

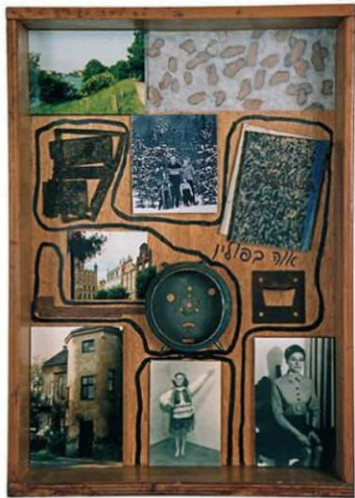
☆ A literal description of the memory boxes displayed in the large poster

A poster called: "Eva in Poland - Israela in Israel" was displayed on the outside of the artists' house in the heart of Tel Aviv. It consisted of five memory boxes, each measuring 3 by 3.5 meters. These panels were displayed in my "Photo Erosion" exhibition at the Artists' House a year earlier. I preferred to leave the literal description of the period, in the exhibition, in the words of Ida Fink, whose stories describe the landscape and atmosphere that prevailed in Galicia when my family photos were taken. Four such pictures were embedded in the main panel of the poster. The other panels show objects from there, from Poland [with which 2008 is a year of cultural exchange.] Two closets deal with the possibility of an alternative life: What would have happened if the Jewish girl who had been rescued by a Christian family had remained there as Eva Miklaszewska - this is her, "Eva in Poland". As a girl she dances krakowiak, walks in a typical Polish landscape and her current family, glides in the snow [in black and white photo]

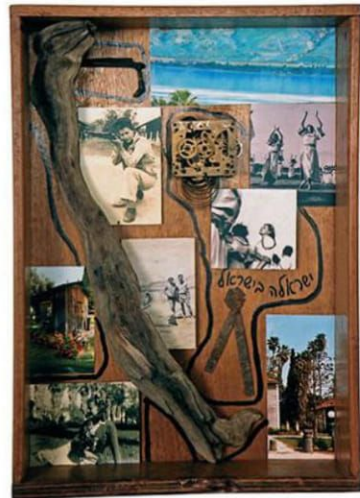
"Israela in Israel": In the box on the left, I dance in a kibbutz, travel in the Negev and serve in the army. In the long box you see diagonal shelves that can be pulled out, they contain diary pages written in the 1950s, in the kibbutz, "so that I will not forget what happened there during World War II" - one excerpt from this diary is printed next to the locker, in large letters, so that even the man standing across Alharizi Street will read the things that were not said aloud for more than a decade.

The poster, which is 14 meters long and 3.6 meters high, was displayed on the front of the Artists' House in Tel Aviv for many months in 2008.

J. Hargil



* אלה, כל מי שמספיק
 עליך בשאת צוחקת
 יודע מה שאת יודעת
 אמרה דורה אריסיה.
 מאותו פעם השתדלתי
 לא לקצווק וגם לחייך
 בפסקתי.
 לחזר לא הפרסו לי לצאת
 מאז שדענו שאלה אתם
 כל מיני שאולות, עונתי לה
 שאני פולנייה ואהיה
 קצת אחרת, אלה היא המשיכה.
 אולי בעלני נסעתי למקרקא.
 לקחתי אותנו את כל הדברים
 גם את התמונות והניירות
 שלי. שביד הקובסר בארמון.
 עכשיו בשאני גדולה, את 11
 והקדושי, אני מבטאת
 שקצית ירפא לרביה.
 ושאלה



"אווה
 בפולין
 ישראלה
 בישראל"

י. י. י.



"Eva, whoever looks at you when you laugh realizes that you are a Jew. "

That is what Aunt Marisia used to say.

From that moment on I did my best not to laugh. I also stopped smiling.

Going out into the yard was forbidden ever since the neighbor had asked me questions to which I answered that I was a Pole and even made the cross sign across my chest but nonetheless she continued with her questions. Maybe that was why we moved to Krakow. We took everything with us including our pictures and papers –in a red box.

Now that I'm all grown I regret wanting to stay a Christian. Now I sometimes escape the children's quarters at the Kibbutz, hide among the bushes and write this journal about all that has happened during the war so that I don't forget it and also to let you know daddy, what I've been through during all those years when we were apart