were trained to shed the tears over, exclusively theirs, centuries lasting, tragedies. More than forty years, the entire Planet, let me summarize, keeps dearly paying the sin of that Wagnerian-ecstatic Reichskanzler, who unfortunately used to think no further than his nose.

Yet another people, chosen by the same Alfred to be subjected to the methods of final solution, have never known to do anything else but live in dreams, and melancholic songs. Reminding humanity that sky is still above, and speckled with stars. Since without talent to cash in their misfortune, that people, even today, in the era of so-called freedom and peace, possess neither home, nor housing. Their Testimonial historical homeland has not yet been reliably confirmed, thus there has not been found a nonentity who would become a lord, via consigning them, as a royal gift, a national fireplace. More explicitly, in the name of again found (and paid) homeland, homes and graves of some other people, who would then continue, instead of them, roaming through this, round, Planet.

But not only that. This nation, whose kindred are popularly called gypsies, except for only incidental mentioning in history books as being victims of gas-solution and other penology methods of National Socialism, today, the same as all these forty years, is neither object nor predicate of a single international jubilee. Perhaps so because each god-given day of the World Calendar is filled with commemorating exoduses and sufferings of the Chosen people, apart from whom (their privatised) God has no time to deal with, or shed tears over any other of His creatures. (And galaxies!) Who therefore from among God's creatures is to get the idea of paying that vagabondish people, without money, and (Swedish) ingenuity, (hence, human sludge), certain war reparations, and other historical compensations? In addition to it, to erect them monuments, assign to them World awards, make about them historical-art movies, organize international congresses, establish research centers for their Holocaust, and teach humanity to believe devoutly in their myths and legends? Suffice it to say that that crazy people, still nowadays living only in dreams, remind us that – the starry sky is still above us (even though, the moral law is no longer in us).

Perhaps I here referred to a great German philosopher, Immanuel (who, I categorically affirm, nobody listens to any longer) simply because his colleague, The Cartesian, Descartes, lived in Anne's neighborhood. Before three centuries, after he had fled Paris. The one who figured out that *he thinks, therefore he is*. A plain wisdom taught indeed throughout Western schools, but practised by none. Especially when it comes to politics. However, just above the house entrance-door of that political refugee (or as one would put it in Yugoslavia, a loathsome people's enemy), who is not certain

whether he enjoyed or not social welfare by the Dutch government, still today there stands a hand-written inscription: *Have anyone ever met such freedom?* I do not know how would respond to him poor Rembrandt, whose door was incessantly knocked at by the police and money-sharks, while behind it, there were shuddering with fear, only hunger and paintings). One should not put out of his mind, nor on this occasion, that times are not changing, that it is only destiny smiling at us different way.

As if unwillingly, I broke too far away from Anne F. Elsa's compatriotess, with who, decided I, to, at all costs, visit Gazza. Beginning thus, at last, through her kathartic dream, visiting the land of The Remote Temple, from which I have been cast back, once again, for entire two hours, according to the sunset's measurement. Has it happened because life is, people say, very serious, and these kathartic dreams, in whose recorder I am completely transformed, wear not any mask of solemnity? Yet, I do frantically believe, that such dreams, full of remorse, in this world of false seriousness, would be of a greater help to Palestine, than all conferencing on her, lasting for decades now. Results of which are so-called serious living (at the expense of one else's death), or in other words, frivolous dying (on the account of somebody else's life). Oh God, if I did not possess this noble irony, I would, indeed, from time to time, pine-away in pain!). I say, of help: to the land of - Palestine, to Palestine - the concept, to Palestine - the history, to Palestine - the word, to Palestine - the love, to Palestine - the dream. From which (there) possibly leads the shortest way to Heaven, if someone happens to be so lucky to start out within it, within that katharsis being not in need of any scenery or actors, or even forged seriousness of

life, one's path of no return. On which, remorse has already lit up celestial lights.

