



16 Sep 2016
JERUSALEM
12:20-15:03
IS/PD - MANOFIM
JG

DAY 2

I questioned my first subject today, and the first thing he said to me was:

‘I WILL ONLY ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS IF YOU ASK ME
SOMETHING I’VE NEVER BEEN ASKED BEFORE’

So I looked around his room and my first question was:

‘DO YOU CATCH BUTTERFLIES?’

Apparently my question answered his criteria because he smiled and responded that he did. That he even used his hands sometimes, which were bigger than mine by at least a phalanx. He is also very good at catching mosquitoes. Mosquitoes he kills, butterflies he only catches without harming, and then he lets them go. Why do people catch butterflies? If Heinlein is right, and ‘butterflies are self-propelled flowers’, then perhaps people catch butterflies for the same reason they cut flowers, but that reason is still obscure to me. Is it to have power over something pretty? Is it to bring the beauty of nature into our lives?

He has either no answer for this question, or he has been asked before. Either way, he doesn’t answer. So what if others have asked the same questions before? How does one work around such a predicament? It would make more sense for him to tell me that I can ask any question I have never asked before. Then, of course, he wouldn’t know if I was lying. But this way, I don’t know if he is lying. There is always an element of trust with this kind of things. But when you are questioning someone, there is an element of mistrust. It is a power game, because information is power. We all know that. So what is the relationship between power and trust? Do we trust those who we have power over? That means little, because where power will do the work, there is no need for trust. Do we trust those who have power over us? That’d mean trust is a kind of delusion, for those who have power over us have a sort of contract, and the deep sentiment of trust is exchanged for legal guarantees when we have contracts.

Maybe trust is a relationship amongst equals who do not wish to enter into a power struggle. Of course, the moment he set that first and only rule, he stipulated a power structure that I agreed to move within.

After that, I went down to a garage to listen to a religious so-called punk band and watch a dance show. While the band was playing, the dancers were warming up, and it felt as if the true show was on the sidelines. How many things in our lives happen this way? We are told that what we should be paying attention is right in front of us, but as the world is round around us, the horizon is infinite, and there is often a feeling (that inner clock of timeliness), that what we should really be focusing on, is elsewhere. I suppose then, true punctuality (to build on yesterday’s report) is the feeling that we are exactly where we need to be at exactly the right time, paying attention to something that, by virtue of the attention we bestow upon it, becomes a universe of its own. See footage attached.



Finally, I visit the New Gallery at the Teddy Stadium. An art gallery placed inside Gate 22 of the football stadium. Well, why not? As a matter of fact, it is not just a gallery, but also a workspace for artists, a playground, a training space. Isn't that what the stadium is for? I found it odd at first, but it could be debated that sports are a form of art. Dancing is definitely both. In order to write here an acceptable analysis of how sports may be considered art, we'd have to define art and see if sports also conform to that definition. But art has been fighting to shed its definitions since the advent of the earliest modernist movements, perhaps even before that. So instead of trying to force both into a definition, I will present a few points of convergence:

- both convey emotion and exalt passion
- both present a form of sublimation of conflict, whether internal or external
- create memories that prompt further analysis with time
- both apply creative skills and imagination

