



Israel | Jerusalem

“The Screamer”

They used to call her "The Screamer". Would you believe me if I told you she was beautiful? The first time I heard her was in the Makhne Yehuda market. The market is always packed full of people, and there's no way not to get lost in the sea of stands and shopping bags and people yelling out. So when I tell you that day there wasn't a single person in the market that day that didn't hear her scream, you'll know what that means. The second time I heard her scream was in the old city. Her screaming echoed through every quarter in the city, from wall to wall. She was standing outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and she was crying and crying and screaming at anyone going in or out. When the cops came she ran off and everything seemed completely quiet. You see them all across the city, these Massianistic lunatics. Everyone who lives in this city is used to them. But none of them scream. Not like she screams. Like a wounded animal in the forest... Screams that remind you of something you try not to think about. I only saw her once more after that, through the windshield of the police car. Everybody thinks Jerusalem is what made them crazy. And the doctors, they say those people were crazy to begin with. That Jerusalem is just some grand arena for their madness. A psycho-magnet. I should know. I'm one of those doctors. But sometimes I think I still hear her screaming in the streets, and I think I remember something. Something about this city. Something that makes those screams seem just right.

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