Peace upon you, Anne! My name is Îmân ... Thus began Anne's kathartic dream, night before, on 4 August in '44, Grüne Polizei entered the Secret shelter, situated on one of the pure, Amsterdam, canals. There where Anne F. had to spend her shivering days, waiting, for entire two years, from morning until tomorrow, along with members of her and Peter's family, to be covered by gruesome shadow of death, in a concentration camp. The Ghost, which, with a grimace of mask, giggled in that same Descartes' confluence of freedom (from the lips of European Nation, Culture, Civilization, Reason) at all holders of the yellow stars' signs. Gestapo plundered, say the documents of that, if you remember, Vienna hunting society, entire property. Only on the floor, among some irrelevant newspapers full of reports about thousands (frivolous) deaths, laid Anne's diary. Waiting, patiently, for its destiny, which, if only there had not been my reading of the kathartic dreams of all those who have any connection with Palestine, would have remained for good known to people in its apocryphal edition.

Namely, immediately after Second (Hot), World, war (and at the very beginning of The Cold), when the dead (on none sides) were still not cooled down, in 1947th, Anne's father hands over to a publisher her notes about life in the Secret shelter. As the only surviving member of the family, he made sure that not only Kitty, but the entire world, by reading (carefully selected part of) Anne's secret records, hush up, for the sake of Palestine (whose wound has just began, by that time, flourishing), their conscience. To exercise, upon one, sad, story, their, capricious, goodness. And to

use Anne's sacrifice as a handy excuse for the political-historical (new-butcher's) scheme.

So it happened that even I, in my early, European, childhood, used to read Anne's Diary. (How much American First Lady was paid for her geek preface? is the question which crossed my mind much later.) All was going well during the reading. I wept as a rainy year, ever until I reached the Epilogue, where one sentence rang me alarm. Apart from a very small number of fragments, which are not interesting to the reader, there is preserved the original text. You remember: my nerve of detecting kathartic dreams (between the lines of history books) dates back to my childhood. And it has just sat down at the bell. And went thing-a-ling for long. Ever until I decided, ten years ago, to write a book. About Anne, an (inner) honest tomboy, and about the Unseen Land, Palestine, with Al-Quds in its heart. (Regardless of what a typewriter I use, to clean up my school History manual, into which they have ground so many, false, things.)

This time I will not go far from the subject of the story. But, speaking truly, the all preceding belongs to the katharsis, which Anne F. had to carry on her own, weak fifteen-year-old-shoulders. That night, when, driven by the instinct of the true, she received Îmân as her guide on the way to Gazza. That night - in - whose - dawn - she - will - summon - Grünne - Polizei... But there is more to it. When I began to follow her, by reading her kathartic dream, full of remorse (which the publishers allegedly considered to be of no interest to the readership), I looked at the geographical map. And, all at once, realized. This is why I had to be back to my, refugee, cell. To the realm of, bottomless, darkness. To the country of, national, insanities. To the, pitching, state (that, also,

strutted about, ever till yesterday, with being immortal). In which I am, just as Anne once, a dead among people. Me too guilty one, because of my star (and crescent). Me too a sacrifice in someone's name. In the name of the five-pointed star (and lot more hiding behind). Me, too, condemned, as once Anne, by the order of The Malice, to drink, like bitter nectar, loneliness.

I had to, therefore, go back because of the dream. For neither Anne started for Gazza from the streets of Qahirah while dizzied by the Misr's heat. That closest route, through Sinai, long ago separated from Palestine the ocean of the Muslim neglect. (Unlike history books, truth says; Misr's road was buried, far back in 1947 (the year of the unified plan for the partition of Palestine), on the twelfth day, of the twelfth month. When all over Cairo streets, according to diabolical protocol, police beast fired a volley. Then - from - injured – Imâm - Al-Banna's - arms - as - from - centuries - old - wounds - dropped - warm - martyrs' - juices - of - life – like – a dedication - over - cut down - faithful - Muslim - brotherhood. All this just because they, demonstrating, under the mark of The Qur'ân, asked, from the near in God, salvation for Palestine.

I am called Îmân ... she hardly heard a silent voice, and set off after it, humbly, as if for a prayer. She quickly arrived, with return ticket, from Amsterdam. On the sky, spread out the title: Gazza, Forgotten Land! On that kota, without other passengers of the sleeping (20th century's) *stultifera navis*, as if noticing anything, our kathartic traveller, and her reliable girl guide stepped out from Time. Only for an instant (that, internally, pure), Anne (whom they called, because they in fact did not know her properly, guys-hunter, minx, know-all, reader of love stories) hesitated to step ... onto this dusty, pathless ground. Once the golden sand, since

time immemorial washed up by the Mediterranean, and now abandoned to the muddy metamorphosis. (Alchemy of the 20th century, three times bravo to you!). Depressed, as if it did not care any longer for anything, but still, had it only known, as latest as yesterday, how children would need it, each grain would ... and it is the subject too for the latter stories.

Twenty and nine miles long entrance hall of the Hell; follows Anne the itinerary, written down by the court high shoe-heel. She is not, this girl any gossip, but may it please you! Mister, a British Minister, has found himself in this ooze for the first time ever since the mandatory eras. They could nicely, both he and his dame, put on some old, colonial boots. Nobody would be wondering at them. As for Anne, she would now have larger oases to skip over them this gray slough, which (precisely for the reasons that caused the Minister to come and get angry with, unexpectedly) *got famed all over the world*.

That is how, namely, shortly before Anne's trip in a kathartic dream, Mr. Diplomat put it, in public, through all newspapers. Criticizing why from these 360 km² of one time golden coast (now occupationally turned into a rotten sludge) money, in piles, go to the capital, while from there arrive not but short, undiplomatic, messages. Roughly saying: Palestinian guys, you have no place, either in the Holy Land, or on the Holy Mountain (perhaps neither in life)! Therefore, who refuses to leave of one's own free will, let him keep choking himself, until he chokes his life out. With the gases of such a kind, for which not many one would have enough gift to figure out; that they are but the last part of (Mephistophelean planned) final solution.

(I must not, at this place in Anne's dream, miss to say; the British Minister unexpectedly founded himself here, for the same, cognitive, reasons, which almost brought to tears even the overseas' upstart. What we have just hinted at, when we, only for a moment, peeked into a crystal ball. About which there will be more words, God willing, by the end of this book.)

Anne knows that one should hardly ever trust newspapers. It is true that in this most-populated (gas) chamber in the world (after Hong Kong), with hundred-fifty-thousand souls on the narrow coastal belt (in 1988), more than a half of inhabitants are her peers. It is also true, although it does not write in newspapers, that so-called civilized world expects them to, in that misery, by the order of the youth, rejoice life. Especially because on this planet are no longer conducted, as democrats claim, World wars. Battles, namely, on the peaceful side of the globe, where (perhaps due to shame) the Sun goes down, are not either hot or even cold. But are the media's (addressed, mainly, to the, Islamic, East). Various forms of sophisticated torture and killing, as practiced in these wars, still not a single (universal) science has fully examined, let alone prevented them. Nor will it do so, for long.

It is in vain, Anne knows it, to be only angry. Thus loudly shouts to everyone. For instance, to The Washington Times scribblers, who, often, stroll round her Amsterdam's legacy. Then whimper: like, here, Anne F. had to choke for two years in a full day stench, because the contents of certain vessels for general use could not be deposited before dark. Where is the press ethics, about which you babble now? Why don't you come here, with your, subtle, sense of scent, in order to, along with these (live) kids, instead of

allegedly with me (dead), breathe up of the - decades old - stink? To Hell! To Hell! (To Gazza, gentlemen! Who's not familiar with that password, authorized by Knesset itself?) To the corner of Palestine, whence the filth has nowhere to be thrown out, for times now.

To come, here she is, a famous *package of contradictions*, sending a message to the journalists, ministers, writers, revilers, liars, artists, socialists, communists, wahhabis, kings, queens, princes, politicians, cynics, iron-ladies, and all other democrats, to any of eight Palestinian gas-camps. For the big party prepared by Misery of Gazza. She will not send to them a description of that, bizarre, hostess, keeps on, Anne. They should look for her defaced countenance in the kathartic dreams. Those of their own, or in their fathers' dreams, whose philosopher-stone with which they bought Palestinian right to live, succeeded only to transmute (a victim) into a butcher. Misery, in truth, needs not to portray. It everywhere has the same, disfigured, face. However, from her, sad, wrinkles (despite of despair), emerges, like a present of faith, imperishable, human pride.

Come to Khan Yunis, for example, still full of nocturnal shadows of the crystal orgies, from the ancient times! Yesterday, the military guards of the Palestinian serenity, for the remembrance, poisoned its water. This morning, on the walls of the shabby houses, like a kathartic caprice, dawns graffiti: *Jihad - it is the way to Palestine!*

Or come to Nusseirah, completely turned into a barricade! To the gas-chamber, where, instead of hallucinogenic music of the

carefree urchins, resounds, from minarets, healingly: *Allâhu 'akbar!*

Or to Jabaliyyah, awakened, on the ninth day, in the dead winter, from the kathartic dream! Just because of it, there started its way from it, the British high heel. To draw, in the mud of Gazza, like a child drawing, a topographic map of this youngest-looking base of the misery and injustice in the World.

If you want to go to Bureij, for your fashion show of ethics available is next scenery: collection of the shaky huts with lime roofs. On them, in order that, these light covers of dreams be not easily fluttered away by the wind, all until yesterday, there used to be placed the pebbles. Today, Palestinian kids play with them, pretending to be David.

Rafah, continues Anne her dream, undisturbed by the indifference of the summoned, this gas-chamber in the south of Gazza is, like a dump, full of tires and old iron. Know that, the more you fail to exercise here your human grace, the more *l'art de trouvaille* enriches the war-happenings.

Al-Muggâzî, once a blooming city, is just left without its last bush. This morning, bulldozers removed, from this gas-chamber, even its last scenes. From now on, Palestinian little brats will pose, willingly, as targets, in the open space. In front of Uzi-machine guns, to Shin-Beth, and for shooting exercises of their peers, sent by Knesset to Gazza to serve there their military service (in the elite army of death).

Each of these gas-chambers is decorated with a military base, towers and steel wire around. On it, instead of the death-watch

birds, alight, sometimes, only the strayed glimpses. And remain there, lastingly. To the gun bullets, namely, the regulations command: to knit, at the same instant, with these eyes, barbed garlands. Because in this forgotten (wonder) land, in the embrace of the wire, is guarded, even from the looks, (instead of the enslaved) freedom. At the entrances to the base, instead of salutations, here it is, already known, Knesset's (eschatological) code word. And, with a special sense of gallows-aesthetic, on the heads of the youthful cadets, purple berets.

(Aren't they my cousins, moans, suddenly, Anne, as a gloomy cuckoo, these elite chaps of Givati, invading infantry, brigades? O God, Most High! spare me the trial of recognising, under some of these coquettish caps of the angels of Palestinian shabâb's death, my beloved Peter! Thus, Anne, quietly, sobbing, kathartically, to herself, into her bosom. And then, even louder than before, shouts out, to be heard throughout the world.) mm

You can also come, you my paid mourners, with gentle hearts, to the Shifâ' hospital (naturally, if you are not afraid of infection...!)

Or to Ansârî II, on the very coast, to the gas-nursery. Here, according to the recipe of Tel Aviv's specialist, in the breast of the youngest Palestinian youth, are being implanted the pace-makers of hate.

In fact, it is all the same which part of Gazza you would come to, and in what part of the day. Whole Gazza is a gas-oasis. The landscape of the purple flame, black smoke, smell of burnt rubber. In it, night and day (for a film scene of the Neo-realism), poses a luxurious misery, meander open sewers. Gazza is a gratuitous rot-perfumery. Palace of death. Treasury of human oblivion ...

More than anything, she is a smelly mud depot (of the World immorality). Of the feces, for which there is no place where to be thrown away from here. (Purity of the blue sky above Gazza, O God, seems even to me, a poor kathartic dreamer, as to be something almost incidental). Gazza is, above all, the land of solitude. On one side, the desert of Sinai (the pulse of Muslims' negligence). On another side, is the desert of Negev (a nuclear base). On the third, is (the most impassable) chosen, human wilderness. On the fourth, is the sea, on whose shore, asking for their grave, are there beached, Eichmann's ashes ...

Halt, all of a sudden, Anne, in this thought, as buried. But, I know, no time for halts. I must take over, for a moment, her katharsis. Because, if she fails to return, before dawn, to her Secret shelter, in Amsterdam, in year '44, in the era of Adolf Hitler, before Grüne Polizei conducts its regular check, all history might get muddled up. Yet, it is not the time for Doomsday truths. I, therefore, instead of her, have to conclude. Had it not been for the (British and other Colonial) dialectic of a boot and a high heel, Anne would have not, from the very start, splashed herself to the throat. With mud, and dread. Nothing has helped her that she, as a smart girl, before this kathartic journey, peeped into European books. In which there writes:

When Ottoman Empire was dismembered, nobody contended for Gazza. (Only blah-blah. Tell me a story!) So because she did not have a mother, neither her tutress Britain much cared for her. She gave her to the first suitor. What was the way in which the Egyptian hypocrite (he himself almost on the beggary-stick) dealt with her, we have already suggested when we talked about those demonstrations, and the blood (of the loyal Muslims), sprinkling

Qahirah. And then, all of a sudden, in 1967, during the blitz-war, only in six days, even Gaza moved to the biblical Eretz. Why that now? used to enquire, the uninformed. Because uncle Yitzhak had, post-festum, figured out, that even Gaza, since the time immemorial, belongs there. Just like Samaria and Judea (by the ignorant called, The West Bank).

Alas, here appeared a problem, what to do with so many rayah, who already fled to Gaza in '48, from Hatikvah? (A Talmudic hymn of hope, still nowadays echoing, crystal-like, within memories.) Indeed, the same uncle became famed for the numbers of deportations of all those daring to think in Gaza. (Is not a thought, for God's sake, to any false authority, an abyss, for which it possesses not the wings?!) But remained in it, to spoil the altar-grimace, their seeds. What will happen to them? were wondering perhaps, some of the brothers in faith, carefully (at night, of course, when nobody keeps watch on them). Meanwhile (the International) Caesar (otherwise he would not be called a democrat), contrived, in a Caesarean way, how to manage his own, earthly, kingdom. (What he, by no means, has robbed only from God!) He made a proclamation, again through the mouth of hundred-headed Dragon, that Palestinians are not people, but only the wretched refugees instead! Moreover, in Gaza, they are merely unfortunate small birds, without any civic insignia. (Electronic, death registration plates, which they were donated with, somehow exactly during Anne's visit, are, as a Scientistess, History, would put it on a strictly private party, a sign of Civilization's subconscious nostalgia for old, good, yellow-stars', times.)

Naturally, by this, (a democrat) Caesar has not yet exhausted his (Mephistophelean) imagination. In the name of the International public opinion, he additionally exerted himself with already testified instruction how to keep the poor on the leash. This is how it happened that even Palestinians came on the lists of the International Caritas. And that in their schools, organized by the same benefactors, for every crust of bread, depending on the (obscure) capital that kneaded it, had to thank: to various Rabbis, first, thereupon to the Father and the Son, next to some capital uncles with long (non-fundamentalist) beards ..., etc. Only throughout all these, cheerless, years, both grown and small Palestinians had to hide, deep in their bosoms, even from themselves, as if it was the biggest illegal, one name. The same, celebrated now from minarets, and which, as a cheer, pops up from theirs, by the kathartic dreams, full of remorse, purified, hearts. However, a dreams taker, she herself repenting, probably hurried too much to reach the end of this compilation. Let us therefore, up in line!

We stopped at the World sadaqa. When the said lady arrived on her (imperial) heels, Palestinian lactating women, preggies, old men and kids just had the canned beefs. Gifts of the European Parliament. This time Mum Simone, from that large, charitable, house, did not have anything against... That poetess has a very generous heart when it comes to alms. But she has an awful anti-... (as, for example, à propos the trial against the famed Lyons butcher), - *tactic, tending to show that everything what has ever happened - Nazi genocide, Hiroshima, Algeria, Vietnam, and so on – is all the same. Everyone's guilty, therefore, there is no guilty.*

A gentle reader will forgive me for this digression. That I summoned, in Anne's dream, the journalists who carefully noted the words from above, it was just in order to point out her exceptional, and rarely encountered, ability to regret. As for the particular aunty (a happily survived victim of *Übermensch's* concentration camp, and a delicate designer of *am-segulah's*), one may ask her now ..., here she is, voicing herself, once again, Anne, suddenly, retaking from me her kathartic dream, on her young chest. One may ask her, the compassionate aunt, 'What a difference would be ...'? Then number her the whole ocean of genocides, from black Africa to Australia, which is abundant with, a collective, human, memory.

What would she say if, for example, all exterminated Indians are resurrected? And if, these alleged redskins, in the name of the heavenly, and historical, ancestral homeland, time, and ecological (priority), right, and more sorts of things, drive out from entire America all Amer/ican/s. (Who are, it is notorious, originally, a European scum.) The auntie would certainly suspect the questioner of having lost his mind. And who, particularly, would dare to say that Palestinian Holocaust is a very spitting image of yhudi's? Regardless of its duration. Who has daring to say that the whole World's arms are bloody to the elbows? That all nations, those who were once, for the sake of test, indeed elected, likewise those unelected, have done something wrong. That the World is at one time, for the sake of the common salvation, to, collectively, repent. To their One, Single (Common) Creator, the agreements concluded with Who, they have all, long ago, broken.

And tell them the story about two Adam's sons, as it really was, when they both submitted a sacrifice, and it was accepted from one of them, and from the other not ... heard, Anne, Îmân, reciting quranic lines. About Prophet Musa, may peace of Alllâh be upon him, who, in His, Illustrious Name, warned Banu-Isrâ'îl. And she heard a story how one of Adam's sons, the offering of who was rejected, threatened his brother with killing him. *And his soul lessened him to accomplish his terrible threat, and he became one of the lost. Then Alllâh sent a raven deeply excavating earth, to show him how to cover the dead body of his brother. He said, Woe to me! do I lack the strength to be like this crow and cover the dead body of my brother? So he became of those who repent.*

Once again Anne, a pure Alfred's captive, paused for a moment, in her thought. Once again I, a recorder of katharses of all those, who openly, or secretly, dream Palestine, invited reporters with their notes for the History. Claiming that last words of Eichmann, Hitler's imaginative designer of the concentration camps and gas-chambers, were: *Soon, we will, gentlemen! all meet again. Such is the fate of all people. I lived while believing in God, and die while believing in God.* Newspapers headline *Eichmann hanged*, aligned, as the same sources state, shoulder to shoulder, in a revengeful silence, the whole Anne's nation. Anne F., however, what newspapers did not record (they are, indeed, only rarely to trust), refused to join that, sacrificial, row, in which were lined even Irgun's musicians. She turned, instead, full of repentance, to another side. And, with a prayer, addressed to the Lord of the worlds, saw off, in a deep grief, to the Eternity, a tiny body of (this morning murdered) Palestinian teen-ager. Shot dead by Adam's son, whose sacrifice God refused to accept.

Newspapers describe (once again) that the moaning crowd carried the dead on their bare hands, hardly touching him, like the ember, light, and wrapped only in a white sheet (the perfect garment of equality in death). And assert that the funeral ceremony turned into a warrior dance. What, on the other hand, remained as a lasting picture, in Anne's eye, was the next scene: Îmân, joining a group of her peers: Intissâr, Fâtimah, Salmâ, Hudâ, Wâhid, 'Alî 'Ismâ'îl, Fawâd ..., engaged in a playful collecting of the rare remaining pebbles from under their, bare, feet, alongside a dusty road, by which will, perhaps, as early as tomorrow, pass their, own, funerals.

It seemed to Anne (Oh God! was it just a dreamy chimera?) that, somewhere aside from the next death's meal, she saw a familiar hair-parting. Was it in the middle of this stinking pool, in Gazza, standing, humbly, as before the ambush, self-denyingly, and transformed, by repentance, into a Palestinian, a great Prague loner? Or, has it just resurrected, in a kathartic dream, the soul of the writer, for whom literary history undeniably says, that he ended up as a suicide? Franz K.? Did not, Anne, have any time for this fantastic riddle-solving. But she, whispering so that none from among historians of that fine art (which even the Devil proficiently deals with) could hear, left an amânah to me. To, in Franz's dream, a kathartic, of course, solve the puzzle: has he not come to check, in Palestine, his old anguish - that *a () cage set out to look for its bird*.

The sun was just about to rise. It was not afar to the sea. Nor was Anne in need of a special urn. Like only a handful of dust, were waiting, Eichmann's remains, to be laid in earth. Back, to the matter, to nothing, of which was formed, even his, greedy, hand.

The one, which, while showing off itself, haughtily, over the identical ashes, used to sow death like a wheat; for the hungry of justice; for the stigmatized; for the stripped of the civil rights; for the helpless; for the innocent ... And for Anne. It was useless that, after the execution (to which he, this diabolical artist, was said to have walked without stumbling), Knesset's grave-diggers scattered his ashes into the Mediterranean Sea; outside the state waters. His yearning to watch the crimes of his former victims drove them back, on the waves, to this coast. Once a golden sand of the Mediterranean (a cradle of Civilization), over which now, Satan himself sows his kibbutzes.

It was not difficult, for our little girl, purified by the sleep, kathartic one, full of remorse, to dig, deeply, as to be not found by kids, a grave. For the dusty traces of Adam's son, the offering of whom God did not accept. It began to dawn. Only as much time had, our chaste detainee, to return, quickly, to her Het Achterhuis. To the year '44, when fascism, in the name of both dames (protected by five, to the teeth armed, Cavaliers) was suffocating Europe. And she had just as much time as to write a note, addressed to the Vienne Archive for the respected uncle Simon W. (Salztor Grasse, 6), an architect, and hunter. In which she clearly states her last will. Although, it writes, she knows in advance that the administrator of her testament will not even think of abiding by it. However, adds a little sage, no one's lack of honour, or someone else's sin, releases us from our own duty.

For this reason, her testamentary wish is, that the archive of the said hunting society (and its branches) keeps not, in its drawers, a single document about the arrest of the residents of the Secret shelter. Since each of them will be apocryphal. In further

explanation it stays, that Anne F., of her good will, chooses death in the concentration camp of the lunatic Führer. Because, with her own eyes, she saw the same victims of his, with the images of birds from the same vulture family, tearing apart today, as he once used to, Palestinian quails. Young hawks, that is to say, and all this in front of the eyes of (Vienna and other) hunters, occupied with catching the aged eagles (which cannot grab any more even a fly).

Anne had only a few seconds more to make her new diary entry of last night's happenings. Before the time came for the Grüne Polizei to pick up their regular catch. Kathartic dreams do not tolerate, as stated in the foreword to this collection, any literary prattles. So they obliged me to narrate, as simply as possible, what remained to be seen on the screen of the very end of Anne's dream ... That she descended the stairs, in silence, while everyone else in the shelter was still asleep; down to the exit. That she, thereupon, carefully, opened the entrance door, masked with a large movable cupboard. It was 4th of August, 1944. (History is mostly reliable only as to dates.) Early morning freshness, coming from Amsterdam's canals, seemed to Anne, she herself just returned from gassy Gaza, as it was the sweetest smell. Green Police chaps were already in front of the building; passing-by. She called them weak voiced. One would say she hesitated for a moment.

Oh, God! that cinders hiatus there ... is it a white helmet of the fascist's, or am-segulah's, occupying, soldier? Or is it a white kafan? Posthumous clothes of a Palestinian boy, who had to die, not because he did something wrong, but because he belonged to one nation ... Whoever loved this Anne, as she really was, behind

all of her masks, will know that she has only out of a gentle irony, quoted the words of the Talmudic Nobelist. Expressed during already described European gala-performance, which was acted in the period after the so-called liberation. The cry 'Oh, God!' burst out from the depths of Anne's soul, in a kathartic crescendo. She cried even more loudly her name: Anne F.! And she turned towards them David's star. Which, purified by her repentance, blinded them, shimmering, as if it were a lump of gold, under morning, Amsterdam's, sunshine.

By this has ended Anne's dream, so full of repentance, that it still pours out of each letter of the manuscript diary. By whose, carefully selected, pages, is made a book: for History. While on the end of it, in the Epilogue, (mainly correctly) writes: In March 1945, two months before the liberation of The Netherlands, Anne died in the concentration camp in Bergen-Belsen.

Peace to her suffering soul! cannot help adding, according to the fine tradition of the old poets of her city, a faithful recorder of this unusual katharsis. Included, with a particular compassion, in the Palestinian compilation of dreams, which is nothing more but a novel about love. Sad one, of course, as it is appropriate to all great things!

(A story from the novel)